WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

Robin Hood's Land.

The longer one wanders in England, Scotland and Ireland, the more enchanting and impressive, because that charm growing out of what may be termed literary identification.

Over there in Ireland what can be more fascinating than a silent ramble about picturesque old Youghal and up dreary Kilwinlan way? There Raleigh and Spenser lived, loved and wrought. Tramping from Killarney to Caherdeven, one finds lovingly at Curlieu Bridge, for beside it the great O'Connell was born. Who but a bigoted cleric the Book of Cashel without a subdued and reverential feeling from the historic and sacred surroundings; or who, but an insensate cheerless not at Boyne and Anglesion, where the life of a nation broke in its last wild throb upon river and morass? Then, as Shane, who can fail of awe in the presence of prehistoric monuments rivaling the pyramids themselves? To stand upon Tara's Hill, in Meath, and in fancy see St. Patrick, unauthful of the treachery planning his death, with his eight devoted followers, coming up the royal hill, chanting his prayer, "May the word of God render me eloquent" or to further dim the fires of Hibernia with the sacred flame of Christianity through the conversion of King Laeghaire, and the overthrow of paganism in Ireland, to be venue with darting tenderness close to an aged career of one who lived but to bless, nearly 1500 years ago. Legend tells us that it was to you before. But you feel and know the story now.

So, too, how illimitable seem human epitaphs, yet how compact and little, when you are stumbling among the remains of that tremendous pagan Conaghaill, Dun Ecagrin, on the remote peninsula of Aranmore, the most prostate of all Ireland's islands. The great archaeologist, Dr. Petrie, termed it "the most magnificent barbaric monument in Europe." The legend is that Dun Aingis and the five other great forts, or chaos, of the Aran Islands were built from 1000 to 1500 years before the Christian era, by the flying and fabled Firbolgs. No matter about the legend. There they stand today, more weird, suggestive and awe-inspiring in their dread secrets of the people that were than ever could be in the silence of the Lybian Sphinx. And then, away in the north, over beyond old Derry, what a thrill flashes through one when standing alone upon the walls of the mighty Grianan of Aileach, whose existence can be definitely traced to the period 1051 before Christ! Grianan, the mighty Dun, of which we read in the *Dunseanchas*:

Adamh Fein, plus of the king-rath, royal of the world,
Ben is which left bare-roads, through Ard-magh, Ard-Sleaghta.

so they did. You can trace them to this day as clearly as the paths in your own garden. On the crests of these circling mountains burned the signal fires in the dim days, a thousand years to wake the beliefs and their herds. Thither to the Grianan the dry streamed, from distant borders. Within those very ramparts huddled the affrighted women and the flocks. Within those very walls kings watched over battles. There were heard the wails of victory, the wailings and lamentations; the weird, wild rites; all a thousand years before barbarous man looked beyond the sun of day to the one Infinite God. But you did not come this until your own feet had pressed the same earth their feet trod, and your eyes had looked upon lone Erriagal, like a cone of steel in the west, and, through its grim, dark passes, to the purple isles above Armagh and Tyrone.

