

Correspondence.

ACROSS THE DEEP.

Shifting Views of Country Scenery and London Life.

From our Special Correspondent.

LONDON, July 25, '93.

Near the turmoil and busy life of the great London lies many an interesting and secluded spot. It is a characteristic of English rural life and scenery that you are often almost within sight of active city stir, yet you feel as if you were a hundred miles from any element that could, in the least, disturb the quiet that prevails. You seem wrapped in the solitudes of nature, save the constant outward symbol of man's presence in his works.

Near the town of Eton and Windsor Castle, and within a few miles of London, lies the little village of Stoke Pogis, within a half hour's walk of which is the church which has been immortalized as the subject one of the most beautiful and wide-read poems of any language. Besides it is situated in the midst of that quiet environment, which produced the poet who sang that wonderful chant over the destinies of the lowly. The little church yard is further enriched as holding the dust of the man that has given to it more than a "local habitation and a name." As time moves on, there will be no poet who will grow nearer the hearts of the readers than Thomas Gray, and I doubt if any poem, more than the "Elegy Written in a Country Church Yard." Everyone who has read many of the shorter poems of the English language has read this poem.

We had planned before leaving America to visit this place in the evening, as no other time of the day would harmonize with the sentiment of the place. A half hour's walk brought us to the church. It was a quiet, beautiful evening between sunset and dark. No better description of our visit can be given than to read the poem itself, so perfect was the whole surrounding in harmony with the spirit of the poem. Such an evening Gray must have had in mind as he has described in the first three verses, and the masterly manner in which he reduced the element of evening to such perfect poetic form is one of the marvels of genius.

Before arriving at the church you are attracted by a large monument which was erected to the memory of the poet. It is not situated in as desirable a place as the admirer of the poet would desire. A few steps brings you to the church. An English rural church is a small chapel in the midst of what we understand as a grave yard. We at once begin the search for the grave of the poet and an inscription of the church. The poet described the yard accurately when he said:

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew trees shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldring heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid.
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

Such perfect description of this place has made the poem so typical in its description of all such places that it has struck a universal chord in the feelings and experiences of all who read it. As we stood over the plain and unattractive vault of the poet we were almost compelled to think that he had portrayed his own grave in prophetic vision when he said:

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hand, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to extasy the living lyre."

We had not long here to drink in the wonderful beauty and quiet of the whole scene. It was one of those pictures of rural environment worthy of the touch of artistic genius in color and in word. The latter has found its representative in Gray, and the scenes of his

childhood took form in the warmth and sympathy of his investigation and glories of English poetry have been enriched thereby.

A walk of about two miles brought us to the town of Eton, with its famous preparatory school for boys. Here many of the sons of nobility are prepared for university work. The poet, Gray, has also caught the inspiration of the place in his poem beginning with the lines:

"Ye distant spires, ye antique towers
That crown the watery glade."

The college buildings did not present sufficient attraction to draw us any length of time, and so we passed, within a few minutes' into the enclosure of Windsor Castle, the dwelling place of the royal family, when not in London. It is a grand structure, solidly and magnificently built on a promontory overlooking the Thames river and the city of Eton. The castle was not open to the public on the day we were there and so only a few glimpses within gave us some idea of the splendor and grandeur of royalty. We could not leave the place without many pleasant wishes for the welfare of the royal family and especially royalty in the abstract, mixed with many wonders as to how long the people would continue to pay the bills. It requires a young army to care for the castle. The park is large and extends to the south many miles, but yet it is not as beautiful as Blenheim park. A brisk walk through a part of the park brought us to Old Windsor, which is in the midst of much of the crown lands which are rented. Our walk from this place took us along the banks of "Father Thames" for about two miles, which afforded us an opportunity to see to what an extent the English are anglers. The banks and river were in extensive use by fishing parties. We also passed over some very interesting ground, historically. On a little island in the river is the place where King John was forced to sign the Magna Charta, the basis of English liberty, and may justly be called our first Declaration of Independence, because it contained some things which England denied us, and which compelled resistance on the part of our Revolutionary fathers. The one important demand was representation in Parliament and regular sessions of the same. It obtained for every Englishman trial by a jury of his peers. It gave Parliament control of the revenues of the state. We passed over the field of Runnymede, where the barons were encamped waiting the decision of King John. He signed the document in 1215. A precious date in the history of English freedom, and all nations who have inherited English institutions and law, as our own.

