CELF A GWYDDOR YN NGWLAD Y GAN

Professor Herkomer Speaks Before the Welsh National Society.

ART OF A HIGHER ORDER NEEDED

In a Few Years Wales Will Have Her Proper Place Among the Artistic Nations of the Earth--Making Strides in That Direction.

Professor Herkomer spoke recently before the Liverpool Welsh National so-ciety, his subject being "Art in Wales." He spoke as follows: "The letter to the press in which I appealed to Welshmen to lift their art to the level of their music has been so well received, and has been so spontaneously responded to, that I warmly embrace this opportunthat I warmly embrace this opportunity to enlarge upon any suggestions, which could only be briefly dwelt upon in that one letter. Now, although it is known to most people that I am a teacher, it is not usually known that my life's teaching has been done as a love and not see histories. Free me. love, and not as a business. Free me, therefore, from any suspicion of sordid motives when I take up a nation's cause in art. I consider that no nation can be said to have fulfilled, in an intellectual sense, its entire mission until the graphic and the plastic arts have been adequately represented, and it is from an enthusiastic desire to help Wales to attain this indispensable condition that I hold out hand, heart, and experience at this critical juncture. Nor do I come as an interloper, for my connection with Wales has been, indeed, a close one for twenty years, through my wifes' family. although I only came into contact with the Gorsedd lately. I opened my cam-paign by telling the truth about the paign by telling the truth about the state of art, as represented at the National Eisteddfod held that year at Lianelly, and that in uncompromising language. With the National Eisteddfod held at Liandudno I could do nothing, as the details had been already settled; therefore, I had to let that event pass. But the National Eisteddfod of Newport for 1897 was entirely open to me, and I wish in every way to acknowledge my appreciation of the way knowledge my appreciation of the way in which the local committee has met me. It readily gave me what I asked for—a free hand. Having planned the art prizes for that occasion, I shall get a real start; maybe, an insignificant a real start; maybe, an insignificant one in some ways, but it will be the first step in a new era for art in Wales. Am I too optimistic in my reading? From the following facts I deduce a logical concision—the Celts were superb art-craftsmen before the Christian era and after and as the later scientific. and after, and, as the later scientific theory is that nequired faculty is not hereditary. I take it that innate faculty is. The history of Wales provides us with ample reasons to account for the Celtic art-faculty lying dormant. But dormant is not dead, and I believe the original Celt, with all his inpute ar-tistle faculty, lies deep down in the na-ture of the present Welshman.

WELSHMEN FULL OF MUSIC. It is underlable that the present Weishman is full of music, of rhythm; that he loves the "vast and the ideal," and that he is full of "receptivity." There is an originality about his very language which must have been begot ten by a race of original capacity. peculiarity was strongly marked in the early bards of Britain, for they clearly showed 4 wild originality. In addition to this, there was a rugged spirituality. This romantic, rugged spirituality. This romantic, rugged spirituality is the key-note to the character of this race, as I see it. This was the note in the age of ages, when the metallic thunder of the simple was the note in the age of ages, when the metallic thunder of the simple God-fearing thinker was heard as he worshipped his unseen Deity in the Temple of Sacred Rock, Suffice it that this early Briton's once sharply-de-fined shadow guarded by the Welsh through centuries, getting dimmer and dimmer, but never lost, until the niysterious form was re-drawn on the old hazy outline by the modern Gor-sedd—drawn by faithful men, who, with racial preogatives, inherited the spirit, but were not artists enough to trace the artistic aspect of the dim shadow. That was left for my hand to complete.

Professor Herkomer then gave an interesting description of the Gorsedd robes, portraying with much minute-ners those worn respectively by the arch druid, the bards and the ovates. He also treated at some length of the historical and aesthetic aspects of the Gorsedd, as the repository of bardic tradition and truth. Of the Gorsedd as a social and educational factor, the professor said: "The Gorsedd is an institution for comenting the national characteristics, by bringing together for a special purpose, all manner of thinkers interested in their country. I know of no other scheme that can ac-complish this with peace! I have permission to quote the pregnant words of an Irishman, after he had witnessed the Elsteddfod, who said. "If we in Ireland had had through the past ages such an institution, we should now be a great and united nation." Greater praize I cannot conceive of that instipraize I cannot conceive of that insti-tution, which is the outcome of the Gorsedd, and which, I trust, will al-ways be regulated by it. In this way the Gorsedd broadens its mission and becomes a practical supervising coun-cil, and well it is that such a gigantic piece of machinery as the National Eis-teddfod should be under a permanent superior power, to prevent local ambition from over-reaching the mark of good taste at any time.

