See America First

Orville O. Hiestand

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BY ORVILLE O. HIESTAND
IN COLLABORATION WITH CHAS. J. HERR

To Mr. and Mrs. Chas. J. Herr whose kind beneficence and
interest in the Great Out−of−Doors made this book possible;
these Wayside Sketches are affectionately dedicated

"I see the spectacle of morning from the hill tops over against my house, from daybreak to sunrise, with emotions which an angel might share. The long, slender bars of cloud float like golden fishes in the crimson light. From the earth, as from a shore, I look out into the silent sea. I seem to partake its rapid transformations; the active enchantment reaches my dust, and I dilate and conspire with the morning wind. Give me health and a day and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous.

"To the body and mind which have been cramped by anxious work or company, Nature is medicinal and restores their tone. The tradesman, the attorney, comes out of the din and craft of the street and sees the sky and the woods, and is a man again. In the eternal calm he finds himself. The health of the eye seems to demand a horizon. We are never tired, so long as we can see far enough."

−−EMERSON.

INTRODUCTION

Scenery, as well as "the prophet," is "not without honor" save in its own country. Therefore thousands of travellers are in Europe today, gazing in open mouthed wonder at the Swiss Alps or floating down the Rhine pretending to be enraptured, who never gave a passing thought to the Adirondacks, or the incomparable beauty of the Hudson, which perhaps lie at their very doors.

It is not our purpose to make the reader appreciate European scenery less but American scenery more. "America first" should be our slogan, whether in regard to political relations or to travel. Many Americans do not know how to appreciate their own natural scenery. Much has been written about the marvelous scenery of western North America, but few have spoken a word of praise in regard to the beauty of our eastern highlands.

The pleasure we take in travel as well as in literature is enhanced by a knowledge of Nature. Thoreau, Burroughs, Bryant and Muir−−how much you would miss from their glowing pages without some knowledge of the plants and birds. Truly did the Indian say, "White man heap much book, little know."

To one who is at least partially familiar with the plant and bird world, travel holds so much more of interest and enthusiasm than it does to one who cannot tell mint from skunk cabbage, or a sparrow from a thrush. Having made acquaintance with the flowers and the birds, every journey will take on an added interest because always there are unnumbered scenes to attract our attention; which although observed many times, grow more lovely at each new meeting.

We remember, in crossing the ocean, how few there were who found little or no delight in the ever changing sea with its rich dawns and sunsets or abundance of strange animal life. It is well to have one or more hobbies if you know when to leave off riding them, and you may thus turn to account many spare moments. In the lovely meadows of the Meuse; along the historic banks of the scenic Rhine; where the warm waters of the Mediterranean lave the mountainous coast of sunny Italy; in the fertile lowlands of Belgium; or out where the Alps rear their snowy summits, we felt ourselves less alien when we could detect kinship between European and American plants.

But to visit foreign lands is not our real need, for if we fail to see the common beauty everywhere about us how much can we hope to find in a strange land?

Most people take their cares along with them to the woods and hills, but there is little use of going to the woods, lakes, or mountains without going there in spirit. We must, like real travelers, get rid of our excess baggage, as did the boys who went over the top, if we would really get anywhere.

So many people consider it a waste of time to learn of some of the wonders God has placed about them, yet, God loved beauty or never would He have been so prodigal of it. If we really try, we too can see wherein it is good. "Consider the lilies of the field," for their consideration will in no way hinder your true success.

Thoreau said: "If the day and night are such as you, greet them with joy, and life emits a fragrance like flowers and sweet scented herbs; is more elastic, more starry, more immortal−−that is your success. All nature is your congratulation, and you have cause momentarily to bless yourself."

If the reader finds anything of merit in this rambling book of travel it will be due to the various quotations interspersed throughout it. If he is inspired to a greater love for the beauty of God's creation, to be found in his own immediate environment, or feels a deeper pleasure in listening to the music of singing bird or rippling stream, we shall be truly grateful.

CHAPTER I. WAYSIDE SKETCHES

In beginning on our journey we disregarded Horace Greeley's advice and went east. True, the course of empires has ever been Westward and the richest gold fields lie in that direction. But the glamour which surrounds this land of "flowing gold" has caused vast numbers to lose their interest in both worlds, until they missed the joys in this and the radiant hope of that to come.

"All that glitters is not gold,

Gilded tombs do worms infold."

The land of the rising sun is not less lovely than that of its setting. There is a freshness and a parity in the early dawn not found in the evening time, and the birds greet the purpling east with their sweetest songs. No one may know how cheerful, how far reaching, how thrilling the singing of birds may be unless he has listened to them telling the gladness of the morning while the last star melts in the glowing east.

Then, too, what a journey is this when we look forward to the glad meeting with friends who knew the horrors of the World War and whom a kind Providence permitted to return to their native land. During those awful days spent in the halls of suffering and death near Verdun there were found many golden chains of friendship, and we thought−−

"Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank or title a hundred−fold,
Is a healthy body and a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please,
A heart that can feel for a neighbor's woe,
And share in his joy with a friendly glow,
With sympathies large enough to infold
All men as brothers, is better than gold."

Gold has no power to purchase true friendship and only eternal things are given away. So, what matters it whether we travel east or west as long as our souls retain the freshness and fragrance of the early morning's hours? We can be our own alchemists, and through the gray vapors of our poor lives transmute them into golden flowers of character that shall gleam and sparkle as the evening of our closing days draw near, like coruscating stars in the violet dusk of our twilight sky.

Nature seemed to have adorned herself richly for our departure; no sky could have been more blue, no grass more green and no trees more full of glistening leaves and singing birds. There was an indescribable freshness and glory on the sunny hills and shining sky. The breeze sifted through the trees and over the rim of the circling slopes, causing the maple leaves to show silver and wafting fragrance from a thousand fountains of sweetness. At brief intervals the loud, rich notes of the Maryland Yellow Throat and the high pitched song of the indigo bunting resounded from the bushes near Glen−Miller park of Richmond, Ind. A cardinal shot across the road like a burning arrow, and his ringing challenge was answered by the softly warbled notes of a bluebird; while down by the spring came the liquid song of the wood thrush, pure, clear, and serene, speaking the soul of the dewy morn.

We did not say our prayers, but paused reverently beneath the broad leaved maple in the park to listen to the thrushes' matin and knelt at the crystal flowing spring to fill our water bottles. As we were thus employed a red squirrel, who had the idea that the whole park was his, crossed and recrossed our path to see what strange creatures dare intrude at his drinking fountain. Coming nearer, chattering and scolding as only a red squirrel can, he began a speculation as to our character in rapid broken coughs and sniffs, pouring forth a torrent of threatening abuse in his snickering wheezy manner; "but, like some people you may know, his defiance was mostly bluster−−he loves to make a noise." Yet, unlike his human brother (while being a busybody and prying into the

affairs of his neighbors), he is a most provident creature, laying up ample stores for winter days of need.

Leaving the squirrel in undisputed possession of the park, we followed the winding road past glowing beds of flowers, which are worth considering like "the lilies of the field, for they preach to us if we but can hear." Before God created man He placed all necessary things for the development of that greatest of undeveloped resources in the world, the human soul, and beauty is not the least of these:

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"All ground is hallowed ground,
And every bush afire with God,
But only he who sees takes off his shoes."
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At all seasons there is a harvest of beauty for him who is willing to pay the price. But "nature and art are veiled goddesses, and only love and humility draw the curtains."

We turned away reluctantly from a scene so fair as that of the charming homes of Richmond, with their well−kept lawns amid their settings of vines, flowers and shrubs, doubly picturesque, lying broad and warm amid their encircling hills. It was a happy fortune for the city that White Water river, with its sinuous course crowned with sycamore trees, passes it. If we are a part of all we have ever met then our lives shall be richer for having contemplated those lovely homes, among the lovelier hills. If our environment helps make our character, then give us more parks and quiet retreats among the hills, where from the breezy uplands we get broader, clearer views.

What a contrast is here in this clean, well−kept American city to European cities! There, ofttimes, we find narrow, crooked and dirty streets, and what is worse thousands of children who never knew the meaning of the word "home." Instead of filthy alleys filled with smoke and foul smelling gases and profanity and unclean jests from vagrant lips they should have, as the children here, the benefits of grassy lawns, running brooks and singing birds, the natural birthrights of every child. Oh! For more great hearted men who are more considerate of the sorrows and cares of others and less considerate of self, as that self exists for others' good! We thought of the wonderful parks of Antwerp, Belgium, where the land is so thickly populated, yet where the love for the beautiful in Art and Nature is so universal as to perpetuate these lovely parks, thus enriching the lives of all who see them.

It is pitiful to see in the many smoky cities the little done for this thirst for beauty, inherent in all. Even in the poorest sections where many foreigners dwell one sees a broken pitcher with its stunted geranium, a window box with ferns and vines or a canary in a rude cage. As soon as a movement is on foot for parks the seekers after gain will be there howling "the poor must be fed!" Of course they must, but the body sometimes is the least part of man that needs nourishment; the soul hungers and thirsts for the beautiful. Nothing seems useless whereby we can gratify that insatiable thirst for all that is pure, beautiful and true in Nature, which draws us a little nearer the Master of all truth.

We did not mean to preach a sermon this July day for we are not ordained and therefore our discourse might not be accepted as orthodox. We heard a few cannon fire−crackers, popping and sputtering like distant machine guns, the last faint echoes of the noisy demonstration that filled the streets the day before. The noise soon died away and we thought how like the politician's marvelous speeches and outward demonstrations! True patriotism consists in something vastly more than the waving of flags and eloquence, which the trying days of 1917 and '18 revealed. The orations were hot ones, and needed no fiery remarks or burning glances from the eye to make them such, as the mercury stood high in the nineties; yet some said they enjoyed them. Perhaps they did, but as a fish might enjoy dry land or an Esquimo the Sahara. Gladly we left it all for the grand amphitheaters of the hills where Nature each day holds her jubilees, filled with calm, serene enthusiasm that falls on one as gentle as purple shades that linger about her wooded heights, giving them that strange enchantment that is a part of their real glory.

The sweeping hills were dotted with shocks of rye and wheat or were covered with standing grain, and their acres

shone like gold in the level rays of the morning sun. Far and near the farmers worked in their fields of corn and other grain, giving vent to their joy by short snatches of song or loud, clear whistling, as full and flute−like as the notes of the red birds that sang in the trees which bordered them. The drought and extreme heat had forced grain into premature ripeness and the yield thereby was somewhat diminished. We passed men and boys on the road going to some distant grainfield. They bade us good morning with pleasant smiles. In like spirit we went to reap our harvest. Theirs would feed the hungry, and they could at least make out its value as so many bushels worth so many dollars and cents. They saw in their vast yellow acres not the hungry their grain could feed, but only a very small pile of gold. Watching the mellow colors of the broadening landscape as we climbed the long waves of earth we saw the yellow bundles of grain gleaming like heaps of gold, and we seemed to hear Ruth singing as she gleaned in the fields of Boaz and the lark carolling in the sky above as sweetly as when we listened enraptured along the lovely meadows of the Meuse or on the battle grounds of Waterloo. The value of our harvest only Eternity may gauge.

As we watched the grain falling like phalanxes of soldiers cut down in battle a nameless sadness filled our souls as we thought:

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"Though every summer green the plain
This harvest cannot bloom again."
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Out where the land was broken by ravines and the woodbine hung its long green ladders from the ironwood tree or made pillars of Corinthian design of the gleaming sycamores which stood along the banks of a stream, two boys were fishing. It was hard to decide which made the more radiant picture: the softly sculptured landscape or the glow of joy that beamed from those shining boyish faces. How often had streams like this lured and detained many well meaning lads who had only a bent pin for a fishing hook and fish worms for bait, yet who had better luck than many an older person you may know, for they baited their hooks with their happy hearts.

Well do we recall how the siren songs of a little brook in early spring, or it may have been the golden willows filled with gurgling red wings, caused a court scene at school. The teacher was one of that type who study the stars by night but never his boys by day. He knew the golden willow not from the fragrance of its early blossoms or the gurgling melodies of the red−winged blackbird's song, but from the fact that they make excellent switches which cut keenly, bend but do not break. The only time he ever visited the brook was when he needed a new bundle of switches. With a jury like that, little wonder the case went clean against Willie.

Now Willie had missed school; that much was evident. So the teacher called him up to his desk behind which he sat in his revolving chair. Willie's face had been red, unusually so, and glowed all morning like sumac seed against its green setting. Willie came forward slowly. With downcast face he eyed a crack in the floor near the teacher's desk while his right hand rested tremblingly against his flushed forehead. "Willie, what makes you tremble so?" asked the teacher in a gruff voice. "I−I'm sick," came the feeble reply.

"Why did you miss school yesterday?" he repeated sternly.

"I−I fell into the creek on my way to school and got my feet wet." As if to bring proof of what he said, he wiggled the toe that the hole in his boot showed to best advantage. By this time death−like silence reigned in the usually very noisy schoolroom. Only the shrieking sound of a pencil toiling slowly up the steep incline of a slate like an ungreased wagon up the Alleghanies broke the silence. Strange it was that this sound, so noticeable at other times, no one heard. Like a piece of grand opera music this formed a sort of a musical prelude before the villain appeared. But mark you the villain was not in front of the desk but back of it, revolving like a pin wheel in an autumn gale. Suddenly there was a wild waving of hands.

"John, what is it," roared a loud voice. "I can't get the fifth example on page thirty−six." Now John had never worked so many as that before and the rest of the class looked amazed. Lily, remembering yesterday's lecture on

cleanliness, washed her slate three times with her hand and mopped it up with the sleeve of her dress and yet it was far from clean.

Looking at Johnny now, it would not have taken a physician to tell that something was seriously wrong with him. He was sick, without doubt, and yesterday it was a double ailment he had. Any diagnosis would have revealed spring fever incipient and trout fever acute. Willie was perhaps thinking of the old saw mills where cascades fall and the phoebe−bird sings and the high banks, which the stream had worn deeply because it had some obstacle to get around. Poor scared Willie! He, too, had an obstacle to get around, so he said, "I slipped off of the foot log and got my feet wet and had to go home."

Now, as every teacher knows, wet feet never daunted any boy from achieving a purpose. The revolving chair swung around once more, the teacher arose from his comfortable perch and stooped very low in order to strike the trembling little boy who had heard the phoebe−bird prophesying spring, and had found the first hepaticas among the withered leaves and listened to the rippling song of the brook.

Could the one in the revolving chair have known what he did toward crushing the love of the true and the beautiful out of the life before him, the chair would not have been at once reoccupied. What had he to give the eager growing soul hungering and thirsting for the beauty and freedom of Nature? Had he more of the beauty and fragrance of the willow, so redolent of spring, in his heart there were less need of willows above his desk. A few of the fragrant buds in a vase would have had more effect upon Willie and the whole school than the scattered bits of golden pieces lying on the floor. Which is the greater knowledge−− to be able to feel spring open in your heart on hearing the phoebe−bird, or to glibly repeat six times eight?

Our attention was drawn to a crowd of young and middle aged men idly leaning against posts or sitting on benches in the shade of trees at the famous roque court at a village in Ohio. The topic of their conversation was probably government inefficiency, hard times, lack of work, and perhaps many an hour was spent in discussing capital and labor by those who have had no personal acquaintance with either. How many are experts at various games, yet how poorly they play the great game of life! Many have failed to reach first base, and greater numbers have not yet entered but still occupy the bleachers and side lines. Go to the homes of those who clamor there is no work to be had and, without trying, you will see where at least a few days could be better spent than down at the rogue court.

Well has Holland said, "Idleness is the sepulchre of a living man." Though a man has the wealth of Croesus he has no right to be idle, if he can get work to do. A man who will not work is not only a burden to society, but he buries his talents, destroys his own happiness and becomes a nuisance. There are always good, wholesome books to be had and "temptation flies from the earnest, contented laborer, and preys upon the brain and heart of the idler."

Greenville never appeared so marvellously beautiful as she did in her holiday attire on that morning of July. We were thrilled anew with the beauty of our flag as we gazed at its lovely folds rippling in the breeze o'er the grand old men of the G. A. R. Our hearts went out in gratitude to those noble veterans whose loyalty, devotion and sacrifice made this great nation of ours possible. We thought, how many of these heroes we beheld, had defended the Old Flag at Gettysburg and Chickamauga, offering their life blood, if need be, for the future welfare of a nation. Alas! how many comrades they left upon the ghastly field of battle. Right fitting it was for the hands of children to bring the fairest blossoms to show their love and honor to those who made it possible for our glorious banner to still wave o'er a land from which had been removed the black stain of slavery.

Greenville, O., has the honor of being the home of Brigadier General Siegerfoos, the highest commissioned officer from the United States to make the supreme sacrifice. "He answered the call of his country in the defense of Liberty, Humanity and the cause of democracy." Branch of service, 56th Brigade, 28th Division. He was wounded at Mount Blainville, near the Argonne Forest and died at Souilly, France, October 7, 1918.

As if to join in this glorious celebration Nature unfurled many a banner of rarest beauty. There was the deep red of the crimson rambler, the blue of larkspur and clematis forming a wonderful background for the golden stars of the daisy that nodded and gleamed in the warm, clear light. For the white stripes of her emblem she chose the hydrangeas and elderberry. True, they were not arranged in order, like the colors of our lovely banner, but seeing them singly brings out their meaning more clearly, for there is much to contemplate in Old Glory, and we must analyze one color at a time. (Again we thought of the G. A. R. encampment in June.)

Among the many worthy veterans who honored Greenville with their presence was the proud father of Warren G. Harding, of Marion, Ohio. All were delighted with the lovely St. Clair Memorial Hall, whose classic beauty makes it an elevating and refining influence in the community. Then, too, the well kept library, with its fine museum containing the old original treaty of the Indians and many other interesting relics, will repay anyone who visits it.

As we journeyed through the beautiful agricultural region of Darke county we took a just pride in the well−kept homes with their broad and sunny acres, stretching away in one vast expanse of billowy grain or corn fields lying green and fair beneath the summer sky. We found a restful charm in these pleasant rural homes that recalled "A Song," written by Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

A SONG
Is anyone sad in the world, I wonder?
Does anyone weep on a day like this,
With the sun above, and the green earth under?
Why, what is life but a dream of bliss?

With the sun, and the skies, and the birds above me,
Birds that sing as they wheel and fly−−
With the winds to follow and say they love me−−
Who could be lonely? O−ho, not I!

Somebody said, in the street this morning,
As I opened my window to let in the light,
That the darkest day of the world was dawning;
But I looked and the East was a gorgeous sight.

One who claims that he knows about it
Tells me the earth is a vale of sin;
But I and the bees and the birds, we doubt it,
And think it a world worth living in.

Someone says that hearts are fickle,
That love is sorrow, that life is care;
And the reaper Death, with its shining sickle,
Gathers whatever is bright and fair.

I told the thrush, and we laughed together,
Laughed till the woods were all a−ring ;
And he said to me as he plumed each feather,

"Well, people must croak, if they cannot sing."

Up he flew, but his song, remaining,
Rang like a bell in my heart all day,
And silenced the voices of weak complaining,
That pipe like insects along the way.

O world of light, O world of beauty!
Where are there pleasures so sweet as thine?
Yes, life is love, and love is duty;
And what heart sorrows? 0 no, not mine!

A NOBLE LIFE

In the northern part of Greene county, near the Little Miami river, lies Yellow Springs. As we neared the quiet town with its pleasant avenues of trees that sheltered peaceful, well−kept homes we thought of the noble spirit of him who toiled so arduously here that life might be richer and happier for all humanity. Here for five years dwelt one of America's most illustrious sons, who from a humble beginning of pitiful struggle and nearly wageless toil evolved such a noble life. We are told that he earned his first school books by braiding straw. "I believe in rugged and nourishing toil," he said, "but she nourishes me too much." Industry and diligence were the noble keys with which this beneficent soul was constantly unlocking rare treasure rooms of knowledge. The ruling passion of his life was to do something worthy for mankind. The theme he chose for his commencement oration at Brown University was: "The Advancement of the Human Species in Dignity and Labor." With such a motive, how beautiful the harvest of life: "This wonderful man's diary revealed that during his time as a lawyer he was unable for a period of months to buy a dinner on half the days and lay ill for weeks from hunger and exhaustion by reason of having assumed the debts of a relative." His was the Herculean task of revising and regenerating the school system of Massachusetts, and by so doing the whole U. S. The influence was not confined to this country alone, but spread to Europe.

"In 1852, while a member of the U. S. Congress, Horace Mann, received on the same day the nomination by a political party for governor of Massachusetts and president of Antioch College." He could not refuse a position that gave him such an opportunity to help those seeking after knowledge. His advice to his students was: "Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity." In his last illness he asked his doctor how long he had to live. On being told three hours, he replied, "I still have something to do." As we left the town of Yellow Springs, slumbering beneath her aged trees, we thought of these significant words of this great man: "Lost somewhere between sunrise and sunset two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever."

Suddenly from its lofty station in the tower the clock chimed the hours as if admonishing us to use them rightly. To some our journey along the road that afternoon in July may have seemed but idleness, yet we lost few of those golden moments, and every change in the foreground gave us a new picture. Now it was a wooded hillside with numbers of deciduous trees crowning its low swelling top, with a faint radiance deepening into dreamy halftones on their eastern slopes; now several giant chestnuts lifting their proud crests of bloom above the valley; again it was an emerald meadow in which cattle were grazing. The rich old gold of ripening wheat and the blue haze hanging over the distant hills all lent an atmosphere of tranquillity which the notes of the thrush only emphasized.

Now we felt a soft breeze that stole from the forest, deliciously tempering the oppressive air and bringing to us the spicy fragrance of mints, basswood flowers and elder. The country seemed to grow just a little more rugged as we proceeded over the widening high−ways. Soon we saw several machines at the side of the road on a grassy plot.

Here we heard exclamations of delight from the people who were gazing in admiration over the bank of a stream at the gorge below. We soon learned that they had ample reason for their exclamations, to which we added our own. Below us was a chasm worn by the little Miami, ninety feet in depth. The ground on each side of the stream was a very garden of wild bloom. The sumac made a low border of glowing color; back of this flaming mass grew dogwood and Judas trees; while walnut, maple and linden, overrun with wild grape and woodbine, made mounds of bright green foliage, from which the ringing notes of the cardinal came to us above the song of the water.

Every rock and ledge was cushioned with moss and ferns, intermingled with long green ropes of woodbine, Here were vast hanging gardens of many gradations of green, softened by gleams of pale light from the afternoon sun. The rays falling among these fern beds made rare masses of delicate mosaics, giving them that indescribable charm which the level beams produced. Perhaps thirty feet below us we saw a phoebe perched on a dead twig that grew from a cleft in the rock. His notes sounded full and clear, telling the joy of his admirable home. The path of the stream betrayed itself by a long line of moss and waving fern. The sweet breath of the summer woods floated around us. We gazed under a canopy of trees and saw a blossoming jungle of shrubs and flowers that seemed to have been awakened by some more potent force than that of the sun.

Near the gorge lies the quaint old town of Clifton. The gray old buildings never knew the use of paint. Nature was trying her best to make them a part of the landscape. But why use artificial means to create beauty, when Nature all around was so prodigal? How one loves to contemplate architecture like this, where the gray of the buildings blends with the gray of the rocks.

With a feast of beauty spread above as well as beneath us, we found ourselves repeating these words of an Ohio poet:

"Around me here rise up majestic trees
That centuries have nurtured: graceful elms.
Which interlock their limbs among the clouds;
Dark columned walnuts, from whose liberal store
The nut−brown Indian maids their baskets fill'd
Ere the first pilgrims knelt on Plymouth Rock;
Gigantic sycamores, whose mighty arms
Sheltered the Redman in his wigwam prone,
What time the Norsemen roamed our chartless seas;
And towering oaks, that from the subject plain
Sprang when the builders of the tumulis
First disappeared, and to the conquering hordes
Left these, the dim traditions of their race
That rise around, in many a form of earth
Tracing the plain, but shrouded in the gloom
Of dark, impenetrable shades, that fall
From the far centuries."
−−Galligher.

Within hearing of the waters of the Little Miami dwelt an old man all alone in a brown frame house. Thinking us to be pilgrims who had lost our way, he came to give us directions to Yellow Springs or any nearby point. He said he had lived here many years and that his companion had died eight years before, leaving him very lonely. His eyesight was failing, and he told us that he had neither horses nor cows, pigs nor chickens, dogs nor cats, to keep him company. "Mentally, physically and financially, I don't amount to very much any more," he said. As we looked at his bending, tottering form and noted his failing vision, we saw that physically he was not one of Nature's successes; while the mossy shingles thatching his humble dwelling proclaimed that he had not much of this world's goods. "Here," said he, "I have dwelt many years, telling strangers how to get to Yellow Springs and others the way to go to the devil, which is just to keep on the wrong road and keep disregarding the sign−posts in

God's Word."

Then, thought we, how necessary it is early in life to have some objective to reach and keep on the straight road, never turning to the right or left although siren voices call to easier and fairer ways or gates of idleness swing open to lure the careless wayfarer on the road of life and steal from him unawares its golden opportunities. Thanks, dear old man, for the lesson you have taught. May you live many more years, if only to warn the sojourner upon the thorny road of life to set his face toward the distant city, that is only reached by the main highway of noble aims and self denial. May the rippling music of the Little Miami be to you a friendly voice of comfort; may the golden notes of the thrush and the fragrant perfume of the flowers console you, until you hear the chanting of the angelic choir and breathe the perfume from flowers that never fade and die!

The sun, still seen above the western hills, turned the moist evening haze to lustrous pearl that one often sees on the ocean. Broad stretches of gently undulating land opened before us. Below in the subdued light shone the houses from whose chimneys ascended pale blue wreaths of smoke. The peaceful village lit up by the sun's level rays seemed the one bright spot in the whole landscape, the rest having been veiled in a soft tint of transparent gray. It was remarkably silent. Only the wood−thrush poured forth her serene notes, seeming miles away. No sound of lowing cattle or bleating sheep came from the pasture lands; no shout of farmer lads doing their evening chores. Over all the land brooded an atmosphere of rest, of calm serenity, of perpetual peace. Sitting there in the warm twilight and gazing out over this charming Ohio landscape was in itself "more refreshing than slumber to tired eyes." "The restless yearning and longing that reigns in the mind of all was quieted for a time," and we let our fancy roam until higher ideals floated before us and we experienced that exaltation of spirit that comes at rare intervals in times like this.

A cooing dove (just one) murmured her dreamy threnody and then was silent. Far in the distance a wood thrush was sounding his vesper bell softly−−the "Angelus" of the wildwood. Whether it be morning, and they are clearer and more liquid heard through the misty aisles of the forest, or evening when quiet pervades the atmosphere, giving a more fitting back−ground for their pure notes, they are alike full of rarest melody. How often we have paused, deep in some lonely forest glen, to listen to those clear golden notes, following one another at rare intervals so melodiously, thrilling with their ethereal sweetness the weary heart, and floating away through dark, gloomy aisles and faint purple shadows till our ears seem to catch the more remote echo of some spirit message of the wood.

Leaving the land to its peerless vocalist and quiet repose we made our way toward Highland county. The road wound among green pasture slopes, from the summits of which a wide sweep of rolling country was visible. On reaching these heights, almost invariably new and surprising vistas opened before us. The hill roads dropped down to peaceful valleys over which we looked for many miles. Northward the hills sank into gentle undulations, robed with golden wheat fields, orchards, and meadows, and now and then we beheld old villages. Westward they towered into higher ridges which stretched away until their green faded and stood gray against the horizon. How amply spread were the numerous valleys with many trees to diversify them and how grandly planted were the higher hills with forest!

HILLSBOROUGH

It was dusk before we reached the town of Hillsborough, where we spent the night. Hillsborough is Ohio's Rome, for like that Imperial City, it stands on seven hills. The quaint old mansion home of Allen Trimble, one of Ohio's early governors, is located here. It later became the home of his daughter, Eliza Jane Thompson, who is known the world over as the Mother of the Woman's Crusade, one of the most remarkable temperance movements of history, which had its origin here in 1873.

"Hillsborough is reached by two macadamized roads, which pass through a section of the state unrivaled in picturesque beauty. It is just in the fringe of hills which in the direction of the Ohio become almost mountainous."

We left our modern Rome in the morning swathed in its dreamy charm. What could be more beautiful than to pass through the country in July when every turn on the highway discloses a picture of rarest beauty? What a vast volume of divine verse, of sonnets, lyrics, and idyls, is opened before you, wrought out of meadows, groves and sparkling streams! The valleys with their broad green meadows, fields waving with golden grain or dark green corn that bent and tossed in the morning wind, was an inexhaustible delight. A few exquisitely white fleecy clouds, pushed across the deep blue sky by a southern breeze, made running shadows of rhythmical motion.

WILMINGTON

At Wilmington we were greatly impressed with the charming, well− kept homes and the fine class of people. As we noted the noble bearing, the fine, intellectual countenances and strong physique of these people, we thought of the early temperance movement here, and realized we were beholding the fruits of that early sowing.

GRADED WAY

We passed along the graded way near Piketon, where the ancient people of an unknown race laid out a graded ascent some ten hundred and eighty feet long by two hundred and ten feet in width. From the left hand embankment, passing up to a third terrace, there could be traced a former low embankment running for fifteen hundred feet, and connected with mounds and other walls at its extremity. It was evidently built in connection with the obliterated works on the third terrace.

Here many a passing traveler goes unawares over one of the most ancient highways in the world. Our trip over it was more memorable than any journey over a Roman road could have been. We paused awhile to speculate who these ancient people were who passed this way centuries before us. What ceremonious processions may have moved over this ancient causeway! From the branch of a maple that sent its roots into the more defined grade came the dreamy notes of a mourning dove, from a walnut tree a cuckoo uttered his queer song that perhaps was the same as these strange people listened to; indigo buntings sent their high pitched breezy song from the tops of the trees, while the warbling vireo seemed to be saying, "who were they?" and the clear, melodious call of a quail rang from the highest part of the embankment, with just enough querulousness in it to appear as if he too were trying to recall this lost race. The grassy slopes were still used by the meadow lark for nesting sites whose "spring of the year" still resounds among the hills speaking of the eternal freshness and youth of Nature. It appeared to be a work of defense where the people may have congregated for protection in times of danger. A hole in the side of one of the embankments told that it was still used as such, for a woodchuck had burrowed in under the roots of a maple where he was safe not only from his enemies but from winter itself. Thus we left this memento of a vanished race, thinking that, beginning our journey over a road so romantic, the day would hold much in store for us.

ON THE ROAD TO BAINBRIDGE

Whoever wishes to spend a few hours of unalloyed delight amid the most charming and picturesque scenery of Ohio, should visit Highland county. Here both Nature and history have done everything to make this a journey never to be forgotten. The round browed hills lift themselves in "bold bastions" and parapets of green that seem to beckon to you to come up higher. Sometimes you see a wide plain with its far flashing stream and homes here and there, or clusters of wooded heights with now and then a single pointed summit rising above and behind the rest. The roads are made up of innumerable loops and curves, every twist and turn of which unfolds a picture worthy of an Innes or a Rembrandt.

The morning of our journey was as fair as a July morning could be. Near the western horizon a few pearl−colored clouds hung motionless, as though the wind had been withdrawn to other skies. There was always that mysterious blue haze over the higher ridges and that soft light that fills the atmosphere and creates the sense of lovely "unimaginable spaces." It overhung the far rolling landscape of wheat fields, pastures and wood, crowning with a

soft radiance the remoter low swelling hilltops and deepened into dreamy half shadows on their western slopes. Nearer, it fell on the rich gold of ripening wheat that lay in the valley or gleamed like golden crowns on the level space at the very summits of high hills; nearer still it touched with spring−like brilliancy the level green of meadows that clothed other uplands, where groups of Jersey cattle grazed beneath the shade of graceful elms; yet nearer it caught the rich foliage of blossoming chestnut trees and lit them up like crowns of ermine. In the immediate foreground it fell on the road that made continual windings along the edge of a steep ravine. How we rejoiced at the prospect and the warm, glowing sunshine! Right at the road's edge grew Christmas lady, sensitive and woodsia ferns, mealy−bell−wort, true and false Solomon's Seal, ground ginger, greenbrier, smilax and flaming cardinal flowers which were lit up with flying gleams of sunshine, forming great masses of tremulous shifting mosaic of rarer and older designs than any that Persia or India yet know. This Ohio of ours is indeed a fair land; and this morning, of all mornings of our lives, we seemed to hear "the ever−lasting poetry of the race." We thanked our lucky stars that our lot fell in such a pleasant place, and were justly proud that from Ohio's farms have come so many worthy souls.

We found enough to admire in every farmhouse, however humble, to repay us for our climb. Now and then we saw some narrow valleys and rough hillsides, where corn and potatoes were engaged in a struggle with countless stones. Without the aid of the energetic Ohio farmers they had well−nigh been driven from the field. The rows of pale thin corn (the stunted reward of necessitous husbandry) "showed that these people possess that spirit of labor, which, however undervalued by some unthinking mortals, is the germ from which all good mast spring." One cannot but notice with what patient industry these sturdy sons of the soil turn these rocky hillsides into fields of growing grain; how the apple trees were made to acquire health and productiveness; and how the wheat stood like vast billows of gold under the rays of the forenoon sun. We soon forgot their seeming hardships and gave our hearty admiration to the sturdy reapers of Ohio.

These men, spending as much toil and energy upon their log cabins and small barns, prize them just as highly as the people of a more favored section value their more luxurious abodes. We were glad to note the whitewashed cabins, well kept yards with roses at the gate, patches of marigolds under the window, and the ever present birdhouse and adjacent orchard. How at the sight one's memory goes back to other days with a wealth of emotion as refreshing as falling dew to thirsty flowers. One considers how to these people their humble homes may be priceless in their wealth of associations. They may be indeed far richer than the owner of some palatial residence where every luxury abounds and love is not. How often these tillers of the soil must sit beneath their doorway, watching the outlines of far hills clothed in dim blue haze; how often, too, they must have watched the sinking sun as they ate their evening meal of bread and milk and looked far away over the rolling landscape with the air of a king. The old home has grown into their lives, giving them more than wealth. If the soil is not adapted for the finest crops it may produce better thinkers.

As we journeyed on we thought of John Dyer's lines on Gronger Hill:

> Ever charming, ever new,
> When will the landscape tire the view?

We answered his question by saying, "Never." A quiet seemed to creep over the hot landscape. The great chestnut and basswood trees seemed to be taking their noon rest; only the buzzing of myriads of bees filled the air with their sound; a robin settled near us with open mouth and drooping wings; the maple leaves hung limp and silent, showing their silver linings; only the warbling vireo sang her medley among its branches. The hills shimmered. Not far away were masses of dark clouds which stretched across a valley and seemed to rest on the opposite hills and sink in a dense mass into a farther valley. Presently we saw a white sheet of rain drifting rapidly toward us. We drew out to the side of the road beneath some small hickory trees and quickly put on the curtains and proceeded to eat our luncheon during the storm. The rain came down in torrents, but was soon over. We unfastened the curtains that we might have a better view of the birds that emerged from their leafy coverts and sang all about us. The noon sun was lighting up a million gleaming tears that hung to the leaves, so quiet was the atmosphere. The storm was still rumbling not far away across the hills, where a lovely bow spanned the sky.

Vapors hung just above the tree tops, seething like smoke from hidden chimneys.

How the birds rejoiced after the shower! Two cardinals woke the echoes with their wild, ringing calls. Indigo buntings, using the telephone wires as a point from which to start messages, sent them out in all directions. These, if not so important as those of men, were more pleasant to hear. The summery call of a turtle dove came dreamily through the forest; while nearer, towhees filled the place with their "fine explosive trills." Down in the ravine chats were uttering their strange notes, so weird that they won from the Indians the name of "ghost bird." Vireos and tanagers vied with each other in persistent singing. The vireo sang more constantly but the notes of the tanager were more wild and possessed greater resonance of tone. The call of a quail came clear and sweet from a distant wheat field and, like a glorious soloist, Ohio's finest songster, the woodthrush, was casting her "liquid pearls" on the air.

We were loathe to leave a song carnival so fine, but Kinkaid Spring and Rockyfork Caves were some distance away and the recent rains made the dirt read very slippery and traveling uncertain. We had to climb a three−mile hill. The road had innumerable turns, and in many places ran very near the edge of steep ravines, which were often covered with almost virgin forest. There may have been some elasticity in the auto, but we didn't seem to notice it. It seemed, in spite of shock absorbers, a perfect conductor, and the shock it received in passing over deep ruts and rough boulders was immediately communicated to the lowest vertebra of our spines to pass instantly along all the others, discharging itself in our teeth. One of the party, not having traveled over many rough roads, seemed to be enjoying the scenery in much the same manner as a drowning man might enjoy the Rhine. Whenever the machine skidded dangerously near a steep ravine, he was seen to cling in alarm to the seat. He was informed, however, that this was not even A B C of what the rest of the party were used to, and his fears somewhat subsided.

This way and that ran wavering lines of low rail fences−−some recently builded, others rotting beneath and thickly covered with wild roses, blackberry vines and numerous shrubs, forming an almost impenetrable hedge. Now and then distant hills rose, clothed with dark green woods. On nearer hilltops the wheat shimmered in the light, and all around grew green forests which gave them the appearance of a lake of gold in a setting of emerald. The blue green of the oats with the brighter green of meadows, blending imperceptibly together, made a rare picture enhanced by the blue haze of distance.

Kinkaid Spring is well worthy of a visit, for here is a spring whose water would be sufficient to run a grist mill. It is situated in charming woods, where grow fine old walnut, maple and tulip trees. A gentleman told us that the man on whose farm the spring is located dammed up its water, only to find that he had lost his spring. He tore away the dam and recovered it.

So many fine old trees were passed that someone remarked of the wondrous beauty these woods present at autumn−time. He did not repeat the words of the poem we shall quote, but he meant it all.

INDIAN SUMMER

"Now all the woodlands round, and these fair vales,
And broad plains that from their borders stretch
Away to the blue Unica, and run
Along the Ozark range, and far beyond
Find the still groves that shut Itasca in,
But more than all, these old Miami Woods,
Are robed in golden exhalations, dim
As half−remembered dreams, and beautiful
As aught or Valambrosa, or the plains
Of Arcady, by fabling poets sung.
The night is fill'd with murmurs and the day
Distills a subtle atmosphere that lulls

The senses to a half repose, and hangs
A rosy twilight over nature, like
The night of Norway summers, when the sun
Skims the horizon through the tedious months."
−−From Poets of Ohio.

It is not strange that you do not find yourself recalling fair mornings spent among the far−famed Alps. True, you do not feel that awe−inspiring sublimity that their snow−clad peaks produce, but as you joyfully gaze out over the quiet beauty of these fair Ohio hills and vales clothed in magnificent stretches of golden harvest field and green forest, through which lead winding roads and sinuous streams, you ask yourself this perplexing question: Where have I ever beheld a more lovely or more quiet landscape than this? To be sure it is not thrilling, but sweet and soothing, like the view you get at Intervale, above North Conway in New Hampshire. This fair picture brought to our memory the scenery among the hills and valleys of the Meuse, as seen from Fort Regret. Here the view discloses vast stretches of upland meadows, orchards of cherry and plum trees, old stone highways that lose themselves in the valleys to appear again like slender paths where they cross some distant hill. Old stone farm houses, clusters of ruined villages, and as many as seven forts may be seen from this commanding position. A few miles distant rises the almost impregnable fortress of Verdun whose round Roman towers look down on the devastated region and seem to say, "They shall not pass." Nature has given just as picturesque a setting to many of her ancient fortified hills of the Western World, whose crowning battlements speak of a different age and architecture.

To the lofty parapets scattered throughout the southern part of Ohio, the ferocious warrior of another age came for refuge or lighted fires on their signal mounds to warn their people of an approaching enemy. Here are forest trees growing upon their sides said to be six hundred years old and rising from the decomposed remains of others perhaps just as old. How long these forts were used before the forests again reclothed them we have no means of knowing. We cannot but wonder over the fate of this forgotten race. What starving sieges, deeds of noble daring and brave sorties these ancient walls must have known!

Here we found growing great masses of purple spiked loose− strife. The deep purple flowers that closely cluster on the long spikes give a rich glow to the lowlands. This flower we found growing in abundance in New Hampshire, New York, New Jersey, and Massachusetts. It is an importation from England. It is remarkable as an example of trimorphism, the two sets of stamens and pistil being of different lengths in the same flower. Every pistil, in order to affect fertilization, must receive the pollen from the same length in another flower. Professor Darwin experimented with these flowers and wrote about them to Dr. Gray "I am almost stark, staring mad over Lythrum. If I can prove what I really believe, it is a grand case of trimorphism, with three different pollens and three stigmas. I have fertilized above ninety flowers, trying all the eighteen distinct crosses which are possible within the limits of this one species. For the love of heaven, have a look at some of your species, and if you can get me some seed, do."

ROCKYFORD CAVES

Here in one of the most charming spots that Nature gave to this scenic Ohio region dwelt a being−−a wretch−−by the name of McKinney, the tales of whose terrible deeds recall the gruesome acts of the days of the Inquisition or the horrible tortures of the fierce Iroquois. In one of the caves embowered in this leafy wilderness, where the rays of the noonday sun scarce ever fall and there reigns perpetually a cavernous gloom, dwelt this bold robber. Only the complaining water of a brook as it slipped over the polished stones or the song of the birds broke the silence of this solitude. Here we listened to a thrilling story, told by a middle−aged lady, of one of the many horrid deeds committed by this Ohio robber.

In the near vicinity lived two old people, who represented that worthy class of pioneers whose strength of character and noble self−sacrifice formed a fit corner stone upon which to build such a glorious state. The old

gentleman was a stock buyer, and on the morning of that particular day of which our tale relates he had received a large sum of money (large for those times) and returned to his home late that afternoon. It was too near night to distribute the money among the various farmers. After consulting his good wife as to the best place for secreting it he decided to bury the money in the ground beneath the puncheon floor. Raising one or two of the huge planks, while his wife kept watch from the doorway of their cabin, the old gentleman dug a small hole in the ground and deposited the pouch which held the money. Smoothing over the place he carefully relaid the rough−hewn puncheon and, with an air of satisfaction in a work well performed, he left the cabin to do his evening chores, while the good housewife busied herself in preparing their frugal meal.

The work being done the old man returned to the house where in the twilight they ate their corn bread and potatoes with a relish that only those who labor may know. The last faint notes of the woodthrush came softly from the shadowy ravine, robins caroled in chorus, then they, too, became silent.

Late in the afternoon from his leafy covert (one of the numerous places found in this region, overlooking the road) peered the treacherous eyes of this bold highwayman. Here he awaited the coming of the twilight, patiently, silently, for he knew that the old man was alone, and like a fierce wild beast, he did not stir from his retreat until the gleam of light from the cabin door announced his hour had come. Leaving his hiding−place, he gazed through the deepening dusk and ever and anon glanced over his shoulder, as might a criminal who is fleeing from his pursuers.

Stealthily he approached the cabin, where the two old people were made plainly visible by the lamp and the warm, ruddy glow of the fireplace. With silent tread he entered the peaceful abode, and drew a pistol on the old couple, who stood up speechless and horror stricken before him. He demanded the money, which he very well knew the old man had received, but neither the man nor his wife would inform him of its whereabouts; whereupon he seized the old man and bound and gagged him. Then threatening the old lady with vile oaths, he tried to frighten her into revealing the secret hiding place, but to no avail. Seizing her, he securely bound her, with a horrible threat of pushing her into the glowing fireplace, but to no purpose.

Having the two forms prostrate upon the floor, he shoved their feet into the fire, removing the gags now and then so they could speak and disclose the secret he so vainly strove to force from theist. Removing the gag from the old man for the second time he found that he had fainted. He gave him a toss and a rude kick, leaving him to lie lifeless, as he thought, upon the floor. Turning again to the old lady, he pulled her lack from the fire and removed her gag, threatening to again torture her if she persisted in refusing to reveal the secret. Although her feet were horribly burned by the coals and her suffering was so intense that her whole frame shook convulsively with the inexpressible pain she endured, she remained silent. His barbarous attempts proved of no avail.

Unbinding the old lady he left her alone with the still form of the old man lying as dead before her. Painfully she hobbled to the well after releasing his bonds and brought water, with the aid of which she revived him. The old man lived only a short time, but his wife recovered to tell of that thrilling night to her grand children.

"Those people were my grand parents," continued the lady who related the story.

CHILLICOTHE

At Chillicothe still stands the magnificent old elm under which Logan, that gentle, noble Mingo chief sat, "while he told the story of his wrongs in language which cannot be forgotten as long as men have hearts to thrill for other's sorrows."

"I appeal to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan's cabin and I gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked and I gave him not clothing. During the course of the last long and bloody war Logan remained in his tent, an advocate of peace. Nay, such was my love for the whites that those of my own country pointed at me as

they passed and said, 'Logan is the friend of the white man.' I had even thought to live with you but for the injuries of one man, Colonel Cresap, who last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, cut off all the relatives of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any human creature. This called upon me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace, yet do not harbor the thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is thereto mourn for Logan? Not one."

CHAPTER II. THE MOUND BUILDERS

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Thou unrelenting Past!
Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,
And fetters sure and fast
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

Far in thy realm, withdrawn
Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom;
And glorious ages gone,
Lie deep within the shadows of thy womb.



  Full many a mighty name
Lurks in thy depths, unuttered, unrevered.
With thee are silent fame,
Forgotten arts, and wisdom.

--W. C. Bryant.
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"Who can read the history of the past? Who is there who can tell the story of creation's morn? It is not written in history, neither does it live in tradition. There is mystery here, but it is hid by the darkness of bygone ages."

"There is a true history here, but we have not learned well the alphabet used. Here are doubtless wondrous scenes, but our standpoint is removed by time so vast that only the rude outlines can be determined. The delicate tracery, the body of the picture, are hidden from our eye. The question as to the antiquity and primitive history of man is full of interest in proportion as the solution is set with difficulties. We question the past, but only here and there a response is heard. Surely bold is he who would attempt, from the few data at hand, to reconstruct the history of times and people so far removed. We quickly become convinced that many centuries and tens of centuries have rolled away since man's first appearance on the earth. We become impressed with the fact that multitudes of people have moved over the surface of the earth and sunk into the night of oblivion without leaving a trace of their existence, without a memorial through which we might have at least learned their names."

"In Egypt we find the seat of an ancient civilization which was in its power many centuries before Christ. The changes that have passed over the earth are far more wonderful than any ascribed to the wand of the magician. Nations have come and gone, and the land of the Pharaohs has become an inheritance for strangers; new sciences have enriched human life, and the fair structure has arisen on the ruins of the past. Many centuries, with their burden of human hopes and fears, have sped away into the past, since 'Hundred−gated Thebes' sheltered her teeming population, where now are but a mournful group of ruins. Yet today, far below the remorseless sands of her desert, we find the rude flint−flakes that require us to carry back the time of man's first appearance in Egypt to a past so remote that her stately ruins become a thing of yesterday in comparison to them." (footnote Von Hellwald: Smithsonian Report, 1836.)

Europe, in the minds of some travelers, seems to have a monopoly on all fair landscapes and ancient civilization, to hear their overdrawn descriptions gleaned from many books of travel. But, in the socalled New World we find mysterious mounds and gigantic earthworks, also deserted mines, where we can trace the sites of ancient camps

and fortifications, showing that the Indians of America's unbounded primeval forests and vast flowery prairies were intruders on an earlier, fairer civilization. Here we find evidence of a teeming population. No one viewing the imposing ruins scattered about the Mississippi valley and especially the wonderful work of Fort Ancient can help but marvel at these crumbling walls of an ancient, forgotten race.

One writer has stated that America has no hoary legends or traditions that lend an ever−increasing interest to the scenes of other lands. It will never have any ancient history, nor any old institutions. This writer surely never stood on those ancient mounds of Ohio and elsewhere which tell us that there were people here ten thousand years ago, when the glaciers began to melt and the land became inhabitable once more. "Even before the ice came creeping southwestwardly from the region of Niagara and passed over two−thirds of our state, from Lake Erie to the Ohio River there were people here of an older race than the hills, as the hills now are; for the glaciers ground away the hills as they once were and made new ones, with new valleys between them, and new channels for the streams to run where there had never been water courses before. The earliest Ohioans must have been the same as the Ohioans of the Ice Age, and when they fled southward before the glaciers they mast have followed the retreat of the melting ice, back into Ohio again. No one knows how long they dwelt here along its edges in a climate like that of Greenland, where the glaciers are now to be seen as they once were in the region of Cincinnati. But it is believed that these Ice Folk, as we may call them, were of the race which still roams the Arctic snows.

"All they have left to prove that they were able to cope with the fierce brute life and terrible climate of their day are axes of chipped stone and similar tools and weapons dropped on the gravelly banks of new rivers which the glaciers upheaved. Such an ax was dug up out of the glacier terrace, as the bank of this drift is called, in the valley of the Tuscarawas in Mississippi.

"For the next four or five thousand years the early Ohio men kept very quiet; but we need not suppose for that reason that there were none. Our Ice Folk who dropped their stone axes in the river banks may have passed away with the Ice Age, or they may have remained in Ohio, and begun slowly to take on some faint likeness of civilization. There is nothing to prove that they stayed; but Ohio must always have been a pleasant place to live in after the great thaw, and it seems reasonable that the Ice Folk lingered, in part at least, and changed with the changing climate, and became at last the people who left the signs of their presence in almost every part of the state." (footnote Howell's History of Ohio.)

The great masterpiece of the Mound Builders is known as Fort Ancient. Its colossal size, ingenuity in design and perfection in construction give it first rack in interest among all prehistoric fortifications, and it represents the highest point attained by this lost race in their earth−work structures. Why make a journey to Europe to see the old forts when we have in Ohio one so old we have no record of its building? Truly we were more impressed while rambling over this old fort than we were when we entered the passages that led through Douamont and Verdian or stood on the ramparts of Mighty Ehrenbreitstein and gazed at the wonderful panorama spread out before us.

The works of these ancient people are said to be two or three thousand years old. Some seem to think they were a race of red men like those the whites found here. Only an agricultural people who were settled in their habits could have produced such wonderful works as we find scattered about the Ohio and Mississippi valleys. It is stated that every Indian requires fifty thousand acres to live upon. If this be true this country in which we find these vast mounds could not have provided food enough for the vast number of laborers required for such stupendous works. It is estimated that the white men found only two or three thousand Indians in the whole Ohio Valley.

We find forts that were skilfully planned, showing a knowledge far superior to that of the savage race. Some of them contained hundreds of acres which were enclosed with high walls of earth rising to ten or twelve feet from the ground. The largest and most interesting ruins we find in Warren county, "where on a level terrace above the Little Miami river, five miles of wall, which can still be easily traced, shut in a hundred acres." This was not only

a fort but was probably used as a village site, and has some features about it which are regarded as of a religious nature. The hill on which it stands is in most cases very steep towards the river. A ravine starts from near the upper end on the eastern side, gradually deepening towards the south, and finally turns abruptly towards the west of the river. By this means nearly the whole work occupies the summit of a detached hill, having in most places very steep sides. To this naturally strong position fortifications were added, consisting of an embankment of earth of unusual height, which follows close around the very brow of the hill. This embankment is still in a very fine state of preservation, and is now, thanks to the State of Ohio, no longer exposed to cultivation and other inroads so that it will not be marred by domestic animals and will be preserved for future generations.

"This wall is, of course, the highest in just those places where the sides of the hill are less steep than usual. In some places it still has a height of twenty feet. For most of the distance the grading of the walls resembles the heavy grading of a railway embankment. Only one who has examined the walls can realize the amount of labor they represent for a people destitute of metallic tools, beasts of burden, and other facilities to construct it. We notice that the wall has numerous breaks in it; some of these, where it crossed the ravines, leading down the sides of a hill. In a few cases the embankment may still be traced to within a few feet of a rivulet."

Considerable discussion has ensued as to the origin and use of these numerous gateways. Mr. Squier thinks that these openings were occupied by timber work in the nature of block−houses, which have long since decayed. Others, however, think that the wall was originally entire except in a few instances, and that the breaks now apparent were formed by natural causes, such as water gathering in pools, and muskrats burrowing through the walls, and we are told that such an opening was seen forming in the year 1847. No regular ditch exists inside the wall, the material apparently being obtained from numerous dug holes.

"It will be seen that the works could be naturally divided into two parts, connected by the isthmus. In relation to the wall across the isthmus it has been thought to have been the means of defending one part of the work, should an enemy gain entrance to the other. It has also been supposed that at first the fort was only built to the cross wall on the isthmus, and afterward the rest of the inclosure was added to the work."

The late Dr. Edward Orton, president (1898) of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and one of the foremost scientists this country has produced, gave an address before the Ohio State Legislature (March, 1898) upon Fort Ancient in which he said:

"The first point that I wish to make is that the builders of Fort Ancient selected this site for their work with a wide and accurate knowledge of this part of the country. You all know of the picturesque location, in the beautiful and fertile valley of the Little Miami, on the table land that bounds and in places almost overhangs the river, and which is from two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet above the river level. Availing themselves of spurs of the old table land which were almost entirely cut off by the gorges tributary to the river, they ran their earth walls with infinite toil in a tortuous, crenulated line along the margins of the declivities. Where the latter was sharp and precepitous the earth walls were left lighter. Where it became necessary to cross the table land, or where the slopes were gradual, the walls were made especially high and strong. The eye and brain of a military engineer, a Vauban of the olden time, is clearly seen in all this. We cannot be mistaken in regard to it when we thus find the weak places made strong, and the strong places left as far as possible to their own natural defenses. The openings from the fort, also, lead out in every case to points easily made defensible and that command views from several directions.

"In the second place we cannot be mistaken in seeing in the work of Fort Ancient striking evidences of an organized society, of intelligent leadership, in a word, of strong government. A vast deal of labor was done here and it was done methodically, systematically and with continuity. Here again you must think of the conditions under which the work was accomplished. There were no beasts of burden to share the labor of their owners; the work was all done by human muscles. Buckets full of earth, each containing from a peck to a half bushel, borne on the backs of men or women, slowly built up these walls, which are nearly five miles in length and which have

a maximum height of not less than twenty feet. Reduced to more familiar measurements the earth used in the walls was about 172,000,000 cubic feet."

"Can we be wrong in further concluding that this work was done under a strong and efficient government? Men have always shown that they do not love hard work, and yet hard work was done persistently here. Are there not evidences on the face of the facts that they were held to their tasks by some strong control?

"It is said that the Roman legion required only a square of seven hundred yards to effect the strongest encampment known to the ancients of Europe or Asia, but within these formidable lines there might be congregated at a moment's notice, fifty or sixty thousand men, with all their materials of war, women, children, and household goods."

"There are two mounds seen just outside of the walls at the upper end. From these mounds two low parallel walls extended in a northeasterly direction some thirteen hundred and fifty feet, their distant ends joining around a small mound. As this mound was not well situated for signal purposes, inasmuch as it did not command a very extensive view, and as the embankments would afford very little protection unless provided with palisades, it seems as if the most satisfactory explanation we have is that it was in the nature of a religious work.

"Mr. Hosea thinks he has found satisfactory evidence that between these walls there was a paved street, as he discovered in one place, about two feet below the present surface, a pavement of flat stones. From this as a hint he eloquently says: 'Imagination was not slow to conjure up the scene which was once doubtless familiar to the dwellers of Fort Ancient. A train of worshippers, led by priests clad in their sacred robes and bearing aloft the holy utensils, pass in the early morning ere yet the mists have arisen in the valley below, on the gently swelling ridge on which the ancient roadway lies. They near the mound, and a solemn stillness succeeds their chanting songs; the priests ascend the hill of sacrifice and prepare the sacred fire. Now the first beams of the rising sun shoot up athwart the ruddy sky, gilding the topmost boughs of the trees. The holy flame is kindled, a curling wreath of smoke arises to greet the coming god; the tremulous hush which was upon all nature breaks into vocal joy, and the songs of gladness burst from the throats of the waiting multitude as the glorious luminary arises in majesty and beams upon his adoring people, a promise of renewed life and happiness. Vain promise, since his rays cannot penetrate the utter darkness which for ages has settled over this people.' Thus imagination suggests, and enthusiasm paints, a scene, but from positive knowledge we can neither affirm nor deny its truth."

The largest of the burial mounds is situated at the junction of Grave Creels and the Ohio river, twelve miles below Wheeling, West Virginia. It measures seventy feet in height and is nearly one thousand feet in circumference. An excavation made from the top downward, and from one side of the base to the center disclosed the fact that the mound contained two sepulchres, one at the base and one near the center of the mound. These chambers had been constructed of logs, and covered with stone. The lower chamber contained two skeletons, one of which is supposed to have been a female. The upper chamber contained but one skeleton. In addition to these, there were found a great number of shell beads, ornaments of mica, and bracelets of copper.

It mast have been indeed a great work for people who had neither metallic tools nor domestic animals to have erected such a great mound. The earth for its construction was probably scraped from the surface and carried to the mound in baskets. A people who could erect such a monument as this, with such scanty means at their command, must have possessed those qualities which would sooner or later have brought them civilization.

Charles Dickens, when visiting America, gives this impression that the Big Grave made upon him "...the host of Indians who lie buried in a great mound yonder−−so old that mighty oaks and other forest trees have struck their roots into the earth, and so high that it is a hill, even among the hills that Nature planted around it. The very river, as though it shared one's feelings of compassion for the extinct tribes who lived so pleasantly here in their blessed ignorance of white existence hundreds of years ago, steals out of its way to ripple near this mound, and there are few places where the Ohio sparkles more brightly than in the Big Grave Creek."

Standing here in this lovely region, chosen by a vanished race as their last resting place, we recalled the words of an Ohio poet:

"Lonely and sad it stands
The trace of ruthless hands
Is on its sides and summit, and around,
The dwellings of the white man pile the ground,
And curling in the air,
The smoke of thrice a thousand hearths is there:
Without, all speaks of life; within,
Deaf to the city's echoing din,
Sleep well the tenants of that silent Mound,
Their names forgot, their memories unrenown'd.

Upon its top I tread,
And see around me spread
Temples and mansions, and the hoary hills,
Bleak with the labor that the coffer fills,
But mars their bloom the while,
And steals from nature's face its joyous smile:
And here and there, below,
The stream's meandering flow
Breaks on the view; and westward in the sky
The gorgeous clouds in crimson masses lie.
The hammer's clang rings out,
Where late the Indian's shout
Startled the wild fowl from its sedgy nest,
And broke the wild deer's and the panther's rest.
The lordly oaks went down
Before the ax−−the canebrake is a town:
The bark canoe no more
Glides noiseless from the shore;
And, sole memorial of a nation's doom,
Amid the works of art rises this lonely tomb.
−−Chas. A. Jones.

It is a well known fact that these ancient people chose the most fertile spots along river bottoms for their settlements. The Cahokia Mound is such a stupendous example of the work of the Mound Builders that it well deserves mention here. It is located in one of the most fertile sections in Illinois. It is well watered, and not often overflowed by the Mississippi. It is such a fertile and valuable tract that it has received the name of the "Great American Bottom."