It was not long until we boarded a train and bid adieu to the many pleasant scenes of English rural life, and were soon in the midst of the mysteries and secrets of London. One week in this center of metropolitan life, with its numerous attractions, was a busy one, indeed. It is not my purpose to attempt to give any account of the many places visited, for that would be tiresome in the extreme. Not that they were not interesting or instructive, but that they can be better examined in any history of London. I imagine that no reader would desire a record of the dark and bloody crimes that are associated with that historic old place of London Tower. If you should desire to appreciate the Westminster Abbey, where the illustrious dead of England are interred, or have been interred, take down Washington Irving's Sketch Book and learn it through his imagination. The places that any person should visit, with one week at his disposal, would include the tower, Abbey, Parliamentary Building, National Art Gallery,

South Kensington Art Collection and Museum, British Museum, Bank of England, Old Bailey, and many parks and streets of interest. One never ought to leave the city without attending service at St. Paul's Cathedral. So far it is the grandest service I have ever attended. The English cannot help being devout in their nature, with such magnificent churches as they possess. There were as many as 3,000 persons present, it was estimated and yet there seemed but a sprinkling in comparison to the space vacant. Such music seemed scarcely born of man, but bore the melody of triumph, and as it re-echoed throughout the vast edifice it was torn into a thousand and harmonies until it awakened the energies of the soul, and taught one that man was born to worship. Immediately in the midst of the active part of the city is situated this grand edifice, distinguished from its neighbors by the round dome. St. Paul's Cathedral is one of the few great churches of the world. Yet, like many great structures, it is deceiving in distance, and seems much smaller than it really is.

There are many interesting things that one observes concerning English life on the streets of London. It is the center of wealth and poverty of England. You meet both in the same daily struggle upon the street. Here you find begging run mad and you are so continually pestered that you soon possess a heart like stone, and at the same time you are moved to profound pity and sympathy for the helpless beings who have fallen behind in the struggle for existence. It was a picture that will long haunt my memory that I saw one bright morning, as we walked down the beautiful avenues of St. James park, in sight of the stately outline of the Parliamentary buildings and the majestic proportions of the Buckingham's Palace and several other residences of the nobility. At the same time the air was ringing with one of the martial lays of England, as it proceeded from the court band, which was followed by gaily dressed soldiers—the hope and support of British power. That was a demonstration of the powers that be. A picture of one of the elements that you will find in any European state. The other part of England lay stretched out on the park lawns basking in the sunlight. One purpose of the English city park aside from a thing of beauty is its use as a refuge for the beginning public. Hundreds of men were lying in the grass under the morning sun. Some mending their clothing, others eating their frugal meal, others sleeping, and groups in conversation. These, I think, were all men, and, so far as could be judged, able bodied. I suppose a spectacle that has repeated itself in America under the existing abnormal industrial conditions.

There is one system in London that impresses the stranger, and that is the absence of street car lines. I only noticed one line. They are under-ground. We have attempted in New York and Chicago to navigate the air by the elevated street car line. The English have taken to the bowels of the earth and, more like, their longer street service is under-ground. But they have a system that takes the place of the regular street car in that of bus lines, similar to that on Broadway, in New York, leading to Central Park. I believe, for heavy passenger traffic it is more available than the cable or tramway. It may not be more economical in cost, but it certainly is in work done, besides, with good police control, it is impossible to blockade traffic.

London is not as dark and dingy a city as one would expect. Its streets are all paved, mostly with square blocks of hard wood, which afford a

smooth foundation, with much less noise in comparison to stone, which, in a large city, with much use of streets becomes quite an item.

London is a world within its own limits and must be seen and studied in order to be appreciated, and that can not be done within the space of one short week.

