"Mor o Gan" Cymry Denver yn '96.

The Most Elaborate Programme of the Year.

Five Thousand Dollars in Prizes and Medals.

Whew! Heretofore Scranton held the proud distinction and unmistakable right of being the American center of great eisteddfodical contests, and its eisteddfodau of 1875, 1880 and 1885, and the attendant results, were memorable affairs. The achievements won and results accomplished on those occasions brought forth inspiring comments from the pens of some of the most gifted American writers of the age. The columns of the New York Tribune, Herald, World, Graphic and other influential metropolitan newspapers, teemed with lavish praises of the magnificent accomplishments of the Welsh people in the fields of literature and music. Until this epoch, however, the accomplishments of the Welsh people in choral singing were only known locally, and the interpretation of the works of the masters upon these occasions, and afterwards at New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and elsewhere by the Welsh people of Pennsylvania, was a revelation to the critics of these great cities. But, to their honor be it said, they were quick to appreciate and unhesitating in their praise. Today, our people stand foremost among the people of the earth as choralists and interpreters of the divine themes woven so beautifully into music by such masters as Handel, Beethoven and others. This great proficiency has been attained through the means of the eisteddfod. Scranton claims first honors, and her people were the first to give the American people the true definition of what the eisteddfod meant and what it accomplished for the children of Gwalia. A Scrantonian, one of the most gifted sons of the eisteddfod of dear old Cambria, was the leading light and the life and soul of the national eisteddfod of Wales in 1895, and will be the leading light and the life and soul and the master spirit and the only Harry Edwards of the national eisteddfod of America in 1896, which will be held at Denver, Col., in September next.

Never before in the history of the eistedfod in this country, including even the World's fair eisteddfod, has there been such an elaborate programme presented as the one that has just been announced by the musical people of Denver. More than $5,000 in cash and medal prizes, besides the valuable and historic bardic chair will be offered in prizes. The eisteddfod will be officered and patronized by the most illustrious and influential citizens of Colorado, prominent among them being Governor McIntire, ex-Governer John Evans, State Senators Jenkins and Hartzell, Judges Lefevre and Steele and Mayor McMurray. Hon. H. M. Edwards, of Scranton, and Hon. Thomas L. James, of New York city, will be present as guests of honor and will also act in an official capacity. Judge Edwards will have charge of the different meetings and will act as one of the chief literary adjudictaors. As we stated before, Scranton, heretofore, was the eisteddfodical center in this country, but from present indications it behooves her musical people to look to their laurels, or the great city of Denver will capture the honor. The programme for the three days includes musical, literary and art features and may be briefly stated as follows:

Music Competition.

1. Grand chorus of not less than 140 or not more than 150 mixed voices, that will render the following: (a) "Hark the Deep Tremendous Voice," from Haydn's Seasons; (b) "Lullaby of Life," unaccompanied, by Henry Leslie. First prize, $1,000 and gold medal; second prize, $250 and gold baton to conductor.

2. Small chorus of not less than forty nor more than fifty mixed voices. (a) "Oh, Lovely May," by Edward German; (b) "Ave Verum," unaccompanied, by Charles Gounod. First prize, $250; second prize, $50.

3. Male chorus of not less than twenty-five nor more than thirty voices. (a) "Strike the Lyre," in the key of E, by Dr. Cook; (b) "The Long Day Closed," unaccompanied, $250, by Arthur Sillivan. First prize, $250; second prize, $50.

4. Ladies' chorus of not less than thirty nor more than forty voices. (a) "Distant Bells," by A. C. McKenzie; (b) "The Morn of May," by Vincent Morgan. Prizes, $250 and $50.

5. Children's chorus, "March of the Men of Harlech," Curwen's addition; (b) "America," ("My Country 'Tis of Thee.") Two voiced chorus, age not over 16 years; number of voices not less than forty nor more than fifty. Prices, $50 and $25.

6. Male quartette "I Love My Love," by Arthur Foote. Prizes, $30 and $10.

7. Ladies' quartette, "A Well of Love," by E. M. Lawrence. Prizes, $30 and $10.

8. Mixed quartette, "Sicilian Twilight," by E. Flori. Prizes, $30 and $10.

9. Trio, "Oh, Memory," by Henry Leslie. For soprano, alto and tenor. Prizes, $21 and $9.

10. Trio for ladies voices, "Rest Thee on This Mossy Pillow," by Henry Smart. Prizes, $21 and $9.

11. Duet for soprano and tenor, "Oh, That We Two Were Maying," by A. M. Smith. Prizes, $15 and $5.

12. Duet, tenor and base, "The Two Sailors," by Dr. Joseph Barry. Words in either Welsh or English. Special prize of $20 donated by B. J. Thomas.

13. Duet, soprano and alto, "Oh, Lovely Peace," by Handel. Prizes, $15 and $5.

14. Soprano solo. (a) "One Morning, Oh, So Early," in G, by Arthur G. Thomas. (b) "The Bells of Aberdovey," from "The Songs of Wales" by Brinley Richards. First prize, $10 and gold medal; second prize, $5 and silver medal.