ENTHUSIASM AT EISTEDDFODAU

Professor Herkomer next passed in review the method of conducting elsteddfodau, picturing the enthusiasm they produce and the influence they wield over the national mind and wield over the national mind and moral habits of Wales, and went on to speak more in detail of his favorite subject—Art and Elsteddfod. He said:

—As the art-teaching in Wales has hitherto not only been scanty, but for the most part of the wrong sort, the satirant who could be accorded. aspirant who could go away did go away, with the result that he never returned. If the art-workers have been few, the art-patrons have been fewer, and this proves that the best workers did not venture back for fear of not getting patronage, and that the native patrons of art never thought of looking for the workers within the principali-ty. (Hear, hear.) If the Welsh artists ty. (Hear, hear.) If the Welsh artists and art-craftsmen, living in or out of the Principality, will only send to the eisteddfod, we shall soon find the workers who are worthy of being re-called. When good art work is forthcoming at the national eisteddfod, it should be re-produced in all the London art magazines, and I intend to introduce this form of publicity next year. Now, I have said that national art training should be substituted for the present should be substituted for the present national art training, and it will be necessary to go a little into detail, in order to make you more clearly under stand the foregoing conclusions. The national method of tuition means, in short, a direct and personal influence of master upon pupil, and the present "national" means an impersonal influence, exercised by that gigantic and unwieldy piece of machinery at South Kensington. With all the modifications, it has practically remained in the same groove in which it started. The central governing body insists on mechanical perfection as much now as it did 40 years ago: and no meets who it did 40 years ago; and no master who it did 40 years ago; and no master who wishes to please his own committee by earning grants can free himself from this bondage. He must send up works that conform with the laws laid down by this central management. No plan could be better calculated to crush out all individuality, both in the masters and the pupils. And, further, no system could act more perniciously on the morals than payment on results. In morals than payment on results. In the future we must see freedom of ac-tion given to each master, to each town possession an art school. And this independence is only obtained by

municipal support, assisted by money at the disposal of the county council for educational purposes, each town to itself, each town with its well-paid responsible masters. First in rank is to be the artist who teaches the artistic branches, and then should come the master who is to teach the more mechanical branches, such as might be needed for mechanics in their crafts. But never should one man be expected But never should one man be expected to be proficient in both these branch-es, for no man has ever been.

TEACHING ON A PERSONAL BASIS. This emancipation from the apron-strings of Kensington through municipal and county council support would produce an individuality in the art of each town. It would vary according to the necessities of the community. All teaching must be on a personal basis. The longer my experience the more cer-tain I am that the art faculty in every human belong is worked by his charachuman being is worked by his charac-ter. I mean that, provided the natural gifts are there, its successful issue deends on the mere character of the individual, and it is precisely for this reason that the art master must be the

student's best friend. We must remember that all questions of art resolve themselves into the one, "What do you see?" To train "seeing" does not mean to implant an original brain faculty, for that is impossible. The student can only be shown his strength or his weakness. Out of himself comes his ideality; out of himself comes the gift; out of himself comes his inner "seeing" or student's best friend. We must rememity; out of himself comes the girt; out of himself comes his inner "seeing" or imagination. Strange to say, the art that needs this precious faculty above all others has been generally considered to be one of the lesser arts, namely, decorative art. But I tell you that true and noble decorative art is rarer than true and noble pictorial art, and the teaching of this art offers far more obstacles than the teaching of the pictorial art. It cannot be taught on a torial art. It cannot be taught on a large scale; it cannot even be taught in schools; it must be taught in the workshop. Turning schools into workshops is the afternative, you might say; yes, but not with the ordinary system of but not with the ordinary system of classess. It must take the form of complete apprenticeship. This brief survey tuition will show you the drift of my beliefs. You will have gathered that the unwieldy system governed by that central body at Kensington is not of the kind likely to unearth individual talent. You will further have noticed that I put the strongest emphasis on the importance of "personality" in teachimportance of "personality" in teach-ing; that the pupils must be around a strong man, who is a system in himself, without having to conform to a central system, which must necessarily become stereotyped and lifeless. That

