Christmas Day in Merrie England

How Our Trans-Atlantic Cousins Commemorate That Holiday.

A TYPICAL BARONIAL HOME

Miss Kniser Describes a Visit to the Coun try Residence of Lord Tredegar, the Hero of Balaklava, and Depicts an English Christmas.

Special Correspondence of The Tribune. Newport, Dec. 25,-Although too busy to eat, almost. I will nevertheless try to tell you something about an English Christmas and the holidays here. My enjoyment of them began even before the term ended, for I had the best piece of tuck I believe I ever had. A dear friend of mine, a little bit of a 14-yearold girl with whom I am very much in love, had the good fortune to win the prize for the best 'cello playing in the whole Royal Academy. She is the cutest little thing and the brainlest little body I ever met. There were great big men and women entered at the examination, which was very stiff, but my little artist came in ahead, and never even thought she had done something conderful: indeed, her sister, whom I saw afterward, said to me that she seemed more pleased and interested in some American stamps which I had sent her that afternoon than she was in her ten-guinea prize, which is a bit

over \$60 in our money. The last academy event before the vacation was an orchestral concert, given by that institution in St. James' hall, and it was so very good as to make us all as proud and puffed up as peacocks. One of the crack plano students did Rubinstein's concerto in A minor for plane and orchestra, and won handsome criticism from the musical press thereby. This young lady is quite young ,has won numerous prizes for her planoforte work, and has no less three big grand planos-Bechstlen, Broadwood and Steinway-which she has had awarded to her as prizes in competitive examinations where she has come off conqueror. Another concertoviolin and orchestra—a couple of songs and then came the piece de resistancethe first rendition in London of A. Gwddyd Thomas' last work, "The Swan and the Skylark." This is a beautiful little work, and was done for the first time only fast summer at the Birmingham festival, and we had the honor of doing it second. The fame of it had already gone abroad, and there was a mad rush for seats at the hall, and a fine disregard of manner in getting into them as well, but what rejoiced the soul of every student was the nice things which the musical critics said about the rendition, in the papers next day. They were perfectly true, too,

London in Holiday Attire.

It was so hard to get away from London! The shops grew brighter every day with pretty things and with decorations of holly and mistletoe. Numbers of Santa Clauses, each one the "only and original" Santa, and all of them decidedly made-up, paraded the streets. each advertising the particular shop or bazaar which sent him forth to lure us there. The markets and meat shops were a joy to the eye, with their rows and rows of pretty little rabbits, brilliant feathered pheasants and decorated skinned pigs and beeves hung up

At night, or rather morning, at 3 or 4 o'clock we were awakened every day way every night for a couple of weeks before Christmas. They play nice old familiar things and do it well too, and it is a lovely thing. I think, to be awakened by the sweet strains of some faroff music and then slowly drop to sleep again as they play on around the neigh borhood where they are. These bands are called "wasts." I don't know why. They generally play somewhere near a public house.

Sir Joseph Barnby, the veteran conductor, is at Bournmouth, slowly improving after the sudden prostration under which he fell after the performance of Berlioz' "Faust." which I had the pleasure of seeing him conduct. Everyone is very glad that he is getting better, his illness having caused a great deal of concern in musical circles over here.

An English Ancestral Home.

I have seen a genuine old English ancestral home, for which glimpse I am most devoutly thankful. I have imagined an old baronial castle, but never so grand a one as I have seen this day yesterday, rather, Yesterday evening Miss Driscoll and Miss Emilie Driscoll and my happy self took supper at Tredegar, the home of Lord Tredegar, and one of the finest of the grand old homes of England. He is the great man of southwestern England, and, yesterday being Christmas Eve, there were, from early evening until midnight, over 100 people there, in little parties, singing carols outside the windows, and making really lovely music. Some of them carried little lanterns and were dressed up in hoods and cloaks, and all were singing for charity, his lordship giving freely to all. He is a lonely but most lovely old man-about 62-white headed, and with a nose that struck me with admiration, for I do admire big Roman noses. He was perfectly lovely to us, as were also his sister and her husband, the Viscount and Viscountess of Hereford, who, with their two daughters, were

the other three. His lordship knowing that I had never seen an old mansion like his own was kind enough to show me over the most interesting and historical rooms. In the entrance hall we came across two figures which I at first glance took to be from Madame Tussand's, (the famous wax work woman), but which on closer inspection I found to be only two footmen with powdered hair and eyebrows and wonderfully laced and braided and buttoned yellow and white liveries with knee breeches and white stockings and all. They made me think of the pictures of George Washington in his best clothes, they were so gorgeous. In this hall under an old portrait of a soldier, hung the sword which my lord carried through the famous charge of the Six Hundred at Balaklava. I was much interested in could say that I had touched it. It was all very old and grand, this antique and imposing home, with big antiered deer heads mounted on the walls, and black, shiny, and, I must say slippery floors, one of which, a drawing room, is a whole piece of oak, taken 300 or 400 years ago from a big tree which was so old and big that it had at last fallen down in the park. There were beautiful rugs and furs around, though, which made it more comfortable, and then there were such greabig immense fireplaces—big enough for to live in, almost-with crackling

