WORLD OF LETTERS.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

It used to be considered strange that Harold Frederic, for so long a time resident in London, did not in any of his writings deal with English situations. It must have been the incessant mention of his exclusive Yankeeness that finally drove him to the "observations in Philistia" which John Lane at the Bodley Head and the Merriman Company in New York publish in the Mayfair set under the title "Mrs. Albert Grundy." We greatly admire Frederic. At his best he is one of the most virile and thorough artists that we have. But from the author of "Theron Ware" to the author of "Mrs. Albert Grundy" is a step full of grief. The one is dwarfed in the other's strenuous attempts to be genteelly funny according to the conventional English pattern of humor. Philistia may be an interesting land—to Philistines, but we advise Mr. Harold Frederic not to dwadle away his time in it nor seek to attune his masculine voice to its piping treble.

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The prettiest little book of the year, with its dainty cover design in white, turquoise blue and salmon, showing a bright 5-year-old maiden picking flowers, has just been published by Stone & Kimball, of New York. It is by William Canton, whose "Invisible Playmate" touched the upper note in sympathetic appreciation of child life, and is called "W. V. Her Book." "W. V." is the author's daughter, somewhat idealized, perhaps, who stands in the book's pages as the type of the "average, healthy, merry, teasing delightful mite who tries to take the whole of life at once into her two diminutive hands."

"She has all along," the author tells us in the course of a charming rambling chat about this wonderful, many-sided daughter of his, "been a curious combination of tenderness and savagery. In a sudden fit of motherhood she will bring me her dolly to kiss, and ten minutes later I shall see it lying undressed and abandoned in the corner of the room. She is a Spartan parent, and slight is the chance of her children being spoiled either by sparing the rod or lack of stern monition. It is not so long ago that we heard a curious sound of distress in the dining-room, and on her mother hurrying downstairs to see what was amiss, there was W. V. chastising her recalcitrant babe—and doing the weeping herself. This appeared to be a good opportunity for pointing a moral. It was clear now that she knew what it was to be naughty and disobedient, and if she punished these faults so severely in her own children she must expect me to deal with her manifold and grevious offences in the same way. She looked very much sobered and concerned, but a few moments later she brought me a stout oak walking stick: 'Would that do, papa?'"

This is only a sample touch. The book is one mass of such. It is a book that every decent parent ought to be grateful for.

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There certainly is a very decided fascination about the stories of Robert Barr, and the worst of it is that one cannot exactly say what or where it is. Take, for instance, thost two short stories which the Frederick A. Stokes Co. have just published in their handsome Newport series—"One Day's Courtship" and "The Heralds of Fame." There isn't anything particularly original about the idea of the first—the conquest of a spoiled child of Bostonese culture by a rather blunt and gruff British artist under somewhat primeval conditions due to an accident of travel—nor is the plot of the second, which concerns the shrewd Yankee trickery by which an American publisher makes a reigning favorite of a modest young British author whose manuscripts theretofore had gone begging, much fresher. Yet both tales grip us and we don't lay either down until it is finished. Just what the secret of Mr. Barr's power is we must give up as an insoluble riddle unless it be that he is simply a lively, healthy and masculine romancer who puts good red blood into the veins of his characters and plenty of ozone into their lungs. [For sale in Scranton by M. Norton.

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The same publishers present in attractive form Adeline Sergeant's novel, "A Rogue's Daughter," which is a moving narrative of love's rough course smoothed out to the queen's taste in the last chapter. [For sale in Scranton by M. Norton.

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The newest of Opie Read's interesting stories of Southern life in ante-bellum days is called "My Young Master," and is attractively published by Laird & Lee, Chicago. Its scene is laid in Kentucky, and its theme has to do with the various affairs of two young lads, one a master, the other a slave, who in reality are children of one parent. Around this central incident Mr. Reed has drawn a realistic picture of the customs and injustices of slavery and has made vivid to this generation facts fast escaping from its ken.

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Arthur Morrison's "Tales of Mean Streets," published two years ago, re-established the slum as a popular property of fiction, and ever since it has been in continuous and increasing use. Mr. Morrison now supplements those tales by a second series of slum-sketches entitled "A Child of the Jago" (Chicago; H. S. Stone & Co.), the Jago being the name of a street and by extension a district in London's submerged tenth. These newer studies have all the vividness of their predecessors and, moreover, are woven into a closer unity. They will without doubt become equally popular among the admirers of ethnological realism in fiction.

