

Correspondence.

ACROSS THE DEEP.

At the Tomb of Shakespeare.
From our Special Correspondent.

HALLE, A. S., Jan. 27, '94.

It is not often that the history of a town, which attracts so many visitors to it, is summed up in the life of one man as that of Stratford-on-Avon is in the life of Shakespeare. Again it is still more seldom that a place so small should practically contain all that we know of the life and incidents of the career of such a world-wide genius as that of William Shakespeare. The whole place is given up to the memory of the poet and annalist of human character. But could a place be better selected by nature, to mould the imagination which has kindled dry chronicle into living philosophy, and extracted from the commonplace the highest conceptions of life.

It is not our intention to dwell upon this much described place, but we desire to make this letter more the reflector of our personal experience, as we visited, one by one, the different parts of the city connected with his life. There is a satisfaction that one derives from a visit to Stratford. He has only one purpose in view, and no other objects to attract his attention. He carries, consequently, from the city, the one picture, and that picture has for its center Shakespeare. All else are elements that lend their beauty to the completion of that which will remain to your joy, indeed.

We arrived in Stratford in the quiet of evening, after a walk of some 15 miles through the delightful country from Coventry. We must remember that 15 miles must be measured in relation to surroundings and certainly that distance is not great in this land so different from our own. The presence of evening has an influence over English rural scenery that one must see in order to appreciate. We were fortunate in securing rooms close to the Avon and especially where it was crossed by the Clopton bridge. The evening was spent along the banks of the quiet flowing Avon watching fishing and boating parties return or the shy small boy as he stole away to the "old swimmin' hole," in company with his companions, as Shakespeare had doubtless done more than two centuries before. We sat on the piers of the bridge and became familiar with the outlines of the surrounding landscape as they lost distinctness in growing twilight. Stratford is an agricultural center, and consequently the air is not impregnated with a smoky haze as we find in a manufacturing city. The air is pure and clear, and hold all the effects of an evening sunset and transmits the least sound that may tend to disturb the quiet and repose that so silently clothes the whole scene. It was indeed a mid-summer night's dream. It would be difficult to see where the elements were to be found in these surroundings which could produce any of the stormy or warlike creatures of the poet's imagination.

The following day was an ideal day to visit such a place as Stratford, and early in the morning we began our tour of the town in quest of Shakespeare places. We found that these were not many, but we did find that the town had certainly taken every advantage that the name of the poet could give them. Shakespeare souvenirs were in every window. Almost every article of sale that was intended for the traveling public was advertised under his name. An interesting lesson in the teaching of value.

We will follow the places in order of the poet's life and very

briefly notice them. The house in which he was born is now national property, and has been restored, as nearly as possible, as at the time of his birth in 1564. The wood-work is mostly the same, and in its restoration is rather a neat building on the exterior. Within the visitor is shown many things that interested the poet's boyhood fancies, as well as his later life. The windows and ceiling are one huge autograph album, and among the names are to be selected most of the great literary men of England and America. The keeper is especially fond of showing the signatures of our literary men to American visitors. No more signatures permitted, much to the regret of the other members of my party. The garden, at the rear of the house, is especially interesting as containing all the flowers mentioned in the writings of the poet. Aside from the aid he gave his father, the boy attended the grammar school of the village, so we will next repair to this place and learn to know where he learned his "little Latin and less Greek." On our way to this school we passed a unique frame house, with the date 1596, and said to have belonged to the Harvard family, a member of which later founded Harvard University.

The building which stands as the grammar school, also contains the old Guild Hall, where Shakespeare doubtless received his first lessons in the dramatic art. The school is above and is still used as such. The head master very kindly conducted us through the principal rooms and gave us their points of interest. I noticed in the small library a "Life of Lincoln," as it lately appeared in the Century Magazine.

We next directed our course to the cottage of Anne Hathaway, the "gentle Anne" that occupied the fancy of the youthful Shakespeare, and later became the companion of his life. The cottage is situated about a mile from the village, and is still cared for by a descendent of the Hathaway family. The place is as nearly as possible preserved as it was at that time, and is certainly one of the most interesting structures I have seen. The roof is entirely of straw, artistically put together. The frame work appears on the outside and is filled in with brick. The yard is protected from view by the customary, neatly trimmed hedge fence. The crude walls of the house are partly covered by clumps of "ivy green." We walked back to Stratford over the same path that the poet was accustomed to use as he called upon his "gentle Anne." Here is the simple place where the poet took his lessons in the art of love, kindled with all the fervor of the poet's imagination. This gentle maid became the Juliet of his heart in all but fate.