ever seen, lighting up the dark richly glowing rooms with their love-ly blossoms, in honor of the eve of Christmas. The three drawing

coms, in which we spent most of our ime, were all most interesting from a historical point of view, and I was kindly taken about and shown old carvings and priceless pictures and rare old frescoed ceilings, which his lordship carefully explained when and by whom they were put in the house. In one of the rooms, most beautifully finished in carved panels, done 400 years ago by a Gibbon or Gibbons, the gilding which decorates them still remains dull and rich, never having been retouched.

In the Portrait Gallery. I was shown the room where all the old family portraits are hung, of generations after generation, and the dear simple old man remarked that his own was in an adjoining room, ready to be hung with those of his departed ancestors when the time should come for it to take its place. The grand old for me. I never had dreamed of such beautiful things, but here they were, old tapestries, old pictures, great rooms, wonderful carvings and superb statuary. Lord Tredegar was very particular to show us, also, the great staircase, which is wide enough for eight people abreast and very grand, being balustraded with most wonderful carvings in black oak, hundreds of years old, and which have been often photographed for art collectors, as they are considered by connoisseurs to be among the finest specimens of old carvings left in England. At the top of this staircase hangs an

immense tapestry, which is considered very fine. I at first thought it was painting, as it looked so real, but it is all the needlework of some departed Tredegar and her maids, who whiled the hours away in this manner when their lord was fighting in the Wars of the Roses. One of the drawing room floors is a single piece of oak, the whole of it having come from a gigantic oak tree which had fallen down from old age in the park a couple of hundred polish now, but just as solid as ever. The butler, who by the way, is a much grander man than his master, so far as swagger is concerned, took us in charge after supper and showed us over some of his domains, his master not knowing anything about them. We went through the old court yard, under which were situated the mediaeval dungeons, in which languished long ago the unfortunate enemies of the house of Tredegar. We went through the fat, comfortable old housekeeper's rooms, where hung the portraits of the twelve Caesars of Rome, done by some old Italian master hand. We descended into the big servant's hall, which was of old the banquetting hall of the castle, and which certainly was mediaeval enough, for there were no windows in it, and it was exceedingly high. I could imagine the rafters ringing with the coarse and hearty mirth of the warriors of long ago, as they were seated with their ladies and sweethearts and the retainer of the house, about the rough old banquet board which extended the length of the room. The dear consequential old butler showed me where they say the big salt cellar used to stand, all above which were, of course, gentle folks, while all below were not. Even here were suits of old armor, standing up bravely in the corners, and so ridiculously heavy and cumbersome that I should fear to see man of today in one, lest he should rapidly become non est. Old battle axes and shields hung about, and even outside. Everything sparkled and some old paintings, in which the house seems to be rich, indeed, making every step of the way most interesting.

> We went into the kitchen where the fires are immense and where I saw a great spit, on which an ox can be and has been roasted whole, the spit being a patented device of the chief cook's and turns constantly before the fire roasting the animal evenly without anybody being by to "turn the spit" as of old. The ranges, coppers and irons in this room would equip any big hotel From there we went on through th kitchen mald's room, after viewing the "scullery," and were incidentally treated to the sight of a very pretty picturesque, young powdered footman making love to Susan. He temporarily quit, however, in honor of our passing through, as we proceeded to the larders, where we saw the meats, game etc., hanging up ready for use. In th ment larder were haunches of beef, legs of mutton, livers, hearts, etc., besides four or five whole sheep and other meats. It looked for all the world just like a big and well-stocked meat market, and imagine my feelings when my lord butler calmly informed me that that was a three day's supply only. The game, pheasants, venisor rabbit and so forth filled another room farther on. Then we descended to the lower regions, and under his care went through the beer cellars, the ale cellars, but did not have time to go beyond to the big wine cellars. In the

In a Baronial Kitchen.

beer cellar there are two very fine underground springs which furnish the water supply of the house, and severa old lion's heads in stone, with their noses crumbled away, guarding them In the ale cellars there is a great bla fat tank which is named the Prince of Wales. Everybody visiting these cellars must drink from this tank or he wil have ill luck, so at least said the butler It holds 1,100 gallons and is certainly very imposing. There are other tanks called the Nelson, the Marlborough, the Cromwell and so forth. All the ale and beer is brewed there. On one door

funny letters: Roger Servis, Butler, 1674.