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From rural New England to rural North Carolina is something of a step even in this era of peace and reunion. But it is a step which Miss Maria Pool has successfully accomplished in "In Buncombe County" (Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co.). Here is a grouping of the shades and colors of Southern country life which makes no attempt to be exhaustive nor picturesque and yet comes forth a most charming triumph. Miss Pool has not sought to deride or satirize the "pooh white trash" amongst whom her scenes are laid; on the contrary, she brings to her portraiture that same ready sympathy and unfailing womanly appreciation of the elemental goodness of crude human nature which have made so notable her delineations of New England character. She has her laughs, but they are ever kindly. The artiste in her is not destructive of the woman. Before passing from this subject a word should be said for the volume's mechanical appearance. It is neat and dainty beyond description.

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Twenty short stories, all bordering on tragedy and told in the straightforward, business-like manner which characterizes Robert Barr, have been gathered into a handsome volume by the Frederick A. Stokes company and published under the title "Revenge." The cover design supplies an index to the contents. In the center is a skull; around it are sixteen poinards; and in the four corners are black-and-silver revolvers, the whole effect being shivery enough for the most exacting. In the weaving of his tales of retaliation Mr. Barr introduces several novel effects and the reader of his book is certain to be fully interested. [For sale in Scranton by M. Norton.]

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The crude fairy-story books of our youth, with their dingy paper, their homely binding and their ludicrous wood engravings done without regard to any sense of proportion, are being improved upon with a vengeance in these modern days. Here, for instance, from the Frederick A. Stokes company comes an ample quarto in red linen covers, with silver and gold design, the finest of calendared paper, nice, large, legible print and engravings which show as splendid specimens of true art; and the title, "The Village of Youth and Other Fairy Tales," reminds us even before we start to read Bessie Hatton's clever prose that fairy literature is different now. [For sale in Scranton by M. Norton.]

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Fiona Macleod's "The Sin Eater" opened a new vista in legendary literature, treating as it did of the poetic yet wayward traditions of the Celtic isles; and now her "The Washer of the Ford" (New York: Stone & Kimball) pursues still further this interesting theme and depicts for us in prose which is full of the wild poetry of its subject, some of legendary moralities and barbaric tales which survive in the folk-lore of the West Highlands. One does not need to have Celtic blood in his veins to fall under the spell of these weird narratives giving the essence of a crude people's faith; the singular fascination grips all alike and stamps Miss Macleod's work as belonging to genuine literature.

NOVEMBER MAGAZINES.

The Century begins a series of papers by General Horace Porter on "Campaigning with Grant," in which pen pictures are drawn of the great commander exactly as he looked and acted in daily activities during the war. The series promises to be more interesting than anything yet published on this subject. Dr. Weir Mitchell begins in this issue a serial story of Quakerdom in colonial days. A third feature of interest is George E. Parker's paper studying the almost model municipal government of Birmingham.

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The Labors of Hercules done into amusing verse and made even more vivid by humorous pictures constitutes an enjoyable feature of St. Nicholas. The author of the apt conceit is J. Edmund V. Cooke. Much of the verse and story-writing in this number very seasonably and gracefully commemorates Thanksgiving.

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Of the thirteen papers in this month's Forum four deal with politics and since the election have become obsolete—this is especially true of Speaker Reed's paper entitled, "As Maine Goes, so Goes the Union"—two treat of the Eastern question with special reference to the future of the Armenians, and the remainder deal with miscellaneous subjects without justifying partizularization. This is evidently one of the Forum's off months.

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Rumor has it that the proprietors of McClure's Magazine and the Cosmopolitan, grown weary of fierce competition, contemplate a consolidation. We do not know what truth there is in the rumor, but such a move would hardly be welcomed by the public, since it would reduce by one the number of its readable periodicals. McClure's, by the way, this month starts Kipling's new serial, "Captains Courageous," described as a "story of adventure among the Gloucester fishermen;" and the Cosmopolitan pads out a rather commonplace number with seven short stories, somewhat below its usually exacting standard.