the applied arts need this method of teaching more than the pictorial. You have heard me say that certificates obtained from such a system as that prac-ticed at South Kensington are worthless as guarantees of ability; therefore, the whole question for Wales resolves itself into the following: Wales needs mas-ters who will establish art schools on a newer and more national basis. The National Elsteddfod must appear to you the one and only agent for finding the masters through their work, and that the selection will follow naturally upon the work sent in. When you have the men, then, surely, the formation of schools simply means local enterprise. But we cannot move in the matter of selecting the masters until we have seen what the next few National Eis-tedfodau bring forth in art work. First, set united effort on the part of all Welsh-born, living in and out of the principality, in order to gauge the quality of the present living Welsh workers. (Hear, hear.) If, in the next few

years, it is shown that there are too few Welsh artists to select from, we must turn to those who have lived three and more years in the principality; fall-ing that, we must turn to foreigners to help, as they have been obliged to do in other young countries. The times are propitious for a new art era in Wales. The Gorsedd is alive to the importance of the moment, and will watch portance of the moment, and will watch over the Elsteddfod with ever-increas-ing interest. The Elsteddfod is creat-ing more and more interest, and I be-lieve each local committee will, in turn, exert its influence to improve that institution year by year. I see the goal that Wales is to reach in art, clearly, and I believe the nation is ready to fol-

Mr. Robert Davis, secretary of the Pittsburg elsteddfod, visited the West Side singers the latter part of last week. Mr. Davis was accompanied by Mr. Roberts. Their mission was to get a choir or party of singers organized for the purpose of competing at Pittsburg on Christmas day. Since the World's fair elsteddfod very little is the interest in music on the West Side, and we are not led to believe that a choir of any kind with a still participate is choir of any kind will participate in the competition at Pittsburg. The per-sons who know how to organize a choir will not do it and those who would like to do it do not know how to. We would like to see the Pittsburg folks helped out, but the scheme to take a choir

down there is very impractical.
ROBERT MORRIS EISTEDDFOD.
We understand that the Robert Morris lodge will soon be able to publish the programme of their second annual eisteddfod which is to be held next year. We do not see why the commit-tee should go out its own circle for ad-judicators. There are two or three musicians in the lodge well able to do justice in that department. They have Prof. George Howell, Howell Harris and others very capable to adjudicate the literary compositions. Dr. Beddoe is a splendid judge of what a good rectation should be. All the outside help they need is a Welsh poet to adjudicate the Welsh poetry. What is the matter with Mr. Griffiths, of Turin, N. Y., who seems to be the Welsh page of the device. seems to be the Welsh poet of the day and the winner of the three hundred dollar prize at Denver?

WHEN DICKY HAD THE MEASLES

We found we had to hide his shoes,
His stockings, trousers, waistcoat, coat
And then he vowed he'd put on Sue's
Pink gingham, and he'd find his boat
And have a lark. He wouldn't stay
In bed and swallow nasty stuff!
And thus he'd fret and toss all day
Oh, there was interest quite enough
When Dickey had the measles!

On Monday he was eloquent:
"I say, now, mother, since I'm sick,
I must live like a nobby gent;
What if Old Spectacles does kick?
See, here's the lunch list; five cream ta
Three red bananas and some dates,
A coffee cake and walnut hearts!"
We sadly thought of pearly gates
When Dickey had the measies!

On Wednesday 'twas he called for Bess;
"Halloo: Come in and read a story,
That's it: the page is turned, I guess,
Now give us fights and men all gory.
Lie still, Don Carlo-sh-h-you'd best!
Was that a Cossack rode the horse?
All right, go on, oh, skip the rest,
That's only love." This was, of course
When Dickey had the measles!