"Dr. Patrick has stated that the area of the base is over fifteen acres. This base is larger than that of the Great Pyramid, which was counted as one of the seven wonders of the world, and we must not lose sight of the fact that the earth for its construction was scraped up and brought thither without the aid of metallic tools or beasts of burden, and yet the earth was obtained somewhere and piled up over an area of fifteen acres, in one place to a height of one hundred feet, and even the lowest platform is fifty feet above the plain. Some have suggested that it might be partly a natural elevation. There seems to be, however, no good reasons for such suggestions.

"Near the site of Hughes High School in Cincinnati stood this prehistoric earthwork. It was originally more than thirty−five feet high, but was entirely levelled in 1841." (footnote Chas. A. Jones.)

The first platform is reached at the height of about fifty feet. This platform has an area of not far from two and four−fifths acres−large enough for quite a number of houses, if such was the purpose for which this mound was erected. The second platform is reached at about the height of seventy−five feet, and contains about one and three−fourths acres. The third platform is elevated ninety−six or ninety−seven feet, while the last one is not far from one hundred feet above the plain. We require to dwell on these facts a moment before we realize what a stupendous piece of work this is.

Why need we go to Egypt to see the Great Pyramid when we know who built it and for what it was used; while we have this great work in our own country by a vanished race whose purpose in erecting it is still unknown? Some writers think that this huge piece of work was performed so that their tribe would have an elevation upon which to place their village, as an elevated site has always been an important factor in defenses. Other writers consider it a temple mound, and it resembles those that the ancient Mexicans raised for both religions purposes and town sites. Others believe that it may have been used to elevate their homes above the level valley in case of floods.

At Miamisburg we have a great mound, rising to a height of sixty− eight feet, which is regarded as one of a chain by which signals were transmitted along the valley. In the Scioto valley, from Columbus to Chillicothe, a distance of about forty miles, twenty mounds may be selected, so placed in respect to each other that it is believed if the country was cleared of forests, signals of fire might be transmitted in a few minutes along the whole line. They may have been used as signal stations by the red man centuries after the disappearance of their original builders.

Several examples of effigy mounds are found in Ohio. The most notable is that known as "Great Serpent Mound," in Adams County. It is the largest and most distinct of this class of mounds in the United States if not in the whole world. Other important Ohio points are the Eagle Mound at Newark and the Alligator or Opossum Mound at Granville.

The morning of our arrival at this remarkable effigy−−how shall we describe it? The time was June, and as Lowell phrased it, "What is so rare as a day in June?" We wound among picturesque scenes that were softened by the hazy clouds and reveled in the unsurprising riches of the charming landscape. The road led through thick forests of oaks, linden and maple, through smiling vales and to the crests of hills overlooking long open valleys with wooded heights beyond. Everything seemed to break forth into singing. Even the rippling streams chimed merrily in with the glad exultant songs of red wing black birds and fluting cardinals.

As we entered the park we were greeted by the cheery piping of the Baltimore oriole−a warm, rich welcome from this brilliantly colored bird as he fluttered about the elm like a dash of southern sunshine. Try as we would we found our thoughts straying from the dim days of the dead past to the ever living present, for bees and birds were busy everywhere, telling their joy in melodious and ecstatic notes.

European travelers say that our woods are nearly devoid of birds, and that the songs of such as we have are not to be compared with those about which their poets have written so charmingly. They never were out among our blossoming wilderness while the sun poured his first rays through delicate green leaves and mounds of flowers or they never would have written that way.

When from a rising eminence of land we let our eyes rove over the vast undulating country around us, only the more prominent features impress themselves on our view. The lesser details, the waving grain, the blossoming sumac, the small brooklet, which attract the immediate passerby, are lost in the distance, but the range of forest clad hills, the wide expanse of fertile plain, or the purpling hills in the distance, determine the landscape and claim our attention. So in the light of the present century let us note what we can of these ancient and forgotten people. "Distance lends enchantment to the view," and this is true of distance in time, or culture as well as in space.

In memory we live over again those scenes, when a strange race met in this very spot to worship. In fancy we see again vast multitudes of people who assembled at the head of a victorious warrior−king who returned from the field of battle, to offer sacrifice upon the altar in the center of the oval. The casting off of the old skin of the serpent may have been to these primitive people typical of immortality. "Then a kite, by producing death, would be to them the working of some powerful spirit through that serpent. Its power to destroy life no doubt caused it to be held in great veneration by many primitive tribes. Likewise any striking object in Nature, such as a river, lake, precipitous cliff, with singular shaped stone such as we have here on the crescent shaped plateau rising from Brush Creek, would have been regarded as the abode of some spirit and would be worshipped accordingly. That such objects are worshipped the world over we have abundant testimony, and it will be found in all such cases that there is some peculiarity about the contour of the land on which are placed these objects, that would be sure to catch the eye of a superstitious race."

There has been another serpent mound discovered in Warren County, but space forbids a description of it. Not far from the city of Toronto, Canada, we also find another.

"The Great Serpent Mound" in Adams County has a counterpart in the Old World. In Scotland there is a very remarkable and distinct serpent, constructed of stone. This work has so much in common with the Ohio serpent that we reproduce the description as given by Miss Gordon Cummin in Good Words for March, 1872.

"The mound is situated upon a grassy plain. The tail of the serpent rests near the shore of Loch Nell, and the mound gradually rises seventeen to twenty feet in height and is continued for three hundred feet, forming a double curve like the letter S, and wonderfully perfect in anatomical outline. This we perceive the more perfect on reaching the head, which lies at the western end... The head forms a circular cairn, on which, at the time of a visit there in 1871, there still remained some trace of an altar, which has since wholly disappeared. On excavating the circular cairn, or circle of stones forming the head, a chamber containing burnt bones, charcoal and burnt hazelnuts, and an implement of flint were found. The removal of peat, moss and heather from the back of the reptile showed that the whole length of the spine was carefully constructed, with regularly and symmetrically placed stones at such angles as to throw off rain... The spine is, in fact, a long narrow causeway made of large stones, set like the vertebrae of some huge animal. They form a ridge, sloping off at each side, which is continued downward with an arrangement of smaller stones suggestive of ribs. The mound has been formed in such a position that the worshippers standing at the altar would naturally look eastward, directly along the whole length of the great reptile and across the dark lake to the triple peaks of Ben Cruachan. This position must have been carefully selected, as from no other point are the three peaks visible. General Forlong, in commenting on this, says

"'Here, then, we have an earth−formed snake, emerging in the usual manner from the dark blue water, at the base, as it were, of a triple cone−−Scotland's Mount Hermon−−just as we so frequently meet snakes and their shrines in the East.'

"Is there not something more than mere coincidence in the resemblance between Loch Nell and the Ohio Serpent, to say nothing of the topography of their respective situations? Each has the head pointing west, and each terminates with a circular enclosure, containing an altar, from which, looking along the most prominent portion of the serpent, the rising sun may be seen. If the serpent of Scotland is the symbol of an ancient faith surely that of Ohio is the same."

Rev. MacLean of Greenville, Ohio, is a well known writer on these topics. During the summer of 1881, while in the employ of the Bureau of Ethnology, visited the place, taking with him a thoroughly competent surveyor, and made a very careful plan of the work for the bureau. All other figures published represent the oval as the end of the works. Prof. Putnam who visited the works in 1883, noticed, between the oval figure and the edge of the ledge a slightly raised, circular ridge of earth, from either side of which a curved ridge extended towards the side of the oval figure. Rev. MacLean's researches and measurements have shown that the ridges last spoken of are but part

of what is either a distinct figure or a very important portion of the original. As determined, it certainly bears a very close resemblance to a frog, and such Mr. MacLean concludes it to be.

"The oval mound in front of the Great Serpent effigy would indicate that this was a locality which tradition had fixed upon as a place where some divinity had dwelt. We suggest also in reference to this serpent mound, that possibly the very trend of the hill and the valleys, and the streams on either side of it, may have been given to tradition. The isolation of the spot is remarkable. Two streams which here separate the tongue of land from the adjoining country unite just below the cliff, and form an extensive open valley, which lays the country open for many miles, so that the cliff on which the effigy is found can be seen a great distance. The location of this effigy is peculiar. It is in the midst of a rough, wild region, which was formerly very difficult to approach, and according to all accounts was noted for its inaccessibility.

"The shape of the cliff would easily suggest the idea of a massive serpent, and with this inaccessibility to the spot would produce a peculiar feeling of awe, as if it were a great Manitou which resided there, and so a sentiment of wonder and worship would gather around the locality. This would naturally give rise to a tradition or would lead the people to revive some familiar tradition and localize it. This having been done, the next step would be to erect an effigy on the summit which would both satisfy the superstition and represent the tradition. It would then become a place where the form of the serpent divinity was plainly seen, and where the worship of the serpent, if it could be called worship, would be practiced. Along with this serpent worship, however, there was probably the formality instituted here, and the spot made sacred to them. It was generally 'sacrificing in a high place,' the fires which were lighted would be seen for a great distance down the valley and would cast a glare over the whole region, producing a feeling of awe in the people who dwelt in the vicinity. The shadows of the cliff would be thrown over the valley, but the massive form of the serpent would be brought out in bold relief; the tradition would be remembered and superstition would be aroused, and the whole scene would be full of strange and awful associations."

The various authors who have treated of this serpent mound have maintained that the tradition which found its embodiment here was the old Brahmanic tradition of the serpent and the egg. Even the Indians had their traditions in regard to the meaning of various symbols.

In Longfellow's Song of Hiawatha we have this legend from the Indians:

Thus said Hiawatha, walking
In the solitary forest,
Pondering, musing in the forest,
On the welfare of his people.
From his pouch he took his colors,
Took his paints of different colors.
On the smooth bark of a birch tree
Painted many shapes and figures,
Wonderful and mystic figures,
And each figure had a meaning,
Each some word or thought suggested.

Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
He, the Master of Life, was painted
As an egg, with points projecting
To the four winds of the heavens.
Everywhere is the Great Spirit,
Was the meaning of the symbol.

Mitche Manito, the Mighty,
He the dreaded Spirit of Evil,
As a serpent was depicted,
As Kenabeek the great serpent.
Very crafty, very cunning,
Is the creeping Spirit of Evil,
Was the meaning of this symbol.

(footnote From "The Egg and Serpent.")

Here while gazing in wonder at this ancient shrine we recalled how in the stillness and fading light of evening we visited the famous cathedral of Antwerp. The last rays of the descending sun fell through the stained glass and darkened the vast aisles. The grandeur and solemn beauty of this noble pile at this time of day touched the imagination most deeply. Then listening to the mellow music falling as it were from the clouds through the tranquil air of evening, we were enchanted. How those light silvery notes filled our imagination with romantic dreams of old Flanders.

Again we recalled our visit to the Great Cathedral of Cologne, the most complete piece of Gothic architecture anywhere to be found. We mounted the steps of one of the gigantic towers which lift their sublime heads to a height of five hundred two feet, the exact length of the cathedral. Here we gazed out over the level plain that stretched away to the marvelous scenic region of the Seven Mountains. The foundation of this beautiful structure was laid two hundred fifty years before the discovery of America and fifty years before the founding of the Turkish Empire. But the last stone was not laid on the south tower until 1880.

As we listened to the deep−toned bells, how we were thrilled with visions of the past! Here lived Colonia Agrippina, the daughter of Germanicus and the mother of Nero. It was from Cologne that Hadrian received his summons to Rome as emperor. Here, too, Vitellius and Silvanus were both proclaimed emperor in this remote northern camp on the left bank of the Rhine.

But you do not dwell long on the past, for here stands this colossal, magnificent cathedral with its incomparable towers to call your attention to the glorious achievements of man. Men were not the only ones to use this noble edifice as a sanctuary, for out and in among its superb towers numerous birds darted to and fro, where they dwelt safely as in a citadel. Pretty falcons circled gracefully about them as though they were crags of some wild mountain; rooks cawed from their lofty stations below the bells; chimney swifts glued their log cabins to rough stone ledges, and in various niches above the doorway pigeons placed their nests and uttered their messages of peace to all who entered. English sparrows, too, had taken possession here and there just as their countrymen had taken possession of the city.

As we entered the cathedral a mingled feeling of awe and devotion came over us. But it was not the blazing shrine of the eleven thousand Virgins, the magnificent windows through which the morning sunbeams filtered, nor yet the choir, perhaps the most wonderful in the world, that produced this feeling of reverence. "We remembered that this glorious structure had been erected to the 'God of Peace' in the midst of strife and bitterness, and by men estranged by the first principle of the Gospel." But here we beheld French officers, Scotch Highlanders, English and American soldiers, scattered among the Germans, reverently kneeling, devout and hushed at the Consecration. Then we thought how "notwithstanding the passions of men and wickedness of rulers, the building up of the Church of God and of the Christian faith, goes steadily on, unrecorded but continuous."

But here among these lovely Ohio hills, where the Master Architect erected and is still building these wonderful temples that never decay, we were more impressed by their solemn grandeur than any work of man could inspire. Here long before the cathedrals of Europe were thought of, a primitive people erected their altars and offered up

their sacrifice to their gods. Here as the rays of the sun filtered through the leafy windows of the trees falling upon the richly wrought mosaic of ferns and flowers, where the gorgeous cardinal blossoms flamed from a hundred altars and the bell−like song of the wood thrush rang through all the dim aisles, these ancient people felt the presence of a higher power, and not yet knowing that their god required the sacrifice of noble lives and loving hearts, brought to the altar the best gifts they knew.

Standing alone in this fair solitude, as much alone as if we had been on some fairy isle of a distant sea, we felt that we were surrounded by a strange, mysterious presence, and thoughts and fancies, like weird articulate voices of those ancient people, filled the solemn place. The aged trees sighed in the evening wind, telling over and over their mournful legends, lest they forget. The storm−swept maples repeated their "rhythmical runes of these unremembered ages." We allowed ourselves to sink soothingly beneath deep waves of primitive emotions until we seemed to perceive the sagas that the maples told the elms of a more remote history than that of the Pharaohs or storied Greece.

Darkness began to settle over this lonely spot. Along the silent and gloomy road we seemed to see shadowlike forms that flitted here and there through the blackness of darkest night, a blackness only relieved by a few stars that peered like silent spectators from the dark draperies of clouds. Now a band of people was seen moving not swiftly to the accompaniment of martial music, but slowly and silently to the sighing night wind. As we watched a lurid flame burst from the center of the oval while a strange figure bent over it as he performed his weird mystical rites. Now the light from the red and yellow flames fell upon a vast group of dark figures and a thousand gleaming eyes peered out of the velvety canopy around us. The mournful distressing notes of the ghost bird broke the stillness. The scream of some passing night bird replied as if in answer to their weird calls. A great horned owl made us shiver with his "hoo, hoo, hoo," as the flame shot upward in scarlet circles. The night wind stirred the branches, which sighed audibly, and died away leaving the place lonelier than before. Then the sharp bark of a fox rang out from a neighboring hill. The breeze started up again and a limb of a tree that rubbed against its neighbor produced a wailing sound as of some one in distress. We could see fantastic shapes out among the gnarled tree trunks and ghostly forms appeared in the velvety shadows and vanished again among the trees. The moon rose out over the rim of the eastern hills and seemed almost to pause as if some Oriental Magic was being wrought. A mist arose from the river and hovered over the valley below us; the complaining water of Brush creek mingled with the wailing of the screech owl as the ghostly footfalls sounded more remote. The bullfrog's harsh troonk "ushered in the night" and, imagining one of them as the very one that escaped the serpent and leaped into the creek centuries ago, we left the place to the spirits of that unknown age and the moonlight.

But why this concern over a vanished race? Why all this worry over the Coliseum or Parthenon? Why so eager to learn of these crumbling mounds and broken down embankments in our own land? Then as if we heard a voice from the shadowy past, rising from these silent ruins, we begin to gain their secret at last. The Parthenon and Coliseum call up the sad story with its yet sadder truth that true weal can only come to that nation that plans for the future. Yet each adds something to the onward march of civilization.

In the ancient gardens of France and Italy the nightingale still warbles her divine hymn, all unmindful of Caesar's conquests. The whippoorwill calls in her plaintive notes through the silvery spring nights over the graves of this vanished race of America. Let us concern ourselves about the past only as that past shall contribute to a more glorious future. It is not mounds, pyramids, or bronze tablets we should be building for later generations of archaeologists to puzzle their brains over.

A large and beautiful mound standing in the precincts of the original plat of Columbus, Ohio, was demolished, the clay taken therefrom and used as the material for the bricks with which the first State House was built. Here where a thousand years came and went and the Indian warrior reverently spared the last resting place of these unrecorded dead, another people reared their legislative halls out of their mouldering sepulchres and crumbling bones. O, American Nation, with your wonderful civilization of today, it is well to pause here amid the "steam shriek" career of your harried life with all its getting and spending, to contemplate the ruin of even this once

consecrated piece of ground.

Here as you watch, the swift winged swallows dart from their homes in the steep bank of the stream; the kingfisher sounds his discordant rattle and hangs poised in mid air as he gazes into the waters below; the woodbine like a staunch friend still clings round the oak or hangs out its crimson banner in autumn; the meadowlark walks sedately on the vast coils of the serpent calling, "Spring o' the year," or as we fancied, "they are not here," as he did on that first morning. Man, yes, nations pass away and are forgotten, yet the spirit of life is ever perpetuated in a thousand new and lovely forms. At times we are touched by the fluttering of the maple leaves as if we read a mournful prophecy. Even now the petals of the wood rose are lying around us and we see signs where earlier blossoms have faded. Yet will they never bloom again ? Men may return to dust from whence they sprung, but out of the mould will rise new blossoms to make glad the earth, and while some other nation shall wander over the ruins and tread with solemn step over the resting place of those who now wander here, they too shall listen to the liquid notes of the wood thrush through the hushed aisle of some shadowy forest and also learn that nothing dies.

Here crowning the summits of these ancient mounds of an older race of tillers of the soil dwell the peaceful American farmers in their comfortable rural homes all unmindful of that other race who toiled here. How well the secrets of the past are guarded! "Try as we might we could not roll hack the flight of time, even by the aid of ancient history, by whose feeble light we were able to see but dimly the outlines of the centuries that lie back of us; beyond is gloom soon lost in night. It is hidden by a present veil that only thickens as the years roll on."

The encroaching days of the Red men and the ravages of time, as the centuries came and went, have affected but not obliterated these ancient mounds. The vandal hand of conquering man has destroyed or hid from sight many of the monumental works of this primitive people. But there yet remain many mournful ruins here in Ohio which cannot fail to impress us with a sense of a vanished past.

"To think of our own high state of civilization is to imagine for this nation an immortality. We are so great and strong that surely no power can remove us. Let us learn humility from the past; and when, here and there, we come upon some reminder of a vanished people, trace the proofs of a teeming population in ancient times, and recover somewhat of a history as true and touching as any that poets sing, let us recognize the fact that nations as well as individuals pass away and are forgotten."

"There is the moral of all human tales;
'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past.
First Freedom, and then glory−−when that fails,
Wealth, vice, corruption,−−barbarian at last,
And history with its volume vast,
Hath but one page."

(footnote NOTE. Many of the quotations given in the above are to be found in "Allan's History of Civilization." We are also indebted to Mr. Randall, State Secretary of the Ohio Archaeological Society, for material used.)

THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY

Shenandoah, "the Daughter of Stars," as the Indians have called this lovely valley, lies in the northwestern part of Virginia between the Blue Ridge mountains on the east and the Alleghanies on the west, beginning near Staunton and extending in a northeastern direction to the Potomac Water Gap at Harpers Ferry. Through it runs what was once known as the "Great Valley Pike" and which is now part of the National Highway. Not only its incomparable scenery but its many thrilling campaigns of historical significance make this valley the Mecca for thousands of tourists. It has been the stage of vast scenic beauty on which the bloody drama of war has so often been enacted. How many and varied have been its actors! How sanguine and gruesome the part they played!

"Many and thrilling were the Indian massacres that occurred here; it knew the horrors of the French and Indian War; from it during the Revolution Morgan conducted his vigorous operations against the British; last but not least, it was the scene of Stonewall Jackson's brilliant "Valley Campaign" and Sheridan's Ride made famous by Thomas Buchanan Read.

"What stirring campaigns this broad and beautiful plain, stretching from the foot of the Blue Ridge toward the sea, has known! How like a vast citadel, this Old Dominion above the other confederate states to guard their capital! The parallel rivers made a water barrier on the north where the Federals were compelled to wade to victory; while the western front, a high range of the Blue Ridge, stretched along the sky like a vast wall, its purple ramparts frowning down in defiance, or the nearer hills rising impressively up from the plain, forming in the valley ways between well protected avenues for invading the North." (footnote Shenandoah Valley−−Pond.) Ages before any battles transpired here, Nature threw up these beautiful fortifications and arranged the field of battle.

The road approaches the valley through its rocky gateway of Harper's Ferry where the Potomac, after breaking through the vast wall of the Blue Ridge, is joined by the Shenandoah. Here great rocks rise and tower above you and the broad stream is filled with boulders of various sizes, making innumerable cascades, which present a scene of rare beauty. After climbing by many and various curves you finally reach the top of a towering cliff and look down on the wondrous picture spread before you. The confluence of these two rivers is one of the many beauty spots of the valley.

The Gap was of vast strategic importance during the Civil war. In nearly every instance the Confederates were aided by the contour of the land in the "Valley Campaign." A confederate advance here would lead straight toward Washington, while a Union advance south would lead from a straight course to Richmond. The Potomac flows at right angles to the line of the ridge, therefore a Confederate force crossing the valley mouth would be in the rear of the north. One day's march from Cumberland valley would carry the Southern troops into the farmlands of Pennsylvania. Thus did Nature seem to contribute to the aid of the South.

We soon forgot about the conflict for the valley in all its beauty lay before us, and every day was a holiday. So it was not important just then which way the river flowed or in what direction those glorious mountains led. It was the bloom−time of the year in the uplands; the landscapes of the valley were sparkling in the sunlight, the songs of numerous larks rose like incense from every meadow, the vireo filled in every pause with her rapid voluble song, the clear ringing call of the quail resounded through every valley, and the hillsides were so covered with different hued grasses, ferns and flowers that they seemed like vast paintings.

Here the fine automobile road wound among scenes of incomparable loveliness. There were vast sheets of ox−eyed daisies; the rich flaming orange of the butterfly weed, the purple of various mints, the gleaming gold of numerous compositae making the place rich in floral beauty, while an ever−fragrant breeze stirred the grain into golden billows and the meadows into slight undulating waves like an emerald sea.

Slow indeed was our progress through these glorious places and each stop we made on the high ridges overlooking the valleys unfolded a view more beautiful than the last we beheld. Cultivation had been here many years, yet this only served to enhance the loveliness of the scene; and we wandered enchanted from place to place in long wavering curves, knowing that each new turn held a vision of delight. Wander where you will in this valley the Blue Ridge mountains are always in sight wearing those misty blue veils on their graceful forest crowned ridges.

Harper's Ferry was not only of great strategic importance as a gateway for the armies but it will ever be associated with the memory of John Brown, that impulsive but noble soul for whom Freedom was a passion. What matter though he was hanged, the nation shall ever honor his memory. There is a monument marking the site of the old John Brown fort near the railroad station which may he seen from the high−way intersecting the valley.

As we looked at the monument we thought of this poem which, in its majestic sweep of thought, is as stately as the Potomac:

John Brown of Ossawatomie spoke on his dying day:
"I will not have to shrive my soul a priest in Slavery's pay,
But let some poor slave−mother whom I have striven to free,
With her children, from the gallows stair put up a prayer for me."

John Brown of Ossawatomie, they led him out to die;
And lo! a poor slave mother with her little child pressed nigh.
Then the bold blue eye grew tender, and the old harsh face grew mild
As he stooped between the jeering ranks and kissed the Negro's child.

The shadows of his stormy life that moment fell apart,
And they who blamed the bloody hand forgave the loving heart,
That kiss from all its guilty means redeemed the good intent,
And around the grisly fighter's hair the martyr's aureole bent!

Perish with him the folly that seeks through evil good!
Long live the generous purpose unstained by human blood!
Not the raid of midnight terror, but the thought which underlies;
Not the borderer's pride of daring, but the Christian's sacrifice.

Nevermore may yon Blue Ridges the northern rifle hear,
Nor see the light of blazing homes flash on the Negro's spear,
But let the free−winged angel Truth their guarded passes scale,
To teach that right is more than might, and justice more
than mail!

So vainly shall Virginia set her battle in array;
In vain her trampling squadrons knead the winter snows with clay.
She may strike the pouncing eagle, but she dares not harm the dove;
And every gate she bars to Hate shall open wide to Love.
−−Whittler.

Lee captured Harper's Ferry with eleven thousand men, seventy− three heavy guns and thirteen thousand small arms. After he beat Hooker at Chancelorsville this valley was his route of invasion. After the battle of Gettysburg he fell back and pitched his camp here. In fact, it witnessed so many captures and defeats that it was known as the "Valley of Humiliation." It had to be wrested from the enemy before the Richmond Campaign could be carried out. General J. F. Johnston, commander of the forces known as the Army of the Shenandoah, was stationed at the outlet of the valley. Jackson, too, began his campaign in 1862. Being checked by Shields, he fell upon Fort Republic, defeated Fremont at Cross Keys, captured the garrison at Front Royal, drove Banks across the Potomac and alarmed Washington by breaking up the junction of McDowell's and McClellan's forces which threatened the capture of Richmond.

Our campaign in search of beauty was a brilliant success, and from many points of vantage did we spy upon the vast expanse of golden grain and fresh green meadows in which cattle were grazing, or ruminating in the shade of

friendly elms. Here gush clear springs, whose courses may be traced by tall waving ferns and creeping vines that weave their spell of green. Swift tumbling brooks have worn down the soil and enriched the valley. This valley was called the "Granary of the Confederacy" and a granary it really was, "for it was rich not only in grain but an abundance of fruit and live stock; and what more would the North want for the support of its army? It was in the possession of the Confederates; much wanted by the Federals, and in time came to be a great campaign ground of both armies"−−the Belgium of America. What thrilling marching and counter−marching the lower valley might tell! What a history those villages must have had from 1861 to 1865! Perhaps at dawn they sheltered an army of "Yanks," at noon they may have been swarming with men from the South, while night, with her ever−watchful stars, looked down and saw them sleeping beneath the Stars and Stripes! In fact, it was traversed so often that the men from both armies called it, the "Race Course." So many were their journeys over the famous "Valley Pike" that they knew the various springs, houses, and in many instances, the citizens who lived there.

Alas! How many brave sons in the North said farewell to scenes and friends to enter the Union Army in the valley, never to return. How often, too, the gallant sons of the "Sunny South" gazed with tear dimmed eyes for the last time on those purple hills they knew from childhood. How many were the battles fought here! How terrible the scenes of devastation and the toll of life! Waste were the golden fields of grain upon which we gaze with such rapt admiration. Waste, too, were these mills with their whir of industry. The fury of war fell on those sunny acres like a great pestilence, and their usefulness and beauty became desolation. The only grist mill not burned by Sheridan and his men when they went through is still pointed out to the traveler. But Nature has again asserted her right and on this delightful morning the valley smiles beneath its veil of dreamy blue like the peaceful glow that spreads over the countenance of some great and beneficent soul.

The high range of the Blue Ridge was seen stretching along the sky like a vast purple wall, while, nearer, the lower hills rose impressively up from the plain. How clean and pare and shining the woods appear this lovely morning! The glorious old chestnut trees reflect the sunlight and shimmering masses from their shining green leaves, while their creamy white flowers make a grand display amidst the various tinted foliage of all the forest; and the stately basswood, covered with light yellow bloom filled with the hum of innumerable bees, heightens the picture. The shadowy hemlock and fragrant pine swaying in the breeze still tell their age−old songs. The sunbeams spangled on the broad green leaves of the sycamore tree, their tracery of white boughs relieved against the dense groves of evergreens, made studies in light and shade worthy of an Innes; while beneath these grand trees tall ferns and velvety mosses contrasted their various shades of green over which rose spikes of flaming cardinal flowers and blue mists of mints making the picture complete. Then, too, song birds enlivened the fair scene with their notes. In the bushes along the highway Maryland yellow−throats threw back their masked heads and called, "Witchery, witchery, witchery," as if they appreciated their charming home, while nearby, a cardinal appeared like an arrow of flame from the bow of some unseen archer, and whistled several variations that rang through all the woodland. The house wren was fairly bubbling over with music and his rippling notes seemed to express the exuberance of life in all Nature; while the serene song of the woodthrush floated from far, dim forest depths−−fit prelude for the Angelic Choir.

Amid such inspiring music and scenes as this, it is not easy to tell much about the topography of the country in reference to its strategic importance. It is enough to know that from the boughs of the elm above hang the orioles' gray castles where the females' beady eyes from their dangling citadels look out on the alien foes who pass beneath or up above where the great hawk swims the aerial blue like a plane without bombs. The spider weaves pontoons from tree to bush and sits in his silvery fortress trying to beguile the unwary flies by his kingly demeanor. The great blue heron, like a French sentinel on duty along the muddy Meuse, awaits in silence any hostile demonstrations from those green−coated Boches among their camouflaged fortresses of spatterdocks and lily pads. The muskrat goes scouring the water, searching for booty near the river's bank or submerges like a submarine when discovered by a noisy convoy of Senegalese boys on the bank. A wily weasel, no doubt considered by those cliff−dwellers, the kingfishers, as one of the "Ladies from Hell," was being hustled out of their dugout at the point of the bayonet. No matter about the "kilts"; if he ever had them they were lost by his hurried flight.

The North, South and Middle rivers join in sisterly union near Port Republic to form the Shenandoah. From Lexington to Harper's Ferry at the foot of the valley the distance is one hundred fifty−five miles. The "Valley's Turnpike" runs northward through Harrisonburg, New Market, Woodstock, Strassburg, and Winchester to Martinsburg. And what a pike it is! And through what superb scenes it leads you! "At Staunton the Virginia Central railroad crosses the valley on the way to Charlottesville. Fifty−five miles north of Staunton an isolated chain of mountains known as the Massanutten range, which is high and abrupt, divides the valley for more than forty miles until at Strassburg it falls again suddenly to the plain. Like the Appalachians it breaks into two ridges−−Massanutten and Kells mountain." Between these mountains you will see a narrow and very picturesque valley known as Powell's Fort Valley. Passage creek, a most delightful little stream, winds through it and joins the Shenandoah below. West of Kells may be seen a parallel sub−range containing Peaked Ridge, Three Top and Little Massanutten, which is crossed by a road that connects New Market and Luray.

New Market is a quaint old town on the valley pike eight miles from above Mount Jackson and is joined by the turn−pike which comes from Front Royal. It traverses the Massanutten mountain by the Massanutten Gap. It was of vast military importance, for here Breckenridge and Siegel met. Moore occupied an elevation north of New Market. Now in place of the thundering cannon and rattling musketry we were listening to a medley of bird notes that fell thick as shrapnel around us. The vast hills covered with their leafy verdure of summer; the rich valley spread below us made radiant by the beauty of the descending sun and a light rain; voices rising on the misty air from the valley below−−all seemed to unite in weaving a magic spell for the coming scene. As we gazed out over the peaceful valley a rainbow seemed to spring from a wooded hillside and arch the lovely meadow below us, coloring the fields in the most singular beauty; while its second reflection with softer colors arched like a corona above a high wooded hill. Then followed sunset and twilight with the hymn of the thrush. A single star like a great silver lamp trembled above the summit of a hill, where the gathering mist like a thin gossamer film was settling on its sides.

How different that night of inky blackness, in which a pouring rain continued to fall daring the stormy night drenching the Union men under Moore! Just as the gray of the eastern sky announced the approach of dawn, skirmishers were leaving the camp. A few hours later Siegel came up with the rest of his army to accept battle. The night's rain made the march through the sticky mud of the young wheat very toilsome. Moore was sent in advance to break the enemy's onset. With him were the troops from the 18th Connecticut and 123rd Ohio infantry; the 34th Massachusetts brought up the artillery, while one company was detached and thrown out as skirmishers in the woods of the river bank. The line across the rising ground of another slope in front was held by Moore. What a moment of awful suspense it must have been when Breckenridge moved to attack with the veteran brigades of Echols and Whartons! How the mountain must have sent back the roaring echoes as McLaughlin's artillery went into action on a sharp ridge that ran parallel with the pike! Breckenridge overlapping Moore drove him in confusion to the rear and with scarcely a pause came in excellent order against Thoburn's position, but the gallant men of the Union right checked him, whereupon Imboden, who was in command of Breckenridge's cavalry, galloped with all possible haste down Smith creek on the east bank to the bridge on Luray road in order to get on Siegel's left flank. Here the cavalry were routed and retreated hastily up the road, one battery being captured. Moore's troops rallied on Rude's Hill and the 28th and 116th Ohio were brought up from the charge of the wagons. Siegel resumed his retreat up the pike, crossed the Shenandoah river to Jackson, burned the bridge behind him and went into camp behind Cedar creek.

The country which now lies in quiet beauty here was ravaged. Beeves, sheep, and grain were taken; the mills and factories of Staunton were burned, also the railroad bridges and telegraph wires were destroyed. It must have been a most dreadful sight for the inhabitants of this fertile valley to witness the eighteen thousand men under Crook, Averell, and Hunter marching through the fields of luxuriant wheat that half hid them from view. The ground was comparatively level and an army could spread out and march with much greater rapidity although its numbers were large.

Hunter had to retreat from Lynchburg with Early in pursuit. So closely was he pursued that the mules and horses died for want of fodder and rest; cattle were driven along by day and eaten at night; many wagons had to be burned because there were not enough animals to draw them. Such was the cruel fate of war in this lovely and fertile valley.

But you quickly forget scenes like this as you see these glorious mountains clothed in exquisite veils that brood over their serene loveliness, steeping their sunny outlines in infinite gradations of azure and purple hues. The swift flowing streams with their liquid music rising from the distant woods; the graceful forms of hemlock and elm; the dim twilight vistas always cool and soft with emerald mosses redolent with the breath of pine and sweet scented fern−−all combine to make this a place of wonderful charm where you are prone to tarry.

We saw men loading hay in the meadows that were bounded by rail fences, and the fragrance from the fields was wafted to us as we passed. As the road wound among fair scenes where beautiful homes reposed among their delightful setting of trees, shrubbery and vines, we noticed hill rising above hill, some covered with fields of grass and grain, others clothed with forest; while the main line of the Blue Ridge rose sharp and clear against the sky with a series of undulating billows of woodland; green fading into gray−green and gray−green into blue where the Alleghanies lifted their rugged crests and divided the Atlantic from the Middle states, blending imperceptibly into the skyline.

The high hill on which we stood, sloped down to the lovely valley. Across it, other hills began to emerge, imperceptibly at first, then plainly in the distance, then became more and more abrupt, until they grew precipitous and climbed high up, printing their faint outline on the azure sky of June. Looking out over the valley we beheld a memorable scene. What wonderful vistas, with unnumbered miles of fields, forests and mountains, with the blue of the sky for a background!

We were forced to take refuge from a heavy rain storm in a garage located in Charles Town, the county seat of Jefferson county, West Virginia. While we lingered, we were told that the old courthouse in which John Brown was tried was located here. He was hanged in this city. Sadly we turned to look at the old courthouse on Main street where he was sentenced to death. Seven miles from here are located Shennondale springs which are said to be very much like those of Baden−Baden. The town was occupied by both Sheridan's and Banks' army during the Civil war. Two and one−half miles southeast of the city is "Washington's Masonic Cave," where it is said George Washington and other prominent men held Masonic meetings.

We soon were passing through Berryville, admiring the beautiful residences and well kept grounds of the old town, dating from the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries. "Greenway Court," the home in which lived Thomas Lord Fairfax, and "Saratoga," the former residence of Daniel Morgan, are located here.

As you near the city of Winchester you see many fine apple orchards with their well cultivated trees extending in long converging lines and "disappearing over the top of some distant hill as if they had no end." It must be a beautiful sight in spring to see the pink and white blossoms of these extensive orchards foretelling an abundant harvest. In June it is one vast expanse of green and gold that lies before you, or stretches away beneath its silvery veils of misty blue. More than three− quarters of a million barrels of apples are shipped from here annually.

But it is not alone for its scenic beauty and bountiful harvests of its valley that we remember Winchester, for north of the city on a high knoll situated in a clump of trees is the remains of the old "Star Fort" which figured in the fiercest engagements in the Civil war.

Winchester is said to have been occupied and abandoned eighty times during the war. It was held by the Confederates until March, 1862, when after Johnston's defeat at Manassas the southern forces withdrew up the Shenandoah valley and the northern forces occupied the city. Two armies surged back and forth over the territory

until March 23, 1862, when the Federal forces under General Shields defeated an inferior federate force at Kernstown, four miles south of Winchester. The second battle of Winchester occurred on June 14, 1864, when the Confederates, under General Early, drove the Union troops from the town. The third or most important battle of Winchester occurred on September 19, 1864. This is one of the most memorable battles of the war, for, out of a seeming defeat the magnetic presence of Sheridan brought to the Union men an almost miraculous victory. We shall quote the famous Sheridan's Ride by Thomas Buchanan Read:

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the Chieftain's door,
The terrible rumble, grumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester roll'd
The road of that red sea uncontroll'd,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down;
And there through the flush of the morning light
A steed as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need;
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprang from those swift hoofs, thundering south;
The dust like smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster,
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battlefield calls;
Every nerve of the chargers has strain'd to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flow'd,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed like a bark fed with furnace ire;

Swept on, with wild eye full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done? What to do? A glance told him both,
Then striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
He dash'd down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat, checked his course there,
The sight of the master compell'd it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostrils' play
He seem'd to the whole great army to say,
I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save the day.

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American Soldiers' Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious general's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright;
Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight
From Winchester−−twenty miles away.

Strassburg, a strategical point in the historical Stonewall Jackson valley campaign, is situated at the base of the Massanutten mountain, which rising abruptly as it does and extending parallel with the Blue Ridge divides the valley into two parts. Thus it may readily be seen why the possession of this place was all important to the Union troops, for with Strassburg in the hands of the Confederates, they could have menaced Washington, "either by way of Harper's Ferry over the Valley pike, or by the way of Manassas, over what was then the old Virginia Midland Railway. Flowing through the two parts are the north and south forks of the Shenandoah river, which unite near this point."

Passing through Woodstock, the county seat of Shenandoah county, and its sister towns Edinburg and Mount Jackson, we were impressed by the fine landscape about us. Vast stretches of golden grain extended far up the ridges, whose meadows and oats fields bounded in some places by rail fences made a charming picture. As we journeyed on, the landscape had that luxuriance of foliage that reminded us of the vales and hills of Scotland. We became aware that our observation was correct, for we soon saw in the distance the town of Edinburgh. In Scotland we miss the vast wealth of forest−crowned ridges we have in the Blue Ridge, and the sweep of unfenced grain−clad hills, stretch far away, reaching the very tops except where they are too steep and rocky. As we paused long and often to gaze in admiration at these wonderful pictures we were always thrilled with their indescribable beauty.

Little did it seem that here, where all was peace and contentment, the cruel scourge of war had fallen upon the land with its blighting power, leaving in its wake thousands of widows and orphans. "But here are evidences of

gruesome warfare between unknown Indian tribes long before the day of the Pioneer. At Redbanks Farm, north of Mount Jackson, is a great mound filled with the skeletons of a whole tribe exterminated by a war party of Indians from North Carolina," and throughout this part of the valley there have been repeated and bloody massacres and constant warfare that had other causes than that of slavery for their waging.

Under the bright sky of June that was wonderfully clear and deep lay the charmed landscape before us, with its ever−changing scenery as we wound among its glorious hills or swept with varied speed across the fertile plains. The old−fashioned country homes, quaint and peaceful villages, and variety of forest clad hills, all made this scene one that shall long be treasured in memory for the magnificence and grandeur of its beauty.

Far across the cultivated reaches, the smoothly flowing ridges printed their faint outlines along the horizon in gray veils, resembling a far−distant mass of water; nearer, the ranges were blue−gray while those next to them wore a delicate shade of ethereal blue. The peaks still nearer were clothed in a misty veil of deeper blue while high hills ranked themselves on each side of us with their forests of varying shades of green. Hemlock and pine made dark green patches interspersed with the brighter green of maple, tulip, poplar and beech, enlivened with the frosty blossoms of the chestnut and the creamy tints of the basswood; then there was the rich green of the meadows, the silvery bluegreen of the oats fields, and the golden green of the ripening wheat−−all so well blended and harmonized by that mysterious illuminating veil of blue that it challenged the admiration of the most critical observer. On such glorious days as these we seem to imbibe the gladness of the hills. Every nerve thrills and vibrates, and the happy songs of the birds, the myriad insect voices, the softly singing pines, make no more music than our own happy hearts.

What a place is this in which to dine, while the noonday sun sends his sweltering rays on the valley below! Away with your grand hotels with their pretentions of cleanliness and comfort, away with your stuffy restaurants with semi−intoxicating odors of beeves long slaughtered and fish long hooked or chicken a−la− King, whose husky voices have long since ceased to awaken the sleeping farm hands. Away with all these, we say, and let us dine in Nature's terraced roof garden at Hotel de Roadside at the Sign of the Running Board or White Pine Bough. Give us some fresh baked buns with country butter and honey, a dish of delicious berries picked by our own hands fresh from the bushes, a drink of sparkling ale from Nature's fountain among the cool fern−clad rocks, and we shall not lament the fact that we are so far removed from the public boarding house! Here in place of soulless melodies issuing from automatic players we have the heavenly notes of the woodthrush, the clear call of the crested titmouse, and the wild ringing notes of the cardinal. A matchless trio, accompanied by the vagrant breezes played upon the tree−harps, seconded by the singing of distant waterfalls. With greater reverence one breaks bread out here where spicy aromatic fragrance drifts by. Here you have become a pilgrim unawares, for before you are stately tulip poplars and graceful hemlocks like long sought shrines, both reflecting the Creator. Our table flowers were the pungent burgamot amid its border of sweet− scented fern, but it would have been useless to tear them from their places so near to our table did they grow. Other travelers pass along the highway and these very ferns and flowers may be to them "another sacred scripture," as Thoreau would phrase it, cheering them along the road of life. If one really loves these mountains with their wealth of ferns and mosses and floral beauty, few, if any, of these children of the mountains are disturbed. Out here in Nature's garden we feed not only the body, but the soul, which hungers and thirsts for the beautiful−−which is not the least of our varied repast.

Like the youth in Excelsior one is always glad to accept the invitation or challenge of the mountain to go higher, especially when the heat flows in tremulous waves in the valley and even the breeze seems like a draught of air from an open oven. The intense heat only serves to make the insects more active. The locusts shrill through the long sultry noon, the bees hum with greater industry among the flowers, multitudes of butterflies flit joyfully from place to place, and the turkey−vulture soars high above the forest, for the intense heat only serves to make his dinner more plentiful and for him more palatable. The small animals now seek the shade of the forest and the birds, with bills open and wings drooping, haunt the streams and seem to enjoy the charm of their cool leafy wilderness that every lover of nature finds.

Memory shall always linger fondly about the wonderful drive from Cumberland to Hagerstown, Maryland. Here may be had the loveliest of Blue Ridge views. Cumberland contains about twenty− nine thousand people and is the second city in the state in size. It is most picturesquely situated on the Potomac river, about six hundred and fifty feet above tide water. It is on the edge of the Cumberland Gorges creek coal region, and its rapid growth and prosperity are largely due to the traffic in coal collected here for shipment over the canal. It is also a manufacturing center possessing extensive rolling mills for the manufacture of railroad materials. It has iron foundries and steel shafting works. The city occupies the site of Fort Cumberland, which by order of General Burgoyne at the beginning of the French and Indian war, Braddock constructed as a base for his expedition against Fort Duquesne. After Braddock's defeat and death the remnant of the ill−fated expedition returned to it under command of Washington. Cumberland was the starting point of the great National road often called the Cumberland road, which was an important agent in the settlement of the West.

The route between Cumberland and Hagerstown is grand beyond telling. This route takes you over a section of the old National road. It would be difficult indeed to find another stretch of road sixty−five miles in length that would lead through another country of such varied and picturesque scenery. The road wound through a very hilly, wooded, and farming country. The fields of wheat were a rich gold that sparkled and gleamed in the warm, mellow light. The oat fields wore a light bluish tinge which contrasted with the deep green of the fresh meadows, thickly starred with ox−eye daisies.

Near Cumberland the finest of mountain scenery is spread out before you. Here you see many beds of tilted strata, vast rocks standing on their heads as it were. How vast and immeasurable the forces to bring to these hills their present contour! How wonderful still those forces at work crumbling these rocks, forming new soil for myriads of new plants to gladden the place with their beauty. Beauty lingers all around; there is much knowledge never learned from books and you receive from many sources, invitations to pursue and enjoy it. How one gazes at those glorious hills clad in their many green hues or distant purple outlines lest their beauty be lost! You will need neither notebook nor camera to aid you in the future to recall their loveliness, for those haunting distances, mysterious illuminations and filmy veils will make delicate yet indelible etchings on your memory while those blue barriers, thrusting their graceful and smoothly−flowing outlines into a clear sky, will remain as long as memories of beautiful things last.

>From scene to scene we drifted along, enchanted, now gazing at a broader, more wondrous view from some lofty ridge, now looking upward in mute admiration and wonder from some charming valley, now seeing again and again the wondrous beauty of the trees, flowers and ferns, now gazing far out over some point to streams and woods and softly lighted fields or vast orchards whose straight rows disappear over the edge of some distant hill to reappear upon another. "In the midst of such manifold scenery where all is so marvelously beautiful, he would be a laggard indeed" who was not touched by its import.

Here, along the roadside where the woods started to climb those high rocky hills, grew innumerable ferns and wild flowers. Great Osmundas, the most beautiful fern of all this region, were like palms, so graceful and airy did their broad fronds appear. Here, too, the giant brake with its single umbrella−like frond appeared clad in its bright green robes; then where the shade became more dense the lovely maiden−hair with its fragile, graceful wave−edged leaflets swayed on its delicate dark brown stems, and the ostrich fern stood in vase−like clusters along the mountain side or spread their lovely fronds along some river bank, while the dainty bladder bulblet draped ravines, gorges and steep banks of streams with long feathery fronds whose points overlapped the delicate light green of which formed a vast composite picture in sunlight and shadow. Here we first discovered the lizard's−tail, a tall plant crowned with a terminal spike whose point bent gracefully over, no doubt giving it its name. The stout stalks of elecampane with their large leaves and yellowish brown flowers were seen, and numerous small plants peeped from among their rich setting of vines and mosses. If the ferns are numerous, charming the eye with delicate and graceful beauty, the birds are more so, delighting the ear with their rich and varied melodies. Here one catches the cheerful strain of the Maryland yellow throat, a bird whose nest Audubon never chanced to discover. The Baltimore Oriole now and then favored us with rich notes and displayed his

plumage of black and orange, the colors of the coat of arms of Lord Baltimore.

Making our way over such enchanted ground we finally arrived at Hancock, a town of about a thousand inhabitants located in the center of a fruit belt, including one of the most extensive orchard developments in America. To the west may be seen the famous "Tonoloway orchards," also R. S. Dillon's orchard on the state road where the mountain side is covered with nearly a hundred thousand apple trees. This delightful summer resort overlooking three states, as well as the broad Potomac and the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, is worthy of a visit. About eleven miles from Hancock we crossed a long stone bridge over a stream with the unpronounceable name of "Conococheaque creek." This valley was inhabitated by other than the whites in days gone by. Here, where the golden harvest waits to be garnered, the Indian maize grew in abundance; their camps and villages were scattered here and there when the country was a wilderness. The dogwood pitched its white tent here in early spring and the royal color of the redbud shone from the steep hillsides like purple bonfires, the same hepaticas with their blue, pink and white blossoms peeped from among the moss and leaves to gladden their hearts.

One afternoon we saw rolling masses of cumulus clouds rising above the far blue ridges; then as they drifted nearer the bright green of the forest made a background which brought out in relief their finely modeled forms. They seemed to hang motionless there until the sudden crash of thunder burst upon the hushed air with violent explosions, where the cliffs took it up and repeated it to the neighboring hills, and they in turn told it to still others until its far away echoes died among the more distant ridges. For a time the rain came down in torrents, and as we watched its silvery sheets spreading over the hills and through the valley it seemed as if every leaf and flower and grass blade instantly took on new life. How fresh and pure the old trees looked! The fragrance from the pine, sweet−scented fern and numerous mints was more pronounced. "Detached clouds seemed to be continually leaving the main mass like scouts sent out in advance to drop their silver spears on the heads of ferns and flowers on other hills." Some of the detached portions moved up the valley, others rose slowly above the wooded ridges or trailed their tattered fringes near the tree tops that seemed to have torn their edges. Every bush and leaf was saturated with their life−giving elixir. How the wild sweet carols of the birds ascended from every forest! It seemed as if all Nature was sending up a paean of praise for the beneficent rain, and our thoughts took on that same serenity and calm, glad joy and the melody of our hearts joined the universal anthem of praise to the Creator. Amidst these fair scenes we watched the passing clouds that were crossing the distant ridges and the whole mass of verdant hill sides were brought out in fine relief; while the darker mass of clouds seemed to be copying the outlines of the far seen hills like another Blue Ridge range.

New Market is the oldest and most beautifully situated town in the valley. The north fork of the Shenandoah river is seen disappearing behind a range of hills that rises high above the town to the northwest; while to the southeast one sees the meandering mill stream known as Smith's creek, flowing 'round the foot of the Massanutten mountains.

Near this spot the Indians had their camping ground in a ravine, visible from the pike to the north. This ravine is known as Indian Hollow, and well into the nineteenth century the smoke could be seen rising from their numerous tepees, like small clouds of vapor after a summer rain. Here if you look westward you may see the gap in the Massanuttens, through which Stonewall Jackson's army marched to Front Royal, where, by a surprise attack, Banks' left flank was turned, thereby starting a retreat of the Federal army which did not end until it had crossed the Potomac at Harper's Ferry.

In the battle of New Market, which was fought along the northwestern edge of town, occurred an episode of the Civil war so remarkable as to equal the bravery of that of the three hundred Spartans. The V. M. I. Cadets, a battalion of boys, from fourteen to twenty years of age, was ordered from school at Lexington, Virginia, to join Breckenridge's forces. In this desperate crisis of the last months of the war, these brave lads reached New Market at night after a strenuous march of three days. "The early hours of the morning found them in battle line, where for several hours they held their position in spite of a galling fire from the infantry and a heavy destructive fire from the artillery. Just when the Union troops were contemplating a speedy victory at the most decisive moment

of the battle, these gallant boys rose as a unit, and charging across an open wheat field, in spite of severe losses in killed and wounded, broke the Federal lines and turned what seemed to be a defeat into a victory."

In this village lives the noble old lady who in those awful days of horror that knew no Red Cross organized the care of this boys' army and carried on the nursing and relief work. No wonder those brave lads called her the "Mother of the V. M. I." Her deeds of mercy shine forth like stars on a winter night.

How many and delightful are the windings of the famous valley Pile beginning at Winchester! Through what fertile stretches of well cultivated land it leads you! The more serrated lines of the Alleghanies rise faint and blue on the western horizon; the lovely contour of the Blue Ridge is seen in the east while about half way down the valley rises that wonder of wonders, Old Massanutten. It may be an outcast among mountains, for the other ranges leave it severely alone. It is a short range and rises very abruptly from the valley being parallel to the other ranges. Its rough bouldered sides form a striking contrast to the other ranges of the valley. It is a strange, solitary range, drifted away from its brother companions in the beginning of time and was stranded there−−a regular outcast of a mountain. Perhaps it is no outcast but was set apart by Nature in the early dawn of time. "It not only towers above the beautiful valley but draws itself haughtily away from the other hills as if it had a better origin than they."

Indeed, if you cross the range in an automobile, you think the contrast with its sharp precipices quite dramatic. How the shock absorbers of your spine are brought into play and how infinite are the windings on this mountain road; yet it is worth climbing for the scenes are thrilling. At a very steep incline, still far from the top, we met a colored man holding a parley with some others who were climbing the mountain in a Ford. He must have been prejudiced toward this type of auto for he was heard to repeat again and again: "No, sah, I'se nebber gwine to go to de top ob old Massanutten in a 'Fod.' No, sah, yo ain't nebber gwine to ketch me goin' up dat frien'ly invitation to de open grave, in dat Fod. Man, Oh man! you−all don' know what chances you−all is takin. Look away out over the valley to de homes you am leaben for you sure'll nebber see dem any mo." With all the solicitous advise given by their fearful companion the occupants of the car were not to be stopped by this calamity−howler and the little Ford soon stood triumphant upon the very crown of old Massanutten. A lady also seen, walking down a very steep descent, concluded that she too would rather push up daisies in Shenandoah valley than ferns on old Massanutten.

No matter how steep the road or how numerous its windings no fear seized upon us unless it was the fear of missing some of Nature's most wonderful scenes. How often we admired the lovely Dicksonia ferns with their lanceolate green fronds pointing in all directions; how many times we heard the melody of the wood− thrush as evening drew on and the shadowy ravines seemed hushed and serene as his "angelus" sounded in these vast mountain solitudes. Each note was a pearl to string on the sacred rosary of memory and how often "we shall count them over, every one apart" and be drawn nearer the Master of all Music! Oh these vast, immeasurable days, filled to overflowing with sunlight and fragrance and song! Out here in these beautiful hills there can be no unbelief, for in a thousand mingled voices, caroling birds, singing waterfalls, chirruping insects and whispering breezes is told the story of Divine Love, and dull indeed is the ear that cannot hear it.

On this famous mountain top we were hailed by a man of middle age who belongs to that class of men who are constantly reminding you they would have made good in life if they only had a chance, despite the fact that many constant toilers find the places of more educated men who are deceived into thinking their education would take the place of honest toil. This particular man doubtless never learned that "all values have their basis in cost, and labor is the first cost of everything on which we set a price." The prizes of life are not laid upon easily accessible shelves but are placed out of reach to be labored for, like the views one gets of the valley here only after paying the price in an exceedingly toilsome journey. He was content to grope in a dead past for glories that once had been.

"I stopped you," said he, "because I saw you are from Ohio and I thought you might know some people for whom I once worked." Looking across the way at the poorly kept home with its untidy surroundings, where pigs,

chickens, dogs, pet crows and children alike had access to both parlor and kitchen, we doubted whether the man could be located, for whom he ever had worked. We learned that he had business that brought him from the fertile valleys of Ohio to his mountain home. When anyone unsolicited begins to tell of his business or what it used to be, beware, for the real workers of the world have no time to tell what they are doing. "Now, you see it is like this," he said, "a man who owns forty−eight acres of timber here hired me to guard it against timber thieves. He gives me the house and all I can raise on the cleared ground, which is not much−−just a few potaters, beans, and sich like. Of course, I don't live high like some, just bread and meat, no pie and cake and ice cream. The kids ain't like they used to be, they like goin's on now and then; but when I was a boy I allus tended to my business and didn't keer to be goin' all the time."

With a stick he marked in the sand the better to represent the exact boundaries of his master's possessions. Such was his accuracy of observation. We verily believe he knew every bush− heap and stonepile on this and his neighbor's line. It had been evident from his conversation that there had been some changing of stone piles and many disputes in regard to their right location. To save a certain strip of land he "done bought eleven acres more or less, then he goes down on the other side and buys twenty−nine acres more or less, twenty−eight for sure." We soon became fairly familiar with the lay of the land over which this man held ever a watchful eye while he overlooked constantly the bigger, better things of life. With such accuracy of observation of minute details, looking inwardly and not outwardly, what a character would have been his. As far as we could discern this land was mostly stone piles and bushes, with growth of evergreen and deciduous trees in some places not worth guarding.

To look at this policeman of Old Massanutten you would never surmise that he ever had a worry in all his life, but he told us that he had one. This even to us was not an imaginary one as he had seriously contemplated moving down in the valley some day. He said "'a rolling stone gathers no moss,' neither does a settin' hen grow fat, but, I'll have to find a place to set for I'm gettin' old." We thought he had set too much already. "I'd as leave move a thousand miles as one hundred yards. It's the startin' I hate."

How much of what he considered his misfortune was clue to no other than his phrase, "I hate to start." He reminded us of the girl we saw in the valley sitting out at the front gate beneath an elm tree, waiting for something to turn up. She had failed to see patches of weeds in the yard and the vegetables were crying for help, yet she heard them not. Be wary, young men, for the person who waits for something to turn up usually finds only creditors.

"I was born in 1871. Yes, I was born, bred and raised near Yellow Sulphur Springs, Ohio. I ramped around thar many a day." Looking at the flock of children who lacked many of the bare necessities of life, we thought what the Book of Books says: "He who careth not for his own is worse than an infidel."

Out across the valley we beheld the beautiful Blue Ridge rising like a grand graded way. Here was displayed a panorama that of all our Shenandoah journeys still appears as one of our most memorable mountain scenes. At our feet lay the valley interspersed with villages, homes and vast stretches of corn, oats and wheat, all clothed in that blue filmy veil making all appear like a rich garden of various emerald tints. Far away toward the horizon rose a lovely forest−crowned ridge so gloriously colored and luminous it seemed like the scene of a vast painting. Out over the tremulous billowy fields of grain and over the forest and meadow the sunlight fell in pale spangles of light over which a few gray shadows chased one another.

The sun was gilding the west as we started down the mountain side. The radiant host of evergreens stood silent in bold relief against their luminous background. High in the azure dome a few rose−colored clouds were drifting, scarce seeming to move in the light filled ether. Over all the vast expanse of sky a crimson spread which was followed by pink that was quickly succeeded by violet purple. Never had we beheld such a striking crimson sea.

Soon those radiant splendors vanished in the purple twilight. We watched the last faint color fade from the distant ridges. A soft breeze sighed among the pines and rustled the aspen leaves, then, died away. Mingled odors of pine and fern floated to us from the nearby forests. The light vanished from the sky but the mysterious charm of the time was not broken. In the east a softer and more quiet splendor tipped the foliage with silvery radiance, edging the fleecy clouds with mellow light. Only the purling music of the distant waterfall now broke the restful solemnity of the mountain solitudes. Night with its thoughts of other fairer worlds than this, was here and we with all Nature were preparing for rest.

As we drew near the Lawrence Hotel at Luray, the Moonlight Sonata floated dreamily upon the calm night air, and we seemed to feel the beauty of Hugo's lines:

Come child, to prayer; the busy day is done,
A golden star gleams through the dusk of night;
The hills are trembling in the rising mist,
The rumbling wain looms dim upon the sight;
All things wend home to rest; the roadside trees
Shake off their dust, stirred by the evening breeze.

The sparkling stars gush forth in sudden blaze,
As twilight open flings the doors of night;
The bush, the path−all blend in one dull gray−−
The doubtful traveler gropes his anxious way.

Oh, day; with toil, with wrong, with hatred rife;
Oh, blessed night! with sober calmness sweet,
The age−worn hind, the sheep's sad broken bleat−−
All Nature groans opprest with toil and care,
And wearied craves for rest, and love and prayer.

At eve the babes with angels converse hold,
While we to our strange pleasures wend our way,
Each with its little face upraised to heaven,
With folded hands, barefoot kneels down to pray,
At selfsame hour with selfsame words they call
On God, the common Father of us all.

And then they sleep, the golden dreams anon,
Born as the busy day's last murmurs die,
In swarms tumultuous flitting through the gloom,
Their breathing lips and golden locks descry,
And as the bees o'er bright flowers joyous roam,
Around their clustered cradles clustering come.

