

OUR MONTHLY.

A

RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER—1872.

MAN AND NATURE IN AUSTRALIA.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE natives of Australia, New Guinea, and the smaller islands of the Archipelago, Ceram, Timor, Floris, and a few others, are of one type, the Australian; while the inhabitants of islands of the same clusters, many of them not more than fifty or a hundred miles distant, are of the Malay or Asiatic type. Two facts are apparent; first, that over extensive regions, where the climatic influences greatly differ, as in the higher and lower latitudes of Australia, the race is the same; and secondly, in islands of the same chain, having the same volcanic origin, and agreeing in physical conditions, the races differ materially. There is no room here for the development theory; the only satisfactory way of accounting for these facts is the supposition that the Australian is an earlier and a degenerate offshoot of the original Asiatic stock, degraded by moral and physical causes, operating through a long period of time, while the Malay race, setting out from the continent and spreading eastward at a later day, bore with them and retained more of the Asiatic vigor and culture. That the inferior race should have been pressed eastward and confined within its present limits, is no more unaccountable than

that the Celtic inhabitants of Britain should have been driven by their Anglo-Saxon invaders into the mountains of Wales and the highlands of Scotland; or that the Straits of Gibraltar should become the final boundary between the European and the Moorish races. Among moral causes of human degradation, mutual distrust and wretched habits of living must always have a large place. Australia lies half in the torrid and half in the south temperate zone, and the fervent heats of the island, even on the supposition, which is not probable, that its inhabitants were white when they first crossed the adjacent seas, would be sufficient in one or two thousand years to give them a very dark complexion.

The opponents of the doctrine of the unity of the race rely for an argument upon differences in the anatomical structure. But among them there is a fatal want of agreement, both in the number of original races and as to where the lines are to be drawn. If such differences prove as many as three or five independent sources of mankind, they will quite as logically prove twenty.

A comparison of languages will show that the words in common use among the Papuan tribes, whether black or brown,

DREAMS OF GOLDEN DAYS.

BY MRS. JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

ON the twenty-first of September, 1872, three illustrious and well-beloved people, left Philadelphia by the North Pennsylvania Railroad. These persons have been from time immemorial known to fame, in the pages of Mother Goose. They were Bobby Shafto, the Old Woman who lived in the Shoe, and Little Dame Crumb. Bobby Shafto had returned from sea, and married the beloved of his soul; the Old Woman had farmed out all her babies; and Little Dame Crumb had set by her broom, and carried her famous penny to pay her travelling expenses.

Other people take their pleasure trips when all the earth is busy in its summer toils; when the sun is a raging furnace, when in the vineyards the Father turns water into wine; and in the grain fields, creates with his blessing the bread that shall place the lowering shade of famine another year's remove from men. Mother Goose folk make their holiday when labor is done, and their parent earth is taking her joyous ease. When fields stand thick with corn, when orchards hang heavy with fruit, when trees are in their gayest, when birds have no nests to build, and all merry insects are epicureans,—even in the golden days of the year do Mother Goose people go abroad to rejoice in regions of pleasaunce.

It was afternoon, and the cars were very full; every body was going home with their city purchases. A cage with a screaming parrot fell down on Dame Crumb's head. A young woman just setting up house-keeping, knocked off Bobby Shafto's hat with a toasting fork; and an anxious mother of a family lost her trunk checks, disturbing the Old Woman in her search for them.

"I hope *you* have your checks safe," said the anxious mother, settling herself, flushed and panting.

"A multitude of years brings wisdom," said the Old Woman, "and I never travel with baggage. Let all the world carry a single satchel, and be happy."

One by one the shoppers, and the business men, and the school children dropped out of the train at way stations, melted into the hazy distance of green lanes and flower set gardens, and were seen no more.

The travellers had gone up, and up and up, into the realm of hills, and at Bethlehem a great gate swung wide between purple peaks, and they swept through it, out of work and dust and worry, into a blissful land of dreams.