New Place, the house in which the poet passed the later years of his life and where he died, was next visited. The garden is well cared for, in which he wrote some of his later plays, but the most impressive of all the places connected with his life is the little church which contains his remains. The tomb is at the foot of the altar, and you enter the church from the rear. The church yard is filled with many old and curious stones, marking the resting place of the dead, and you linger without, reading old inscriptions and dates, before you enter the little church to approach the grave of the man whose name is familiar in every civilized land. It is with no common feeling that you step within and cast your eyes around in half fear that you may be brought suddenly within the presence of the grave without due warning. You watch the stream of visitors as they pass in and to the grave;

you discover that it is at the other end of the church. You drop into a pew near the aisle and observe the effect on the different visitors as they pass to the shrine. Some in talk and laughter, while others with the deepest feeling and emotion; some with the concern of the curious, others with the attitude of reverence. Before you venture further you examine the "fount" where he was christened, and also read the yellow pages of the Register of the Parish, which record his baptism and death, but at the same time your eye is anxiously glanced, at intervals, toward the altar. You start down the aisle slowly, but may be led to one side to read an old inscription or to examine some family coat-of-arms or curious wood or stone work. At last you enter the chancel and your eye glances along either wall, with memorials in window and bust. The person who has learned to appreciate the philosophy of Shakespeare treads that aisle with light foot and feelings akin to veneration as he approaches the final resting place. Instinctively we look for the wonderful inscription which he is said to have composed for the purpose of preventing his remains being removed or tampered with in the future. It seems like almost prophetic vision as to the future attitude of the world to his work, and has accomplished its purpose, as no person has dared to disturb his dust, however much it would be desired to have his remains in Westminster Abbey. I shall reproduce the inscription in its original spelling. It is engraved on a plain stone slab which is a part of the altar floor. It reads:

"Good friend, for Jesus sake forbear,
To dig the dust enclosed here;
Blessed be ye man yt spares these stones,
And curst be he yt moves my bones."

It will be readily seen that "yt" means "that," and the "Jesus" is spelled rather awkwardly, as well as some of the city whose historic interest lies wholly with the poet. The day in Stratford was certainly one of the most pleasant that our party enjoyed in its ramblings. Where could a more magnificent place have been chosen for the youth of a poet? Nothing harsh; all quiet, serene, reposed, dreamy. The little place indeed contains most of the poet's life, which was not very eventful in action. Other words, but can be easily recognized.

The church completed the places to be visited except the Memorial theater, erected by the actors of England and America to the genius of Shakespeare. It was really the only new building we saw in Stratford and seemed as if it had wandered into a world wholly foreign to it.

Here are the fields in which he played; the school where he coned his lessons; the cottage where he dreamed of love; the home where he learned the lessons of duty and industry; the dwellings and gardens where he wrote his later plays; the hall where he played his own creations; the church at which he attended and which now contains all that is mortal.

We will not wait here longer in fear that our picture that we carry with us as the product of our visit may be marred by some unforeseen chance and the first train found us bound for the little town of Woodstock, near the magnificent palace of Blenheim and its park.

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.

Buy the Ideal Corn Planter, the best and simplest made Sold by Sam Yeoman.

FROM WASHINGTON.

An Interesting Batch of News From the Capitol.

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Mch. 23, '94.

One thing alone is clearly apparent in the fog of uncertainty that surrounds the revised tariff bill, which was at last reported to the senate this week. That is the absolute impossibility of its becoming a law in its present shape. It has been revised to an extent that has aroused more opposition than the concessions made have placated. In fact, none of the senators who opposed the bill as it passed the house appear to have been placated, as it is known that there are a number of clauses in the bill which they propose to try to have amended or struck out, on the floor of the senate. The income tax is believed to be doomed, unless it can secure Republican votes enough to make up for the loss of the eastern Democrats who will support a motion to strike it out of the bill. When the debate opens on the bill, April 2, it will have been two months from the time the bill was passed by the house, and conservative men estimate that the debate will run at least three months.