15. Contralto solo. (a) "A Summer Night," by A. G. Thomas; (b) "Eternal Spring," by Vincent Morgan. Prizes, $10 and gold medal, $5 and silver medal.

17. Baritone solo. (a) "The Niagara," by Dr. Joseph Barry; (b) "Allah," in D flat, by C. W. Chadwick. Same prizes.

18. Bass solo. (a) "In This Celestial Dwelling," by A. W. Mozart; (b) "Down Deep Within the Cellar," by Frank Dalquen. Same prizes as above.

Instrumental Music.

Piano setude from Henselt, Chopin, Rubenstein or Liszt; (b) "Grand Polonaise Brilliante With Andante Spianato," by Frederick Chopin. First prize, $10 and gold medal; second prize, $5 and silver medal.

20. Violin. (a) To play a scale in any position the adjudicator may require; (b) "Cavatina," by Raff. Prizes same as above.

21. Harp. (a) To play any scale the adjudicator may require; (b) Welsh melody, "Watching the Wheat," arranged by John Thomas, harpist to Queen Victoria. First and second prize as above.

22. Military band. "Three dances" from the music to Henry VIII by Edward German. All instruments customarily used in military bands will be allowable of not less than twenty-five nor more than thirty in number. First prize, $300 and gold medal; second prize, $100 and silver medal.

Literary Competition.

Welsh poem of not less than 3,000 nor more than 5,000 lines. Subject: "Eangder, Dyfnder, Uchelder." First prize, $300 and the bardic chair; second prize, gold medal; third prize, silver medal.

2. Poem in Welsh or English of not less than 500 lines or more than 700 lines. Subject: "Prospective view from Pike's Peak." "Golygfa o Ben Pike's Peak." First prize, $100; second prize, gold medal; third prize, silver medal.

3. Welsh or English essay (Traethawd). Subject: "The Nineteenth Century in Its Relation to the Past and Future." Y Bedwaredd-ganrif-ar-bymtheg yn ei Phertheynas ar Mynedol ac ar Dyfodol." Prizes, $35, $20 and silver medal.

4. Exclusively English essay, "The Political and Industrial Advantages of Arbitration." Prizes, $25 and gold medal, silver medal.

5. Welsh or English essay, "The Superior Characteristics of the Welsh Language." "Nodweddion Rhagoriaethol y Gymraeg." Prizes same as above.

6. Welsh or English essay, "Characteristics of Welsh Music." "Nodweddion Cerdoriaeth y Cymry." Prizes as above.

7. Original English oration. Subject: "Patriotism and the Doctrine of Non-Intervention." First prize, $50; second prize, $15. Time limited to fifteen minutes.

8. English recitation. (a) Part second, canto 6, division 29 of Lucille with certain lines omitted from the text; (b) "Modjeska as Camille," by Eugene Field with stanzas omitted. (The exact composition to be rendered can be obtained by addressing the secretary.) Prizes, $10, silver medals.

9. Welsh recitation. "Y Ffoadur." Prizes, $10 and silver medal.

10. Translation English to Welsh, national hymn, "America." Translation Welsh to English, "Y Gorllewin Gwyllt," from Y Drych No. Prizes, $10 and silver medal.

Arts and Sciences.

1. Original oil painting; view of city park from Twenty-first avenue. Prize, $25.

2. Original water color, any popular subject. Prize, $25.

3. Original crayon drawing. Prize, $10.

4. Orignal pencil drawing, confined to children under 15 years of age. Prize, $5.

5. Orignal landscape photograph. Prize, $3.

6. Original hand-knitted woolen stocking. Prize, $2.

7. Personal collection of Colorado geological fossils. Prize, $10.

8. Original architectural design of Denver auditorium, consisting of ground plan, sectional plan and elevation, to be handed in at earliest convenience. Prizes, $25 and gold medal.

9. Original four-part song. Prize, $25.

10. Best china painting, $10.

Conditions of All Contests.

First—Adjudicators will divide or withhold prizes according to merit.

Second—Whenever more than three entries in any contest are presented, preliminary xaminations will be held at an hour and place to be ascertained from the secretary.

Third—The decision of the adjudicators, shall, in all cases, be final.

Fourth—All prize competitions shall be the property of the Western Eisteddfod association.

Fifth—Successful competitors shall assist, if required, at the grand closing concerts.

Sixth—Competitions are open to all, regardless of creed or nationality.

Seventh—At the grand parades, all competing bands shall contribute their services free of charge.

Eighth—All competitors in each contest shall designate to the secretary the class in which they intend to compete and all compositions shall be submitted to the adjudicators on or before the 15th day of July, A. A., 1896.

Ninth—The first and second prize winners in the grand chorus will be expected to sing the anthem, "O Soul Have Mercy" under the baton of the conductor of the first prize winner.

Tenth—When there are test selection (a) and (b) competitors must render both on each class, as the adjudication will comprise the best average rendition of both selections.