Still on and up; they climbed among those blue veiled summits which had lifted before them as the home of their desire, and lo! other mountain tops lay afar off, and lured them still. A river ran beside their way; a river which man had once brought under his yoke, and made a bondslave for his traffic, but it had torn asunder gates and embankments, locks and bars, and rioted on now madly at its own free will. Along it stood wrecks of stone houses, once homes of lock-keepers and bridge-tenders; but the frantic river had driven them away, and robbed them of their occupation. So the houses stood gloomily staring out of sashless windows; and braved sun and storm in roofless misery; while to Dame Crumb's eyes, touched with the glamour of fairy land, it was plain that brownies played antics in them on moonlight nights; that little people there held revels rare to see; and that strange ghosts of human hopes and passions, that had once been there in flesh and blood, now stalked up and down the abandoned rooms, before cock crowing. Great hills came boldly out and barred the traveller's path, setting themselves like huge apollyons across the track; but, as in days of chiv-

alry, all huge monsters succumbed to true knights, so it was now; for Bobby Shafto looked valorous as Gavain, and even Little Dame Crumb might have rivalled Enid in pertinacity. Seeing this bold front, the hills at the last moment before encounter crept back in sharp curves, and gave the pilgrims to Wonder-land right of way; even trailing before them brilliant banners of gold, and scarlet, and purple dye.

Night came on, not blackly as a foe, but tenderly and soothingly as a friend. A delightful veil of mystery was spread by the twilight over all the shifting scene. The river boiled and brawled over rocks and shallows, while misty figures rose out of the spray. The hills that climbed aloft had satisfied all their ambition, and touched the saffron sky; the white villages clung restingly to the green slopes.

"Where are we going?" asked Dame Crumb.

"Anywhere it happens," replied the Old Woman, autocratically. "There is nothing more miserable, Dame, than to travel with a fixed intention."

"It is not very charming to travel in the dark after one is done watching the sparks fly out of the engine." The Dame held out this suggestion meekly, as quite ready to take it back, if it did not suit her companions.

"You are right, Dame," said the Old Woman, cordially.

"Let us stop at the next place," proposed Bobby. "It is time we had supper."

Mother Goose people always have good appetites.

When the whistle blew again, each traveller took up a shawl and a satchel, and presently they were standing on a platform before a big house, blazing with kerosene lamps.

"Is this Aladdin's palace?" asked Bobby of the railway porter.

"No," replied that person of practicalities, "this is White Haven."

"I have heard," said the Old Woman, "that it is famous for pepper sauce."

Accordingly the party went into the house and ate pepper sauce—and other things.

In the morning there was an inspiring hint of frost in the air. The sun broke forth in splendor, as if he had a new realization of his opportunities. The boy with the bow and arrow had been out, and shot cock sparrows, or something equally as good, and there was an odor of breakfast permeating the halls.

"Shall we call this the climax of all the world?" asked Bobby; "if it is, we will stop here."

"I cannot tell until I have asked the birds," replied the Old Woman, who divined, as did the ancients, by the flight of feathered creatures.

She therefore went on the balcony to look and listen. All the birds flew out of the right quarter, while

— "with magical sweet singing,
Blackbirds set the woods a ringing,"

the robin fluted in a maple tree; the yellow-hammer from the woods laughed ha! ha! ha!! and over the corn-fields circled the blue-black crows, calling, stay! stay!!

"We are to stop here for a while; this is the top blossom of all the world for the time being; when this flower is fruit, and we have eaten it, we will find a better bloom has opened nearer the sky," said the Old Woman.

"What have you?" asked Bobby of the Dame, after breakfast.

"A bundle of sweet herbs—choose," she replied. Her hands were empty; she spoke metaphorically. "For to-day," said the Old Woman, "I choose the sweets of idlesse." And to this they all agreed.

Indolence, a heavy lout, lurks within doors. Fair Idlesse, a maid of olden time, is to be wooed in woodlands. A mass of trees crowned a steep ascent, and thither climbed the Mother Goose people, through acres of "barrens," where the great stones were venerable with lichens; the hollows were full of ferns, and the gay flowers of autumn lay here and there in patches of bright color.

Bobby Shafto and the Old Woman seated themselves under a great chestnut tree. The Dame wandered away from them, pursuing a zigzag course like a

butterfly; while little was to be seen of her but a red plume on her hat.

Whirr of grasshopper; pipe of bird; gay defiance of crickets, never yet nipped with cold; rustle of leaves on the bough, and stir of grasses under the feet of the breeze, all these made music good to hear. Wiled by the sirens of such sweet sounds, the work-a-day world drifted out of thought; beautiful Atlantis unmoored itself from the land of romance, and floated down into the actual, while Bobby and the Old Woman went gayly singing through its glades. The Old Woman looked at Bobby steadily, smilingly, like a joyous seer. Bobby knew that she had received the gift of second sight. "What is it?" he asked.