found this little legend in crooked

He had cut it there himself, years ago when he had charge of these cellars. Well we had to wrench ourselve away at last, as it was near midnight and Miss Driscoll, who is organist and choir preceptor in St. Mary's church in Newport here, had to play at the midnight mass, which is always held here on Christmas eve. So we tore our un willing selves away and were driven into town again, where I attended midnight mass, for the first time in my life I was very sleepy, and propped myself up against the organ and dozed through the service with dreams of his lordship, the wise old butler's the fat gan which now obtains that he does housekeeper, and the misty old pletures floating through my head. I was fere, otherwise science might take us wide awake enough, however, to notice it, and grasped the hilt of it so that I with interest that the mass, which was being sung, was one composed by D. Protheroe, of Scrunton, Pa. service being over, I managed to be the first one to wish people a merry Christmas, sleepiness to the contrary notwithstanding. Home we went, and Santa Claus had already been there, leaving a lovely little brooch for me, which he presented to me through the

Charining House Party.

Next day, which was Christmas, had the pleasure of forming one of a charming houseparty, at the home of most lovely woman who I knew in Newport before, and whose daughters
I know in London. We were all there.

Observe the righteous hand of fate. logs in, which sent their pungent odor Newport before, and whose daughters out into the rooms. Flowers there were, I know in London. We were all there, everywhere; the most beautiful I had and I had a most wildly enjoyable

From Other Lands Than This

Christmas day and night. It is the custom of this family to give, every Sailing Toward year, an entertainment to the inmates of the "Union" or workhouse of the county, and as the members of the family and their party were all possessed of some talent, we managed to give them a pretty good time. We com-menced with a small concert, one playing a piano solo; another, violin; another, the young son of the family, only this week returned from a long trip of "seeing the states," and who after which one irrepressible old wo-man demanded "Ann Corr!" just like place was an opening into fairyland Pip's brother of Dickens' creation. The colonel made them a speech during which they interrupted with replies,

> After the concert we gave them an amateur performance of Mrs. Jarley's wax works, which was screaming fun for them and for us, too. How I did enjoy that "work'ouse" experience! I shall never forget it. The matron and nurses told us afterward that the inmates hadn't laughed so for years and years. Some of the make-ups were simply wonderful, and as some of the men were very clever at amateur act-

ing, we did beautifully. An English Xmas Dinner. Home we went after that, and dressed for dinner, which was as English as it could be, for my special benefit. The last course was, of course, the Christmas plum pudding, which was brought in on a big salver with brandy around it, this brandy lit and burning away, all blue and silver. It was cut and sent around, and I had the happiness of getting the little silver thrippeny bit in it, which is a sign of good luck. During dessert, each lady and her partner cracked bonbons, which go off with a report, and which contain bells, whistles, candy, toys, and mottoes for the flirtatiously inclined. I passed my dinner hour in exchanging pleasantries with the recent traveler in America. He gave me his views o America, and I repaid in kind with views of England.

After dessert the Christmas tree which was upon the dinner table, was unloaded of its gifts by a daughter of the house, and each one got something funny and pretty. Just at the height of the fun a little carol broke upon our ears, sung by a number of school children out in the big hall. It was beautiful; then at the suggestion of their leader and our hostess I ran into the drawing room and sang them a little Christmas carol in return. The sweet little things thanked me and wished me a merry Christmas in England, and then trooped out, each taking a bag of goodies given to them by the hostess. The Christmas tree was a beauty all lit up with pretty little fairy lamps and laden with cute little things and our presents, and, altogether, we had the loveliest Christmas I ever experienced. We played and sang, and so forth, until the next day, when we all trooped upstairs to bed. I with my heart full of blessings for the dear host so much to help me have a "merrie

English Christmas." The next day after Christmas 1 called "Boxing Day," because of the universal custom of sending the trades people and one's friends Christmas exes. The postman, the lamplighter, butcher, baker, milkman, candlestick maker, grocer, and beggarman, all call It is a holiday all over the land, and the football teams and their followers send up a mighty roar from all th fields in England, where they play the Boxing Day game, just as we have a Thanksgiving Day match.

AN OVERCHARGED OZONE. The Tourist Objected to Solid Matter in

His Air. A man from the tamarack swamp went to Kansas thinking to improve his condition, but after three years o

it he returned to his native heath. "How did you like it out there? asked an acquaintance.

"Not very much."

"It's a good country, ain't it?" "I've seen better." "The air is better there than it is

iere, ain't it?" 'Sometimes it 's, but not always.' "I don't see why it ain't as good one

time as another." 'Well, it ain't."

