

WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

At the Shrine and Haunts of the Poet Gray.

Stoke Poges, Where the Accident of Rural Retirement Gave Our Tongue Its Most Matchless Elegy—William Penn's Descendants as Lords of the Ancient Manor—Sylvan Scenes with Splendid Historic Environment.

(Special Correspondence of the RECORD-UNION, Copyright, 1892.)

Stoke Poges, England, Oct. 10, 1892. I once knew a little old bookworm who haunted the New York libraries and whose manner, ways and character bore a most striking resemblance to that poet who wrote the most perfect elegy in the English tongue, Thomas Gray.

He was a little, dainty man with silvered hair and a rounded paunch—his fine, striking physical characteristic if his fine, penetrating blue eyes were not bearing upon you. His clothing was faultless. His manners were courtly. His vivaciousness was benign and restful. He seemed to exhale an aroma of musk and magnigence, and, as I used to look at him for an eighteenth century reminder, the grotesque notion always came that his melancholy sighs of pleasure or disapproval, as he fed upon the dusty tomes before him, could they be given physical aspect, would conform to the weary lavender of his ample stock and spool trousers.

By and by I missed him. His little paunch had gone riot and overcome his stomach with food of something, and the dainty and learned little old bookworm had turned from the tomes of the Astor and Mercantile to the endless tomes of literature. I learned that he was another Gray. Yes, he had been, I found, supported in academy, college, university and travel by the thrift and trade of two women who had believed that the time he would astonish the world with the product of his genius. Like Gray he never earned a penny; his unconscious whimsicalness concerned all; his learning was vast, and his indolence was astounding. He had spent a lifetime in exhausting the historic, poetic and philosophic researches and projects of the great authors of beginnings of great endeavors. If he had been forced into country environment, as was Gray at Stoke Poges, he might have given the world an idyl or an elegy, and then the likeness would have been complete.

The very accident of rural retirement compelled or induced Thomas Gray to create the one bit of verse which gave him place among the immortals. From 1727, at the age of 30, when he had placed him in Eton, and where, tradition has it, he at once began to versify, until he expired of inertia and gout in the arms of Dr. James Brown, Master of the famous old Pembroke College, Cambridge, on the 30th of July, 1771, a period of 44 years, he was as continuously in an atmosphere of books as any man who ever lived. For his day and time he was the most variously and penetratingly learned man in Europe.

He was practically mad for and from book knowledge. His devotion to research seemed an endless intoxication of equipment for the thing or fact encompassed, rather than the thing or fact itself. His knowledge for the uses to which it may be wisely put.

Precisely as with thousands of so-called scholars in our own time, he allowed study and learning-getting to become a disease instead of making it subservient to life living and noble accomplishment. You could fill a score of volumes with his erudite notes, his wonderful indices, his exact and beautiful commentaries upon the works of others less learned and consequently more creative minds. Fragments of stately tragedies, dissertations upon art and painting, Alcaic fragments, Latin "lines," Greek epigrams, Flindric notes, brilliant dead-end "imitations" of finished whatnots. But you could not make one thin little volume of one hundred pages comfortably filled with what "Thomas Gray's great genius led to posterity for its own monument. The thirty-two stanzas of the "Elegy" the brief Norse poem called "The Fatal Sisters," "The Bard," "On a Distant Prospect of Eton College," and, perhaps, a half-dozen sonnets, altogether not 1,000 lines, comprise all that would have ever interested the world at large, and which, after all, is the final arbiter of either true poetry or prose, except for Gray's lovable, interesting, erratic and often curious personality.

It is, no doubt, also true that had not written the "Elegy" his place in the biographies would have been no more than "Thomas Gray, creditable author, accomplished translator and sometime companion of Horace Walpole." Because his surpassing genius, through the blessed incident of rural inspiration, for once burst the fetters of sodden bookishness and its consequent physical indolence, he attained to the one thing our most perfect revelation of tender emotions and introspection to the universal human heart. The malignancy of Johnson is quite forgotten for the one honest sentence he ever wrote about Gray: "Had Gray written often thus," said the cantankerous master of words, "it had been vain to blame and useless to praise him."

For these and other reasons the one place in all the world, Stoke Poges, which prompted a single immortal line of what Gray might have been to literature had been shut away from the deadening influence of Cambridge books, and, perhaps, quite as near to his own living, becomes doubly interesting. Besides, the poet rested here for frequent intervals from 1742 to 1753. His grave is here. A stupendous monument stands almost within sight of his old home. The very church in which he worshipped and the churchyard rendered dear to the hearts of all men by his melodies, mournful elegy, remain to-day just as he saw and knew them in life. The place, too, has some historic importance, and the manor of Stoke Park was once the home of the descendants of William Penn, many of whom are buried in the family vault in the nave of the old mossy church.

