THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 30, 1897.

Charles A. Hartley's Tricks of Ventriloquism.

Another Budget of Amusing Experiences Graphically Described.

A SNAP-SHOT AT THE WORLD'S 'FLYER.' show yourself."

I made a trip to Boston on the Nev York World's great Sunday "flyer." I was a messenger, and as such faith-fully performed all the hard work incidental to the occasion. I reported to "Browney," the World's man, at the Grand Central promptly at 11 c'clock Saturday night. Shortly after the advance sheets of the great Sunday World began to arrive-one wagon following another in rabid succession. Into the first cars were loaded the "Hartford's," the "Springfields," the "Boston's" and other consignments for

interlying towns. These were all deposited in their alloted spaces in the several cars. At hair past one the real activity set in, and continued to grow apace until 2.35 a. m.-the time for departure. The rumbiling of the delivery wagons, the shouts of the men. hardly heard above the hissing of the escaping steam from the impatient locomotive, the clanging of the bells of incoming and outgoing trains, all contributed to make the scene as fascinating and thrilling, as it was remark-

Steaming and panting the horses burrying the "finals" arrived. They wereb undled into the cars with alacrity, and the conductor. Abe Hoagland, quickly gave the signal to go, We were off, seven minutes late.

What a ride! We fairly flew over the rails. On and on, through the black night we swept. As we swept past the towns, the sliding doors were openid and the bundles began to disappear. At New Haven the train was divided. one section going to Providence, the other to Boston, via Springfield. At sight o'clock in the morning I arrived in Providence. After a half hour stroll through its pretty streets i took the train for Boston.

Sunday Worlds I saw in the hands of every newsboy, and Boston barely awake. Think of it! Away off in New England and reading our morning paper as soon as we do here. I doff my hat in due reverence to Mr. Powell, the superintendent of circulation for the

World. Magnum opus. Did I ply my art? Well, a little. The train men searched high and low for tormentors. At the stations where we stopped I could get the names of the "innocents," and call them as from afar, commanding them to report here or there, which they would do with alacrity, some clambering over the tars, and under the cars. We laughed heartily at the antics of the policemen stationed at the depot in New London, Gilday, by name. He sought his man for fully ten minutes and finally gave It up in disgust, with the remark: "Go - and I'll see you there before I look for you any more." I stood at his side, and to me he remarked: "If he wants me let him hunt for me. Look at my clothes, they are covered with dirt, hunting for him."

In Boston I would stop the trolley cars at will, and start them at my pleasure. In a restaurant near the old Colony station, I would repeat the or-der given by the waiters, which the patrons concluded was an echo, and Do you hear, Miner." there was a search to find the point whence it came.

"I will not," said Mr. D., "until you "Nor will I," said Mr. C. I soon caused them to obey. "Go or will appear in your room, in the dead of night, in material form." They obeyed without further urging.

and the marks still stand on the tree before the Widow Brown's Maple Grove House in the Catskill mountains, I was prevailed upon to disclose the lelusion. A number of the guests had gone in quest of a board house with more congenial environments. +++

MR. HARTLEY IN POLITICS.

It was my good fortune to secure an appointment as inspector of election this year, which appointment carries with it the exemption from jury duty or one year, and a compensation of thirty dollars for service. I was as-signed to the Twenty-seventh election listrict of the Thirty-first assembly district, and the board of registry, consisting of four members, met at the bicycle store of Hubert Lawrence, 207 West 126th street. After sending my colleagues, Messrs. Abrams, Miller and Bachman, out in search of the "man who wanted them outside." I trained my batteries on their helpless friends. The first to arrive was Rowland Willis, who inquired if his friend Miner had registered. "Not five minutes ago," said Bachman, "he came with his bicycle and Lawrence let him go up on on the roof to fix it himself; he is up there now. Wait, and I will call him. Say Miner! Hello, Miner! Bachman had gone to the ventilater in the rear of the store, which by the way, is but one story high. "Hello" came back the reply as from the roof. "What do you want?"