"Cyclones."

"I thought they purified it."

"That's what I thought till I tried it out when I had to breathe furniture and weatherboardin' and bedclo's and shingles and live stock and household goods and farms and fence rails and that sort of thing about three times a week I sort of changed my mind and come away. Kansas may have some advantages, but air ain't one of them as a steady thing."

WE NEED NEW NOSES.

Its Functions Are Destroyed by Tobacco

An Austrian scientist has been at tacking the European nose. He says it is a miserable, degraded organ and a disgrace to civilization. He admires the large, full nostriis of the negro, and says that is the sort of a nose to have That is the nose that can smell; our olfactory sense is gone. The London nose could never snuff the London atmosphere; nor, he might have added,

He attributes this degeneration to eigarette smoking, and life in crowds, and has such a poor opinion of the ornot think it worth the while to inter by the nose, he considers, with great

Lighting in London.

tion was made by the public and newspa pers on the ground that the people would be poisoned, that the trees and vegeta-tion would be killed, and that domestic could not possibly survive the

Righteons Fate. The mercury was falling fast,
As down the busy street there passed
A man who asked of all he lenew?"
"Well, is this cold enough for you?"
He rubbed his hands and onward tripped

the Golden Horn

Constantinople Described in Happy

Manner-Rendable Notes of the Itin-

erary's Interesting Features.

Special Correspondence of The Tribune.

Constantinople, Dec. 22.-The en

rances to Constantinople from Europe

entrance can be made than through

sea of Marmora. One can approach in

coute is much used by those who are

seeking pleasure and are not rushed by

business or a wild desire for fast travel

such as "America's Greatest Road" of

The impressions of Marseilles are

hose of a Spanish rather than French

dirty, the gutters seem to be the sew

ranean, the light and heat are both in-

chief shipping port of France. The

idea of a Spanish town is heightened

by the posters announcing a "Bull Bait-

ing" for the coming Sunday, and the

shoulders like an enormous horn. The

Its Light Is Not Hidden.

There is a cathedral a short distance

rom the center of the city. It stands

seen far out at sea. It is built on a

solitary rock which rises about 150 feet

out of a plain, with rough, precipiti-

ous sides. One thinks of the appro-

priateness of the situation for a cathe

dral-a candle on an immense candle

stick to give light to all around. The

approach to Notre Dame de la Gaide

as the cathedral is called, is by an in

clined plane and elevator or by a long

Situated as Marseilles is, exposed t

the winds from the south and west,

there is need of a harbor. There are,

in reality, three harbors or basins.

Jean and St. Nicholas. There are now

Bassin du Lazaret, the outer and larger

The Mediterranean steamers cannot,

called Bassin de la Joliette.

steamers which is here described.

the guitar.

fers in the Empire state express.

Incidents of a Pleasant Voyage on the Blue Mediterranean. OFF THE COAST OF CORSICA The Journey by Boat from Marseilles to

brought back with him the college classic, "Listen to My Tale of Woe!" sang that interesting song. I sang two songs, which pleased them mightily, for they just love him and all his family, who are so good to them. They are are numerous, but for one who is not worthy old men and women, all dressed entirely averse to sea travel no better allke in white caps, and red flannel shoulder shawls, and grey dresses, and the Mediterranean, up the Aegean, through the Dardanelles and across the looked very odd and pitlable, I thought. Some of them are perfectly infirm, too. They filled a very large mustering hall, this way most comfortably and cheapthere were so many of them, and they ly by steamer from Marseilles. This were the oddest audience I think I ever

for their Christmas boxes on this day.

Just as the day ends the steamer puts out from the basin and the golden Sadie E. Kaiser. and tints everything in gorgeous dis-

The bluest blue of the Atlantic on a quiet summer afternoon cannot be compared with the intensity of the Medierranean blue, nor does the sky ever elsewhere deck herself with such robe of blue and with such fleecy clouds as above this great Inland Sea.

cross can be seen far out over the blue

The Coast of Corsica.

The course is laid direct to the straits of Bonifacio and at noon the next day we are skirting the south coast of Cor sica, which looms up on our port side On our starboard side is bleak, lofty, almost stubborn in its appearance and in marked contrast to the point of Bonifacio. The Corsican hills are cultivated and green; the Sardinan hills uncultivated and brown. A monastery on the summit of a perpendicular cliff, with its high walls landward is approached directly from the sea by long flight of steps-steps cut in the solid rock. Opposite it on Sardinia is the solitary light-house, the only object of interest on that side unless it be the natural gate formed by the rush ing tide. Again attention is called to the north shore, where we see a little land-locked and rock-guarded harborof old the port of sally of the dreaded pirates of the Mediterranean.