But better than all else, you will find the place a marvelous revelation of the elegy, as you have already felt the elegy to be perfect interpretation of those exquisite emotions which only the rarest scene and associative condition can impart. Our New World affections cling tenderly to certain old world shrines. They fold about them a hazy glamour of loving idealism, and cradle them in the soft and misty corridors of the heart. I can recall no few which are not better for the distant, sightless lullaby, and this is one.

Stoke Poges is a thinly-settled village, or thickly-settled sylvan parish of Englishman's, and over twenty-five miles west of London, and about two miles north of the railway to Slough, which is in turn the same distance west of Windsor and Castle. It derives its unpoetic name from Amicia de Stoke, who brought the manor of Stoke to a certain Robert Poges, a knight of the shire, in the twelfth century. In the time of Edward III, the estate passed into the possession of Sir John de la Pole, and a house from the King to fortify and entrench a manor house, and it was he who built the picturesque old church made famous by Gray's elegy. The manor descended through female heirs to the great Earls of Huntingdon, one of whom rebuilt the manor house early in the reign of Elizabeth. Then Sir Edward Coke purchased it, and sumptuously entertained Elizabeth here. Remains of this splendid manor house are still standing a few rods north of the old church.

Aside from its poetic associations the manor came to have peculiar interest to Americans when, in 1701, it was purchased from the noble family of Cobham by Thomas Penn, second son of the great

JOHNSON'S FORTUNE.

"I've done my best, mother," Farmer Hobbs said, coming in hot and tired from the hay-field. "That there datted machine won't work, and of I'm to save my hay, I'll have to take that intrust money and buy a new machine."

"I think you'd better not, father," Mrs. Hobbs answered in mild alarm. "I don't know where you are going to get any more, and Johnson is powerful about getting the money on time. I'd be afraid to let it run over a minute."

"Well, but, Lucinda, the hay's with more'n the intrust, and you know they're no takin' the stock through the winter without it. The cattle might kinder rot, along, but the horses is just plain obliged to have their timothy, and my timothy is as fine a piece as you ever set eyes on."

"Suppose you try again," Mrs. Hobbs suggested, helping her husband to a suspicious quarter of raspberry pie. "I'll go out with you and have that hay and we'll use plenty of oil, and mubbo you can rub through just this once."

"Well, I'll try, Lucinda; I hain't no hopes, but I would like to save that intrust money."

Mrs. Hobbs stayed in the field till 5 o'clock, and the hay was cut with few delays. The hay was cut, the sun shined, which was eaten with much relish in the hay-field. The horses being watered and fed, the work went on by the big harvest moon, and at 10 o'clock the hay from the "big medder" was in the stacks.

A few days after, Jim Johnson came out to look at the intrust money was ready. He had his horse under a tree and started through the meadow to see Mr. Hobbs, who was fencing his ricks at the other side.

"Mosses and the bullrushes! What's that?" he asked, gazing at glisty blue reflections floating on pools of water standing everywhere, for it had rained heavily the night before, and the "mistake" he went on, after dipping his finger into a puddle and testing it carefully with his nose. "I say before that the papers had contained an account of some new oilfields found not above twenty miles away. An old partner of Jim had been the first to invest, and was consequently fabulously rich."

Johnson carefully rubbed his finger on his pocket handkerchief, stowed the latter in his pocket, and, looking at his watch, his face pale and his eyes glittering very unpleasantly. He tried to greet the farmer with his accustomed familiarity, but his lips were stiff, and he could not get a word out. He looked at his watch, and his throat became so dry that he could scarcely articulate.

"What's the matter? Hain't you well?" Mr. Hobbs asked, stopping to look at the man who gazed curiously at his visitor. "You look taller-colored as the dead, an' your eyes is like burnt holes in a blanket."

"No, thank you, I have some sense, except at random. 'I'm quite well, except busky sore throat—are you well? And the family?'"

ELECTRICIANS BOTHERED.

The Effects of an Auroral Disturbance on Cable and Land Lines.

The remarkable auroral disturbance on July 14th produced a disturbance on the telegraph circuits and instruments of submarine cables and aerial land lines that may afford data for scientific men in determining the actual nature and cause of the mysterious auroral phenomenon itself. In a broad sense telegraph circuits are affected by auroral displays in the same manner as by violent thunderstorms, but the precise effects from the two causes are very different.