"Willis is here." "Tell him I want to talk to him." Willis neatly fell into the trap, and

going back shouted. "what are you dong up there, Miner?" Fixing my bloycle. Tell Lawrence

o let you come up," came the reply. Whereupon Willis declared, "That's Miner sure. "How do I get up?"

"Go through the laundry," suggested Bachman.

He repaired to the laundry next door. only to return at once with, "She cays can't get up there. I'll try the other

This he found to be locked up and unoccupied. Nothing daunted he entered the five-story building on the corner of Seventh avenue and reaching the second story, lowered himself out dicted. on the roof. We could hear the tin cracking under his heavy tread. Here followed an amusing dialogue between Willis, and Abrams an inspector. The latter had closed the ventilator tight and pretended to mistake Willis for

the supposed Miner. "I can't find him," cried Willis, in loud voice

"He's just gone up, Miney," said Abrams. "Miner is not here, I'm Willis," said

Willie. "I tell you Willis just went up there,

"______ it," should Willis at the reader may find several of these the top of his voice. "I say Miner is not phonographs having the large funnel attachment. The funnel I find an ex-

In the meantime other scenes were being enacted at both Orlewitz's and at Hollanders. Orlewitz imagined that all Harlem had gone stark mad. Peo ple were rushing in at intervals and de-manding to know what he wanted, only to be met with, "I didn't call you,"

or "nobody called you from here." At Hollanders they looked on each victim with pity. "We have no tele-phone here. Go next door, in the cigar

store Jolly Harry Fellows, the son of our district attorney, was as pliable as his predecessors, and his supposed conversation with is friend Jack Watts had its humorous, as well as its serious

phases. He went out in a vain search, like the rest. Henry F. Steinecke was a farce comedy in himself. "Yes," he shouted to a supposed ac-

qualntance, "I am registering now, What's that? No, I can't go down to night, I work tonight." He succeeded gradually in raising his volce up to its highest pitch, by answering back, "I can't hear you, speak louder.

The man yelled till he was red in the face. He nearly dislodged the wicked funnel from its fastenings. William Early, a pleasant-faced young man, was kept going from 8

b'clock in the evening until the store closed and he declared with emphasis that Cunningham (by wnom he was supposed to have been called) "could hang himself. I'll be darned if I'll hunt for him any more. Now I've been over to Hollander's, to Orlewitz's and to the Republican club three times. They all swear he isn't there, and think I'm jollying them." He was kept in ignorance of the truth

A young man named Ringgold, a son of the actor by that name, nearly put the assemblage in convulsions. He was told the wire was connected with a laboratory of a certain Harlemite whom he knew, and that by the aid of the X-ray objects could be discerned (over the wire) through solid substances. One test after another he exacted, asking, inter alla:

"On whose head is my hat? What is the name of the maker? How many gas jets are burning in the window? What is the name of the bleycle on exhibition in the front window? How many people are now in this room?" To all of these queries, suggested by those present, I would answer correctly, The young man stood as one petrified

with amazement. "Wait a minute! Don't ring off! I want to try you again." "All right," I piped back.

Ringgold next placed ten men before the "telephone;" behind these he sta-tioned one whom he commanded to close his hand tightly over a twentyfive cent silver piece, "Now," shouted Ringgold triumphant-

ly, "Tell me what is before the telephone Fully aware of all details, I piped

back, "ten men stand before the "phone, In the hands of an eleventh there is a silver quarter of the year 1893." The effect was electrical, and elicited from Ringgold an ejaculation which, in prose or in poetry, is often inter-

+++ BEFORE THE PHONOGRAPH.