The sun sets in gorgeous apparel behind Corsica silhouetting every mountain peak. A few hours more would take us to

Ostia, the port of Rome, or to Naples. but we turn our course sharp around Sardinia to the south.

The next afternoon we make out the smoking summit of Stromboli, a volcano, rising right out of the sea, one of the nine islands composing the Lipari group. As we approach we can see the sudden bursts of flame and the dense black-brown smoke rolling out as if it were the chimney of all the furnaces of the world. But Stromboll fades into the dusk of night and obscurity and our attention is called to the outlined peaks of Etna.

Steering Through Charybdis.

Straight on the steamer goes to certain destruction, as it seems, on the shore, which everywhere surrounds. Suddenly two flash lights appear like twin stars ablaze in the dark, the helm is put hard over and we round the sharp point of Cape Faro only to run into the boiling, seething, swirling waters of Charybdis as we gaze along the rough, unfriendly side of "ship-wrecking Scylin."

On the same side with Scylla is the old town of Rhegium, now looking like a Newport with the countless lamps along the shore forming a frame of yellow gold and dotted through with myriads of lights twinkling like so many fire-files. And opposite vying with and brilliancy lies Messina. The evening is

moon just above the horizon, while the sound of music, the songs of boatmen, come over the water, which reflects each light in a long path of glittering diamonds. Once more land fades from sight and for thirty-three hours we hold our course for Kalamata and anchor in the harbor at the first glow of

Kalamata is in the northern end of the bay of Messenia and near the old Pharae. The town itself is situated on what seems to be the dry delta of an down to the bay on two sides and rise are not allowed to go on shore on account of quarantine, so all we can do is to look at the mountains.

At sunset of the fourth day we are allowed to proceed, and with a brisk, cool wind from the east, which rolls the surface of the sea into miniature snow-capped mountains and rocks one in the easiest cradle ever known, we round the southern extremity of Greec and lay our course for Syra.

We run through the Cyclades, passing Melos, Sipfanos and Paros, coming at last to Delos, once sacred to Apollo, and so to Syra.

The Unique City of Syra.

The city of Syra is unique. Nowhere an one see a more quaint or striking city. The situation is wonderful. The sea runs in and the land closes around in two curves, as if fearing its escape, while directly across the opening is an city. The streets are irregular and island. Two conical hills, with their bases in contact, bathe their feet in the ers, and the sun, in summer, beats blue waters of this ideal harbor, where down, and, reflected by the Mediter- the ships move directly to the shore, and on these two hills the city is built. creased. The buildings are low and The basement of one house overlooks nsignificant and yet Marseilles is the the roof of that just below it. The style of building is that of the youthful artist who makes his first house, perfectly plain with regularly arranged windows and doors, and in color, with few exceptions, a blazing white.

tawny men with sombreros sitting around the cafe, smoking and playing We have an hour on shore after a day's quarantine, and climb one hill The horses are noticeable with their to a Greek church. The dress-or, as nmense collars towering above their I had almost said, costumes-for the whole effect is that of a picture or tabharness is decorated with bits of brass, leau; the language-without a single the hames are inlaid with bone and harsh or discordant sound; entire freeeach horse has a string of vari-colored dom from the noise of rolling wagons, beads around his neck. This is char- for no team could ascend those streets acteristic of the east, as the Turks and of endless stairs, and the street signs Arabs decorate their horses with in Greek character, make one awake at strings of blue beads around the neck. last to the reality of the situation.

On to the Dardanelles. The trip from Syra to the Dardanelles was accomplished without spe-

alone high above the city and can be cial interest as a "smoky southwest" wind hid everything. We are shored off the mouth of the Hellespont only long enough to get the necessary permission to proceed after an inspection of our quarantine papers. and at 6 o'clock in the morning we

weighed anchor. The run up the straits and across the Marmora takes eleven hours.