On Sunday in a steamer chair
We left him and we went to church,
The service over, in the glare
Of sunlight on a wooden perch,
Sat freckied Dickey with is chums;
His tongue was running like a streak,
We're thankful now, whatever comes,
It can't surpass that awful week
When Dickey had the measles!
—Anna M. Williams.

TO A CHAPERONE.

Are sitting at the play,
Tomororw night, when three of us
if I should chance to hold May's
Please look the other way,
Later, as in the carriage, we
Are speeding homeward, say
Dear chaperon, don't see my arm—
Pray look the other way.
But when at last we're in the hall,
My friend, I beg, I pray,
When I begin to say good-night
Don't look—don't even stay!
—Vo

What Harold Meant.

Mother—Every name means something
—Harry, the bold, Charles, the brave,
William, the good, Harold, the—
Helen (starting from a reverie)—Harold—Oh, yes. Harold means business. He
told me so last night,—Chicago Chronicle.

CELEBRATED RHYMES OF NOTED CAMPAIGNS

Songs That Have Very Materially As sisted the Spellbinders.

LYRICS THAT OUR FATHERS SANG

Honry Clay the Pirst Victim of the Doggerel Warblers, but There Have in the Course of the Past Half Century Been Numerous Others.

From the Times-Herald. Oh, poor Cooney Clay! Oh, poor Cooney Clay! You never can be President, For Polk is in the way.

Thus sang in the year of grace 1844 and of the republic the sixty-eighth some million-odd voters. By their ballots these songsters and sooth-sayers made good their prophecy. Campaign songs have offended the ears of musically cultivated and fired the partisan heart since politics began. None of the lyrics has endured. Your campaign poet is not usually a high-class genius, and generally a parodist, a maker of the weakest and most sinful form of verse, his efforts die of weariness and inanition almost before their echoes verse, his efforts die of weariness and inanition almost before their echoes have ceased. For these reasons it is difficult to find examples of campaign meiodies of a past day. An old man may sometimes be found who can work off in cracked voice a stanza or two celebrating Harrison the elder, familiarly known as "Old Tippecance," and executing Martin Von Buren. and execrating Martin Van Buren.

Here's to our fathers and mothers, Likewise to Ould Ireland, too; Down with Martin Van Buren And up with Old Tippecano.

That was a favorite more than fifty years ago. It is a model of its kind. Where can you find another four-line selection which teaches reverence for the parents, love of the motherland, de spite of the opposition and honor for the party candidate combining all with a bid for the gravel train vote? The song was written as far back as 1840. and yet there are men who say our for-bears were clumsy and awkward in the art of polities.

Prior to 1840 the voice of the campaign melodies was not loud in the land. There were campaign poets true enough, but fortunately their productions were not set to music, or were not adapted to tunes already written. The only political song generally known was the still familiar "Yankee Doodle," was the still familiar Tankee Doddie, written to ridicule the colonists, but adopted by them in lieu of a national hymn. "Hall Columbia," "Star Spangled Banner" and "Columbia" do not seem to answer the description. The country has been unfortunate in its patriotic singers. Even Julia Ward Howe's famous "Battle Hymn of the Republic," beginning "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord," has been criticised for its inco-herence. herence

In the fragrance of the illies. Christ was born across the sea, ounds sweetly, says the analysist, but what does it mean? Other propositions contained in this widely elebrated production are likened unto bits from Browning for their incomprehensibility. And what can be said for the ap-preciation of the masses? "John Brown's Body" goes easily to the same music that carries the sublime battle hymn. Nine hundred persons of every 1,000 of American birth of the age of 12 years and upward can give the metri-cal tale of John Brown's body, what befell John Brown's lambs, and the dire treat to Jeff Davis in connection with a sour apple tree; they can give the serial and give it correctly in all its forty parts with the glory hallelujah chorus between each, and be glad of the chance. Is it a safe assertion that two persons of 1,000, with the same conditions as to age and nativity, could repeat the first stanza of Mrs. Howe's poems? Probably not. But this is a shade wide of the mark, al-though perhaps both "Battle Hymn" and "John Brown's Body" might be properly