In all that can be read of the "Land of Cakes" here the true feeling is lacking, until one weds pressure and actuality with the lonelies tales of words. To know the weird strathes and glens of the North, to wander their air, drink in their wild and gorgeous coloring, to listen to the roar of their glorious waterfalls, to sail over their silent lochs, to tremble in their mighty storms, is to come very close in thought and sympathy to that grand and noble race which all the Roman legions could not conquer. Its desperate, faithful loyalty to the House of Stuart can never be fully understood until you have tramped from the Western Ocean to the Grampians, and wandered on Culloden Moor. Macbeth, King Duncan and Malcolm Canmore are more creatures of Shakespeare's brain until you find in the musty records of old Inverness that they once walked its streets with all of your own passion, hope, ambition; and until you have stood on Tomnahurich, by the Tweed side, you have never really known Hugh Miller, stone-mason, great-hearted sage. Despite Dr. Johnson's matchless apostrophe to Iona, the story of Columba's earthly isle, of the Druids, an enlightenment emanating from it to the whole British Isles and the greater part of Europe, when nearly all the races dwelling by the first rays of apostolic sacrifice had partially relapsed into superstitious barbarism, is so wonderful in the legends of the Holy Grail, until you have stood among the majestic ruins of Iona and wandered along its "Street-of-Martyrs," where lie countless chieftains, chiefs, and kings. After you have passed an hour in the ancient churchyard of Greyfriars, in Edinburgh, you will begin to realize who were the Covenanters of Scotland, and what they endured for their conscience' sake. When you have come to the ruins of Lochmaben, Robert the Bruce, patriot king and warrior, first waves the mists of legend and tradition, and welcomes you as a man of flesh and blood to his old home by the sedgy lake. Melrose, Dryburgh and all the grand monastic structures of the country, murmurous Tweed are poet's phantasms until you wander among their silent aisles and tombs with a sigh, and see hands the brave old stones of their majestic arches. Scott, the "Ettrick Shepherd," Carlyle, even Burns himself, are half ideal, until you have stood by the Ettrick and Yarrow, sadly left the princely Abbotford, shuddered at the odious hearth and manacles of Carlyle's tenebrous home at Ecclefechan, and heard with your own hearing the melodious songs of the Nith and the Doon.

If this is true of Ireland and Scotland, how infinitely more impressive is this identification to the average American pilgrim in England, the motherland of our own race and tongue! A mighty volume, and a sweet and tender one withal, could be made, singing apparent realities in their home in myth-land, and tracing from the realm of legend and tradition the actual beings whom imagery first swept from reality, and whom successive centuries of poetic fancy, shared alike by us from childhood to manhood, have placed further and further behind the ever-loved veilings of mystery and song. No less characters in the semi-mythology of Britain are better illustrations than those of King Arthur and Robin Hood. Ancient types as they were and are, the one the embodiment of the knightly and noble qualities in ruling and men, the other, grand ancestral and Dickish freebooter and "leveler" of his time, both are objects of equal, though noble devotion, not only in the literature of centuries, but in the hearts of millions who speak the English tongue.

The most curious thing about these two characters is that the best side identification are found among the high-minded and learned. Literature universally plays them in shadowland. But go where you may among the English lowly, King Arthur is really more dear than Hood with his faithful little John, Friar Tuck and their hundred archers bold are ever a goodly company, a delightful uncomfortable companionship, it has sometimes seemed to me, where hardness and the positions of caste and condition are most grievous and sore to abide. A few years of wandering among the British lowly, more than all reading and study, have convinced me that both King Arthur and Robin Hood once really existed and lived much the same manner of lives as the song and the ballad makers, although beyond life for their legendary character, have sinkowed forth. I can take you into thousands of cabins in Devonshire, Cornwall, and in Brittany—for King Arthur is even more a god to the Britons than to the West of England Arthurian Celts—where books are unknown, where in manner of literature ever enter; where history of clan and sept have been preserved from father to son, where the Arthurian legends live more bright and glowing than in all the gilded tales of the Table Round. These absolutely lawless folk will take you to the very landing-place of King Uther; show you the real remains of the twin castles Tintagel and Terrabil; point out Kingsley, in the remote hedges of the Duke of Cornwall, sleeping in the same day wal his wife, Ygraysne, to whom the child, Arthur, was born, and raised by the enchanter, Merlin, under good Sir Ector's care, who restored to him the kingdom of Cornwall on Pendragon's death; how the noble King Arthur instituted the Order of Knights of the Round Table, whose saintly acts in the service of God and man, until they fell into sin, were deeds of goal and glory; how Arthur lived only and was Guinevere, betrayed by Lancelot; and at last, receiving his death-wound in battle with his rebellious nephew's forces at Camelford (which the poets make Camelot), Arthur was taken by Sir Bedivere, carry him to Dunnare Peel, fling his sword Excalibur thereon, when a boat, rowed by three queens, appeared. Into this Arthur was lifted and borne away to the island-vale of Avillion, that his grievous wound might be healed. These folk say, and believe, that Arthur is still in fairyland; that his spirit often revisits, in the guise of a bird, the chough, hovering about the old scenes with pathetic murmurings; and that he will surely "come again."