"You have on your silver buckles, Bobby, as when you went to sea," cried the prophetic. It is not very often that Bobby Shafto can get on his silver buckles; they are generally interfered with by considerations of taxes, bread and butter, the butcher and other things. When the Old Woman said this, he was glad accordingly.

Now Little Dame Crumb sailed in, laden with her spoils; her nosegay was almost as large as herself. The centre of it was a mass of yarrow, its bitter fragrance like the sweet and sad in legends of its namesake stream. Against the white of the yarrow clustered crimson and orange, and green berries of the solanum, a thing in which beauty is wedded with bane, showing us, as Ruskin says, that things which rise from darkness and decay, are always most deadly when well dressed. Around the white and the brilliant berries, were noble tassels of golden rod, a plant of happy omen, the dauntless herald in the carnival of October. Contrasting well with golden rod, came next a wreath of purple asters, the emblems of jolly old age, finding last days best days; and following this, as is fit, the undying bloom of amaranths, hinting of immortality. The amaranths were white as winter snow, and they were closely garlanded with delicate fronds of fern, both golden and green. Over this nosegay was cast a gentle tinge of melancholy, suited to autumn's hap-

piest hours; because it was veiled with dainty, purplish, almost intangible blossoms of dry grasses,—the ghosts of a departed summer.

The Dame sat down on a stump, holding her bouquet for the benefit of all. The melody in the air; the peace of the prospect; the warmth of the fall sunshine; the fragrance of the woods; the luxuriant beauty of the so-called barrens; the restfulness of the Mother Goose folk, charmed the shy maid Idlesse, and the sprite stood among them, with her magic hand laid on the flowers. The blossoms became coaches to fairy land, and the party were off as by enchantment. Bobby Shafto was a youth once more, with a youth's proud hopes, and every day his ships sailed in laden with every thing delightful from the land of the Impossible. The Old Woman slipped into the world of shadows; "among the dead she breathed alone." The heroes and the gracious women of antiquity were about her; she had gone to a world where there was no supper to get, where infants never cried, and where nobody was ever crowded.

As for Dame Crumb, she went to the best place of all, real true fairy land, where beasts talk, flowers hold fair ladies and lovely babies in their sweet depths, and all is gold, and spice, and sparkle brighter even than the sea in the sunshine!

This was the morning's happiness. When the sun stood high overhead the people returned to real life, and descended from their elevation to eat pepper sauce. In the afternoon they went back to where lovely Idlesse had met them, and lounged in the sun to watch butterflies. Up and down through all the scented woods, tiny Hipparchia, in black and orange livery, flitted, doing the errands of the fays. Wherever the milk-weed offered its cradles of white silk, Archippus, the luxurious idler of courts, rocked himself to and fro, proud of the velvet trimmings on his gay doublet. The sturdy mullein lifted its dry stalk into the air, and on its tip Colias Philodice in his lemon-colored suit sat lazily sunning his dainty wings. In the fervid heat of summer noons Colias



DAME CRUMB'S DREAM OF FAIRY LAND.

had been a reveller of the maddest type; he was drunken with hot sunshine, and he spun about in dizzying circles, and he fell up and down in the scorching

beams, light the glad ichor of his ethereal frame.

But his day is nearly done; his golden age is changing to October's age of

bronze, and iron days of winter come apace. This little-winged divinity of summer air counts each instant precious, and is no more in haste. He drains each second dry of joy before he lets it go; perched on his mullein throne, he shuts and opens, and opens and shuts his yellow wings; fears no rash hand, desires no good to come, sucks up the sweetness of the passing hour; he too is enjoying dreams of golden days!

And where a late primrose loads the air with fragrance from its beautiful censer, see Antiopia's faded glories. He is a courtier who has gone out of favor; his velvet wings are tarnished and frayed; he is seeking winter quarters; when he has drunken his fill of honey he will hide away; where, Puck, moonlight madcap, alone can tell, and through the gorgeous obsequies of the present reigning season, and the dreary interregnum of winter, Antiopia will hide well; but will come forth for a few brief days to pay his antiquated and unthanked court to the next new crowned summer. Here end the idyls of the butterflies, for evening comes apace, and chill gray shadows fall on all around.

On the next day it was left for Bobby Shafto to choose what should be done; and he being a young man with nautical instincts, made proclamation that they should all go and sail boats.

"Where is a river?" demanded Dame Crumb.