Every hour brings out a new story as to what President Cleveland will do with the Bland bill for the coinage of the seigniorage. While he has until the 29th of this month to make up his mind he may announce his decision any hour. It is believed by fair minded people that the reports of a bargain made by President Cleveland with the silver men is as unjust to the president as it is to the silver men. Great influence, both political and business, is being used both for and against the bill. Both sides claimed to get encouragement from Mr. Cleveland's telegram to the committee of the New York Chamber of Commerce which was appointed to come to Washington to advocate a veto of the bill, advising them not to come. Mr. Bland is of the opinion that the president is wavering and is liable to go either way, but inasmuch as the influences which have heretofore been most potent with Mr. Cleveland are against the bill I look for a veto.

Mr. Wheeler H. Peckham, of New York, the gentleman who was nominated for a place on the Supreme Court and rejected by the senate, was in Washington this week on business connected with the Cherokee Indian bonds, which were purchased by a New York trust company. Mr. Peckham is the trust company's attorney and his business was with Secretaries Carlisle and Smith. Before returning to New York he called on President Cleveland and, presumably, thanked him for the high honor he had sought to confer upon him.

It is intimated by those who are in positions to know that the administration, notwithstanding its pronounced opposition to the establishment of a protectorate over Hawaii by Minister Stevens, may shortly take a step that will, in the eyes of the Hawaiians and of the rest of the world, be regarded as practically the establishment of a protectorate by the United States. Senators and others remember that the sundry civil act, of August 5, 1892, contained a paragraph placing an appropriation of \$250,000 at the disposal of the president for the purpose of establishing United States coaling stations abroad. It was well understood at that time that a portion of that money was to be used to fit up a naval and coaling station at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, which was ceded to the United States for that purpose by the treaty of 1873, but the starting of the project was for various reasons postponed until

the present administration came into power. Now, however, the administration is favorably considering the spending of that money at Pearl Harbor. The day that the American flag is raised over Pearl Harbor the world will regard Hawaii as being under American protection.

When a thing is free in Washington it is apt to be crowded, and when it is a government junket it is certain to be crowded. The navy department issued three hundred invitations to witness the trial of the new thirteen inch cannon, the largest ever made at the gun shop at the navy yard, which took place this week at the government proving grounds, about 30 miles down the Potomac, and the three vessels provided for the guests were as crowded as an excursion steamer on a summer holiday, and it did not require a character expert to see that lots of those who presented tickets were not the original receivers of the invitations. But everything "goes" on a government junket and they all got a ride and something to eat—the champagne and Havanas were monopolized by the select few. Whether those luxuries were paid for by the naval officials or Uncle Sam is a question that cannot be positively answered just now. The trial of the gun was pronounced a success by the naval officers.

The anti-option bill has been considerably changed by the house committee on agriculture. It now imposes a tax upon both the buyer and seller of options; flour has been eliminated from the schedule of speculative articles and the special tax on dealers has been reduced from \$24 to \$12, and the penalty for violation of the bond required reduced to \$3,000.

Alliance Notes.

It is the duty of all Alliance members to work for peace and harmony, and to unite the laboring class on any and all measures of justice and equality, not ask for anything for which they are not willing to grant to any other class of people. While we stand united on things pertaining to the good of all of the people, we became benefactors to our fellow beings, and in reality are fulfilling the command to destroy all sectional strife and selfish ambition. The nearer the members live to the great and good principles adopted by the Alliance when it was organized, and still held and cherished by all good and true members as well as thousands that are not members. The better we make ourselves, the greater are our opportunities to do good to ourselves, our families, our government and our God.

We have endorsed the motto, in anything essential, unity, and in all things, charity. How important to so live that we join hands in unison, raise our voices in defense of things essential to our good and the good of our fellow man.

The trade system adopted by our fellow man, is either just and fair, or it is wrong and unjust.

If unjust and works a hardship on those who labor, and gives an undue advantage to those who handle the produce, then the system is wrong and should be changed so as to make it mutual, that both parties to the transaction shall have justice and fair play.

If we are properly organized, and are a unit in all things essential, our influence for good, and equity will be unbounded. We will be in a position to better our condition, yet at the same time have charity for others. In bettering our condition if we do so at our own expense, we surely do no injustice to others.

The Jasper County Farmers' Alliance will meet in Rensselaer, on Saturday, April 7, 1894. A full attendance is desired.

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Team, per day, \$2.50.
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Feeding team, 35 cents.
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