Oh, prayer of childhood! simple, innocent;
Oh, infant slumbers! peaceful, pure and light;
Oh, happy worship! ever gay with smiles,
Meet prelude to the harmonies of night;

As birds beneath the wing enfold their head,
Nestled in prayer the infant seeks its bed.

CHAPTER III. LURAY CAVERNS AND MAMMOTH CAVE

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O! bear me then to vast embowering shades,
To twilight groves and visionary vales,
To weeping grottoes and prophetic glooms,
Where angel forms, athwart the solemn dusk
Tremendous, sweep, or seem to sweep, along,
And voices more than man through the void,
Deep sounding, seize the enthusiastic ear.
Or is this gloom too much?
Where creeping water ooze, and where rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling fogs and swim along
The dusky mantled lawns.                --Thompson.
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The Shenandoah valley is not only famous for its beauty, picturesque scenery and many historical associations, but here in Page county, Virginia, are located the beautiful caverns of Luray. Here we find caverns that for variety and beauty of their calcite formations excel many if not all caverns of the same kind in the world.

The valley at Luray is ten miles wide, extends from the Blue Ridge to the Massanutten mountain, and displays remarkably fine scenery. These ridges lie in vast folds and wrinkles, and elevations in the valley are often found to be pierced by erosion. Cave Hill, three hundred feet above the water level, had long been an object of local interest on account of its pits and oval hollows, through one of which, August 13, 1878, Mr. Andrew J. Campbell and others entered, thus discovering the extensive and beautiful caverns.

There is a house built on the entrance to these caverns and one does not realize that such a remarkable region is located here. The natural arch that admits one to Mammoth Cave has a span of seventy feet. It is very high and on its edges grow ferns, vines, and various wild flowers, and the phoebe builds her nest and fills all the space about with her sweet prophecy of spring. It is what the entrance to a place so vast should be.

At the Luray Caverns cement walks have been laid, stairways, bridges and iron railings have been erected, and the entire route through this most beautiful of subterranean palaces is illuminated by brilliant electric lights. On entering the caverns you experience a thrill of strange emotion and mute wonder. One speaks, if at all, in whispers. It is too much for your imagination to grasp at once and you are overwhelmed as much as you were on first seeing Niagara. Here is silence such as never came to the outer world, darkness that far exceeds the blackest midnight; glittering stalactites that gleam like diamonds from the ceiling above; massive artistic drapery which falls in graceful folds; cascades of rarest beauty formed by stone of marble whiteness, in place of falling water; tinted walls like evening skies; all these seen by the gleam of brilliant electric lights fill one with admiration and deepest awe. Here the Master Artist has carved spacious palaces of rarest beauty. Columns of yellowish−brown, resembling transparent amber, support great vaulting domes above you. These lovely pillars seem to rise toward their proper arches as majestically as those of Rheims, Amiens, and Cologne, only here we find "no signs of decay" and "they never knew the cruel ravages of war."

This calls to memory a visit to the Steen, the old Spanish prison built in the eighth century in the city of Antwerp. A crowd of English soldiers and American doughboys were viewing the time−worn relics of the place when they found an old map of the world dating from the year 1300, A. D., whereupon one of the Englishmen exclaimed, "Where is America? Why, your bloomin', bloody country was not on the map. at that time!" Such good− natured humor was borne with about the same patience as the bites of "cooties" or Jersey mosquitoes. As they journeyed on, a companion of the first speaker said, "You don't have such wonderfully old and interesting things in America." The fiery American doughboys accepted this remark as a challenge and could keep silent no longer.

One of them, voicing the sentiment of all, exclaimed in a voice that fairly awoke the echoes of those aged walls, "No, we do not have much of this old trash in our country. Everything in America is new and up−to−date." But in Luray Caverns we have one of the world's great wonders "that was old long before the foundation of the Pyramid of Cheops." Here are columns of gigantic proportions, one of which has lain on the floor of the cave for more than four thousand years. Some geologists state that the glacial period was sixty thousand years ago. If their deductions be true; we have in Luray a cavern that was fifty−four thousand years old when Adam gazed on Paradise.

These caverns are carved from the Silurian limestone, although they are considered to date from the Tertiary period. Long after the cave was formed, and after many stalactites had been hung on those spacious halls with their down−grown crystals, it was completely filled with glacial mud charged with acid, whereby the dripstones were eroded in singular grotesque shapes. The eroded forms remained after the mud had been mostly removed by flowing water. Massive columns have been wrenched from the ceiling by this aqueous energy and lie prostrate on the floor; a hollow column, forty feet high and thirty feet in diameter, stands erect, but has been pierced by a tubular passage from top to bottom in the same manner; a leaning column almost as large has been undermined so as to resemble the leaning tower of Pisa; these are only a few of the many wonderful forms of Nature's architecture formed by no other tools than time and waterdrops.

We find no streams and true springs here as in Mammoth Cave, but there are numerous basins of pellucid water, varying from one to fifty feet in diameter, and from six to fifteen feet in depth. Crystal Lake is a clear body of water surrounded by sparkling stalactites. How long its waters must have waited to mirror these lovely formations! They gleam and sparkle, forming an arch of dazzling splendor; fit drapery for such a gem of water, which shows again their marvelous beauty.

Here these waters have lain for countless ages with never a breeze to ripple their surface. At Mammoth Cave the waters enter through numerous domes and pits in cascades of great volume, and are finally collected in River Hall where they form several extensive lakes or rivers, which are connected with Green river by two deep springs that appear under arches on its margin. The water has been known to rise sixty feet above low water mark when there is a freshet in Green river. The waters of these rivers are navigable from May to October.

The first lake approached is called the Dead Sea. Here you gaze upward at vast cliffs sixty feet high and one hundred feet long, above which you go with cautious tread, then up a stone stairway that leads to the river Styx, a body of water forty feet wide and four hundred feet long, which is crossed by a natural bridge. A beach of finest yellow sand extends for five hundred yards to Echo river, the largest of all, being from twenty to two hundred feet wide, ten to forty feet deep, and about three miles long.

You never can forget your trip on this river of Stygian darkness. With oil lanterns that emit but a feeble flickering flame you see ghostlike figures, goblins and grim cave monsters that loom before you; your imagination peoples these subterranean halls and their titanic masonry with fantastic forms of its own creation. At this place these lines from Poe will perhaps flash through your mind:

> By a route obscure and lonely,
> Haunted by ill angels only,
> Where the Eidalon, named night
> On a black throne reigns upright;
> I have reached these lands but newly
> From an ultimate dim Thule,
> From a wild, weird chink sublime,
> Out of space and out of time.

When you speak loudly your words have a weird sepulchral tone that echoes far and near through the spacious halls and avenues that makes the black pall of mystery all the more uncanny. As you first enter on your journey on this stream of inky blackness you are appalled by the awful darkness, and the stillness so intense is like that of

some vast primeval forest at midnight. The ceiling is so low at one place you can touch it with your hands. With rock above and on both sides of you and water beneath, you think you have a faint conception of Hades. You hear no sound but the gentle splash of the water struck by the oars, or the labored and rapid breathing of the more timid ones of your party.

Suddenly your boat stops and the guide utters a few tones beginning low in the scale and running higher, when, lo! the whole subterranean cavern seems filled with fairy tongues and becomes melodious with softer, sweeter tones until they die away among those avenues, like the music heard only in the realm of dreams. Some one suggests that a song be sung, whereupon an Irishman with deep sonorous voice starts, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," but he only sings but one line, for the clamor of voices insisting on another selection, is like that of a flock of crows in autumn who have discovered an owl. The multitudinous echoes, if not as musical as the voice of the guide, made more obvious harmony.

Thus do these aged halls send back rarest melodies for the discordant notes received. How like the noble souls one knows who take the discordant jeers and taunts of the world and by a life of serenity and steadfastness of purpose (which is ever to help mankind onward) build for them an admiration and devotion that returns from a multitude of grateful hearts like musical echoes, perhaps too late unheard.

The temperature of both Luray Caverns and Mammoth Cave is uniformly fifty−four degrees Fahrenheit throughout the year, and the atmosphere is both chemically and optically of singular purity. For this reason stone huts were once erected for consumptives in Mammoth Cave. Thirteen was the original number and for the poor unfortunates who inhabited them it was most unlucky; the patients became worse, and on being taken from their subterranean homes in Mammoth Cave quickly died. Only two of the huts still remain.

"Those curious mortals who are always seeking morgues and graveyard scenes should come here." What a place for contemplation! "Into what vast unrecorded ages the philosopher could let his thoughts go back!"

On entering Luray Caverns one of the first of the many curious formations to attract your attention will be rows of stalactites resembling fish on market. Here are fish that were on exhibit before Noah entered the ark. How patient the old fisherman must be to have stood through innumerable years and not yet have had a sale. You will see other forms that represent hams and sidemeat. You will, perchance, detect the lean streak as most people do. This meat needs no sugarcuring or smoking and will keep many more years with no fear of the blue−bottle fly. Glittering stalactites. blaze in front of you; fluted columns and draperies in broad folds with a formation that resembles the finest hemstitching may be seen all around you, while Pluto's chasm, a wide rift in the walls, contains a spectre clothed in shadowy draperies. One wonders how long this grim, ghastly person has stood here. Long ages came and went in that shadowy and evanescent time with no record save these stony ghosts, and over all a black pall of mystery still broods.

One of the most remarkable formations as well as one of the most beautiful which may be seen in Mammoth Cave is the flower garden. Dr. Hovery describes its beauty thus: "Each rosette is made of countless fibrous crystals; each tiny crystal is in itself a study; each fascicle of carved prisms is wonderful and the whole glorious blossom is a miracle of beauty. Now multiply this mimic blossom from one to a myriad as you move down the dazzling vista as if in a dream of Elysium; not for a few yards, but for two magnificent miles all is virgin white, except here and there a patch of gray limestone, or a spot bronzed by metallic stain, or as we purposely vary the lonely monotony by burning chemical lights. We admire the effective grouping done by Nature's skillful fingers. Here is a great cross made by a mass of stone rosettes; while floral coronets, clusters, wreaths, and garlands embellish nearly every foot of the ceiling and walls. The overgrown ornaments actually crowd each other till they fall on the floor and make the pathway sparkle with crushed and trodden jewels."

We find several forms of life in Mammoth Cave, such as light gray or stone colored crickets, with antennae and legs twice the length of our black musician. If this cave dweller is a musician like our cheery outdoor fiddler, how

the empty walls must ring! We found several of these odd insects near Echo river and on the walls of the cave near the well known as the "Bottomless Pit." White crayfish moved back and forth on the sand at the edge of Echo river and backed away from us when we tried to procure one for a specimen. His subterranean home has seemingly not affected his habits. This cave also contains a fish known to scientists as "Amblyopsis Speloens," meaning "A weak−eyed cave dweller."

At one place in the caverns rows of stalactites are arranged in lines of various lengths in reference to tone, just like the strings of a piano, in regular graduated system. A small boy who accompanies the guide will strike those stone harps in rapid succession which give forth delicious liquid tones, sweet and silvery as the chimes of Antwerp Cathedral. They waver and float through those vast halls until the ear catches only a faint echo from some far, dim aisle. "How many centuries elapsed before this subterranean organ gave forth its delightful tones!" It lacked only the soul of a Beethoven or Chopin to interpret them aright. How like many noble lives whose talents perhaps shall only bud "unseen" or waste upon the desert air of environment. One thinks of Keats, whose wonderful Ode to the Nightingale and lovely Nature Poems might never have been sung had he not gone out into the fragrant fields and woods, where the song of the lark and the breezes, "heaven born," touched his great soul like an Aeolian harp which dispersed sweetest melodies for all mankind to hear.

CHAPTER IV. FOUR UNUSUAL PICTURES

We spent another memorable day on the mountain roads marveling again at the omnipotent power that creates such beauty. Looking out over the valley from the slope of a hill we had a glorious view. From the ravishing beauty of the scene, our minds fell to musing over that other race who had dwelt here, whose destiny the coming of the white man changed. We wondered how the valley appeared to them and what bird songs burst upon the fragrant air when that other race possessed the land. Our thoughts were soon recalled from the vague past; for over the summit of a green hill a thunder head pushed itself into view. As the great mass spread swiftly over the heavens, darkness began to creep over the land like a premature twilight. The songs of the birds that had been so noticeable before were hushed, the passing breeze paused a moment as if undecided which course to pursue, then in sudden fury swept over the land, hurling the leaves and dead branches in wild confusion through the air.

Like a mighty trumpet summoning those cloud warriors to battle sounded the thunder, whose terrific peals shook the hills around us. The clouds, as if obedient to the summons rushed from all directions, like frightened soldiers. The lightning began to leap to the earth in angry flashes, or spread through the masses of rolling clouds like golden chains, or leaped and darted like the lurid tongues of serpents. The trees rocked and roared on the hills about us; now and then one fell with a mighty crash scarcely discernible in the awful roar of the raging wind. The rain came in blinding sheets to the earth. Soon, however, the fury of the storm was spent and we heard the echoing peals of thunder among the distant hills.

The sun came out again and shone among the water drops that clung in countless myriads to the leaves. They glittered and scintillated like vast emerald crowns studded with millions of diamonds. Not an hour had passed and there again was the heavenly blue smiling down upon the glorious woods. A rainbow, like a radiant, triumphal arch, bent lovingly over the earth, now more tranquil and beautiful than ever. It was as if Nature had made a fitting frame for the endless variety and beauty of the picture she had painted. The birds came forth from their leafy coverts and shook the water drops from their feathers while their notes rained like "liquid pearls" around us. As we watched the fading hues of the lovely bow and listened to the bird song that rose and fell in tides of rarest melody we thought how like life the passing storm had been. The early hours of summer sky, how quickly they pass away, to be overcast by dark foreboding clouds of doubt and fear. Yet, after the storm of life is almost past a radiant bow of promise, tender as memory and bright as hope, lingers on its ebon folds and we seem to glimpse through the dispersing gloom fairer fields beyond.

We neared the old historical town of Frederick on a Saturday afternoon. The rose light from the west that shone

upon the hillsides of green seemed to mingle its hues with that of its own, and it sifted through the transparent leaves and spread itself in a mellow glow upon the ground beneath. Never did light seem so impressive as that which streamed through the forest and lit up the hills with "strange golden glory." There had been a rain in the afternoon and the shimmering light from the west was trying his color effects. It was such an evening as Longfellow describes in Hiawatha:

Slowly o'er the shimmering landscape,
Fell the evening's dusk and coolness,
And the long and pleasant sunbeams
Shot their spears into the forest,
Breaking through its shields of shadow,
Rushed into each secret ambush,
Searched each thicket, dingle, hollow.

Gazing at the quiet and luxuriant loveliness of the landscape about us we almost forgot we were entering the town where Washington met Braddock to prepare for the expedition against Fort Duquesne. This town was twice taken by the Confederates and when occupied by the troops of General Early the inhabitants were forced to pay a ransom of two hundred thousand dollars. It was occupied in 1862 by General McClellan.

It was not of armies or their generals of whom we were thinking as we entered the old town, now wearing its evening smile. The twilight song of birds came to us from the maple trees as we passed, or broken phrases were just audible from the distant meadows. It seemed that plenty, purity and peace had always reigned here and it was with a feeling of rare delight we approached the charming Wayside Inn, peeping from its gracefully overhanging elms. After procuring rooms for the night we went in search of the spot where Barbara Frietchie lived. The day had been extremely oppressive, but since the shower we were enjoying a cool breeze that was stirring the leaves and rippling the grass with its purifying breath. Slowly we made our way along the streets of the town until we arrived in front of the spot where Old Glory had been flaunted over the Confederate troops. We thought of that day when,

"Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind; the sun
Of noon looked down and saw not one."

But,−−

"Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed by her three score years and ten;
Bravest of all in Frederick town
She took up the flag the men hauled down."

We proceeded from this spot to the beautiful Mount Olivet cemetery. Here we were thrilled anew, for near the entrance we beheld the splendid monument erected in memory of Francis Scott Key. This, aside from its significance, is one of the finest statues our country affords. The grace and beauty of that figure, as if still pointing toward his country's glorious emblem, causes the heart of the beholder to swell with emotion. We seemed to catch from those lips the grave question: "O! Say, does the Star Spangled Banner yet wave, o'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?" Something in this monument made us think of the fine statue erected to the memory of Vauban in Verdun.

We passed the grave of Barbara Frietchie over which waved the flag she so dearly loved, and in a twinkling came the answer to the eager questioner of bronze, as the west wind caught the lovely banner and waved it, oh, so gently, over this hallowed spot. A robin repeated his evening song softly from a maple near it, and a mourning dove began his meditative cooing. Slowly we left the secluded place where the hero and heroine slumber and returned to the Wayside Inn, while myriads of stars began to sparkle and gleam on the vast field of blue above,

reminding us that "ever the stars above look down on the stars below in Frederikctown."

What a bound our hearts gave as the gleam of the massive dome met our sight. A crowd of old associations thronged through the galleries of memory to see printed there, radiant and bright with many a glorious page of American history, the dome of the Capitol at Washington.

As we drew nearer we saw how this beautiful structure, which ranks today as one of the noblest architectural objects in the world, dominates the lovely city. This beautiful structure, which covers an area of three and one−half acres, stands on a plateau eighty−eight feet above the level of the Potomac.

The crowning glory of this magnificent edifice is the statue of freedom which surmounts its dome three hundred and seven feet above the esplanade. This great cast iron dome, from which a lovely view of the city may be had, weighs four and one−half thousand tons. It was erected at a cost of six million dollars, and required eight years for its construction. To the north, nearest the Union station, which, too, is an architectural dream, is the Senate wing of the Capitol. The senate chamber is located in the center of the building. The president's room, that of the vice−president and the marble room, are opposite the corridor from the Senate chamber. These sumptuously and elegantly furnished rooms defy description.

Connected with the new Senate wing by a corridor is the old Senate chamber, now used by the Supreme Court. To the south is the great awe−inspiring Rotunda, which is three hundred feet in circumference and over one hundred and eighty feet in height. It is adorned with marvelous life−size paintings and beautiful statuary. This dome is a little higher than that of Antwerp Cathedral, where you look upward one hundred and eighty feet, to gaze upon the glorious Assumption by Corneil Schutt. Passing through the corridor you come to the old House of Representatives, now the Hall of Statuary. "Each state may contribute bronze or marble statues of two of her most illustrious soldiers or statesmen." The south wing of the Capitol, adjoining Statuary Hall, is entirely occupied by the House of Representatives, the luxurious Speaker's Room, and many committee rooms.

On the east central portico the oath of office of each succeeding president is administered by the Chief Justice of the United States in the presence of a multitude of spectators.

You are impressed far more while gazing at this marvelous structure where the combined duties of its members represent the greatest governmental undertaking in the world than when you behold the palaces at Versailles where gilded interiors but poorly hide the corruption of their former days. Then, too, what are crumbling moss grown castles in which dwelt those robber knights, along the Rhine, seen through the glorious perspective, made radiant with American ideas of the present century! What wonderful crops from the fertile brains of men have been produced since the beginning of this mighty structure! What plans for the future greatness and prosperity of the Nation have been made. But, alas! here, too, come seasons of drought when seeds of humility, virtue and love fail to sprout and those of discord, strife and malice, like thorny cactus, crowd out the rare blossoms.

No one visiting Washington should fail to see the Library of Congress, which is the best example of exclusive American art. "The interior of this wonderful building is the most inspiring and marvelous combination of gold, silver, rare marbles and mosaics on as gigantic a scale as is to be found in America. Built primarily for congressmen, this great storehouse of valuable books and works of art is used more freely by the people than any other library in the world."

We shall never forget the lovely view we had from the Lee mansion, that stands in the beautiful Arlington Cemetery. We gazed out over the landscape, where the fields of golden grain and green meadows stretched toward the city. The broad silvery current of the Potomac flashed in the sunlight. Beyond lay the city in its Sabbath stillness. The song of a blue bird, with its softly warbled notes fell upon our ear, and the dreamy threnody of a mourning dove made a soft accompaniment. We left this charming spot and wandered slowly through this beautiful abode of the Nation's heroic dead. At one place we paused before a fuchsia−bordered plot of ground,

where we read from a tablet: "To the 4,713 unknown dead who slumber here," and opposite this a coleus−lined space "dedicated to the 24,874 known dead," who offered their lives, that the black stain of slavery might be removed from the land. As we looked at the stretches of grass and flowers which shone in their midst, at the myriads of leaves upon the trees, the birds, the bees, and at the butterflies−− winged blossoms hovering over duller hued plants−−we thought how soon the tide of this joyous life around us would begin to ebb. Soon the frost would dull the grass, tint the leaves with rainbow hues and cause the flowers to fade. The birds would take wing and leave the place for warmer climes. Then, after the shroud of snow had been spread o'er the lifeless landscape, a new and fairer spring would lift the pall of winter, and glorious waves of warm life would cover the earth with beauty again.

While in the city of Washington the traveler should see the Corcoran Art Gallery. What a priceless treasure William Wilson Corcoran left the American people when he deeded to the public the Corcoran Gallery of Art to be used solely for the purposes of encouraging American genius in the production and preservation of works pertaining to the Fine Arts and kindred subjects.

Over one−third of the artists represented in the Corcoran gallery are American born and a look at the wonderful works of art to be seen here will convince the most pessimistic person that America has produced works that are worth while.

Among the many treasures of sculpture to be seen in this gallery are Vela's "Last Days of Napoleon First," and Powers' "Greek Slave," while among its canvases are Mueller's "Charlotte Corday," Brooke's, "A Pastoral Visit," Von Thoren's "Lost Dogs," and Renouf's, "A Helping Hand."

Landscape art seems to be our "special province," and no wonder, for what other country possesses such vast stretches of prairies, magnificent rivers and lakes, unbounded primeval forests and falls of such incomparable grandeur?

"We naturally turn to George Innes (1825−1894) as America's foremost exponent of landscape art." Fortunate indeed is the gallery to possess his "Sunset in the Woods." It is of interest to note that it was not completed until many years after the sketch was made. On July 23, 1891, Mr. Innes wrote of the "Sunset in the Woods": "The material for my picture was taken from a sketch made near Hastings, Westchester county, New York, twenty years ago. This picture was commenced seven years ago, but until last winter I had not obtained any idea commensurate with the impression received on the spot. The idea is to represent an effect of light in the woods towards sundown, but to allow the imagination to predominate." Herein perhaps lay the original power of the artist's genius; he had learned to labor and to wait. Genius, without exceeding great labor, has never accomplished much that shall last through time.

One feels when gazing on this exquisite poem of twilight, that if only this one picture of the woods had been painted it were better than to have produced a thousand inferior scenes. How beautiful that glow on the "Venerable old tree trunk and the opening beyond the great boulder." It is indeed a wonderful creation filled with the mystery and silence of approaching nightfall. As you gaze at the seemingly deepening gloom, you feel the very spirit of the violet dusk. A wood thrush is ringing her vesper bell softly. A marked stillness pervades the atmosphere. A gray rabbit hops among the swaying foxglove and fern tops; the plaintive note of the whippoorwill tells us night will soon be here. One almost fears to look again, after turning away, for a time, lest the last glow has faded and night is there.

What marvelous beauty this poet of Nature has portrayed from the common scenes of woods, meadow and stream, which so few really see until an Innes shows us how divinely beautiful they are.

If you have never had the pleasure of gazing upon Niagara you will want to pause long before Frederick E. Church's painting of it, for he seems to have caught some of its fleeting beauties and transferred them to canvas.

This picture had a startling effect upon Europeans when it was exhibited in Paris. When they compared the falls of Switzerland to it, they gained a more definite idea of the vast expanse of our natural wonders.

You will not fail to admire the painting, "The Road to Con Carneau," by William Lamb Picknell. How well he has painted this scene of quaint old Normandy. As you gaze at the vast stretch of marshy country, with stone roads, marked by milestones, you begin to appreciate the wonderful genius of the artist. You can readily see that evening has come and you seem to feel its message quite as much as when gazing upon the "End of Day" by Corot.

Our day here recalled our visit to the Luxembourg gallery and the Louvre. How much better it is to see part of these magnificent palaces dedicated to art than to be used by worthless rulers.

One can never forget the impression made upon him as he gazes at the halls which are filled with the grandest works of antiquity. Any of these standing alone would challenge the admiration of all who see them, but the "Venus de Milo" and the "Winged Victory" stand out in memory among the innumerable works of art as the Alps tower above the vales of Switzerland. That magnificent piece of sculpture, Venus de Milo, was found by a peasant in the island of Milo in 1820. "It belongs to the fourth century before Christ and represents that flowery period of Greek sculpture when Praxiteles was at its head."

Here we may also enjoy the "St. John" and "Madonna and Child" by Raphael, many works by Leonardo Da Vinci, Corregio, Rubens, Mttrillo, and Titian.

Before leaving the city we climbed to the top of Washington monument. This monument is an imposing mass of white marble, rising to a height of five hundred fifty−five and one−half feet. No visitor to Washington should fail to make the ascent for no finer view of the city, the surrounding hills and the Potomac can be had than from the observation point, at a height of five hundred four feet. As we looked down on the lovely avenues, gardens and statues of this well−planned city we compared it with our view of Paris from the Arch of Triumph and Eiffel Tower. While Eiffel Tower is nearly twice as high as Washington Monument it revealed no lovelier view than we beheld in this magnificent city.

We shall never forget the spell cast over us as we said goodbye to the City of Magnificent Distances and sped along the road that led to the Nation's shrine. What memories hallowed by art and song came thronging round us as we made our pilgrimage to the pleasantly situated estate of Mount Vernon.

The old estate bears the name given it by Major Lawrence Washington in honor of his commander, Admiral Edward Vernon, of the British navy. Imagine our feelings upon arriving at this−− one of the most sacred spots in America−−when we found the very undesirable custom of charging a fee to view a scene that above all others should be free to the public. This place to all true Americans belongs in the same class as sublime mountain views, indescribable sunsets, whereon to place a price would be sacrilege, for they are priceless.

As soon as we entered the gates of this hallowed spot we passed through the lovely flower garden. The air was fragrant, almost heavy, with the perfume of box bushes which had been trimmed in fantastic designs of rare beauty. How slowly we walked down the paths whose sides were enameled with brilliant hued flowers, artistically arranged. There was something almost sacred in the solitude here. We seemed to see the stately form of the master, as he gazed in admiration at this charming spot or stooped to pluck a few rare blossoms for his companion. What hours of calm and unsullied enjoyment he must have spent here. What grand thoughts those lovely flowers must have suggested. How often he stood here or wandered slowly along these same paths at twilight, while the mocking−bird's song harmonized with his evening reveries.

Pausing to admire the beauty of the royal spikes of purple foxglove we were thrilled with a familiar yet much loved song, for in accord with the train of our thoughts, a mocking bird sprang into the air with the most extraordinary turns and gyrations and at last settled down on the chimney of the store room as if overcome by his

own ecstatic singing−−this was our welcome to Mount Vernon. With brilliant bewildering staccato phrases he started singing in one place, then mounted to the air, spread his wings and floating down to the tops of a cedar, never missing a note. It was purely a song of joy expressing exuberance of life and whole−souled enjoyment. He mimicked thirty different American birds, but their songs were hurried without the proper pauses and phrasing. It was what piano player music is to hand−played melodies, lacking the beauty and soul of the original artists.

How delightful it was to linger here. You could spend days and weeks in forgetting the maddening strife and cares gazing out over the majestic Potomac, lulled to rest by this matchless songster.

Here one can readily see that Washington was fond of trees and shrubs, and many were the excursions he made to the woods to select specimens to be transplanted to the grounds around his home. Just outside the garden are the tulip trees he planted over one hundred and thirty years ago. The master of these stately trees has long since gone, yet his spirit seems to linger there. These glorious tulips are tall and straight as the man whose hands first broke the sod and pressed the ground tenderly about their roots. They still aspire and shed delicious perfume on the balmy summer air and their verdure is perennial like the memory of a grateful nation.

Bartram, an eminent botanist of Philadelphia, was a close friend of Washington. In the rear of the mansion is a fine lawn comprising a number of acres, around which winds a carriage drive bordered by grand old trees.

We thought of the truthfulness of Mrs. Sangster's words as we gazed in admiration at these lovely trees:

"Who plants a tree for fruit or shade,
In orchard fair, on verdant slope;
Who plants a tree a tryst has made
With future years, in faith and hope."

When visiting the palace of King Louis XIV of France at Versailles and the hundreds of rooms that accommodated his courtiers and their servants, also the two large wings which housed The State Ministers and contained their offices, you are greatly impressed at the Herculean labor and immense cost such magnificence must have required. Here the best artists of his time, by long years of patient toil, and money in profusion, were employed on this glorification of a man.

Here was laid out a vast and beautiful garden, filled with noble statues and marble basins, that extended its geometrical alleys and lines of symmetrical trees to a park around which spread the magnificent forest. You see the room in which our great and illustrious Franklin stayed and marvel at the glorious Hall of Mirrors where the Peace Conference met. Yet you are glad to get out and contemplate that wonderful avenue of European elms whose straight round trunks, bearing innumerable branches which divide again and again, form glorious fountain−like crests of verdure.

But with what a different feeling you look upon the home of Washington. Here, too, visitors find in the wonderful trees a symbol of something serene, protective, sacred, so like the man who once walked beneath them.

"The dawn of great events in which Washington was to play such an important part began to blow on the eastern horizon of New England." From the ocean−bordered shores were faint streaks of light that ere long began to deepen into hues of a sanguine color that seemed to presage a tempest. At first the sound was like the faint lisping murmur of pines along the shore or the sobbing surf as it retreated from the charge it made; but ere long it broke forth in loud, angry tones like the wailing of branches on a stormy night or the booming breakers on the stern rocks of her rugged coast, until the dwellers of the interior heard the ominous sound and made ready to defend those inalienable rights of man, liberty and justice.

The aeolian melodies of freedom were heard by the Master of Mount Vernon as he walked beneath his liberty loving trees. It was not easy to leave a charming home where happiness and love reigned supreme; yet when the

call, that echoed from far New England's rugged shores, rebounded from fair Virginia's hills Washington sacrificed all the pleasures of love and home on the altar of Freedom.

We admired the picturesque seed house with its ivy covered walls and dormer windows, quite as much as the mansion itself. This was built for the storing of seed and the implements of horticulture.

We next visited the stately mansion, whose plan as well as that for all improvements made, were drawn by Washington. "Convenience and desirability he sought in his home," and last but not least, location. The mansion is built of pine. It contains two stories and is ninety−six feet long and thirty feet wide, having a piazza that is supported by sixteen square columns which are twenty−five feet in height. The width of the piazza is fifteen feet, having a balustrade of pleasing design around it; and in the center of the roof is a circular observatory from which a wonderful view of the Potomac may be had. The roof contains several dormer windows. There are six rooms on the ground floor and on entering the passage way that leads from east to west through it you are at once impressed with its wainscoting and large worked cornices which present to the eye the appearance of great solidity. The parlor, library and breakfast room are on the south side of the hall; while to the north are the reception room, parlor, and drawing room. All of the rooms are what you would expect, "tasteful and charming, yet simple."

An exquisitely wrought chimney−piece from the finest Sienite marbles in Italy was presented to Washington for his Mount Vernon home by Mr. Vaughan, of London. Upon three tablets of the frieze are pleasing pastoral scenes, so fitting for this rural home.

We were much impressed by a picture of Washington seen here. How much more inspiring is a noble human countenance than the grandest natural scenery.

Any one seeing a crowd of men in which Washington is one of the number will at once ask, "Whose is the distinguished form towering above the throng, a figure of superb strength and perfect symmetry? He at once receives that hearty admiration which youth and age alike bestow on a man who so forcibly illustrates and embellishes manhood. No one finds cause of regret for lavishing it, for that finely formed intellectual head held a clear, vigorous brain; those fine blue eyes look from the depths of a nature at once frank and noble; and in that broad chest beat a heart filled with the love of freedom, country and his fellow man."

The spirit of the boy pulsating with youth's warm blood who carved his name on the west side of the Natural Bridge, where it remained alone for nearly three−fourths of a century−−that same indomitable spirit rose high above the treacherous rocks of fear, where it shone on the troubled sea of political injustice, a beacon light to the venturesome mariners, until they were landed safely upon the shore of Freedom.

Never did a family bear such an appropriate coat of arms: Exitus Acta Probat, "The end justifies the means." Here we have a man whose noble life of self−sacrifice and true devotion to his country accomplished the "greatest end by the most justifiable means." He had an Alpine grandeur of mind that towered far above the sordid lowlands of selfish ambitions to those sublime heights of whole−souled devotion to public duty and incorruptible integrity, where the great soul of the man shone forth like the lovely Pleiades on a winter night. In this "Cincinnatus of the West" resided a liberal mind, broad as his sunny acres that led far back from the river; his clearness of thought was like that of his native springs which gush in crystal clearness, leaving a path of verdure along their course; his loftiness of purpose towered sublimely above average life, like the glorious outlines of the Blue Ridge mountains.

"Skill, prudence, sagacity, energy, and wisdom marked all his acts." That wonderful trinity−−candor, sincerity and simplicity−− were the striking features of his character and "an air of noble dignity never left his manly features, in either defeat or battle." On following his brilliant career as a commander one realizes as never before, that "intellect and not numbers rule the world; liberty−loving ideals and not force overmaster bigness; and that truth and right, when supported by strong and worthy purposes, always prevail in the end."

Among the many interesting relics to be seen at Mount Vernon are the Sword of Washington and Franklin's staff. While gazing at these mementoes of the past we recalled these significant words of the poet:

"The sword of the Hero,
The staff of the Sage,
Whose valor and wisdom
Are stamped on the age.
Time hallowed mementoes
Of those who have riven
The sceptre from tyrants,
The lightning from heaven.

This weapon, O, Freedom;
Was drawn by thy son,
And it never was sheathed
Till the battle was won.
No stain of dishonor
Upon it we see.
'Twas never surrendered−−
Except to the free.

While Fame claims the hero
And patriot sage
Their names to emblazon
On History's page,
No holier relics
Will Liberty hoard
Than Franklin's staff guarded
By Washington's sword."

Another relic is the key of that grim prison, the Bastile, sent to Washington by Lafayette as a symbol of the overthrow of despotism and triumph of free government in France. That symbol is today one of America's most treasured mementos, carefully guarded in the Nation's shrine at Mount Vernon.

An exact reproduction of the old prison was made from a stone of its walls and presented to Washington. "We felt an awe in treading these lonely halls, a feeling that hallowed the spot as if there yet lingered a faint echo of the Master's footsteps through the silence, although he had departed forever."

Having viewed the places that to him were most dear, the places still redolent of the beauty and sacredness of home life, we wanted to stand beside his tomb. Past beautiful cedars and venerable maples we made our way to a quiet secluded spot where so many had gone before us, to leave the most perfect roses of Memory, filled with the incense of grateful and loving hearts. We cannot tell with what feeling we added our sprays of blossoms, perennials springing from the garden of the heart, waxen white and fragrant as the narcissus.

We saw the wreath placed here by King Albert of Belgium as a loving tribute of respect of that brave little country.

An old colored man who conducted us to the tomb said that, as near as he could remember, about twelve years before he witnessed one of the largest crowds that he ever saw at Mount Vernon. The Ohio Corn Boys were afforded the wonderful opportunity of visiting this famous spot. What an ideal place to take them, for the farm has

always been the best place on earth for the family. "It is the main source of our national wealth; the foundation of all civilized society." The welcome fact that a rural community could produce such men as Washington or Lincoln should be an added incentive for these Ohio lads to make the most of their golden opportunities.

Leaving the sacred spot to its quiet, mournful beauty, we again passed through the garden over which floated the notes of the mocking−bird, like an oft−repeated farewell.

Travelers leaving Mount Vernon should pause a while in the old city of Alexandria, for there is much of historic interest here. It is located on the right bank of the Potomac river, six miles below Washington, with which it is connected by a ferry and electric lines. Here the Potomac is a mile wide though it is one hundred miles from its mouth. It forms a harbor sufficiently deep for the largest ocean vessels. A fine view of the Capitol at Washington may be had, and from the Virginia end of the bridge spanning the Potomac a magnificent view of Lee's old home. Now Arlington cemetery opens to your gaze. This city was the headquarters of Braddock prior to his ill−fated expedition against the French in 1775. Here still stands Masonic Lodge, the building in which the governors of New York, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Virginia met to form plans for the expedition.

But you forget the historical associations of the place as you enter the little brick church where Washington was one of the first Vestrymen. Washington's and Lee's pews are pointed out to the visitor. Upon the wall back of the chancel may be seen the Law, the Creed and the Lord's Prayer. How often the eyes of the Father of his country must have rested upon that prayer. It was here, during the "times that tried men's souls" that thoughtfully and prayerfully he received courage and strength which led him to espouse the Cause of Liberty. A feeling of solemnity steals over you akin to that which you experience while treading the dim lighted aisle of some vast cathedral. On first beholding the Notre Dame in Cologne, you feel as if you were indeed lingering at the gates of the "Temple Beautiful." And on entering, how majestic are the arches, how long the vista, how richly illuminated and emblazoned the windows, and how heavenly the music that thrills the "iris tinted silences." It yet lacks the solemnity of these moments in which you linger in the old−fashioned church at Alexandria, where if you listen you may still catch those sky−born melodies, the chimes of a noble life. Leaving the place to its hallowed memories we started on our way to Baltimore.

From beneath that humble roof went forth the intrepid and unselfish warrior−−the magistrate who knew no glory but his country's good; to that he returned happiest when his work was done. There he lived in noble simplicity; there he died in glory and peace.

While it stands, the latest generations of the grateful children of America will make this pilgrimage to it as to a shrine, and when it shall fall, if fall it must, the memory and the name of Washington shall shed an eternal glory on the spot.

−−EDWARD EVERETT.

CHAPTER V. LANCASTER COUNTY AND GETTYSBURG

One of the most pleasant, recollections of travelers in Pennsylvania will be their trip through Lancaster county. For fifty years this county has led the United States in the value of cereal products. Lancaster, the county seat, has a population of fifty−eight thousand. It is one of the oldest towns in the state and was its capital in 1799. It was also the capital of the United States for one day, September 27, 1777.

We resolved to keep close watch as we drove across this wonderful agricultural county to see what we could learn of the methods employed in producing such bountiful crops. Surely, we thought, here will be a region lacking many of the beauties of rural communities. But what was our surprise when we found fine homes embowered in grand old trees. The dooryards contained many trees, shrubs and flowers−−not cluttered up, but most admirably arranged, showing forethought and good taste. Then, the glowing masses of the flower−bordered gardens were a

quaint commingling of use and beauty. "Squares of onions, radishes, lettuce, rhubarb, strawberries−−everything edible," reminded one of the lovely weedless vegetable plots of the Rhine country. Theirs seemed the homes which Gene Stratton Porter described in her incomparable manner in her "Music of the Wild." "Peter Tumble−down" has long ago moved from Lancaster county and only a few distant relatives yet remain.

We were delighted to find large barns in which the implements were sheltered. Nearly all contained coats of paint and the stables were whitewashed, giving an added appearance of cleanliness to the place as well as destroying lice and vermin. Everything spoke of thrift. The manure was not thrown out in the barnyard but stored under sheds. The straw was kept in the barns. Noticing these things we began to learn that aside from good soil it was also good sense that made this the garden spot of the United States. Tobacco, so impoverishing to the soil, is still raised here on farms that have known cultivation two hundred years.

It is more refreshing than mountain scenery to behold such homes as you find here. The highways were not bordered by unsightly weeds but had been mown. These thrifty farmers were not afraid that they would spend their last days in the poorhouse if they chanced to leave a few shade trees standing; so, in many places along the highways, lovely maples and graceful elms make of them, instead of furnaces, a traveler's paradise. Thus we learned that those who combine use and beauty are not financial failures and live happier and longer than the people who "see no beauty and hear no songs and fail to perpetuate them for the future generations."

"For he who blesses most is blest;
And God and man shall own his worth
Who toils to leave as his bequest
An added beauty to the earth."

The motorist will find an ideal road from Baltimore to Gettysburg. He will see a beautiful and fertile agricultural country whose well kept homes speak of refinement and prosperity among the people. It was over this wonderful highway that we sped while on our way to the famous town.

We entered Gettysburg at nightfall, passing the house where General Meade had his headquarters. The sky was overcast in the early part of the evening and now the rain began to fall. It was too dark to make out the flag as it rose and fell over the little house. But as we peered through the uncertain light, a flash of lightning revealed the banner, which at once spoke an emblematic language too powerful for words. Darkness swallowed it up again; but we knew that for those stars gleaming on their field of blue, and for the purification of its white stripes that had been blackened by slavery, these charming ridges about us had been washed in the blood of thousands of our fair land.

We had to detour on account of the repair of sewers. Red lanterns warned the traveler of danger, but it seemed as if they spoke not of the dangers of the present but of those graver dangers that once had been. We spent the night at the Eagle Hotel. The rain continued to fall and by its soothing patter on the leaves and roof above us we were ushered into the land of dreams.

The next morning we met the father of Lieutenant Ira Ellsworth Lady who was one of the first of Pennsylvania's loyal sons from Adams county to offer the supreme sacrifice in the World War. The Post of the American Legion at Arendtsville is named in his honor.

Alas! How poor, how futile are words to express the nobleness of those young men, the fairest and purest our land could offer. In cases like this there is not much to be said. As we picked up the hat that dropped from trembling hands unnoticed to the floor, we thought what a sad Christmas the year 1918 brought to this home. Then we thought, too, how in the last moments of his earthly sojourn Lieut. Lady had wandered back to the lovely hills and the old homestead with its dear remembered faces in his native county.

Our first meeting was in the Evacuation Hospital at Glorenx; almost within the shadows of the frowning citadel of Verdun. How well we remember the first day of his arrival in Ward E! The litter bearers came and went on their ceaseless journeys, bringing new patients still under the influence of ether or transferring others who were sent by ambulance to base hospitals. It was during those terrible days of the Meuse− Argonne drive, while the air overhead hummed with those cruel messengers of fate−−coming from no one knew where−−that the litter bearers slowly and carefully lowered a patient to the newly−made cot we had just prepared. Looking at the diagnosis card that we found, we learned that the patient, Lieut. Ira Ellsworth Lady, had had an amputation of his limb above the knee, and that he also had been gassed.

The first question that he asked as we stood by his cot, when he again regained consciousness was: "How am I wounded?" When we told him the misfortune which had befallen him, a shudder ran through his frame as he repeated: "It is bad enough, but it might have been worse." A shade of sadness spread over those noble features but it was only for a moment, and he appeared utterly resigned to his cruel fate.

Always there was that smile of appreciation as we moved among the numerous cots of the suffering and dying. Whether in the morning upon inquiring how he had spent the night, or after the thick curtains were lowered at the windows, that no gleam of light might reveal our location to hostile planes, or when we paused at his bedside to wish him a painless night and restful slumber, we were always greeted by kind words of hope and cheer and a pleasant smile. How those cheery good−nights softened the roaring cannon, and screaming shells into a mere echo, and that smiling countenance made radiant the grim halls of indescribable suffering and death!

Well do we remember that Lieut. Lady's concern was not for himself but only for the welfare of others. As he looked across the way where Private Everson of Company A, in the 26th Division, who had been wounded in such a manner as to make it impossible for him to lie down, sat propped up with blankets, he exclaimed, "I pity that poor fellow so! Oh, how I wish I could help him!" How self vanished like a blighted thing as we heard those words of pity coming from one whose suffering was beyond human words to express. Truly, a life like this had caught a glow of that redeeming light which radiates from the cross itself.

Again, we recalled that awful night in November when we moved with hurried yet silent tread among the cots on which lay figures in many uneasy attitudes, some brokenly slumbering and muttering through helpless delirium; others uttering suppressed moans as they lay tossing upon their cots.

Just as we were preparing to leave the ward to the night men, after the temperatures and pulse rates of all the patients had been taken and registered, the gas alarm sounded. Instantly we made ready to put onto the patients the gas masks which were in readiness at the head of each cot. Just then the cry of fire was whispered to the ward men, who at once began preparations for the removal of the patients to the opposite side of the hospital grounds. All out of doors was intense blackness−−a blackness only relieved by the flashes of guns that made the eastern sky blaze with their crimson light.

Suddenly the flames leaped from the operating room, in the end containing the sterilizer. Soon they cast a lurid glow upon the dark clouds. Hurriedly, yet quietly, we removed the patients to a place in which they would be safe. Two of the wards had already caught fire on their sides nearest the operating room. The many patients in this room along with those undergoing operations on the thirteen operating tables were rushed into another building where the work was immediately resumed. Each patient who caught sight of the bright light that streamed in through the open doors, was busy with many eager questions on his perturbed mind. Yet no one spoke a word but watched in suspense that was almost pain, the fiery glow that spread around, until horror distorted many a face.

Suddenly, as if reflected from some unimaginable furnace the sky was all aflame. What had happened or was happening those wounded boys could only dimly imagine. Yet, how calm, how wonderful they were in their utter helplessness. Rain began to fall as we were removing the patients. Gradually the dreadful light faded from the sky and the flames that had began to eat their way in the walls of the nearest buildings were extinguished. Only the

operating room was burned to the ground.

As we moved among the patients, doing what little we could to ease the pain and quiet the fears of those dear, noble boys, a hand from one of the cots seized oars in a clinging firm embrace and we recognized the voice of Lieut. Lady as he said, "I am so glad you are with me tonight."

When that eventful day of the 11th of November came and the bells from Regret and Verdun rang out the glorious news of the armistice, how the hearts of all the boys in the wards were stirred! It was a beautiful day resembling our American Indian Summer, when we threw open the doors and windows to admit the glorious message. It seemed that the prayers of not only France, but of the world, were being said and the theme that ran through them all was: "How beautiful are the feet of Him upon the mountains that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace." And chiming in with the music of the bells, the clear voice of Lieut. Lady was heard, as he exclaimed, "I hope and pray God that this will be the end of all wars." Let us sincerely hope that the noble sacrifice of such men as this shall not have been in vain. To many the bells that morning meant peace, home and love, but alas, to others they had a sadder meaning!

When spring came again to the shell−torn fields near Verdun, we saw how Nature in places was reclothing the meadows in their mantles of green and around the ruined, tenantless homes along the Meuse, how the primrose and violet were covering up the scars made by unnumbered shells. The air was filled with the joyous notes of the lark, and the linnet and the black−cap warbled among the hedgerows. Here where once had dwelt the peasant, the cuckoo called from the evergreens and nightingales made the evening breeze vocal with their rapturous notes. This wealth of flowers and song only served to call up bitter memories for, alas! how many brave hearts lay sleeping in that vast abode of the dead, all unmindful of the beauty of flower or joy of song about them.

Slowly we made our way from the flower gardens to the French cemetery, where thousands of valiant Poilus who had said: "they shall not pass" were sleeping. We saw where the hand of affection had planted the fleur−de−lis or hung beautiful bead− wrought wreaths upon the crosses until this abode of the dead resembled a vast flower garden.

Just to the west and divided by a narrow road, our own American heroes were resting. Here we reverently paused and placed a wreath of ivy inwrought with flowers, upon the grave of Lieut. Lady and another on that of our own Ambrose Schank as a last loving tribute to all who had so dearly purchased the peace we now enjoy. While thinking of those other dear friends, Corporal Edgar Browder, of Chicago, and Lieut. Erk Cottrell, of Greenville, Ohio, who perished nobly upon the field of duty, we felt the significance of the words of the poet:

"In Flanders fields the poppies grow,
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky,
The larks still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.
We are the dead; short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunsets glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.
Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high;
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep though poppies grow
In Flanders fields."

If you are approaching Gettysburg for the first time you cannot help but admire those even swells that stretch away from South Mountain like an emerald sea. No doubt you will begin to wonder where the town is situated as you advance. Numerous low ridges are crossed and at last the famous town lies before you.

What a charming situation it has! Vast waves of undulating meadow and farm land appear with fields of gleaming grain and clamps of elm, oak and maple to break its smoothly flowing billows. Farther away rise higher treeless ridges or wooded slopes, but all alike are smoothly flowing.

Looking out over the land in a northwestern direction on a bright day you can see South Mountain, "forerunner of the sierrated Alleghanies," looming up between the town and Cumberland Valley. Back of it the serried ranks of the Alleghanies rise in hazy indistinctness and blend imperceptibly with the blue along the far horizon.

You will soon discover the two ridges that are so important from a military point of view. These ridges are about one mile apart, although in some places they approach much nearer each other. Cemetery Ridge slopes very gently to a more level tract of ground when you compare it to the undulating land about it. "You will discover that the ridges have stopped short here, forming headlands above the lower swells. Two roads ascend this hill and the ascent is not difficult. It does not seem to you as being a formidable stronghold." Gettysburg is located here; its houses extend to the brow of the hill and the cemetery is located upon the brow itself.

Looking across the valley you will see the western ridge with its fringe of deciduous trees. These grow along the entire crest of the hill. They effectually hide the view in that direction. Rising from its setting of trees at a point opposite the town you will observe the cupola of the Lutheran Seminary from which the ridge took its name−−Seminary Ridge.

Both ridges are comparatively level at the top and the undulating slopes of both are very easy of ascent. Only far down the valley will you find them cut up by ravines and water courses.

Rising like giant sentinels off some distance from the ends of Cemetery Ridge are those hills whose possession meant victory or defeat. The northern−most group consists of that memorable trio of Wolf's, McAllister's and Culp's Hills. There is a slender and low ridge joining Cemetery Ridge and Culp's Hill which seems to be thrown behind the ridge.

Between Culp's Hill and Wolf's Hill flows Rock Creek. It is very shallow and winds through a wild ravine. What news it could tell of those three days of fighting if we were able to interpret its rippling music. But the vast numbers who listened to its softly murmured notes have long since gone, borne down the rippling stream of Time, from which there is no returning.

Here we learned why the soldiers made such a desperate attempt to secure Culp's Hill, for what use would it have been to get Cemetery Hill and leave a back door open, as it were, for the enemy to pass through.

Here in spring the ravine is gay with the blossoming dogwood and the redbud fills the place with its royal purple.

As we gazed at the many fine monuments on this, the best marked and most beautiful of ail battlegrounds in the world, we thought of the terrible waste of life. But then had it been wasted, after all? As we passed down by the peach orchard, we saw a battle between two robins being waged. Then we thought how each spring, from remotest times this same battle−ground has been used by Nature's children to settle questions of gravest import to their race. Each season brings renewed conflicts. Down by the Devil's Den ground squirrels wage their battles again and again. Aerial battles, too, are fought by hawks above the tree tops.

In Nature, to the strongest usually comes the victory. For her children cruel, relentless, bloody war seems inevitable. But is it necessary that human life be sacrificed? What could be the plan, the purpose of it all? Perhaps

there was no plan, no purpose; we do not know. But as we look across the changing scenes that come and go with the changeless years, we seem to see a plan, a purpose, and there are wars and bloodshed in them, yet, they appear Divine. It seems that only the great principle of the Universe is being fulfilled; that from the sacrifice of life a richer, fuller life is gained.

Here the birds still come to bathe and drink and their songs float to you from far and near. Among the branches of an oak top, a red−eyed vireo is saying, "brigade, brigadier," and we well know that he is not military and do not know where he learned those military terms. But, he is destroying whole battalions and even armies of caterpillars, those green coated Boches and striped convicts of our forest trees; and we think "brigadier" none too noble a title for the bravery he shows in carolling all through the hot summer day. Someone has called him a preacher, but we confess, we have listened to many a lengthy discourse whose effect was slight in comparison to his wild ringing text, so redolent of rustling leaves and murmuring brooks−−one of the sermons of God's great out−of−doors. Across the "peach orchard" a cardinal, like a swiftly hurled firebrand, comes toward us and utters his clear metallic Chip, then alighting among some wild grape vines, plays several variations on his clear, ringing flute. From an elm tree, an oriole answers his bold challenge in his rich voice, while a band of chickadees indulge in their querulous calls as they inspect each leaf and twig for larva and eggs. Up in a linden tree, a blue jay is crying "Salute me, salute me." Like a second lieutenant just commissioned. He wears his close−fitting uniform and overseas cap with a dignity that becomes one of that most enviable rank. The bold bugle of the Carolina wren sounds through the leafy encampment and like the colors ascending for retreat, the red, white and blue of the red−headed woodpecker is seen rising diagonally to a dead oak stub. Like a fine accompaniment the music of the fluttering leaves blends with that of the rippling stream and the many woodland voices mellow and supplement them until the symphony rises a soothing and harmonious whole which can never be forgotten.

>From Little Round Top a night hawk screams and comes booming down to earth where squadrons of insects are manoeuvering; by the Devil's Den a red squirrel is berating an unseen enemy, hurling all sorts of abusive epithets at him in his wheezy, irate manner.

Rising in strong relief at the southern edge of Cemetery Ridge are the picturesque hills known as Little and Great Round Top. They are wooded from base to summit. What mighty forces have been at work here! Crevasses of broken ledges, immense boulders cropping out on the slopes or lying here and there all show that a battle royal has been here waged by Nature. Here, thrust out from little Round Top, is a heap of "ripped up" ledges and massive rocks where a great fissure leads back to a place where the Southern sharpshooters hid while picking off the Union officers on Little Round Top. It seemed that some great mass had slipped from Little Round Top and had been hurled still farther by some unknown force−−a vast heap of stone deeply seamed by rents and scars thick set with boulders and filled with holes providing excellent hiding places for the men.

"All through that moonlight night while Buford kept watch the roads leading to Gettysburg were lighted up by gleaming campfires. How peacefully lay the little village slumbering in the quiet moonlight, with never a thought of the coming battle on the morrow. Soon the lovely valley of Willoughby Run with its emerald meadows, flashing brooks and green woods would be deformed by shot and shell."

It seems difficult even to imagine the terrible price that was paid at Gettysburg−−while wandering here in this charming spot, where stretches a beautiful world of woodlands with their feast of varying shades of green whose rare vistas open up to fields of hay and grain.

Marry flowers and ferns grow here and, like the birds, they, too, have their preacher. Jack in his pulpit of light green is proclaiming wildwood messages to his flower brethren. If scarlet represents sin among the flower family then in his congregation are many sinners, for the vivid hues of the cardinal blossoms burn like coals of fire against their setting of green shrubs and vines. Joe Pye weeds blush at what they hear, as if guilty of some flagrant wrong, although they took their name from Joe Pye, the Indian who cured typhus fever in New England by means of these plants. Elecampane stands up tall and straight as if conscious of having been mentioned by Hippocrates,

the father of medicine, more than two thousand years ago, as being an important stimulant to the brain and stomach. Fox gloves, those Good Samaritans among the flowers, bend low their lovely heads to catch Jack's text, and among the patron Saints John's wort humbly rears its yellow flowers, unmindful that it was hung at the doors and windows on St. John's Eve as a safeguard against thunder and evil spirits. As if to destroy the good Jack wished to do, the Devil's Paint Brush (European Hawk−weed) had been busy among the brethren, sowing seeds of strife and contention and the brilliant orange blotches interspersed among the other members told how successful were his labors.

We have not told much about the battle of Gettysburg and the observing historian may say that our time was wholly wasted, but the wonderful words of Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech still ring in our ears like heavenly music and as we turned to leave this "hallowed"−−this "consecrated"−−spot, the lines repeated here by Ella Wheeler Wilcox came to us like some grand triumphal strain of music:

"We know that you died for Freedom,
To save our land from shame,
To rescue a periled Nation,
And we give you deathless fame.
'Twas the cause of Truth and Justice
That you fought and perished for,
And we say it, oh, so gently,
'Our boys who died in the war.'

Saviors of our Republic,
Heroes who wore the blue,
We owe the peace that surrounds us,
And our Nation's strength to you.
We owe it to you that our banner,
The fairest flag in the world,
Is today unstained, unsullied,
On the summer air unfurled.

We look on the stripes−and spangles
And our hearts are filled the while
With love for the brave commanders
And the boys of the rank and file.
The grandest deeds of valor
Were never written out,
The noblest acts of virtue
The world knows nothing about.

And many a private soldier
Who walks his humble way,
With no sounding name or title,
Unknown to the world today,
In the eyes of God is a hero
As worthy of the bays,
As any mighty general
To whom the world gives praise.

For next to our God is our Nation,
And we cherish the honored name,
Of the bravest of all brave armies
Who fought for the Nation's fame."

CHAPTER VI. ATLANTIC CITY

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O ye, who dwell in youth's inviting bowers,
Waste not, in useless joy, your fleeting hours,
But rather let the tears of sorrow roll,
And sad reflection fill the conscious soul.
For many a jocund spring has passed away,
And many a flower has blossomed to decay;
And human life, still hastening to a close,
Finds in the worthless dust its last repose.
Still the vain world abounds in strife and hate,
And sire and son provoke each other's fate;
And kindred blood by kindred hands is shed,
And vengeance sleeps not--dies not, with the dead.
All nature fades--the garden's treasures fall,
Young bud, and citron ripe--all perish--all.
--From the Persian.
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"The excessive heat of the summer of 1921 made it the first impulse of travelers to plunge straight into the cool, kindly ocean, where they could wade and bathe in the surf, sprawl for hours in the sand, or indulge in races and various games along the beach."

One is greatly impressed with the vast numbers of resorts on the Atlantic coast. All along the Jersey shore from Bar Harbor to Cape May you will find it almost as thickly settled as a town. Here along this coast an amazing degree of congestion exists. You will marvel to see all along the beach from Sandy Hook, fifty miles of crowded street, of hotels, and houses, and behind these still others. How this vast seaside population thrills one, bringing visions of the "vastness and wealth of teeming millions" of this great nation of ours. One author says, and with truth, that Atlantic City could accommodate all of France and still have room for more while Asbury Park would furnish ample room as a seaside resort for Belgium and Holland.

Atlantic City, known throughout the world as a great all−the− year resort, is situated upon Absecon Island off the Jersey coast. Absecon is an Indian name given to this island, meaning "Place of Swans." Great flocks of these graceful birds are said to have frequented this spot, where they fed on clams and oysters. The swans have long since gone, their place being taken by less graceful and more richly attired birds, that at stated times flock there in vast numbers. Its close proximity to the large eastern centers of population give it an unrivaled location. The climate is made equable by the Gulf Stream. It is much warmer here in winter than at New York or Philadelphia and weather records show sixty−two per cent sunshine. Motorists visit the seashore metropolis by tens of thousands in all seasons of the year.

Atlantic City has one thousand two hundred hotels and boarding houses to meet every purse and entertains twenty million people annually, the transient population reaching four hundred thousand in August and never being less than fifty thousand.

For six miles along one of the finest bathing beaches on the Atlantic seaboard extends the world−famed board walk, sixty feet wide, topped with planking and built upon a steel and concrete foundation, where promenade health and recreation seekers from all parts of America and foreign climes. There are four great piers varying in length from one thousand to three thousand feet, with auditoriums and all kinds of amusements which are as

varied as the visitors are versatile. The shops of the board walk are one of its most attractive features.

One's motto at Atlantic City as well as the world over should be that of a certain medicine man who gave this advice to his customers: "Let your eyes be your judge, your pocketbook your guide, and your money the last thing you part with." But, alas! how few heeded the free advice he gave them, but persisted in buying his patent nostrums until their pocketbooks could scarcely raise an audible jingle!