"We shall find one; you will hear it singing to call us presently," said Bobby; so they set forth, staff in hand. Led by some subtle instinct, Bobby chose a wide road, and they followed it along by houses, trees, ferns, barrens and gardens, until it turned sharply around a wooded hill, and there was their river.

A bridge crossed it; trees shaded it; great logs divided it into still pools; boulders made wonderful rapids and breakers in it, and stumps and stones lifted out of it at intervals, like the product of coral insects, offering foundations for islands. Dame Crumb possessed herself of a fallen birch, lying half in the water; Bobby preempted a cove where were stones and driftwood; the Old

Woman of the Shoe, claimed a tiny cape, with a cushion of velvet moss to sit on; a mass of ferns, flowers and hemlock for a background; and a store of bright fallen leaves ready to hand. Bobby cut long poles, the Dame gathered autumn-painted branches, and the Old Woman dexterously landed these on the beginnings of islands. "These," she said, "are the Fortunate Isles, where our ships shall sail."

Bobby Shafto whittled out whole fleets of little ships, stuck up a mast in each one, and sent them off by the dozen. His vessels whitened every sea, as England's are supposed to do; he had scores more than he could attend to, and they collided, got aground, drove on rock-bound coasts, drifted into whirlpools, were sucked under the logs, and dire wreck and disaster befell them in every quarter of the globe.

"Your ships are all being wrecked!" cried the Dame.

"That is nothing," replied the imperturbable Bobby, "that is part of the fun; I can make more; I am a whole East India Company in myself, and have bought up Cathay. My ships are bound for the Clove Islands, for cinnamon-breathed Ceylon, for China the grotesque, for the diamond regions, and the Gold Coast. They will bring me home more treasures than I shall know what to do with."

But while Mr. Shafto's schemes were thus magnificent, the Dame was retrospective. From her birch-tree she peeled bark, and all her fleet was made of little canoes, reminiscences of early days; and she put a small brown acorn in each one, for Indian maid or warrior, and trusted them to the stream, while she sang songs of red men who lived long ago. No matter how she cared for her canoes, they drifted to ruin one by one.

"It is as well," said the Little Dame; "they perish like the race we, Mother Goose people, have succeeded."

But the Old Woman was wariar and wiser. She braided a hemlock branch into boat shape; she laced it in and out with ferns; she modelled stern, and prow, and keel with the woven fronds; she set

up a mast with a broad leaf sail, and flaunted from its peak a pennon of grass. While the others sailed ships by the multitude, she worked steadfastly at one. When the sides rose fairly, and the hull was hollowed out for loading, she put on board the parti-colored autumn leaves, ox-eye daisies, yellow Jacob's ladders, tardy blue violets, pale lobelia, purple lion's-heart, and frail white asters. When the flower-boat was full, she laid it on the water, as an offering to the sprite of the stream. The silvan divinity received the gift with favor; the gaudy flower-boat floated to the Fortunate Isles; it made a landing in Mr. Shafto's cove, and took dispatches from him to Cathay; it touched where the patroness of the red men sat forlorn, and received from her an acorn; then it sailed to mid-stream, and seemed there to drop anchor, for it lay moored in the sunshine, held by invisible hands. There it lay all the bright hours until they left the place, and they took its memory with them, a creation of singular beauty, held between the water and the sun. Perchance the stream was a fairy stream; maybe no winters lock it with ice, no storms descend upon it, no frosts bite its borders, no winds rave above it, but with musical ripples, painted banks and sunny skies, it will hold that bright barque on its bosom forever.

When another day dawned here at the world's end, it was Dame Crumb's turn to choose, and she ordained that the party should be three jolly stragglers, come from Nowhere, and going Anywhere. They therefore took each a staff and a packet of pepper sauce, and wandered forth. Oddly enough, they brought up in a grave-yard; the fence was down, and, like many other people, they were in before they were aware. They faced two nice marbles, where an inconsolable wife and mother had commemorated her loss in verse.

"It is spelled wrong," said the astute Dame.

"The metre is astray," quoth Bobby Shafto.

"It is very cheering," said the Old Woman. "How pleasant to know that

this survivor has not dragged out weary days with a broken heart; nobody can be very unhappy who is capable of telling their woes in such execrable poetry."

They passed on, and the Dame declared that Bobby must collect choice tinted leaves, the Old Woman must get samples of lichens, and she herself would bring home spoils of flowers. At noon they sat down to dine. They had rocks for chairs, and the rocks were covered with patches of lichen. The Old Woman covered one gray patch with her hand.