I have found my exploits at the phonographs easy of accomplishment, in-tersting and ludicrous at times and withal effective in purpose. It seems incredible that a fellow-being would stand before one of these little instruments and respond to my interrogations with an earnestness worthy a higher purpose, yet they do, much to my own amusement, for I am rarely detected. My auditors, to a man, become ready and pllant victims. At the Eden Musee

FROM OLD CAMBRIA THE LAND OF SONG

Death of Rev. W. Basil Jones, D. D., Late Bishop of St. David's.

The First Day of the Year Saw the Publication of the Fourth Volume. The Work Has Now Reached to the End of "D" and Shows No Signs of concerned. Fatigue on the Part of the Learned

Author--Other Interesting Notes.

The bishop of St. David's died at his residence, Abergwili Palace, on Thursday the 4th instant, at the age of 75. He had been in a weak condition for months, owing to a serious affection of the heart, but had not been confined to his bed only a few weeks.



BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S.

The Rt. Rev. W. Basil Jones, D. D., was a genuine Welsh bishop, and as such was thoroughly popular and enjoyed the full confidence of his countrymen, both within and without his diocese. He was born in 1822, his father being the late W. Tilsey Jones, of Gwynfryn, in the county of Cardigan, Receiving his early education at Shrewsbury school under Drs. Butler and Kennedy, he was elected in 1840 to scholarship in Oxford. Here he gained a good position in the classical honor list, and a fellowship at Queen's college. He was ordained in 1848 by the bishop of Oxford. His first parochial charge was at Huxley, Yorkshire. In 1863 he became examining chaplain to the archbishop of York, and in 1865 vicar of Bishopthorpe, near York. In 1867 he was appointed archdeacon of York, in 1873 canon of York, and in 1874 on the resignation of Bishop Thirlwall, he was nominated to the bishopric of St. David's. His diocese includes the counties of Pembroke, Cardigan and Brecknock, and parts of Radnor, Car-marthen and Glamorgau. The area is 2,272,790 acres, and the population 435,age. 912. Bishop Basil Jones had a difficult

position to fill, for he succeeded a man of vast learning, one of the greatest scholars of his age. That he filled the position with success speaks much for his natural gifts and ability. Though not a scholar in the sense that Dr. Thirlwall was, yet Dr. Basil Jones was a man of learning and a voluminous writer. An archaeologist of note, he, in connection with Freeman, the historian, wrote an elaborate work on the cathedral of St. David's. His literary work in other departments was very constderable, including works on classical, intiquarian, eccleciastico-political, and men being present from almost every historical topics, besides occasional serpart of the Principality. One of the most singular features of the gathering mons. He was a contributor to Dr Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," and to the "Speakers' Commentary;" but, was that the chairman was a Welsh-man, speaking to Welshmen, opened perhaps, his best known and most popuin English, but, as he appeared not to be understood, he broke into vigorous Welsh, amid roars of cheers and laughlar work is his "Plain Explanatory Commentary on the New Testament for Private Reading," which he brought ter, in which Mr. Bright heartily joined. out in conjuction with the late Arch-Some of the statistics of the Welsh deacon Churton. The late bishop mardenominations are interesting. Baptists appear to have 871 chapels. ried in 1855 a daughter of the late Rev S. Holworthy, and in 1866 a daughter these 871 chapels there are 328,311 sit-tings for 101,791 occupants. Then in the Calvinistic denomination 562 pastors are of George Henry Luxdale, of Aigburth, Liverpool, by whom he has issue. He divided amongst 1.317 chapels. It is very easy to see, as children say at school, that 1.317 into 562 "won't go." was the one hundred and nineteenth bishop who had sat in the chair of St. David. Obviously, there must be a liberal bor-rowing of preachers. These particular JOHNES. OF DOLAUCOTHY. General Sir James Hills-Johnes, V. figures are, however inclusive of Eng-land as well as Wales, so that the C., G. C. B., now a Carmarthenshire squire, is "Jemmy Hills, one of the subalterns in Tombs' troop, and an old Addiscombe friend of mine," in the redisparity is spread over a corresponding large area. The Welsh Independents have 1,207 chapels and missions, and only 590 pastors. While the Calvinists cently published autobiography of Lord have a debt of £313,254 throughout the Roberts. The latter gives a stirring entire community in England and Wales, the Weish Independents have account of the episode-personally witnessed by him-which won for General endowments valued at £1,315,055. One would hardly expect that body to be Sir J. Hills-Johnes his most treasured earnest Disestablishers and Disendow-ers. But they are convinced that both would be good for the Church of Engdecoration, the Victoria Cross. It occurred during the Indian mutiny, when ers. his troop of carbineers was by treachery exposed to a surprise attack. "The