Money may befriend one at Atlantic City but it will never admit him into real society where the passwords are wit, wisdom and beauty of character; which, united, forma truly royal life. There are people who care not whether their clothes come from Paris or Mexico just so they are comfortable, serviceable and becoming. Society of this type is not exclusive but admits alike all worthy people.

"What space bath virgin's beauty to disclose
Her sweets, and triumph o'er the blooming rose.
Not even an hour!"

What a motley crowd of human beings throng the board walk! How like the vast interminable deep is this thronging, surging mass of humanity, where they, like restless waves, pause awhile on the margin of the boundless sea until the ebb tide moves out in the vast sea of life. "Here the fury of fashion ebbs and flows, a constant stream, representing all the states of the Union." Here are men with silk plug hats and petite mustachios who seem "straight from Paris!" Others whose ruddy faces and commanding air proclaim them genial sons of the Emerald Isle, while still others are the possessors of so many and varied characteristics one might be justified in calling them mongrels. One would think the lovely Pleiades themselves came every night on a long journey to look at the board walk with an interrogation mark in every twinkle. Here come youth and beauty seeking pleasure. Here, too, you will see old age trying to recall their youthful days "when the serious looking canes they so carefully carry gave place to the foppish switches they so artfully carried in their younger days." Here the gilded doors of idleness and pleasure are ever ajar but they never lead to the halls of noble aims and the palaces of worthy ambition. Here the entrances are always crowded with that class of people whose motto is, "Things are good enough as they are," or "Eat, drink and be merry," or "We are weary of well doing."

Here beauty assembles, but it is ofttimes not the beauty of life. It is the glaring show and tinsel array of society that attracts great numbers, who, like the beautiful colored night moths, are enamoured of the gleaming light, venturing nearer until they scorch their wings, or blinded by the brilliant rays plunge headlong into the flames and are burned to death. "The allied army of fashion meets here." Here, then, is their Thermopylae or Argonne, it may be.

The test here as elsewhere is the using of means already acquired to some worthy end. Many can acquire wealth, but few know how to use it wisely The art of spending is more readily acquired than that of saving, as may be easily seen. An article appeared in an American newspaper telling how the appearance of the world's greatest spender startled London by blazing her way into the Prince of Wale's box in Albert Hall−−a literal walking diamond mine. Her costume, which contained more than seventy− five thousand diamonds and pearls, was insured for five million dollars. The article stated that this person would visit the United States to show us something real in the art of spending. We as a people need no instruction in this art, but need to read more our illustrious Franklin's advice on saving. One wonders what this dressing may bring to the American home or how much the common interests of mankind will be helped! What a blessing is wealth when rightly used! True society looks inwardly and not outwardly, and all that does not belong to it falls away as does wheat fanned by a sheet; the trash and chaff being blown away.

One cannot tell the rich from the poor in their camouflage, but the really rich in character are easily discernible, arrayed in modest garbs as unostentatious and serviceable as those of the nightingale or the thrush. Like all great people the melody of their lives eclipses their array until only the soul−thrilling memories of what they are or were remain to gladden the weary pilgrim on life's road. The indigo bunting is arrayed in splendid robes, yet his

song is high pitched and rasping. But the dull robed songsters delight the ear. Some people have not yet learned that a fifty−dollar hat can never cover the deficiency of a two−cent head. Ofttimes money only makes a mean life more conspicuous. True, some of these people dress more becomingly than they suspect for their slim, pointed−toed English shoes admirably match their few ideas. They are much persecuted for their belief, thinking that a number six shoe can be worn on a number nine foot.

It is almost as interesting to watch people in the act of scraping acquaintance as it is to see a group of flickers love− making in early spring. Some one will purposely drop her kerchief at just the right moment. If you would see the glaring look given to some sprightly lady who picks it up before the intended one arrives, you will leave kerchiefs alone, especially if you belong to the feminine gender. There are others who take a great interest in a dog or child while they examine a register or look at the thermometer, if the master or more often mistress of said dog strikes their fancy. If perchance they find they have stopped in New York or Boston at hotels of notable expensiveness, then it does not take much scraping until their acquaintance is made.

On the famous board walk may be seen girls who were sixteen some twenty years ago. They remind you of the man who has an old or repainted Ford who advertises his machine not as old but reconditioned. There are women riding in wheel chairs, being pushed along by colored men. They see, not the magnificent reaches of the vast ocean or the wild breakers that come rolling in upon the beach, but ever anon caress the poodle they have with them or notice the wart on the nose of a passer−by in the place of his charming manners. Perhaps the poodles are taken to the sea beach for their health but their vitality surely could never become so low as that of their mistresses.

These very people may have toiled most of the summer so they could feign riches by taking a few rides in the wheel chair. There are idle poor as well as idle rich and both should receive no commendation for not trying to better their lowly lot.

Rare flowers do not grow in great clumps. The orchids bloom in gloomy swamps, far removed from the haunts of men; the morning and evening hymn of the hermit thrush rises from solitary places− −along wild lakes and among high mountains.

One old dame with a glowing face like an ocean sunset and a gown that for richness of color and vivid contrast would have made Joseph's coat of many colors appear very ordinary, remarked that she came out on the board walk to study types. But types of what? Perhaps she was observing the lilies of the board walk whose raiment was so dazzling that Solomon would not have arrayed himself like one of these even though he could. They are true lilies for they toil not, neither do they spin, unless it be a fabulous yarn about some fair rivals, and for this lack of toil they lose the real meaning and significance of life. Everything about them is toil, not that grinding toil with no final goal to reach but that exhilarating joyful kind as seen in the waves, in bees and flowers. The waves come running up to shore sending silver reflections glinting along the beach, always blending beauty and usefulness; the air about the linden trees is melodious with multitudes of murmuring toilers preparing for a winter's need; the purple fox−glove, that good Samaritan among the flowers, in modest beauty holds aloft its purple bells all unmindful of the cheer it brings to lonely hearts or the hope it bears to thousands of sufferers.

It is surprising to see that by far the greater numbers of people turn their backs on the ocean while they scan the daily papers for sensational items or the latest styles. It seems a cruel waste of glorious linden trees to say nothing of the wealth of sweets that the bees have lost to record at least some vamp's trial in a murder case or some miserably rich woman's divorce scandal.

There are those who go to Europe who bring back to their native land only the latest fashions of Paris with a little knowledge of foreign profanity picked up from the cafes and boulevards. They can tell nothing about the wonders of the Louvre; the grandeur of Raphael's Madonnas; the beauty and charm of the Mediterranean shores. Their souls perhaps have never been touched by the grand sublimity of the Alps. What feasts they have attended, taking

away only the husks! Far away in some foreign land they have spent years vainly seeking for pleasure only to learn that:

"Pleasures are like poppies spread.
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed.
Or like the snowfall in the river
A moment white, then melts forever.
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm."

The first cool breeze blows away the froth of fashion, for it is composed of delicate flowers that the first chill wind of adversity causes to wilt and droop and lose their fragrance. "Now the cool forenoon serenity of the ocean is no longer profaned." They have followed the siren voices of this bewildering region until they have arrived on some shoals that hint of a coming winter, and emerge with duller plumes like birds of passage, ready to flock to sunnier climes. They remind one, too, of the gorgeous colored butterflies which flew about all summer, at first things of beauty, dazzling the eye with their brilliant colors; haunting the most fragrant flowers for nectar, reveling in the sunshine the whole day long. Now they appear in their torn and faded robes to hover over a few pale flowers as if "loath to leave the scenes of their summer's revelings."

Only the more hardy remain to enjoy the grandeur of the winter ocean like the chickadees and cardinal grosbeaks that enliven our winter woods. The many flowered asters remain regal and cheery though a thousands winds may blow. Those who see the real beauty and indescribable grandeur of the ocean here, if they cannot remain, will show evidences in their beneficent lives that they have had a wonderful summer by the sea. Here amid the most beautiful manifestations of Nature's power and grandeur they have gained broader hopes, higher aspirations and a purer life. They leave the frivolous things of life on its remotest shores, where a few returning tides bury them in the sands of forgetfulness or the receding waves wash them like clams far out to sea.

Look at the fate of summer flowers,
Which blow at daybreak, droop ere evensong
And, grieved for their brief date, confess that ours
Measured by what we are and ought to be,
Measured by all that, trembling we foresee,
Is not so long!

The deepest grove whose foliage hid
The happiest lovers' Arcady might boast,
Could not the entrance of this thought forbid:
O be thou wise as they, soul−gifted maid!
Nor rate too high what must so quickly fade,
So soon be lost!

Then shall love teach some virtuous youth
To draw out of the object of his eyes
The whilst they gaze on thee in simple truth
Hues more exalted a refined form,
That dreads not age, nor suffers from the worm,
And never dies! −−Wordsworth.

CHAPTER VII. HURRIED FLIGHT THROUGH NEW JERSEY

An eight−hour drive through the interior of New Jersey is attended with much interest and some surprises. Leaving Camden, which is reached by ferry across the Delaware from Philadelphia, the road traverses many miles of level, sandy country which is almost entirely given over to truck gardening and poultry raising. To those who all their lives have been accustomed to fields of wheat, oats and corn the almost interminable rows of beets, beans, sweet potatoes and melons are very interesting. Proceeding onward through this highly cultivated section by a somewhat circuitous route, there was gradually entered as day merged into night, a wild, sparsely cultivated region which contrasted strangely with the orderly acres left behind.

The land here is flat, largely of a swampy nature, covered mostly with a thick growth of saplings, ferns and bushes. Here and there were also to be found some trees of fairly good size. It was in the east but a few miles removed from the great metropolitan district of New York and Philadelphia. There could still be found many square miles of unimproved land. It was surprising also to find excellent highways running throughout this semi−wilderness, between almost impenetrable walls of green, which though beautiful, produced a feeling of loneliness under their weird shadows. Some distance ahead the country appeared more rolling, the trees higher and the undergrowth less dense. Vistas opened up, revealing an occasional farmstead. Suddenly the scene changed for, instead of the emerald hues of thrifty vegetation, there were seen the brown, seared forms as of the desert; the charred ruins of buildings, the ashy outlines of fences and blackened stumps. The reason for this devastation was soon discovered, as exclamations arose simultaneously from all sides−−"Forest Fire." Upon penetrating the ruined district a little farther the cause of this widespread destruction was soon learned. On a large bulletin board by the roadside were stenciled these words Forty thousand acres of timber, besides crops, fences and buildings destroyed by fire, started from a cigarette stub carelessly thrown away. Coupled with expressions of sincere regret over the country's irreparable loss were heard strong denunciations of the criminally careless smoker who caused it. A terrible indictment cumulative in character is being drawn against the cigarette habit, not only as being responsible for the sad scene just witnessed, but for the useless waste of money, the undermining of health, yea even to the destruction of life itself, for that day was not destined to close until there had been seen the ghastly ruins of the hotel in Hoboken where twelve lives were snuffed out by fire started from a cigarette.

It is not good, however, to dwell for a considerable time in the valley of the shadow of death, even to adorn a tale or point a moral, so the journey was continued toward fairer fields and happier surroundings.

Again highly cultivated areas were entered though much more rolling in character than upon first entering the state. Beautiful scenes abounded upon every hand not unlike Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, which seemed like a vast park under cultivation. It is significant to note at this juncture that in respect to value of agricultural products, Lancaster county ranks first in America; this section of New Jersey second; and we cannot pass this opportunity of stating that our own Darke county, Ohio, is third.

There is abundant evidence that the larger portion of the state was at the time of settlement by the white man heavily wooded. Numerous ponds provided mill sites for manufacturing logs into wood products for the use of the colonists. Most of these mills are in varying stages of decay, but the ponds filled with stagnant water remain. There are also numerous lakes and marshes which are due to the fact that New Jersey has no drainage laws.

Ponds, lakes and marshes all propagate that well−known pest the "Jersey skeeter." There can be no question of the truthfulness of all that has been said of him in song and story. This was fully attested by an erstwhile happy quintet of travelers. There was apparently nothing in the wide world to mar that happiness until the ominous growl of distant thunder gave warning of a rapidly oncoming storm. With its nearer approach it was decided to seek shelter, so upon seeing a short distance ahead the open doors of a barn, its protecting walls were soon gained, permission to enter having been readily given by the owner. It was thought afterward that there was detected in the man's face a dry sense of humor, provoked, no doubt, by the experience of many a luckless traveler who had

gone that way before. No sooner had the shelter of the building been obtained and these same grateful travelers ensconced themselves in comfortable positions on the cushions of the car when from the right and the left, the front and the rear and from the ground beneath and the air above they were beset by whole companies, battalions, divisions, armies, yea, tribes and nations of thick−set, sharp−billed little devils who had come to torment them before their time and whose every impact brought blood. There was needed no council of war to determine the course to pursue, so a hasty retreat was ordered−−an ignominious flight, feeling that it were better to face the perils of the storm without than go down to certain defeat before this relentless enemy within. These blood−thirsty villains began to probe eyelids, ears; in fact there was no part of one's anatomy where they did not alight; and unlike other members of their tribe that dwell farther north, who advance, buzz, sting and retreat these "Jersey Skeeters" knew no retreat. Hurriedly gaining the highway and cautiously proceeding there was seen broad grins on the faces of a detachment of soldiers in motor trucks drawn up beside the road. These boys seemed to thoroughly enjoy witnessing this inglorious retreat, from what they at first thought, a protecting smoke screen which they had provided in the rear of their trucks. This smoke screen proved to be only camouflage, for behind it were seen a number of the boys with bleared countenances whose limbs were twitching as though they had the St. Vitus dance.

It takes more than a little smouldering fire to route this pest of the marshlands and it is doubtful whether all the smoke from the forest fire, whose devastation had just been witnessed, could have sufficed to drive these fine sopranoed prima donnas of the marsh away. Preferring just mosquitoes to both smudge and mosquitoes the more fortunate party in the auto left the jolly soldiers amid many wavings of kerchiefs−−those white flags of truce.

Along the road was seen a man whose attire made one think that perhaps he had started for a stroll and strayed away from Atlantic City. He wore a scissor−tailed coat, once black but now having a reddish brown tinge. His vest contained immense black and white stripes across which a great silver chain dangled. His hat had been struck so often that it resembled a battered sauce pan. He seized a branch and beat the air wildly about him but still the blood coursed in tine rivulets down his face and hands. His little dog that had a bell attached to its collar made numerous stops while he rang a suggestive peal as he scratched his ear with his hind foot. Leaving them to their tragic pantomimes and protracted agony a swift run for the highlands was made and at last there was safety from the plotting of such a fearsome foe as the "Jersey skeeter."

CHAPTER VIII. GLIMPSES ALONG THE HUDSON

NEW YORK CITY

You might as well leave France without seeing Paris as to travel through the East and not make a visit to New York. But there is so much to see in this great city that if you have not decided before coming what you wish to see you will miss many places of interest.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art should be visited, for it contains the greatest art collection in America. It is located within the borders of Central Park, its principal entrance being on Fifth Avenue, between Eighty−second and Eighty−third streets. A trip to Bronx park, where the beautiful botanical and zoological gardens are located, should not be missed. It is watered throughout its length by the Bronx river and is one of the most beautiful parks in existence.

As we crossed the ferry over to this wonderful city we thought how scarcely more than three centuries ago, when Paris and London had been great for a thousand years, New York City with its wonderful buildings rising before us was only a little wooded island with here and there scattered tepees, and in place of magnificent avenues and boulevards were found morasses crossed by streams and presided over by wild beasts.

Civilization was old in Europe before Henry Hudson appeared on this beautiful river.

Some one has described New York as a chaotic city, where huge masses of masonry and iron rise mountain high with no relationship existing between any of the structures. One views their stupendous forms as he does the mountains along the Hudson. "They are serrated, presenting ragged, irregular outlines, which are lost in the accidental sky−line, giving one at once the impression of power, wealth, and aggressiveness." The vast, impenetrable wall of solid masonry along the river is almost as wonderful as the Palisades.

The magnetic attraction of such an enormous amount of steel concentrated in so small a space is said to be so great that it frequently varies the points of the compass on boats in the harbor as much as seven degrees. Here rises the Woolworth building, towering seven hundred fifty feet above the level of the street. It is the highest inhabited structure ever built by man.

How the ceaseless activity and seemingly untiring energy of this great city thrills you! Here the sound of traffic rises continually, not unlike the booming breakers of the ocean. Here ebb and flow those vast throngs of humanity, drawn irresistibly by some compelling force like the tides of the ocean. Think of the lonely hearts among such a throng of people. Think, too, how many hunger while the wharves may be choked with food. "What lives and fates are foreshadowed here." What great souls have toiled and striven and perhaps died unknown to the world.

Then, too, what associations gather here! What sacrifice, what triumphs of the early settlers, and alas, what disasters! "Thick clustered as are its walls and chimneys, are its grand achievements, pageants, frivolities;" all interspersed with toil and care.

The scene beheld by Hudson as he came up the river must have been at once grand and of unrivaled wildness. When he made that first memorable voyage up the river, no wonder he thought that here at last was a grand passage leading to remote regions not yet visited by man. Start by boat from New York for Albany today and you, too, will feel as though you were bound for some enchanted land.

"A man by the name of Anthony VanCorlaer was dispatched on a war− like mission to the patroon van Rennselaer. When he came to the stream that forms the upper boundary of Manhattan Island, warned not to cross, he still persisted in advancing, intending to gain the other shore by swimming. "Spuyt den Duyvil," he shouted, "I will reach Shoras kappock." But his challenge to the Duyvil was his last, as at that moment his Satanic Majesty, in the form of an enormous moss bunker, took him at his word. This phrase is repeated a thousand times a day by men on the railroad with no idea of invoking the evil spirit. Here it was that the Indians came out to attack the men on the Half−Moon with bows and arrows. Here, too, was the rendezvous of the Indians who menaced Manhattan in early Colonial days. Nearly a thousand braves, hideous in war−paint and feathers, came together and threatened New York. Governor Stuyvesant was absent in the South. The frightened burghers of the little city took to their forts like deer. Fortunate indeed is the person who is privileged a trip along the River Drive on a clear sunny day."

You will probably retain longest in memory those great imposing masterpieces of nature, the Palisades, as seen from the Jersey store. You are fascinated by the wonderful detail and color effects in this picturesque mass of rocks quite as much as when viewing Niagara. What a perpetual feast of beauty and grandeur the dwellers along this river have before them. These rocks rise like airy battlements from the river, their base laved by the majestic stream, while cloud wreaths float round their emerald crowns.

Of all pleasant memories you carry with you of New York City, that of your journeys along the Riverside Drive will return most often to unroll its panorama before you.

There are few roads in the world that can compare with it, as it not only has a wealth of natural beauty and noble grandeur, but almost every hill has its historic associations no less than the far−famed Rhine.

"Across to Fort Lee along the sheer wall of the Palisades or down past the busy shipping, where Bartholdi's statue lifts her unwearied arm, the outlook presents a display of exquisite charm." The changing hues, evanescent shadows and glimpses of the rising hills−−who can ever forget them?

Many people who have looked on the wonderful scenery of the Hudson still long for the time when they shall behold the Rhineland. They will find that legends and traditions, more than the wonderful scenery, give to the Rhine country an added charm. Every hilltop there is surmounted by a storied castle, which is falling into decay along with so many Old World institutions that have been kept green by the ivy of custom and tradition, which can scarcely keep them from tumbling.

It is not our object to belittle any natural scenery, but to make Americans pause to consider the incomparable beauty of their own land, before rushing to other countries.

We shall never forget our trip up the Moselle and Rhine. That the scenery is very beautiful we shall not deny. It was in the lovely month of May in the spring of 1919 that we were favored with a free ride from Uncle Sam through the most beautiful scenery to be found anywhere in Germany. We cast a farewell look at the beautiful meadows of the Meuse and the old Roman towers of Verdun and a nameless longing, a vague inexpressible sadness seemed to take possession of us as our eyes rested for the last time on the gray weather−stained buildings of Glorieux hospital.

In the clear sky a crystal shower of lark notes rippled above us; from the fragrant box hedges nightingales sang their love songs; the air was filled with the riotous notes of the linnet and the loud, sweet phrases of the blackbirds, but we heard them not. For our thoughts wandered back to that spot where many of the buddies whom we had learned to love lay sleeping their long sleep. Near the hospital where thousands of French soldiers had at last found a glad relief from their pain and suffering, straight rows of white crosses met our sight and we knew the grim reaper Death had garnered his choicest sheaves. How quiet, how peaceful was the morning! No thundering cannons or whistling shells, no sputtering of machine guns or hum of hostile planes was heard. Peace had again come to the valley. The poor peasants were returning to their ruined homes, some carrying all their earthly possessions in bundles. Yet as we looked at that vast field of crosses and thought how the best blood of both France and the United States had been spilled to bring about peace, we shuddered at the awful price paid for it.

We passed a number of ruined villages on our way to Toul. From there we had a most delightful trip, motoring through Metz and Luxemburg and arriving at Coblentz late in the evening.

The scenery along the Moselle is in many places just as beautiful as that along the Rhine. The steep hills that ran down to the river were cultivated in many places to near their tops. All along the railroad track lay plats of vegetables, and the neat homes that nestled at the foot of the hills among blossoming pear trees looked as if "neither care nor want had ever crossed their threshold." The foliage had not yet clothed the vines that rose in terraces far above the houses. At Kochem we beheld the ruins of a splendid castle and monastery. The old cities of Kardon and Treves were seen through a sunlit rain, and the level rays of the descending sun produced an effect of the most singular beauty.

We spent the night in Coblentz and on the following morning set out to see Ehrenbreitstein. The view from this place is very fine. At our feet lay the town with its zigzag fortifications clasped by the silver fork of the two streams that were spanned by four bridges. The great outworks of the fortress reach far beyond, while to the right rise the dark, frowning mass Of volcanic rocks known as the "Eifel." Far away our eyes rested upon vineyards not yet clothed in verdure.

But the most delightful part of our journey was that from Coblentz to Cologne. Here we passed through the lovely region of the Seven Mountains where the old castles "still look down from their heights as if musing on the spirit of the past."

Even after viewing these medieval castles the scenery along the Hudson loses none of its charm. But what a contrast! In place of low vineyard−clad hills, as you see along the Rhine, the majestic Hudson winds in leisurely fashion among its primeval forests, the bases of its mountains laved by its current, while their summits are often shrouded in clouds. You see a grandeur in the majestic sweep of this beautiful river that you will miss in the Rhine. The latter is beautiful, we will admit, but it seems to be swallowed up in detail which detracts rather than adds to the beauty of it. Whoever has seen both rivers will see, if he looks with an impartial eye, the points of excellence found in each. But, standing above the Hudson and gazing out over the wonderful scene from West Point, you forget your Rhenish raptures and exclaim with the traveler "Few spots in the world are as beautiful as this."

As we passed through Tarrytown we thought of Stephen Henry Thayer's many "sweet transcripts" redolent with the siren voices of woods and waters of Sleepy Hollow. Like some faint, far−off lullaby we seemed to hear floating across the opposite shores of the Tappan−Zee the tranquil evening reverie of his "Nyack Bells":

"The lurking shadows, dim and mute,
Fall vaguely on the dusky river;
Vexed breezes play a phantom lute,
Athwart the waves that curl and quiver

And hedged against an amber light,
The lone hills cling, in vain endeavor
To touch the curtained clouds of night,
That, weird−like, form and fade forever.

Then break upon the blessed calm,−−
Deep dying melodies of even,−−
Those Nyack Bells; like some sweet psalm,
They float along the fields of heaven.
Now laden with a nameless balm,
Now musical with song thou art,
I tune thee by an inward charm
And make thee minstrel of my heart.

O bells of Nyack, faintly toll
Across the starry lighted sea.
Thy murmurs thrill a thirsty soul,
And wing a heavenly hymn to me."

How wonderfully beautiful appeared Tarrytown on that quiet Sabbath afternoon of July. The fine homes embowered in a landscape which "for two centuries had known human cultivation seemed to have that touch of ripe old world−beauty which comes from man's long association with Nature; a beauty that revealed to us its depth in warm tones, fullness of foliage of its ancient trees, and velvety smoothness of the lawns which had the appearance of being long loved and cultivated." One is strangely reminded of some charming villas of Nice and, clothed in that dreamy haze, viewed front a distance they need only the blossoming orange trees, mimosas and palms to lift their royal forms about them, to make them a reality. The town rises from the water's edge to the summit of a low hill that runs parallel with the eastern shore of the Hudson. The one main road with many laterals coming into it, is almost buried in masses of foliage.

According to Irving, Tarrytown owes its name to the fact that the farmers who used to bring their produce here found the kind hospitality of its taverns so beguiling that they tarried in town until their wives gave it the name. We, after beholding its quiet air of repose and superb charm, did not blame those old Dutch farmers for tarrying in a spot so romantic.

The Hudson here is singularly beautiful and the tranquil waters flow past many legendary and historical places. This town lay in the path of both armies during the Revolution and knew the uncertain terrors of war. It was harried alike by friend and foe. There is a monument near the west side of Broadway, marking the spot where the three patriots, Williams, Paulding and Van Wert, captured Major Andre, the British spy. He was returning from an interview with Benedict Arnold, carrying papers of a treasonable nature for the surrender of West Point to Sir Henry Clinton.

A stone memorial bridge to Irving was presented to the town by William Rockefeller, replacing the bridge over Pocantico brook, at North Tarrytown, over which the headless horsemen of Sleepy Hollow rode. On the east side of the road just north of the bridge is the old Dutch church, built probably in 1697 or possibly earlier. It is no doubt the oldest church in New York state, now holding regular services. Washington Irving is buried in the cemetery of this church, where the river almost unseen flows under its canopy of foliage, while to the north and sloping gently down to the brook lies this ancient burying ground. This peaceful spot, whose gentle slope is dotted with ancient graves, is protected on the northeast by wooded heights, crowned with high old trees. It has a commanding view of the west of the Tappan Zee, the tree embowered town and gleaming river, also the distant front of the Palisades. Andrew Carnegie, Whitelaw Reid and other men of note are buried here. It indeed seems as if when walking here you are treading upon hallowed ground, for how much the world owes to these great souls, Irving and Carnegie. Irving, whose genius combined with toil gave the people the choicest flowers of his fertile brain, and Carnegie who made it possible for millions to enjoy those treasures, make this spot, aside from its quiet beauty, a place of inspiration.

Sunnyside, the home of Washington Irving, is still kept in its original condition, and visitors are welcome certain days of the week. Mrs. Helen Gould Shepard owns a large and beautiful estate here. The Rockefellers also live here.

The glimpses of the broad blue river, the wonderful shrubs and trees and the tranquil and romantic beauty of the hills seen through the blue veil had in them faint suggestions of Indian Summer. This stanza from Hofflnan, who was a life−long friend of Irving, glided from the dim portals of memory:

> Light as love's smiles, the silvery mist at morn
> Floats in loose flakes along the limpid river,
> The blue−bird notes upon the soft breeze born,
> As high in air he carols, faintly quiver.
> The weeping birch like banners idly waving,
> Bends to the stream, its spicy branches laving,
> Beaded with dew, the witch elms' tassels shiver,
> The timid rabbit from the furze is peeping,
> And from the springing spray the squirrels gaily leaping.

FISHKILL

At Fishkill is located the old Dutch church, erected in 1731, which housed the provincial convention of 1776. The blacksmith who forged Washington's sword lived and worked here. The house referred to in Cooper's Spy is also located here. Back of the town rises a ridge of lofty hills covered in many places by forests. Here if you go to the summit a remarkably fine view of vast extent and most pleasing variety may be obtained. How often here on Beacon Hill the lurid glare of great signal fires painted the ebon curtains of the night with their ominous glow. How often they warned the warriors on distant hillsides of the approach of an enemy or their crimson glow spoke

with many fiery tongues that peace had been declared. It was viewed by many a weary patriot or fierce Indian warrior from the wooded peaks of the Catskills to the high elevations of the Alleghenies, or more distant heights of Mount Graylock in Massachusetts, or Mount Washington in New Hampshire.

Here at the base of these glorious hills the American army at one time camped and fortifications were thrown up upon hills that command an approach to the spot. Here, too, were brought from the battle of White Plains the wounded and dying soldiers who lie in unidentified graves above the place. But their graves need no headstones to tell of the valor, nobleness of purpose, and self−sacrifice that our nation might live and breathe the pure air of freedom. As we gazed with tear−stained eyes at these nameless graves we felt that exaltation of spirit which comes when some grand triumphant strain of music fills the soul. White anemones nod on their slender stems and blood root still sheds its white petals upon the mounds as if to hallow the sacred spot.

>From New Hamburg you see a curious projection on the west shore of the river known as the Duyvil's Dans Kamer (Devil's Dance Chamber). On this projecting rock, containing about one−half acre, the Indians used to hold their powwows. Here by the glow of their fires, that brought out weird, spectral shadows they assembled.

If you could behold this place as it appeared in their day, when owls sent their mysterious greetings and the melancholy plaint of the whippoorwill, like voices from wandering spirits, mingled with the wail of night winds, you would not wonder why the red man chose this spot to practice his strange rites with wild, savage ceremonies to invoke the Evil Spirit. "Here the Medicine Men worked themselves into a frenzy by their violent and strange dances." Here, while the strange cries of night birds and frogs rose like weird incantations it is easy to see how the imaginative mind of the Indian could believe in this place as the abode of evil spirits.

"The Military Academy at West Point was an idea of the fertile mind of Washington. The plan was his but it was not built until 1802. The training of the officers who took part in the Mexican War was received here. What a test their training received beneath the fervid heat in an unhealthy land 'where they conquered the enemy without the loss of a single battle.

"The chapel at West Point is decorated with flags, cannon, and war trophies. Tablets honoring the memory of Washington's generals are placed upon the walls, one alone being remarkable from the fact that the name is erased leaving only the date of his birth and death. That place could have been filled by the name of Benedict Arnold."

How beautiful and far−reaching the scenery here at West Point. One finds it almost as difficult to get past these highlands as in the days when we found British men of war on the Hudson, for the ringing notes of the red coated cardinal again come like a renewed challenge from his fortress of grapevines to every lover of Nature to linger here, and the note of the thrush with his bell−like notes takes captive many a traveler.

POUGHKEEPSIE

Imagine, if you can, a wide vista opening before you, in the far distance faint blue peaks that seem to blend with the horizon scarcely discernible; within the nearer circle of your vision smoothly flowing hills, rising in soft and graceful curves, and from their summits to near their bases, thick with dark pine, hemlock and balsam fir, interspersed with birch, mountain maple and oak resembling a vast sea of emerald; within the rising hills a large space with velvety meadows, rich with the color of the Oxeye daisy and first golden rods; and brooding over it all, that indescribable misty veil of purplish blue, and you still have only a faint idea of the grandeur and majesty of these hills along the Hudson.

>From the superb highways with their lovely maples and elms overreaching them, one never tires of the magic of those deep, delicious hues that enfold the sunny landscape as with a mantle.

Poughkeepsie is said to be derived from the Mohican, "Apo−keep− sinck," meaning "a safe and pleasant harbor." How appropriate it is, for with the lordly Hudson at its feet, the sparkling Fallkill creek containing numerous falls and cascades flowing through the eastern and northern parts, the wonderful bridge across the Hudson, and its numerous educational facilities, this half−way city between New York and Albany has been to many weary travelers a "safe and pleasant harbor."

"F. B. Morse, inventor of the telegraph, lived at Locust Grove, two miles below the city, and in the process of his experiments built wires into Poughkeepsie two years before they were extended to New York City."

Just north of the city the wonderful cantilever bridge, six thousand seven hundred and thirty−eight feet in length and two hundred and twelve feet in height, spans the Hudson. It is the highest bridge in the world built over navigable waters. As we gazed at the marvelous structure a train crossed the long bridge with muffled roar and disappeared in the heavily tree−clad hillsides. Just above the city there is a bend in the river and a fine prospect may be had. The foreground for the most part consists of cultivated fields, and hills well wooded with trees of great variety and graceful outline, growing higher as they recede from it, until they range and rise in grand sublimity in the Catskill mountains. Before and below the point where the bridge spans the river, the dim outlines of vessels melt into hazy indistinctness in the gathering twilight.

One of the sights of the city is the circular panoramic view of the Hudson river valley, obtained from the top of College Hill park. The winding automobile roadway on North Clinton street, leading to the summit, is about two hundred feet above the Poughkeepsie bridge. Fancy yourself, if you can, on the summit of this hill, gay with bright colored flowers, fine maples and elms; whose base slopes down to the sparkling Hudson. Beyond you, terrace like, rises hill upon hill, stretching away unbroken for many miles, covered thickly with verdant meadows and oat fields and bounded by long lines of stone fences. The varying shades of the undulations grow gradually dimmer until they mingle with the Catskills on the far horizon.

Between the bases of the hills winds the leisurely, majestic current of the river, clothed in those deep sunny hues that seem like some lovely dream in place of a reality. To the southeast the same green hills, with the same deep hues and mysterious veils, lead your enraptured sight to where the distant peaks of the Adirondacks with their hazy indistinctness seem like the far− off shores of another world. Before and below you lies the city with her sea of spires and dark smokestacks and the steamers coming up the river, "filling the air with their dark breath or the mournful sound of their voices."

After beholding so beautiful a scene as this, one loves to remember Poughkeepsie, not for its beauty alone, but for the beneficence of a great man−−Matthew Vassar. Mr. Vassar wanted to do something worthy with his money and at first thought of erecting a great monument commemorating the discovery of the Hudson river. "It was to be a monument of unsurpassing beauty; one that should cause the people to marvel at its magnificence." But the people of Poughkeepsie were not enthusiastic over his project, whereupon Mr. Vassar decided to use his money for something far more worthy. Here is located Vassar college, occupying about eight hundred acres, and is the first institution in the world devoted exclusively to the higher education of women. It solved in a practical way the question that had been discussed in many lands for ages: "Could women be granted equal intellectual privileges with men without shattering the social life?" Therefore, Matthew Vassar, because he was blessed with vast wealth, has taught the world the all− important fact that "ignorance is the curse of God and knowledge the wings whereby we fly to heaven," a statement as applicable to women as to men.

Had the countries of Europe spent their money for a cause as worthy as this in place of building such expensive monuments in memory of tyrannical rulers of the Hohenzollern type, the world might never have witnessed the indescribable horrors of a world war. What matters it if Russia and Italy contain such marvelous cathedrals as long as ignorance holds sway among the peasant? Mr. Vassar shall long live in the memory of a grateful people, and he erected a monument so vast and magnificent that only Eternity will rightly gauge its proportions, for he built not for a dead past, but a bright and glorious future.

THE CATSKILLS

We spent a never−to−be−forgotten evening near the base of Mount Treluper at the Howland House. How cool and quiet the place was, with only the rippling melody of a mountain stream to disturb it!

We walked along the highway that led through the most charming scenery of this lovely region and glimpsed pictures just as beautiful as many places of Europe that have an international reputation.

As we strolled along the babbling stream that flowed over its rock−strewn bottom, we thought of Bryant's words:

"The river sends forth glad sounds and tripping o'er its bed
Of pebbly sands or leaping down the rocks,
Seems with continuous laughter to rejoice
In its own being."

How these songful streams beguile you to the woodland and through tangles of tall ferns and grasses, until they emerge in some meadow where they loiter among the tall sedges and iris or "lose themselves in a tangle of alder to emerge again in sweet surprise, then as if remembering an important errand, they bound away like a school boy who has loitered along the road all morning until he hears the last bell ring."

We have heard of Artists' brook in the Saco valley in New England, but here every stream is clothed in exquisite tangles of foliage and light. The pleasant reaches and graceful curves through charming glens that are part in shadow and part in light, what artist ever caught their subtile charm? Over the rough boulders draped with moss and lichens we catch the mellow gleam of light as it filters through the fluttering birch leaves or falls upon the lovely gray bolls of aged beech trees. Then they flow more slowly over some level stretch or stop to cool themselves in the shadows of some graceful elms that rear their green fountains of verdure above them. What joy it brings to you as you sit musing by their sides, listening to their songs.

They all are excellent musicians, but we fear they are very poor mathematicians, for how little they seem to know about straight lines. But all are expert landscape gardeners, making graceful loops and curves as they go meandering on their songful way. How like a mountain road they are, "sinuous as a swallow's flight." Often we have followed them as the sycamores and willows do, drawn by an irresistible charm and found new and rare delight in every turn. In places they rest in shady pools or pour their wealth of sparkling waters over ledges of rocks or seek deep coverts where tall ferns wave and the birch "dreams golden dreams where no sunlight comes."

In regions as lovely as the highlands of New York, you are reminded many times of that sweet singer who dwelt at Sunnyside, and wrought the legends of these hills into the most exquisite forms of beauty.

Out over the hills we beheld one of Nature's poems of twilight. The vapors seemed to be gathering over the high ridges, but the western sky was almost clear. It was evident that Nature was preparing for a magnificent farewell today. Soon the west was overrun with a golden flush that began to reveal a pink as delicate as peach bloom and the vapors began to glow with ineffable splendor.

As we watched the fantastic cloud−wreathed summits whose colors were altogether indescribable, we noted the intensity of coloring and rapid kaleidoscopic changes they underwent. Suddenly a veil of mist would shut out the view for a time, then grow luminous in the evening light, then fade; revealing new and more glorious combinations of color until the clear outlines of the mountains were etched against the sky. Again we asked ourselves the perplexing question, which mountain scene is loveliest? Before us rose visions of the airy forms of the Alps, the beautiful and majestic wall of the Pyranees, the dark, forbidding masses of the Eifel, and then the various ranges of the Appalachians.

The answer was that all are beautiful, each possessing its own peculiar charm. All are ours to enjoy as long as we behold their outlines; yes, longer, for no one can erase them from our memory. Each is loveliest for the place it occupies. The Catskills could not well change places with the White mountains or the Berkshire hills with the Blue ridge, for the Creator has fashioned woodland, valley, and river to harmonize. Why choose between the melody of the hermit and woodthrush? Both are gifted singers whose notes, rising serene in far mountain haunts, touch our spirits like a prayer. The melody of the woodthrush is not so wild, so ethereal and so far away as the hermit's, but when he rings his vesper bell in his divine contralto voice, no other sound in Nature can excel it. We have heard many nightingales and skylarks singing, but their songs do not attain that depth of soul−thrilling harmony found alone in the song of the thrush. So, too, here in the lovely Catskill region, you will see a kind of beauty that nowhere else can be obtained.

The hostess told us how on a mild March morning, she had witnessed the funeral procession escorting the mortal remains of John Burroughs over this scenic highway. She said she saw Thomas A. Edison and Henry Ford gazing out over the lovely hills their dear departed friend loved so well. It was not with sadness we listened to her words, for we know this gentle lover of Nature had only wandered a little farther to lovelier hills and fairer scenes.

Morning dawned, bringing the mingled blessings of sunlight and song to this lovely glen. Rain had fallen during the night, making the grass take on new life and washing the leaves of every particle of dust. How they reflected the morning light! How fresh and new all Nature appeared after the cleansing she received!

The Genii of the mountains seemed to be casting their magic spell over the soft, sunny landscape. Those troops of workers, early sunbeams and crystal dewdrops, hung the curtains of. the forest with moist, scintillating pearls, whose brilliancy seen through the transparent veil of blue seemed another twilight sky, trembling with groups of silver stars. The air was pure and unpolluted; the birds sang from every field and forest. Flowers nodded good morning as we passed. Brilliant spikes of cardinal blossoms burned like coals against the green shrubs; foxgloves rang their purple bells with no one to hear; campanulas bluer than the sky decked the rocky ledges; where the wood lily, like a reigning queen, "seemed to have caught all the sunbeams of summer and treasured them in her heart of gold."

A thin layer of white mist still hid fair lakes that were waiting to mirror the sky. Down the blue mistiness of the valleys we beheld a far−flashing stream, whose silver course grew fainter and at last disappeared around the purple headlands. Far as the eye could see, the undulating masses of green hills stretched away until they towered far upward, printing their graceful flowing outlines on the distant horizon. The nearer hills rose on all sides like a billowy sea, with outcropping of gray stone breakers along their green crests. On the lower levels we saw thickets of young birch, hemlock and willows.

"Miles upon miles of verdant meadows, farms and forests seem to hang upon the sides of the mountains like a vast canvas or repose peacefully across the long sloping hills; pictures of sunny contentment and domestic serenity, scarcely conceivable in the lowlands." There are winding roads that rise as do the old stone buildings, one above the other until they are lost in the purple distance. What a wealth of cultivated fields and sunny pastures rise terrace−like on slopes far up their summits. There is always farmland enough to give picturesque variety, and woodland enough to give a wild touch and mellow charm when viewed from a distance.

Endless lines of old stone fences appear in the valleys and disappear over the rough hillside. Some are falling into ruin, others are firm and high, adding their charm to the picture. Old apple orchards were scattered here and there. The mossy trunks and decayed limbs told that many seasons had passed over their branches. Their owners have long since "gone the way of all the world." Not only the masters who planted those trees, but the houses that sheltered them have passed away forever. The trees no longer bear much fruit, but are still the homes of vast numbers of shy wood−folk.

What a ringing medley greeted us as we passed. The cuckoo was calling amid his caterpillar feasting. An indigo bunting from a tall maple sang his clear, sweet notes. The silvery phrases of the orchard oriole fell on the ear like a shower of "liquid pearls." No other songster save the vireo is so prodigal of his minstrelsy. Occasionally we caught the loud, querulous notes of the great crested flycatcher. Maryland yellow throats sang, "witchery, witchery, witchery" down among the bushy fence rows. Wren notes fell like silvery drops of water through the sunlit air, and redstarts made the place ring with their rich clear notes. Nature here was throbbing with warm, full life, gleaming with rich tints, and her exuberant energy and persistent force were daily working new miracles.

"Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers
And groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in the grass and flowers."

Along the road at various places people have balsam pillows for sale. We made no purchase, for why buy a pillow when the whole forest is ours to enjoy? We need only to smell the fragrance of balsam buds and our cares are smothered, and we pace along some mountain brook with buoyant step and happy heart that keeps time to its purling, liquid voice. Often we see these lovely murmuring trout brooks gleaming in hollows where quiet pools or glistening falls await the coming of the happy youth with a fishing rod across his shoulder. Old men, too, have found them out and grow young again when they spend a few days along their shady banks. They are wiser than Ponce de Leon, for they have found the Fountain of Youth among their native hills without going on a long journey.

We passed through Phoenicia, a small village in the valley of Esopus creek at the southern end of the famous Stony cove. "Stony cove has steep sides, whose frequent knife−like edges have been carved out by erosion; on either side are crags and high, serrated mountain peaks. Slide mountain, about ten miles southwest from Phoenicia, has an elevation of four thousand two hundred and thirty feet; being the highest in the Catskills.

About six miles from Phoenicia lies the village of Shandaken. Its altitude is one thousand and sixty−four feet. The village. takes its name from an early Indian settlement and valley, meaning in the Indian language, "Rushing Waters." It is here that the Bushkill and Esopus join, giving a reason for the name. The Shandaken tunnel is to be located here. This tunnel, contracted for by the city of New York, will cost twelve millions of dollars. It will connect the Schoharie river and the Gilboa reservoir with the Esopus and Ashokan reservoir."

We next entered a very picturesque country. True, the mountains did not rise so high, as mountains go, and did not affect one as do the sublimity and grandeur of the snow−clad Alps, yet the warm light falling here and there in streaks and bars on beautiful fern gardens that nodded and swayed in the cool forest depths, where springs gushed forth in crystal clearness, "brought that tone that all mountains have." We passed through Arkville, a village of six hundred people.

Our curiosity was aroused concerning the name. On making inquiry we learned that one fall there had been a freshet which carried vast numbers of pumpkins down the east branch of the Delaware.

The house of Colonel Noah Dimmick was untouched by the water, and his home was given the name of Noah's Ark, "from which the name of Arkville was suggested. The summer residence of George C. Gould, Jay Gould and Anthony J. Drexel, Jr., are located near here. Francis J. Murphy, the noted landscape painter, owns an ideal estate in the woods adjoining the village. The studio of Alexander H. Wyant, who was considered one of America's best landscape artists, is still to be seen amid its picturesque surroundings." No wonder the place was chosen by the artists, for they never would lack for sketches of the most picturesque and sublime character. The work of Indians may be seen on the inner walls of high caves, known as the Indian Rocks, rudely carved with strange hieroglyphics.

This forenoon we feel as if we were treading hallowed ground, for all through this beautiful region are trails that were used by America's most beloved naturalist, John Burroughs. What a wealth of woodland lore, fresh as these dew gemmed meadows, pure as these crystal flowing streams, serene and high as these beautiful hills, he has left us. How much of our enjoyment in birds and flowers we owe to this gentle lover of the true and beautiful in Nature. How many lives he has helped, by showing them wherein lies the real gold of these hills. On reading his pages, redolent with the spirit of the out−of−doors, one is conscious of a feeling of grandeur and solemnity as when listening to a sonata by Beethoven.

The beautiful village of Roxbury is the birthplace of this gentle Nature lover and enthusiast. Here too, Jay Gould, the great railroad magnate, was born. Both grew up in the same town, amid the same sublime mountain scenery. These boys both lived on the farm, and attended the same school, but how different the product! Both found the work for which they were fitted. Here the mountains are comparatively graceful and gentle in contour. Their loveliness is unsurpassed. No wonder Mr. Burroughs was contented to dwell here, no matter how far he traveled. Even on his last day he was found with his face turned toward his native hills, which afforded him such a wealth of beauty and natural scenery and such a free and glorious life. "Mr. and Mrs. Finley J. Shepard (Helen Gould) spend two or three months each year at 'Kirkside,' their modest summer home on the west side of Main street, near Gould Memorial church just north of village center."

About three miles from Roxbury is a small village called Grand Gorge. One and one−half miles from the village Irish and Bald mountains tower three thousand feet, and crowd river, railroad and highway into a narrow pass. The Gilboa reservoir is located three miles northeast of the village, and the Shandaken tunnel three miles east. The purpose of both the reservoir and tunnel is to augment the great Ashokan supply. The view of the Catskills through Grand Gorge is most beautiful. Here you lookout over a vast mountainous landscape; the foliage of the maples sheers regularly down, covering the mountain sides with their leafy terraces. Far away stretches the landscape, checked red with patches of grain or velvety meadows, marked faintly with stone fences, giving it the appearance of a vast domain all dreamy beneath its luminous veil.

One of the finest touring centers in the Catskills region is Stamford, a town with a population of one thousand, situated at the foot of Mount Utsayantha. On this mountain which is three thousand three hundred feet above the sea, is an observation tower, from which an unobstructed view of all the Catskills opens up before you. Truly, Nature has been lavish in her bestowal of rare gifts of scenic beauty at this place.

Standing there and looking out over the magnificent panorama before us, we thought how often the eyes of that gentle lover of Nature gazed in admiration out over the rolling hills or rested lovingly upon some rare flower or strange bird until he gained their secrets.

You will see many wonderful orchards in New York state and much of the land is given over to the raising of fruit, for which it seems admirably adapted. You will also notice other less inviting regions, where the old homesteads have gone into decay. In several places we saw many vacant homes around which crowded whole armies of weeds, while scraggly, mossgrown apple trees still managed to send forth a few green branches. It must have been a scene like this which Shakespeare saw, when he wrote:

> "The whole land is full of weeds; her fairest flowers choked up,
> Her fruit trees all unpruned, her hedges ruined."

The crumbling moss−grown stones of the fences over which poison vines were clambering and the myriads of wild carrot, chicory, and ox−eye daisies added to the desolateness of the scene.

While crossing New York travelers will find it worth while to make a journey to the Mohawk Valley, which is one of the most beautiful in the state.

Go with us and stand on a crest of upland and you will see where the plain abruptly ends. Here lies a rich and verdant lowland, perhaps one hundred and fifty miles in length, spread out before you; a vast expanse of green meadow through which the Mohawk winds slowly and majestically to join the Hudson. You glimpse from here a distant gap in the mountain through which the river has worn a gorge. "Here you see a long freight train (one of the tireless servants of the New York Central) coming from the Mississippi valley." You are amazed that it does not have to climb the foothills. Here you find the only level pass between the Gulf of Mexico and the St. Lawrence, in the Appalachian mountains. Here was the historic capital of the Five Nations. The great castle was surrounded by numerous wigwams of the tribe. Hiawatha lived and ruled here two centuries before. He was the founder of the Five Nations. "He developed their life for the good of the people. He taught them to live noble and better lives, and was finally borne in the flesh to the happy hunting grounds."

TRENTON FALLS

Who has heard of Trenton falls? We had heard much concerning their beauty, but were not sure as to their location. After consulting several maps and guide books which gave us no information whatever on the subject, we decided to ask information from the manager of the hotel, with a feeling of certainty that we would soon be planning for the morrow's enjoyment. Our host, who was a stout old man having a cosmopolitan face, on being asked the location of Trenton falls, threw his head on one shoulder and, after inspecting us for a few moments with a "remarkably knowing air," said, "There is no such place around here." Then brushing the ashes from his cigar and with a nod of satisfaction at his own astuteness, he replied, "I have been in Utica many years and never heard the name."

Finally one of those generous souls who always supply the missing information appeared, just at the moment when we felt like giving up in despair. He said, "I think there is a Trenton falls some place hereabouts, but can't tell you where." Now the "where" was the most important thing to us. Seeing the look of disappointment spread over our faces, he quickly said, "I am almost certain the tall man with the palm beach suit and straw hat can tell you about its location."

Sherlock Holmes could not have traced a fleeing fugitive from justice with more ardor than we the location of Trenton falls; and like children playing a game in which the boys guess where an object is hidden, we thought many times we were quite warm, only to awaken to the stern realization that we were very cold. When we summoned enough courage for an interview with the other gentleman, it was with the feeling of a person who has an appointment with the dentist.

The more we attempted to locate Trenton the more of a mystery it became, and we confess this only heightened our interest the more. The very act of locating a spot represented as famous and now seemingly forgotten had a fascination about it that excited our imagination; we fell into conjectures regarding the scenery, vegetation, and above all, the location of this forgotten place. "Trenton falls," we repeated to ourselves, is a poem of color and a softly singing cataract that is embowered in the most romantic landscape we have ever seen−−we learned that from a book of travel. "It is a mere echo of Niagara with the subtile beauty and delicate charm, yet lacking the noisy, tumultuous demonstrations of the greater cataract." What else? It may be conveniently reached in a short time from Utica. The blue−book, "beloved of tourists," did not deign to notice its existence if it ever had one. We were not so sure but that it was only a fanciful creation in the brain of some romantic writer. The more we inquired concerning its location, the more we became aware that here was a little spot of beauty for some reason forgotten, lying within easy reach of Utica, yet unknown to the eyes of conventional sight−seers.

After a time, we were made bold enough to venture a talk with the tall man, who at once furnished us with the desired information, which was as welcome to us as sight to the blind. "Oh, yes," he said. "I have been there often, and always found in it a certain charm not found in Niagara." Thanking him for mapping out the road we were to take, we went to our rooms to dream of the pleasures that awaited us on the morrow.

Several times during the night we were awakened by loud peals of thunder, whose terrific explosions sounded at close intervals. The sharp flashes of lightning leaped and darted their fiery tongues across the sky, giving us a fine display of electric signs upon the ebon curtains of the flying clouds.

Dawn came at last with a gray and murky sky, and an atmosphere filled with mist in which there seemed no promise of relenting; yet neither the leaden sky, nor the mist−drenched air dampened our spirits in the least, and we started on our morning journey with the lines of Riley ringing in our memory:

"There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
There is ever a song somewhere,
There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear
And the song of the thrush when the skies are gray."

Whether the thrush sang or not, it mattered little to us, for somewhere, falling from gray rocks, hidden away among deep shadows of pine and maple, its voice hushed to a soothing murmur as of wind among the pines, Trenton falls was singing its age− old songs. Then, too, we felt the wordless melody of our own joyous hearts filled with morning's enthusiasm.

The country around Utica is very beautiful. Toward the north a short distance beyond the Mohawk river lay the picturesque Deerfield hills, beginning of the scenic highlands which stretch away toward the Adirondack mountains and the St. Lawrence river. A few miles south, the Oriskany and Saquoit valleys opened up through a beautiful rolling country, which reminded us of the hills near Verdun, France. To the southeast are Canandaigua and Otsego lakes, like bits of fallen sky in their pleasant setting of hills and forests.

"Old Fort Schuyler, erected during the French and Indian war at a ford in the Mohawk, in what is now the old northeastern part of the city, determined the location of Utica." Not far from here lies the main trail of the Iroquois. Here it divided; one part went to Ft. Stanwix, now Rome, and the other led to Oneida. Castle. General Herkimer, August, 1777, on his march from what is Herkimer county to the battle of Oriskany, forded the Mohawk near the site of the old fort, and though wounded, stopped there on the return journey. But what about Trenton?

As we were trying to recall our history, which seemed to have suddenly been forgotten, like Trenton falls, we saw that the sky was being overcast with dark colored clouds. We were determined to push on regardless of weather prospects, and thought how we should soon learn the reason for Trenton's neglect.

We were hailed by a boy wearing a soldier's uniform whom we learned was going to New York City for the purpose of procuring a job on the boat on which he had previously served. He was an intelligent lad, but had lost his job in a factory where he was employed. He was only one of the thousands of ex−service men who left the country amid the ringing cries of the politicians, who said, "When you get back from war, the country is yours." The country was this lad's all right, but it was such a large one in which to be tramping in search of work. We were only too glad to give him a lift, and when we bade him adieu, it was with a fervent hope that he got to New York in time to get the job he so well merited.

About fifteen miles from Utica in a wondrously picturesque section of the Mohawk valley, we came into the town of Herkimer, named after the hero of the battle of Oriskany. It is situated near the mouth of Canada creek, and was originally settled by Germans from the Rhine country.

It was here among the beautiful rolling hills, not far from Oriskany, that Brant, the Mohawk chief, and Johnson, the Tory leader, hid men in a ravine through which the American men would have to pass on a line over a causeway of logs. Nearly all the rangers and Indians in Burgoyne's army went out to waylay this gallant little band of true Americans.

"Pressing forth eagerly to the relief of their comrades' rescue, all ordinary precautions were neglected. When the van entered the ravine, a terrible fire mowed down the front ranks by scores; those in the rear fled panic−stricken from the woods. Some of the Americans rallied and formed a defense, but it cost them dearly. Herkimer, their brave leader, had been hit by a bullet among the first, but in spite of the fact that his wound was a disabling one, he continued to direct his men and encourage them by his firm demeanor to fight on. This bravery caused the enemy to retire, leaving the little band of heroes to withdraw unmolested from the field. Two hundred men were killed, and Herkimer soon died of wounds."

The town of Herkimer is very attractive. It still is full of the undying name and fame of the gallant hero of the Revolution.

There is a statue of General Herkimer in Myers park. "To the west of the town is Fort Herkimer church, on the site of an ancient fortification, which was a refuge prior to the Revolution, and a base of supplies during the war." While thinking over those stirring days, we forgot Trenton falls for a time. We were speedily reminded, however, that our journey was not completed. A vivid flash of lightning and a loud crash of thunder told us an older than British or American artillery was in action. We left the scenes of a hero's glory under a black and hopeless sky, from which the rain was dismally falling. The road became very slippery and our progress was very slow. To make matters worse, a bridge was missing and we were obliged to go another way.

On inquiring from an old lady the nearest way to the falls, she said, "Oh, the nearest way to the falls is to take the road you see passing along the woods at your left; it is the next best thing to try if you have failed in an attempt at committing suicide."

We very quickly told the old lady in unmistakable words that we never had attempted suicide and had no inclinations along that line yet. We were directed another way, however, and started on once more. Several times we met people going to church in automobiles and many wore the grave look of those who wished they had kept their life insurance policies paid up. At one place in the road near a steep declivity where a large machine skidded, we saw that several devoutly crossed themselves, and forgetting the "joined three fingers, which is symbolical of the Trinity," they used all ten, and doubtless murmured a prayer for the propitious completion of their journey, to which I am sure we all could have readily echoed the amen.

All along the route we saw nothing but draggled people splashing through the mud, their faces suggestive of fear, yellow mud, and kindred abominations. Perhaps we were not things of beauty either, seen through the dim perspective of rain and mud. No doubt our faces had the appearance of sailors huddled up on quarter−deck benches, silent and fearful of seasickness. At last, after many vicissitudes and narrow escapes, we reached a fine macadam road and breathed more easily and enjoyed the scenery a bit better.

We followed a stream whose sudden and continued windings was a never−ending delight. Its clear, cold, foam−flecked water, seen through fringes of elm, maple and willow trees, compensated in great measure for the discomforts we endured. It was not fringed with reeds and lush grass, but its full flow rolled forth undiminished, going to its source as surely as we were bound to arrive at our destination. We discovered many points of beauty all along the way which were not blotted out by rain or cloud, and which shone freshly and winningly under the touch of the sun that peeped from behind the flying clouds.

The banks of the stream were draped with clumps of foliage overrun with wild grape and bittersweet, making fantastic pergolas from which the clear ringing challenge of the cardinal or the bold bugle of the Carolina wren came to us above the rush of the waters. Just a tantalizing struggle between mist and sunshine for perhaps an hour revealed bits of fair blue sky overhead and clouds of vapor resting on the long wooded hills.

Far ahead the land rose in gentle undulations like a many colored sea. When the sun shone forth for a little while we saw a picture against the dark clouds as a background that was almost unreal in its ethereal beauty. One rarely

sees a picture so bright and at the same time clothed in alluring distance as these perspectives where hill rose above hill and mingled their various hues of vegetation in clustering abysses of verdure through which the flashing stream pursued its winding course under mounds of foliage. The beech, maple, elm and oak sprinkled now and then with evergreens, revealed a richness in coloring unsurpassed. It was indeed a fairy landscape, leaving little for the imagination; luring us on toward it with a glamour we could not resist. Over the stone walls the groups of shrubbery lifted their wealth of foliage; and the sumac sprinkled against this background were like coals of fire.

The distance from Utica to Trenton cannot be more than twenty miles, yet traveling as we did, making detours around roads with missing bridges, it seemed six times as far.

The varied features of the landscape began to change but still appeared quiet and lonely. Soon we saw a spacious hotel standing on the edge of a wood that overhung a precipice. The broken window−panes, through which twittering swallows darted, the gray weather−beaten sides end unpatched moss−covered roof proclaimed that Trenton falls had had its day. Nature was making the old place a part of the landscape, and the birds were now the sole proprietors−−gay summer tourists who never grow tired of lovely natural haunts like their human cogeners, because they are far removed from the dust and din of travel. Here every year they return from a tour of thousands of miles and gladden the quiet place with their cheery songs. We met no pedestrians on the road; no anglers were casting for fish in the stream; no boat was anchored on its swift current−−only far away like a huge worm our field glasses revealed a monstrous flume along the rocky bank. This solved the mystery of this once famous summer resort. The electricity for the lights in the hotel at Utica had their origin here in Trenton falls, and yet the proprietor had never heard of such a place.

As we drew round a wooded point, we reached a road that led up a short raise of ground, then through a woods where we heard the falling water, and looking forward, all at once, a white gleam through the undergrowth struck our eyes; another turn and a series of dainty falls flashed splendidly in the sunlight! Not the least of our many surprises was this. The water seemed to hang poised before us like glorious amber curtains; the delicate fineness of their gauzy folds gloriously revealed in irised spray by the sunlight. "We hailed it as a charming idyl−−a poem of Nature that she cherished and hid from all but the most ardent enthusiasts."