"Consider," she said, "that to some living creatures this thin crust of vegetation is a great primeval forest. Here are mighty trees, huge rocks, dark defiles, impenetrable jungles; here fierce, ravenous beasts prowl, and weaker ones flee; here life and death battle, and we terrible mortals are only known by creating a night for them with our shadows."

"Those animals are too small to be seen," said the Dame.

"There are some which the eye discerns," said the Old Woman, removing her hand. "Here is a snow-white spider like a pin's point. Here is a green spider like a pin's head, another striped spider like a grain of sand, another, same size, jet black, a gray spider large as a poppy seed, and a dozen atoms of life, blood-red, and running about frantically."

"We are getting too scientific for strollers," said Bobby Shafto; "let us hunt up a spring."

"Follow this path," said the Dame:

"Where the purple dieth,
And short dry grass under foot is brown,
But one green streak at a distance lieth,
Green like a ribbon to prank the down."

The green ribbon showed a spring; and they found a hollow like a nest, from the top of which leaped two silver jets of water, as if glad to be free, and fell into a moss lined cup.

In a few mornings after this, the elfin Old Woman consulted the birds, and they sang about going to Upper Lehigh, which was now the top blossom of their world, and was two thousand feet above the highest tide. Therefore they made haste to get in a queer little car without any ornamentation, which was to carry them



BOBBY SHAFTO'S DREAM.

nine miles, going steadily up and up all the way. The venturesome car ran about cliffs, where it seemed as if only a goat could climb; it hung over deep valleys, where you saw the streams run, but could not hear the voice of the water. The dense woods were in their most splendid autumnal dress; the solid green masses of

spruce, pine and fir were set off with brown and golden beeches, orange-clad chestnuts, and the lofty spires of scarlet maples. Where fire-scathed trunks lifted themselves, red mercury waved her banners in pride over their ruins; and wild grapes climbed to the tops of the walnuts, spotted with gold and brown.

"The world," said the Dame, "grows more beautiful as it is lifted nearer the sky."

"We are on storied ground," said the historic Old Woman. "Along this gorge hastened the troops from Paoli, bearing succor to the lovely and unhappy valley of the Susquehanna. Around this circle of hills lay the war-path where the merciless warriors of old swept down on fair and fated Wyoming. These were famous hunting grounds of elder days; and as the Indian saw these peaks one by one rise nearer heaven and melt into the sky, he dreamed of happy hunting grounds where deer, and bears, and alas! plenty of scalp-locks were the brave's reward!"

"We walk," said Mr. Shafto, when they reached Upper Lehigh, "on ground that is being undermined by coal diggers. Will you go down a mine?"

"By no means," replied the Old Woman. "Let us cherish romance. If we do not go down we can dream of wonderful chambers and vaulted corridors, and gnomes and genii of the hills at work to light and warm our homes. We can imagine elfin laughter and fantastic guise, and tricky sprites busy by the light of blazing diamonds for the good of men. If we went down, the gnomes and benevolence and diamonds might suffer change; we should see men with smutty faces and smoking lamps, moiling for so many shillings a day!"

"Here all the stones are white and sparkling," said the Dame, admiring the smooth glittering road.

"By this conglomerate," remarked Mr. Shafto, "the earth tells where her black diamonds are hidden."

The road lay through barrens, where fires had raged a year or two before. Wherever the flames had passed, vegetation had sprung up rapidly to repair damages. Fire-weed held out its crowded

white blossoms, and their silken seeds filled the air; the dark leaves and red berries of the winter-green wreathed the ground; blueberry bushes were plenty, while here and there were clusters of pink and white blossoms, which had forgotten to open at the proper season, and would now never bring fruit, because of their procrastination. Up from the path on either hand, ran acres of sassafras like tongues of flame; as the mocking-bird apes all notes, the sassafras steals all hues; it is red like the maple, and yellow like the chestnut, and russet like the beech, and purple like the rubus.

The road was the wisest and most wonderful of roads, for it led them on pleasantly and tranquilly, without any boasting, and suddenly darting out from an archway of trees, ended in a great overhanging table of rock, with a broad valley steeped in sunshine hundreds of feet below, and range after range of violet hills melting into the distant sky.

"This is Paradise!" cried Dame Crumb.