"Watching the white flower of a blameless life,
To reign as a king should and might ever his beloved England. Literature never produced a hundred thousand broken folk with this. It remains, because in it has been preserved, without books, a fabulous actuality.

In the man per Robin Hood's land becomes the whole of England. Piercing their armor of golden reserve, you will find that the sober English peasant and the grave English workman have minds full enough of chivalry and romance. Robin Hood is the moral with these, because, as a "leveler" of rank and class, he represents an unfashionable yet certain power to buffet the church and the nobility. He is a record of nobles in clothes and men in duress. He embodies the unconscious yet universal leaning towards communism among the English lowly. Above all, he is the human type of that dearest thing to every lowly Britain's heart, "fair play," whether in a frolic, foolhardy or fight. Fairly defined, Robin Hood's Land comprises the shires of Nottingham and Lincoln with the southern half of Yorkshire. There is not a ploughman, herdsman, gamekeeper, and, I would almost venture to say, any human being among the lowly, outside the factories, in the parts of England, who has not a clearer conception of the life, character and exploits of the merry outlaw than all science could give. As a well known, the manuscript and old record researches by the Rev. Joseph Hunter, an assistant keeper of the public records of England, made public in 1852, placed fairly within the domain of authentic history the facts concerning the actual existence and career of Robin Hood. He was born about 1230. His family were of some station, and resided at Wakefield. With many others he became an outlaw from having espoused the cause of the unfortunate Earl of Lancaster. He retreated with a number of men of his comrades to the depths of Sherwood Forest, not a score miles from his birthplace. By their unequaled skill in archery, goodly prankes with lords and bishops, robberies of the high to share with the lowly, and kind adequate with all classes, they secured the loyalty of the country round about and put to defiance the entire forces of the crown. At this juncture King Edward wisely pardoned Robin Hood, giving him service as one of the "valets, portreves de la chambre," in the royal household. Robin Hood served faithfully for more than a year, to which existing vouchers for his payment attest. But the hunger for the greenwood was too strong, begging the king for permission to visit the old chapel at Barnsdale, it was granted "for a fortnight." Having once rejoined his comrades, he could not again be persuaded to leave them; and he continued the old outlaw's life until, resorting to the priory of Kirklees for surgical aid, he died from loss of blood, and was buried in the grounds of the Priory, now Kirklees Hall, four miles north of Huddersfield, and the seat of the noble family of Armytage.

But, precisely as I have found with the Cornish and Devonshire peasantry in identification of King Arthur and his land, it is among the lowly of Nottinghamshire and Yorkshire that are discovered the most unmistakable proofs, in tradition, ballad and nomenclature, of the merry outlaw and his men. Literature has not created them for the delectation of an ignorant peasantry. The peasantry themselves have furnished, by word of mouth, the material—and let an intelligent critic has been utilized—enabling writers old and new to transfer the real Robin Hood to the Robin Hood of romance and song. A close defining of Robin Hood's Land would give it the area of Sherwood Forest in Nottinghamshire and Barnsdale Forest in Yorkshire, with a narrow strip of country leading northward, through southern Yorkshire, to the sea, near Scarborough, the latter being occasionally traversed by the outlaws when too closely pressed by the king's sheriff. In the outlaw's time but one highway traversed the region. That was the old Roman Road from London to Berwick. Perhaps half a dozen hamlets, the one ancient city of Nottingham, as old that its history has been traced back 700 years before the Christian era, and its first inhabitants dug holes in the rocks for houses, and a few chapels, abbeys and priories of the rude construction, could have been found in all the area. Today a forest of chimneys stands where stood the giant English oaks. You can look from its vast eyes within it without your horizon being bounded with their black silhouettes against a smoke-hazy sky. As the boundaries of towns and hamlets are in Robin Hood's Land now as those were ninety years ago, the analogy is complete. But near the marring of the forge, the clatter of the looms and the industrial scope of millions of spindles, the dusky seals of the mounted knights spring to the blades of the reapers, are little nests of English peasants' homes, bits of English super-natural lodge, and patches of ancient English ash, which modern industry and modern landholdings have not quite effaced, and it is among these, seeking the weirdly and traditions of the olden Robin Hood's land and the new, that we will go pilgrimming to-morrow.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Tooele Stake Conference.