Eleventh—No adjudicator shall be allowed to compete on any of the subjects for which prizes are offered.

Twelfth—Should necessity require, the executive committee shall have the power to nominate other adjudicators than those orignally named, at any time.

Thirteenth—All compositions shall bear an assumed name or motto only, but competitors may forward their names and addressed under seal tothe secretary.

Fourteenth—All matter addressed to the secretary should be prepaid and registered.

Fifteenth—No prizes will be delivered except to the winner or upon his written order.

Sixteenth—Compositions not acceptable will be returned to the owner upon receipt of sufficient postage for that purpose.

Seventeenth—No mmber of the executive committee of the Western Eisteddfod association shall be allowed to compete in any department.

Nineteenth—No competitor will be considered without full compliance with these conditions.

That it will be the musical event of the year 1896 there is no doubt. The board of officers include the names of ladies who will, collectively, stamp with individual character Denver's first eisteddfod; they are women of intellect, executive ability and social standing. As an outcome of this selection and collection of brain workers a halo of success will encircle and characteristically stamp the Denver eisteddfod among the great musical festivals of like character at home or abroad. It was a splendid stroke of good policy to call the ladies to take an important part in the management of the stupendous undertaking, and its success is now assured.

Notes from Wales.

There is an octogenarian at Carmathen named George Dickens, who is second cousin to the eminent novelist, Charles Dickens. The old man is proud of the relationship, and has a large stock of interesting reminiscences of the family.

The relationship between Welsh Nonconformists and the church of England clergy are not always strained—vide a vote of thanks just passed by a monthly meeting of the "Corph" to the Vicar of Abergrave for his services in helping them to get land from the Ecclesiastical Commission.

If Sir William Harcourt is a Welsh Uitlander, he is a very enthusiastic one. Recently he went round with the hat for the Welsh university; he is now throwing himself into the Welsh musical movement and will doubtless be made a bard at the next national eisteddfod.

A vicar of one of the parishes of Greater Cardiff on Sunday asked his congregation if they thought if it was any satisfaction for him to be told, as he often was by some people who were negligent of the early communion that they were "present in the spirit," when, at the same time, their bodies were snoring in bed.

War reminiscences are being dusted and aired. The Rev. Joseph Johns, B. A., rector of St. Lythan's, has in his possession an old chest and other curiosities which were used on board H. M. S. Defence on the Battle of Trefalgar. The reverend gentleman is also the possessor of an autograph letter of the late General Gordon, Mrs. Johns being related by marriage.

A great deal remains to be cleared up in regard to the march of Henry VII from Milford Haven through Cardiganshire. We are told that he slept a night at Llwyn Dafydd, and also at Wern Newydd, both mansions in the same neighborhood. Now, we do not read that he slept anywhere else to the south of Aberystwith. Why is this, and why, also, did he chose those two places, being so near together? One humorist states that there was a pretty girl, both at the Llwyn and the Wern, and that Richmond's descendants may still be found in South Cardiganshire among the family name of Parry, or Ap Harry.

Mr. Edgar Tinel, the Belgian composer, whose oratorio, "St. Francis," was performed with success at the last Cardiff festival, has accepted the title of vice-president of a musical society at that city, and has promised to visit the town again and conduct another of his works. He writes as follows: "I felt convinced in my own mind that Cardiff and I should meet again ere long. As a proof of this I have begun to study the English language very hard."

GLIMPSES OF WELSH MINING LIFE.

Tomos Cwmtwrch on Welsh Names.

It was the Monday morning after the installation of Rev. David Cornyrhwrdd Davies as pastor of Ebenezer Independent chapel, Cwmcoed. As the men lingered over their pipes around the lamp-station at the bottom of Caegarw pit, their uneven talks suddenly took an animated turn.

Thomas Cwmtwrch, the leading deacon of Ebenezer, was in a very communicative mood that morning and the new, young minister was his main theme. He was Tomos' favorite, and Tomos had downed considerable opposition—mainly on account of his youth—in furthering his candidacy. Tomos had, in fact, constituted himself the young preacher's champion against all comers, which was fortunate for the preacher.

"He is too young," observed Cardi Mawr, between puffs.

"That is no objection," said Tomos. "In order to succeed in any line one can't begin too young. Besides, we, Ebenezer people, believe in keeping our ministers with us as long as they live. We want them to grow with us and die among us of good old age. It is like marrying exactly. It is wise to marry young. Though my old woman and I have travelled the wilderness together forty years, and often at cross-purposes, we don't mean to give each other up this side of Jordan. So is the marriage between the church and a pastor. We don't believe in falling in love with a comely new-comer every two or three years, and send the old ones to tramp the country like packmen, as you Methodists do."

The men smiled and looked at Cardi Mawr. He felt now that he was in honor bound to make good his case. He took another tack, however, and asked:

"But why does he talk so fast? He rattles away at the rate of nineteen to the dozen. I like a preacher who gives you time to think between the words, like old Blaenanerch. But I can't make head nor tail of what these young men have got to say. It is like looking at a merry-go-round, all noise and glare. They read the text like cutting open a sack of oats with a knife, and then turn it upside down on the people."