"You are right, Dame," said the Old Woman; "this must indeed be the long lost garden of Delight; the perfection of beauty, lying in a jewelled cup of hills."

From under the table of rock grew tall pines and firs, of which the tops waved like little shrubs below Bobby's feet. The thick forests, descending the hill, wandered into the valley, the trees seeming to grow smaller and paler as they strayed farther and farther away. Down in the vale ran a small bright stream:

"Tinkle, tinkle, it sweetly sung to us,
Light was our talk as of fairy bells—
Fairy wedding bells faintly rung to us,
Down in their fortunate parallels.

"A dappled sky, a world of meadows,
Circling above us the black rocks fly
Forward, backward; lo, their dark shadows
Flit on the blossoming tapestry."

There was no need to go further. Here the world had bloomed for them, distilling all its beauty into one bright flower, for that rare day at least creation's crown. Here was their Aiden and pastoral time, and they entered into the new-found joys with unvexed spirits.

"It is a pity," said the Dame, when the sun was setting, "that such days as this must have an end. Suppose that this day should stretch on and on, and we should come back to common life no more."

"Ah," said Bobby, sedately, "your penny, Dame, would not last forever; the Old Woman's many babies and their guardians would become clamorous; even my silver buckles might tarnish and grow dim. Let us go."

They returned to the little car; it stood forlorn and helpless on the track; there were no mooring ropes cast off; a man simply turned something, and the little car set out on its own responsibility.

"What do you call this?" asked Bobby Shafto.

"This is gravity," said the conductor.

"And how fast will gravity go?"

"A mile in two minutes if permitted, but we curb its speed; better to creep around these short curves, than go flying off from the cliff into space."

"Very true," said Bobby, "and what is the heaviest grade to a mile?"

"A hundred and forty feet," said the conductor, but here he saw his fire was getting low, and he suddenly stopped the little car, took a scuttle and gathered up some fuel from the road side. Presently the car stopped again, and the conductor asked a passenger if he wanted to get off. This directed general attention to a mellow and rubicund young man, who remarked that "it was all the same to him if he went to White Haven," whereupon the accommodating car proceeded on its travels. This mellow young man was eating filberts. He laid the nuts one by one in the back of his mouth, between two of his most reliable molars, and immediately a loud crack announced the destruction of the shells.

He did not offer Dame Crumb any filberts, but he beamed at her cheerfully. She *thought* he winked at her; she would have been terribly angry if she had been *sure* about it; but she was not sure, so she let it pass. (N. B.—It is very good excursion philosophy, never to be certain of things which ought to enrage you.)

The car, thanks to gravity, ran down

the nine miles of mountain side. Daylight had faded, and they came into a wilderness of tunnels and car tracks, and there they delayed, and rolled a few rods forward, and a few rods backward, in the most tantalizing fashion.

"O, dear me, this is dreadfully tedious!" cried Little Dame Crumb.

"Have patience," said the mellow young man, "have patience. Job had it, and his train went. I have it also."

"But not so much as Job?" suggested the Dame.

"O, more, more," said the young man, confidently. "Job never taught such country schools as I have."

There was a sudden jar.

"Our engine has come to run us into town," said Bobby Shafto.

"Don't talk of engines," said the Old Woman, who was a little out of humor, in a severe tone, which nearly annihilated Bobby. "Engines belong to that dreary region of the practical from which we have cut loose. This is our little sister who has but one eye, she climbs the mountains high, high, high; she wades the valleys deep, deep, deep; don't call her an engine, Bobby."

Just here the little sister came rushing up, and it being difficult for her to turn in so narrow a place, she resolved to lay hold of them, and run them into town backward. Doing this, her one eye glared indignation and terror upon the doomed Bobby all the way to the depot.

No Mother Goose people would be willing to miss seeing the enchanting valley of Wyoming. An afternoon which promised well was chosen, and a noisy car began to carry Bobby and his party up the mountain. Railroads are usually foes of the romantic and picturesque, but it is not possible for man to mar the glorious prospect from this range of hills. The broad fertile vale threaded by a bright river, and thickly set with villages and homes, comes into view again and again, as the road follows the curves of the cliffs. One moment and you think it has passed entirely out of sight; anon, another turn has been made, and the beautiful landscape lies once more in

fullest view. Near you gorgeous woodlands and fringes of flowers fitly set the picture; while beyond the valley, hills rise again in green and violet and purple and blue ranges, until the last swelling outline melts into an opal sky. The scene is the very fulness of rest and content; the clustered houses give it the home touch which appeals at once to the heart. Orchards press about the dwellings, white spires point solemn fingers toward heaven; acres of wheat and corn proclaim the abundance of the summer blessing. One might imagine that these guardian hills kept want, and war, and pestilence forever at bay.