"In the warm noon sunshine, with the singular luxuriance of vegetation that clothed the terraces of rock on either side of the stream, we could have fancied ourselves entering some radiant landscape gardens. This gray masonry was covered with bright blue campanula, dainty fronded ferns, light green in color; and the air, wonderfully pure and sweet in itself from the recent rain, was filled with delicate woodland odors." Light exhalations seemed to rise from the steaming mould and drift toward us; and over all like the spirit of the place, rose the bell−like tones of the wood−thrush, while the murmur of the falls sang a mellow accompaniment. Truly, as the poet has said, "There is ever a song somewhere," and dull indeed are the ears that fail to hear it. Looking out over the woods filled with the murmur of the falls, we wondered what people listened to its voice before the white man's foot was planted among this vast solitude. Here the war songs of the Oneidas had arisen or smoke from their camp fires curled among the tree tops.

The larger falls are seen to best advantage from a rocky ledge, where you can watch the waters calmly bending over the precipice. You at once notice that the stream is lined with glacier polished rocks, and that somber evergreens cling tenaciously to the bank or ledges above the river, wherever they can gain a foothold. "How hardy they are, like the virile tribes of the North, healthy and flourishing in an environment where less vigorous species would perish."

At the opposite side from us there had been a landslide and many evergreens had met their death, yet a few now clung to the small portion of rocky earth they still had, like determined Belgians to hold fast their rightful heritage. Out among this scene of partial desolation a great hawk circled and added his eerie cry to the lonely place, announcing that we were not the only watchers in this wild domain. A great blue heron rose slowly into the

air and flew across the stream, breaking the silence with his harsh squawk. "Here," we said, "is a quiet nook away from the rest of the world. No need of a monastery here where reigns such perfect seclusion and the charm of its natural scenery makes it a place in which to dream."

Slowly you walk along the embankment opposite the falls, now gazing at the amber sheet of water nearest you, now listening for the voices of the other falls, again stooping to note the beauty of the delicate harebells along the rocky ledge or pausing reverently to listen to the songs of the birds coming to you pure, sweet and peaceful above the song of the falls, speaking the soul of the delightful place.

A thin, silvery mist from the spray of the falls floats here and there, spreading out in broad sheets over the damp earth, and gathering into filmy ropes and patches as the breeze catches it among the spruce, pine and maple trees above the edge of the falls. A short distance ahead the water glitters again where the river makes a slight turn and plunges over another precipice. It is like the flashing of distant shields. Overhead drift massed white clouds that enfold the valley as far as the eye can see, causing shadows to chase each other swiftly across the vast expanse of green uplands. The alternate gleams of sunshine and shadow seem like the various moods chasing across your memory. But the amber colored etching of Trenton remains visible through it all. Reluctantly you turn away to view the monstrous flume along your path. Then you wander out in the forest of beech and maple, whose solitude heightens your impressions of this wild place.

You return again for another view, for the song of water is the same the world over, and you seem drawn irresistibly toward the sound as though sirens were singing. Now you try to gain a lasting impression of the first falls.

True, the voice of Trenton would hardly make an echo of Niagara, but are not the echoes the most glorious of all sounds? The same forces that carved the mighty Niagara made Trenton falls, too, and it should not be ignored just because it is small. Having seen the Madonnas by Raphael, shall we now ignore the works of Powers? Or having seen the Rose of Sharon, shall we cease to admire the humbler flowers of spring? The wood thrush's song today is divine, yet, the simpler ditty of the wren has a sweetness not found in the larger minstrel's song. Here one is not bored with the "ohs" and "ahs" of gasping tourists, who scream their delights in tones that drown the voice of the falls. You can at least grow intimate with them, and their beauty although not awesome, grows upon you like a river into the life of childhood. It is a very graceful stream with wilder surroundings than Niagara.

One fears his visit to Niagara will spoil his journey to Trenton, and finds himself repeating these significant lines of Shakespeare:

> "When the moon shone, we did not see the candle;
> So doth the greater glory dim the less."

But, Shakespeare never saw Trenton falls, or he never would have written those lines. What could be more beautiful than its lovely cascades flashing in the sun or hidden away among the shadows among the pine and maple?

A little red squirrel barked and chattered among the pine boughs as if reprimanding us for eating so many of the luscious blackberries that grew near the falls. Seeing that his attempts to make us move were of no avail, he scampered down the tree, coming quite near us and giving vent to his outraged feelings, punctuating each remark with a sudden jerk of his bushy red tail, scolding and gesticulating like an Irish cop. He seemed to be by far the most important personage of the forest, not excepting the inquisitive bluejay who rightfully cried "thief! thief!" at us from a maple near by. Both the red squirrel and bluejay have been classed as villains by all Nature writers; yet when we thought of the wonderful part they both play in disseminating seeds far and wide, we readily forgave them their bloody deeds and treated both with the respect due Nature's Master Foresters, which both of them truly are.

"Gaily, freely, see me, hear me," sang a small olive colored bird in the leafy maples above us. We agreed that his song came to us gaily and most freely, and all heard it so well that we paused as often amidst our berry−eating as he, while he refrained from singing just long enough to knock a luscious green canker worm in the head and devour it. It was the warbling vireo we heard. What a lesson is his mingling melody with work uncomplainingly and helping to keep the woods green and beautiful by his constant industry, co−partner with the squirrel and jay.

Seeing we had to leave the blackberry patch while we were able, we departed from the place, taking a last long look at the exquisite falls and another at the powerhouse where was made the electricity that illuminated a certain hotel in Utica. We thought, too, of the proprietor so blinded by the glare of his own lamps as to exclaim: "There is no such place."

Talk about an Irish cop and you are sure to see one. Before we were fairly started we were hailed by one; the very size of him and his ruddy face as if a danger signal had been waved in front of us were enough to stop the most venturesome driver. He soon turned out to be more inquisitive than a bluejay, and although he did not cry "thief" he hurled a volley of questions at us in such rapid succession we could hardly find answers. Where are you from? Where do you live? Where are you going? We told him we were from Ohio, lived in Indiana and were going home. We soon bade our friend adieu, neither party made the wiser for the hold− up.

On our return one of the finest landscapes of the Mohawk region was suddenly unrolled before us. Miles and miles away stretched the rolling swells of forest and grain land, fading into the dimmest blue of the Catskills where the far distant peaks were just discernible along the horizon. Such a superb and imposing view as we had was worth all the anxieties of the morning. Each turn we made brought new views; undulating land of brightest green, through which wound sparkling streams; and villages lying here and there with their rising spires that twinkled in the dreamy atmosphere like stars in a lower firmament.

The landscape in one direction consisted of dark wooded hills between which a stream flowed on its way like a ribbon of silver until it disappeared behind the purple headlands. Here was a picture to surpass the wildest dream of any painter; such infinite details and inexhaustible variety, blended forms and flowing contour, dim and elusive shadows, imperceptible blending of color−all were spread out before us, and so extensive was the view that the distant peaks of the Adirondacks printed their faint outlines on the sky. Winding among the numerous hills in this vast amphitheatre, we looked back regretfully at each marvelous picture we were leaving, and said "our journey to Trenton falls has been worth while."

It was three o'clock when we reached the town of Little Falls where we ate our dinner. By this time George had grown despondent over our prospect for provender. Little Falls did not appeal to him as a place of "good eats." One restaurant had the appearance of having recently been sacked. We soon found a more inviting place, but this being Sunday the proprietor gave us that quizzical look as if he regarded our journey as three− fourths epicurean and only one−fourth devotional. Even a nice, white table cloth and a fresh roll of bread could not quiet George's apprehensions. Not until the savory odor of the steaming soup reached his nostrils was he wholly at ease. His clouded countenance brightened at the aroma, grew radiant at its flavor, and long before we reached the pudding he expressed his delight with New York cookery. The melodious voice of the waitress was "like oil on troubled waters" and when she said, "you certainly must be from the South for your voice is so soft and musical," his countenance had the appearance of one of the elect. One member of the party here learned that large pork chops are in most cases inferior to smaller fry, and that, like Niagara, it may be very large, yet too strong to admit of an intimate acquaintance.

Two and one−half miles east of Little Falls is where the boyhood home of General Herkimer stood. The barge canal and Lover's Leap offer an inspiring view on the south side of the Mohawk.

We traveled from Little Falls to Syracuse that afternoon, reaching Syracuse before nightfall. Over a vast undulating region, interspersed with tawny grain fields, green meadows and forests, we made our way. The

valleys were covered with a silvery shimmering atmosphere, on which country homes, orchards and tree−bordered highways were dimly blotted. Watching the mellow colors of the broadening landscape as we climbed the long waves of earth that smiled good night to the sinking sun, we entered Syracuse, while the bells from a church tower filled the evening's silence with rare melody. Having procured comfortable quarters for the night, we retired to dream of Trenton falls, for which we again searched and said: "There is no such place."

NEWPORT

To one who wishes to carry away something of the solemn grandeur of the sea, its vast immensity, immeasurable energy and ageless haunting mystery we would say, "go to Newport."

The authentic discovery of this harbor dates back to April, 1524, and to the French explorer, Verrazano, who anchored two weeks in the harbor and was visited by the Indians of the island. About 1726 Dean Berkley of the English Church built White Hall which still stands, much in its original condition. Trinity is claimed to be the oldest Episcopal church in the United States. But we have traces of an earlier discovery in the old stone tower still standing in Touro park, probably erected by the Norsemen as early as 1000 A. D. But, out in the ocean where the blue water is flecked with myriads of shifting whitecaps rise dark gray rocks, telling of an earlier time than Verrazano, or the Norsemen, and repeating fragments of that great epic of the Past.

One finds his impression confused on first entering this city. The population is as variable as the breezes that blow over the ocean, for Newport has gained fame the world over as one of America's most fashionable watering places. As early as 1830 it began to attract health seekers and others wishing a brief respite from toil in the unnumbered factories in the east, and the movement has continued until the section of the island adjacent to Newport is dotted all over with cottages. villas and cheerful, luxurious homes.

One is delighted to find well paved streets and a city that is withal sunny, gay, and full of color.

You never want for new beauty here, for the face of the sea is as changeable as a human countenance. Then, too, it is interesting to try and separate the motley throngs into their various elements. You find it useless to attempt to catch and paint its fluctuating character. It is as capricious as the hues of the ocean. Here, as at Atlantic City, from morning till night, and night till morning, flows that human tide; some attracted by the beauty of the place, others by the glamour of social gayety, and still others seeking health in the life− giving breezes. People of all ages and climes are captivated by the majesty and grandeur found in the ocean. The step of the old is quickened as if at last they had found the "Fountain of Youth." Here the sublime ocean scenery and the health−giving winds are much less tolerant of disease than most anywhere one knows.

There are many people who continue to pursue pleasure while they pretend to hunt for health. Here as at Aix−les−Bains, Baden− Baden, and Ostend, it is the glitter and pomp of the place which attract them. Here fashion and folly, side by side, call them with siren voices, instead of the medicinal qualities of their healing waters. If they can't furnish as an excuse that they have a pain under the left shoulder blade and are fearful for their lung, then they may say they have a twitching of the upper right eyelid and are almost certain of a nervous breakdown unless they secure a few weeks' rest beside the life−giving sea. Even if they are unable to furnish such justifiable excuses as these, they might take some aged, wealthy relative to a health resort for the purpose of boiling the rheumatism out of him. Then, after tucking him away for the night, how much easier to spend the evening at the dance or card party!

The days for elegant ladies to trail elaborate gowns along the hotel corridors are past. How styles do change!

There are more people thronging the bathing beaches, who know a good poker hand when they see one, than those who can appreciate a fine ocean scene, and even though the states have all gone dry, alas how many still prefer champagne to mineral water from a spring! As Thoreau put it: "More people used to be attracted to the

ocean by the wine than the brine."

At Newport you constantly hear jokes, laughter and song, but studying the drama of the various faces one sees pride, sensuality, cruelty, and fear that no ocean brine can cleanse. Mingled with these, too, are noble countenances lighted up by the fires of holy living within, whose radiance seems to overflow in kindly thoughts and deeds, attracting those sublime qualities to them as the moon the tides. How grand it is to see here the faces of age wearing that calm look of serene hope; victory over self and purity of soul plainly dramatized there! Then, too, how glorious the face of youth glowing with life's enthusiasm, whose dream of the yet unclouded future is the Fata Morgana which he pursues. A noble ambition seems to linger in his soul and transfigure his countenance until we see the light of joy and nobleness shining there. What a contrast the dejected look of those who travel the paths of ease and self−indulgence affords!

Many there are who meet here not on the common ground of the brotherhood of man, but of human appetite and desire. Whether they hail from Japan, Spain, or Turkey, or whether they come from Maine or California, they all succumb to the same allurements. The test here is the manner in which people use the wealth they have acquired. "Almost any man may quarry marble or stone," but how few can build a Rheims or "create an Apollo." When one thinks of the gambling, quackery, and other vocations far less respectable upon which vast fortunes are spent he thinks how dreadful the results of all of this spending. "What if all this wealth that is spent foolishly were used to advance the common interests of mankind? What if all this indulgence could be used to promote helpful and healthful ideals so that they could be disseminated to all points from which tourists come? Surely a reformation would spread to the uttermost parts of the earth; but as has been in days past, games, feasts, and the dance have far more force than the highest ideals, the most sane theories of improvement and helpfulness," and the careful observer does not need to come to Newport for this discovery.

One evening, on entering the city, Nature seemed to be planning to run the gaily attired tourists from the place. How sombre and sullen appeared the sea, seen through the dim perspective of the murky, mist−drenched air. Over this vast expanse, low−hung clouds trailed their gray tattered edges in long misty streaks which hid the setting sun. It was a gloomy prospect, this, with the darkening water beneath a leaden sky that gave no promise of a brighter view. It was as if suddenly we had landed at Brest, and our view of the dark gray rocks and the penetrating air made the picture so real our teeth began to chatter.

We soon arrived at our comfortable quarters where we hastily withdrew, for the rumbling thunder that followed the vivid flashes of lightning which darted from the black masses of flying clouds told us that a storm was imminent. While partaking of our evening meal we heard the mingled sound of wind and waves. As soon as we had finished we passed through a spacious room which led to a long veranda, from which a commanding view of the ocean and surrounding country could be had.

What a scene! All was now darkness save the crests of the breakers that pierced the gloom with their silvery whiteness. The sea was torn and shattered by the wild raging wind and hid its far−sounding waves in a mystery of dread. Several people paced to and from the veranda, appearing suddenly and as suddenly vanishing in the gloom. Only the light of a vessel far out at sea penetrated the darkness and shone with a muffled, sullen glare. The red flashes of lightning revealed low−hung clouds of inky blackness rolling toward us; and the deep roar of the advancing storm, broken only by the loud booming breakers, became awesome.

Fiercer and louder shrieked the gale; while the doleful sound of a bell on a buoy warned mariners of impending danger as it rocked upon the bewildered sea. The water was invisible save where the long flashing lines of the surf plunged from the gray gloom. Their immense volumes rose in pyramidal heaps, whose tops shone white where they seemed to gather at one point and then their silvery lines spread slowly away on both sides as though unseen hands were pulling them out in even terraces that broke tip on the rocks with a deafening roar. Back of the first wave was another, and farther back still others, that advanced to a certain point and then spread out evenly, like terraced cascades of purest marble.

The loud crashes of thunder mingled with the shriek of the wind, the booming breakers became more awful, and we could imagine unknown foes advancing to combat along the shore. Like phalanxes with walls of silver shields they followed each other swiftly and disappeared like a line of soldiers cut down in battle. The howling wind and moaning waves "were like laments for the vanquished hosts." This ceaseless welter of the elements became more awe−inspiring as another boat appeared in the distance like some fiery monster of the deep. It seemed the very spirit of the sullen storm. As it drew nearer we beheld a vast fortress besieged by the angry waves.

The desolateness of the scene was heightened by listening to George relate his tales of storm and disaster while homeward bound on the U. S. S. Roanoke in Mine Squadron One.

"We left England in the month of December. The first day at sea was fine. No fear or anxious moments were ours. We sped swiftly over the peaceful water that glittered with a dazzling metallic luster. In the level rays of the morning sun we beheld a gradation of rare tints 'infinitely harmonious and yet superlatively rich.' A short distance away from us the ocean was deep blue; nearer it was light green, while far out toward the horizon it attained that iridescence which is indescribable. Everyone on board was supremely happy. All ten mine layers with the flagship had their homeward bound pennants flying. We gazed for hours at the play of light on the water, ever discovering new and wonderful combinations.

"The second day out we ran into a storm that lasted three days and nights. The dismal curtains of the sky were drawn and we could hear the sullen tone of the advancing storm as onward we plowed through the ever−growing foam−crested waves. The second day the sea became awesome, and breathlessly we watched each mountain wave that swept past leaving us still unharmed. Great masses of frothing billows came hurtling out of the gloom, which grew blacker and more menacing every hour. The sight of the ships tossing upon the mountainous masses was ominous, almost appalling. The billows broke with deafening roar, hurling tons of water on board, often filling the spacious decks fore and aft with their seething flood.

"About the middle of the second day the storm began gradually to abate. The few cheerless gleams on the third day revealed a most awe−inspiring view. Far as the eye could see in every direction the ocean was torn into snowy foam by the raging wind. After the storm we had but five of the original ten ships left in the fleet. Several were disabled and three of the other boats towed them to near ports.

"After the fourth day out we had fine weather for several days. On Christmas morn we ran into a heavy fog. We could not see from one end of the boat to the other, but no accidents befell us. This day brought many thoughts of home, especially at dinner time, for our menu was simply beans and nothing more, our supplies of other edibles being exhausted. We each received a cigar as a present. At eight o'clock on Christmas eve I went on lifeboat watch. The relieved watch all went below and crawled up in their hammocks for the night. The lights from the boat showed she was groping her way through fantastic wreaths of fog, whose dense white masses enclosed us like a wall. We were unable to see the lights of the other ships, and when at one end of ours we could not distinguish the lights at the other.

"'An ominous stillness seemed to pervade the atmosphere−−a stillness which was oppressive and awesome like that which reigns in the home where death is.' Only the dull rumbling sound of the engines broke the silence. Soon all the fellows who were on lifeboat watch were gathered in a group about the smoke stack, where they had procured a number of life−preservers from a near−by locker and arranged them for beds in available places on the deck. Here some reclined as best they could and others sat up telling stories or woke the echoes with their ringing songs. Sleep became impossible, and no wonder, for they were too glad to sleep, even had the rest of the gang permitted it. Soon a lusty−lunged Gob, the 'Caruso' of the gang, was singing the official song of Mine Squadron One in his deep sonorous voice, which drowned all other sounds. The title is 'The Force of Mine,' and it goes like this:

We sailed across the water,
We sailed across the foam

For fourteen days and fourteen nights
We sailed away from home.
But now three thousand miles away
We love our country more,
Let's give three cheers for Uncle Sam
From off the German shore.

"The rest of the fellows all joined in the chorus:

It's a mine here and a mine there,
Over the ocean everywhere;
Now our ships can cross the sea
And win the war for Liberty;
Uncle Sammy brought his ships
To France' and Belgium's shores.
That force of mine has done its share;
We've fixed the U−boat fair and square;
When victory comes they'll all declare
That mines have won the war.

"Then the strong voice of 'Caruso' again was heard:

We may not look like dreadnaughts,
But from all present signs
Davy Jones has told the Kaiser
That "we're there" on laying mines.
Awhile ago the subs, you know,
Thought they had the gravy,
But when they hit our mine fields, Oh!
They leave the Germany navy.

"By this time the crew on the boat next the Roanoke had caught the spirit and both lookouts joined in the swelling chorus:

It's a mine here and a mine there,
Over the ocean everywhere.
Now our ships can cross the sea
And win the war for Lib−−

"Just at that part of the chorus we felt a crash which broke suddenly into the song with the thrilling tones of the siren's danger signal. Instantly those on watch rushed to the lifeboats and hurriedly unlashed them, ready to drop at the proper signal.

"Our ship carried eight hundred and forty mines at the time she was struck.

"The men below came up through the hatches like bees. Many were in their night clothes, others were only half dressed. Some were crying, others praying, all thought that the boat was sinking. One of the fellows was so frightened he tried to jump overboard. He was hit on the head by a comrade and dragged down below. It was with great difficulty that order was again restored and the hatches had to be guarded by men with revolvers. Finally the panic−stricken sailors, who were running here and there on the deck, were forced below. Several boats came alongside and threw lights on our ship. The light revealed a hole cut in her side from about ten feet below the water line clear to the top.

"She had been struck on the starboard stern while some of the men were crawling into their hammocks for the night. An English vessel stood by us with her nose rammed into the side of our ship. Breathlessly, expectant we all waited by our boats ready to lower them. The biggest job I had was in keeping some of the men out of mine. So violent had been the impact that the sailor in the hammock near the side where the ship was struck was pitched over three others. A few of the men were scalded by the hot water and steam from the broken pipes. Our chaplain, who was just in the act of getting into his hammock, was thrown violently down, cutting the side of his head open, which necessitated his removal to the hospital.

"The collision mat was dropped down the side of the ship, which stopped the inpour of the water. All the large pumps in the ship were started and the water was pumped out as fast as it came in. The hole was patched up with a prodigious quantity of cement and at 12:30 the old ship was under way again."

Thus ended the story of those terrible nights at sea. We went to our rooms, but not to sleep, for through the semi−conscious hours that came and went we seemed to hear voices calling for help from sinking ships and to see again those frightful billows of the boundless deep.

"Late to bed and early to rise; makes tired travelers rub sore eyes," said George, as we rapped on his door at what he considered an unearthly hour for rising. On asking him "why the trouble with his eyes" he exclaimed, "too much sea in them." We told him that to sleep away the wondrous beauty of the dawn instead of imbibing the fragrance and freshness of the morning hours would be a sin of omission that would require yards of sack−cloth and barrels of ashes for forgiveness. He arose in due time (also dew−time), though he at first murmured and grumbled like a soldier on hearing reveille.

Out in the east a faint glimmer was seen to delicately edge the pearl gray of the sky along the horizon. The sheen spread swiftly toward the zenith; pale bars of light shot up like advance guards to herald the coming splendor. Along the far blue rim of the ocean a narrow saffron band was seen, which soon became a broader belt, blazing like molten gold. The western horizon flushed like a rose−colored sea in which floated clouds of crimson. How grand this morning pageant and how quickly the king of day was ushered in! The chafing ocean wore on its bosom a tender turquoise bloom decked with millions of flashing jewels. Later it resembled a sapphire sky coruscating with tremulous stars. As we felt the soft south breeze, which rustled the leaves of the trees, in which birds were just beginning to stir, we seemed to catch the delicious melody of Long fellow's "Daybreak," which is like the fragrance of roses in a dreamy south wind.

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away.
Crying, "Awake, it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out."

It touched the wood−bird's folded wing,
And said, "O Bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O Chanticleer,
Your clarion blow, the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "not yet! in quiet lie."

Words fail to describe the exhilarating effect of the morning air, the marvelous beauty of the vast expanse of sea and sky seen through the luminous trembling haze, or the vines, flowers and shrubs that grow with wonderful luxuriance, which in many places presented an almost tropical aspect. If we add to this the most startling contrasts and picturesque details with a delightful breeze blowing over all you have still but a faint idea of the picture.

How bright the morning was! "The leaves were newly washed, every flower refreshed, their colors. flashing with brighter tints like new dyes just put on." How pure the air was made! There was no contamination by smoke or dust and the very breeze came like a tonic, and we breathed deeply and thanked the Creator for each potent draught. There was an exuberance of joy in the dance of the waves as they came rolling in to shore, and the swaying branches of the trees were only wordless rhythmical songs that the birds were singing among their branches.

On some bland morning like this when you view the breezy, sparkling sea, whereon the haze lies like the soft bloom on grapes, everything will appear dreamy and beautiful, while recollections of Nice, Monaco and Monte Carlo with their majestic shore lines rising from a sea of sapphire, are recalled. Those dazzling white buildings rising as they seem to do from the sea, steeped in that effulgent golden haze, seem almost unearthly in their splendor. One wonders if he has not gotten to heaven before his time, for here are terraced garden walls where fall cascades of exquisite blossoms, vast sheets of delicate pink geraniums, purple of clematis, lustrous yellow of mimosas, scarlet anemones and variegated tulips that hang poised before you like glorious curtains of richly wrought mosaic.

The broad fronds of the palms catch the gold of the morning sunbeams. The air is laden with the fragrance of myriads of flowers and has the softness of sea−born breezes. Rose wreathed villas with their pure white or cream tinted walls; shutters of turquoise blue and red tile roofs only add to the glory of the tropical luxuriance and charming views of mountain and sea.

And such a sea! How futile are words to describe. Its blue has been characterized as a "vast expanse of sapphire sparkling with diamonds." It does not owe its marvelous effects to reflections from the sky, for no sky ever had such an intense blue, filled with lambent light. Then its greens, blues, and purples, seen from the lovely mountain roads, especially from the road leading from Monte Carlo, seem more like leaping prismatic flame than a vast expanse of water. Then the old gold, red, and orange colored sails of the boats, gliding like magic through the water, add their picturesque touches to the scene. The sound of boatmen calling to one another with their soft musical voices is like the trilling of the nightingale from some leafy bower. Having felt the charm of those magical scenes you will enjoy the ocean at Newport none the less.

Always amid Nature's most powerful manifestations one observes the frailest and most delicate types of creation. Here along the beach were shells, exquisitely tinted like a sunset sky, cast on shore by the cruel waves. Tender mosses and fragile sea−weed lay upon the sand revealing the infinite tenderness of these frail children of the boundless deep. Looking upon the seething, surging mass of water that rolled on the troubled sea only last night, who would have thought it the home of such delicate beauty? "Truly," we said, as we gazed in admiration and wonder at the fair scene before us, "the sea as well as the heavens declares the glory of God and showeth His handiwork." But alas! "how prone we are to forget the Power that calms the fiercest storms and so quickly makes all nature glow with beauty again."

One is well repaid for the time he spends along the charming Cliff Walk, but space forbids us to attempt to describe it. But then, what is the use?

We were particularly impressed with the beauty of the coast near Newport. At one place lovely velvety meadows run down near the sea and form a remarkable contrast to most ocean views. Here we saw a group of dark gray rocks which formed a sort of a promontory that jutted out into the ocean. So fantastic did these rocks appear from a distance that we readily peopled them with sirens. Standing on the shore opposite them, we watched the breakers dash themselves to pieces at their feet and the gulls, those fairy squadrons of air craft, whirling above them. The bell on the buoy gave forth its warning sound, but the siren voices kept calling from rocks with a melody that was irresistible, and heeding not the threnody of the bell, we were soon looking down in triumph at the broken array of restless waters from the hollow crest of a great boulder.

>From this point the sea appears as a vast poem, "one of those charming idyls in which no element of beauty or power is lacking." From this rough pulpit of masonry we gazed at the booming breakers rolling in with their crests of gleaming silver, that were shattered to fragments immediately below us. Their long sprays of phosphorescent blossoms vanished like stars in the golden light of dawn. The sea was now bathed in a flood of mellow light and its gradations of color revealed palest amethyst along the horizon, while nearer it glowed with brightest sapphire. In such a place and at such a time as this you take no note of time. "Your soul is flooded with a sense of such celestial beauty as you ne'er dreamed of before, and a nameless inexpressible music enthralls you."

Here we saw forty destroyers in the harbor and two others entering it. As we gazed at these groups of vessels lying at anchor, we wondered whether America would always need these grim objects of destruction and death to guard her liberty. Looking at these vessels, what memories were revived! Our hearts sickened at the thought of those thirteen awful days spent in crossing the ocean, when we were packed like livestock in those horrible quarters. Ah, God! the memory of it yet brings a sickening sensation. Then, too, that tempestuous wintry sea that grew black and white as death with horrible billows, while the storm raged, cruel, inexorable, unmerciful, bitter. But why let one's thoughts dwell upon such terrible scenes while standing on the fair shores of our beloved homeland, over which waves the glorious flag, now doubly dear to us.

As we watched the coming and going of the vessels we thought of the many experiences that must have been theirs! For what ports are those vessels bound? From what distant climes have these just returned? What perils they may have encountered! What refreshing memories of the magic beauty of southern seas!

Our reverie was broken by the plaintive cries of the sea birds circling around us. How the hours have slipped by unnoticed since we were out here! Slowly we retraced our steps, pausing now and then to gaze at the fishing boats putting out to sea, or to look at the hosts of gulls alighting and departing from the rocks, as restless as the ocean waves. Again we noted the wonderful blue bloom, like a tropical sea, on which a million points of light were glinting; now we found a delicate shell and marvelled at its exquisite colors; we turned again to look at the sea−birds to learn what the unusually loud clamor was about. At last the shore was gained and we reluctantly turned away from those rocks where Undine dwells in the silvery stream and melodies sweeter than those of the Lorelei still called to us across the waves.

We passed the old Jewish cemetery which gave Longfellow his theme, "The Old Jewish Burial Ground at Newport." What exiles, what persecutions have been theirs, yet here we repeat by the sounding sea the sad history of their race:

How strange it seems! These Hebrews in their graves;
Close by the street of this fair seaport town,
Silent beside the never silent waves,
At rest in all this moving up and down!

The trees are white with dust that o'er their sleep
Wave their broad curtains in the south wind's breath,
While underneath these leafy tents they keep
The long, mysterious exodus of Death.

And these sepulchral stones so old and brown,
That pave with level flags their burial place,
Seem like the tablets of the Law thrown down
And broken by Moses at the Mountain's base.

Gone are the living, but the dead remain
And not neglected, for a hand unseen,
Scattering its bounty, like a summer rain,
Still keeps their graves and their memories green.

How came they here? What burst of Christian hate,
What persecution, merciless and blind
Drove o'er the sea−that desert desolate−−
These Ishmaels and Hagars of mankind?

Pride and humiliation hand in hand
Walked with them through the world where'er they went;
Trampled and beaten were they as the sand,
And yet unshaken as the continent.

For in the background figures vague and vast
Of patriarchs and prophets rose sublime,
And all the great traditions of the Past
Then saw reflected in the coming Time.

And then forever with reverted look
The mystic volume of the world they read,
Spelling it backward, like a Hebrew book,
Till life became a Legend of the Dead.

But ah! What once has been shall be no more!
The groaning earth in travail and in pain
Brings forth its races, but does not restore,
And the dead nations never rise again!

Leaving this quiet abode of the dead we were surprised to find multitudes of people strolling about the town. Of all that motley throng we met with no one save a solitary fisher out on the rocks, from which such glorious vistas of the sea may be had. Then we recalled how few there were who witnessed the wonderful pageant of the dawn. Surely influences of nature so beautiful and profound should touch our feeble hopes and lowly aspirations with new life, inspiring grander visions.

We should leave the frivolous things of life, like the surf, the offal, washed ashore. We should take back for our winter's need bits of brightness gleaned from our summer sojourn by the sea.

As we thought of our coming departure, these questions came to us: Have we treasured up a few of the tints in our lives like the rare colors of the dawn on the boundless sea? Have we filled our earthly horizon with golden thoughts, fair visions of the sea of memory that reach the infinite? Are they transient as the crimson and rose−colored west or shall they flash and gleam silent, yet eternal as the stars above?

How often will the ocean's clean−washed sands, those ever− changing hues and sunsets re−appear when we shall long have been absent from them! How often, too, shall we hear in fancy as we do now in reality the moaning of the storm and the booming breakers along the shore!

The sirens were still calling and their weird enticing melodies yet rippled through our memories. Out over the harbor beyond those enchanted rocks the water was o'erspread with the delicate blue bloom. Later they seemed to withdraw, fading slowly away into blue and mysterious shadows in the deepening twilight. "Far out toward the horizon we watched a vessel fade in the violet dusk; the evening star trembled low on the horizon as if enamored of the waters." Thus Newport passed into memory.

RHODE ISLAND

Little Rhode Island! What a surprise it was to find in this, this smallest member of a family group of forty−eight states, so much of the wild and primeval wilderness. Through long stretches of forest bordered road, stony fields and rough pasture land our road led. Great clusters of ferns grew in the swampy meadows, and many brilliant colored swamp flowers were in blossom, giving the otherwise desolate scene a touch of color. Stone fences bordered some of the meadows and now and then a rustic cottage with its brown−stained sides appeared. For a number of miles we passed through a country where on both sides of the road grew thickets of oak, yellow and white birch and fragrant pine. Interspersed among this growth were numberless chestnut, maple and larch trees.

We soon emerged from this desolate region, however, and at a more attractive spot our eyes fell upon a boulder monument erected by the state of Rhode Island in memory and honor of Thomas Wilson Dorr, whom in an earlier time was considered a menace to his country. How long this man was in receiving the true verdict of his country! Pausing to read the latter verdict, so different from the former, we noted these significant words: "Thomas Wilson Dorr, 1805−1854; of distinguished lineage, of brilliant talents, eminent in scholarship, a public spirited citizen, lawyer, educator, statesman, advocator of popular sovereignty, framer of the people's Constitution of 1842, elected Governor under it, adjudged revolutionary in 1842. Principle acknowledged right in 1912." Then below these words were added: "I stand before you with great confidence in the final verdict of my country. The right of suffrage is the guardian of our liberty."

Here in this charming spot where the beautiful maples stood in groups or grew singly we ate our luncheon beneath these trees whose liberty−loving branches stirred by a passing breeze rustled a leafy accompaniment to a nation's paean of praise. His principles were right, but he was in advance of his time. We were glad to know that such a small state could produce so great a man.

Here we were entering the city where Williams with five others landed at the foot of the hill which he chose as the place of his settlement. In gratitude for "God's merciful providence to him in distress" he called the place Providence. Roger Williams, with his grand idea of religious tolerance, stood far ahead of his time. His aim, like his character, was pure and noble. He was educated at London, and was a friend of Vane, Cromwell and Milton. While at Plymouth and Salem he spent much time in learning the Indian tongue.

Little did he dream as he slept in their filthy wigwams what a great benefit the learning of their language would be to him later on.

The land along the east shore of Narragansett bay was the country of Massasoit; that on the west side, and the islands, belonged to the Narragansetts.

It was in the heart of winter when he made his way in secrecy through snow and ice to a place not far from where Blackstone lived. Here he began to plant and build, and others came to join him. Williams was shown great kindness by the Indians, and he bought the land of natives, thereby soon gaining great influence over them.

CHAPTER IX. BERKSHIRE HILLS

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I know where wild things lurk and linger
In groves as gray and grand as Time;
I know where God has written poems
Too strong for words or rhyme.
−−Maurice Thompson.
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To one who has lived in a level country how full of joyful experience is a winding mountain road!

None of our journeys will be remembered with keener delight than the days spent in sauntering along the Mohawk trail. What incomparable trout streams, what vast primeval forests, how charming the peaceful valleys, what trails leading to the tops of wooded hills or fern−clad cool retreats of the forest! What a life the Indians must have had here, moving from place to place enjoying new homes and new scenery! Here the fierce child of Nature lived amidst the grandest temples of God's building, where the song of the hermit thrush as old as these fragrant aisles, still rings like a newly−strung lute; while the wind among the myriad keyed pines thrums a whispering accompaniment and the yellow and white birch fill the place with incense.

Many mourn because they have no money to purchase a noble work of art, or pay a visit to the Vatican or the Louvre. But here in their own beloved America God has an open gallery, filled with pictures fairer than the grandest dream of any landscape artist, which wear no trace of age and no fire can destroy. Here no curtains need be drawn, as over the masterpieces of Raphael and Rubens to preserve their tints for future generations. They grow more mellow and tender as countless years roll by. All of these you may have, to hang on the walls of memory where no Napoleon can come to take them to a Louvre.

THE LURE OF THE MOHAWK TRAIL

Along the Mohawk trail, standing gold and white
Where the crystal rivers flash and gleam;
The fragrant birch trees greet the sight,
And gently droop to kiss the steam.

And the lure of the pine on the Mohawk trail,
Is tuned to the spirits' restful mood,
It murmurs and calls on the passing gale,
For all to enjoy its solitude.

Still, the birch and pine all silver and gray,
Call from the Berkshires and seem to say:
"Leave your lowland worries behind
The petty cares that hinder and blind;
Come hither and find a quieter spot
Where troubles and cares and sorrow are not.
Come out where the heavens just drip with gold
And the Divine Artist's paintings ne'er grow old.
−−O. O. H.

Scenery such as you meet with here has a more telling effect upon one than a masterpiece of sculpture, literature or music, and infinitely surpasses man's most worthy efforts. Why cross the ocean or spend an over−amount of time in the art galleries of our own country, when we dwell so near Art's primal source? Out here the Divine Artist, with all rare colors, has painted scenes of panoramic splendor and every day new and grander views are displayed, for He sketches no two alike. Then, what harmonious blending of light and shadow; what glowing veils of color that no Turner has ever caught! At every turn in the road new pictures are passed, revealing rare and unrivaled beauty.

You need not sigh because you are so far removed from grand opera, for the very trees and ferns are eloquent with melodies irresistible; although their silence may be perfect, the heart perceives the richest, fullest harmonies.

You should not lament the fact that you have never heard the skylark or nightingale for, their melody, although infinitely rich and varied, do not attain that sublime height of harmony found in the thrush's song. If you long to go to Europe to hear the lark and nightingale, save the best trip for the last and come out to the White mountains, where you can hear more ethereal songs.

With such pure air, stately trees, sparkling brooks, and singing birds, surely the sick would all speedily recover and the lines of suffering and care be smoothed from their pain−traced faces, could they spend a few weeks on the Mohawk trail.

This trail is one of the newest and by far the most beautiful opened by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. That grand old state, whose valiant sons were ever ready to guard the rights of a freedom and liberty loving people, can be justly proud of the part she has always played in progressive movements. This superb stretch of macadam road traverses a bit of mountain country hitherto untraveled, save by chance pedestrians or wandering Indians. It passes through a region whose marvelous beauty and varied scenery is unrivaled in the East.

Centuries ago the savage Mohawk, in his annual journeys from the valley of the Hudson to the valley of the Connecticut, traveled this scenic highway. This is one of the oldest and most beautiful highways on the continent. It was built at a cost of over a third of a million dollars. This seems a large sum to pay for a stretch of road only fifteen miles in length, "but a trip over it" as one traveler said, "is well worth the price." "Each day in summer, thousands of tourists pass over it, attracted by the freshness and beauty of the Berkshire Hills."

The old trail crossed parts of three states: Eastern New York, northern Vermont, and western Massachusetts. After the white man came and subdued the Indian, this old trail was still used as the only communication between the East and West in this section of the country. What historic ground it traverses, and what stirring scenes were

witnessed here! From the Hudson eastward it passes the home of the original knickerbocker, celebrated by Washington Irving, and runs near Bennington, famous as the place in which General Stark, with the aid of reinforcements led by Colonel Seth Warner, defeated two detachments of Burgoyne's army.

Here were collected the supplies the British did not get. Here, too, is located a beautiful monument three hundred and one feet in height, which commemorates the event. It leads through Pownal, the oldest permanent settlement in Vermont, where both Garfield and Aruthur taught school and near which, is located "Snow Hole," a cave of perpetual snow and ice. Williamstown, Mass., also lies along this highway. It grew up near Fort Mass, which was constructed by Colonel Ephraim Williams as a barrier to guard the western frontier of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Here is located Williams College, one of the most famous of the smaller New England institutions; also Thompson Memorial Chapel, which is considered by architectural authorities to be one of the finest in this country. In Mission Park is located the famous haystack monument, marking the birthplace of foreign missions, a spot visited by pilgrims from all over the world.

We were indeed entering the Switzerland of America. Hawthorne in his notebook characterized its beauty thus: "I have never driven through such romantic scenery, where there was such a variety of mountain shapes as this, and though it was a bright sunny day, the mountains diversified the air with sunshine and shadow and glory and gloom."

"Never came day more joyfully upon mountains," and never was any more fully enjoyed. The dew was almost as refreshing as rain, so copiously had it gathered on the grass and flowers. Their brilliant spikes of blossoms were like magic wands, enticing us through the place like fair enchantresses. Ferns, the like of which we never beheld, grew all about the highway. Great Osmunda ferns, nearly as high as our heads, formed vase−like clusters, whose magic shields seemed guarding the home of some forest nymphs. It is a delight to be alive amid scenes so fair and on days which are as perfect as July days can be.

Imagine if you can a balmy south wind, heavily laden with the fragrance of pine mint, balsam and scented fern; myriads of pine needles each tipped with its diamond drop; musical brooks far− flashing in the morning light; twittering swallows in the sky above; add to this the mysterious veil of color that makes distance so magical, and you yet have a faint idea of the picture.

In the valleys lay velvety meadows with their stately groups of elms, beneath which droves of cattle and sheep were grazing. Now and then lakes gleamed like sheets of molten beryl in their forest setting. Here and there we observed spaces in the valley resembling sunken gardens, with houses surrounded by their graceful elms, or having tree−bordered fields in their midst. We knew not in which direction to look, for beauty was on every side and we absorbed new life, new hope, and spiritual tone from our wonderful environment.

"Today we dine at the sign of the White Pine Bough," we said, as we beheld a fine forest of evergreens, whose myriad needles seemed to be calling us to enjoy their "restful solitude." Chickadees and warblers sang among their branches. The ground beneath them was covered with a thick soft carpet of rich brown needles. Large boulders covered with moss and lichens were scattered about, which served us for tables. Tall ferns grew in abundance. The air was heavy with fragrance of pine and hemlock. Our appetites were made unusually keen by our sampling of choke cherries that grew in abundance along the highway. How delicious is a meal of buns, with honey and butter, berries and pure spring water! One learns the real flavor of food out here where the odors of restaurants are but a memory.

Thinking that there was a waterfall somewhere near, we penetrated quite a distance the forest, only to learn that we had heard naught but the wind among the pines.

Here in the lovely Berkshire country near a charming lake we saw the sturdy New England farmers at work in their harvest fields. One farmer was still using the old self rake−reaper. It was interesting to watch the old reaper

in operation. A real old gentleman seeing us, came out to the road and after a friendly greeting, asked: "And what be ye doing in Yankee land?" Mr. H. could not resist the temptation to bind a few sheaves for old times' sake, and soon was binding the golden bundles, and so fascinated was he, that an hour passed by (to the utter delight of the old man's son, let it be known) while he neatly bound his first New England sheaves.

He was well aware that this stop had undoubtedly meant the missing of some grand natural scenery, but he declared with amazing indifference that he would not have missed this opportunity for many mountain scenes, however fair. The same mysterious power that threw over the hills that filmy veil of delicate blue had turned to gold the standing wheat, which so lately undulated in the rippling wind with its sea−like tints of shimmering, shining green.

Bidding our friends adieu, we thought what a grand harvest of by− gone memories the day had brought.

One can never forget the groups of yellow and silver birch that grow like beautiful bouquets along the trail. Druids built their altars and worshiped beneath the aged oaks, but surely there were no lovely groups of white and yellow birch there, or they would have forsaken their oaks for these graceful, fragrant trees. What lessons of humility they teach by their modest, humble manner!

Where the forest contains so many noble trees to challenge one's admiration, you will linger fondly among these glorious creations of God's art, where each new group is more beautiful than the last, and extol their beauty above all other New England trees. They are indeed the gold and silver censers in Nature's vast cathedral which scatter incense on every passing breeze. One could wish for no lovelier monument to mark his last resting place−−and it would indeed be a noble life to be worthy of such distinction.

The most beautiful of all eastern evergreen trees is the hemlock, which forms a most vivid contrast to the groups of birch, and when they are massed in the background the birch stand out in fine relief. Then how different from the vigorous aspiring pines they are. Poor soil seems to be no drawback to the pines, for they appear to possess a native vitality found in no other tree, and push upward sturdily toward the light; their "spiry summits pointing always heavenward." The slender, graceful branches of the hemlock trees are hung with innumerable drooping sprays of bluish green foliage, beautiful as the Osmunda ferns that grow in these wonderful woods. Then how charming their blue flowers and rich brown cones that form clusters at the ends of their numerous sprays They are just the ornaments to enhance their delicate foliage, and a bloom of silvery−blue clothes the trees like that which veils the distant mountain sides.

The trees became thicker and the scenery more rugged as we neared a place where the road doubled back, forming a sort of triangular piece of land known as "Hairpin Curve." This seems to be one of the shrines of travelers, and the goal of many a summer pilgrimage. There is an observation tower here, where a wonderful view of the country may be had. The view, though not so extensive, is very much like that obtained from Whitcomb's summit. Here we met two boys with pails well filled with blueberries and huckleberries. They kindly gave us a sample of each variety, the quest of which would furnish an excuse for so many memorable rambles in the days to come.

Indeed the Mecca of travelers is Mount Whitcomb, from whose summit you look over a vast expanse of mountain peaks stretching away in all directions like a huge sea. Standing on the summit of Whitcomb, one of the finest views of pure wild mountain scenery in the East is disclosed. Immediately in front of you loom vast numbers of wooded slopes with their varied tints of green in grand variety, stretching shoulder to shoulder like works of art. A great many peaks, rivers and dark blue lakes, all saturated in the warm, purple light, lie dreamily silent in the far distance. Rounded summits rise up from the vast undulating mass like a never−ending sea, whose surface is broken as far as the eye can reach with their immense billows of blue and green.

The nearer forests comprise the green−tinted waves, which recede and blend imperceptibly into infinite gradations of color from palest sapphire to darkest purple tones. Standing here, gazing at the glorious landscape circling

round with its far−flashing streams, placid lakes, and the infinite blue dome of the sky above, and an air of mystery brooding over all, we exclaimed with the poet: "And to me mountains high are a feeling, but the hum of human cities torture."

What a wealth of natural beauty greets you here! It is the highest point along the Mohawk trail, twenty−two hundred and two feet above sea level. From the sixty−foot observatory the eye sweeps sections of four states: Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and New York. Among the prominent peaks that distinguish themselves are Monadnock, in New Hampshire, Mount Berlin in New York, Wachuset, Mount Tom, and Graylock in Massachusetts, the latter being monarch of them all, rising to a height of thirty−five hundred and five feet. A remarkable feature of the place is a spring issuing from the rocks near Mount Whitcomb's summit.

There is more sublimity in the towering snow−clad Alps, more real wildness in the Adirondacks, more gracefulness in the flowing contour of the Catskills, yet few are so beautiful or "bring more lasting and inspiring memories." Lying dreamily silent in thick purple hues, old Graylock is a vision of splendor that looms as a charming surprise to all observers. The sunbeams that filter through innumerable leaves give the place a cathedral−like solemnity. How all sordid thoughts disappear, vanishing on the far shores of forgetfulness like the pale tints that grow dim and melt along the sky−line! How the so−called splendors and pomp of your cities pale into insignificance out here among God's eternal hills! The eye roves over this vast domain in unwonted freedom.

How quickly one imbibes disdain for all unrighteous restraint. No wonder the inhabitants dwelling among the Swiss Alps could not bear the crushing yoke of tyranny thrust upon them. The very atmosphere they breathed had in it an elixir, and the lofty, snow−clad hills, as they gazed upon their seeming unchangeableness, were only loftier principles that led their souls in trial flights heavenward.

As you look out again at this vast wilderness of mountains towering together you are aware how many and superb are the views you never could have enjoyed by remaining in the valleys below. Only by continued effort can one leave the lowlands of self, and it requires a courageous soul indeed not to look back as did Lot's wife at the smoking ruins of her village. How much of indomitable courage and firmness is taught by those hills! How much of humility by the little blue campanula peeping from rocky ledges, with heaven's own blue "gladdening the rough mountain−side like a happy life that toils and faints not."

We do not know why the Florida range in the Hoosacs was so named unless it was on account of the wonderfully luxuriant ferns that present an almost tropical appearance along its sides. Here are vast meadows of Osmundas, waving their plume−like fronds of rich green in tropical beauty. These are the most luxurious plants our low wet woods or mountain meadows know. They are all superb plants whose tall, sterile fronds curve gracefully outward, forming vase−like clusters with their resplendent shields.

The regal fern belonging to this family is all that its name implies. It has smooth pale green sterile fronds, with a crown that encircles the fertile, flower−like fronds, forming a vase− like cluster of singular beauty. This fern was one time used by herbalists to prepare a salve for wounds and bruises. We thought that it would be harder to destroy such beauty than to bear the wounds and bruises. It has in it the very essence and spirit of the woods, and "as you approach and raise these fronds you feel their mysterious presence."

Here, too, you meet with the interrupted fern, whose graceful, sterile fronds fall away in every direction, holding you captive with its charm. It is fair enough to interrupt Satan himself.

An old English legend relates that near Loch Tyne dwelt an Englishman, Osmund, who saved his wife and child from imminent danger by hiding them upon an island among masses of flowered fern, and the child in later years named the plant for her father.

Wordsworth was familiar with these ferns, for he writes:

> Often, trifling with a privilege
> Alike indulged to all, we paused, one now,
> And now the other, to point out, perchance
> To pluck some flower or water weed, too fair,
> Either to be divided from the place
> On which it grew, or to be left alone
> To its own beauty. Many such there are,
> Fair ferns and flowers and chiefly that tall fern,
> So stately, of the Queen Osmunda named:
> Plant lovelier, in its own retired abode
> On Grasmere's beach, than Naiad by the side
> Of Grecian brook or Lady of the Mere,
> Sole sitting by the shores of old romance.

The mingled beauty and majesty of the landscape near Deerfield was so simple, yet so charming, that thoughts of serious questions were out of the question. The sky was partly overcast with clouds offering lovely breadths of light and shade. Every ledge of rocks along the brown, foaming water of the Deerfield river was draped with weld clematis, ferns, vines, and moss. As the stream dashed along at our left it broke the rich mass of verdure with its silvery gleam.

By the side of the road a woman was selling honey made from mountain flowers. We bought several pounds and found it most excellent. The comb was so thin that it seemed to melt in one's mouth, and the flavor had in it a "subtle deliciousness" clearly indicating its source.

We halted here not so much, because we wanted the honey, but to have more time in which to take a last look at the valley. What a picture it made! The few scattered houses reposing in the valley or nestling along the edge of the towering hills made a frame for the rich green and gold of the fields whenever the sun peeped out from behind the clouds. Higher up we caught the outlines of the hills whose light, gray sides of purest aspect, peeping froth their rich verdure, made a picture which we can never forget. The rustic homes scattered about had always some noble elms to shelter them. Soon we beheld clusters of wooded heights with here and there a single pointed summit rising above the rest. Each spot possessed a beauty, differing only in its type and not in quantity.

Again we were traveling along a trout stream that sang its songs of freedom as cheerily as the cardinal or vireo nearby. A glow of color permeated its banks where it was more open. A host of blue mints, fragrant burgamot, and glowing masses of cardinal flowers attracted the eye. Over these hovered, like larger flowers, the black and yellow tiger swallowtail, argynnis, painted lady, and mourning−cloak butterflies. Earlier in the season laurel and honeysuckle shed their fragrance into it. Blackberries, redbud and dogwood enliven its banks in the spring, and we saw where hepatica, bloodroot, and anemone grew in abundance.

At Deerfield amid so much repose, who could think that here was committed one of the most terrible of Indian massacres. Men, women and children were put to death in the most horrible manner. A company of ninety, with eighteen wagons, went to Deerfield to get a quantity of grain, which had been left behind by the fleeing citizens. After securing the grain, they forded a little stream, throwing their fire−arms into the wagons. In an instant hundreds of bullets and arrows came whizzing from the surrounding thickets. Only seven out of the number were not killed, and this stream where they fell bears the significant name of Bloody Brook to this day.

"Captain Mosley, (the pale−face−with−two−heads) arrived with seventy militia before the Indians could escape. He hung his wig on a bush while he fought. "Come, paleface−with−two−heads," they shouted, "you seek Indians? You want Indians? Here are Indians enough for you!" And they brandished aloft the scalp−locks they had taken. Mosley stationed his men under a shower of arrows, and began the struggle with over a thousand savages. He was

beaten back, but was re−enforced by one hundred and sixty Mohican and English troops, and beat the enemy back with great loss."

The memorial association of Deerfield has erected a stone monument, marking the spot where Eunice Williams, wife of Reverend John Williams of Deerfield, was slain by her Indian captor on the march to Canada after the sacking of the town, February 29, 1704.

How often the meadows were damp with the blood of their victims! How often the gold of the buttercups were stained ruby red! It is impossible to dwell at length on scenes of such terrible cruelty in a spot where all is so peaceful. We seemed to catch the restful spirit of the place, and yielding to its soothing influence, sauntered on into deeper solitudes where we viewed nature in one of her wildest strongholds. Here ferns and mosses grew in abundance.

What a place to commune with Nature! "Was ever temple consecrated by man like this in beauty and filled with such holy solemnity?"

These glorious hills seemed to be calling the dwellers of the hot and dusty lowlands to come and enjoy their cool, leafy retreats. The slopes were covered with large leaved maples; pines that always towered so straight; and birch that grew in clusters all along the highway. These comprised the foreground. The middle of the picture was composed of many hills rising one above the other in finely modeled forms with evergreen and deciduous trees fitting so closely together they appeared as a great, rich tapestry.

While in Massachusetts it is well worth while to go to the old historical town of Springfield. As we viewed the old arsenal located there, these significant lines from Longfellow's "Arsenal at Springfield," kept singing themselves over in our mind:

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these
Thou drownest Nature's kindly voices,
And jarrest the Celestial Harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts.

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell with solemn sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace."

Peace no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals
The holy melodies of love arise.

The arsenal of Springfield was built in 1794. In 1846 it had a storage capacity of five hundred thousand rifles. It is earnestly to be hoped that the old arsenal's mission is over, and that future generations will visit it only because our illustrious Longfellow was inspired to write his poem about it.

One will be well repaid for a trip to Charlemont. Many memories of bygone days fraught with gravest meaning are recalled at this place.

"Charlemont has many places of historical interest. At the western end of the village near the long bridge across the Deerfield river is, the famous sycamore tree under which the first settlers slept. Just back of it is the place where Charles Dudley Warner lived, when he had the experiences related in "Being a Boy." Back of the house on a hill is a monument marking the resting place of Captain Rice and Phineas Arms, who were shot by Indians in June, 1775. About two miles from the crossing of the river on the Mohawk trail on a high ridge is a tall, lonesome pine which marks the point where the aboriginal Mohawk trail ascended the hills. The trail can be very clearly traced at the present day from Cold river up the mountains and along the ridge to the west for several miles." What a different scene the road presents today when compared with that of two hundred years ago!

What a charming location North Adams has in the hollow of the hills! They seem to surround it on all sides like sentinels watching over the birthplace of one of the world's great souls, Susan B. Anthony.

A silvery brook comes stealing
From shadow of its trees
Where slender herbs of forest stoop
Before the entering breeze.
−−Bryant.

The silvery stream seems to grow wider, dashing its mossy rocks with foam, and swaying from side to side with its swift, impetuous flow as it descends. Past leaning willows it goes; past graceful elms and fragrant groups of gleaming birch; whether fast or slow, morning or night, it fills all the woodland with its liquid music. One turns again and again to admire the white birch arranged in groups, each lovelier than the one just beheld. It takes an artist's soul to really enjoy these wonderful and harmonious scenes. We carried notebooks and a camera, but used them slightly. Shall we ever forget the azure sky, the gleaming yellow and white of the birch, the green meadows, the silvery flashing of the happy streams, or the bright green and blue of far lakes? No, they shall remain as long as memories of beautiful things last.

What fine traveling companions these lovely New England brooks make! What grace and freedom is theirs ! What songs of joy they sing, telling of the grandeur of the hills through which they flow! Gladly we followed their winding way, "asking for no better friend or finer music." No wonder they are so cool and refreshing, for in what crystal pure springs do they find their source? Like well born children with a beautiful environment, they bathe all the wood land flowers and trees with their beneficent water until they leave a trail of richest verdure from the mountain to the sea, where they mingle in the great expanse of waters not to perish, but to be resurrected, into glorious summer clouds, to carry life and health to the thirsty plants of earth.

The very sight of their rushing crystal waters beside the widening road on a hot day gives one a new lease on life. Truly did Wordsworth say, "earth has not anything to show more fair." All afternoon we wandered "by shallow rivers to whose falls melodious birds sang madrigals." We, like the river, were journeying "at our own sweet will."

Grand balsam fir sprang from the crevices of the rock, family groups of white birch rose and spread their graceful masses of foliage on either side of us; mounds of virgin bowers, wild grape vines, and bittersweet crowned the rocky sides of the cliffs, spreading from tree to tree or hung from them like folded curtains; and the sunlight and shadow among pine and hemlock where grew mosses, ferns and flowers, made vast sheets of rich mosaic. The hermit and veery thrush sang in the woods around, tree swallows cut the air above in graceful flight, and even the lone scout out for a hike, carrying his supplies, had yielded to his environment and sang such a rapturous strain (to which a redwing whistled a gurgling accompaniment), we were reminded of these lines from Roger's "Human Life": "And feeling hearts, touch them but rightly, pour a thousand melodies unheard before." He seemed to sing out of very wantonness, and his song seemed to have that soft undercurrent of melody heard in the chimes of

Belgium−−with just a hint of plaintiveness in it to make the joy and the brightness of the day complete.

No wonder the Indians thought these majestic white mountains the abodes of their god. Marvelous stories were told about great shining stones that glittered on the cliffs through the darkness of the night. Now and then specimens of crystal were shown to white settlers which they said came from the greatest mountain. The whites at first called it the "Crystal Hill."

"But," said the Indians to the whites, "nobody can go to the top of Agiochook, to get these glittering stones, because it is the abode of the great god of storms, famine and pestilence. Once, indeed, some foolish Indians had attempted to do so, but they never came back, for the spirit that guarded the gems from mortal hands had raised great mists, through which the hunters wandered on like blind men until the spirit led them to the edge of some dreadful gulf, into which he cast them, shrieking."

These mountains were not discovered until 7642, when a bold settler by the name of Darby Field determined to search for the precious stones. It must have been wonderful, this trip through these beautiful hills in June. He came to the neighborhood of the present town of Fryeburg, where the Indian village of the Pigwackets was then located.

With the aid of some Indian guides he was led to within a few miles of the summit when, for fear of the evil spirit, all except two refused to go farther. On he went with these two guides clambering over rocks, crossing rocky mountain torrents, until he came to a stony plain where were located two ponds. Above this plain rose the great peak that overlooks all this wonderful New England region. This they also climbed. How the sight of this great wilderness of forest and mountain must have thrilled him. He has said that the mountain, falling away into dark gulfs, was "dauntingly terrible." Here, as you stand upon this great watershed of New England, you will indeed find precious stones worth coming from afar to see. You, like Field, will carry away crystals, but unlike his, which he thought were diamonds, yours will gleam and sparkle in the halls of memory with a clearer radiance than any gems this world affords. While Field was above the clouds, a sudden storm swept over the Indian guides who remained below. Here he found them drying their clothes by a fire, and they were greatly surprised at seeing him again, for they had given him up for lost.