Moored in the Golden Horn. For many hours before we moored n the Golden Horn we had watched Constantinople grow as if out of the sea. About moon the first object was sighted-the top of the Serasker tower, These are made by breakwaters. The built by Mohamed II. It is of white old basin is guarded by the forts of St. marble and is the fire tower, It is situated on the highest part of Stambul two large ones, the innermost called and from it the whole of the city can be seen. Soon the summit of minarets appear here and there, like the lances of a disbanded cavalry troop; then the of course, be compared with the Atlan- sharp conical caps grow into a round tic greyhounds, but the steamers of the column; then a balcony appears, around that? Messageries line are well managed and each one, where, five times a day, clean. It is the route of one of these Muezzin calls the faithful to prayer from the four ends of the globe; next The view of Marsellles from the sea the gilded crescent, followed by the is very imposing. The rock formation dome which it surmounts; then more is of purest white and the shore is and more clearly and swiftly, as if a ough with jagged cliffs which grow vell had been lifted, the whole of Staminto mountains and surround the whole | bul bursts to view from the tottering city. The mountains are clad in green, walls along the shore of the sea, to but capped with bare, bald rock which Santa Sophia, up and up still higher has the appearance of snow. Then to the fire tower; the minarets, the from the heart of the town rises the domes like miniature mountains, and rack on which Notre Dame de la one knows not what to admire most, Gaide is situated and whose golden whether the site, the old crumbling walls, the wonderful mosque of "The Holy Wisdom," the gracefulness of the minarets, or the setting sun as he tints all these wonders with red and glory of the setting sun crests, outlines gold as if to mock their former wealth. Lest you have already wearled let us rest here. At another time, with your permission, I will speak somewhat about the customs and places of inter-

est in and around Stambul. Miles Tracy Hand.

WELSH NEWS NOTES.

No wonder the Welsh denominations are bringing out their own editions of hymns and hymn tunes. The balance sheet of the committee of the "Llaw-lyfr Moliant," the new hymnal of the Velsh Baptists, just published, shows a balance in the bank of \$2,165.

The old order has given place to the new with a vengeance in the parish of Penderyn, in Breconshire. The vicar was the last on the poll for the district council, while he was last on the list or the eleven successful candidates for "Who helped you with this map, the parish council, being beaten by his James?" of the eleven successful candidates for grave-digger!

The industrial centers of South Wales are noted for the ease with which nearly everybody acquires a "No, sir; he did it all." nickname. At one of these centers a equisition to ask a Unionist to contest the parliamentary seat was recently filled with nicknames, such as "Moc Mynd I'r Mor," "Twm Coesau Ffwrwm," and "Dai Mingi Monga."

His many friends will learn with much regret of the death of Mr. Chadwick, formerly secretary to Cardiff Reform club. In early life a worshipper at Bethany chapel, he identified himself of late years with the spiritualists, and was a chief promoter as well as a most active member of the Cardiff Psychological society. The cause of

death was pneumonia. When Professor Rhys, the Jesus professor of Celtic at Oxford, was first appointed in 1877 it was a standing joke in the common rooms that he had only one pupil, while Professor Earle, the Anglo-Saxon professor, had none. This was due to the fact that though Professor Earle attended the Celtic lectures. Professor Rhys did not return the compliment of attending the Anglo-

Rev. W. Morris, Treorky, who recently introduced the deputation that waited on the Rhondda magistrates on the necessity of a more rigorous enforceguage, is the secretary to the Welsh Baptists' union, and one of the best known men in the denomination. large number of persons have recently been fined in the police courts of the Rhondda for using profane language in the streets, so that the deputation has already had a good effect.

A feather in the cap of another Welshman! The president of the Vegetarian Federal union offered a prize of f100 for the best essay giving reasons why licenses for the sale of liquor should not be purchased at the highest possieven surpassing Rhegium in extent and | ble cost. The judges were the president of the Church of England Temwarm, the stars bright and a crescent | perance society, Sir Wilfred Lawson,

Lady Henry Somerset, and the chief Grand Templar. The prize was divid-ed between the Rev. Dr. Dawson Burns and the Rev. J. Eiddon Jones,

Llanrug. Rev. D. Lloyd Jones, M.A., Llandinam, is one of the most versatile of Welsh ministers. In this month's Cymru he has an article on "Roman Re mains at Llandinam," while in the Drysorfa he has been contributing a series of articles on "Zoroastrianism His scientific reading is very extensive he is an ardent folklorist, and in the intervals when he is not a fisher of men he is a first-rate fisher of trout He is the son of the late "Jones Talys arn," who was not only a great preach er, but also a musical composer and

successful man of business A storm is brewing over the Prince enormous river. The mountains come Liewelyn Memorial, and the "Llyw ola" does not seem to be able to rest even in behind the town like two sentinels. We his grave. One section of the committee is determined on erecting a monument on Llewelyn's grave at Abbey Cwm Hir; another wants an obelisk at Cefn-y-bedd or near the spot where he fell; while still another is in favor of a Celtic Cross. A Celtic Cross will strike the readers of Celriog as being the most appropriate. Yn Nyffryn Clwyd nid oes

Dim ond darn bach o groes Fu-gynt yn golofn ar las fedd,

SOME BRITISH HUMOR.

From the Sheffield Telegraph. The little girl who wrote on her exam ination papers, "The interior of Africa is principally used for purposes of explora-tion," was wiser than she thought.