NOTES.

e one in every two thousand.

years he lived entirely there. He was well known in the Vale of Glamorgan. The deceased always subscribed to-wards temperance and education. He wards temperance and education. He gave scholarships to boys from Llantwit Major at Cowbridge grammar school. In politics he was a Liberal, and was a lawyer by profession.

The first day of the New Year saw the REV. SILVAN EVANS'S MAGNUM OPUS The Bit Discrete Silvan Evan's magnum opus-cellor Silvan Evan's magnum opus-the Weish dictionary. The work has now reached to the end of "d," and shows no sign of fatigue on the part of the learned author. It is only fair to add, though, that the Chancellor is assited in his task by his son, a scholar of Oxford, and a chip of the old block, so far as the Welsh and its cognates are

> In a racily-written article entitled "A Run to Bala," which Mr. Henry Morris has contributed to the "Bible Society Reporter," for the month of January the writer says that the house occupied by the Rev. Thomas Charles (Charles o'r Bala) is now a chemist and iron-monger's shop. The study in which Charles wrote the "Geirladur Ysgrythyr ol" and prepared the new edition of the Bible is a bedroom, and the "College" is now found useful to hold garden tools and such-like articles.

Hawarden church will soon be famous for its windows. To the window given by the wealthy Armenian merchant, as a memorial of the sufferings of his fel-low countrymen and of Mr. Gladstone's exertions on their behalf, will be added another erected by Lady Penrhyn and Miss Glynne in memory of their sister, Nora. Lady Penrhyn is a daughter of Mrs. Gladstone's late brother, the rector of Hawarden.

Cardiganshire has lost its centenarian by the death of David Evans, of Lianby the death of David Evans, of Lian-arth. He was born in the year 1794, and remembered the coronation of George III, George IV, William IV, and Queen Victoria. Evans was a staunch Church of England man, and was seventeen years of age when the Calvinistle Methodists separated from the es-tablished church.

Among the two hundred and ten Welshmen and Welshwomen who partook of tea provided the other day by the "London Kelt" from a fund collected for that purpose was an old woman. a native of Myddfai, in Carmarthen-shire, and a descendant of Williams, of Pantycelyn.

A remarkable story, the accuracy of which is well vouched, comes from a lit-tle town not far down the line. Twenty-three years ago a young woman, a native of Neath, who lived with her two maiden aunts, and had promised to remain with them while they lived, got married, but, as the aunts held men in abhorrence, the young bride took off her ring in church, gave it to her hus-band, 1 urted with him at the church door, and told him to claim her when both her aunts were dead. Nine years later one of her aged relatives died. and the second passed away just at the close of 1896. The very next morning the husband, whom she had never seen nor heard from in the whole of the twenty-three years, although both resided in Glamorganshire, came and claimed his wife. Another ring had to be bought, for the one which had done duty nearly a quarter of a century back was now too small for the buxom wife, who began her married life in middle

A curious history attaches to the Court theatre at Liverpool, which was so seriously damaged by fire recently. It was formerly known as the Amphi-theatre, and as it seated more persons than any other building in Liverpool, some twenty odd years ago, it was fre-quently used for political purposes. Mr Gladstone, in the historic campaign when he was ousted by the Cross and Turner from the Liverpool division of Lancashire, spoke in it. But the most famous gathering that took place within its walls about that time was when John Bright addressed a meeting of the Welsh fraternity of that town, Welsh-

An Astonishing Statement. SO REMARKABLE THAT, FOR FEAR OF DISBELIEF,

SOME OF THE FACTS ARE WITHHELD.