Interruptions to telegraphic communications on lines in far northern latitudes are of frequent occurrence. The lines in Canada, for instance, which run north of Lake Superior, from Montreal to Winnipeg, are at certain seasons of the year interrupted almost nightly by slight auroral disturbances. But the disturbance on July 14th was the most remarkable in its effects on telegraph circuits of any noted for a great many years, if not the greatest of all such displays.

A prominent electrician in this city took careful notes and tests of the effects of this disturbance, and he calculated that the force of the electrical current from the auroral display was equal to 500 volts.

It is interesting to note, too, that the telegraph instruments showed the auroral disturbance to be very much greater during the day, from about 11 in the morning to 4 in the afternoon, than at night. There was no spectacular display of celestial scenic effects, than it was at night when the wonderful phenomenon was so apparent. The electrical disturbances were noted at precisely the same time in this city, in Chicago, and in Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. In Chicago it was noted that, while the sky was cloudless and the sun was shining brightly, tremendous currents of electricity charged the air, completely interrupting all telegraphic communication. The currents came in waves at irregular intervals.

But the most interesting effects were noted on the delicate instruments of the Atlantic cables, and with these, on account of their peculiar construction, various phenomena of the auroral disturbance, completely interrupting all telegraphic communication, were not possible on land line instruments. With

Political.

PROTECTION! RECIPROCITY! For Harrison and Reid.

HON. JOHN F. DAVIS, Nominee for Congress, Will address the people at The Pavilion, Thursday Evening, October 20th.

F. H. MEYERS, Chairman Executive Committee Republican State Central Committee. C. F. BASKETT, Secretary.

A. J. JOHNSTON, Chairman Sacramento Republican County Committee. W. H. GOVAN, Secretary. 017-4t

Notice to Voters!

The Board of Supervisors of Sacramento County having made an order directing a RE-REGISTRATION Of all the voters in said county, it will be necessary for all electors, in order to vote at the next general election, to be held November 8, 1892, to make application in person to be registered.

Said registration will commence JULY 30, 1892, and end OCTOBER 24, 1892. Registrations rooms are on the third floor of the Court-house.

LET EVERY VOTER TAKE NOTICE AND GET REGISTERED. W. W. RHOADS, County Clerk.

W. F. FRAZER, Lumber Dealer. Office—Cor. Fifth and L Streets. SEND THE WEEKLY UNION TO YOUR friends in the East. It lends them all.

Political.

W. A. HENRY, Republican Nominee for Assemblyman, Twentieth District (all of the city north of H street).

GEO. H. JOST, Regular People's Party and Citizens' Nominee for Assemblyman, Twenty-first District (K to Y, Front to Thirty-first, Residence, 1227 L Street).

W. A. HENRY, Democratic and Citizens' Nominee for Township Justice.

JOHN MILLER, Democratic (Regular and Reformed), Citizens' and People's Nominee for Coroner.

WM. B. HAMILTON, People's Party and Citizens' Nominee for County Clerk. Election, Tuesday, November 8, 1892.

ROBERT T. DEVLIN, Regular Republican Nominee for Judge Superior Court.

GILLIS DOTY, Democratic Nominee for Assemblyman, Twenty-second District.

MARTIN PENNISH, Regular Democratic Nominee for Supervisor, Second District.

MATT F. JOHNSON, Candidate for Superior Judge. Democratic, People's and Citizens' nominee.

J. M. MORRISON, Reform Democrat, Regular Democrat and Citizens' Nominee for Supervisor, Third District.

OSCAR S. FLINT, Democratic (Regular and Reform) Nominee for Assemblyman, Twentieth District.

J. S. HARRIS, Democratic Candidate for Supervisor, Second District.

HENRY STARR, Independent Republican, Citizens' and People's Party Nominee for City Justice of the Peace.

FRANK T. JOHNSON, (PRESENT INCUMBENT), Regular Republican Nominee for Auditor and Recorder.

E. LYON, (PRESENT INCUMBENT), Regular Republican Nominee for County Treasurer.

GEO. H. CLARK, (PRESENT INCUMBENT), Regular Republican Nominee for County Coroner.

J. W. TODD, Regular Republican Nominee for Supervisor, Second District.

GEORGE F. BRONNER, Democratic Nominee for Public Administrator.

H. C. CHIPMAN, Regular Republican Nominee for Assemblyman, Twenty-first District.

G. B. DEAN, Regular People's Party Nominee for Supervisor, Second District.

WILLIAM BOYNE, Regular People's Party Nominee for State Senator.

M. A. HOWARD, Regular Republican Nominee for Supervisor, Third District.

E. C. HART, Regular Republican Nominee for State Senator.

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S. B. SMITH, Regular Republican Nominee for Public Administrator.