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The reader who opens his Bookman to the essay or criticism signed by Professor Peck is generally liable to find something worth reading, both for its matter and for its manner. The November installment is not an exception to this rule. In it Professor Peck gives an analysis of modern political oratory which is both judicial and expert. We like his fair treatment of Mr. Bryan, the secret of whose effectiveness as a speaker he explains very satisfactorily. Of course the other departments of the Bookman are worth reading, too. They always are.

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Godey's tells how a national campaign is conducted, continues its biographical studies of Benjamin Franklin and in F. C. Bray's paper entitled, "We the Editor" gives a lively story of a journalist's life as the editor of a daily in a small city which every student of journalism ought to read. It will be better understood when we explain that Mr. Bray's paper is drawn from his own experience as managing editor of the Erie Dispatch.

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In the current Looker-On, now, by the way, reduced in price to 10 cents a copy and well worth double—John Denison Champlin makes an earnest and eloquent plea for the American musician. If argument could induce the art world to consider genius in the same manner that it marks off geography, Mr. Champlin's paper would speedily give us a regular Yankee Doodle school of music established "without the aid or consent of any other nation."

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Another good number of the Home Magazine has appeared; its most interesting single feature being an illustrated paper by Violet Etynge Mitchell describing a number of celebrated "Freaks of Nature," such, for instance, as the "Siamese twins" in Colorado, "Mother Grundy," in the same state, the "Pivot Rock," the "Dancing Bear," etc. The contents of this interesting periodical are sufficiently varied to gratify every reasonable and judicious taste.

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We have for some time had the Metaphysical Magazine, which covers from month to month the newest developments in occult, philosophic and scientific research; and now, from Chicago, we have the Hypnotic Magazine, "devoted to an investigation of the science of hypnotism, its uses and abuses and its therapeutic possibilities." For November this latter periodical prints, among other things, two very readable and instructive papers, one by Thomas Jay Hudson telling how he became convinced of the truth of telepathy, and one by Dr. W. X. Smith on "Hypnotism and Crime."

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The Philistine again calls itself "a periodical of protest," and it warrants that. It credits to Nixon Waterman a declination blank which was mildewed before Nixon was born; it gives space to lines by Yone Noguchi which are fit to paralyze the Teutons and it is as "sassy" in its back talk as it can be. But, then, it probably scents another Dinner and is toning up its nerve.

WORLD'S DEBTS INCREASING.

Thirty-eight Hundred Million Dollars Added to Them in Twenty Years.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

Whether it be a good or a bad thing for the nations, there is no room to doubt that the debts of the world are growing steadily. In 1875 it was computed that they stood at £4,750,000,000, as compared with a round £4,200,000,000 two years earlier. On the basis of figures, many of which have been obtained by us at first hand, and are likely on that account to be more accurate than some of the wild guesses to which certain irresponsible statisticians have treated us, we ourselves estimate that the indebtedness of the world today stands at £5,800,000,000. As probably every one knows, France has the doubtful distinction of being the country which has the largest debt. The latest figures put the total at something like £1,200,000,000, which is nearly double the debt—£660,000,000—of Great Britain, which ranks as second on the list. Russia follows with a total of £575,000,000, and insignificant Italy comes fourth with £506,000,000—that if, if we count as separate items the joint debt of Austria-Hungary and the individual debts of the two portions of the nation. The joint debt stood in 1895 at £275,990,000; while the debt of Austria alone was £122,678,600, and that of Hungary alone £207,729,000, or £606,397,600 in all. The United States debt amounts to £339,000,000, and that of Spain—exclusive of the more recent loans in prosecution of the war in Cuba—at £279,000,000. In the following statement we give a comparison for 1895 and 1875 of the indebtedness of the nations which now owe, or did then owe, £100,000,000 or over:

Country.	1875. (Estimated.)	1895. (Estimated.)
France	£980,000,000	£1,200,000,000
Great Britain	780,000,000	660,000,000
Russia	310,000,000	575,000,000
Italy	390,000,000	505,000,000
United States	440,000,000	339,000,000
Spain	375,000,000	279,000,000
A.-Hungary	250,000,000	606,000,000
Germany	200,000,000	84,000,000
Australasia	46,000,000	240,000,000
Turkey	135,000,000	180,000,000
Portugal	80,000,000	155,000,000
India	130,000,000	127,000,000
Brazil	94,000,000	118,000,000
Egypt	75,000,000	100,000,000
Total	£4,324,000,000	£5,172,000,000

