

haunt its quaint old Carpenter's and Independence Halls, and historic shadows stalk in the dim and misty moonlight through its silent streets. Shades of Penn, and Franklin, and Adams, and Hancock, and of a mightier than they—the father of his country—seem to walk in shadowy-wise and in the strange garb of other days, and

“From out their graves to stretch their dusty hands
And hold in mortmain till their old estates.”

Again taking train westward on the main line, we leave the city's din and crowds and smoke behind, and glide out into the ever-lovely presence of nature—surpassing far the beauty of the man-made town. Before us spreads one of the richest agricultural landscapes in America. The broad Chester valley sweeps away to the far horizon, studded with quaint Dutch or Quaker farmsteads, waving with green or golden fields of grain, and embosked with woods of richest foliage. This rich estate, extending “so far as a man can ride in two days with a horse,” was purchased by William Penn two hundred years ago for guns, powder, lead, knives, awls, trinkets, etc., of the aggregate value of, perhaps, five hundred dollars, and the title deed may still be seen, signed by the Indian ‘kings, sachemakers, and rightful owners of the same.” This was certainly cheaper and more Christian than the recent policy of the United States towards Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull.

As we glide on through this scene of rural levelness, we behold many a picture worthy of the poet's pen or artist's pencil. The strange blending of the quiet beauties of nature and the achievements of science and eager rush of travel give, by contrast, a heightened charm to the picture. Such is the scene where the sylvan quiet of the Conestoga—the cattle wading in the stream and the fisher plying his net—are disturbed by the thunderous rush of the train over the airy-looking iron bridge.

One hundred and five miles from Philadelphia is situated, on the Susquehanna, here a broad and noble river, although navigable only for rafts, Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania. It was on a sunny summer afternoon that we crossed this rapid, rushing river, flashing and shimmering in the bright sunlight.