We came to Crawford's notch by way of the Mohawk trail with visions of the lovely Berkshires and old Mount Graylock still vivid. Richer and wilder still seemed this vast mountain range with its glorious forests and songful streams. Here indeed is the tree lover's paradise. Here you will find primeval woods with decayed leaves and plants underneath, almost a foot in thickness. The massed foliage at noon let in the light in shimmering patches of sunshine and shade, making squares and angles like a Persian rug with flower and fern designs.

Here weary travelers may find a camper's heaven. Just opposite Mount Jackson is a velvety lawn with grass and flowers in abundance. Water may be had not far distant. The lovely birch trees gleam where your camp fire is kindled and the larger evergreens stand like sombre sentinels on watch through the night. But one sometimes learns a camper's life is not all places of cool retreats, bright camp fires, dry beds of plush− like boughs, with delicious breaths of birch, pine and mountain wild flowers sifting through his tent. Because the wood thrush and cardinal sang while you ate your supper of well−cooked trout is no sign you will be so highly favored the next time you pitch your tent. Instead you often find unsuitable places for camping with dust and heat in place of cool retreats; instead of the cheerful campfire anticipated, you may work hard to get a "smudgy smouldering fire." Your meal will in all probability consist of raw salmon eaten at The Sign of the Smoke Screen; while your dry bed of balsam boughs may turn out to be rain trickling down your neck, Niagara−like, and your resting place a veritable Lake Erie. Your fragrance of a thousand flowers may be the pungent aroma of the skunk, borne by the evening breeze; and your evening serenade perhaps will be made by an immense number of "no see ems" whose shrill and infinitely fine soprano is paid for in so many installments of blood, to say nothing of the furious itching and nights of "watchful waiting." Even to enjoy Nature in her finer moods you must always pay a price, and people gain "beauty, as well as bread, by the sweat of their brows."

But here we are at Crawford's notch, gazing at the mountains that tower far above us. Their bases already lie in deep shadows which are creeping continually upward. We lifted our eyes toward the masses of light gray rock many hundreds of feet in height, which kept watch over the lovely glen below. There were the tops of the mountains bathed in floods of golden light, while their lower levels were already dim with twilight gloom. How true, in life, we said, are the sunshine and shadow. The paths of ease and self−indulgence are full of mortals because they wind and diverge from the way of truth, leading to lower and more easily attained levels. But up on the mountain top no dissatisfied throng stirs up the dust and we feel that joyous exaltation of spirit which comes to those who climb a little nearer heaven.

In the park−like space in which we find the Crawford House, how quiet and beautiful all things are! Towering all around are lofty peaks as if to shut out the beauty from the rest of the world. We are not artists, so we sit down in this quiet−retreat and let Nature paint the picture. The breath of the pine and birch fills the place like incense. The softly sighing pines with the distant waterfalls are singing their age−old songs. The evergreens are marshalled in serried ranks, spire above spire, like a phalanx of German soldiers clad in their green coats, their spiked helmets gleaming in the evening light. But they are pushing on to "victory and peace," and each soldier with aeolian melodies marches to his own accompaniment while the evening breeze softly thrums its anthem of divine love. We wished our lives might be pierced by the mystery of their gleaming javelins that we too might learn their lessons of strength, endurance and noble aspiration. As we stood at the base of these glorious forest−crowned mountains, gazing in rapt admiration and wonder at God's "handiwork," we were conscious of a revelation whispered through the myriad needles of the pine. How small seem the honors, customs, cares, and petty bickerings of men seen through the vast perspective of these eternal hills. How quickly we forget our seeming ills and are more in "tune with the Infinite."

"The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration."

As the shadows crept higher along the ridges the breeze died away. The great artist, evening, with all rare colors was painting another masterpiece. The last rays of the sun were now gilding the mountain peaks; long ago their bases rested in purple shadow and the yellow light seemed to be reflected from all their wooded heights. At our right lay Mount Tom in deep shadow; the pines on Mount Jackson to the east cut the blue vault of the sky with their serrated edges. The drooping birch trees stood silent as if awaiting a benediction. The sky all along the eastern horizon was a broad belt of old rose which deepened to crimson, then crimson was succeeded by daffodil yellow. Far up in the mountain above a wood thrush poured forth his clear notes. "The last rays that lingered above the purple peaks were slowly withdrawn into that shadowy realm called night." Only the wind sighed again among the faint silvery clashing of distant waterfalls. How like a prayer was that vast sea of changing colors. The poem of creation was written unmistakably upon the evening sky. Out here God himself is teaching his grandest lessons, but alas! how few there are who really hear them.

How wonderful the dawns and twilights; how vast and changeable the ocean; how pure and deep the lakes; how strong and high the mountains; how infinite and full of mystery the sky, yet how few there are who really see and enjoy them.

If only all people would accept the invitation froth that sweet singer of the Wabash, Maurice Thompson, we would hear fewer people say, "It isn't much," or "We are exceedingly disappointed in it."

"Come, let us go, each pulse is precious,
Come, ere the day has lost its dawn;
And you shall quaff life's finest essence
From primal flagons drawn!

Just for a day to slip off the tether
Of hot−house wants, and dare to be

A child of Nature, strong and simple,
Out in the woods with me."

How calmly and soothingly night came on! Over the quiet glen at Crawford's notch, the sunset, moonlight, and starlight were weaving the mysterious spell of the night. On the very edge of a mountain ridge glowed the evening star. There was no sound except the rhythmical murmur of the pines and far−heard sound of waterfalls. Presently a night hawk rose from a wooded ridge and uttered her weird cry, then a bat darted "hither and thither, as if tethered by invisible strings." Then began the real serenade of the evening. Down in the waters of Lake Waco the frogs broke the silence. We moved slowly to the edge of the water, disturbing some of the members of the aquatic orchestra, who kept springing into the lake with a final croak of disapproval. We made our way back to the hotel across the velvety grass, already wet with dew, to find a crowd of splendidly attired tourists, poring over their cards or dancing away those rare hours, at the close of "one of those heavenly days that cannot die."

"Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds."

So thought we as the day that was breaking found us out in the lovely glen; hemmed in on all sides by lofty hills. The birds at this season of the year do most of their singing in the morning hours. Early as the time was, we were not the first to greet the coming dawn.

The blue mantle that clothed the mountains had been withdrawn so that the serrated points of spruce and pine stood out in bold relief against the pale blue of the morning sky. The stars, like far−off beacon lights along the mountain tops, slowly melted into the dawn. Over in the direction of Mount Willard the rich contralto of the wood thrush sounded; the white crowned sparrow's sweet, wavering whistle rang from the spruce crested slopes; from the telephone poles down by the railroad station the king birds were loudly disputing with the indigo buntings for full possession of the wires; flickers and downy woodpeckers called loudly or gave vent to their morning enthusiasm by beating a lively tattoo upon the dead pine stubs; while the ringing reveille of the cardinal must have awakened the sleepiest denizen of the forest.

But another song rises pure and serene above the general chorus of vireos and warblers. You saunter along a murmuring stream, scarce noting the fresh green of bush and tree, or the ferns, flowers and moss that are massed in marvelous beauty. Nature has arranged her stage in the amphitheater of the hills for some great pageant. All the while you are listening to the rich melody coming from the shadowy depths of hemlock in the direction of Mount Willard. "It seemed as if some unseen Orpheus had strayed to earth and from some remote height was thrumming a divine accompaniment." Here among the majesty and stillness of the White Mountains was a song most fitting and infinitely beautiful to express their loveliness. It seemed to have in it the purity and depth of crystal clear lakes; the solemn and shadowy grandeur of hemlock forests, the faint, far−away spirit music of mountain echoes, the calm serenity of evening skies, the prayers and hopes and longings of all creation. With such a prelude as this did we behold the coming of the dawn. Nature had erected an emerald portal for the triumphal entry of the king of day. The curtains of misty green were drawn back at the signal of some nymph. Between the broken ridges of Mount Clinton and Jackson the sun appeared long after his first beams were old on the opposite side of the mountains.

While the swallows that built their nests beneath the eaves of the Crawford House were busy many hours with their family cares, the card−crazed players and the dancers of the night before were sleeping the troubled sleep of the idlers.

CHAPTER X. WHITE MOUNTAINS

The traveler who comes to the White Mountains should not fail to see Chocorua. "Chocorua," how rich and sonorous is that word. It has in it something expressing the wildness and loneliness of these lovely hills. Its

rhythm suggests the sigh of the wind among mountain pines or the continuous and far−heard melody of distant waterfalls. This famous peak is everything that a New Hampshire mountain should be. It bears the name of an Indian chief. It is invested with traditional and poetic interest. In form it is massive and symmetrical. The forests of its lower slopes are crowned with rock that is sculptured into a peak with lines full of haughty energy in whose gorges huge shadows are entrapped and whose cliffs blaze with morning gold, and it has the fortune to be set in connection with lovely water scenery, with squam and Winnepesaukee, and the little lake directly at its base.

"On one side of its jagged peak a charming lowland prospect stretches east and south of the Sandwich range, indented by the emerald shores of Winnepesaukee, which lies in queenly beauty upon the soft, far−stretching landscape. Pass around a huge rock to the other side of the steep pyramid, and you have turned to another chapter in the book of nature. Nothing but mountains running in long parallels, or bending ridge behind ridge, visible, here blazing in sunlight, there gloomy with shadow, and all related to the towering mass of the imperial Washington.

"And Chocorua is the only mountain here whose summit is honored with a legend. 'In the valley where the lovely forest−clad mountains tower above the blue lakes dwelt Chocorua, the last chief of his tribe. Here too lived a settler by the name of Cornelius Campbell.

"Chocorua had a son, nine or ten years old, to whom Caroline Campbell had occasionally made such gaudy present as were likely to attract his savage fancy. This won the child's affections, so that he became a familiar visitant, almost an inmate of their dwelling, and, being unrestrained by the courtesies of civilized life, he would inspect everything which came in his way. Some poison, prepared for a mischievous fox which had long troubled the little settlement, was discovered and drunk by the Indian boy, and he went home to his father to sicken and die. When Chocorua had buried his wife by the side of a brook, all that was left to him was his little son. After the death of the boy, jealousy and hatred took possession of Chocorua's soul. He never told his suspicions, but he brooded over them in secret, to nourish the deadly revenge he contemplated against Cornelius Campbell.

"The story of Indian animosity is always the same. Campbell left his but for the fields early one bright, balmy morning in June. Still a lover, though ten years a husband, his last look was towards his wife, answering her parting smile; his last action a kiss for each of his children. When he returned to dinner, they were dead−−all dead−−and their disfigured bodies too cruelly showed that an Indian's hand had done the work.

"In such a mind, grief, like all other emotions, was tempestuous. Home had been to him the only verdant spot in the desert of life. In his wife and children he had centered all affection, and now they were torn from him. The remembrance of their love clung to him like the death grapple of a drowning man, sinking him down into darkness and death. This was followed by a calm a thousand times more terrible, the creeping agony of despair, that brings with it no power of resistance.

"It was as if the dead could feel
The icy worm around him steal."

Such for many days was the state of Cornelius Campbell. Those who knew and reverenced him feared that the spark of reason was forever extinguished. But it rekindled, and with it came a wild, demoniac spirit of revenge. The death groan of Chocorua would make him smile in his dreams, and when he waked, death seemed too pitiful a vengeance for the anguish that was eating into his very soul.

Chocorua's brethren were absent on a hunting expedition at the time he committed the murder, and those who watched his movements observed that he frequently climbed the high precipice, which afterwards took his name. He was probably looking for indications of their return. Here Campbell resolved to carry out his deadly plan. A party was formed, under his guidance, to cut off all chance of retreat, and the dark−minded prophet was to be hunted like a wild beast to his lair.

"The morning sun had scarce cleared away the fogs when Chocorua started at a loud voice from beneath the precipice, commanding him to throw himself into the deep abyss below. He knew the voice of his enemy, and replied with an Indian's calmness, 'The Great Spirit gave life to Chocorua, and Chocorua will not throw it way at the command of the white roan.' 'Then hear the Great Spirit speak in the white man's thunder,' exclaimed Campbell, as he pointed his gun to the precipice. Chocorua, though fierce and fearless as a panther, had never overcome his dread for firearms. He placed his hands upon his ears to shut out the stunning report. The next moment the blood bubbled from his neck, and he reeled fearfully on the edge of the precipice, but he recovered and, raising himself on his hand, he spoke in a loud voice, that grew more terrific as its huskiness increased: 'A curse upon ye, white men. May the Great Spirit curse ye when he speaks in the clouds, and his words are fire. Chocorua had a son and ye killed him while the sun looked bright. Lightning blast your crops. Winds and fire destroy your dwellings. The Evil Spirit breathe death upon your cattle. Your graves lie in the warpath of the Indian. Panthers howl and wolves fatten over your bones. Chocorua goes to the Great Spirit−−his curse stays with the white man.'

"The prophet sank upon the ground, still uttering curses, and they left his bones to whiten in the sun, but his curse rested upon that settlement. The tomahawk and scalping knife were busy among them; the winds tore up the trees, and hurled them at their dwellings; their crops were blasted; their cattle died, and sickness came upon their strongest men. At last the remnant of them departed from the fatal spot to mingle with more populous and prosperous colonies. Campbell became a hermit, seldom seeking or seeing his fellowmen, and two years after he was found dead in his hut." (footnote: From The White Hills, by Starr King.)

As we looked out over the sylvan beauty of the scenery that is unsurpassed, we realized that long ago the curse had been removed. The hills are intersected by charming labyrinths of wood that lead to peaceful valleys. These dreamy forest solitudes, with their deep foliage and singing rills which wander here and there, lull your senses like an enchantment after the noise and scrambling bustle of the busy manufacturing centers from which you no doubt have so recently come.

"The Appalachian mountains in their long majestic course from northeast to southwest rise to their greatest height in the New England states, culminating in Mount Washington, sixty−two hundred and ninety feet elevation, surrounded on all sides by lesser peaks, mostly from two thousand to five thousand feet high. "Bretton Woods," an estate of ten thousand acres, lies in a very picturesque section of these mountains. The Amonoosuc valley is somewhat less than four miles west from the head of Crawford's notch. Here a railroad and the one through highway skirt the east side of the Amonoosuc river; while on the west side a level meadow extends about a half mile directly across to a range of low foot−hills back of which Mount Washington rears his immense bulk. All through this region you will find the most ample accommodations that tourists could wish; along the tributary routes as well as in and about the mountains, you will find comfortable, well−kept rooms and good, wholesome food, and the finest of American resort hotels, with all the luxuries to be found in the city. Notably among the latter class is the Mount Washington, a three−million−dollar hotel, and said to be the finest tourist hotel in the world.

When we left Crawford's notch the pine needles were still shimmering with sparkling points of light; the long bright green of the balsam fir and the silvery blue of the graceful hemlocks were full of glory and splendor; myriads of luminous green scalloped beech leaves sent back a million glinting beams of light as they caught the rays of the morning sun. The yellow and white birch waved their spicy branches soothingly above the songful streams, like emerald sprays of art. The vireo's cheery strain sounded from many points in the vast wilderness of foliage. This song coming from afar, only served to heighten the vast and lonely grandeur of the forest solitudes. From the wooded hills of southeastern Ohio to the Green Mountains of Vermont we heard his cheery notes. Whether in the morning when the pine needles glistened in the bright light; at noon when the heat flowed in tremulous waves; or at evening when the last rosy beam gladdened the west, his song was alike full of contentment and rarest melody.

As we proceeded on our journey we beheld country homes charmingly embowered among their trees and vines, yet the region still retains that wild and primeval beauty that defies civilization.

Boys and men were busy making hay and their industry proclaimed that they had heeded the proverb of "make hay while the sun shines." Now and then herds of cattle were grazing or standing up to their knees in the cool of streams. What pictures of homely contentment they made! How much they add to the beauty of pastoral scenes!

More and more we were impressed with the grandeur and grace of the restful, flowing outlines of these mountains. With the light gray of their granite walls and the vivid green of their forests, they make beautiful harmony.

We paused along a beautiful sheet of water, Echo lake. A bugler whom some tourists paid for his crude attempts was doing his best (which was none too good) to awake the echoes. How harsh and grating were the tones he made, seeming like the bleat of a choking calf; yet, with what marvelous sweetness were those rasping tones transformed by the nymphs of the mountains. After a few moments' pause they were repeated among the nearer ridges, but softer and with a rare sweetness as pure and clear as a thrush's vesper bell. Again a short pause and we heard them higher, fainter, sweeter, until they died away among the hills; too fine for our mortal ears to catch. It seemed as if some sylvan deity, some Mendelssohn or Chopin of this vast forest solitude heard those harsh notes and putting a golden cornet to his lips, sent back the melodies the bugler meant to make. As the last reverberations died away among the hills we thought of those lines in Emerson's "May Day":

Echo waits with Art and Care
And will the faults of song repair.

How crude the attempts of man at producing the melodies of life! How beautiful the discordant notes become when the Master Musician breathes into them the melodies of infinite love!

"O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on field, or hill or river
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever."

The water of the lake was so clear we could see the white pebbles at the bottom, or the pike that swam slowly to the edge. How pure the mountains looked! How fresh and new the grass and flowers! The sky above was blue; the water of Profile lake was dark blue; the mountains wore a delicate veil of misty blue; blue were the myriads of delicate campanula that peeped from their rocky ledges; silvery blue was the smoke that curled from the forest's green from a dozen camp fires; and out of that mysterious all−pervading blue lifted the benign countenance of the Great Stone Face.

When Nature made this grand masterpiece, she set it on the topmost edge of Cannon Range so that all could see it. It may be seen from the edge of Profile lake, and stands in the midst of a magnificent forest preserve of six thousand acres, rising nearly two thousand feet above sea level. On either side are Profile and Echo lakes, vieing with each other in their crystal clearness; behind it are towering cliffs and wooded heights, and in every direction lead woodland paths and rocky trails offering ever−changing glimpses of wonderful White mountain scenery.

With what infinite patience has Nature sculptured this great face! Centuries ago among the American Indians there was a legend that in time there should appear in the valley a boy whose features would not only be a resemblance to, but be like those of the face on the mountain side. When the people of the valley heard the legend, they too looked for the coming of a great man who would tower far above the ordinary life of those who dwelt in the lowly valley. How long they waited in vain for the appearance of one with features noble, tender and serene as those upon which they gazed! How many years slipped by and only rumors came concerning those who were thought to bear a resemblance to the wonderful "old Man of the Mountains." Yet, those very people had infinite possibilities with their own faces while in their youth. Only by having a vision of some day attaining that

far mountain height of purity and victory, as written on those features, could they carve out a countenance so divine.

Gazing out over the lake through vistas of maple and beech we thought of Hawthorne's words: "It was a happy lot for the children to grow up to manhood or womanhood with the Great Stone Face before their eyes; for all of the features were noble, and the expression was at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced all mankind in its affections and had room for more."

Truly, this face appears like a great mountain god. A wreath seems to adorn his brow like that which was worn by the poets of ancient Greece. A faint light surrounds and illuminates his features scarcely discernible from the valley below. How one's earthly schemes seem to pale and fade, as did "Gathergold's" fortune when he beheld the wealth and beauty of Nature about him! How sordid the striving for fame and power appear, which as quickly fade as did that of "Old Blood and Thunder" and "Old Stoney Phiz!" "Nature is the Art of God." How mighty the forces that lined these majestic features! How wonderful still the unseen hands at work to make life richer as the years go by!

You almost imagine you see the natural pulpit set in its rich framework of verdure and festooned with vines placid in a nook in the hills. You seem to hear the words of life uttered by the pure lips of Ernest because "a life of good deeds and holy love is melted into them." The ancient pines stand hushed and tranquil in the quiet light as if awaiting a message from those lips of stone. You gain new faith in the beauty and freshness of Nature out here. Those lips seem to say "do not live in the mean valleys of earthly ambition, but strive to gain higher conceptions of life with truer, nobler aims, that soar above the sordid world until you attain that benign look of the Great Stone Face." It comes to you like a far−off echo of a divine chant, sweeter than any melody you have ever caught.

Many people on first beholding the Great Stone Face ascribe firmness to its features. They perhaps judge their fellowmen in like manner. They fail to see the depth of thought or honest sincerity of soul that shines forth from many a rough exterior, beneath which beats a heart of purest gold. How many seek high positions, notoriety, or public approbation, but alas! how few, like Ernest, put forth the effort to fit them for the places sought!

Almost as remarkable as the Great Stone Face itself are the cannon that seem to guard the abode of the Man of the Mountains. Indeed, they have been sculptured so remarkably well that some tourists exclaim, "I wonder how they ever got those huge guns up there." On being told these guns too, had been carved out of rock and set in place to guard ever this beautiful and vast domain since the beginning of time, they still were not convinced that they were only harmless piles of stones, whose thundering tones never had awakened the echoes of this peaceful spot. One of the party said, "but see, up there are the gun carriages!" True, they were very like the original implements of destruction, but no lurid light ever profaned the night skies, and no warriors shall ever drag these guns across the ocean to do grim service in a "Meuse−Argonne."

Again you gaze at Profile lake, the source of the wild and beautiful Pemigewasset river, which is joined by a few, small streams the first few miles of its journey, then other branches unite with it to form the Merrimac, which, after gradually descending through Concord, supplies immense amounts of water power to Manchester, Nashua, Lowell, Lawrence and Haverhill before passing majestically out to sea at Newbury port.

No wonder Whittier wrote so much about the Merrimac river and Lake Winnepesaukee, because both seem to typify the Indian name of the latter "The Smile of the Great Spirit."

In the immediate locality about the lake a botanist will find the hours passing all too swiftly, for here is indeed a place to commune with Nature. You will find rare flowers and ferns, and to what rich and lovely places they lead you! Along lonely mountain roads where the golden song of the wood thrush comes from the cool depths and the sweet, pearly notes of the winter wren ripple down through the gloom; out along lonely forest lakes or where trout brooks wander beneath dark hemlock trees and lose their way in the shadows; high up on inaccessible mountain

ledges where the river plunges in a solid amber sheet and breaks up into avalanches of shimmering rainbow mist, and down in the marsh where acres and acres of green grass and sedge stretch away like gleaming stars on a winter night. Going out to commune with Nature sounds very nice, but it requires the patience of a job, the eyes of a Burbank, the ears of a Mozart, and the great loving heart of a Burroughs if one is to gain the most from one's rambles. You will never learn the hymns that the forest and waterfalls have been singing for ages; never really know the song of the hermit thrush or the mystery and grandeur of mountains, if you are unwilling to pay the price. You must be willing to climb high mountains, scramble down rocky gorges and ravines, thread the almost impenetrable bogs and marshes, endure fierce heat, mosquito bites, hunger and toil, "but once you are admitted into the secrets of the out−of−doors you will begin to wonder why you ever dined in hot stuffy restaurants, spent your holidays in smoky, dirty cities, or did any of those conventional things that rob us of so many fine moments of life!"

We looked once more at the view across the lake. Someone said God never made anything more beautiful than the scenery at Franconia notch. But as we turned away from this entrancing scene, we saw a boy gazing in rapt admiration away across the lake, his face glowing with enthusiasm, his every gesture speaking of joy and love. Here, we said, is a work more beautiful than any mountain scenery. What infinite possibilities are wrapped up in the soul of a boy! Leaving him standing there we wondered what thoughts were passing through his mind, we made our way along the mountain road.

The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's sped,
And feeling hearts−−touch them but rightly−−pour
A thousand melodies unheard before.

CHAPTER XI. BOSTON

What could be more delightful than a visit to Boston? Those motoring through the New England states will find it both interesting and profitable to tarry a while in this quaint old place. There are so many places of interest in this city that space forbids an enumeration of only a few of the most important. You will probably want to see the State House with its gilded dome which was once covered with copper plates rolled by Paul Revere. The corner−stone of this building was laid by the Masons, Paul Revere, Grand Master, July 4, 7795. Three times the original building has been enlarged−−an extension to the rear in 7889, later a wing on the east, and very recently a wing on the west.

What a throng of past memories cluster here! Near the intersection of Boylston and Tremont streets lies the old Central burying ground, noted as the final resting place of Gilbert Stuart, the famous artist. You will not want to miss seeing Park Street church, for it was here William Lloyd Garrison delivered his first address and "America" was sung in public for the first time. "Standing on the steps of the State House, facing the Common, you are looking toward Saint Gaudens' bronze relief of Col. Robert G. Shaw, commanding his colored regiment. This is indeed a noble work of art and should not be overlooked. "The Atheneum is well worthy of a visit, and if you have a penchant for graveyards, you may wander over the Granary Burying Ground, where rest the ashes of Samuel Adams, Hancock, Sewell, Faneuil, Otis, and Revere."

We spent a delightful morning in Cambridge. It has been the home of some of the foremost literary lights of the United States, and just to the west of it, in Mount Auburn cemetery, lie the mortal remains of Longfellow, Prescott, Lowell, Holmes, Motley, and many other prominent men.

Across the blue Charles, like Greek temples rise the buildings of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The noble marble group of buildings of the School of Medicine of Harvard are very impressive. As we crossed the river, we thought how often our beloved Longfellow had looked on its peaceful tide from his charming home in Cambridge. The view from his home is still unobstructed, and it speaks of the veneration in which he is held by

the people of the city. It was while living at Cambridge that he wrote his Ode to the Charles river, given below:

River, that in silence windest
Through the meadows bright and free,
Till at length thy rest thou findest
In the bosom of the sea.

Four long years of mingled feeling
Half in rest, and half in strife,
I have seen thy waters stealing
Onward, like the stream of life.

Thou hast taught me, Silent River,
Many a lesson, deep and long.
Thou hast been a generous river;
I can give thee but a song.

Oft in sadness and in illness,
I have watched thy current glide,
Till the beauty of its stillness
Overflowed me like a tide.

And in better hours and brighter,
When I saw thy waters gleam,
I have felt my heart beat lighter,
And leap upward with thy stream.

Not for this alone I love thee,
Nor because thy waves of blue
From celestial seas above thee
Take their own celestial hue.

Where yon shadowy woodlands hide thee,
And thy waters disappear,
Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,
And have made thy margin clear.

We paused in front of the old homestead to take a picture of it. But it mattered little about the picture, for what pictures of rarest beauty he has left us, always speaking to our hearts messages of sympathy and love! Even as the years pass, Longfellow is still the universal poet, and it was with pleasure we recalled how the Belgian children in the King Leopold school of the city of Antwerp were acquainted with his more familiar poems. He is better known among foreigners than any one except their own poets.

We next paid a visit to the home of James Russell Lowell, that other sweet singer and nature lover of Cambridge. As we gazed upon the many venerable trees that drooped their graceful branches over the old homesteads, we did not wonder that the people of New England became alarmed when the ravages of the gypsy moth threatened the

trees. At Elmwood we saw the efforts the people had made to preserve them. The stately trees had been severely pruned and their trunks wore black girdles of a sticky substance to ensnare the female moths. The foliage had been sprayed.

Henry Van Dyke said the last time he saw James Russell Lowell, he walked with him in his garden at Elmwood to say goodbye. There was a great horse chestnut tree beside the house, towering above the gable, covered with blossoms. The poet looked up and laid his trembling hands upon the trunk. "I planted the nut," said he, "from which the tree grew. My father was with me when I planted it."

As we admired the shrubbery and trees at Elmwood, we thought of the inspiration this spot afforded that generous soul who dwelt so happily here.

"Give fools their gold and knaves their power.
Let Fortune's bubbles rise and fall;
Who sows a field or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree is more than all."

Every schoolboy has read about the famous Washington elm of Cambridge. What a marvelous tree to think about and gaze upon! It is difficult to analyze your emotions while standing near this historic spot gazing at this famous tree.

Since the balmy breeze of some far−off springtime caught those winged seeds from which America's most celebrated tree sprang, what changes have come to our land! When this patriarch was young, in the nearby woods Indians and fierce, wild beasts brushed past its companions. Perhaps the squaws fastened their linden cradles to their limbs while they planted their maize in the springtime, and when they had grown larger, orioles hung their corded hammocks amid their pendulous branches, with no fear of squirrels or that horror of all low nesting birds−−the black snake.

Summer after summer brought new verdure to their branches. Many autumns turned their wealth of emerald leaves to golden glory. Winter upon winter twisted their tough branches and weighed them down with snows until they now stand the monarchs of other days.

There is the very spot where Washington took command of the Continental Army on July 3, 7775. How like the man who stood beneath it was this tree then. It had beauty, strength and grace, without signs of any weakness, proclaiming it the king of trees. Here once stood "a man of great soundness of judgment, moral self−control, intense fiery passions curbed by a will of iron. His sweet, tender soul had been enshrined in a worthy temple." His grave and handsome face, noble bearing and courtly grace of manner all proclaimed him king of men.

But here still stands that great old elm, a nation's shrine. It struggles bravely to clothe with verdure its few remaining limbs, still speaking eloquently of those stirring days "that tried men's souls." Each green leaf in its aged crest tells of those noble patriots, whose memory of the glorious lives of self− sacrifice shall forever remain, verdant in the hearts of a liberty−loving people. This glorious tree, with its few broken limbs and scanty foliage, wears signs of many a wintry combat and summer winds surprise attacks "as heroes their scars," unbending still through all those years of toil and strife. Perhaps a few more years and this venerable tree shall yield to some wintry blast; its present site to be marked by a monument of bronze or marble. But how much more fitting would it be to plant a young tree where the old one stood. This would be a living monument where its cooling shadows would still fall upon the weary travelers "like a benediction on the road of life." Here pilgrims from Maine to California's farthest bounds might some day rest beneath its beneficent branches. We fancy how they will gaze in admiration at a new tree, whose symmetrical gray trunk rises like a mighty fluted column, from which graceful limbs spread out to form a glorious canopy. Its serrated leaves, each an emerald in that vast corona of verdure, will become in autumn a topaz in its gleaming crest. When the snows of many winters shall have clothed its slender, drooping branches with clinging drapery of star flowers and many springs thatched its myriad twigs with

emerald that droop like sprays of art, it too shall grow hoary and give way to some fierce blast, making room for another and still more glorious Washington Elm.

Other places you surely will care to see are Old South Church, often called the "Sanctuary of Freedom," lying between Milk and Water streets. The present building was erected in 1730. Faneuil Hall, the Cradle of Liberty, which is at the disposal of the people for public meetings whenever certain conditions are met; on the upper floor of this hall is the armory of The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the oldest military company in this country. Old North Church is known to every school boy and girl in the land as the place where Paul Revere saw the two lights that were his signal for starting on his memorable ride. Over the river is Bunker Hill Monument, recalling that resolute stand made by the patriots in 1775, and from which a fine view over the city is afforded. King's Chapel, at the corner of Tremont and School streets, is a most interesting landmark, which was completed in 1753. Entering, you find a decidedly old−fashioned atmosphere in the high−backed, square pews and handsome decorations. George Washington's pew will be pointed out to you.

The Old State House was built in 1748. In it "the child Independence was born." Here the royal governors of the province and the royal council sat. It was from the balcony on the State street side that the news of the Declaration of Independence was proclaimed. Here, in 1835, William Lloyd Garrison found refuge from a mob which had broken up an anti−slavery meeting and threatened the life of this brave agitator.

On the corner of Washington and School streets is a quaint building, the oldest now standing in Boston. It was erected in 1712 and is known as The Old Corner Book Store. Some of the largest and most influential American publishing houses had their inception in this building.

One must not fail to see Copley Square, the center of artistic, literary and educational life in Boston. Fronting on this square are Trinity Church, commonly known as Phillips Brooks' church, as his pastorate there covered a period of twenty−two years. St. Gaudens' statue of Brooks stands in front of the church. Also facing this square is the chaste and classic front of the Boston Public Library. Two of Saint Gaudens' groups adorn enormous pedestals at either side of the entrance. Inside, on the walls of the grand stairway, are magnificent paintings by John La Farge and others, while on the four sides of the main public room are mural paintings by La Farge, depicting the entire history of Sir Arthur and the Holy Grail.

Just before crossing the river into Charlestown one's attention is directed to a small triangular space surrounded by an iron fence, no side of which is more than five or six feet long, in which is growing a single tree. To this is attached a sign proclaiming that "Dogs are not allowed in this park." Just across the river, not far from Bunker Hill Monument, is the Navy Yard.

The museum of Fine Arts in Boston contains many important works from both the old and modern masters. Here you will see Turner's "Slave Ship." "This picture has been the cause of more criticism than any that has ever been brought to our shores. Every gradation of opinion was expressed from Ruskin's extravagant enconium where he says, 'I believe if I were induced to rest Turner's immortality upon any single work I should choose the Slave Ship; the color is absolutely perfect,' to the frank disapproval of our own George Innes, when he says that it is 'the most infernal piece of clap−trap ever painted. There is nothing in it. It is not even a fine bouquet of colors.' Some one said it looks like a 'tortoise−shell cat having a fit in a platter of tomatoes.' The lurid light that streams through the mist of the angry sea intensifies a scene already too horrible."

Whoever has seen the peasants of France in their own harvest fields near Barbizon will not fail to recognize the close relations and the intimate knowledge Millet had of these humble peasants. As you gaze at the great mounds of wheat with the crowd of laborers resting, you seem to catch the very spirit of the dignity of labor that the artist so admirably portrays in all his work. You see not only these particular toilers but all the laborers of earth, who by the sweat of their brows make the earth yield her increase.

"His figures seem to be uncouth and of the earth; they are children of Nature who have been so long in contact with the elements and soil they seem to partake of the sternness of the landscape quite as much as the sturdy oaks tried by the storms and stress of unnumbered days of exposure. His Shepherdess is also worth considering and represents his aim in art." These are his words: "I would wish that the beings I represent should have the air of being consecrated to their position, and that it should be impossible to imagine that the idea could occur to them of their being other than that which they are−−the beautiful is the suitable."

What poems of grace and beauty the works of Corot are! How well he knew the trees, for he lived among them and loved them. No other artist has so marvelously portrayed the very soul of trees in their swaying, singing, dew−tipped branches. They are vast harps through which wandering breezes murmur aeolian melodies, "morning and evening anthems" to the Creator. His paintings have a freshness and fragrance of the dawn; a mystery seems to hang over them. The very spirit of the morn broods over that classic landscape of his "Dante and Vergil." In the opening words of Dame's Inferno he gives us the vivid setting of this wonderful scene:

"Midway upon the journey of life he found himself within a forest dark, for the straight forward pathway had been lost. He wandered all night and in the morning found himself near the foot of a mountain. He began the ascent but was met by a panther, light and exceedingly swift. He was about to return, but the time was the beginning of morning. A lion with uplifted head, and a hungry she−wolf next he spied and rushed down toward the lowlands where he beheld Vergil, who has come to guide him to his beloved Beatrice."

One should pause to view the "Master Smith." One here sees in very form the character Longfellow so clearly describes in his "Village Blacksmith." It is to the eye what the melody of the poem is to the ear, purest harmony that ever sings the dignity of labor.

One should also pause to admire the "Sphinx" by Elihu Vedder, "The Misses Boit" by Sargent, Winslow Homer's "Fog Warning," John W. Alexander's "Isabella and the Pot of Basil." This last picture we love not only as a work of art but because it is the subject of one of Keat's poems, "Isabel."

Isabella was a beautiful Florentine maiden who lived with her two brothers. "They planned to marry her to some high noble and his olive trees." A certain servant, Lorenzo, loved her, and they had him taken to a forest beyond the Arno and murdered. Isabella had a dream in which Lorenzo appeared to her and told of his murder and how to find his grave. In the morning she found the grave and took the skull and kissed it. "Then in a silken scarf she wrapped it up, and for its tomb did choose a garden−pot wherein she laid it by, and covered it with mold, and o'er set Sweet Basil, which her tears kept wet." Her brothers discovered why she sat so constant by her pot of Basil and fled from the city. Isabella pined and died with these pitiful words upon her lips: "O cruelty, to steal my Basil−pot away from me."

Space forbids us to tell of the many beautiful works of art or the inspiration to be had by contemplating them, but a trip to Boston is not complete unless we take away lasting memories of the famous masterpieces to be seen here.

While visiting the university buildings of Harvard we saw the photographs of men who had sacrificed their lives during the World War. Our thoughts wandered far away and we seemed to see a road that led through Verdun to the front. Its beginning was an avenue of stately buckeye trees in their autumn livery of faded green and gold. Back and forth along this road went Red Cross ambulances on their ceaseless journeys of mercy. The sky that should have been blue and fair was filled with gray smoke. The air that in times of peace throbbed with the notes of the lark now trembled with the report of heavy guns and crashing shells. Great sheets of camouflage stretched along the road to screen the view.

One day while making an advance in the Argonne forest, taking the place of a captain who had been killed, Lieut. Harry Hanley of Boston fell upon the field of battle. His hip had been fractured and he was removed to Glorieux hospital, where E. H. No. 15 was located. It was here that we learned to know and love him. His hopeful, helpful

spirit shone above the dark gloom of the time like a beacon light. How often, when we wistfully sought to help those patient sufferers, while we were so weak our faltering steps failed us ofttimes, did we hear the calm voice of Lieutenant Hanley filling us with hope and inspiring us with new courage.

Across the room lay a German suffering from abdominal wounds. His pitiful moans caught the attention of Lieutenant Hanley and he said: "I hate to see that German suffer so. How I do hope this shall be the end of all wars." Such was the spirit of this noble man.

Well do we remember the day when the regimental band of the 26th division played for the wounded boys at Glorieux. It was a mild October day. As they struck up some old familiar airs the face of Lieutenant Hanley of the 101st Infantry, Company A, of that division, grew radiant as he said: "How I love to hear those old melodies." Then for a time he seemed to forget his hard lot and wandered again in fair New England fields that grew tender and beautiful in sunset light. A robin caroled softly from a crimson maple, the meadow brook sang a rippling accompaniment as in fancy once more he walked with loved ones in the homeland.

We do not know whether or not all these things passed through his mind, but we do know that among his thoughts was the fond sister, working and praying in Boston, and a brother fitting himself for the air−service, and a lovely mother walking and praying in her lonely home. The burden of their prayer is ever 'the same; morning and night it rises to Him for the safe return of a dear brother and son. As that absent one turned through the leaves of the New Testament, wherein he found such comforting messages in those weary days and long, anxious nights of suffering, he too sent up a prayer for the loved ones back home.

The day of his departure, how shall we ever forget it? As we moved about among the cots of Ward E, the cheerful voice of Lieutenant Hanley came to us as he clasped our hands for the last time, while he said "I shall never forget you." As the litter bearers were passing through the door he put up his hand as a last farewell, saying he would write us on reaching home. But many months passed before we received the tear−stained letter from a broken−hearted mother, telling us he had wandered to fairer fields.

Where broad between its banks stretches the Meuse, mirroring the bloom in the west and the evening star, where the cornflowers look up with heaven's own blue and the poppies cover the fields like a crimson sea, where the skylark unseen is still soaring and singing, and the nightingale from the snowy hawthorn spray warbles divinely at even. French mothers who have lost all their sons in the war shall come with their tribute of blossoms to those vast cities of the dead. Here while the flowers fall unnoticed from their trembling hands and with tears streaming down their careworn faces and with prayers of gratitude upon their lips, they shall bless the memory of those noble American boys who poured out the rich, red blood of youth who lie in a land they crossed the ocean to save.

Among the priceless treasures we have at home is a picture of Lieutenant Hanley standing among a bower of roses. This was sent to his mother just before he left the United States. How like those roses was he−−the most perfect flower of all. The dew of youth, the rosy bloom of manhood, the purity of those fragrant petals in his soul, all speak to us from that portrait. It seems as if:

A happy smile flits 'cross his face,
The dream of fair Elysian fields,
A vision of the old home place
To darkened memories swiftly yields.

God had turned the trenches to roses again
When they bore him home across the wave
He was true to self, to God, and man
And was leaving a land he died to save.

How quiet on that August morn
The tolling bell gave forth its sound.
In star−draped casket, slowly borne,
A treasure not of earth was found.

Like dew upon a flower sleeping
Or fairest hue of sunset skies
A jewel in the master's keeping
A radiant pearl of greatest price.

Like amber−tinted clouds of May
By many vagrant breezes driven;
That frail form swiftly passed away
To melt and fade in dawn's fair heaven.

Death is but the mist of early morn
Seen rising o'er the placid river,
An open gateway into heaven
Where the pure with God shall dwelt forever.

CHAPTER XII. LEXINGTON AND CONCORD

Coming into Lexington from the south one passes Follen church, where Emerson preached. Farther along on the right is the house of John Harrington, last survivor of the battle; then, near the corner of Maple street, the great elm planted by his father.

About a quarter of a mile further, on the left, is the Munroe Tavern, headquarters and hospital of Earl Percy, now the property of the Lexington Historical Society. The granite cannon by the High School marks the site of one of the field−pieces placed by Earl Percy to cover the retreat of the British troops. In the town hall is the admirable painting of the Battle of Lexington, by Sandham; also in the town offices statues of Hancock and Adams.

The Hayes memorial fountain, with an ideal statue of the Minute Man, by Henry H. Kitson, sculptor, faces the line of approach of the British from the easterly end of the common. Behind it a granite pulpit marks the site of the old church past which Pitcairn led his men; a boulder to the left locates the position of the Old Belfry from which the alarm was sounded on its bell, April 19, 1775. A boulder on the common to the right from the fountain, together with the old monument, under which the eight men killed during the battle are buried, marks the line of the Minute Men. The Jonathan Harrington house, on the corner of Bedford street, was the scene of a touching incident of the battle. Across Bedford street is the Masonic Temple. The main part of this building was erected in 1822 for the Lexington Academy, and in this building the first normal school in America was opened on July 3, 1839, with three pupils enrolled.

It is good to be here in this section of country not alone for its historical associations, with which it is so rich, but for the association of great minds, from which emanated those flowers of song "that shall bloom in fragrance and beauty in the gardens of the human heart forever." We note in journeying here that the scenery is superb, yet we love the land more for the noble souls who lived and labored here that humanity might rise to higher things.

One does not wonder that Massachusetts can boast of so many illustrious names, for "its lovely landscape and stern climate seem to have been made for the development of genius," and no other period of history could have afforded more telling inspiration than that in which they lived. Their songs had in them the purity of its crystal springs, the beauty of its autumn landscapes, the strength of its rock−strewn hills.

How quiet was all the landscape on that Sabbath afternoon as we stood on the North bridge, where once stood the embattled farmer gazing up the elm−lined vista at the alert figure of the Minute Man. As one writer has said, it seemed difficult to associate this charming spot with strife, and try as we would it ever remained what its name implies, "Concord."

How peaceful the dark, slow−moving stream glided by the town, with scarce a murmur to break the serene stillness! How gently the Old Manse looked from its leafy elms! The noise of automobiles passing along the highway, the rippling laughter of our little guide, or the gurgling melody of a red−winged blackbird scarce disturbed its peaceful slumbers. On the golden stillness of the hot mid−summer afternoon the almost imperceptible current seemed more sluggish still. The graceful foliage of willow, elm and alder, joined in friendly groups by wild grape vines, leaned over the dark water "as if still listening for the golden thoughts of Hawthorne, Chinning, Emerson and Thoreau." It was their spirits that seemed to rule over the brooding landscape rather than that of the Minute Man, clothing each rock and tree with a luster the remembrance of which shall illuminate many a somber−colored day of life.

Yet here was the first battle of the Revolution. The only flag we saw was the vivid red of cardinal flowers, the blue of the chicory, and the white of the elder. We heard no gun save that of the bittern, which savored more of love than war. The calm skies knew no harsher sound than the explosive boom of the night− hawk. The only drum was that of the bullfrog, calling raw recruits from among the lily−pads. The dark waters harbored no submarine save a great turtle who slipped from a log and submerged, sending a mass of ripples around a much−frightened blue heron. The woods echoed to the bold bugle of the Carolina wren. But there, on April 19, 1775, "murmured the first faint tide of war" that continued until, as the stone on the right tells us, "it gave peace to the United States."

Gage sent troops to proceed to Concord to destroy the military stores collected there, but they, like Adams and Hancock in Lexington, had vanished. They were as much surprised as the farmer who planted his peas near a woodchuck den; when he went out to look at them all he had was the smell. For the British, too, only the smell of the powder remained. After they had left a small force to guard the bridge, the troops set fire to the court house. They then cut down the liberty pole, spiked several cannon, threw several barrels of flour into the river, and proceeded to hunt for the arms and ammunition that were not there. The burning flames from the court house kindled the wrath of the little force of Minute Men, who had seen the ominous clouds of smoke on that April day. Soon four hundred men were on their way to Concord. Two hundred regulars, on arriving, seized the bridge. Here they received and returned the British fire and were only overcome by numbers. Major Buttrick forced them back into the village.

As we gazed across again at the Old Manse we thought of the wonderful essays that had been written here. In the rear of the old house is a delightful study. It was here that Emerson wrote "Nature." Here, too, Hawthorne wrote "Mosses from an Old Manse." We thought of the brave clergyman who, from the north window, commanding a broad view of the river, stood watching the first conflict of a long and deadly struggle between the mother country and her child.

Realizing the danger they were in, the British troops began their retreat of eighteen miles. They had eaten little or nothing for fourteen hours. Ages ago freedom loving Nature had conspired to aid the Americans by shaping the field of battle. Huge boulders had been left by the glacier, the potent rays of the April sun made dense masses of verdure in willows, which thus became an ally of the pine. Stone fences and haystacks became ready−made fortifications, and every rising spot was filled with irate hostile yeoman who harried them with aim true and

deadly. They soon began to run and leave their wounded behind, and in place of a retreat their disorderly flight must have had the appearance of a Marathon race, the rattle of musketry acting or serving as signals for each to do his best on the home stretch.

They were almost exhausted when they fell into a little hollow square made by Percy's men to receive them. Here the weary, frightened Redcoats took refuge as in a sanctuary, and immediately threw themselves upon the ground to rest. Many of them had either lost or thrown away their muskets. Pitcairn had lost both his horse and the elegant pistols with which. the first shot of the war for independence had been fired. They may now be seen in the town library of Lexington. When the British soldiers reached Arlington, several miles from Boston, they had an obstinate fight with the Yanks. The road swarmed with Minute Men and they could not keep order−−but at sunset, when they entered Charlestown under the welcome shelter of the fleet, it was upon the full run. Considered as a race, the British stood far in the lead. Two hundred and seventy−three British were lost and but ninety−three Americans.

As we still lingered on the banks of the sleeping river we recalled these lines from Emerson: "My home stands in lowland with limited outlook, and on the outskirts of the village. But I go with my friend to the shore of our little river, and with one stroke of the paddle I leave the village politics and personalities behind and pass into a delicate realm of sunset and moonlight." Alert and watchful still stood the figure near the bridge, and as we turned away from this quiet spot "his attitude of eternal vigilance still seemed prophetic." He became at once the noble spirit of a brave Anglo−Saxon, standing for Freedom and Right; the spirit that gained our independence; that of 1867 that freed the slave; and that of 1917 that sent the sons of America across the ocean. This glorious Freeman should be placed on some lofty mountain peak in the pure, free air of heaven, where all might read the lesson of Freedom and Human Rights. This is one of America's shrines of which she may be duly proud. Could the European tourist carry back no other memory, it would be well to cross the Atlantic to see this sight. Leaving the guardian at the bridge standing there, we made our way to Sleepy Hollow.

We are not particularly fond of cemeteries, but the knowledge that finally one has to go there himself makes a visit not wholly purposeless. We strolled past. the quiet homes to the more quiet plot of ground, "hallowed by many congenial and great souls." Here on a lofty elevation of ground stood the headstones of Louise May Alcott, Thoreau and Charming, with that of Hawthorne enclosed by a fence and withdrawn a short distance.

"What a constellation of stars, whose radiance shall shine on undimmed through countless centuries!"

Here is what Thoreau wrote concerning monuments: "When the stone is a light one and stands upright, pointing to the sky, it does not repress the spirits of the traveler to meditate by it; but these men did seem a little heathenish to us; and so are all large monuments over men's bodies from the Pyramids down."

A monument should at least be "starry−pointing," to indicate whither the spirit has gone, and not prostrate like the body it has deserted. There have been some nations who could do nothing but construct tombs, and these are the only traces they have left. They are the heathen. But why these stones so upright and emphatic like exclamation points? What was there so remarkable that lived? Why should the monument be so much more enduring than the fame which it is designed to commemorate−−a stone to a bone? "Here lies ___" Why do they not sometimes write, "There rises?" Is it a monument to the body only that is intended? "Having ended the term of his natural life." Would it not be truer to say, "Having ended the term of his unnatural life?" The rarest quality in an epitaph is truth. If any character is given it should be as severely true as the decision of judges, and not the partial testimony of friends. Friends and contemporaries should supply only the name and date, and leave it to posterity to write the epitaph.

OPPOSITE THE OLD SHORE ROAD

The Old World bended low beneath a load
Of bigotry and superstitions dark,

When Liberty, amid the tottering thrones
Of despots born, with gladness filled the homes
Of men, e'en the Eternal City bade
Her gates imperial open wide; and, like
A cloud the darkness lifted from the land.
Then Freedom's gentle, buoyant spirit, like
The Magi's wand, extended far across
The sea, and thereupon the gloomy flood
Was parted wide asunder, and revealed
A glorious paradise for Freedom's sons.
Columbia, beneath thy banner's stars,
The mind of man in rare luxuriance blooms,
Unfolding one by one the attributes
Of deity. In vision we foresee
The perfect man. In form the image of
His Maker, God. In toleration filled
With charity for all. In Reason's Ways
Profound. In thought, he mounts the throne of power
And sways the world. He tries frolic Nature's grasp
To lure her secrets still untold till we,
Amazed at his bold course, recoil abashed.
−−Willis Boughton.

CHAPTER XIII. THE OLD SHORE ROAD AND THE PILGRIM SPIRIT

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The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock bound coast,
And the woods against the stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.
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"Thus sang Felicia Hemans in the early years of the last century, and anyone who has sailed in by White Horse beach and 'Hither Manomet' when one of those fierce gales that winter brings to this section of the coast sends great billows thundering up against the cliff and churns all the sea into froth and foam, will readily see how truthful this singer has portrayed the scene he has beheld. True, you will not find granite ledges, which follow the coast almost continuously farther north, as at Scituate, Nahant, Rockport, and farther on; but it is rock−bound, nevertheless, with great heaps of boulders, thickly sown, of various shapes and sizes, with a sombre gray color that makes them appear inexpressibly stern even on a bland summer day."

The most picturesque of all the highways leading from Boston to Plymouth is the South Shore road, passing through Milton, Quincy, Hingham, Scituate, Cohasset, Marshfield, and Duxbury, for one of the chief delights of this route is the frequent glimpses of the sea, whose jagged, rocky coast Nature has softened until we only feel that it is rock bound. When the day is clear how the sunshine dusts the water with purplish bloom, mellowing its hard, cold tint of greenish blue. Here one seems to feel the spirit, the mystery of the ocean, and a voice at once grand and irresistible calls from those walls of siren− haunted rocks until he is among them, listening to the music of the waves as they come rolling against their rugged sides. Then one never tires of gazing at the beautiful homes so charmingly embowered amidst their grand old trees and spacious grounds adorned with many flowers, in brilliant masses of various colors. Thus no time is lost by the ardent admirer of the beauties of land and sea, and the ever−varied and changing scenes allow just that variety which the most prosaic person cannot help enjoying.

We shall always remember this road as a sort of traveler's paradise. It is an almost ideal shore road, indeed one of the finest that New England can boast, and one really regrets it is not longer. How many times we have gone over

it since that first journey! "Memory and imagination are true yoke−fellows, and between them they are always preparing some new and greater pleasure as we allow them the opportunity."

Many have been the times since those memorable days spent on the old Shore Road; that memory of them gave for a moment a pleasure more real than any we had experienced while strolling at will along that scenic highway. Sometimes seemingly imaginary delights are far from being imaginary. We can see the lovely stretches of beach this moment and hear the breakers booming among the granite boulders−−yes, and the grating of the pebbles that are being ground to shifting sand to form the beach.

Then, too, who can ever forget the exhilarating effect of a dip in those waves? The great unfailing attraction of the place, then as now, is the ocean, forever an emblem of unrest, changeable in its unchangeableness. To our minds the ocean seems alive. We could sooner believe in sirens and water−nymphs than in many existences that are commonly spoken of as much more certain "matters of fact." We could believe in them, we say, but do not.

Our communings are not with any monster of the unfathomable deeps of the ocean, but with the spirit of the ocean itself. It grows somber and sullen under a leaden sky, and its voice has in it something of that inexpressible sadness heard in the raging wind among the pines. Then on a calm day in mid−summer how placid and serene its water appears, wearing on its bosom that exquisite blue bloom, like the haze that clothes distant mountains. It scintillates and sparkles like rare jewels in the sunlight, and ever its dancing waves with silvery crests proclaim it a thing of life and motion. You might say that it is dead, yet after all, how many know what life really is? In certain moods, especially when strolling by the sea, you will feel measurably sure of being alive yourself; and the longer you tarry by it the less liable you will be to entertain doubts about the matter.

On the afternoon of our first journey along this Shore Road the sky was overcast with low−hung clouds that foreboded rain. Towhees were calling noisily from wayside thickets; catbirds sang their self−conscious airs or mewed in derision as we passed; chickadees were calling their names and occasionally uttered their pensive minor strains; and far away in a dim− lighted hemlock grove we heard a new bird song that seemed in exquisite accord with our own thoughts.

Again and again the notes came from the forest. How delicious the music was! A perfect song of peace and spiritual tone that told us at once the singer was a thrush−−but what thrush? We had heard the song of the hermit among the Berkshire Hills and could never confuse his wonderful hymn with that of another species; yet here was a song possessing the same character of sacredness. It was a restful lullaby like ,the mingled benediction of wood and sea on the tired spirits of weary travelers. It had in it nothing of "pride or passion," but contained the same serene harmony that vagrant breezes draw from the myriad−stringed pines; something of the melodies breathed from the ocean. It proved to be the evening hymn of the veery.

The song of the nightingale, with its trills and phrases, would make harmony seemingly crude if compared to either the hermit or veery thrush, nor would the skylark, famous in poetry and song, bear off the prize were the two birds to be heard alternately. The English blackbird has a very sweet song, which made the weary, homesick heart of the soldier in France rejoice, when he announced that spring was near. Yet if the European traveler complains that our songsters are not brilliant, let him visit our land when the brown thrasher, the bobolink or mocking bird are singing, and he will hear melodies as full of joy and exuberance as any he may have remembered in his native land.

We have been straying a bit from the Shore Road but, as we said, the scenery along it is varied, so will your thoughts be as you move enraptured from place to place.

One almost forgets to eat while so much of beauty lies all about him; but, once reminded that it is meal time, what a ravenous appetite he seems to have! It almost provokes a smile now as we think of the many places along the various roads that are connected in our minds with the question of something to eat. Many of the places (might

say nearly all of them) were places where we had dined the year before. Remembering how voracious and indiscriminating our appetites were, we cannot help wondering that we are here to tell the story; for how many new fruits we sampled because we wanted to learn their flavor!

This feeling is no doubt shared by all who recall similar excursions, when the open air and exercise whetted their appetites to an unusual degree. We Americans are objects of much comment in restaurants and hotels of foreign countries, and no doubt many of the waiters think that we have been blessed with more than a spark of life, else it would have been smothered long ago by the constant fuel which we furnish for it. But on a summer trip, where one all but lives out−of−doors, breathes deeply the resin−scented air and has little to worry about, there is not so much of a mystery connected with his ability to keep on the go.

We do not know whether it was the beautiful red color of some choke cherries that hung their bunches temptingly near or whether it was extreme hunger, or fear lest some hungrier soul should get to the bushes first, that caused one member of our party to recklessly cram his mouth with what he thought would be most excellent fruit. But alas! things are not what they seem. He began to pucker his mouth and cough in the most violent manner. "Choke cherries, choke cherries," he repeated between broken coughs; these cherries were evidently named by one who knew the right word for them. This fruit is extremely attractive just before ripening, with its handsome clusters of red cherries; a real feast to the eye but not to the palate, until they change to dark red or almost black. "Some things are to be admired and not judged by the New Testament standard, very literally interpreted, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' We used other tests here and valued this small tree for its beauty, though its cherries were as bitter as wormwood."

It isn't often one is privileged to dine at the Sign of the Lavender Kettle in Sandwich, but this is what we did in Massachusetts. The place was neat and scrupulously clean, and the dessert consisted of delicious raspberries, which went far to dispel our partner's belief that, as some theologians teach, creation is indeed under a curse. But we are making too much of the food question, and will say nothing of the honey, fresh buns, country butter, etc., but shall make haste to inquire concerning our night's lodging, for Plymouth is celebrating the Tercentenary this year, and we were informed that it is extremely difficult to find hotel accommodations.

While making inquiries concerning a suitable place to stay, we were approached by a motherly but very officious old lady, clad in black, who, after telling us that she was going to entertain some notable person at her home as a guest when he came to view the pageant, advised us to proceed to the Mayflower Inn, where we were sure of being accommodated for the night. She described this hotel as a beautiful and luxurious inn, situated on the slight elevation of Manomet Point a few miles below the town. We decided to spend the night at Plymouth and passed the road which led to the inn. We found that the nearer hotels were all filled, so we had to turn back and in a cold, dreary rain return to the road we had passed.

As we proceeded on our way we saw a fishing vessel putting out to sea. How many scenes that vessel recalled! We thought how many families had been engaged in this precarious livelihood, where their perilous calling was prosecuted at the risk of life itself. The solitude and awesomeness of a stormy night at sea along this rough and rugged coast is heightened by the wild tempests which brood over the waters, strewing the shore with wrecks at all seasons of the year. The news of the frequent loss of husbands or sons, the roar of the waves, and the atmospheric effects which in such situations present so many strange illusions to the eye, must have been calculated to work upon the terrors of those who remained at home; and melancholy fancies must have flitted across their memories as they watched at midnight, listening to the melancholy moaning of wind and wave.

No wonder phantoms and death warnings were familiar to the ancient Celtic fishermen, for those terrible disasters that were constantly occurring could not help but increase the gloom which acts so strongly upon those who are accustomed to contemplate the sea under all its aspects.

"In the long winter nights, when the fishermen's wives whose husbands are out at sea are scared from their uneasy sleep by the rising of the tempest, they listen breathlessly for certain sounds to which they attach a fatal meaning. If they hear a low, monotonous noise of waters falling drop by drop at the foot of their bed, and discover that it has been caused by unnatural means and that the floor is dry, it is the unerring token of shipwreck. The sea has made them widows! This fearful superstition, I believe, is confined to the isle of Artz, where a still more striking phenomenon is said to take place. Sometimes, in the twilight, they say, large white women may be seen moving slowly from the neighboring islands over the sea, and seating themselves upon its borders. There they remain throughout the night, digging in the sands with their naked feet, and stripping off between their fingers the leaves of the rosemary flowers culled upon the beach. Those women, according to the tradition, are natives of the islands, who, marrying strangers, and dying in their sins, have returned to their beloved birthplace to beg the prayers of their friends."

Another superstition was recalled. "At the seaside village of St. Gildas, the fishermen who lead evil lives are often disturbed at midnight by three knocks at their door from an invisible hand. They immediately get up and, impelled by some supernatural power whose behests they cannot resist and dare not question, go down to the beach, where they find long black boats, apparently empty, yet sunk so deeply in the water as to be nearly level with it. The moment they enter, a large white sail streams out from the top of the mast, and the bark is carried out to sea with irresistible rapidity, never to be seen by mortal eyes again. The belief is that these boats are freighted with condemned souls, and that the fishermen are doomed to pilot them over the waste of waters until the day of judgment. The legend, like many others, is of Celtic origin." (footnote: Alexander Bell.)