In spite of the substantial reduction of the English, American, Spanish, and German debts, there is a net increase for the fourteen nations in the twenty years of £848,000,000. It may be added that in 1885 these same twelve nations owed £4,140,000,000, made up thus: France, £998,000,000; Great Britain, £740,000,000; Italy, £455,000,000; Russia, £381,000,000; United States, £379,000,000; Spain, £270,000,000; India, £127,000,000; Turkey, £127,000,000; Australasia, £98,000,000; and Portugal, £83,000,000. In the years 1875-85 there was on this showing a net reduction of about £15,000,000 on the indebtedness of the nations enumerated; but the whole world's obligations in 1885 represented an increase on 1875, our calculations giving a total for the former of nearly £4,900,000. Among the minor debtors Belgium has increased its obligations from £71,000,000 in 1876 to £91,000,000 in 1895, and in the same time the debt of the Netherlands has gone up from £80,000,000 to £92,500,000, and that of Canada from £30,000,000 to £51,300,000. The Greek debt stands at £32,984,000, and that of Mexico at £32,720,000 (as against £63,500,000 in 1875); while among the new borrowers must be reckoned Japan, which now owes £47,300,000, and the Argentine Republic, which owes about £74,000,000. For the small borrowers—Bulgaria, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Chili, Peru, Servia, etc.—we have allowed £150,000,000, which is probably only two-thirds of the actual obligations of these nations.

The sum paid annually as interest on the world's debts approximates to £250,000,000. Twenty years ago the total was about £200,000,000, and the increase of only £30,000,000 with a capital addition of more than £1,000,000,000 is explained by the fact that money now is cheaper, provided credits are good, than it was in 1875, when on some of its loans England was paying 3¾ per cent., India 4 per cent., Holland 4¼ per cent., Canada 4½ per cent., France, Russia, and Brazil 5 per cent., Italy and Portugal 6 per cent., Hungary 7½ per cent., Egypt 8 per cent., Turkey and Peru 10 per cent. France, of course, pays out the largest sum of money every year in the way of interest, the total running to about £37,000,000, or 19s. 8d. per head of the population. Great Britain's disbursement is £24,540,000, or 12s. 9d. per head. Russia pays out a little more, £24,726,000, or 4s. 11d. per head. Austria-Hungary, on the joint and special debts, pays out £37,190,000 a year, and the average per capita expenditure on the joint debt is 4s. 10d., on the special Austrian debt 10s. 10d., and on the special Hungarian debt 15s. The annual charge in Italy amounts to £23,450,000, which works out at the rate of 15s. 1d. per head. Spain pays nearly £11,300,000 interest annually, or 13s. 1d. per head. Though the capital itself is a large item, the charge per annum in the United States is no more than 1s. 9d. per head. In Uruguay, on the other hand, it runs to as much as £12s. 6d. per head. Burdett says that in Peru this per capita charge runs to £1 3s., but there must be something wrong with Burdett's figures. In Portugal the amount is 15s. 9d. per head, and in Egypt 11s. 10d. per head. In Germany it is no more than 1s. 4d.

Can any one say off-hand what is the aggregate debt of all the English possessions in all parts of the globe? We will give the total—it is £1,097,166,600. After the mother country, India has the heaviest debt; the total being, as we have seen, £127,600,000. Then comes New South Wales with £58,225,000, Canada with £51,288,000 (net), Victoria with £47,937,300, New Zealand with £39,635,000, Queensland with £30,639,500, Cape Colony with £27,675,178, and South Australia with £23,100,000. St. Helena brings up the rear with a modest £5,408.-

DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

Walter Damrosch will write a comic opera.

Louis James has produced "My Lord and Some Ladies."

De Koven and Smith's "The Mandarin" did not please New York critics.

Beerbohm Tree will be seen here in the dramatization of "The Seats of the Mighty."

Nancy McIntosh and Virginia Earle will be members of the No. 2 "Geisha" company.

Minine Maddern Fiske will appear in a dramatization of Amelia Rives' "Virginia, of Virginia."

"The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown" company has been disbanded, but will be reorganized.

Elwyn A. Barron and Wilson Berrett's new play for Charles Hawtrey is called "The Wishing Cup."

Klaw & Erlanger, Charles Frohman, Lincoln J. Carter and W. A. Brady give employment to two-thirds of all the actors employed.