songs. To return to earlier days. It was in the presidential struggle of 1840 that the poet found his strength. It was a campaign of a phrase and of a song. The inspiration came from the enemy, as usual. When General William Henry Harrison was nominated by the whigs the Van Buren courtiers and the administration organs elevated their aristocratic noses in contempt for the homely North Bend farmer's powerty A New York power-thay out poverty. A New York paper—they get off wrong even unto this day—said con-cerning the candidate: "Give him a barrel of hard cider, and settle a pension of \$2,000 a year on him, and, our word for it, he will sit the remainder of his days content in a log cabin."

This attack upon the hero of the western country vastly stirred the common people and the opposition newspapers. They returned contumely for reproach and the light of the sun was observed.

was obscured by the mud cast at "King Van." "Matty, the Aristocrat," or whatever they chose to miscall the President and candidate for renomination. Political speeches of this genera-tion are as a breath of weather from Medicine Hat on a June day when read in comparison with the tropical utter-ances of our grandfathers. And they did not find basis for a libel suit in a political circular at that. Their dif-ferences were talked out on the stump or voted off at the polls or shot off in the crowd. This particular paragraph quoted from the New York paper had much bearing on the result. The whigs made it the text of their speeches and editorial uproar. They did worse; they set it to music and sang it. In a month there was not a whig who could see there was not a whig who could so much as achieve the scale but was distending lung and uplifting voice

They say that he lived in a cabin And lived on old hard cider, too; Well, what if he did? I'm certain Here's the hero of Tippecanoe.

This ballad contained some score erses and was so constructed that it could be sung to the tune of "Old Rosin the Bow." This melody had much vogue in the first half of the century. Everyone knew it and the greater num-ber of political ballads were built on its

They sang it so wisely and so well that Harrison received a popular ex-pression of 1,275,000 votes to 1,128,000 for Van Buren. In the electoral college the man from the Ohio valley had 234 votes, against Van Buren's 60. One of the popular songs of the campaign, and one which may be heard yet in the remote rural districts of Ohio, was entitled "Where Is Your Log Cabin Built?" Ohio was then, as now, a great figure in national politics. It was the home state national politics. It was the home state of the candidates. The Ohioan has an instinct for pipe-laying and combining which results in bringing many rich gifts of national office to the buckeye men. In the Harrison campaign a log cabin was erected at every Ohio crossroad, and a barrel of "stone fence," by which stalwart name aged cider is known in the state, was on tap for all comers. It was a season of barbecuing and hurrahing, and this was the song and hurrahing, and this was the song

Oh, where, tell me, where was your log cabin made? cabin made?
Oh, where, tell me, where was your log cabin made?
'Twas built among the mery boys that wield the plow and spade,
Where the log cabins stand, in the bonnie buckeye shade.

The writers of the song shrewdly made it possible with the air of "The Highland Laddie," a lyric which stood high in Ohio districts and was approved by men and women both. Therefore the log cabin song which was the joint made it possible with the air of "The Highland Laddie," a lyric which stood high in Ohio districts and was approved by men and women both. Therefore the log cabin song which was the joint creation of the Clark county delegation to the Ohio People's convention Feb. 22, 1814, was presently heard all over the state. No one person could be proved; and burning of bright lights and pow-

lowing:
By whom, tell me whom, will the battle next be won?
By whom, tell me whom, will the battle next be won?

The spoilsmen and leg treasurers will soon begin to run.

And the log cabin candidate will march to Washington. Another effective ballad of the campaign was a parody of "The Swiss Boy." It also appealed to state love.

Come, arouse ye, arouse ye, my brave buckeye loys,
Take the ax and to labor away!
The sun is up with ruddy beam,
The buckeye blooms beside the stream;
Then arouse ye, arouse ye, my bold buck-

eye boys. The necessity for converting the energy of enthusiasm into the power of the ballot is impressed in the conclud-

ing lines: Ing lines:
To the polls, to the polls, then my brave buckeye boys.
To the rescue then haste ye away,
The cup we fill—the hard cider pass,
In friendship round until the last;
With a shout, with a shout, go the brave buckeye boys.
With Old Tip to the White House away.