"Never mind the style," said Tomos, "if the oats are good. Don't you see? A young preacher has more ideas than experience. He comes fresh from books, his mind is quick and nimble, and he is full of the fire of youth. He is like the mountain brook, racing down the valley, like a child running out of school in high spirits and laughing at obstacles. He thinks he must make up in speed what he lacks in body or force. By and by, he will grow into a deep river, as big as your big Methodist men."

It may be necessary to remark here that Tomos referred to the Calvinistic Methodists.

Cardi Mawr, who was now bent on scoring a point, took up another line of argument which he thought was a crusher.

"Where in the name of everything, did your new man get that middle name of his—Cornyrhwrdd? Did you ever hear the like of it, boys? I warrant it no minister ever baptized him with it."

"Perhaps he was a haulier once and the name got stuck to him like mine." (This was said by Shoni Rachel, who, since his marriage, had sought means of earning more wages than he earned as haulier. He was growing fonder of the company of soberer and wiser workmen, and would now and then take up a threat of the conversation. In such a company, also, he was addressed as John Thomas, which name Shoni thought as good as a college degree.

"I have not heard," continued Cardi Mawr, "that your man is a bard, and why should he wear such a name? The bardic names are much different from his name. They are mostly the names of animals that are now seldom seen in Wales, except in a menagerie. The names are silly enough in all conscience. Why, you can't find a crag without an "Eagle," a bush without a "Lion," or a meadow without a "Nightingale" or a "Linnet." If a sporting foreigner happens to see a full list of our bard's names, he would say: "Why the dickens must I go to America or Africa to hunt big game? Why, here in Wales there is plenty of it." Our bards had better look out when they seea stranger with a gun. But after all there is something pretty in bardic names. But when these young preachers can't wear a proper bardic name, they must go, if you please, and run in a piece of their native parish between their Christian and surname. While our bards furnish a list of animals that are not found here, our young preachers must furnish a map of the whole country in their middle names.

It is convenient, I supose, to carry one's address in one's name. The middle names, also, may be useful in reminding them of the rock from which they had been hewn and the pit out of which they had been dug."

With this Cardi Mawr rested his case, smiling grimly at the company. There was no mistaking the sarcasm of his remarks, and Tomos was observed working himself into a "hwyl" to answer him. But a man seldom loses his temper when championing another man.

During the discussion the men had been sitting on the heels, but Tomos now shifted his position and straightened himself up on his knees before Cardi Mawr, with his lamp on the ground by his side. Shoni Rachel nodded significantly on Cardi Mawr.

"William Jones," began Tomos, addressing his antagonist by his proper name, "let me put some ideas into your head and clear out some of the blind prejudices which crowd that lumberroom. Let me tell you, first, that David Cornyrhwrdd Davies is a bard of no mean order. He is, like nearly all our great men, the child of the Eisteddvod. He can handle the twenty-four metres as well as you can handle your mandrel. He has won many prizes in the smaller eisteddvodau. He is a smart fellow at cynghanedd (alliteration). Why, the other day he and I were crossing a field, and we came to a stone wall. 'How are we to cross?' said I. Then out came Davies with this line:

Mi rof her i'r wal gerrig.
(I will challenge the stone wall.)

But Mr. Davies, like the modest, sensible fellow he is, has kept his rhyming subordinate to his great work of preaching the gospel. Listen to what Islwyn says on the matter. Islwyn was a good preacher, though a Methodist, but he was a greater poet:

Er uched yw y bardd, er pured yw
Cenadaeth Awen, o sancteiddiol ryw,
Ymgolla yn y swydd oruchel hon
Fel seren yn y dydd, fel defnyn yn y don.

(Though high the bard of pure aim and use,
Though holy be the mission o fthe Muse,
Sunk in the preacher bold the bard must be,
A star in day, a raindrop in the sea.)

It was while at college that Mr. Davies found it necessary to adopt that middle name. I say necessary, for there were three David Davies' at college the same time. The professors cracked jokes about it when the names were called out, and the postman made some awful blunders. So our Mr. Davies assumed his middle name in self-defense. The Americans are very cute in this matter—nearly every man has a middle name there. After John Jones moved from here there, he signed himself in his second letter, John S. Jones. Some thought it foppish of John at the time, but he knew what he was about. John was not the kind of a man to lose himself among the 50,000 Jones' over there. And Mr. Davies is perfectly right in saving himself from the nobodies called David Davies' and nothing more.