REMINGTON.

BY TOPSY.

Weather fine.

Mud disappearing rapidly.

It is reported that a new side track will be put in east of the depot.

Mrs. Bond moved, last week, into her property, recently purchased of C. Harlacher.

The infant son of B. R. Pruitt was buried March 4th, at the Dobbins cemetery, north of Wolcott.

John F. Major, the furniture man, has been appointed postmaster at this place by the "Stuffed Prophet."

Several of our citizens were called to Kentland, Tuesday, by the stern voice of the court, to testify in the Widow Ryan vs. Jasper county.

John Barnett, from the west part of the township, has lately moved into town and occupies the property purchased of James Clowery, in the north east part of town.

G. B. Clark, an old and respected citizen of this place, and an ex-postmaster here, has been confined to his room by ill health for several weeks past, and at present is no better.

Mr. Nehemiah Littlefield and wife returned, Saturday, from Iowa, where they had gone with the intention of staying. Remingtonians always return, satisfied that there are worse places than this.

The Pan Handle division now run their trains through to Peoria, beginning Sunday, March 11. The 8:50 p. m. train will be discontinued, and another train, arriving here about 3:35 p. m. will take its place.

Dr. Patton returned to his duties in Woodward, in the Cherokee strip, Monday, after a few days visit with his family. He says the report about people freezing to death, in that country, during the recent blizzard, is all false.

It has been hinted in our hearing that the Democrats desire a fusion of the Populists and Democrats in county nominations. This certainly would be a move in the wrong direction. Let every tub stand on its own bottom. Such a move would cause a loss of faith that would be very damaging to the cause. If we can't elect a straight ticket don't elect any at all. It would almost be a breach of trust to fuse. Such a course would meet with and deserve defeat.

LEE.

BY GUESS.

School is out.

Albert Shigley has moved near Rensselaer.

It is rumored that there is to be a wedding in this vicinity, soon.

J. C. Lewis, of Remington, is visiting friends and relatives at this place.

Mr. John Iliff has moved into the house recently vacated by Albert Shigley.

S. L. Johnson will soon move into the property belonging to John Iliff, and vacated by him.

Our amateur comedy company has disbanded and will not give us "Uncle Josh," as was expected.

The Osborne school closed last Thursday and the teacher, Mr. Bates, returned to Rensselaer, Friday.

Work is scarce and wages are low, and as a consequence, a great many hands are idle, with a poor show for work soon.

CARPENTER TOWNSHIP.

BY DON'T TELL.

Tile ditching is again in order. A good deal of sickness in this vicinity, but no one dangerously sick.

The teacher and pupils of the Price school are enjoying a three weeks vacation.

Chas. Ulm has moved on Geo. H. May's farm. His sister will keep house for him.

Warren L. Radifer has moved back on his father's farm and will try farming in Indiana again.

George Griffith's have moved on Mr. Bonner's farm. Fay Wood has moved on the farm vacated by Mr. Griffith.

The warm weather of January followed by the cold weather in February has put the quietus on the peach crop in this section.

Some farmers in the adjoining counties have begun owing oats. Rather early, Prof. Hicks may change the weather yet. But from present appearances, the March lamb may be larger than the lion.

At No. 3, this question was discussed: Resolved, That the welfare of the country depends upon the success of the republican party." Decided by the judges in favor of the negative. The republicans this year appear to be strictly "not in it."

Chas. Bonner Jr., left for Dakota last week, where he expects to try farming this year. His parents will visit here and in Illinois for some time and join him in Dakota later in the season. We are sorry to lose Mr. Bonner as they are a credit to any neighborhood. May joy and success attend them.

The entertainment at No. 3, Saturday evening, March 3rd, was a grand success in every way, a good time generally. The songs, recitations and dialogues were very interesting. Good music furnished by Mr. Sam Spacey, organist, Mr. Will Meyers, violinist, and Emma the nine year old daughter of Mr. Meyers, picking the banjo. Every one went home feeling that their dime and time had been well spent.

BLACKFORD.