The true dignity of labor and the re-ward which invariably attends upon modest patriotic merit was voiced in a song beginning:

In a cabin made of logs by the river side,
There the honest farmer lives,
Free from sloth and pride.
To the gorgeous palace turn,
And his rival see
In his robes of regal state and tinseled
finery.

It was evident that commercial and It was evident that commercial and industrial depression was not unknown in coon skin days, nor did the voters hesitate to affix the blame for drought, poor crops and overproduction upon whom it belonged—the head of the administration. To the joyous strains of "Malbrook," more familiarly known as "We Won't Go Home Till Morning,"

was sung this: The times are bad and want curing;
They are getting past all enduring;
Let us turn out Martin Van Buren,
And put in old Tippecano.
The best thing we can do.
Is to put in Old Tippecanoe.
It's a business we all can take part in,
So let us give notice to Martin,
That he must get ready for starting.
The sort goes on to tell that "We've

The song goes on to tell that "We've had of their humbugs a plenty, we've a dollar now where we had twenty; their roguery can't be defended, and it's time their reign be ended, we shall never see things mended" until old Tippecanoe goes to the White House.

This Harrison presidential canvass marked an epoch in the history of political campaigning. Heretofore votes had been beguiled by speechmaking, by argument; candidates had been vilified or lauded in prose principally. Thereafter glee clubs and bands had their part, and a large one, in shaping opinion. The close of the campaign of 1840 with Harrison's triumph was marked by the inrison's triumph was marked by the in-spiration of a New England singer, whose words will outlast the republic. Of the state of Maine he said:

She went hell bent, For Governor Kent, For Tippecanoe and Tyler, too.

The Clay campaign four years later, when James K. Polk defeated "The Millboy of the Slashes," was the season of another epidemic of song, less pro-nounced than the first outbreak, but widespread. It was in honor of Clay, whose history was more picturesque than his antagonist's, that most of the songs were written. The Polk ballad mongers, instead of telling their hero's deeds.invented metrical attacks on Clay and prophecies on the result. The quatrain which heads this article filled the air in the Polk districts. For the tariff party there was "The Clay Songster" to draw from, and a single leaf impression of "That Same Old Koon Roarer" had a circulation larger even than that claimed by the New York

World of today.

Four years later, when Zachary Taylor. Cass and Van Euren made the canvass, the "Cass and Butler Song Book,"
"The Free Soil Minstrel" and "The Rough and Ready Melodist" contained the lyrics. None of the songs outlived the occasion, and they are to be found only occasionally in garrets of farmhouses or infrequently explored library

There was a Scott songster printed in 1852, but Franklin Pierce, although he gained the election, does not seem to have inspired the minstrel to any extent. When Fillmore, Fremont and Buchanan took the field in 1856, if one were to have prejudged the result by the poise, it would have been Fremont's victory. "The Rocky Mountain Songs-ter" contained yards of verse laudatory of the pathfinder, and the woods and country roads were full of singers. Fillmore had a poet or two under pay. but the muse did not work in Buchan an's behalf. Yet "King Buck" gained the election.
"The Bob o' Link Minstrel," "The

"The Bob o' Link Minstrel," "The Lincoln and Hamlin Songster" and "Honest Abe of the West" sufficiently indicate the time of their publication by their titles. There was a "Little Clant Songbook," filled with the lays of the Douglass minstrel, but all the productions were uniformly bad. Then came the four years of the war. Then came the four years of the war.
"We'll Raily 'Round the Flag,"
"Tramp! Tramp! Tramp," Marching
Through Georgia," "John Brown's
Body" and some others born in these
times of pain and distress live yet, in great measure because the music is stirring and the words are readily parodied. Of the songs of the southern cause two lived longer than the war. "Maryland" and "The Bonny Blue Fag" are poems. The name of the au-thor of the latter has been mislaid