A Correspondent who Interviews a Woman in Regard to Her Recovery from Illness is so Impressed with the Story and Regards it so Wonderful that He fears to Write the Whole Facts.

READ HIS LETTER AND THE WOMAN'S STORY.

From the Free Press, Beloit, Wis.

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which she made in the hope of doing good to others. Mrs. Culver is a woman of education and refinement. Her husband was post master at Wyoming during President Harrison's administration. Among those of their neighbors who can further attest the facts in her case are the present post master and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Dunstan, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Parks, Mr. and Mrs. Solon Kniekerbocker and scores of others living here in the town and valley of Wyoming. P.S.-I must confess that I had an idea that patent medicine testimonials were mostly fakes, manufactured in the good-humore

11

Steak and eggs (a great Boston | here. dainty)-have the steak rare and the eggs well done."

"City beans and pork, brown bread, Put one on," and the familiar "draw one in the dark," I would echo back as lustily as the order was sung out. 1 was not discovered.

On the Common where the Single Tax advocates held forth (on Sunday, mind you), I amused myself at their expense, combating their arguments with lively interjections, which seemed to annoy some and amuse many. They could not locate me. +++ was only "on relief" left the store, Wil-

AN EXPLOIT IN THE CATSKILLS.

policeman is losing time on the force. A very amusing exploit was that He could get his \$150 before the footgiven at Tannersville, in the Catskill lights. mountains, Our "heroes" were Mr. D., of the big house of Lord & Taylor ly alive to the sport appropriated the and a certain city clubman whom we stationery box, which contained the may call Mr. C. blanks for registration purposes. Into

The picturesque Maple Grove House this they cut a small hole at the center lies almost obscured behind the big and inserted the only funnel available. maple trees in the foreground. It's grassy lawn is a great carpet of green. the house itself is old fashloned and quaint, and perhaps a better place to conjure up the shades of the lamented Rip Van Winkle could not be found.

gave it, at a cursory glance, the ap-On this particular evening the guests pearance of a crude experimental conwere seated on the porch. Softly came trivance. A small bicycle bell was ata gentle rat-a-tat-tat on the window panes. It was raining at the time, and but little attention was paid to it. I plete. filled my mouth with the tiny shot and directed a number om them into the midst of the guests. Instantly all was store." confusion, and as we all rose to seek out our assailant. Mr. D. and Mr. C. were all gallantry, and I might remark here, astute disciple of Aesculapius was too there were several ladies in the party. I had not as yet directed any missile at our heroes. Instantly I did so all their valor vanished. I fairly rained Wickwarr, David Hess, Harry Fellows, the little missiles on them. Then a Albert Riley, Henry Steinecke, William voice, which all declared came from the Early and a young Mr. Ringgold were a air, cried: against it."

"Mr. D., all are well in Australia." I had learned his family was there He became thoughtful and conferred with his friend Mr. C. Together they called out: "Who are you?

"I am the spirit of R. V.," I replied in a sepulchral tone.

"Good night, good night," said the unseen presence. "I'll come again on the nstrument. eve of the morrow. Good night," and the voice died away in the distance-a trick in ventriloquism not at all difficult and often effective. To my surby those who knew him, for I was prise the words had the desired effect. and that night after retiring I could hear comparatively a stranger in the localthe guests in their rooms discussing the strange visitation. For the first time Mr. D. and Mr. C. agreed to room todrug store right away" was the reply. "Oh all right," and off he went, only gether. The rattling on the windows and the pelting they got with the "pebto return quickly with the remark, "Orbles," as they termed the shot, together ewitz says he didn't call." with the strange message from Australia visibly affected them. and an adjournment to the "corner gro-

The following day they both declared they had not slept a wink during the night. To their inquiries as to who R. was they received the assurance that it must be Rip Van Winkle.