In ancient times, every man had a name of his own which could not fit anyone else. Savages have such names today. There's the name of "Sitting Bull," the Indian chief we hear so much about from America. But we, civilized people, have names given us that mean nothing at all to us. Saints and scoundrels wear the same names. We, Welsh, were the last to stand against this new style. Have you seen the Welsh names in the story of Kilhwch and Olwen? It is like a book of the Bible, every name has a meaning—Gwythyr, Greidiawl, Flewddur Flam, Glewlwyd Gafaelfawr, Gwawrddur Cyrfach, and that old fellow who could clear three hundred acres at one bound—Gilla Coes Hydd. ('Is that a fact?' exclaimed Shoni Rachel). There you get a picture of the man in his name. And when we come down to later times, fancy people calling Dafydd ab Gwilym, David Williams, and Hywel Dda, Howell Hughes, and Ifor Hael, Ifor Jones! I tell you it is too bad that our promising young men should be obliged to bury their talents under a mountain of Joneses and Davieses. I am glad to find them kicking against it. It is a part of the "Cymru Fydd" movement 'i godi'r hen wlad yn ei hol.'

Now, there is a hill close by Mr. Davies' home which is called Ram's Head, and the name of the farm where he was raised is Cornyrhwrdd, because the crag behind it forms a horn on the Ram's Head. Mr. Davies began to use the name in the local eisteddvodau, and when in college he most fittingly put it in his name. I say most fittingly, for what better name a preacher could adopt than Ram's Head? The preacher is a priest, and you remember how a band of priests blew down Jericho with rams' horns."

"Ar fencos i (by my life), I never thought of that before," observed Shoni Rachel, while Tomos stopped to trim his lamp. Shoni now confined himself to the mild form of swearing permitted in polite society, a great improvement on oh the creeping epithets of his haulier days. Shoni was improving all round.

"Again," continued Tomos, now assured that he was making a good impression on his hearers, "take the case of any one of our great preachers. Most of them had earned their fame and were well known by their bardic names before they started to preach. But did they abandon their bardic names? Not a bit of it. 'Who is preaching at your chapel next Sunday?' 'Clogwynfab.' That's the style. There's no mistaking the man. You never hear their proper names except at associations, and never see them except in the newspapers. And when they are called to the big churches of London, do they leave their bardic names behind? Not they, but you hear only of Rev. William Cwmsgadan Hughes, Wellington Park chapel, chairman of the Congregational union, and Rev. John Rhydlawen Lewis, Montserrat Square chapel, preaching the annual sermon before the London Missionary society. See how loyal they are to their native land, wearing the names of the humble hamlets of their birth like jewels on their finger rings.

Again, take the name of that first rate preacher who takes the best in every Cymanva—Cyvrinvardd. When he received his D. D. from the University of Gushgosh or some such name in America, did he abandon his bardic name as unfit company for the D. D.? Does he hate to hear it as a man hates to hear of the errors of his youth? Not a bit of it. He is Cyvrinvardd still. See his name in the diary. His bardic name occupies the place of honor between his Christian and his surname, the D. D. bringing up the tail-end—Rev. John Cyvrinvardd Jones, D. D.

Yes, William Jones, and I am not afraid to say it, I am proud of my youngster preacher and of his name," said Tomos as he stood up on his feet as a signal that it was time to begin work, "and I hope to live long enough to hear the name of Cornyrhwrdd spoken with affection and reverence at Cwmcoed."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Shoni Rachel, as the company dispersed for the distant stalls, each man pondering how his name in the latest style would look in print—Tnomos Cwmtwrch Davies, William Cardi Mawr Jones and John Shoni Rachel Thomas.

RHYS WYNNE.

Lady Llanover Dies at Ninety-Four.

Morlen Writes an Interesting Sketch Of the Life-Work of the Great Lady.

All men and women interested in Wales, be they of the race of the Ancient Cymry or not, will learn this morning with sincere sorrow the sad news that the venerable Lady Llanofer is no longer in the land of the living on this side of the grave. Lady Llanofer, in the heydey of her beauty and mental vigor and great social influence, became fascinated by the annals of Wales and its people and their language, and through the rest of her long life she did all in her power, both by example and precept, to maintain and foster things Welsh. Her ladyship seemed to view with something like horror the possibility of the extinction of the ancient British national characteristic on the west side of the Severn. Like the Shunamite woman of old, her heart was among her own people, and had it been declared that Monmouthshire was not within the border of Wales it is almost certain she would have removed from Llanofer and fixed her new abode within the recognized boundary of the kingdom of the Cymry. It will be recollected that, some years ago, on somebody, with more assurance than understanding, presuming to allege that Monmouthshire was, in a legal sense, an English county, she was most indignant and she proceeded to show it was simply included in the Oxford Circuit for the convenience of the Bar of England, and was never alienated from Wales. The county of old was called Gwent, or the Course of the Wye, and went in legal nomenclature with Morganwg, as Gwent and Morganwg. It is still embraced with Morganwg by the Diocese of Llandaff. Lady Llanofer, in addition to that name, was known in Welsh literature by the bardic one of "Gwenynen Gwent," or the Bee of Gwent. I believe she bore that non de plume in Cymric literary circles since the great eisteddfod which was held 62 years ago within the historical precincts of Cardiff Castle. In the report of that Eisteddfod she is mentioned as Lady Hall, and, with Lady Guest, translator of the "Mabinogion," she seems to have been one of the earliest in modern times to give the sanction of high social station to that remarkable institution which is exclusively Welsh. After the Cardiff Eisteddfod alluded to, which was graced by the presence of the illustrious father of the present Lord Bute, we have Lady Hall, the promoter of the celebrated series of great eisteddfodau at Abergavenny. It was at one of them a young chemist of Merthyr Tydfil, named Thomas Stephens, attracted the attention of Europe to Welsh literature by his masterly essay bearing the title, "The Literature of the Kymry."