tury, "Maryland" was written James R. Randall, who is now Washington correspondent of the Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle. In the presidential year of 1864 war songs had the ear, and the campaign lays generally found basis and topic in the rebellion. "The Little Mac Songs-ter" and "The Lincoln and Johnson Campaign Songbook" contain all that

somewhere in the last third of the cen-

In 1868 the "Grant and Colfax Songs-ter" and "The Seymour Campaign Songbook" were filled with the parodies of martial songs. Myles Reilly's "Come fill your glasses, fellows," is perhaps the best of the efforts of the

perhaps the best of the efforts of the day. It went thus:
So boys a final bumper,
While we all in chorus chart,
For next president we'll nominate
Our own Ulysses Grant.
And if asked what state he halls from,
This, our sole reply shall be;
"From near Appomatox Court House,
With its farmous apple tree."
For 'twas there to our Ulysses
That Lee gave up the light.
Now, boys! To Grant for president,
And God defend the right.
The verse was written before the

The verse was written before the nominating convention and was sung in the hall. There were other songs, miles t them, written to Grant's glory, in which

'Lysses comes marching home and unconditionally rhymnes with U. S. G. but fortunately the dust is on these, and it shall not be removed. Few of them were heard four years afterward. for theh a new crop of home grown poets had sprung up. Greeley had no lack of singers himself. There was one song which traveled far. Its chorus still comes sounding down:

Greeley forever! hurrah boys! hurrah!
Down with Long Branch and up with
Chappaqua.
For we'll rally round the old white hat
We'll rally once again,
Shouting for honest Horace Greeley.

culpable, for each delegate furnished a stanza. A prophet wrote the second verse. He said:

Oh what, tell me what, is to be your was little in the life of a country law-Oh what, tell me what, is to be your cabin's fate?
Oh what, tell me what, is to be your cabin's fate?
Oh what, tell me what, is to be your cabin's fate?
We'll wheel it to the capital and place it there cale.
For a token or a sign of the bonnie buckeye state.
The composite concluded with the following:

In 1880 the soft spirit of poesy again dwelt temporarily in the land. Gar-

In 1880 the soft spirit of poesy again dwelt temporarily in the land. Garfield, the man of the people, was the chief beneficiary. Hancock was not a good subject, somehow. In open disregard of Garfield's clerical profession and well-known principles, hundreds of thousands during his canvass made tuneful declaration that.

We'll all get blind drunk, When Jimmy comes marching home. An eastern writer, almost before the noise of the shouting in Chicago died away, put up a brief biography of the candidate. It was substantially, if not exactly, as follows:

exactly, as follows:

He early learned to paddle well, his own forlorn canoe.

Upon Ohic's grand canal he held the helm (hellum for euphony true, And now the people shout to him: "Lo, "its for you we wait," We want to see Jim Garfield guide our glorious ship of state.

Jim Garfield's at the front,
Jim Garfield's at the front,
"Twould be a sin to fall to win,
With Garfield at the front.

One filled with the reverential awe

One filled with the reverential awe felt by the small in the presence of

Garfield and Arthur, there they stand, Match their worth in all the land. This nation is not a nation of hero-worshipers and the song of the man who was impressed lived for one edi-tion only, whereas thousands sang Col-onel John A. Joyce's verse to the famil-iar "Golden Slippers."

When the war began with a rebel row, Children, children, won't you follow me? He took to the front, put his hand to the plow, Haile, halle, halle, hallelujah!

As I said, Hancock was an ill sub ject. One or two possessors of rhyming dictionaries and a whistling acquaintance with popular melodies labored in his behalf. One of them went back to early days seeking to interest the Sons of the Revolution. He noted that the candidate's family name the same as that of the fine writer who set his sig-nature to the great American docu-

"From the old Declaration," he said.
"we follow its fame: twas then honored
unsullied; today 'tis the same." Another pointedly desired every one "Hurrah for him, the nation's chief, who wears the civic wreath." Yet another Garfield sympathizer, who had witnessed Gilbert and Sullivan's early atrecity, wrote to Hancock's harm: In the union war I fought so well That my name is greeted with a rebel yell.