As they passed along looking on this prospect from their airy height, each wove their own romance. The Dame mused of early times, of Gertrude and her day. Bobby Shafto dwelt rather on the people of the present, idealizing them and their homes. The Old Woman had a wider range of vision; for she beheld not only things tangible, but multitudes of ethereal and so-called fabulous beings, who dwelt between the earth and clouds. She saw them poised on the flower set sod, and going up in shining circles toward the blue dome of the skies—skies fair as the face of Helen, and as false, for despite their guileful promises, they hid the sun, and when Bobby, and the Old Woman, and Little Dame Crumb reached Wilkesbarre, it was raining!

Mother Goose people never carry umbrellas nor water-proofs; they are given to gazing on the bright side of things, and do not expect storms. They went through several streets, all of which looked crooked. They forded rivers of black mud. They found a public square, which had a great many angles, and was set sadly askew; after this Bobby piloted them to a hotel.

There was a bright fire of coals in a low grate, and before it sat down the Old Woman. Her comrades, the elves, the fire sprites, at once espied her, and nodded cheerfully from behind great red coals. They held out their wee hands full of bright gems, diamonds, and carbuncles, and rubies, and amethysts, which shine by the million, down in the hot earth

centre, where these beings have their kingdom.

"What have you found?" asked Dame Crumb, coming near, and seeing that the Old Woman had got into Wonder Land.

"The Genii," replied the Old Woman.

"Come with me, I have found Undine," said the Dame, and she led the Old Woman to a window, opposite which a fountain played. The delicious water fairy was there indeed, on the very top of the fountain. It was a little Undine who had not yet found a soul, and merry and mad were her antics. She danced, and curtsied, and leaped; now she wrapped her soft spray cloak all about her, and bowed low; then she tore it apart and sprung high into the air; then she kissed her hand, and spun round and round and round. She was such a pretty little Undine, that they watched her until Bobby Shafto said it was time to go home. Bobby says he did not get lost in Wilkesbarre; he scorns that imputation; but the Old Woman knows very well that the idiosyncrasies of his course to the depot were such, that it took the united wisdom of two men and a boy to get him to his destination.

Once on the cars they were glad it had stormed, for the mountain lay in a bright sunshine; it rained, and was black in the right hand valley; and the valley on the left lay between dark and shine. The earth became a celestial map, the image of every cloud was painted on wood and field, with broad reaches of light between; while on the far off hills the clouds trailed low and rainily, and tall trees had light wreaths of vapor clinging to their tops, like fragments of torn veils.

"Wilkesbarre," said the Old Woman, when they were at length out of sight of the valley, "Wilkesbarre is a place where it rains."

"Not all the time, perhaps," suggested Bobby.

"I have no evidence that it does not rain all the time; I went there to see it, and I found it raining," continued the Old Woman.

"For all that," said the Dame, "it may shine there sometimes."

"That is of no consequence," replied

the Old Woman. "All I want to know is what it did while I was there."

"And is the storm a sign that golden days are done, that this cheery October has become unfriendly, and we must hie back to realities and business?" asked Bobby Shafto.

"Not yet," said the Old Woman. "We have not yet been to the Amber Water. In two days we must go there. That shall be our Damascus."

The way to Amber Water Glen lies through Upper Lehigh. It was no hardship to go over that bit of aspiring road again, for it reveals such a gorgeous panorama that the eye cannot be satiated with beholding it. Neither was it tedious to tread that woodland path along the gaudy barrens, and tarry for an hour at Prospect Rock, whence they had seen Paradise.

From the Rock the road wandered to the Glen's head; here towered oak trees clad in russet, spotted with yellow and red, and showering down golden and brown acorns with prodigal liberality. Here they spread their table on a mound of moss, a fairy hummock, dome of some elf king's palace. It was no sacrilege, for they conformed to fairy ways, and had sassafras leaves of scarlet and primrose hue for plates whereon to set forth their pepper-sauce. They had also gourd-cups which they filled at Amber Spring, and they left tribute for the squirrels and birds, on their table, and laid a garland on the Spring, as an offering to its guardian sprite. By thus conforming to elfin laws, Mother Goose folk make joyous excursions.