The Metropolitan English Opera company includes Georgine Von Jannschousky, Lizzie Macnichol, Payne Clark and A. Montegriffo.

Aubrey Boucicault sails for Europe on November 20. During his absence his sister, Nina Boucicault, will keep the famous name before the public.

An Atlanta judge has decided that "a hypnotist is responsible for crimes committed by his subject when under the influence of the operator."

Mrs. Bridget Hoey, the mother of "Old Hoss" Hoey, and Belle Urquhart are both suing street railroads for damages for injuries received in the cars.

The agent of the Black Patti Troubadours had great difficulty in securing accommodations for his company at Hartford, and was obliged to advertise.

Charles E. Evans and W. D. Mann have announced their intention to make the Herald Square theater, New York, a permanent home for American light opera productions.

The Actors' association is taking up a number of cases where actors have not been paid salaries. The society will eventually effect a boycott on managers who don't pay up.

The child born recently to Caroline Miskel (Mrs. Hoyt) died within an hour of its birth. Mrs. Hoyt has recovered from the shock, and will return to the boards next month.

"A Daughter of France" is the title selected for Joseph Hatton's dramatization of his novel, "When Greek Meets Greek," which Miss Olga Nethersole will produce in Boston in about two weeks.

"Lady Diana," a three-act comic opera written by Herman Hart, the music by the late Signor Antonio Mora, has been secured for America per Louis Nethersole on behalf of an American comic opera syndicate. It is an English subject, and the period is the eighteenth century.

Conscientiousness is one of the characteristics of the Paris dramatic critic, Fouquier recently declined to review the performance of a new play in the Figaro the morning after its production because the dress rehearsal had been given for the benefit of the press, and he did not consider it possible to write a satisfactory criticism after the play.

George B. McLellan has arranged with Messrs. Canary & Lederer to send to Australia next April or May Miss Lillian Russel, and her entire company. Professor Hermann is also to visit the Antipodes next season, and "The Lady Slavey," too, may be taken over. Mr. McLellan is acting as the representative of Williamson & Musgrove, the Australian managers.

Not Her Fault.

Mrs. Grimble (to her offspring)—There you go, tracking the floor all over with mud. Didn't I tell you to wipe your feet before you came in?

Johnny—Oh, nobody's blaming you, ma; you did all you could.—Boston Transcript.

ODIUM THEOLOGICUM.

They met and they talked where the cross roads meet,
Four men from the four winds come.
And they talked of the horse, for they loved the theme,
And never a man was dumb.
And the man from the North loved the strength of the horse,
And the man from the East his pace,
And the man from the South loved the speed of the horse,
The man from the West his grace.

So these four men from the four winds came,
Each paused a space in his course
And smiled in the face of his fellow man
And lovingly talked of the horse.
Then each man parted and went his way
As their different courses ran;
And each man journeyed with peace in his heart
And loving his fellow man.

They met the next year where the cross roads meet,
Four men from the four winds come;
And it chanced as they met that they talked of God,
And never a man was dumb.
One imaged God in the shape of a man,
A spirit did one insist;
One said that Nature itself was God,
One said that He didn't exist.

But they lashed each other with tongues that stung,
That smote as with a rod;
Each glared in the face of his fellow man,
And wrathfully talked of God,
Then each man parted and went his way,
As their different courses ran;
And each man journeyed with war in his heart,
And hating his fellow man.

—Sam Walter Foss.

BARDDONIAETH YR EISTEDDFOD

A New Critic Scores Pedrog and Llew Llwyfo.

MISS GERTRUDE LEWIS'S SAD DEATH

The Prominent Songstress Dies in the Poorhouse from the Effects of Strong Stimulants--The New Welsh Church at London--The Workington Eisteddfod.

In speaking of the chair and crown poetry of the Llanelly eisteddfod of 1895 one who signs himself "A New Critic" speaks of the principal efforts in rather a disparaging tone. The chair was won, it will be remembered, by Pedrog, a nonconformist minister who was visiting this country at the time. Twenty-six bards tried for the prize. The subject was "Happiness," and the adjudicators were Watcyn Wyn, Ceulanydd, and Berw, who speak in the highest terms of eulogy of the successful ode. Pedrog has been half smothered with praise ever since. Let us see what his poem is like. As it is written in the alliterative metres, a literal translation is extremely difficult. I will do the best I can.