One does not follow the sequence, but the wroter doubtless meant well and the idea was probably clear enough to him. So let it pass.

A Garfield adherent ster in the cam-paign wrought as follows in the inter-ests of the cause championed by the Indianapolis Journal:

Sing a song of shotguns, Pocket full of knives, Four and twenty black men Fleeing for their lives,

When the polls are open Shut the ninger's mouth, Isn't that a bully way To make a solid south?

Northern sympathizers Making speeches chaffy; Major General Hancock Eating rebel taffy,

English in a quantury flow to save their dollars; Along comes a solid south And tha them all with collars.

Then there was another who had evidently heard of sectional lines and who had a knowledge of the rally song. His production began:

production began:

We'll repudiate the debt, boys, we borrowed from the north;
Shouling the battle cry of freedom.

We'll burn the public schools and we'll drive the niggers forth;
Shouling the battle cry of freedom.

The shavery forever. Hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Down with the yankees and up with the bars,
While we ostracize the loyal and murder thousands more;
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

The song of 1884 was "Grover! Gro-er! We shall be in clover." It was a prediction. In 1888 it was an appeal.
"Grover! Grover! Four years more of
Grover!" The request was denied to be renewed more successfully at the end of the second Harrison's term. Benjamin Harrison did not arouse the same poetical spirit that his grand-father awakened. He was not so near the people's hart. Blaine was a candidate more of the mind than the emo tion and few harps were struck for him.

LITERARY NOTES.

"The Story of the Mine" is the title of an important new book, by Charles How-ard Shinn, which will be published im-mediately by D. Appleton & Co. in the Story of the West Series, edited by Ripley Hitchcock. It is an exposition of silver mining. mining.

mining.

D. Appleton & Co. announce an elaborately fllustrated work entitled "Driving for Pleasure; or, The Harness Stable and its Appointments," by Francis T. Underhill. This sumptuous volume is the first book which we have had on the subject of proper appointments, etc., and it will take rank both as the recognized authority and also as one of the most claborately illustrated and beautiful of the books dealing in any way with the horse. horse.

"Master Ardick, Buccaneer." is the title of a strong historical novel by a new American writer, F. J. Costello, which is to be published immediately by the Appletons. It is described as picturesque historical romance, with a wealth of adventures on sea and land, introducing us among others to the redoubtable Henry Morgan, whom the reader accompanies in his daring journey heross the Isthmus and in the sacking of Panama.

and in the sacking of Panama.

William Allen White's book of Kansas stories, "The Real Issue," is announced for publication by Way & Williams on November 15. Mr. White's editorial, "What's Wrong with Kansas," which was reprinted from his paper, the Emperia (Kans, Gazette,) and used as a campaign document, has already introduced him to a large circle of readers. His stories are original and sincere and interesting. Some of them show a deep insight into human nature and in all of them one feels a sympathy with its weaknesses and failures. They are fresh and wholesome, and at times very humorous. The completion of Herbert Spencer's

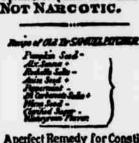
The completion of Herbert Spencer's system of philosophy is announced by his publishers. D. Appleton & Co. As first stated, this division of the "Synthetic Philosophy" was to be treated in two volumes, but in their preparation the amount of matter grew to such proportions that a third volume became necessary. This contains Part VI. Ecclesiastical Institutions: Pert VII. Professional Institutions, and Part VIII, Industrial levituations, and Part VIII, Industrial levituations, in view of the numerous changes, beneficent and otherwise, that have been going on in the industrial world within recent years, the appearance of this closing section has been eagerly look for in many quarters. It will be found to be fully up to the hight standard of Mr. Spencer's preceding work, and to shed a strong light on current industrial problems. The many admirers of Mr. Spencer will welcome the volume for quite another reason. It completes the great philisophic system projected by the author thirty-six years ago, that has been justly styled the grandest intellectual undertaking of the century. The work upon it has been carried forward with an earnestness of purpose and a perseverance that neother narrow circumstances, repeated breakdowns of health, nor unreasoning criticism could withstand. As thus brought to a close, it constitutes at once the most profound and most inuential body of thought of modern times.

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