F. D. RYAN, Regular Republican Nominee for District Attorney.

GEO. C. M'ULLEN, Regular Republican Nominee for Sheriff. Election TUESDAY, November 8, 1892.

WM. CURTIS, Regular Republican Nominee for Supervisor, Fourth District. 69-4d

J. G. PATTERSON, Democratic Nominee for Senator, Thirteenth District.

T. W. O'NEIL, Democratic and Citizens' Nominee for Sheriff. Election November 8, 1892.

JAMES B. DEVINE, Regular Republican Nominee for City Justice.

B. N. BUGBEY, Independent Candidate for Sheriff of Sacramento County.

TO THE VOTERS OF SACRAMENTO County—Sirs and Gentlemen: Having received the endorsement of about 1,400 electors of Sacramento County (848 of which are now on file with the County Clerk as an independent candidate for the office of Sheriff, I offer myself as an independent candidate for the office of Sheriff. I am a Republican, but have swung so far around the circle as to take a step in advance, and now declare myself in favor of electing by direct vote of the people, all political officers from President to Constable, thereby over-coming the power, vote, bribe and corruption. I am opposed to, and shall neither buy nor sell my vote to secure my election. But if you elect me I shall perform the duties of the office without fear or favor. I have no enemies, and I shall not work very kindly toward my friends, but will not partially in enforcing the laws. I am in favor of temperance, with mercy, but strictly in favor of temperance and punishing criminals—both the rich and poor alike—and, if elected, shall not be untrue, as the past, for the best interest of the taxpayers of the county. With the foregoing declaration, I offer myself as an independent candidate for the office of Sheriff of Sacramento County. I realize that no man can elect himself. I therefore humbly ask your favor and your vote, and, in return, if elected, will be your faithful servant. Truly yours, B. N. BUGBEY, Independent Candidate for Sheriff of Sacramento County.

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Capay Valley Fruit Lands.

The Earliest Fruit Land in the State. Equal in All Respects to the Famous Vaca Valley, Which It Adjoins.

UNPRECEDENTED TERMS. INTEREST ONLY FOR FIVE YEARS AT 7 PER CENT.

Capay Valley is situated in Yolo County, about 90 miles by rail from San Francisco, and is traversed in its entire length by the Woodland, Capay and Lake Railroad, the distance from Esparto to Rumsey being 21 miles.

The Capay Valley Land Company is offering the most fertile lands in this beautiful valley upon terms which enable the purchaser to pay for the land out of its own product, viz: Interest only for five years at 7 per cent. The only condition imposed is, that a reasonable proportion of the land purchased shall be planted to fruit trees or vines. Land may be bought without this condition on payment of 20 per cent. cash and remaining 80 per cent. at the end of five years, with interest annually in advance, at 7 per cent. The various tracts owned by the Capay Valley Land Company have been subdivided into 10 and 20-acre lots, which are for sale at prices varying from \$50 to \$150 per acre. Similar unimproved land in Vaca Valley has recently been sold at \$400 and \$500 per acre.

These Capay Valley lands are under the most favorable climatic conditions for the prosecution of profitable fruit growing, and the locality has proved itself to be one of the earliest in the State. The grape crop of 1890 from the company's vineyard at Cashmere was picked, dried and shipped to Chicago and Philadelphia before the Fresno County grapes were ripe.

The railroad passes through all of the tracts owned by the Capay Valley Land Company, thus insuring excellent shipping facilities; and land may now be purchased in the immediate proximity of either of the following stations: Capay, Cadonasso, Surrey, Guinda, Sauterne, Cashmere or Rumsey.

At many of these places fine orchards of the choicest and earliest varieties of peaches and apricots may already be seen, and during the coming season considerable additional acreage will be planted out. One of the recent sales made by the company was that of the Tancred Tract, containing 600 acres, to a colony association. This tract has been subdivided into forty holdings, all of which will be planted to fruit trees this season.

The fine orchards on the Guinda Tract, where 400 acres have been sold, are especially worthy of mention, and it is a significant fact that several of the blocks are owned by successful Vaca Valley fruit-growers, who expect to make their earliest shipments from here.

FOR MAPS AND ALL INFORMATION REGARDING THE CAPAY VALLEY LANDS, APPLY TO OR ADDRESS W. M. HAMILTON, Fourth and Townsend Streets, SAN FRANCISCO.

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LACE CURTAINS. SPRING TIME HAS ARRIVED, AND house cleaning is under way. Send your Lace Curtains to the AMERICAN STEAM LAUNDRY, Nineteenth and I Streets.