The poem opens with these lines:

"Happiness! I ask a proper passport to its poetical kingdom, a proof-order that the purest Muse bestows her smile on her servant.

"An exquisite subject, and the aim of the world! Shall I sail its sweet mysticism? The appropriate state of Happiness! A pure life, all song.

"Of all the expensive wealth we see, it does not matter what we possess in the world; if anyone's soul is without this, there are the flames of hell."

I pass on to the opening lines of the fourth section of the poem:

"Along the weird lands of his ancient 'Garden' was the ruler, with happy countenance; but black Enemy, taken at his word, stabbed treachery through the blessed neighborhood; and Happiness was then seen, with his Father leaving man! Miserable, he wandered about the guilty land of deterioration; and he bent in every place, in bleak night, lower down; he bent, a foolish, immortal being, to filthiest images; inferior to his divine origin were his innumerable 'other gods'; and the song of soul's happiness he finds not in the thickness of dust and mud, nor anywhere, until he praises God, who brings heaven back to him!"

There are about six hundred lines of this sort of stuff. I inflict no further quotations on the reader. Of the plan of the poem it is not easy to say anything. There isn't much of it, as far as I can see. There is nothing coarse, or stupid, or vulgar in the poem, and very little poetry. This was the best poem out of 26. What must the other 25 have been, I wonder? But let that pass. "Llew Llwyfo" was the winner of the crown. Under the adjudication of "Dyfed," "Cadfan," and "Hawen" he vanquished fourteen competitors. His poem was declared to be the best that has been crowned for many years. It was an ornament to the Eisteddfod, and so forth. The subject was "John, the Beloved Disciple," and the opening lines are as follows:

"John! On naming him my imagination saw myriads of diverse scenes crowding his ways, and still greater diversity of the peculiar characteristics of one who enjoyed the depth of the Son of Man's special affection.

"The Beloved Disciple! I would he were, if God wills it, the subject of song, and its aim to add a chord—though feeble and humble—that would sound sweet in the great chorus of the feast that 'still remaineth'—that faith sees near by—the great feast of endless creation's restoration—and my chord, in the universal hymn of praise, sweet through the whole harmony of the choirs of heaven (?) And I would that my humble song conveyed some lesson—some old, pure truth—and called to mind, again and yet again, the special lesson, according to the divine order—the chief lesson of the mark of love placed on the most beloved disciple that ever was—the lesson that was, and will continue through the ages ever to be—mystery of all mysteries: Love of God to Man."

The poet falls into a kind of day dream, and a mystic Guide appears unto him. The Guide shows him a number of scenes. A rather tiresome fellow, this Guide—"My Mystic Guide"—as the bard calls him—always making long speeches. The plan of the poem may be gathered from the headings to the various sections:

Preliminary, The Fraternity of Bethsaida, and the House of Zezedee, From the Baptism of Christ to the Night of His Black Betrayal, The Passion, the Garden, and the Mountain, The Doctrine of Christ's Resurrection and Apostolic Labor, "A Period of Generation": Persecution, Exile and its Fruits. The poem is thus a sort of metrical sketch of Scripture history, beginning with John the Baptist and ending with the death of the Beloved Disciple. The glimpses we get of John himself are few, brief and nebulous. Out of about 1,000 lines only twenty are devoted to John's exile in Patmos. What a golden opportunity the poet lost there! Not a word about the visions seen by John as recorded in the Book of Revelation! There are several grotesque passages in the poem, and incidents which are neither historical nor edifying. Some of the "conferences" savor of the pothouse. John's cruel rebuke to Mary Magdalene is certainly not in keeping with his amiable character, though Mary's behaviour deserved castigation. One other quotation taken at random from the poem:

"Yes, John's voice has the same key, feature, tone, or characteristic, when replying to some insult as when explaining something that gives pleasure, except when the lack of merit is suggested of the Gospel of Christ to bring happiness to the world, and that it does not touch the aristocracy of man; then an inspired tone pierces through all he says, as now, when he answers an attempt made by the Emperor to sneer at the 'lowly state' of his Savior, and the 'unphilosophical simplicity of the religion of Christ'; this alone explains his temper, and rouses him to reply."