One can readily see how the imaginative minds of those Celtic fishermen could people their desolate coasts with spectres and phantoms, and indeed we did not need to draw much on our own imagination to see strange figures gliding along the shore in the gloom on a night like this.

Soon, however, the lights from the numerous windows and veranda sent their invitations through the mist−filled air and we entered the hospitable building, and drew our chairs before the glowing fireplace with a feeling of comfort not readily imagined. On leaving the fireside to take a look at the ocean, behold what a transformation! Instead of scudding clouds, a clear blue sky filled with sparkling stars and a full moon, that made a path of gold which led far away over the water. It was such a night as one sees along the shores of the Mediterranean, lacking only the balmy air, the fragrance of orange blossoms, and the broad leafed date palm reflecting the glorious light. True, the air was chilly, but the sudden transition from a dull, melancholy scene to one so cheerful had a fascination for us, like the lulling melody of flutes when their sweetness hushes into silence the loud clamor of an orchestra.

>From the spacious brick piazza, we had a lovely view out over the rolling Manomet Hills. The blue on the distant bluffs grew silvery in the moonlight and the orchestra filled the place with delightful music, so in accord with the murmuring waves, that we thought as did Hogg, the poet:

Of all the arts beneath the heaven
That man has found or God has given,
None draws the soul so sweet away,
As music's melting, mystic lay.

After the orchestra ceased playing, a young man stepped to the piano and gave a beautiful rendition of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata; recalling our sojourn in the city of Bonn and the pilgrimage to the home of this wonderful genius. How like this must have been that night on which the famous master was stirred with emotion.

"One moonlight evening, while out walking with a friend, through one of the dark, narrow streets of his native city, as they were passing a humble dwelling, the sweet tones of a piano floated out on the evening air, that throbbed with the sweet notes of the nightingale.

"Hush!" said Beethoven, "what sound is that? It is from my Sonata in F. Hark! How well it is played!"

There was a sudden break in the finale, when a sobbing voice exclaimed:

"I cannot play it any more. It is so beautiful; it is beyond my power to do it justice. O, what would I not give to go to the Concert at Cologne!"

This appeal, coming out into the stillness of the night, was too much for the kind−hearted musician. He resolved to gratify her desire. As he gently opened the door, he said to his friend: "I will play for her. Here is feeling, genius, understanding! I will play for her and she will understand it."

It was only the humble home of a shoemaker and his blind sister.

"Pardon me," said Beethoven, "but I heard music and was tempted to enter. I am a musician. I also overheard something of what you said. You wish to hear−−that is−−shall I play for you?"

The young girl blushed while the young man apologized for the wretched condition of the piano, which was out of tune, and said they had no music.

"No music!" exclaimed Beethoven.

Then he discovered for the first time that the young lady was blind. With profuse apologies, for seeming to have spoken so abruptly, he desired to know how she had learned to play so well by ear. When he heard that she had gained it by walking before the open window while others practiced, he was so touched that he sat down and played to the most interested audience that he had ever entertained. Enraptured they listened.

"Who are you?" exclaimed the young man.

"Listen," said Beethoven, and as the sublime strains of the "Sonata in F" filled the air their joy was unbounded. Seldom is it given to man to have such appreciation. The flame of the candle wavered, flickered, and went out. His friend opened the shutters and let in a flood of moonlight. Under the influence of the spell, the great composer began to improvise. Such a hold did his own music create upon him that he hastened to his room and worked till after the dawn of morning, reducing the great composition to writing. It was his masterpiece, "The Moonlight Sonata." Thus he found that it is indeed "more blessed to give than to receive," and the gift returned to bless the giver many times."

No wonder the musician played this fitting selection, for the silvery light made all the sky radiant and its crystal, star− gemmed depths seemed to shine with a light of their own, transforming its radiant sapphire gleam, shedding it over the glowing water and shore, tipping with silver the shrubbery at its edge which in the dim distance formed a scene that was enchanting. The softly sighing leaves mingled their notes with the rippling waves and:

"Peacefully the quiet stars
Came out one after one;
The holy twilight fell upon the sea,
The summer day was done."

Dawn came with a burst of glory, and the oncoming light of the soft, deep blue and the alluring purple. bloom that spread o'er the ocean was Nature's compensation for those who rose early. Before the stars had all gone to their hiding place and while the light of a few large planets was growing dim, fading into the clay, we were making our way down to the shore through dewy grass, azaleas, and various shrubs, where the swamp sparrows, robins, and catbirds were greeting the new day from their bushy coverts with their songs of gladness.

How many songsters took part in this matitudinal concert, we are unable to state, but there were a great number. The volume of sweet notes would sometimes swell to a full−toned orchestra, and then for a brief time it would die away like the flow and ebb of the tides of a sea of melody. The robins were undoubtedly the most gifted of all the vocalists, and their old familiar songs heard along the seashore seemed to have an added sweetness; their notes being as strong and pure as those of a silver flute, making the seaside echoes ring. We have heard many robins sing, but never have been so impressed with the excellent quality of their songs as on that early morning, when they flung out their medley of notes upon the balmy air. No one could doubt that here were true artists, singing for the pleasure of it.

All along the shore lay huge boulders telling of a more ancient pilgrimage to these parts; of a great moving mass of ice in the gray dawn of time, that crept slowly over the land, leaving a "stern and rock bound coast." Perhaps Plymouth Rock itself may have been one of the number that, like these huge gray boulders on which we stood, arrived thousands of years ago.

We returned to the hotel and after breakfast, proceeded on our way to the old historic town of Plymouth. "The road that leads thither is daily thronged with innumerable wheels; on a summer day the traveler may count motors by the thousand." Yet if you pause here awhile you may soon find within a few rods of the fine highway primitive woodland that will give you an impression of what it must have been three hundred years ago. Here you will see heavy forest growths consisting of oaks, for the most part, with maple and elm, and here and there a tangle of green brier and barberry, interspersed with several varieties of blueberry and huckleberry bushes.

You will perhaps recall that Eric the Red, that fearless Viking, is reported to have landed on the coast several centuries before the English heard of the bold promontory of "Hither Manomet." It is well worth your time to saunter along some of the old trails to be found in this region that lead from the main highway of today into the "wilderness of old−time romance, where you will find them not only marked by the pioneer, but that earlier race who worked out these paths, no one knows how many centuries ago."

We now and then meet with people who profess to care little for a path when walking through a forest solitude. They do not choose to travel a beaten path, even though it was made centuries ago. They are welcome to this freak. "Our own genius for adventure is less highly developed and we love to wander along some beaten path, no matter how often it has been traveled before; and if really awake, we may daily greet new beauties and think new thoughts, and return to the old highway with a new lease on life, which, after all, is the main consideration, whether traveling on old or new trails."

Then the force of those old associations, how they gild the most ordinary objects! The trail you may be traveling may wander here and there, beset by tangles of briers or marshy ground or loses itself in a wilderness of barberry bushes, yet how much more wonderful to travel it, for its soil has been pressed by pilgrim feet. Some path may chance to lead you where a few old lilac bushes, a mound or perhaps a gray and moss−grown house, still stands where some hardy pioneer builded.

You will probably come across parties of boys who have spent hours in the broiling sun, picking blueberries or huckleberries in the woods or old stony pastures. Here grow a number of varieties, which make the woods beautiful and fragrant. They belong to the heath family and help to feed the world. If you would know the value of these berries, try and purchase some from the boys who are gathering them.

How delightful the thrill that we experienced on that lovely morning of July as we were nearing the shrine of the nation. It would have mattered little even though we had not tarried on our journey here, where memories of days of the past came thronging around us, nor little did it matter now that we saw no signs of earlier times as we first approached the town, for in this residence, manufacturing and thriving business center, fluttered hundreds of flags, giving to the place a meaning at once grand and significant; and we seemed to catch the fervent faith, the glad hope that must have swelled in the breasts of our forefathers three centuries ago.

All during the morning our thoughts wandered far away from the days of the Pilgrims, for there came thronging memories of those absent and distant friends with whom we could never talk again, but in whose memory we once had a place, and who will always live in ours. These dear friends have now gone to fairer shores and they are dwelling on the banks of the "river Beautiful, where grows the Tree of Life."

We came to visit the relatives of these departed friends, who have proven in those terrible days of the Meuse−Argonne that there is more in life than its grim reality; who have taught us that not only on the bloody field of battle but while they calmly awaited the last command from the Master of All to make that journey to fairer camping grounds, they were soldiers not only serving their country under General Pershing, but loyal and faithful servants of their country's God.

The first hours of the day were spent at the home of Mrs. Emma Howland, whose son, Chester A. Howland, after receiving gunshot wounds in the Argonne forest, was taken to the Evacuation Hospital, Number 15, where we were privileged to care for him. In vain we searched for words to tell of the faith, courage, and self−sacrifice of a dear son, of this mother, whose photograph he so joyfully showed us on the first morning of our meeting, as he exclaimed:

"Here is a picture of the dearest mother in all the world."

How well we remembered that morning when the cheery rays of sunlight, the first of many days, stole through the windows and fell in golden bands and lay on the pure white brow, illuminating those manly features. A light divine filled his clear, blue eyes, as he said

"I do not know how badly I am wounded, but then it will be all right."

Then we thought of the once lovely region around Verdun, where the homes were shot full of holes. In many places only heaps of blackened stone remained. The beautiful meadows of the Meuse had been torn full of pits, some small, others large and deep enough to bury a truck; and trenches, barbed wire entanglements and shattered trees were scattered all about. The American cannonading roared along the Argonne front, and the German artillery answered, until the air trembled with an overload of sound. Then as the clear, fine voice of this noble lad filled those halls of pain and death with a rippling melody of cheer, we looked again and a vision came.

In fancy we saw once more the French peasants toiling in their fields of grain; over the once desolate region the skylarks were soaring and singing above emerald meadows, covered with the blue of the corn−flower and crimson of poppies; the pines were peacefully murmuring their age−old songs of freedom and content, unmindful of the conquer−lust of the Hohenzollerns; the evening sky was no longer profaned by the lurid illumination of star shells as they looped across the ghastly field; in what were once shell holes filled with poisonous water the frogs were piping; in the lovely gardens overlooking the Meuse the mavis and merle were singing; and in the violet dusk no hissing shells screamed their songs of death and destruction, and no crashing of forests were heard from far−thrown shells, but the heavy box− scented breeze bore the heavenly psalm of the nightingale.

Across the road from the ward moving silently about the avenues of that vast "city of the dead," French mothers were scattering flowers on graves of their loved ones; and then it was understood why Chester Howland sang while the thundering cannon shook the wards. Soon for him there would be no weary marches, no days of terror and nights of pain. Ah, precious gold−star mother, rightly have you said it seems that he is just "away." The home he once brightened and filled with the beauty of his presence shall know him no more; but think to what radiant fields he has gone, for which you early taught him to prepare! There no cruel war will ever come to take him from your hearth− side.

I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead−−he is just away!
With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand

He has wandered into an unknown land,
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there,
And you−−O you, who the wildest yearn
For the old−time step and the glad return
Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of Here;
And loyal still, as he gave the blows
Of his warrior−strength to his country's foes.
Mild and gentle, as he was brave,
When the sweetest love of his life he gave
To simple things; where the violets grew
Blue as the eyes they were likened to,
The touches of his hands have strayed
As reverently as his lips have prayed;
While the little brown thrush that harshly chirped
Was dear to him as the mocking bird;
And he pitied as much as a man in pain
A writhing honey−bee wet with rain.
Think of him still as the same, I say
He is not dead−−he is just away.
−−Riley.

The first Pilgrim trail is now Leyden street, which leads from the edge of the water to the fort on Burial Hill. But we first made our way to a real wooded park whose grounds were covered with oak trees, clethra, alder, spice bushes, and green−brier, which we fancied still grew as they did in the days of the Pilgrims. We saw numbers of Indian tepees in this park, which added to its touch of original wildness. We learned that they belonged to the Winnebagoes of Maine, who came down to Plymouth to take part in the pageant. The park was full of blueberry and huckleberry bushes, and companies of the Indian boys and girls were gathering the berries which were just beginning to ripen, giving us a good idea of what the place must have been like before the coming of the white man.

>From this place we followed a path along the shores of a stretch of water known as "Billington sea." It is a lovely lake, that had been blocked off from the ocean by a great terminal moraine until "Town Brook set it free." There is a legend current here, that a man who brought little credit but much trouble to the Pilgrims by his acts of wantonness, was said to have reported the discovery of a new sea; therefore "Billington's sea." His sons seemed to be chips of the old block and caused the colonists no end of worry and trouble by their recklessness. One of them wandered away and became lost, causing great concern among the Pilgrims. He is said to have climbed up into a high tree from which he located his home and also discovered this body of water.

But no matter who the discoverer may have been, it was enough for us to know that we were treading Billington's path along the shore near the water's edge, linking the New Plymouth with that of three hundred years ago.

Here in this seeming wilderness, wandering upon those old trails that in many places are all but obliterated, or vanishing altogether, for a short way among their tangles of undergrowth, you may still glimpse the wooded region of three centuries ago, through the perspective of the ideas and ideals of the present day. "Here we still look back in loving remembrance to that magical little vessel that fought her way across a cruel wintry sea," bearing those brave souls, whose faith and courage have left us in possession of lessons that are priceless.

Anyone who has been in England when the hedgerows are in bloom can readily imagine how the homesick hearts of the pilgrims, after that first terrible winter, fraught with sickness and death, longed for these lovely flowers.

The time of the Mayflower's blossoming has long been past, but in fancy our thoughts go back to that early spring when the first bluebird winged his way to Burial Hill, calling up memories of the English robin, which this harbinger of spring resembles. It was the Pilgrims who called him the blue robin.

We love to think, too, of the joyful discovery that one of the Pilgrims must have had, when he stooped to pluck that first flower of spring whose aromatic fragrance was wafted to him by the balmy south wind. Perhaps it was John Alders who first discovered this lovely flower while the bluebird warbled his message of love and spring from a budding alder. No doubt he carried it in triumph to Priscilla as a token of friendship.

Looking out over the land or the lovely bay that spread before them, the Pilgrims, in spite of their toil and hardships, found heart to send word to their friends in England that it was a "fayere lande and bountiful." "So in the darkest times there came days of brightness when all nature seemed to rejoice, and the woods and fields were filled with gladness." When the time came for the sailing of the Mayflower, not a person of all that little band was willing to go back to the land they had left. Longfellow has given us a picture of the departure in his "Courtship of Miles Standish."

> O strong hearts and true! Not one went back in the May Flower!
> No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this ploughing!
> Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,
> Much endeared to them all, as something living and human;
> Then, as if filled with the spirit, and wrapt in a vision prophetic
> Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
> Said, "Let us pray!" and they prayed,
> And thanked the Lord and took courage.

But let us return to the first trail of the Pilgrims that leads to Burial Hill. "Here above the enterprise of the modern town rises this hill, bearing the very presence of its founders," where you forget for a time the lure of the woods and sea as you reverently pause to read the inscriptions on the mossy headstones. The oldest marked grave is that of Governor Bradford. It is an obelisk a little more than eight feet in height. On the north side is a Hebrew sentence said to signify, Jehovah is our help. Under this stone rests the ashes of William Bradford, a zealous Puritan and sincere Christian; Governor of Plymouth Colony from April, 1621, to 1657 (the year he died, aged 69), except five years which he declined. "Qua patres difficillime adepti sunt, nolite turpiter relinquare." Which means, What our fathers with so much difficulty secured, do not basely relinquish."

Then we see the monument of his son, an Indian fighter. The epitaph reads like this:

Here lies the body of ye honorable Major Wm. Bradford, who expired Feb. ye 20th 1703−4, aged 79 years.

> He lived long but still was doing good
> And in this country's service lost much blood;
> After a life well spent he's now at rest,
> His very name and memory is blest.

Another monument you will see is that of John Howland. The inscription is this: Here ended the Pilgrimage of John Howland who died February 23, 1672−23 aged 80 years. He married Elizabeth, daughter of John Tilly, who came with him in the Mayflower, Dec. 1620. From them are descended numerous posterity.

"He was a goodly man, and an ancient professor in the ways of Christ. He was one of the first comers into this land and was the last man that was left of those that came over in the ship called the May Flower that lived in Plymouth."−−Plymouth Records.

Here in the town you may see the Howland house still standing firm upon its foundations, although built in 1667. It has a large Dutch chimney of red brick. The roof is sharp pitched. Here too still stands the Harlow house, which

was built in the Old Manse style in 1671. The oak timbers were said to have been taken from the frame of the first Pilgrim fort and common house which stood on a hill back of the town. How like their characters were the works of those early Pilgrims, relics of those bygone days when character−building and home−making were considered essentials.

Then we thought of that other grave that was recently made in the new cemetery; where the body of Chester Howland reposes. He was only one of the many loyal sons of the 26th Division who braved the cruel ocean in 1917 carrying the principles handed down from their Pilgrim forefathers to lands beyond the waves. They seized the golden sword of knighthood−−an old inheritance from their worthy sires−−and with what valor they wielded it, the rows of white crosses in a foreign land attest. Its hilt for them was set with rarest gems. "A mother's love or sweetheart's fond goodbye." A grateful nation saw fit to bring their remains back to their native land. They merit beautiful monuments, but memory of their noble deeds of valor and sacrifice will be all the monument they need, and by the light of Freedom's blazing torch the world shall read their epitaph written by the hand of Time.

How fine again it is to stand
Where they in Freedom's soil are laid,
And from their ashes may be made
The May Flowers of their native land.

At many hearths the fires burn dim,
The vacant chairs are closer drawn
Where weary hearts draw nearer them
And softly whisper, "they are gone."

The low−hung clouds in pity sent,
Their floral tributes from the skies,
And sobbing winds their voices lent
To stifled sobs and bitter sighs.

In spotless beauty their myriads lay,
Upon Freedom's flag like frozen tears
Or petals of the flowers of May,
In perfumed softness on their bier.

Oh, may they not have died in vain,
Those gallant youths of Freedom's land,
They sought not any earthly gain
And perished that the right might stand.

The death of the following is depicted in "Dr. Le Baron and his Daughters." "In memory of seventy−two seamen who perished in Plymouth harbor on the 26 and 27 days of December, 1778, on board the private armed Brig. Gen. Arnold, of twenty guns, James Magee of Boston, Commander, sixty of whom were buried on this spot."

"Oh falsely flattering were yon billows smooth
When forth elated sailed in evil hour
That vessel whose disastrous fate, when told,
Filled every breast with sorrow and each eye with piteous tear."

One of the seamen is said to have been the lover of Miss Hannah Howland, which probably explains why she has this epitaph on her monument: "To the memory of Miss Hannah Howland, who died of a languishment January ye 25th, 1780."

The grave of the Elder Faunce, to whom we are indebted for the history of Plymouth Rock and for its preservation, is here. There are numerous other inscriptions quaint yet significant. Here you will find the oldest Masonic stone in the country. There is a design at the top, a skeleton whose right elbow rests upon a tomb, the right hand grasping a scythe. Upon the tomb is an hour glass, and on this are crossbones. At the left of the skeleton is a flaming urn; at the base of which is a rose tree bearing buds and flowers. Near the tomb is a skull leaning against a dead shrub.

"Here lies buried the body of Mr. Nath Jackson who died July ye 14th, 1743, in ye 79th year of his age."

With the Baltimore oriole piping his cheery recitative in the top of an elm; chickadees uttering their minor strains, and mourning doves soothing our ears with their meditative cooing, we left the sacred spot, to visit Plymouth Rock. We loved to listen to the purling undertones of Town Brook and wondered what its liquid music might not tell, if we could interpret its story. Shakespeare was right when he said we could find sermons in stones, and here if we read aright is a sermon that made the Old World monarchs tremble. And still to us it tells of that mighty force that brought it here in the dim past−−to be the corner stone of our republic. Its ringing text is still sounding from shore to shore.

"Tradition has kept the memory of the rock on which the Pilgrims first set foot, and which lay on the foot of the hill. It has become an historic spot, to which the name Forefathers' Rock has been given. No other in America possesses such hallowed associations or has so often been celebrated in song and story."

"Here," said De Toqueville, "is a stone which the feet of a few outcasts pressed for an instant, and the stone became famous. It is treasured by a nation. Its very dust is shared as a relic. And what has become of the gateways of a thousand palaces? Who cares for them?"

Tradition also says that Mary Chilton and John Allen were the first to leap upon this rock, as we read in the lines to Mary Chilton−−

> "The first on Plymouth Rock to leap!
> Among the timid flock she stood,
> Rare figure, near the May Flower's prow,
> With heart of Christian fortitude,
> And light heroic on her brow."

But whoever was the first to step upon this stone, that act we now cherish as the first one toward the founding of a nation, and as typical of the heroism and daring of its founders. "And such it will stand for all time as one of the grand stepping− stones of history."

We wander once more along Town Brook listening to its soothing voice as the evening shadows begin to gather upon it. The sun, like an orb of fire, is sinking in a vast sea of gold through which a few fleecy clouds of a delicate rose color are slowly drifting. The shadowy forms of the night−hawk are plainly seen as they sweep the heavens for their evening meal of insects. We catch their eerie cries that fall from the rosy depths of the waning sunset to the darkening glades around us, and we hear the breeze softly sighing as it caresses the myriad leaves of the forest. The water of the brook grows dim in the deepening shadows. It is the sweetest hour of the day, and as this song of peace floats out over the twilight woods it calls to holy thoughts. It is as if one heard the Angelus of a distant village.

On returning to Plymouth Rock hotel we were impressed with the crowded streets, for from far and near people had gathered to witness the Tercentenary of the Landing of the Pilgrims. In the gray half light of the evening we saw a majestic elm whose gigantic size told of an earlier time. It may not be so, yet we loved to think that the white settlers' cabins rose around it by the seashore. Perhaps the earliest of the Pilgrim fathers heard the first prayers on American soil uttered from beneath its now aged boughs. It probably saw the surrounding forest disappear and with it, the Indian villages, and now looks down on the thriving historic town of the white man. The youths of several generations have frolicked beneath its beneficent branches. Armies have marched by it. The soldiers of Plymouth may have passed it on their way to the harbor where they stepped on Plymouth Rock before embarking on that perilous journey in 1917; and here it is still standing a silent orator of golden deeds in a land of noble trees. In it one sees far more than so many feet of lumber to calculate. Its gleaming crest in autumn speaks eloquently of priceless deeds of valor and that distant time of the golden dawn of Freedom.

Right proper it was that a nation saw fit to meet here, to do honor to the memory of those free and nobleminded souls who braved the dangers of the mighty Atlantic. Long, severe winters were endured when they had but a scanty amount of food and faced unknown dangers from hostile Indian foes. Uncomplainingly did they endure all of these, rather than submit to tyranny and oppression. Heroic characters they were, with their strong principles and high ideals, to found a great nation. What an epic story of splendid achievement, heroic deeds, and noble sacrifice those Pilgrim Fathers have chronicled upon the illustrious pages of our country's history!

The time is July in place of December, the month in which the Pilgrims arrived. In many respects the place of that first landing has been greatly altered. The waterfront contains rough wharves and is lined with storehouses and factories. Plymouth Rock itself will rest beneath a beautiful granite canopy and seems an incredible distance from the sea, and one wonders how they managed to bridge such a distance to get to shore. Yet if you rely somewhat upon your imagination, you may visualize the place in all its rugged impressiveness, much the same as when the Pilgrims beheld it. Nature seems quickly to obliterate the footprints of man, especially along the sea, and you may wander along Plymouth beach in the weird twilight and listen to the sullen boom of the breakers on the cliff, and see and hear as did they.

The sea has beaten for centuries against the great boulders, yet the stones have been but slightly changed. The coast is still "rock−ribbed and ancient as the sun," and the great granite boulders gleam white in the level rays of the descending sun, looking like great emeralds as the silvery crests of the breakers fall upon them.

The evening sky was thickly overcast with clouds as we made our way down to the shore. The wind blew the dark cloud masses out to sea, and as we watched the surf curried by the rocks into foam and heard the wind moaning and wailing among the tossing branches of the trees on shore, we seemed to catch the spirit of that time as if "it had been that Friday night, three centuries before, when the shallop of the Pilgrims came by this very place lashed by the tempestuous sea, their mast broken in three pieces and their sail lost in the dusky welter of the angry surf."

The sky became darker, and more menacing appeared the waves as the time drew near for the pageant to begin. A kind of weird twilight reigned o'er land and sea. No light was visible save that from the beacon−tower, which sent a fitful gleam o'er the angry waves; all else was dark, primal, spectral, as was that eventful night which these present−day pilgrims were now gathered to commemorate. The gale dashed salt spray and raindrops spitefully into our faces, yet it dampened neither our spirits nor those of the performers.

A large stadium capable of accommodating forty thousand people had been erected near the seashore behind a field of action or immense stage four hundred feet wide and with a depth of four hundred and fifty feet. This stage had to be illuminated from a distance of over one hundred and fifty feet, requiring for the pageant over three hundred kilowatts power, enough electrical energy to operate thirteen thousand ordinary house lights, and by far the largest installation for this purpose that has been used in this country.

Suddenly, from a canopied rock, was heard a rich, powerful voice speaking to the American people of the changes and vicissitudes that the rock has witnessed since "far primordial ages." Fit prologue it was from the "corner−stone of the Republic."

Out of the shadowy night from where is heard the mysterious voice of the rock thirty Indians, bearing ten canoes on their shoulders, move silently toward the shore. Suddenly one of the Indians perceives a strange object to the left on the harbor. Terror seizes them all, and they vanish like larger among lesser shadows. Nine more Indians appear bearing three boats but, seeing the phantom, fear fell upon them and they dropped to the shore, covering themselves with their canoes. From the right appears a Norse galley, the armor−clad warriors and their leader Thorwald making a fine picture as they disembark, carrying their shields, spears, and battle axes. As the men draw near they see the three canoes, and Thorwald forms three groups from his company, who approach rapidly toward them. The approach so frightens the Indians under two of the canoes that they rise up and attempt to flee; whereupon the warriors after some fierce fighting, kill them with their javelins.

The third boat is removed and reveals three Indians too terrified to move. One escapes and one is captured; another, feigning death, creeps slowly and painfully to the left, where his every gesture reveals the agonies of a mortally wounded warrior. The canoes are taken and borne aloft, on the shoulders of the majestic Vikings, trophies of a foreign land and victorious conflict.

No sooner do they pass on board the ship than a watcher in the prow warns the rest of impending danger; for, swiftly and warily approaching; the infuriated red men seem to be planning revenge in a surprise attack. Like a wall of flashing steel the shields go up around the deck while the gangplank is quickly drawn in. Suddenly a shower of arrows fly toward the wall of shields, hitting them with a thud but seemingly doing no harm. Presently they flee in haste, thinking perhaps these are gods who cannot be harmed. Slowly the shields are lowered and Thorwald is shown to be in great distress. One sees he is in a death swoon, yet, he raises an arm and points toward the Gurnet, then reels and falls into the arms of his stalwart men. Once more that steel wall goes up, and the mysterious strangers with their curious ship move out on the sea, bearing their leader's body held high on locked shields.

Next appear three men having an English flag with the words "Martin Pring−Patuxet−−1603."

Here on the shore, with a band of men dressed in the costumes of those early days, appears a right merry group of men listening to one of their number who is playing on a gittern. As if enamored of the melody the Indians gather around the musician. One, who by his gesticulations, tells in actions more plainly than words that he wishes to dance, offers this modern Orpheus a peace−pipe. Others present various gifts until the English youth steps out among them. They form a circle about him and try to keep time to the music.

Suddenly a member who drops out receives a beating. Fiercer and swifter becomes the dance until in the height of the wildest part a number of dogs spring forward on their leashes, so frightening the savages that they flee in terror. The player seems to be amused yet startled at the incident and goes toward the Indians laughing. Behind a French flag the lights reveal three sailors. On the flag we see written: "Sieur De Champlain−− July 19, 1605."

As the lights shift, two Indians appear bearing a great number of codfish which are being examined by Champlain and his men. The Indians show the hooks and lines with which they catch these fish. Noting some growing corn, Champlain tries to learn about the strange plant. The Indians by signs show him that corn may be raised and used as food. He barters for food and fish. Having acquired a great variety of provender they move toward the shore as the lights fade.

Next appear three men dressed in the Dutch mariner's uniform of the time. The flag they carry bears the inscription: "Admiral Blok−−1614."

A crowd of Dutchmen appear to be enjoying the evening. They are watching a band of Indians who are dancing. One cannot tell which they are enjoying most, the long−stemmed pipes they are smoking or the weird dances of the redmen, whom they loudly applaud.

Following this scene is the tableau of Captain John Smith in the spring of 1614. Behind this group are seen three English sailors holding a flag upon which is written "John Smith−−Accomack−− 1614."

Down by the water where streaks of foam top the dark waves and the forms of two men loom dark and spectral, a boat is riding at anchor. While the boulders beat the surf into white foam and the branches of the elms wail and toss in the night wind, Smith and four of his men are trading with the Indians; others of his men are on guard against any treachery, while two of the men are placing the skins which they have bought into hogsheads. There are thirty or forty Indians when the bartering is at its height, and Smith is seen making a bargain with an Indian for a bale of beaver.

One of Smith's men, who notices a very fine skin an Indian is wearing, lifts it to show it to Smith. The Indian resents this act, and there seems to be resentment and fear among all the red men. The Englishmen stiffen to attention, but Smith, who feared neither man nor devil, goes among the Indians carrying a copper kettle and a gorgeous blanket. He held out his blanket persuasively and added several strings of beads. Then he draped the blanket on himself. The Indian at last reluctantly yields and takes off the skin, a beautiful black fox. The lights closed in around a group of Indians decked in their new robes.

Our attention is turned toward the shore once more where three English sailors hold a flag bearing the words: "Thomas Hunt−− Patuxet−−1615." Hunt enters stealthily at the right, and his attention is concentrated upon a spot where his trained eye has caught, a glimpse of something of greater interest than bird or fish. He is evidently scouting. Then appear at his signal a band of men moving in single file, who hide behind the bushes. Hunt too, as if hearing something, hides himself. Silently a shadowy procession moves from Town Brook, carrying pelts and fishing apparatus. A canoe is borne on the shoulders of two of them. They put the canoe down and all gather in a group to prepare for the day's fishing.

All unconscious of danger, they lay their weapons aside. Hunt rises and signals to his men, who quickly fall upon the Indians as they try to flee. Several stagger across the field fatally wounded, while most of the men are captured and bound. After they gag the Indians they force them toward the water's edge where a boat is waiting. As the group disappears, or is seen as a band of faint shadows, the despairing figure of Tisquantum, bound and struggling, is brought into relief.

There is darkness for a brief time then, as the lights come slowly on, they reveal an absolutely empty space where before were seen activity and plenty. The music for this scene, composed by Henry F. Gilbert, was of a character at once weird, awe−inspiring, almost magical, portraying by tone as plainly as by words the scene of desolation, sickness and death. It seemed as if there were an increasing sense of indefinite fear−−a deep impression of solemnity and gravity, as if we were conscious of contact with the eternities.

A change as unusual as it was unwholesome came upon the ocean. "As the lights touched the water a purple glow that was to it like the ashen hue that beclouds the face of the dying. A filmy green spread over the land and there seemed to arise a miasmatic vapor like the breath of a brooding pestilence, which clung clammily to the earth and dulled all life." Every one felt the presence of trouble impending; one grave question breathed forth from the haunting music and, unspoken, trembled on every lip; one overmastering idea blended with and overpowered all others. "The land and sea were both sick, stagnant, and foul, and there seemed to arise from their unfathomable depths, drawn by the weird power of the music, horrid shapes that glared steadily into the strange twilight they had arisen to."

"Such a morbific, unwholesome condition" cast upon land and sea, and music that seemed to breathe forth such despair and desolation, could not but deeply move the audience.

One breathes more freely when the light falls upon a group of ten Englishmen, who appear in single file at the right. Thomas Dermer seems engaged in a very spirited conversation with Samoset, an Indian, while Tisquantum, another Indian, follows and seems absorbed in his own thoughts. While Dermer is engaged in conversation, a group of sailors pass near the water's edge, where they drop their burdens. They gaze out on the water as if looking for a boat. Tisquantum goes past Dermer and Samoset and stands looking off across the harbor, deep in gloomy thought.

>From out there, as darkness closes about the lonely figure on the shore, there is borne to our ears by the night wind the distant sound of voices chanting early sixteenth century music. The music continues while the various characters appear, and finally grows fainter until it can no longer be heard. A young boy appears on the left as if on his way to his morning labor. He is driving a horse that is hitched to a crude plow. There enters from the right a group of seven men and five women, who wear the costumes of religious pilgrims. They have the staff, the script, and the water bottle. Two of the number have been to Rome, for they wear the palm; two others show that they have been to Compostella, for they wear the shell; while two others have the bottle and bell, proving that they have been to Canterbury.

The next scene represented the Fleet Prison on the night of April 5, 1593. Two heaps of straw are seen, on which a man in Puritan garb is seated, writing rapidly. By the other heap sits a man on a stool, who is correcting some written pages. Both men wear chains. A woman stands by the second man with some papers. She seems to be waiting for the other sheets which the man is writing. As he passes the last to her she hides them all in the bosom of her dress.

The next scene represents the Opposition, 7603. The lights are suddenly turned, on revealing a flurry of children and young people across the field, from left to right, and the sound of gay music from the point toward which the children are running. The field fills rapidly with some hundreds of people−−men, women and children, of all types and kinds. From the right to the triumphant march, King James enters in royal progress.

Space forbids us to relate the various scenes portrayed upon this wonderfully well−illuminated field. No one who witnessed this wonderful production can ever forget the solemn impressiveness of its closing scenes. A voice is heard coming from the rock, "As one candle may light a thousand, so the lights here kindled have shone to many, yea! in some sort, to our whole nation."

As Bradford gazes out in the distance, the lights now penetrating more deeply reveal in turn, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. The clear voice of Washington repeats these significant words: "The basis of our political system is the right of the people to make and to alter their constitution of the government." Then the deep, calm voice of Lincoln is heard to say: "Government of the people, for the people, and by the people, shall not perish from the earth."

As Lincoln finishes speaking, two men in modern dress come toward the rock, looking seaward.

The first speaker:

"This was the port of entry of our Freedom.
Men brought it in a box of alabaster
And broke the box and spilled it to the West,
Here on the granite wharf prepared for them.

Second speaker:

"And so we have it."

First speaker:

"Have it to achieve;
We have it as they had it in their day,
A little in the grasp−−more to achieve."

Then we hear these significant words:

"I wonder what the Pilgrims if they came
Would say to us, as Freemen? Is our freedom
Their freedom as they left it to our keeping,
Or would they know their own in modern guise?

Across the back of the field to the grand triumphal strains of martial music pass the flags of the allies, so lighted that they show brilliantly. Nearer move the French and British flags, and then all wave and beckon. There follows a hush. Suddenly from far out on the Mayflower a bugle calls in the darkness and light begins to glow on the vessel, but very faintly.

Then again the voice from the Rock is heard: "The path of the Mayflower must be forever free." Forty−eight young women bear the state flags. The pageant ground is now ablaze with lights, and as the wonderful chorus that has carried you on its mighty tide of harmony dies away; the field darkens until there is only light on the Mayflower.

Again the voice from the Rock fills the place with deep sonorous tones, like celestial music, as we listen to these fitting words: "With malice toward none and charity for all it is for us to resolve that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom."

What is there in Europe, or the whole world, in the way of pageants that can compare with this? When we consider its import, viewed in the full, bright light of the rising sun of Liberty; wafted by the delicate electric threads of this busy commercial world which are silently conveying with a certain majesty of movement its significance, we may well say that this celebrated one of the most eventful deeds of man since time began.

"As we go back to that shadowy and evanescent period when history and culture of ancient Chaldea unroll before us, with the overpowering greatness of Assyria followed by the swift rise and fall of Babylon, let us try and extract some truths in regard to the growth of Civilization. Even though nations rise and fall, and races come and go, has not human development been ever upward and onward?"

Let us then look forward to the dawning of a better day. Let us cherish those high ideals of liberty our fore−fathers so dearly bought. Let us put on the strong armor of the Word of God which was to them a shield and a buckler and move forward with firm, steadfast hope toward a brighter dawn of Freedom, that shall exceed that of the present as the light which gleamed from the Mayflower exceeded in brilliancy that of the Old World.

Watching the lights slowly fade on the Mayflower we thought how the Pilgrims had stood on the icy deck of the vessel, with the winds blowing through the masts overhead and the waves roaring about the black hull beneath, while they sang hymns of praise for deliverance from the dangers of the sea.

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true hearted came;

Not with the roll of the stirring drams,
Or the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear,
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.
−−Felicia Henaans.

CHAPTER XIV. LAKE CHAMPLAIN

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How richly glows the water's breast,
Before us tinged with evening's hues,
When facing thus the crimson west,
The boat her silent course pursues,
And see how dark the backward stream,
A little moment past so smiling!
And still perhaps some faithless gleam,
Some other loiterer beguiling.

Such views the youthful bard allure,
But heedless of the following gloom,
He dreams their colors shall endure
Till peace go with him to the tomb.
And let him nurse his fond deceit;
And what if he must die in sorrow
Who would not cherish dreams so sweet;
Though grief and pain may come tomorrow.
−−Wordsworth.
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The ancients believed that the alchemists could create rose blooms out of their ashes. We are prone to believe it for, at the close of a fair New England day we have seen the Master Alchemist, the sun, beneath his spacious workshop of July skies, transmuting the gray mists and vapors into sunset's glow; and lo! we had the blooming roses there. He melted his many ingredients with the falling dew and distilled from them the gold with which he burnished the western sky, making it glow like a glassy sea. Seizing upon some more potent fluid, he threw it among the fleecy clouds, kindling them all along the horizon until they shone like a vast lake of flame; then taking his magic wand, he waved it over the glowing mass and crimson changed to rosy pink, pink to glowing purple; forming those royal gates through which the magician passed behind the distant foothills of the Adirondacks.

During such a pageant of splendor as this o'er head, did we first behold the placid waters of Lake Champlain.

Far away beyond the Vermont shore rose the Green mountains behind their misty veils of purplish−blue. High above the lower undulations loomed the forest crowned ridges, gloriously colored and radiant, forming a mysterious yet fitting background for the exquisite picture before us. The nearer hills from their tops and extending far down their sides were covered with evergreens; below them a purple belt of deciduous trees and bright green meadows made a vivid contrast; while the nearer valley was filled with clumps of trees, fields of grain and crimson clover.

Before us lay the tranquil lake flecked with islands, which looked like floating gardens of green on a purple mirror. Near us a wooden bridge led across a shallow cove passing between myriads of pickerel weed whose light purple spathes formed a striking mass of color. Beneath it long, slender patches of silvery blue rushes made magic hedges, so symmetrical as to seem clipped by the hand of art. So ethereal in their loveliness were they, we could account for their presence in no other way than being woven by the genii of the lake out of the purple bloom that surrounded it.

It was a royal path fit for any of the nobility of earth to journey upon. The air was so clear and transparent and the surface of the lake so calm that a boat with some fishermen appeared to be drifting in mid−air among a "veiled shower of shadowy roses." The flight of a kingfisher was revealed in the lake below as distinctly as in the sky above. A great blue− heron, making one think of a French soldier at attention, was silently awaiting a green−coated Boche to make his appearance over the top of his lily−pad dugout. The stillness was so pronounced it seemed as if all Nature held her breath while super−powers of both lake and mountain wrought their miracles.

It must have been such a scene as this which Tennyson portrayed in his "Lotus−Eaters:"

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night−dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentler on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes,
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies,
Here are cool mosses deep,
And through the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long−leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

Another heaven arched below us in which the Green mountains joined their bases with still others that seemed like fairy creations floating upon the water. An ideal remoteness and perfection were thrown o'er the landscape by the crystalline atmosphere. Mountains, fields, woods and lake all made "ethereal pictures" in the mild evening light. Above in the blue dome, Nature hung her finely woven drapery of rose−colored clouds, whose glory was repeated by the unfathomable lake, seemingly as deep as the blue dome it reflected. Its hues were not those of earth, but were borrowed from heaven with which the poem of evening was written on the twilight sky, for the delight of all mankind.

Such scenes as this naturally call for comparisons, but having seen but one that will in any measure compare with it, we shall try to recall an evening on the Mediterranean.

The afternoon had been spent on the island of St. Marguerite, a short distance off the coast of Nice. Here we visited the old tower where Marshal Bazaine got over the stone wall, the cell in which the prisoner of the Iron Mask resided, and the old Spanish well dating from the eleventh century. How delicious it was−−the rest, the quiet, the box−scented breeze, the sheen of the sunset on the dark blue waves! The very atmosphere breathed of romance. The sinking sun was gilding the distant peaks of the Alps, causing them to grow radiant with rosy splendor, as we pushed out from the island in our sail−boat. The place was remarkably still. Only the nightingale broke into song among the fragrant bushes by the frowning prison. All else was silent, save the silvery plash of the oars that broke the surface of the water in measured and rythmical strokes.

Rising from the edge of the glorious Bay of the Angels at Nice, domes, palaces and casino, all steeped in those deep, delicious hues, appeared like some vast work of art. As we drew nearer the whole scene opened to us in all its marvelous beauty. We floated slowly o'er the deep blue water which so perfectly mirrored a few pearly clouds that we seemed to be drifting above rather than beneath them. Then the little boats with their orange− colored

sails made the place more romantic still. Just in front of us lay the dome−shaped casino, whose windows glowed like rare jewels; all along the shore magnificent hotels of white stone with red tile roofs looked from among their royal palms; while numberless villas, rising one above another with their orange trees, vines and flowers, made a picture of rare beauty. Higher still the rich green, brown and gray of the mountains rose, until they blended with the serene and airy hues of the snow− clad Alps.

Fair as this scene was, it yet lacked that irresistible and magic charm that we beheld in Lake Champlain. It was the most divinely placid and clear sheet of water we ever beheld; one of Nature's famous works of art, that perchance come to one only once in a lifetime. As we gazed in admiration and wonder at those ethereal hues that seem unrealized in Nature, we said, "Here is beauty enough, not for one evening, but for all future evenings of our lifetime." It was a vast mirror that carried in its bosom heaven itself, reflecting the Master Artist's most rare designs.

A boat came round a point of land with three fishermen in it. One of the occupants was heard to exclaim "I am fifty cents to the good, old man Grump, for remember, on each black bass caught we had a nickel up. Whoopee! Say, d'ye see that darned big bass I would have got if the line would of held him? Oh, man! My heart stopped throbbing and I felt it in my throat and had ter swaller it fore I could breathe again. Such luck as that would of made a preacher go wrong."

His companions began talking now, telling how if something or other hadn't interfered they would have made their record catch; which has been the tale of woe of all hunters and fishers from Esau's time on down.

"Been a most ungodly hot day. My old hide is blistered all over."

"Serves you right, old dill pickle. If you had got your just dues for robbing me of that pike I'll be switched you'd be burnt to a cinder."

Such was the general trend of the conversation. As the boat disappeared round a jutting point of land, one of the number was heard to exclaim:

"Gee, but I got a peachy bunch of black bass. Golly, we'll have to hurry or it'll be dark fore we git to camp."

Thus they drifted over the waters far out to where the huge purple rocks made soft outlines with wild, mysterious impressiveness. They may have been expert fishermen, but it is to be feared not real anglers; although they took a fine string of black bass, they caught but few of the glorious reflections and little of the unearthly beauty of the lake. Heaven had come down to earth for them and "beauty pervaded the atmosphere like a Presence." Think of fishing amid scenes like this! One wonders if there will be fishing in Paradise.

What glorious vistas those waters opened up to all, stretching away to those purple haunting distances, where may be had a fleeting glimpse of things which are eternal and the perceiving ear may catch strains of long remembered melodies ("those songs without words") which only the finest souls may know. Yet here were three men who, in their modern Ago, were returning from their search of the golden fleece. Jason, Hercules and Theseus could have experienced no greater joy in object won, than these three "heroes" of the lake returning in the resin−scented twilight with their long−sought prize of bass! A nickel up on each black bass and not one red cent on the placid lake and the radiant sky! Columbus, when he viewed from afar the fronded palms of the Indies, could not have been more enraptured than the one with fifty cents to the good.

Looking out over the lake and then at the wonderful grouping of the elms, birches, vines and sedge along the shore that stood hushed and expectant, as the glory slowly faded from the sky, we said, "had this place a voice, how full of hope and calm serenity it would be!"

Near us a boat grated softly on the pebbly bottom of a cove and swung in. From the deep purple shadow of the wooded shore, out over the lake a thin white veil was slowly creeping as if the purple bloom had faded to silvery whiteness. It seemed not unlike the breath of the sleeping water, and the spirit of the silent lake.

Suddenly a melody that seemed as serene as the mountains and as pure as the lake broke the silence; far up on a wooded ridge a thrush was chanting his evening hymn to the Creator. It was as if the soul of the quiet lake spoke to us; the spirit that haunts high mountains, clear lakes, shadowy forests, and all that is pure and beautiful in life; its hopes, longings and faith were voiced in that mellow "angelus" of the forest.

We would love to see the twilight linger, but all things must end, and we pursued our way down the winding shore road, already gray with the coming night. Before we said good−night the mister said, "I wonder what eternity will be like?" His comrade spoke with a clearness of speech, declaring a truth that no one could doubt: "Eternity is here and now, and this is our first glimpse into paradise."

Long after retiring the words of George Herbert came and went through memory:

"Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dews shall weep thy fall tonight;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;
Thy root is ever in the grave
And thou must die.

Sweet spring! full of sweet days and roses;
A box where sweets compacted lie;
My music shows you have your closes
And all must die.

Only a great and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But, though the whole world turns to coal
Then chiefly lives."

CHAPTER XV. THE ADIRONDACKS

Whoever passes through the Green mountains and arrives at Burlington in the evening of a fair day will he rewarded by one of the most beautiful views of natural scenery the world has to offer. The outlook from the hilltop here is enchanting. Looking westward you see the beautiful expanse of Lake Champlain, dotted with numerous islands that stretch away to the purple wall of the Adirondacks, whose summits are outlined by a bright golden light which slowly ascends and diffuses along the horizon as if striving to linger around the loveliness below. The sun disappears, leaving an ocean of flame where he passes, and the fleecy clouds which swim in the ether look down at their images in the lake. Here you behold the Green mountains, showing majestically against the sky. They are clothed in soft blue veils, as lovely as any that Italian mountains can boast. The highest peaks of the range, Mount Mansfield and Camel's Hump, thrust their outlines like purple silhouettes against their glowing background.

William Dean Howells, standing with a friend on the shore of the Bay of Naples, remarked that he considered one scene in the world more beautiful than that upon which they were gazing−−Lake Champlain and the Adirondacks, as seen from Burlington.

Morning came bright and clear; a cool breeze waved the clinging foliage of birch and elm, rippling the lake near the shore and tossing the waves far out on its bosom, which gleamed white along their crests. This was the real Lake Champlain, for it is a very turbulent mass of water and rarely presents a picture of such calm and quiet beauty as we beheld on the preceding evening. Numerous islands, "each fair enough to have keen the Garden of Eden," seen through the level rays of the morning sun, formed a glorious veil of color. Dark green arbor vitae trees grew near their edges; nearer still the elm and willows flung down their lighter masses of foliage to the water, and birch gleamed silvery white against their shadowy background.

"After the French had built Fort Saint Anne on Isle la Motte a party of men went out in search of game. They crossed the lake in a southwesterly direction and were surprised by a band of Mohawk Indians, who took some of the white men prisoners, and killed Captain de Traversy and Sieur de Chasy." The place where they were killed has since been known as Chasy's landing. We crossed a long causeway, which led to the landing, where we took the ferry across to Chasy. The first auto on the boat was from Massachusetts, followed by "another Nash" from New Hampshire; then Ohio filled the middle space of the boat, and was followed by a horse and buggy; as neither bore a license, we could not tell the state from which they came. The distance to Chasy was about one mile, and we were soon on our way to Plattsburg.

Fields of ripening wheat, oats, alfalfa and buckwheat, all divided by stone fences into squares and triangles, began to appear. Meadows in which Holstein cattle were grazing dotted the low ranges of foothills that spread away until lost in blue distance.

Between the Adirondack mountains in New York state and the Green mountains of Vermont on the shore of Lake Champlain, in the heart of Champlain valley, lies the historic town of Plattsburg. It is noted in recent years as the home of the "Plattsburg Idea," the movement for universal military training inaugurated by Major General Leonard Wood, through the establishment at Plattsburg in the summer of 1915 of the first summer camp of military instruction for the regular army. It was noon when we arrived here, and we found that quite a few had adopted the idea, for a long line of hungry khaki−clad men were awaiting their turn at the mess hall.

The first battle of Lake Champlain occurred near here as early as 1609, when Samuel de Champlain, with two other white men, led the Algonquins and Hurons in an attack upon their enemies, the Mohawks. A British and American naval engagement, October 11, 1776, resulted in victory for the British. September 11, 1814, the last naval battle between English speaking peoples was fought here, known as the Battle of Plattsburg Bay.

Eight miles south of Plattsburg is located the Alaskan silver fox farm, which is the largest in the United States. This farm comprises forty acres and contains one hundred silver foxes. It is open to visitors from July to September.

The road leading to this farm passes through one of most picturesque of all the Adirondack regions. As we made our way across the beautiful Ausable valley we beheld an enchanting scene spread out around us. Green meadows sloped up to wooded heights and fields of grain like golden lakes flashed in the sunlight. The hills became more rugged as we wound our way among them. Farmers were loading hay in the meadows, through which streams glistened as they slipped over their sinuous stone− strewn bottoms. Groups of cattle stood knee−deep in the meadow brooks, or rested beneath the shade of elms and willows. In the center of the picture, disclosing its bends and reaches, Ausable river flowed on its way to Lake Champlain. In places its waters were almost hidden by grape vines that clambered and twisted around bush and tree, forming "Laocoon groups" in which they were hopelessly intertwined.

Far beyond the valley sharp summits and irregular ridges printed their bold outlines on the sky. Nearer were farms, groves, and hills, with now and then a placid lake which caught the color of the sky and mirrored it back to us. But our eyes were fastened upon the grand summits and pinnacles that rose dreamy and silent through the summer haze, beckoning us on to those enchanted realms we were soon to behold. Old White Face reared his colossal pyramid above the woods and waved his dull white banner from afar. Soon we entered higher hills, where giant maples threw their cooling shadows across the road and a faint breeze made the balsam boughs breathe and sigh. The road became more sinuous and the hills more grand and imposing. Over the notched summits of the clustered peaks the outlines of thunder heads, luminous and edged with gold, appeared through the blue haze.

At length a broad summit rising against another one still taller, broke suddenly above the foliage where the amber colored falls of Ausable river saluted us. We were in the midst of one of the finest pieces of natural scenery in the eastern United States. We were only fifteen miles from Lake Champlain, but what a change! Here in Ausable chasm we beheld one of the many natural wonders of the Adirondack region. The Ausable river at this point flows through a tortuous channel two miles in length. A rustic walk with many bridges and stairways has been built along the chasm, passing all the wild beauty spots in the gorge. The silvery babble of water passing over rocks, mingled with the gurgling liquid notes of the woodthrush.

The sides of the canyon in places were vast streets of ferns, moss and vines, which resembled cataracts of varying shades of green or great pieces of hanging tapestry inwrought with rare designs of woodland flowers. We could stay in so romantic a spot many days, for in a short time we had seen paintings; read poems, heard the silvery tongues of running brooks, and ringing texts from the sermons in stone. We only tarried long enough to pass up the gorge and view Rainbow falls, which drop seventy feet to the rock below. To the opposite bank from this we made our way and were amply repaid by a commanding view of the tumbling waters. The rays of the sun falling upon this sheet of water produced an exquisite effect. Here from the thick−growing shrubbery as we watched the amber waters concentrate for their fall, and break into silken streamers of irised spray, we knew they had been appropriately named "Rainbow Falls."

We recalled many a cascade among the Alps, where from remote heights the small avalanches of snowy water form comet−like streamers of rarest beauty. We saw again the shimmering rainbow mist of others more remote, whose murmurs died away in the gloomy depth of some Italian forest.

Soon we were gazing at distant peaks that had such a savage aspect as to again call forth comparisons. Balsam fir, pine, hemlock, maple, birch, and beech were the principal forest trees. Lakes gleamed like silver mirrors in the lap of wild rugged hills that stretched far away. We saw huge rocks that had fallen from above as if shattered in the original upheaval of the range, presenting sharp, forcible outlines and rugged facets of shadow so striking in comparison with the flowing outlines of the Catskills or Blue Ridge. The road wound back and forth as it climbed the stony wilderness and soon unfolded to our view a picture of utter desolation. We had just emerged from a stretch of road lined as far as the eye could see on either side with ash, hemlock, birch, beech, and balsam fir. Here we rested among cool shadows, where beautifully fronded ferns rose all about. Weary pedestrians had fallen asleep beneath their cooling shadows and groups of boy scouts pitched their tents along this highway.

Our eyes fell upon a sign that read like this: "A careless smoker caused the fire that destroyed thousands of acres of these forests. You love the forests. Help keep them green by being careful about your fires." Looking forward we beheld a vast and awful scene of desolation. Miles and miles on either side of the road stretched that sea of blackened stumps and charred logs where once the evergreens rose heavenward with all their wealth of whispering leaves. Blackened stubs rose all around as if they were huge exclamation points or pointing fingers of accusation at the carelessness and thoughtlessness of one individual.

Carelessness! How that word rang in our ears as we journeyed through this lonely region, with all its grandeur and beauty gone! Here we realized the kindly and beneficent influence of streams and trees upon mountain scenery.

True, mountains may be grand without forests, but it is the grandeur of death we behold in the vast untrodden fields of the show−clad Alps. Forests and streams give life, fragrance, and beauty to those rough forms as a pure soul adds beauty to the countenance of man. Only heated waves of air rose from the fiery rocks and road around us, whose shimmering lines made a fit perspective to such a scene. No mossy rock where one could sit and listen to the singing birds; no ancient trees through which the fragrant west wind could sing its songs of rest and contentment; no purifying river where it was once so pleasant for man to linger before going back to the heat and smoke of the city; all because of one man's carelessness. How much of sorrow and crime is in that word; what failures, what wrecks of humanity stranded along the steep precipice of that mountain.

Who would even want to climb those blackened summits? The elevation would only make the view more terrible. The thousands of travellers who pass this way were all affected by these unsightly monuments to one man's carelessness, proving that "Man liveth not to himself alone."

As we emerged from that scene of heat and desolation, a prayer trembled upon every lip and its only theme was, "Lord, help us to be careful."

What an awful spectacle that vast stretch of burning forest must have presented! We shall quote from Headley, who witnessed such a scene in these mountains: "One night the whole mountain was wrapped in a fiery mantle, a mighty bosom of fire from which rose waving columns and lofty turrets of flame. Trees a hundred feet high and five and six and eight feet in circumference, were on fire from the root to the top. Vast pyramids of flame, now surging in eddies of air that caught them, now bending as if about to yield the struggle, then lifting superior to the foe and dying, martyr−like, in the vast furnace. Shorn of their glory, their flashing, trembling forms stood crisping and writhing in the blaze till, weary of their long suffering, they threw themselves with a sudden and hurried sweep on the funeral pile around. From the noble pine to the bending sprout, the trees were aflame, while the crackling underbrush seemed a fiery network cast over the prostrate forms of the monarchs of the forest. When the fire caught a dry stump, it ran up the huge trunk like a serpent, and coiling around the withered branches, shot out its fiery tongue as if in mad joy over the raging element below; while ever and anon came a crash that reverberated far away in the gorges−−the crash of falling trees, at the overthrow of which there went up a cloud of sparks and cinders and ashes. Sweeping along its terrible path, the tramp of that conflagration filled the air with an uproar like the bursting of billows on a rocky shore."

Across a narrow valley gigantic boulders seemed to have accumulated and formed masses that appeared to be slowly creeping downward. Farther away we beheld the serrated mountains breaking into the wildest confusion of pinnacles, which rose above the forest and relieved their masses of vivid green tints like ruined castles along the Rhine, clothing them with an atmosphere of age. Far up as the eye could reach, the broken rocks were piled in huge chaos. "Here as your eye sweeps over these fragments of a former earthquake, your imagination recalls that remote period when the mountains were split like lightning− riven oaks, and the great peaks swayed like trees in a blast and the roar of a thousand storms rolled away from the yawning gulf, into which precipices and forests went down with a deafening crash as of a falling world."

The rugged sides of mountains often gave us views on almost as grand a scale as that of the Alps. Only there, height above height, rise those rocky ramparts where snowy cascades leap hundreds of feet, then leap again where those chaotic and fantastic rocks and immeasurable sweep of terraced hills stretch away like another world. You will ever remember the Gorge du Loup with its seven−arched viaduct and stream of vivid green and the white foam that pours between its piers. On the road which leads from Nice to the town of Grasse, where are located the famous perfumeries, you will pass orange orchards, flower farms, and charming meadows with patches of wild broom lying iii vast sheets of gold. The dark gray rocks are filled with pits and holes, and when viewed from a distance resemble the homes of the cliff dwellers. The views here are frowning and awesome.

As you near the Gorge du Loup you will see Gourdon perched far, far up on its rocky throne, whose gray, weatherbeaten buildings give to this wild scenery an infinite charm. You are sure that you never can reach this

far−distant town, but are agreeably surprised when you gaze at the vastness of the gray, sterile mountain sides you have left. Far below you the terraced vineyards rise in emerald waves against their silvery background of century−old olives.

Yet we have experienced almost as strong emotions of vagueness, terror, sublimity, strength, and beauty while gazing upon the vast panorama of groups and clusters of chaotic peaks that stretch away in almost endless variety of form in confused and disorderly arrangement. Here almost interminable forests are only interrupted with beautiful lakes that now and then peep from their hiding places in vast expanse of forest−crowned wilderness. But here is beauty as well as grandeur. "Those three− months European travelers who hurry through our lowlands by steam and perhaps take a night boat up the Hudson, Lake Champlain, or St. Lawrence and presume to belittle our natural scenery, are not the most reliable persons in the world."

Let them go to the summit of Mount Marcy on a clear day and look out over the magnificent panorama spread out before them, and they will not say we have no natural scenery worth viewing in the Atlantic States from Canada to New Orleans, except Niagara and Burlington. Here in every direction countless summits pierce the sky, and the unnumbered miles of forests that clothe with green garments the ridges and slopes of this vast wilderness, who can ever forget them? How wonderful are these wild and rugged scenes, still fresh from the hand of God! Call us idle triflers if you will, but we shall ever try to read the messages from these stone pages from the book of God, where all day long the breezes whisper messages fuller of meaning than any lines from the hand of man.

But to return to the view from the mountain peak, glorious, indeed, is the scene spread out below you from Mount Marcy. How unlike the Alps is the prospect you obtain from its summit. True, you will see no snow−capped peaks and shining glaciers, but what a chaos of gray and green mountains extend as far as the eye can reach.