"You never saw my hands as dirty as that," said a mother reproachfully to a little girl of eight. "Because," said Julia, "I never knew you when you were a little

The Family Skeleton: Back from the seaside, back to town, Noses red and faces brown; Back to find in the dingy flat

"Thank heaven, the fuss is all over," "Yes," returned the happy bride; "and now let us take one last look at the wed-ding presents before pa sends them back

L'enfant Terrible.-Flossie-Teil me, grandma, how did you like being in the ark with Noah? Grandma-But I was not in the ark, my child.

to the jeweler's."

Flossie-Weren't you; then how was it you weren't drowned? He-You want to know what I'd be were

Gamekeeper (to small boy whom he has caught bird-nesting)-Noo, I'm just gaun

ti gie ye a richt guid lickin'. Small Boy-Please, sir, dinna lick me; folk say I'm no' a' there. Gamekeeper-Weel, I canna help that; I'll just lick what there is o' ye there

The Irony of Fate .- "Why did you "Well, you see, old man, when I was quite young I resolved I would never marry until I found an ideal woman.

After many years I did find her—"

"She was looking for an ideal man."

Putting Him Right.-Owner of fishpond (to man who is trespassing)—Don't you see that sign, "No fishing here?" Angler—Yes; and I dispute it. Why, there's good fishing here. Look at this basketful. The man must have been mad who put that board up.

Visitor-Tommy, I wish to ask you a few questions in grammar. Tommy-Yes, sir. Visitor-If I give you the sentence, The pupil loves his teacher," what is

Tommy-Sarcasm! He-You women have no right to the

ballot for the simple reason that in case of a war you would not be able to fight. She-Then, why do you allow a man who -Why-er-if that Isn't just like a woman to ask some such fool question as

"He done brought de trouble on hisse said Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "I treated him laik er genman, I did, t'well he made remakhs 'bout mer singin'. Den I had ter

damage 'is beauty.' "What did he say?"
"He said dat I had er fine tenor voice. On'y my mouf wus so big dat de echoes got in an' spiled de chune.

"Have you boarded long in this house? inquired the new boarder of the sour, de-jected man sitting next to him. "About ten years."

"I don't see how you stand it. Why haven't you left long ago?"
"No other place to go," said the other dismally, "the landlady's my wife."

"Pa," asked a boy of his paternal procenttor, a man noted for his numerous backslidings, "what are souls made of

"What a question!" was the response. "I am sure I don't know."
"But the minister said you thought you

knew. "He did?"
"Yes; he said he guessed you thought that souls were made of asbestos.

Dundee. A small boy had taken the prize for an exceptionally well drawn map After the examination the teacher, a little doubtful, asked the lad:

"Nobody, sir."

Here are a budget of definitions illustrating the unconscious wit of children compiled by a contemporary. Dust, "muc with the juice squeezed out;" salt, "what makes potatoes taste nasty when there isn't any in;" wakefulness, "eyes all the time coming unbuttoned;" fan, "some-"when a feller don't mean to cry, and it bursts out all by itself;" bearing false witness, "when nobody ain't done nothing and somebody goes and tells.

of the harem when in Constantinople

Colonel Hawhaw-I should say Came up in my caique one night along-side some janisaries trying to drown one of the sultan's wives, who was sown up in a sack, by dropping her into the Bos-phorus. I interfered, and they opened the sack and I caught a glimpse of her

Auditors (breathlessly)-And then, Col-

Our advertising manager speaks-Oh, merchant in your hours of e e e, If on this paper you should c c c, Take our advice and be thrice y y y, Go straightaway out an advert i i i. You'll find the project of some u u u; Neglect can offer no ex q q q: Be wise at once, prolong your da A silent business soon de k k k!

From the Washington Star. See the woman.

Is she a beautiful woman? She is a beautiful, a foxy and Is the woman telling her husband that she loves him more than all the world?
That is the identical song she is giving

Can these sentiments be reconciled with the loud talk she made the other day be-cause they don't sell boxes of cigars at 39-cent stores?

of Quebec City

Interesting Drives and Delightful Excursions Described.

WHERE ARNOLD MARCHED lews Along the Route Where the American Invaders Strode to their Horri-

ble Doom in the Walled City.