These are samples of the best poetry turned out by the National eisteddfod of 1895. Is the game worth the candle? Most people would say "No!" Allow me to make one remark in conclusion. Our Welsh bards look on the chair and the crown as the top of the ladder. Having got there they do not think of trying to ascend any higher. That is the fatal mistake. They should regard these crown and chair poems as mere school exercises or college essays, as mere premilinary canters of their Pegasus, the first rungs of the ladder and not the last. They should look up higher, and even higher. Their standard of poetical excellence is absurdly low. After winning a chair they (to vary the metaphor) rest on their oars. Instead of that they should go on, by study and diligent toil, perfecting their art, until at last they are able to produce work on which the immortal gods will smile.

SAD END OF WELSH SONGSTRESS.

Mrs. Rosewarner, better known as Gertrude Lewis in South Wales musical circles, who was twenty years ago, a prominent local songrstress. The news, pathetic as it is, did not come as a surprise to the many persons acquainted with the deceased's later life, for it has long been known that she had, through intemperate habits, fallen very low in the social scale. Still, those who were acquainted with her in her younger and brighter days could not but feel a pang of regret that one who at one time appeared to have such a happy and prosperous career before her, should become so reduced as to claim no more honorable deathbed than a pauper's pallet. The story of the singer's life is saddest imaginable. Her father was Mr. Rees Lewis, who some twenty years ago was well known and highly respected in Cardiff as the conductor of the Philharmonic society, at that time the only important musical organization in the town, its chief patron being the late E. M. Corbett. At the age of 17 Miss Gertrude Lewis, whose voice was a rich soprano, commenced her career as a public singer by competing at the Abergavenny eisteddfod for a scholarship. On that occasion Miss Edith Wynn, the adjudicator, pronounced her opinion that Miss Lewis' effort was equal in point of merit to that of the winner, Miss Williams, now Madame Williams-Penn, but awarded the prize to the latter on account of her age, she being a year younger. After this the young soprano went to London, where she was placed under the tuition of Mr. William Shakespear. Under the care of this famous voice trainer Miss Lewis made rapid strides in her adopted profession, and on her return to Wales was for some years exceedingly popular at oratorio concerts. When about 23 years of age she married a schoolmaster of Builth, who shortly afterwards was attacked with pulmonary disease, and was ordered to the Cape, but derived no benefit, and ultimately succumbed to the fatal malady. This distressing episode seems to have been the turning point in her life, and until she married, a few years later, a Mr. Rosewarner, she obtained her livelihood by teaching music, and, meeting with occasional engagements only as a public singer. Of late years she had existed alone in a state of extreme poverty, as indicated by the sade circumstances surrounding her death.

MUSICAL AND EISTEDDFODIC.

Few people living outside of Wales have done so much to maintain the distinctly characteristics of our nation as the venerable William Griffiths, Ivander (Griffiths Bach Pontardawe gynt) of Workington Cumberland. Most Welshmen know Ivander only as one of the musical adjudicators at the Merthyr national eisteddfod fifteen years ago, when he said very unpalatable things to our brass bands, but everybody admits that what he said then was only the truth. Ivander has been the moving spirit in the Workington eisteddfod, which has been held annually for the last score of years. Last New Year's day the eisteddfod attained its majority, and now entering as it were upon a new lease of life, its promoters have determined to make it a more important function in every sense of the word. The next eisteddfod will be held on New Year's day and continued on the following day. On New Year's evening there will be a public rehearsal of "Judas Maccabaeus," and the work will be fully performed on the following evening. On the Sunday night, Jan. 3, the festival will be closed with the performance of the "Messiah." Mr. Ben Davies will be the tenor vocalist at all the concerts. Such is the programme, and it will be admitted on all hands that it is a most ambitious one. Mr. W. G. MacNaught, the great apostle of the tonic solfa notation in London, and Miss Emilie Burley, of Liverpool, who is equally enthusiastic in the cause of the staff notation. Since her victories at the great eisteddfodau in South Wales last summer her services have been much sought after. She holds more than a dozen musical certificates. They will act as musical adjudicators. It will be a great gathering of musical talent, and will be one of the eisteddfodical features of 1897.