Gwenynen Gwent.

But "Gwenynen Gwent" was much more than a mere sentimentalist in reference to matters relating exclusively to Wales. She spent thousands of pounds in fostering Welsh literature, and I am told that within recent years her ladyship spent £600 in defraying the cost of producing the vast store of learning of the most interesting character, viz: the Rev. Canon Silvan Evans's Welsh and English lexicon, in several volumes, the fruit of the labor of thirty years. She did this, and many things beside in the same direction without witnessing many tokens of Welsh appreciation.

The present moment Wales will remember with deepest gratitude the mighty service to the people of Wales which Lady Llanofer has rendered by her influential connection with the Welsh MSS. Society, to which society we are indebted for the publication of the "Liber Landavensis," the "Iolo" MSS., "Meddygon Myddfai," and other works of the same class. After the death of "Ab Iolo," at Merthyr, in 1847, and when the fruits of the lifetime labors of his father, the immortal "Iolo Morganwg," were in peril of being lost for ever, the patriotic Lady Llanofer secured them. Some of what she secured are in the profoundly interesting volume of 708 large pages, entitled "'Iolo' MSS." It is well known that the hive of the Bee of Gwent at Llanofer contains still many unpublished manuscripts from the copious pen of "Iolo Morganwg." There cannot be any doubt that her daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Herbert (Llanarth) and her son (Colonel Ivor Herbert), who is the departed lady's principal heir, will deal with these MSS. as priceless treasures, as, unquestionably they are in the eyes of all cultured people.

Visits to Llanofer Hall.

On Saturday I visited Llanover Hall, with a view to glean particulars respecting the departure from among the living of the venerable Lady Llanover. It was evident everywhere in the neighborhood that a great personality had passed away forever from the place. Lady Llanover died within a few hundred yards of the habitation in which she first saw the light, on March 21, 1802. The name of the place in which she was born bears the title of "Ty Uchaf," or the "Upper House." The same rural scene, therefore, which met her in fant gaze met also her aged eyes. Near the bank of the Usk river, with its transparent waters, where in childhood's days she gathered gleefully the wild flowers of Gwent, she passed from decade to decade—and she saw upwards of ninety years—days of feeble footsteps, and when a "ffon" (walking-stick) became necessary to aid her in her walks about the old, familiar, well-kept grounds around her princely palace. As one passed through her extensive park it seemed as if one were in the midst of scenes hallowed for ever to Welsh nationality. It is certain that in ages past the long lines of the Roman legions sought to march this way from the Wye to the Taff. They were glad to return whence they came, and today Lady Llanover's coracle rides here on the waters of the lake among the evergreen trees, as if symbolizing Cambria and the sentiment, "Oes y byd i'r iaith Gymraeg!" (May the Welsh language

Oes y Byd I'r Iaith Gymraeg.

endure as long as the world). It seemed to me that now she is gone to where "He giveth to His beloved sleep" Lady Llanover's wishes will have greater force than even when those wishes were backed by her living authority. How well people recollect the last expressions of dead friends! On my inquiring of Colonel Ivor Herbert whether the funeral service on Thursday would be conducted in the Welsh language he replied like one somewhat awed by the bare supposition of the possibility of its being performed in any other tongue. "Yes," was his grave answer; "it was her expressed wish." In her childhood Wales won her heart, and faithful unto death and beyond it, she stipulated that no other tongue than the musical accents of Cymraeg should be heard uttered over her remains as the portals of the grave closed over her beloved form. The Rev. John Prys, her Nonconformist chaplain, told me that one day last week her ladyship mentioned to him that when she was a young girl her parents had an aged servant man who attended her in her pony rides. One day, while on the summit of one of the mountains, he pointed with his hand in the direction of the plain and the valley of the Usk, and said, "Forty years hence the Welsh language will have disappeared from this country." She replied, "If I am living forty years hence the Welsh language will be here, too!" Faithful among the faithless! Two forty years of pilgrimage through the desert of this world have come and gone since that conversation on a mountain height of classic Gwent, and Cymraeg is still spoken and read and uttered in prayer and praise at Llanover!! The same reverend gentleman mentioned to me that on the day before her death her ladyship and himself knelt in prayer in her private room. During his prayer she whispered to him, "Gofynwch am ffydd, amynedd, a nerth i mi, i'm dal o don brofedgaeth au." (Ask for faith, patience, and strength for me; to sustain me under temptation.)