The quarterly conference of the Tooele Stake of Zion was held at Grantsville meeting house Sunday and Monday, January 25 and 26, 1891.

Present on the stand: Of the Twelve Apostles, F. M. Lyman and H. J. Grant, the Presidency of the Stake, Bishops of the different wards and some of the leading brethren of the Stake. Conference was called to order by President H. S. Gowans. Bishops J. L. Weihaft and T. Atkins reported the Grantsville and Tooele wards in good condition.

Brother A. Stoddy occupied a short time giving some good instruction.

Apostle H. J. Grant spoke upon the proper education of our children.

Bishops Caldwell and Shields reported the condition of the wards over which they preside.

2 p.m.—After singing and prayer the sacrament was administered.

Bishop St. Jor and Brethren O. P. Rates and B. F. Knowlton gave fa-vorable reports of their wards.

Supt. A. G. Johnson reported the Sunday schools of the Stake in a prosperous condition, and requested the ca-was would might be limited. These folk say, and believe, that Arthur is still in fairyland; that his spirit often revisits, in the guise of a bird, the chough, hovering about the old scenes with pathetic murmurings; and that he will surely "come again."

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THE CHILIAN WAR.

The Insurgents Reported to be Defeated in the Battle at Ancud.

THE REPUBLICAN TROUBLE IN PORTUGAL AND SPAIN.

New York and Washington in Mourning.—Funeral of Secretary Windom.

By Telegraph to the News.

ANOTHER REPORT.

The Chilian Rebels Said to be Defeated.

BUENOS AYRES, Feb. 2.—A report has reached here of a battle between the government of Ancud, the capital of the island of Chiloe in the Chiloe Archipelago. The battle was fought between a government naval war and an insurgent war vessel. It resulted in the defeat of the insurgents. It is supposed that the vessels engaged were the two ships previously referred to, the rebel vessel being that which joined the insurgents at Ancud and captured the government ship, that which tried to land troops at that port under the disguise of hoisting the British flag, and the government vessel with santiago De Chili, the capital of Chili, and other towns, which had been temporarily re-established in again interrupted.

The Government of Spain Scared.

MADRID, Feb. 2.—On learning of the revolt in Oporto, the government here ordered the troops to be confined to their barracks and other precautionary measures to be taken on the frontier. The official press urges the government of Spain and Portugal to be more watchful of the doings of the democracy.

Lieutenant Schwitka.

MASON CITY, Iowa, Feb. 2.—Lieutenant Schwitka arrived here a comparatively easy night and is improved. He complains of severe pains at the base of the spine, but unless something new developes he will recover.

Crispi's Resignation.—The Views of the Press.

PARIS, Feb. 2.—Dispatches received from Rome by newspapers in this city agree in stating that King Humbert regarded Signor Crispi's resignation as final and that the King has not asked him to withdraw it.

INTERVIEW WITH THE PAPA.

Figaro today publishes an interview with the Pope, in which his Holiness is quoted as saying: "If the French conservatives saw that such a thing was possible they should establish something better than a republic, otherwise they should adhere to the republic, which would then be as they choose to make it. The formation of a Catholic party in France is an agreeable draw, but it is only a draw."

The Conservatives Gain a Victory.

MADRID, Feb. 2.—In the elections yesterday the Conservatives received a majority in Madrid and Barcelona. A number of riots occurred. The elections were first held under the new universal suffrage law and resulted in a gain for the Conservatives.

Burned to Death.

PARIS, Feb. 2.—A woman and her three children were burned to death in a fire in a carpenter's shop at Nancy, last night.

PRIMA DONNA DEAD.

Rosine Bloch, the prima donna, is dead.

Winter in Greece.

LONDON, Feb. 2.—The cold weather and severe storm continue in Greece. Many accidents are reported on land and sea.

Assignment.

FORT WORTH, Texas, Feb. 2.—Randall & Chambers (Company, general merchants, have assigned. Liabilities, $15,000; assets, enough to cover the liabilities.