BY MONKEY WRENCH.

Roads muddy.

Health generally good.

How many eggs are you going to eat on Easter?

The PILOT is a welcome visitor on Nubbin Ridge.

Theodore Hurley will return to the west this summer.

A little boy of Isaac Parker's died and was buried last Friday.

Uncle Sam Snyder was buried at the Dunkard graveyard, last Sunday.

Wonder what has become of "Butterfly?" We do not see him fluttering around any more.

Sylvester Jenkins has traded his Fair Oaks property for 10 acres of land near Frank Lobins.

List of Patents.

Granted to Indiana inventors this week. Reported by C. A. Snow & Co., solicitors of American and foreign patents, opposite U. S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

I. N. Hinshaw, Sheridan, car-coupling; R. B. Muehlfeuui and C. J. Ibel, Fort Wayne, joint for railway rails; P. J. Mullaney, Lafayette, hydrocarbon-burner; C. W. Muth and H. Martin, New Corydon, money charger for fare-boxes; R. Pemberton, Anderson, gas-burner; A. W. Trotter, near Petersville, furrow-closing attachment for corn-planting; J. J. Wood, Fort Wayne, electric arc-lamp.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy gives the best satisfaction of any cough medicine I handle, and as a seller leads all other preparations in this market. I recommend it because it is the best medicine I ever handled for coughs, colds and croup. A. W. Baldridge, Millersville, Ill. For sale by F. B. Meyer Druggist.

It's just as easy to try One Minute Cough Cure as any thing else. It's easier to cure a severe cold or cough with it. Let your next purchase for a cough be One Minute Cough Cure. Better medicine; better result; better try it. A. F. LONG & Co., Druggists.

Horse and jack bills made to order at this printery. Come in and get prices.

Jas. Boss

Filled

Watch Cases

are all gold as far as you can see. They look like solid cases, wear like solid cases, and are solid cases for all practical purposes—yet only cost about half as much as an out-and-out solid gold case. Warranted to wear for 20 years; many in constant use for thirty years. Better than ever since they are now fitted, at no extra cost, with the great box (ring) which cannot be pulled or twisted off the case—the

Non-pull-out
Can only be had on the cases stamped with this trade mark. All others have the old-style pull-out bow, which is only held to the case by friction, and can be twisted off with the fingers. Sold only through watch dealers. Send for a watch case opener to the manufacturers
Keystone Watch Case Co., Philadelphia.

Mistakes of Moses.

Is what don't look plausible to the Jews, but look, here is something more astonishing to the Gentiles.

A good double washboard 24c. Plug tobacco, full 16 oz. per pound 25c. Gun powder tea per lb. 33c. Crackers 3x butters per lb. 07c. Lamp chimneys com. No. 1. 04c. " " 2. 06c. Kitchen lamp complete 35c. Best liquid stove polish per bottle 10c. Perfection coal oil per gal. 18c. Burbank potatoes per bu. 90c. King's Old Stand south of Depot.

C. E. Hershman.


T. H. Geer., V. S.,
Treats all diseases of Domestic Animals. Dental Surgery a specialty. Residence, first house south of M. E. church, RENSSELAER, IND.

C. B. STEWARD,
DEALER IN
Domestic, White, Household, Eldredge and
Singer Sewing
Machines,
Estey Organs, Pianos, etc.
Rensselaer, Ind.

Agent for Continental, Home, Germania and North British Fire Insurance Companies, and the Accident Association of Indianapolis, Ind.

The Shoo Fly LIVERY BARN

Desires to inform the Public of their extremely low prices for

Feeding and Livery Hire.

Team, per day, \$2.50.

Single R. & G. per day, \$1.50.

Feeding team, 35 cents.

Feeding single horse, 20 cents.

Stable room and hay, for team, 20 cents.

DAVIS & CLARK,
31st Wheatfield, Indiana.

It's just as easy to try One Minute Cough Cure as any thing else. It's easier to cure a severe cold or cough with it. Let your next purchase for a cough be One Minute Cough Cure. Better medicine; better result; better try it. A. F.