Other Interesting Scenes.

special Correspondence of The Tribune. Quebec, Jan. 7.-Interesting and eautiful as Quebec may be with its quaint buildings and legendary memories, the drives and excursions from the city perhaps surpass the attractions of the city itself. Especially attractive are Point Levis heights on the opposite south shore from Quebec, the noble St. Lawrence river, which narrows down to one mile in width, flow-ing between. They cover an almost unbroken forest; their summits even overtop Cape Diamond. They were occupied by General Wolfe and his British troops in the summer of 1759, and from there Quebec was bombarded with shot and shell until the whole of the Lower Town was a confused mass of ruins. Over 500 buildings in both Upper and Lower Town were destroyed. Again in 1775 they were held by Benelict Arnold with his New England volunteers, who after made a vain at-

empt to storm the citadel. Among the prominent buildings on Levis are the Ishmael church and Point Levis convent, lying southward of the forts. Near at hand is the government graving dock, a massive piece of masonry. In rambling up and down the queer old town, we find almost as steep streets, fine views and a French speaking population which even rivals Quebec. It is a curiosity to interview "dusky rozmers." tecture of this city is also a strange medley, but a very pleasing one to the American eye. The population is 10,-

Modern Fortifications.

A description of these forts may be of interest. Situated on these crowning cliffs, beyond the town, are three immense modern forts, erected by the British government since 1867, at a cost of several million dollars, to defend Quebec from a second bombardment from the opposite shore-they are one mile apart. Solidly built of masonry and earth, with large casemates and covered ways and armed with guns of the heaviest callber, they are said to be equal to any modern European fortifications. They are triangular in form, giving protection from both sea and landward. The base facing the city, consists simply of a solid wall, without any defense except the ditch, leaving it open to be battered by the guns of the citadel in the event of occupation by an enemy. The two other sides are strongly loopholed casemates protected by a glacis (earth works) and he camnons placed at such angles as to sweep the ditches, which are reached by subterranean passages.

The ditch all around each fort is twenty feet deep by forty feet in width and crossed at only one point by a draw bridge, which is removed at will. Each fort contains at least one large well. Each has accommodations for 400 men. There are two magazines that contain a large amount of powder, and while the present armament of each fort is light compared with Quebec, on very short notice the three fortifications could be completely armed from

the vast stores in the citadel. Chaudierre Falls.

Within nine miles of Levis are the Falls of the Chaudiere, which are considered only second to Niagara. They are 135 feet in height, some forty feet less than Niagara, but command from the beholder a sentiment of wonder and we. The wild waters of the Chaudiere river rush over the precipice with the same grandeur and magnificence as at Niagara and Montmorency, and the deafening roar, which can be heard a long distance, fairly stuns for the first few moments the mind of the most stolld spectator. Here is seen a breadth of river far larger than at ither Niagara or Montmorency, and a stretch of scenery far grander, which entrances the visitor

Down this valley, in 1775, the American General Arnold, and his brave but ill provided followers marched, possibly to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," sing-

"We are marching forward to Quebec, The drums are loudly beating, America has gained the day,

And the British are retreating." From the banks of this river they first looked upon the city which eventually proved their prison or their grave. It will be remembered that this march was one of unparalleled hardship and suffering. Our soldiers were obliged to eat their dogs, and even their moccasins and buckskin breeches, arriving at their destination with only 700 men in a famished and pitiable condition,

New Liverpool and Sillery. Five miles south of Quebec, on the St. Lawrence river, is New Liverpool. Its parish church, St. Rouald, is said to be the most costly and imposing edifice on the Lower St. Lawrence, and is famed for its beautiful frescoes and paintings. Its gilded spire is a landmark for miles. On the opposite shore, three miles from Quebec, is Sillery, a parish of 3,000 inhabitants, and on the river front are seventeen coves, where most of the lumber of Quebec is guarded. Acres upon acres of lumber rafts cover these recesses. The Convent of Jesus Marie, and the Church of St. Columba stand, on the hights above, on the extremity of the Plains of Abraham, where in times past were the camps of the Algonquin tribe of Indians. This large

church was built in 1677. Driving on the Ste. Foye road to the northwest of the city, we reach the large suburbs of St. Roch's and St. Sauveur, with their spacious parish churches whose gilded domes glisten

for miles around. There is an interesting monument about two miles from the city, erected to Generals Levis and Murray, in nemory of the attempts by the French to re-take Quebec in 1760. It is a tall shaft, the base surmounted by captured

Proceeding southward near the Ste. Foye church, we reach the St. Louis oad, where we get a grand view of the St. Charles valley, the Laurentides and the St. Lawrence river below Quebec, reaching as far as Cape Tourmente, and in fine weather the spray from Montmorency Falls, seven miles dis-

tant, is clearly discernible. There are many fine residences on this road (St. Louis), whose extensive and well-kept grounds remind us of our English-American country seats. Villas and mansions are on each side, and the drive at times leads through avenues of graceful clms, stately pines and fine birch trees, whose branches and foliage, in summer time, doubtless form a graceful festoon, and extend

a grateful shade over the road.