To the Memory of Secretary Windom

NEW YORK, Feb. 2.—The U. S. Treasury offices in this city are closed today and draped with mourning as a tribute of respect to the memory of the late Secretary Windom. The flags are lowered to half mast on all public buildings, and on many private houses and dwellings similar tokens of mourning are to be seen.

AT WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—The national capital is truly a city of mourning today. The executive departments and their branches are closed all day, and Congress did not assemble until 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The flags on all public buildings were displayed at half mast, also those of hotels and business establishments throughout the city. And the large mansions and four fronts of the Treasury department were heavily draped in black. These houses were jaded to the memory of the late Secretary Windom, whose remains were committed to their last resting place today. The navy department and the department of justice were also draped in mourning in honor of the ex-Secretary Bancroft and ex-Attorney-General Devens. The streets in the vicinity of the church where the last rites were performed were crowded with men, women and children, who stood in respectful silence, many of them with bared heads as the mournful cortege passed. The funeral was simple in its character and without the least attempt at display or ostentation.

Italian Securities Falling.

PARIS, Feb. 2.—The lira is weak, and the Italian securities are falling, owing to the ministerial crisis in Rome.

Will Submit the Result of the Boulogne Conference.

DUBLIN, Feb. 2.—Parnell's Parliamentary colleagues will meet in Committee room No. 15 this morning. The meeting of 200 and Indifferents is to be held in the afternoon. This evening was originally scheduled by the Mallon Free Insurance Company, which assigned Saturday.

Hole in the Entire Business Portion of Toledo.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 2.—It is stated that the wife of C. S. Allen of this city has fallen heir to practically the entire business portion of Toledo, Ohio, through the death of her father, Dr. Jones of Boston. When Toledo was nothing more than a trading post, Dr. Jones obtained a quarter section of land from the Government from what is now the very heart of Toledo. The deed for this property was found among the papers of the deceased and the claim of Mrs. Allen will be pushed to secure it.

Monarchists of Portugal to the Rescue

LISBON, Feb. 2.—The leaders of all the monarchist groups spontaneously and unconditionally offered their services in support of the government. Oporto has been declared in a state of siege for one month. Twenty persons were killed in Saturday's fight. The government expecting disorders in the Oporto garrison, had issued orders for a transfer of several officers to other regiments. This action together with the recent impressment of the soldiers of the *Republica Portugueza* expedited the outbreak.

Sole Survivor of Custer's Fight.

For many years after the Custer massacre, whenever the Seventh Cavalry was attacked, or engaged in any considerable formation, there was presented the pathetic sight of an old cavalry company, saddled and equipped, and led by a trooper on each side, the empty saddle telling the story of the old horse's faithfulness. He was the sole survivor found on the field of the Custer massacre. He belongs to an officer in the regiment, and watched by his master's side, was grievously wounded in a dozen places, for days and nights, and when the rescuers came there he stood, gaunt, starving, wounded, but faithful to the last. The late Gen. Sturgis, who was then colonel of the regiment, and who had a splendid young man in the fight, issued an order that the horse should be cared for to the end of his days, as attached to the regiment, and that at all mounted formations he should be in line. He lived to a good old age.—*From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

SUMMONS.

In the District Court of, and for the Third Judicial District of Utah Territory, Salt Lake County.

John R. Deseret and Louisa Deseret Plaintiffs,
vs
Elizabeth Pugmire, George M. Pugmire, Sarah E. Pugmire, Mary E. Pugmire, Edward S. Pugmire, Nancy E. Pugmire, Lucinda E. Pugmire, Joseph H. Pugmire, Ruth Pugmire, Jonathan W. Pugmire, Lucinda E. Pugmire, Joseph H. Pugmire, minor, sole Nancy E. Pugmire, guardian, Lucinda E. Pugmire, Joseph H. Pugmire, minor, sole Nancy E. Pugmire, guardian, Ruth Pugmire, minor, sole Nancy E. Pugmire, guardian, Jonathan W. Pugmire, minor, sole Nancy E. Pugmire, guardian, Lucinda E. Pugmire, minor, sole Nancy E. Pugmire, guardian