"Address yourselves now," said Bobby, "to climbing down Amber Water Glen. Curiosity will carry you down; sheer necessity will force you up. Do as I do, and hold fast to your alpenstocks."

Bobby swung himself around two or three trees, and was then standing with the Old Woman and the Dame, shut out from all the world besides. Tall trees encircled and crowded the glen, making cool dewy shadows in the hottest noons. The Amber spring rushed down the glade, now leaping in cascades; now lying in calm root-locked pools. The sun,

slanting through the interlacing boughs, lay lovingly on the water, so that every pool was a clear cup of molten gold; for Amber Water, as its name denotes, has a hue in sunshine like bronze and gold. Ages ago terrible volcanic forces made mad work here; they rent the solid peaks apart, and flung huge masses of rock in fantastic piles. Time has beautified ruin: every rock is covered with the richest moss, until not an inch of the stone itself can be seen, while graceful rock-fern hangs a close even fringe around each velvet-draped boulder.

Steadying their steps with their staffs, swinging themselves down from stone to stone by the lithe branches of the trees, they stood where they saw above them twelve separate cascades, and as many emerald cups, where golden waters lay at peace. Here a huge rock towered boldly up from the lowest depths, as perfect a pyramid as Cheops ever fashioned; while one great gray stone, fringed with tiny ferns, but alone of all bare of moss, showed front and tower as of an old world cathedral. The glen was full of the rush and thunder of waters; the wanderers had gone into a strange, new world of shade and sound. Still they climbed down by rocks and trees, finding as Bobby Shafto and Virgil say, that human beings have a singular facility for getting down Avernus.

But out of the depths of Amber Glen they climbed, and rising high as erst they had gone low, stood on the topmost peak of Cloud Point, with the world in rose and silver light far beneath their feet. They had gone where only the hardy pines, and lichens, and flaming sassafras could come. Out of the glade they heard fairy laughter echoing up to their cloudy pinnacle; and saw the merry eyes of brownies and elves gleaming at them from crevices of rock. Here the lichens grow into black and gray baskets that will hold a gill apiece. Dame Crumb filled hers with trophies from the glen.

"Are those ferns?" asked Bobby.

"No, they are the trees of Paradise," replied the Dame.

Evening all too soon after such a day



DECENSUS AVERN1.

of beauty; they went slowly homeward,
 "enforced to go, and seeming still un-
 ready."
 "We have seen Damascus," said Bobby.

"The century plant has bloomed,"
 sighed the Dame.
 "We have picked the topmost flower of
 the world for this year," said the Old

Woman, and accordingly next morning when she went on the balcony for omens, the birds sang that golden days were done, and they and the Old Woman, Bobby and the Dame, should start southward.

The birds must be obeyed. The river cried to them to delay; the Sumac beckoned them with pink and maroon boughs waving; Scrub Oak tempted with a dozen sparkling tints. Tall Blackberry was their friend, and bribed them with

wreaths of rose hue and purple; but they dared not linger. Resolutely they turned southward in the declining day, and full of pleasant memories and gentle regrets, wound through the shadowy hills. Then at Bethlehem the gate of the Beautiful Palace swung shut, they felt the jar in every nerve, and in the gathering darkness they went down those dusty slopes to jostle once more in the common ways of men.

VOICES IN THE AIR.

OFt in the pleasant talk of waking dreams,
 I hold communion with the woods and streams,
 Speak to the garrulous trees when winds blow high,
 And hear responses 'twixt the earth and sky;
 I ask old Ocean, when he chafes and rolls,
 Whether he chides, rejoices, or condoles,
 And hear, with sympathy I deem divine,
 His awful voice make answer back to mine.

Beside the boulder on the rocky shore,
 Forlorn old relic of the days of yore,
 Ere earth was trod by foot of human kind,
 I hear the wandering whispers of the wind;
 Voices like Memnons in the olden day,
 That breathed soft music to the morning ray,
 And spoke of mysteries to wondering men,
 Within their hope, but far beyond their ken.

And all the voices, all the sounds and sighs,
 The half-formed questions and the mute replies,
 Breathe but one mingled hymn, and psalm, and song,
 Which day and night, and morn and eve prolong,—
 In waves of music rippling low and clear,
 Unheard, but of the mind that seeks to hear,
 One psalm sublime, around, beneath, above,
 Words of a myriad meanings, GOD IS LOVE.