Most Enthusiastic Woman of the Age.

Lady Llanover was the most enthusiastic Welshwoman of modern times, and she carried her predilections for things to a point that earned for her the reputation of being an eccentric nationalist. She was a strong advocate of the preservation of the Welsh language, and never tired of urging Welshmen not to allow their mother tongue to become extinct. She was also a strong believer in total abstinence, and had the greatest faith in homeopathy, believing that the medical fraternity were more a curse than a blessing to mankind. In order to remove the facilities for drinking among the people who surrounded her she bought up all the public houses on her estate and converted the buildings into coffee taverns, and their names into Welsh, calling the Nag's Head "Pen Ceffyl," the Blue Bell "Cloch Gobaith," etc. At her Monmouthshire residence old Welsh customs were regularly and religiously observed. Whenever a guest visited the house she addressed her words of welcome in the Welsh language, and the visitors were waited upon by servants all dressed in the Welsh costume. "Old Griffith," Lady Llanover's well-known Welsh harpist, was a familiar figure with his triple Welsh harp. He occupied the position of harpist to her ladyship for over forty years, and taught the servants to play upon the instrument. Llanover really partook of the nature of a Welsh colony during her ladyship's life. To all the servants were attached distinctive Welsh appellations, usually indicating the town or village from which they came. For instance, John Jones, the woodman, who came from Carmarthen, would no longer be known as "John Jones" once he had entered the service of Lady Llanover, but would be addressed by the title of "Blaen Blodau." A young man from Pentyrch, who acted as under-agent, was always referred to by her ladyship as "Blaen Briallu." Another agent on the estate, who hailed from North Wales, was called "Coed Moelfach." This practice did not stop there, however, for two of Lady Llanover's favorite horses were known by the Welsh names of "Cymro Bach" and "Cymro Mawr." In spite of her

Cymro Mawr and Cymro Bach.

eccentricities—if they could be called such—however, the deceased lady had a warm heart and a charitable disposition. At Christmas she always distributed food and clothing to the poor, and annually gave to the male who gained the highest number of marks at the Sunday schools a red shirt, which she always labelled "crys coch," and to the girl who succeeded in like manner she presented a "cochel goch," or red cloak. She endowed two Methodist chapels—one at Abercarn and the other at Llanover—notwithstanding the fact that she was a Churchwoman, and she had a day school at Llanover, in which she always had Welsh taught, and distributed prizes to those who made the most progress in the study of the language. The eisteddfodau had no more staunch supporter than the deceased, and forty years ago or more she took a prominent part in promoting the movement which resulted in the establishment of the well-known Abergavenny eisteddfodau. She was on the most friendly terms with the queen and members of the royal family, and often had audience of her majesty. For the last twenty years Lady Llanover had practically withdrawn from public life. She visited her London residence once a year, and before returning to Llanover used to spend a fortnight's holiday at Bath. In all her letters addressed from London "Monmouthshire, South Wales," as she always insisted upon Monmouthshire being regarded as a Welsh county.

A Great Patroness of Welsh Literature.

Lady Llanover was a great patroness of Welsh literature. One of those who benefited largely by her acquaintanceship with her was "Ieuan Gwynedd," who edited "Y Gymraes," the first magazine for women in Wales. The periodical failed, but Lady Llanover stood by "Ieuan," and helped him through his pecuniary difficulties. But, more than that, she was an authoress of some distinction, and published several volumes on local archaeology and Welsh folk-lore, and proved very helpful to Mr. Wirt-Sykes when he was writing his books on Wales. She also edited the biography of her relative, Mary Grenville (Mrs. Delaney), who died in 1788. She did much to bring Welsh music into prominence.

She was the life and soul of the Welsh Manuscript Society at its start and for many years after, and took immense interest in the preservation of Welsh writings. It was owing to this that Lady Charlotte Guest was enabled to get a Welsh copy of the "Mabinogion," which she subsequently translated into English.

A large volume of interesting reminiscences could be written of Lady Llanover. She was always regarded—especially by those who knew her intimately — as possessing considerable force as well as originality of character, and though in some things she seemed eccentric, everybody must admit that she was doing everything from her heart and with only one object—the good of her country. She kept to the last at Llanover House and on her estates the ancient Cymric language, manners, and customs, as far as it was by any means possible to do so. Her efforts in reference to Welsh services in the churches are well known, and she and her illustrious husband were warm supporters of the eisteddfod half a century ago, and some of the Abergavenny eisteddfods are memorable in the annals of Welsh history. The late Mr. Brinley Richards truly said once that the name of Lady Llanover had not only a charm for the Welshman's ear, but a fame far wider than the borders of Wales. Speaking of her labors on behalf of Wales, the late Lord Aberdare, at the National Eisteddfod at Cardiff in 1883, said: "We all know with what intensity of feeling Lady Llanover devoted herself to the interests of Wales, and how that has been felt in the cultivation of national music, literary culture, and, more still, in arousing a strong spirit of nationality." When in Cardiff at that time she was the guest of the Marquess of Bute, and his lordship got up a Welsh concert in honor of the visit, to which he also invited a number of leading Welshmen and a large company of the county families to meet the distinguished guest. In the midst of the proceedings Lord Bute delivered an address, in the course of which he said that her ladyship was a competitor at the eisteddfod which was held in the Castle in 1834, and carried off the prize for the best Welsh essay on "The Cultivation of the Welsh Language and the Preservation of the National Costume." His lordship's father, on that occasion, had the pleasure of putting a ring upon her finger. Since then,