One writer gives this vivid description of the scene that meets the enraptured gaze of the traveler here: "It looked as if the Almighty had once set this vast earth rolling like the sea; and then, in the midst of its maddest flow, bid all the gigantic billows stop and congeal in their places, and there they stood, just as He froze them grand and gloomy. There was the long swell, and there the cresting, bursting billow−−and there, too, the deep, black, cavernous gulf." Those in our country who think only the Alps and Apennines can inspire awe and veneration should force their way through thick fir, dwarf evergreen and deep moss to the top of Mount Marcy, where it pushes its rocky forehead high into the heavens. Here in these beautiful wild regions you will find lakes over whose waters you may glide in a canoe, whose forest−clad shores seem never to have been marred by the axe of civilization. Here as the sun sinks to repose amid these purple mountains, and the last rays of light on their waters seem like sheets of fluid gold, and the lonely cry of the loon breaks the solitude, you too will feel that you do not need to go to Europe for natural mountain beauty when such glorious scenes lie spread out before you.

We shall never forget our first impression of Lake Colder, perfectly embosomed among the gigantic mountains which rise it all their wild and savage grandeur around it. What absolute freedom and absence of conventional forms are found here by him who loves Nature as God made it.

Toward Canada stretches the vast expanse of Lake Champlain with its numerous islands, while along the eastern horizon the distant Green mountains lift their granite summits, at whose bases the charming city of Burlington lies dreamily silent beneath its smoky veil. Far away to the north and west repose many lakes. Some lie dark and silent beneath the shadows of their guarding mountains, others reflect the shy above in silvery blue sheen as if to cheer this vast and lonely solitude. How your thoughts reach out toward the Infinite as the wondrous vision unrolls before you! This interminable mass of different shades of green and gray presents one of the most beautiful scenes your eye ever gazed upon.

No wonder Christ gave to the world his glorious lessons from a mountain top; in which he urged the disciples to be worthy examples to their fellow men. Up in these everlasting hills, where He has manifested His wonderful power and left a symbol of His omnipotence, we can draw nearer the Creator than elsewhere. How puny, how

insignificant seems man and all his works out here in these unbounded solitudes! "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills from whence cometh my help," chants the psalmist. Wandering among these glorious hills that rise above the distant horizon, or stretch away in endless majesty from you, as your heart swells over the thrilling scene, you too shall feel the presence of a great and mighty power, and realize in part what the psalmist meant.

We passed through the town of Schroon Lake, situated along a picturesque sheet of water bearing the same name, which lies to the west of Kayaderrossera range. It has been compared by some to Lake Como. On one side a bold mountain rears its green wall, while the shores slope down to it as if eager to behold their lovely forms in its crystal water. In places it is very narrow and its windings seem more like a great river than a lake. It is fed by Schroon river, along which are Schroon falls. Numerous tents peeped from their guarding trees along its banks. How we rejoiced in the refreshing shade of the forests and vistas, revealing this "gleaming pearl set in emeralds," as some one has appropriately called it. Its water is very pure and cold, and fishermen will find ample compensation for all the time they spend here, even though few fish are caught. Its crystal waters are dotted with green islands.

The name Schroon was given this lake by the early French settlers at Crown Point in honor of Madam Scarron, the widow of a celebrated French dramatist and novelist, Paul Scarron. Along the margin of this lake we saw a Sunday−school teacher who had brought his class of boys for an outing. What lessons these growing lads will imbibe from the beauty of Nature around them. How can they help but think of the Creator when they dwell so near the primal source of life. The crystal waters of the lake will teach them purity, the leaves of the trees will rustle messages of self−denial, and the majestic mountains will speak to them of endurance and courage, a religion which dwells in Nature until they, "like Moses, will see in the bushes the radiant Deity and know they are treading on holy ground."

Wonderfully rich in lakes is this charming mountain region. No other country is blessed with greater numbers of lovely lakes than North America. Lake Placid, Echo, Loon, and a host of others were encircled by green hills with sturdy evergreens, graceful elms and scattered tents that framed them pleasantly.

Here amidst such sylvan beauty, where the air is rife with the fragrance of birch and balsam, as you gaze at the Adirondacks that lift their startling cliffs into the air, or farther along the horizon stand bathed in a radiant glow, while a gold tangle of sunset glitters among the white birch trees or casts a soft sheen like the tints on a mourning dove's neck−−pray tell me, have you ever seen anything fairer than your own placid lakes?

On such evenings as these your thoughts will become as serene as the lake and ripple now and then with a thousand vague, sweet visions like its placid surface when dimpled by the leap of a trout.

Morning here brings scenes almost as fair. Singing brooks flash like silver across green valleys, the rays of the sun fall upon the yellow and white birch boles that look mellow and rich as "pillars of amber and gleaming pearl." The rocky ledges are covered with lichens, ferns and mosses; myriads of campanula look blue−eyed towards a bluer sky; and out over the lake white− bellied swallows write poems of grace and beauty on the air. The frescoes of dawn touch the tips of the eastern ranges whose stern gray summits break into rosy flame.

We climbed to the summit of a towering mountain and a glorious prospect met our view. Looking out over the billows of verdure that seemed to be rolling down the mountains, we saw Lake Placid, with its green islands, like a lovely painting in the quiet morning light. Far as the eye can reach the forest−crowned mountains stretched, now surging into summits, now sinking into valleys, holding in their embrace the lovely Saranac lakes that gleamed like the flashing of distant shields. Far beyond to the south like a glittering mirror lay Tupper's lake, while farther away the pointed pinnacles of the Adirondacks thrust themselves boldly into the sky. Looking northward we beheld a lovely cultivated region with meadows and grain fields. We also caught sight of several towns, and glimpses of dark forests between the billowy folds of other ranges, that melted into the sky. Like a narrow band of light, Lake Champlain was just visible, while the faint summits of the Green mountains with their misty veils

seemed like far, thin shadows.

CHAPTER XVI. LONG LAKE, LAKE GEORGE, AND SARATOGA

Long Lake is one of the most charming of any found in the Adirondacks. Its islands are lovely beyond words to describe. No artist, not even Turner, has ever caught the magic sheen that clothes it, nor portrayed the rosy clouds the crimson west has painted, that seem to hang motionless above it. Neither has anyone caught those ethereal blues or royal purples that the soft semi−light of evening makes upon its bosom where the darker mountains seem to be floating.

But this lake requires not the aid of morning or evening to make it fair. When the rays of the sun sprinkle the trees along its sides like golden rain, or while stirred with darkening ripples beneath a clouded sky, it is clothed in grandest beauty.

But if it were indeed possible for any lake to be fairer than this, surely Lake George is that one. No wonder artists flock to its shores, for what picturesque combinations of cove and cliff they find there! Then, too, what lovely reaches, what mountain views, what rich and varied combinations of forest with retreating slopes bathed in the tender purple of distance!

The valleys were covered with a silvery, shimmering atmosphere, on which we traced the outlines of meadows, forests, and lakes, like the first sketching of an artist picture that ere long, under our good genius the automobile, would grow into reality. The road that wound among forest crowned hills was one of the most pleasant we remember. The air was filled with silvery haze, which made distance mysterious; and grain fields and the nearer hills, touched with the rarest delicacy of tone and softly blended color, were dreamy and full of suggestion of Indian summer. Through the trees we beheld a fine sheet of water and presently emerged upon a grand view of the lake. It has fine boat landings, even though set in rugged hills, which in places tower above it, while over its surface are countless scattered isles of romantic beauty. It has a wild, primeval character, which no association of man upon its banks can quite dispel. One almost fancies he sees the rising smoke from the teepees of the fierce Mohawks or hears their ringing warwhoops amid the wild scenery.

This lake is thirty−two miles in length and has been the scene of many thrilling historic events. West of the railroad station, near Lake George village, are the ruins of ancient forts, and there also stands the monument erected in 1903 to commemorate the battle of Lake George, in which General Johnson, with his army of twenty−two hundred, defeated the French, under Baron Diesken. The lake offers excellent fishing. Trout, salmon, pickerel and perch abound in great numbers. Bolton road, known as "Millionaires' Row," begins at the village of Lake George and continues along the west shore as far as Bolton landing. Beautiful views of the surrounding country may be had along this route.

At sunset, as we made our way along the shore, the wonderful beauty of the scene became more evident. Out over the lake, studded with numerous isles, a rosy glow began to gather, the high hills along its shores were rosy purple, "some were a mingling of stiff spruce and pine in shadow," while others wore a lighter green and the lush grass near this shore was golden green when struck by the rays of the declining sun. The swift lights and shades stole over the distant peaks like color on velvet.

In the waning light that tinged the west with lucent gold the lake made a wonderful picture. It wore on its blue a silver sheen, in which we beheld a few cloud paintings; and along the shore it mirrored the graceful birch and elm. At length the clouds in the zenith blushed into rose; mingled colors of sapphire, emerald, topaz, and amethyst glinted on the lake. Over this lovely expanse an eagle sailed in majestic flight, turning his head from side to side as if enamored of the fair scene beneath him. Later we beheld only a vast expanse of imperial purple with its dark mountains and green islands.

Soon a few stars appeared in the sky, where the dark points and ridges rose against it like airy battlements. In the east the moon looked down on the lake and made a path of gold on its placid surface. In the distance a boat, a fairy shallop, glided noiselessly out across the radiant water until we lost it among the deep shadows of an island. Scarce a ripple on the surface of the lake or a fluttering leaf disturbed the peaceful scene. As we made our way to the automobile which carried us back to the village of Lake George we said, "What moonlight scene or sunset hues have we ever beheld on the Tyrol that could rival this?"

"Saratoga lies in an angle formed by a long valley whose beauty, aside from its historical associations, is fair enough to stop whole armies of tourists as they come and go through this lovely region. The old Indian War Trail was indeed the pathway of armies, and the beautiful Hudson and Mohawk rivers here bore on their waters many swift canoes filled with Algonquins and French. The English marched and fought here from Hudson's time and that of Samuel Champlain until the close of the revolutionary period. This fair land, with its green, velvety meadows, peaceful, fruitful valleys, and broad, majestic streams has indeed been rightly named 'the dark and bloody ground.'

"The Five Nations built lodges on the shores of the lake near Saratoga, and here it was that the French and Indians came down from Quebec and Montreal to meet them. In 1690 the French and Indians bivouacked at these springs as they descended to the cruel massacre of Schenectady. The French, urged by Frontenac, came down the valley in 1693 and destroyed the village of the Mohawks and started on their return with the prisoners they had taken. Here one thousand hostile warriors threw up intrenchments on the exact place where the gay streets of Saratoga now stand. They retreated in a storm after the English sustained three furious assaults.

In 1743 there occurred a terrible massacre at Old Saratoga. All of the houses in the village were burned to the ground and only one or two of the inhabitants escaped to tell the tale. For seven years the French and Indian war raged through the valley, proving its importance as a northern gateway. The rattle of arms, the tread of soldiers, the hurrying of street boys were heard in town from morning till night. Indians in war−paint and feathers joined each side, burning with the hate of over a hundred years. Garrets were ransacked for great−grandfather's swords, rusted with the blood of King Philip's war. French officers in gold lace, trappers in doeskin, priests in their black robes, soldiers in the white uniform of the French king, gathered on the banks of the St. Lawrence. English grenadiers in red coats, Scotch Highlanders in plaids and colonial troops in homespun rallied from all the frontiers; and again this great gateway knew the horrors of a long, devastating, and bloody war.

"In 1767 Sir William Johnson, who had suffered for years from a wound received in his hip in the war with the Indians, was told of the Great Medicine Waters. The Indians seemed to know of their location many years previous to this, for they were the ones who told Johnson about their great healing qualities. He was carried on stretchers to this mysterious spring. The waters proved so beneficial that he was able to return over the 'carrying place' on foot. The waters he drank were said to have been taken from High Rock spring of Saratoga Springs."

The city contains many spacious, imposing hotels and fine tree− bordered streets, which at once suggest that Saratoga was the one time "Queen of Spas." But if the people no longer come here in such great numbers, Nature still reigns over the place, and it possesses that quiet and repose which make it an ideal place in which to spend a vacation. Here are wonderful old elms whose branches intermingle to form a canopy over the streets. So gracefully do their drooping sprays of green descend that we could think of nothing with which to compare them save emerald fountains. These old trees are more stately, more graceful than those at Versailles. Beautiful villas, public halls and handsome churches are scattered about the city. Viewed from the surrounding hills, the buildings seem to nestle in a leafy wilderness. The annual horseraces held here still draw large crowds, but as a summer resort Saratoga, like Trenton Falls, has seen its day.

It is not Old Saratoga that contains the most interest for the traveler, but the region around Schuylerville. Here the green carpet covers all the hills, whose smooth, velvety appearance adds greatly to the beauty of the country.

The day of our arrival at Saratoga was extremely sultry, and heavy masses of clouds darkened the sky. Soon bursting peals of thunder told us that the warrior clouds were bringing their heavy artillery into action. This storm passed around us, however, and we hastened to the site of the beautiful monument commemorating the decisive victory of the Revolution. It stands on the site of Burgoyne's fortified camp, overlooking the place of his surrender. The height of this monument is one hundred and fifty−four feet, its base is forty feet square, and it contains one hundred and eighty−four steps, which lead up to the last windows, which command an enchanting view of from ten to thirty miles in all directions.

The country all around is full of very picturesque, scenic surprises, and the lordly Hudson winding among its hills of vernal loveliness is not the least of them. Your attention is quickly recalled from the dead past, whether you like it or not, to the living present. From this place you will see and hear things which no historian can ever record; paragraphs of the life history of the palpitant beauty and pulsing song of existence. The true lover of Nature will find no greater delight than to linger here to drink in the beauty of the place as his eyes rove over the vast expanse of gently undulating hills that melt away in the blue haze. The river flowing through masses of verdue, the towering trees that climb the surrounding heights and skirt the pastoral landscapes, afford constant evidence of the natural wealth and beauty of this historic region.

Standing here, gazing out over the beautiful scene, we recalled our visit to the famous battlegrounds of Waterloo.

It was on a lovely June day that we left the Belgium capital, turning again and again to look at the wonderful Palace of Justice which dominates this city, as the capitol does at Washington.

The country around the field of Waterloo is very level, hardly relieved by an undulation, and dotted at intervals with a few trees that heighten the loneliness of the scene rather than relieve it. Here we became aware that we were gazing at one of the finest sites that man has ever known for the purpose of mutual destruction. We readily saw that this level region gave ample room for both infantry and cavalry, where the many thousands of human beings were brought together in deadly collision. It was apparently designed by Nature to feed the hungry toilers of earth, but "was consecrated by man for a solemn spectacle of deliberate slaughter."

How often this fertile country was made the battleground of surrounding nations! Here it was we felt that indomitable spirit that rose above every oppression forced upon its people, stopping the hordes of invading armies.

We ascended the hill that flanked the right wing of the position of the English where the fight was hottest. From this eminence we looked down on vast cultivated fields with acres of waving barley and verdant meadows in which fine Holstein cattle were grazing. This hill is composed of soil dug from Mount St. Jean to cover the bones of the slain of both armies. This conical tumulus contains upon its summit, set in a spacious and lofty pedestal, a huge bronze lion cast from the cannon taken in battle.

As we stood on its top the scene unrolled before us like a wonderful panoramic painting, and we gazed out on this "great chessboard, where the last hard game of Napoleon's and Wellington's protracted match was played."

Here where all Nature seemed to breathe of peace and joy it seemed difficult to believe that at that very season, one hundred and four years ago, on this spot was fought one of the memorable battles of the world. Here, after participating in the activities of a world war, how like a dream it seemed to be gazing down upon this fertile plain. The larks were soaring in the blue above, uttering the same sweet notes that charmed the poet, Shelley, while we gazed out upon the fair scene toward La Belle Alliance and La Haye Sainte. Nearer our eyes rested upon the place that formed the key to the English position, where they successfully resisted, throughout the day of the eighteenth of June, the hottest assaults of the enemy. Then we beheld the high road to Namur which passed through the center of the lovely picture "as if inviting us to look upon the road Napoleon took to make his escape when in the agony of his heart he exclaimed 'Sauve qui peut!' and fled from the field."

Near La Belle Alliance is a monument to the memory of the German legion. Corning down from the tumulus we made our way past fields of barley and paused to pluck a few cornflowers and poppies, and over all the blue sky like an angel of peace the skylark was still flooding the blue dome with melodies which for us can never die.

But we have been straying somewhat from Saratoga. The view we had from the monument reminded us a little of that to be obtained from the plateau of the citadel of Namur where we beheld the Sambre, the Meuse, and the forest of Ardennes. The valley of the Meuse through which we passed on our way to Liege, though wild, varied and secluded, full of unexpected turns and scenic surprises, has no more charm than Saratoga.

We were greatly impressed with the tablet presented in memory of the women of 1776 by the Daughters of the American Revolution. It represents one woman busy with spinning while another is making bullets at a fireplace. These noble and brave women deserve much credit for helping to win our independence, for while their husbands and sons fought they gathered in the crops, melted into bullets their treasured pewter ware, learned to shoot, bar their homes against Indians and conceal themselves from preying bands of Indians and Tories.

Before leaving the monument at Schuylerville we discovered that the birds had chosen the monument as a place for their nests. On General Gates' shoulder was a robin's nest, while another chose the center of an officer's hat for her domicile. Looking into the mouth of the twenty−four pounder presented by J. Watts de Peyster to the monument association, we discovered a blue bird's nest containing four eggs. This gun was at one time a part of the armament of a British vessel. The vessel becoming disabled, the gun was then mounted on wheels and placed on a bluff at Ticonderoga, where it was captured by the Americans. Right glad we were that the place knows no harsher sound than the soft, melodious warble of the bluebird and cherry carol of the robin. We thought how glorious the time when all monuments may be not merely grim reminders of war, but give shelter to the "color−bearer of the Spring Brigade."

Most admirable plans had been made by the British for a very brilliant campaign, but their success depended, like so many other things, in the ability of the British to work them.

Burgoyne, three thousand miles away, received his orders while in England. Howe did not receive his until the 16th of August, when he was entering Chesapeake Bay. "Burgoyne was already being defeated at Bennington while Howe was reading his dispatch and learning for the first time that he was expected to cooperate with Burgoyne."

King George said, "any means of discouraging the Americans will meet with my approval." So the scalping knife and tomahawk were associated with English arms.

Burgoyne had seven thousand picked troops, three thousand of whom were Germans in the pay of the British Army. This army was divided into three corps; Frazer, Riedesel and Phillips were their officers. "The excellent discipline, spirit and equipment of his army led Burgoyne to do and dare anything." Overconfidence in war as elsewhere usually proves disastrous. Burgoyne is reported to have said, "The enemy will probably fight at Ticonderoga. Of course I will beat them, then we will have a nice little promenade of eight days down to Albany." But the trip toward Albany turned out to be anything but a promenade and the British soldiers failed to see the nice part of it.

General Schuyler, on hearing that Burgoyne was on the march, seized all the firearms he could and hurried to his camp. Schuyler was superseded by General Gates. We learn that he was not on the line when the great fighting occurred, but that he was a very conspicuous character in "the final wind up." He reminds one of those ministers who are intensely interested in the welfare of the souls of those of their members who happen to have an exceptionally fine strawberry patch.

But let us turn our attention for a brief time to some of Saratoga's deserving heroes. It was at Bennington that John Stark pointed toward the redoubt of the enemy and exclaimed, "There, my lads, are the Hessians! Tonight our flag floats over yonder hill or Molly Stark is a widow." With New England yeomanry rudely equipped with pouches, powder horns and armed with old brown firelocks he stormed the trenches of the best trained soldiers of Europe and won a glorious victory. At Oriskany, Herkimer, in an unlooked−for battle, won undying fame, although most of his gallant little band were slaughtered. Schuyler sent Arnold with Larned's brigade to retrieve Herkimer's disaster, which he did in an admirable manner. Gansevoort held the fort against St. Leger, but his situation was growing desperate, when one day without apparent cause the enemy fled in haste, leaving camps, baggage and artillery. This inglorious flight was brought about by a half−wined fellow, who wandered into the enemy's camp and on being asked how many men were coming, pointed to the leaves on the trees, thus frightening the Indians and British into a hasty retreat.

It is singular that the fiercest fighting of Saratoga occurred on a farm hearing the significant name of Freeman. The ground around the old well was covered with bodies of dead soldiers after the battle. The British held persistently the position at the farm they gained in a line to the east on the bank of the river, where they built three redoubts on three hills.

"The fortified camp of the Americans lay about one and one−half miles below, in a parallel line, from the British. Here within bugle call from each other, for two weeks the hostile forces sat upon the hill of Saratoga; frowning defiance at each other as boys who are afraid to start a fight but persist in making faces from back doors, or like cocks who stand immovable and try to stare each other out of countenance, yet ready to open the conflict with a moment's notice."

On October the 7th the British moved from their entrenchments in battle array. Gates took up the gauntlet thus thrown down to him and exclaimed: "Order out Morgan to begin the game."

It must have been a thrilling scene that fair October morning, for autumn had wrought her oriental magic and far and near the lovely forests were arrayed in chromatic harmony. The maples were ablaze for miles, and so vivid seemed the flame of sumac berries one almost expected to see smoke ascending on the tranquil morning air. The scarlet banner of the woodbine fluttered from many a tree like a bloody omen, the ash was clad in purple robes, the elm and linden trees were like yellow flames among the bright red fires of gum and dogwood. The purple haze over all gave to the scene an air of mystery.

The stillness was intense. Only the chink of the bobolinks bound for the plains of the Orinoco or the chonk, chonking of ground squirrels broke the silence. This stillness must have been more awful than any noise of battle could possibly be. Amid such lovely and peaceful surroundings as this, Morgan dashed to the fray and scattered Burgoyne's advance guard, then rushed on the trained forces of Fraser and swept them from their position to the left, which they had taken in advance.

"Fraser rallied his men and was forming a second line when he fell, mortally wounded. The sharp whistle of Morgan once more called his men into action, while Poor and Larned attacked the center and right. The battle swayed back and forth through the great ravine. Another charge from Morgan and the British retreated to their entrenchments.

"At this moment the indignant Arnold, stung to madness by the slights put upon him by Gates, dashed across the field. He gathered the regulars under his leadership by enthusiasm, bravery, and vehemence. He broke through the lines of entrenchments at Freeman's farm. Repulsed for a moment, he assailed the left and charged the strong redoubt of Breyman, which flanked the British camp at the place now called Burgoyne's Hill. The patriotic army, fired with new hope and courage, crowded fearlessly up to the very mouths of the belching guns of the redoubt and won the final victory of the day; then, exhausted by the deadly fight, before they took possession of the British camp, sullenly dropped down for a rest.

"Silently and sullenly the defeated army withdrew from the works of Freeman's farm and huddled closely together under the three redoubts by the river. Here the women trembled over the drying form of Fraser. In the cellar of the old Marshall House Madame Riedesel, with her three little girls, found refuge from the American bullets during the week preceding Burgoyne's surrender. Here Surgeon Jones had his remaining leg shot away while the other was being amputated. Eleven cannon balls passed through the house. The splintered beams and other relics well preserved are still shown. With slight alterations the house remains as at the time of the surrender.

"The hospital stood with its overflowing of wounded and dead. The great and princely army awaited in doubt and despair while the commander hesitated and wavered in his plans. Should he risk another engagement or retreat? He decided to retreat, and it began as the Americans fired the guns for Fraser's funeral at sunset. The blood−red sun sank behind the heights in which the exultant and victorious American army lay. Heavy clouds followed, and quickly after a drenching rain the army of the British, abandoning their sick and wounded, began the retreat up the river, Retracing their steps from Bemis Heights, the scene of their disaster, they followed the river road to the Fishkill and the Schuyler mansion, which they burned to the ground. It was an illumination of their own defeat.

"Failing here to make an advancing stand against the Americans they fell back, formed an entrenched camp and planted their batteries along the heights of old Saratoga. In this camp they still hoped to hold out until relief came up the Hudson from New York. Here the pathos of the campaign culminated. The sick and wounded took up refuge in cellars. Burgoyne was entrenched on the hills with the river below, yet had no water to drink except a cupful brought now and then by the British women. The gallant Americans would not fire upon them. Burgoyne sent in the terms of surrender near the site of the old Schuyler mansion so recently burned. Here he laid down his arms and surrendered to General Gates. Along the road just across the Fishkill the disarmed prisoners were marched to the tune of 'Yankee Doodle,' played first as a national air.

"When the last cannon was heard to die among to hills it was as if the expiring note of British domination in America was sounded. This victory decided the fate of that mighty empire. It will stand unrivaled and alone, deriving lustre and perpetuity in its singleness."

There was soon to he peace throughout the land and independence. Again the golden grain would wave and the Hudson would be white with the sails of ships from many seas.

We left Schuylerville under a gloomy sky that foreboded rain. The clouds gathered thicker and thicker, and soon the rain was descending in torrents. We took refuge in a kind of barn erected for the purpose of sheltering horses during church services. We did not know the denomination of the church that stood near this shelter. We believed more strongly in a religion that is kind to dumb animals and does not have them standing for hours in a cruel storm while they shout "Glory to God." After the storm had abated we started onward once more.

CHAPTER XVII. NIAGARA

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"Flow on forever in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty; * * * God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead; and the cloud
Mantles around thy feet."
--Mrs. Sigourney.
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Niagara! What a wealth of memories come thronging to you as you repeat the name! Some with visions of an emerald sea, filled with the eternal roar and grandeur of many waters; others with haunting melodies, quiet and tender as an Aeolian harp thrummed by an unseen hand. What a poem of blended power and beauty was here unfolded by Nature through countless centuries! Geological grandeur such as one seldom sees elsewhere awaits you here; splendor inconceivable is here wrought in ever varied and powerful forms of beauty, giving rise to a sublimity of thought and exuberance of feeling too powerful for words.

The awe felt in looking at this wild mass of raging water humbles and overwhelms you; you feel the presence of a majesty and grandeur in its onward sweep before unknown to you. When it is dashed to gauzy, irised spray it seems as gentle as the pearly mists of dawn, but its deep thunder−like detonations tell of a mighty power. Beauty blended with the most awe−inspiring sublimity is the order of passionate, impetuous Niagara.

The broad river takes the waters of the four lakes−−Superior, Huron, Michigan and Erie−−to its turbulent bosom and bears them about twenty−two miles from Lake Erie, where it becomes a raging torrent and rushes in frenzied madness over the precipice forming the incomparable falls. Then, before reaching Lake Ontario, its water forgets its scourging and glides smoothly again in its wider channel, presenting a picture of peace and quietness in striking contrast to the surging tumult of the noisy rapids above.

The country through which Niagara passes is comparatively level, interspersed here and there with hills of "vernal loveliness." Niagara seems to have only one all−absorbing interest. "Not many features of the country through which it flows correspond in that wildness and savage grandeur with which the falls are clothed." The mahogany colored soil is devoted to vegetable and fruit growing. In spring the well−cultivated trees, including pear, plum, peach, and cherry, burst into a miracle of delicious bloom, making patches of pink as vivid as a sunset sea or others of pure white like snows new−fallen. Such scenes of pastoral beauty enhance its wildness and surpassing grandeur.

The strange beauty of the ocean is comprehended long before one reaches its shores. Mountain peaks are seen from afar, blending imperceptibly with the horizon; at first only their faint outlines are revealed as you gradually approach. You have, perhaps, been looking for a rough country with great glacier− sculptured walls or imposing rugged scenery on nearing the falls. You do not suspect they are near and if you approach Prospect Point in an automobile, you are in sight and sound of them ere you are aware.

Here the vast panorama is presented to you. You are hardly prepared for so much at once. One gentleman, on being asked what effect the falls had upon his wife, replied: "She was struck speechless." Whereupon the other gentleman said: "I shall bring my wife tomorrow." Had Niagara this beneficent effect upon both sexes who gaze upon it, one is almost certain that its number of visitors instead of one million, would amount to many millions annually, and "there would be more of heaven on earth, before it is journeyed to."

Those who can see no beauty in Niagara (may the Lord pity such) may still be rewarded by learning that this river is the boundary between the United States and Canada and was therefore the scene of many stirring conflicts between the Mother Country and her young but plucky, wayward, willful child. Nearby, on the Canadian side, are the battlefields of Chippewa, Lundy's Lane and Queenstown Heights. On the steep bank of the river on the top of a well−wooded height stands a graceful Doric shaft erected by the British in memory of their commander, General Brock, who fell on the battlefield of Queenstown Heights October 12, 1812. The monument has a lightning rod on it and on being asked the reason for this a fellow traveler replied: "It is because he has such striking features."

A trip to Niagara is not complete without a visit to the old fort. How beautiful the tree bordered road leading from Niagara along the river to its outlet at Lake Ontario! At first you catch glimpses now and then through the tree and bush covered banks of the river. The scenery along the river about half way between Niagara and the lake consists of beautiful homes with the orchards, vineyards and fields that stretch away over the level valley.

As you approach Fort Niagara you will see the post's cemetery. On the river between the cemetery and the fort is a lighthouse and near it, under the walls of the old fort, a government life− saving station. Entering the government ground the road winds through a beautiful grove in which are located the officers' homes. The barracks are adjacent to these and the road skirts the parade grounds just beyond.

At right angles with the river and lake is located Fort Niagara. This old fort is entered under an arched driveway, which may be closed by two massive doors. Its walls are fourteen feet high and four feet thick, built of stones that have been laid without mortar. It has been remarkably well preserved. It was built by the French approximately on the site occupied by LaSalle and Denouville. It was taken by the British in 1789 and held by them as a base of warfare against the American frontier during the war of the Revolution. It was then occupied by the Americans.

You will be impressed with the old Lombardy poplars that were planted by the French along the lake. Here they have stood, buffeted by the winds of more than two centuries until they resemble grim, sturdy warriors who have known many conflicts. They stand near the water's edge, defiant still, like brave soldiers unable to move farther, who have faced about to meet the enemy. With their few scattered limbs still pointing upward, they seem almost as old as the fort itself. Nature was kind and had clothed their few aged limbs with bright green leaves, which will retain their tints almost as long as any deciduous trees.

But why recall these tales of bygone days when the British and the Americans were engaged in these terrible struggles? Let us go back to the falls where a voice at once grand and awesome speaks of a day so old we have no record, save the geological hieroglyphics; those vast manuscripts written on the tables of rocks by the hand of Time.

On going to Niagara for the first time, one fears that his impression will not be great, for has he not heard from childhood, that name reiterated a thousand times until it has lost much of its glamour? Then, too, has he not seen pictures of Niagara in his geography and heard his older brothers tell about it until its grandeur seems, from what he had at first pictured in fancy, to lose much of its significance? "But like sunsets, mountains, lakes and some people he may know, who are still strikingly beautiful though common, he will find a significance in the real Niagara like these."

You will perhaps be advised not to follow the beaten trail and rush to Prospect Point, but save the best portion of the trip for the last. Through the park to Goat Island bridge you go in eager anticipation to learn whether your fancy had pictured with accurateness the real scene. From this massive stone structure you gaze up the river and behold the so−called American rapids. Here the view awes one into silence. Even the "Isn't it lovely?" and "oh, how wonderful!" types of people can scarcely say more than "Niagara!" Strange, too, it is that one seldom hears the word "scrumptious." Perhaps the people have chosen the adjective we heard a German use, who on being asked how he enjoyed the view from the bridge replied, "Bully."

America should be justly proud that one of her great natural wonders has views like this. You gaze enraptured at the swishing, swirling, lapping mass of water above you, that falls from a series of terrace−like cascades. As it draws nearer, you are impressed by the glorious display of the wild, raging waters around you. How slowly you walk across the bridge, still noting the turbulent mass of water rushing past with amazing velocity and grand display of power.

Directly in front of the bridge you will see a vast flat rock over whose polished surface the water comes tumbling in a great fan−shaped mass, which is as grand as anything at Niagara. The waters loom up at this point like some majestic living creature who is marshaling his forces for the final plunge after they have been scourged and seem impatient and glad to escape. To gaze down at this place, one seems to be near some "vast and awful Presence." The writhing, seething waters seem always advancing, yet never arrive; hurrying to escape but never are gone; halting against stones still ever are moving; seeming changeless across the flood of years.

Your companions who have contracted that strange disease, not "Hookworm," but "Americanitis," tell you it is exceedingly beautiful here, but you must hurry on as your time is limited. One wonders if a certain time was set for the sculpturing of Niagara. Slowly you move on, turning away reluctantly from a scene so fair; pausing again to look at the beautiful elms and willows that grow so near the edge of the stream, their drooping branches almost touching the wild swirling waters, as if trying to get a fleeting glimpse of their own beauty.

On one of the small islands you catch a glint of metallic blue and you see a kingfisher alight on the limb of a dead pine tree that hangs over the water. He is gazing so intently at the swift rushing waters below him that you almost fancy he is attracted by the view. Suddenly he darts from his perch and, holds himself poised in mid−air until he sights a fish. He drops like a plummet and disappears. He quickly reappears and flies to a near− by rock with a fish, where he beats it to pieces and devours it.

You forget about going so slowly until some one admonishes you that the rest of your party are treading the various paths of Goat Island. You hurry now and are soon among your friends.

What a beauty spot is this group of islands and islets! It is only half a mile long and contains but seventy acres. But where in all this universe does one's fancy take such long aerial flights or the mind become conscious of such grandeur and power? You seem to wander in fairyland where the wild throng of many voiced waters are telling aloud, "Nature's industry to create beauty and usefulness." Lower and sweeter the voices, too, are rising like musical incense to the Creator, pouring out their passionate songs which tell of joy and enthusiasm in silvery cataracts of melody, pitched in a higher key, yet not unlike Niagara. You hear the cardinal's rich flute−like song of "What, what cheer!" ringing from a wild grapevine. Again he seems to say "Come, come here!" Whether it be an invitation to all mankind or just a message to his coy mate you know he learned it from the same teacher as Niagara, and their voices are alike full of rarest melody. The leisurely golden chant of the wood thrush, where the misty spray and cool shadows enfold you, seems like a spirit voice speaking audibly to you, and the song− sparrow sends his sweet wavering tribute to tell you he, too, enjoys the shady nooks of Niagara.

Here if we could only interpret aright are still small voices speaking of divine love and infinite beauty, just as audibly as the more powerful voice of Niagara.

At the edge of Goat Island are numerous rocks where you may get a remarkable view of the rapids; "and the forest invites the lover of trees to linger long amid its dim−lighted aisles, where he will find for his vivid imagination an ideal place for reverie."

On inquiring why Goat Island is thus named you will perhaps be told that it was once owned by a man who pastured several animals on it; among them a goat, which perished during a severe winter. Any one visiting the Falls during the winter, when a cold wind sweeps across the island, can readily see how they "got this man's goat."

The earliest description of the Falls is that by Father Hennepin, a Franciscan monk, who with LaSalle visited it in 1678 and published this account of it: "Betwixt Lake Ontario and Erie there is a vast and prodigious column of water which falls down after a manner surprising and astonishing, inasmuch that the universe does not afford a parallel. 'Tis true−−Italy and Switzerland boast of some such things; but we may well say that they are sorry patterns when compared to this of which we speak. At the foot of the horrible descent, we meet with the Niagara river, which is not above a quarter of a league broad, but is wonderfully deep in some places. It is so rapid above the descent that it violently hurries down the wild beasts, while endeavoring to pass it to feed on the other side, they not being able to withstand the force of the current, which invariably casts them headlong about six hundred feet high.

"This wonderful downfall is composed of two cross streams of water, and two falls with an aisle sloping along the middle of it. The waters which fall from this horrible precipice do foam and boil after the most hideous manner imaginable, making an outrageous noise more terrible than that of thunder." One can easily see that the imaginative and excitable Frenchman is under the spell of the great cataract.

But let us return to the island and follow the path that winds among the trees until Stedman's Bluff is gained. Your reverie is broken by the news that you are near this point. You go hurriedly now and your speed is accelerated by hearing the noise of the falls.

"Crowds of people fill the cool woodland paths; dark evergreens and aged beech trees form a leafy screen on which the sunlight falls, making a trembling, shifting mosaic as the branches open and close in the passing breeze." The air is filled with melody and redolent with the breath of the pine that is mingled with various wild flowers. Here one is impressed with the awe he feels while treading the dim aisles of some vast cathedral. Your attention is diverted for a brief time by a species of flower unknown to you. You pause long enough to recognize it, then hurry on scarce noting the livid green of the waters going to their fate, swiftly and with unbounded freedom, as if glad to escape some pursuing demon of the watery underworld. One almost feels sad as he watches the waters dash in utter helplessness over the awful precipice.

Following the shore line from this point you come to a spiral stairway that leads to the little wooden bridges that connect the various rocks. Many visitors still go in front of that superb sheet of water called, "The Bridal Veil." But owing to an accident resulting in the death of three people, they no longer permit visitors to enter the Cave of the Winds. A huge rock whose estimated weight is many tons fell from above, crushing the luckless victims. Even though you do not go behind the falls this trip is full of fascinating interest. The Cave of the Winds is situated between Luna and Goat Islands, at the foot of the rock. At the present site of the Falls the edge of the cataract is formed by a stratum of hard limestone reaching to a depth of about eighty feet; and by the action of the spray the softer shaly strata below have been hollowed out so as to form this cave. It is about one hundred feet wide, one hundred and sixty feet high, and about one hundred feet across.

You will perhaps go from here to a very commanding point known as Porter's Bluff. Here, when the wind is favorable, you are away from the drenching spray of the Falls. Here, too, the American Falls are seen in all their grandeur. They shoot free from the upper edge of the cliff, owing to the velocity they have acquired in descending from the rapids above. As this vast mass of water strikes the rocks below, loud, thunder−like detonations are heard not unlike the reverberating tones of the breakers of the ocean. There is a mellowness in the sound that is soothing rather than a deafening roar as some seem to think.

At one point in the American Falls the water strikes a projecting shelf of rock a short distance below the upper ledge and is pulverized yet finer, making it gush out in silvery plumes, which are worn to lustrous threads of marble whiteness. They form long gauzy streamers as fine as sifted snow, giving to it the name of "Bridal Veil." No bride ever wore a veil of such delicate and exquisite texture unless it was some water sprite, fit creature to be adorned with such gauzy and wind−woven drapery. Only the fairy looms of Nature can produce lace−like gossamer films of such intricate and varied designs.

>From this point the colors of the American Falls are superb. How remarkably soft and fine they are! The pearl−grey, snow−white, lavender and green masses seem to mingle together, blending imperceptibly from one to the other, making a novel and beautiful effect that surpasses the rarest dreams of the most gifted decorative painter. The extreme beauty of delicate and striking variety of coloring, like evening skies and sunset seas, baffle any attempt at description. When the morning sunbeams stream through the mist of the Falls their exquisite tones of purple and gray and the marvelous fineness of the American Falls come to one like a revelation.

One can never forget his morning visit to the American Falls when the sunlight comes from the required angles, heightening the beauty of the whole wild mass of waters, sifting in ravishing splendor through the clouds of drifting spray. What an artist Nature is! One has seen nothing in the delicate colored wing of night moths, in the purple bloom of the ocean, the color of autumn woods or clouds of fair Italian skies, that could rival this "evanescent bow" in exquisite fineness. A huge mass of lovely colors, like an arch of glory, rises from the boiling spray near you, while a breeze causes the larger mass to waver from color to color and mingle with the trees on the Canadian shore. A secondary bow with softer colors is visible like a long remembered dream you have had with which you associate some real event of life.

What a sublime view we get from the Terrapin Rocks! "Here are tremendous flat−shaped boulders left here ages ago, when those vast geological forces were at work hewing out this gorge. Here you gaze through ever rising

columns of spray into the bright green water. Here the velocity is amazing and in its deep bass roar that, "night and day, weeks, months, years and centuries, speaks in the same mighty voice," you gain the real might and majesty of Niagara. Here you will have that trinity of grandeur, power, and beauty indelibly impressed upon your memory. Here, too, you gaze again in silence and admiration at the awful mass of troubled water. The marvelous flood of livid green waters rushes into the yawning abyss below, where it is broken into fine spray that rises like steam from an immense cauldron. One feels an irresistible fascination at this point but all good things must end and you reluctantly turn away.

Now you find yourself observing the wild flowers, ferns, and grasses with which the cliffs are clothed. All along these inaccessible walls are "hanging gardens" whose masses of the dainty fern make smaller Niagaras of brightest verdure. Virginia creeper and various vines throw down long ropes of green, as if to help their flower friends up the steep walls; thatching their sides with softest beauty. The bluemint, butterfly weed and harebell venture far out along the slightest ledges where only a few, "who are willing to gain beauty as well as bread by the sweat of their brows observe them."

People are after all more interesting than natural phenomena. Here some will sit through the long summer hours discussing morals, industry, women's suffrage, the immortality of the soul or some item about the latest divorce scandal, while the sublimity of Niagara lies all unnoticed before them. One feels as if his senses were playing him false, and that he is back again in some particular town, the memory of which is painfully familiar, where from daylight till dawn and dawn till daylight such timely topics are discussed from that loafer's haven, the village store.

Goat Island is said to be covered with verdant forest, but it is no longer verdant, for it shows the ravages of those who wish some one to know they had visited Niagara. Important news, this, that requires those beautiful registers of God's own building for its recording. The large majestic beech trees, among whose verdant branches the orioles and tanagers poured forth their rich notes once whispered from all their wealth of emerald leaves invitations to the weary to come and enjoy the sanctuary of healing coolness and restful shade and shelter. Many were the travelers who left the hot, dusty highways for the cool, dewy carpet of velvety moss in the woodland solitude, where numerous wild flowers and sweet−scented ferns filled all the air with fragrance. The noble beech trees throw up their naked branches as if pointing ghostly fingers of accusation to the carelessness and indifference of those vandal days. Now these decaying emblems stand scarred and desolate, "Monuments to fond hearts and foolish heads."

"Here, as in by−gone days, no song of bird or wealth of plumage gladdens its forlorn branches; no lovely flowers or shade−loving moss and fern make patches of emerald and gold;" no weary pedestrian turns aside from the hot, dusty path where the heated air flows in tremendous rays unless to decipher some name on the bark where Nature in pity is covering the scars with the lovely woodbine.

Some people evidently spent more time in laboriously carving their names than in viewing the wondrous beauty of the Falls. When they perchance do gaze at them one can almost hear them shooting, "Behold us, Niagara, we are here," or "Just as we expected, only a big pile of water." Better it were to leave a living tree like the palm that the loving hands of Queen Victoria planted in the Hiles' estate at Cannes, France. Here groups of weary American soldiers gazing up at its lovely fronded foliage, then out over the deep blue Mediterranean, beheld a sunset sky like a more vast sea of amethyst through which a few orange colored clouds were idly drifting. They forgot for a time the horrors of war and as they caught a view of the far−flushing Alpine peaks that appeared like vast walls of alternate shades of crimson and purple rising from a golden sea of light they joined in the twilight prayer of the universe to Him who made such wondrous beauty for the delight of man.

It was here that Victoria showed by her queenly life the right to her title. Her memory still remains verdant in the hearts of her countrymen whom she showed in a thousand acts of charity and nobleness that "The crown does not make the queen."

Memories of delight steal o'er you as you recall again the many noble trees at Mt. Vernon. Just north of the brick wall of the flower garden are two magnificent tulip trees towering in their stately grandeur far above their companions; filling their branches with a wealth of creamy bell−shaped blossoms which like innumerable swinging censers scatter delicious incense on the passing breeze. The master of those beautiful and spacious grounds has long since departed; but when we gaze upon those magnificent trees planted by his hands we seem to catch the spirit of the man whispered by all their green leaves, melodies clearer and sweeter than any music we had heard before.

We have been straying from the Falls but as we said people are more interesting.

At the edge of the Canadian channel are the Three Sister Islands, so named because the three daughters of General Whitney were the first white women to cross to the outer island long before the bridges were built.

The river below the Falls is very narrow and the descent is very steep, about three−quarters of a mile below the suspension bridge. Here a sudden turn in the channel causes the waters to impinge against the Canadian shore, where they have made a deep indentation, and to rush back to the American side in a great whirl or eddy, rendered more furious by the uneven bed of the river, and the narrow space into which it contracts. "Here the most terrific commotion of any of Niagara's tumultuous demonstrations is seen. The frenzied waters form a seething vortex, the terror of the most daring navigators." Here the hissing, clashing, seething, upswirling mass of water where it strikes the rocks is whirled in swift eddies as if drawn downward by some awful river monster below. The waves produced are like the billows of the ocean, and have the same quality of loud booming tones, possessing the same wild exuberance of motion. The passionate torrent swirls in wild ecstasy around the rocks, springing aloft and tipping the waves with a silvery radiance or clashing its emerald waters in plumes of spray. One never tires gazing at the waters leaping and gliding like living creatures as they dash themselves to pieces on the rocks, or listening to the swash and gurgle of the rapid waters or the keen clash of heavier waves.

In Niagara we have a wonder that typifies the rugged grandeur, the restless, tireless energy of the Western World. In contemplating it one almost invariably thinks of New York city, that human Niagara, where the restless, crowding, surging waves of humanity are dashed against the rough crags of adversity where many are crushed and broken in body and spirit. Others are drawn into the swift stream of competition and are plunged over the precipice of financial gloom, where they seek solace in the whirlpool rapids of society, till at last with blighted hopes and ruined lives they go plunging into the abyss of despair, as if glad to escape some pursuing demon of financial disaster or more hideous monster of social vice. Only a few great and magnanimous souls show in the rainbows of a kindly beneficence that they have seen the beauty and grandeur of Niagara.

Between Whirlpool Rapids and the American Falls the water seems to rest in a quiet reach, where it grows calm and composed before it enters upon its boisterous journey at the rapids.

An electric car runs along the edge of the bluff, high above the waters of the gorge, passing the cantilever bridge, completed December, 1883, which carries a double line of rails. About one hundred yards away is another steel arch railroad bridge. "Before you reach these bridges you will see the outlet of the great tunnel through which pours a miniature Niagara, the water that has passed through the turbine wheels of the great powerhouse up the river, and which has furnished power for running factories and electric railways in Niagara Falls, Buffalo, and other neighboring cities." When one sees how the great cataract has been harnessed and made to develop thousands of horse−power for driving the industries of man, he marvels almost as much at man's ingenuity as at the Falls themselves.

The waters at the Falls plunge into an abyss about one thousand feet wide, and during the next seven miles make a descent of about one hundred and four feet through a deep ravine with perpendicular banks rising to a height of from two hundred to three hundred and fifty feet, the breadth of the river varying from two hundred and fifty to four hundred yards. It is a thrilling experience to view.

More glorious is Niagara in the garish light of a cloudless day, slipping and rushing in wildest extravagance from the rapids above. But at night the beauty is enchanting. There is a dim veiled grandeur as in viewing mountains from a great distance. While standing at Terrapin Point you are overwhelmed by the spirit of the scene around you, which seems more grand and awesome as the dusk of evening begins to throw a dark veil over the landscape; the sense of hearing is made more receptive by the lessening of the vision and you realize the awful sublimity of Niagara. The islands, like dark phantoms, loom in the dim shadows. Then in the east the moon rises mellowing and softening the beautiful scene, while all about you is the eternal roar of the waters. The vast spectral terribleness is quickly transformed into a scene of indescribable loveliness.

The name "Niagara" was given to the falls by the Iroquois Indians and means "The thunder of waters." How significant the name, for with its hundred million tons of water every hour pouring over the rocks, it sounds like the solemn roar of the sea. Ever the varied voices about you tuned to the sighing of the night and gently murmuring pine mingle and blend with the sound of the falls.

How often will memory recall those glacier−sculptured walls! How often you shall see in fancy as you once did in reality, the wonderful opulence of colors! How often, too, you shall behold those glorious curtains that seem to have fallen from the sky and hang poised before you!

How many untold centuries have its thunders reverberated among the rocks! How long have those restless waters flowed on in frenzied madness without a moment's pause! Yet will Niagara remain the same? The rate of recession is very uncertain. There can be no doubt that within the last two hundred years the aspect of the Falls has been greatly altered. Goat Island extended, up to a comparatively recent period, for another half mile northerly in a triangular prolongation; some parts have receded much over one hundred feet since 1841, others have remained more or less stationary. In June, 1850, Table Rock disappeared. Geologists tell us that the recession of the Canadian Falls by erosion is five feet in one year. Even judging it to be one foot in a year, the falls at the commencement of the Christian era were near Prospect Point; three thousand years ago it was at the upper steel arch bridge. Niagara shall in due time pass away. The eroding power that has made Niagara will perhaps be its undoing.

Nations shall rise into being and write a record of their glorious supremacy, then pass away, forgotten perhaps save by a record of their deeds or history of their decline. Nature plans not for one season, but for all time. The years as they came to the painted Iroquois will come with never−ending delight to generations yet to be. Our faith in Nature's grandeur and beauty becomes stronger as each succeeding year slips away; the kingfisher shall still watch from his perch on some pine bough the finny inhabitants below him; the chimney swifts will still fly through the spray of the falls for their bath; the flowers, if not on Goat Island, will be just as fair as those that blossomed long ago in their pristine loveliness; the stars when day is done will gleam in the velvet sky as brightly as those of far Judea. But what about Niagara? It may pass away, but not a drop of its waters will be lost. The same powers that carved Niagara are still at work creating new and more wondrous beauty as the seasons pass.

One is here reminded that our sojourn is not much more a than the wild water lapping against the rocks or the waves that beat against the rocky ledges and are gone. Yet will they never reappear? Even while we linger here the spray forms cloud fleets to float across the azure sky of June; drifting like white− sailed ships far out to sea. The resurrection of Niagara Waters!

MY HOME

"This is the place which I love the best,
A little brown house, like a ground−bird's nest,
Hid among grasses and vines and trees,
Summer retreat of the birds and bees.

The tenderest light that ever was seen
Sifts through the vine−made window screen−−

Sifts and quivers and flits and falls,
On home−made carpets and gray−hung walls.

All through June the west wind free
The breath of the clover brings to me.
All through the languid July day
I catch the scent of the newmown hay.

The morning−glories and scarlet vine,
Over the doorway twist and twine
And every day, when the house is still,
The humming−bird comes to the window−sill.

In the cunningest chamber under the sun
I sink to sleep when the day is done;
And am waked at morn in my snow−white bed,
By a singing−bird on the roof o'erhead.

Better than treasures brought from Rome,
Are the living pictures I see at home−−
My aged father, with frosted hair,
And mother's face, like a painting rare.

Far from the city's dust and heat,
I get but sounds and odors sweet.
Who can wonder I love to stay
Week after week here, hidden away,

In this sly nook that I love the best
The little brown house like a ground−bird's nest.

−−Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE END.

ITINERARY

We have included this itinerary so that others who are contemplating a trip over the Old National Road to the East may in some measure find it helpful in planning a journey.

Without undue haste we have gone over the route herein designated, and have a world of delightful recollections of those forever memorable excursions.

FIRST DAY−−Richmond, Ind., via Greenville, O., through the fine agricultural region of Darke County, passing through Xenia, which deserves more than passing notice, for, on the outskirts of the town William Dean Howells lived in a log cabin with his father, Wm. D. Gallagher and Coates Kinney, two poets of note, lived here; and here, too, is the birthplace of Whitelaw Reid. If the traveler wishes to spend a day in Dayton he will find a visit to the National Cash Register plant full of interest.

SECOND DAY−−Dayton to Hillsborough, via Germantown and Farmersville, across the great conservancy dam on Twin creek, through Middletown and Lebanon, crossing the Miami valley, famed for its richness of natural beauty and thrifty towns and cities.

THIRD DAY−−Hillsborough to Portsmouth, Ohio, via the caves and Bainbridge.

FOURTH DAY−−Portsmouth to Columbus, over the Scioto trail, passing through the beautiful hill country via Waverly, Chillicothe and Circleville.

FIFTH DAY−−Columbus to Wheeling, via Zanesville and Cambridge. At Zanesville we crossed the bridge over the Muskingum river. There are only one or two other examples of this type of bridge in the world; one being in Germany. Stopped at the Windsor hotel, which is recommended not only for its surrounding scenery, but is of special interest to the tourist because of its location on the banks of the Ohio river. A breakfast on the terrace overlooking this beautiful river will be a never−to−be− forgotten experience. We passed McCullough's Leap on the national road at the crest of Fulton Hill, at Wheeling. A monument marks the spot where the famous Indian fighter escaped his pursuers by going over a precipice one hundred and fifty feet in height.

SIXTH DAY−−From Wheeling to Cumberland, Md., passing Washington, Pa., which was the first city in the United States to be named for its first president. Here is still standing the house of Thomas Braddock, leader of the Whiskey Rebellion. At this place the first community building in the United States was erected. You will pass Braddock's grave, where a fine monument marks the spot along the old national highway. It leads through the great meadows of history, near where Ft. Necessity was built and which marks the site of the first and only surrender Washington ever made. Two centuries ago an Indian trail led through the Allegheny mountains. Here may still be seen the place where Washington crossed the road and tried to make his way to Pittsburg, then called Ft. Duquesne. The mountain scenery here is superb. Travelers will find a delightful place to rest in the Ft. Cumberland Hotel.

SEVENTH DAY−−Cumberland via Hagerstown across Massanutten mountain to Luray Caverns, staying overnight at the Lawrence Hotel.

EIGHTH DAY−−Luray Caverns via Harpers Ferry to Frederick, Md. Spent the night at the delightful Wayside Inn.

NINTH DAY−−Frederick to Washington, D. C.

TENTH, ELEVENTH, TWELFTH DAYS−−Washington and vicinity.

THIRTEENTH DAY−−Washington to Wt. Vernon, and Alexandria. The Metropolitan hotel while in Washington will be found a most pleasant stopping place.

FOURTEENTH DAY−−Washington to Gettysburg via Baltimore. While here pay a visit to Ft. McHenry, Poe's tomb, and Druid Hill Park, which is one of the most beautiful of America's fine parks.

FIFTEENTH DAY−−Gettysburg to Lancaster via Harrisburg. Travelers should not miss the wonderful drive along the Susquehanna river at Harrisburg, for few in the east are as beautiful. It might be well at this juncture to sound a note of warning in regard to the use of chains while crossing the mountains, as one cannot be too careful in using every safeguard.

SIXTEENTH DAY−−Lancaster to Valley Forge to Philadelphia.

SEVENTEENTH DAY−−Philadelphia. Visit historical places and lovely park.

EIGHTEENTH Day−−Cross ferry over the Delaware at Philadelphia, through New Jersey to Atlantic City.

NINETEENTH DAY−−Atlantic City.

TWENTIETH DAY−−Atlantic City to Belmar.

TWENTY−FIRST DAY−−Belmar via Asbury Park, Newark and Metuchen to New York City.

TWENTY−SECOND, TWENTY−THIRD, TWENTY−FOURTH AND TWENTY−FIFTH DAYS− − New York City. Travelers will find a fine place to stop while here in the Hotel Theresa.

TWENTY−SIXTH DAY−−New York City via Tarrytown to Poughkeepsie.

TWENTY−SEVENTH DAY−−Poughkeepsie to Greenfield, Mass., through the Berkshire hills on the Mohawk trail.

TWENTY−EIGHTH DAY−−Greenfield to Providence, Rhode Island, down the Connecticut river valley, which affords scenery as fine as any which New England has to offer. The fertile farm lands of the valley give beauty by way of contrast. The traveler will be interested in the fields of tobacco which are grown under canvas. Some of these fields contain thirty acres and others we were told were still larger.

A most delightful close to a perfect day is the hotel Weldon at this lovely town. The motorist will find here a quiet, restful charm that makes for the tired traveler a delightful halt and a tranquil stopping place for more permanent guests.

"One rarely finds in a rural town a hotel which affords all the essentials of a city hotel of the first class. The picturesque entrance with greenery and Italian stone settles, the handsome office and lounging hall of library effect, the broad passages and solid woodwork of each floor, the spacious glass−roofed sun parlor and outer porch, with plentiful vines and other verdure, and which in summer time are opened widely to the lawn, the lofty topmost floor recently built (for warm weather guests) of a semi− Spanish effect by way of broad screen doors on open air corridors, from airy suites overlooking the woody hill country−− these items are likely to impress the guests with pleasant surprises."

Then, too, the Weldon is situated in the charming residential section of the town, of no small natural beauty. But of all pleasing memories of Greenfield, that of its beautiful tree− bordered streets will remain the longest.

In passing through the old town of Windsor you will think of John Fitch whose birthplace was here. John Mason, leader of the Colonists during the Pequot War, also had his home in Windsor. Here, too, is the fine old home of Oliver Ellsworth, now kept as a museum by the Daughters of The American Republic.

You will pass through Pomfert, the town whose special point of interest is Wolf Den, where Israel Putnam slew a sheep−killing wolf single handed. The story was geographically described in our school readers of two centuries ago.

At Willamantic is a monument to Nathan Hale, the martyr spy of the Revolution, who had his home here, as did also General Lyon, killed at Eastport in the Revolutionary War. Here, too, was the home of Jonathan Trumbull, one of the financiers of the Revolution, and Commodore Swift, U. S. N. This town is widely known as the home of Willamantic thread.

TWENTY−NINTH DAY−−Providence to Newport.

THIRTIETH DAY−−Newport to Plymouth via Fall River, Cape Cod and Provincetown, staying at the Plymouth Rock Hotel.

THIRTY−SECOND, THIRTY−THIRD AND THIRTY−FOURTH DAYS−−Plymouth to Boston via the Shore Road.

THIRTY−FIFTH DAY−−Boston to Portsmouth, N. H. Here was signed the treaty which closed the Russo−Japanese War.

THIRTY−SIXTH DAY−−Portsmouth to Crawford's Notch, via Portland, Maine.

THIRTY−SEVENTH DAY−−Crawford's Notch through Green mountains to Lake Champlain.

THIRTY−EIGHTH DAY−−Lake Champlain through Adirondacks to Lake George Village.

THIRTY−NINTH AND FORTIETH DAYS−−Among mountains and lakes.

FORTY−FIRST DAY−−Lake George to Albany.

FORTY−SECOND DAY−−Albany through Catskills to Mt. Tremper, where we spent a most delightful evening at the Howland House.

FORTY−THIRD DAY−−Mt. Tremper to Utica.

FORTY−FOURTH DAY−−Utica and Trenton Falls to Syracuse. Spent the night at the Mizpah hotel. This hotel is unique in that it is run in connection with a Baptist church. The building is a beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture. The surplus money is used for the various church expenses. You may listen to the noted Belgian organist while resting in your own room. This undertaking has proven to be a success in numerous ways.

FORTY−FIFTH DAY−−Syracuse to Lake Chautauqua via Jamestown.

FORTY−SIXTH DAY−−Jamestown to Niagara Falls via Indian reservations.

FORTY−SEVENTH AND FORTY−EIGHTH DAYS−−Niagara Falls, via Albion, Pa., to Ashtabula, Ohio.

FORTY−NINTH DAY−−Ashtabula to Richmond, Ind.

It is to be sincerely hoped that all the youth of our land may some day visit the nation's shrines and there drink deep from the fountains of truth and patriotism which our worthy forefathers have established. To follow the old Pilgrim trail, to climb Bunker Hill Monument, to reverently tread the halls of Mt. Vernon, to muse by the monuments at Valley Forge, Gettysburg, and Arlington; to be thrilled with the grandeur and power of our great nation while in Washington: and to behold the unsurpassed beauty of the countless places of natural grandeur our country affords would help to solve many of the serious problems confronting our nation today.