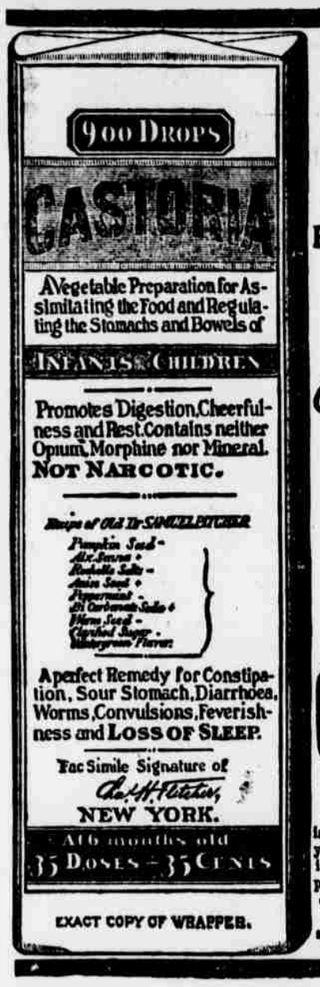
NOTES.

The Porth Eisteddfod committee are determined to put the Porth Hospital on a sound financial basis. Recently they handed over to the hospital committee the sum of £260, being the proceeds of the last eisteddfod, while a cheque for over £30 was also received by the committee from the Porth and Cymmer Male Voice choir, this being the sum realized at a recent performance given by the choir. The institution now contains eight beds, three of them being already endowed, one by Mr. Clifford Cary, another by Messrs. Lewis' Merthyr Colliery company, and the third by Colonel Williams, of the United National Colliery company.

There must be scores of people in Cardiff and the district who would hail with delight an opportunity to acquire a knowledge of Welsh, and many Welshmen also who would be glad of a course of lessons in their mother tongue, and so make up for the neglect of earlier days. To these it is of some interest to know that Professor Powell is now about resuming at the University the Welsh class which he conducted with so much success in years that have gone by. The classes meet every Monday evening, and the first of the series has already been held. Only four students, however, presented themselves the first night, but this we are convinced must be entirely due to the fact that the existence of such facilities has not been sufficiently made known. Of course, if no more members are enrolled the classes must be abandoned.

The many Liberal associations throughout South Wales are now arranging lectures and debates for the coming winter are pursuing a policy that cannot be too highly commended for Liberal principles need only be known and understood to be thoroughly appreciated and endorsed by the people generally. For the next few months the cry of "Register! Register! Register!" Educate! Educate!" for without the latter the former will be so much neregy thrown away. The Penarth Liberals have recognized this, and have completed an excellent programme. The session will shortly be opened with an address by Mr. Joseph H. Jones, on the "Licensing laws in relation to the accepted policy of the Liberal party." During the winter Mr. Morgan Thomas will read a paper on "Tithes—the history and law." Mr. J. T. Parry, the new agent for South Glamorgan, will treat on "The History of the Education Bill." Mr. Lloyd Meyrick on the question "Is Absolute Free Trade Wise?" and Mr. J. Valentine, of Bristol, the organizer of the Irish National league, will deliver an address on his pet subject, "Irish Poets and Irish Politics."

"Young Wales" for this month is an excellent number, and contains at least two articles of real interest to Welsh Nationalists. Professor Anwyl writes about the national awakening in Wales in its relation to Welsh literature. Mr. Thomas Darlington writes about the Cymric element in the Welsh people. Mr. Anwyl tells us that the new outburst of interest in Welsh literature in the last few years has shown itself partly as a desire for reproduction of the literature of the past. He points out the different characteristics of patriotism within and without Wales, and says that "No more eloquent testimony could exist to the life of the Welsh language than the fact that in it alone the Celtic language has appeared that thoroughly modern literary product, an encyclopedia. The spirit of reproduction in Welsh literature is a very valuable one, and along with discrimination and careful study, may do much to make us acquainted with the literature of our ancestors. The tendency, however, ought not to make us disparage the literary activity of the present day, but rather make us proud of the fact that Welshmen have never been content to see their tongue a mere bundle of dialects." Mr. Darlington, of whose paper only the first instalment is published, claims that the science of ethnology has taught us already that there is no such gulf between the Welshman and the Englishman as it has been the fashion to assert exists between the Celt and the Teuton. He says that the Cymry are now known not to be pure Celts at all, and that the English people are racially more mixed than the Welsh. The English are, he contends, much less Germanic than it is common to suppose, and in English literature, poetry, and oratory there are unmistakable signs of Celtic influences.



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