Presented with a Gold Ring.

added the marquess, Lady Llanover had had no need to enter into competitions to make her learning and ability known; but he could not, for that reason, preclude himself from the pleasure of presenting her, on that second occasion, with another ring. He had the ring specially made, and it was in the form of her name of "Gwenynen Gwent," under which she successfully competed in 1834. After this graceful and chivalrous act on the marquess's part, Lady Llanover, then 81 years of age, but remarkably smart and active, delivered an eloquent speech. Having acknowledged the compliment paid her by the noble marquess, she made reference to her favorite instrument—the triple pedal harp—as having been the national musical instrument of Wales from the earliest times. She was troubled because it was "almost stamped out by the continued and systematic efforts of the enemies of Wales." She added that she had done her utmost to prevent that result, and she trusted that such anti-national feeling and antagonism would cease. Subsequently, to show her practical sympathy and encouragement to those who used this instrument in preference to the modern pedal competitor, her ladyship, in conjunction with the Marquess of Bute, gave several prizes at a grand eisteddfod held for that special purpose at Swansea, and presided over by Sir John Jones Jenkins, the principal adjudicator being Dr. Joseph Parry. Lady Llanover displayed all those high qualities of Christian womanhood expected of a lady of her position and affluence; only those who had the opportunity of close personal contact with her could, however, adequately understand the attractions of her society, the kindness and earnestness of her nature, the breadth of her culture, the extent of her acquaintance with men and affairs, and the keenness of her observations upon every kind of subject.

Favored Welsh Education.

It was in connection with Welsh education that the name of Lady Llanover will ever be remembered as long as the Welsh language remains either as a study for the learned. Her somewhat eccentric conservatism in the matter of costume and her little "fads" have, it is true, struck the popular imagination, but they have at the same time served to obscure her great and real mission, and the scientific and practical methods by which she sought to accomplish it. I shall not dwell on her services to the cause of Welsh music and literature—those have already been emphasised—her generous patronage of the eisteddfod, her endeavor to maintain in Wales a National School of Music by reviving the use of our national instrument, the triple harp, her recognition of the work of "Carnhuanawc," Thomas Stephens, and Silvan Evans, her position as a social ambassador whereby the literature of Wales obtained its first recognition on the Continent of Europe, and her noble and constant encouragement of Welsh art and industry Even had she done no more than that, she would have performed a work unequalled by that of any Welshman or Welshwoman of this or any other age, and she would be entitled to as high a niche in the temple of Welsh letters as Lewis Morys o Fon, leader of the renaissance of the last century, or Owen Edwards, who may not inappropriately be termed the Lewis Morys of our times

Lady Llanover saw early that if Welsh literature was to flourish it must receive constant and unremitting reinforcement from the ranks of the educated classes of Wales. She perceived that, however marvellous it might be that one small and poor country could produce a self-taught Thomas Stephens and Silvan Evans, Welsh literature to be stable and of permanent value, must rest on something firmer than the untrained genius of great men Principal Owen, when he was warden of Llandovery, once said, at a meeting held in connection with the London Eisteddfod of 1887, that education in Wales should be of a distinct and national and Welsh character. The learned principal was speaking of the importance of Welsh teaching as a means of mental training "of the development of the mind" of a Welsh boy, as he put it. Lady Llanover, forty years before, saw clearly, not only the educational value of Welsh, but also the necessity, if Welsh

Teaching Welsh in Intermediate Schools.

literature was to survive, of teaching Welsh in our intermediate schools.

In 1847, then, Thomas Phillips, a merchant living in London, possessed with a pious desire to lighten the educational darkness of his native Principality, determined to found a public school in South Wales. Thomas Phillips himself, either because he was a native of Radnorshire or for some other reason, wished to found the school in the Anglicised town of Builth. Lady Llanover, with a truer perception of the needs of the Welsh people persuaded Mr. Phillips to establish the school in the Welsh town of Llandovery. In those days Llandovery was a place of greater moment than it is today. It was a thriving market town—trains had not yet diverted trade to other channels. It was the centre of the intellectual life of the principality: from the printing press of William Rees volume after volume of priceless works was published. Llandovery was the home of "Brutus" and the "Haul"; Dr. Hughes, afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph, was its vicar; "Gwalchmai," who still survives, a venerable figure among Welsh bards, was the minister of the Independent church in the town. In Llandingad Churchyard, with no stone to mark the hollowed spot, lie the remains of Vicar Pritchard, the early star of the