It was Mr. Kennedy, the well known horseman, of New York city, who sug-Moody was as ready a subject as Schumacher and after conversing with a gested this. He was "in the know" and supposed superior in another district discreetly kept his knowledge to himreceived a peremptory order to report self. Our heroes, who hugged the dein that precinct at once, and off h lusion that it might indeed be the spirit hastened with all due alacrity. of Rip, either forgot or did not know that he was a creature of fiction. The dealer, whose place of business is lofollowing evening the same strange incated nearby, came in at this moment. cident, of the night before, happened. They begged the supposed spirit to tell James Wickwarr there," brought that

his name. Question after question they propounded and I answered as readily and as accurately as I could. "Now," commanded the spirit, "go to

yonder tree and cut your name in the er he went as promptly as to the drug

Then ignoring Abrams he scoured the cellent adjunct. It serves to magnify whole roof, crying at intervals, "Hello, my "telephone voice," and to assimilate the tone to that of the "record," so per-Miner." Bachman had meantime gone to the

lis remarked to those present, "that

Bachman and Abrams now thorough-

ached, and the telephone was com-

Mr. E. J. Willet, Louis Jandorf, James

of the many others who were "up

Some one in the rear would sound the

deycle bell, and Backmann would rush

o the 'phone with an anxious, "Well,

"Is Mr. Willet there" I would pipe

loudly enough for that gentleman to

"Yes," replied Willet, rushing to the

"Yes, who are you," he asked. I would name some friend known to

im, the names being furnished to me

That was the signal for a good laugh,

Next to arrive was Officer Moody in

company with sevral brother officers

who had scented the fun and who

wanted to have a share of it. Officer

James Wickwarr, the popular bicycle

The little bell tingled and the call "is

centieman quickly to the instrument.

He received the usual summons to

report at Orlewitz's. Returning, the

- come over to Orlewitz's

Dr. De

nuch for me

hello, what is it?"

Mr. -

store

"Is that you, Willet?"

feetly that one cannot detect the difrear of the building, and standing withference. Pardon my vanity. This is in the door had repeatedly called for Willis. To all of which calls the poor true. A crowd had collected round the little fellow had responded. He gave it up

graphaphone and Bryan's famous "cross of gold" speech came slowly from the cylinder. When the last word as a bad job and returned to the store amid the laughter of those present. died away, I called in exact imitation of He charged his mishaps to Officer Schumacher, who had, but a few mothe "record" voice: "Well, say, how does the cross of gold ments before, received a dose of the same medicine. When the officer, who

hit you? Could you hear me all right?' A momentary silence. They appeared credulous at first and looked for some Ajeeb whom they believed concealed in the walls,

"Come, come," said the voice from the phonograph, "Wake up, there, you, I mean, with the beaver tile. Do you want to hear me sing?" The one addressed plucked up courage

enough to answer, "Yes.' "Well, put a half dollar in the slot, which was found at the store, reeking cried the voice from within. "You are very modest in your demand. with oil, and black from usage. This A half dollar for a song is a pretty improvised telephone they hung upon partition in the rear. A small cord price. I'll go you a nickel," said the leading apparently to and from this, man addressed.

"Nickel it is," answered the volce from within, "let five of you contribute a nickel each and I'll sing any song you troop," writes Lord Roberts, "was thus call for. Come, hurry up, there. Time is money, you with the red neck-tic, you with the care, and that gentleman

Vousney was the first to try 'the short wire to Orlewitz's drug with the lady. The nickels were quickly furnished and deposited in the machine, while He called up Orlewitz, but on hearing the response, immediately said, "that the now big crowd listened with inter-voice doesn't come from that box." This est. "Sing, 'Yeu Don't Know How Much

I Love You," said the man with the high hat. The little cylinder commenced to revolve slowly and lo! came the stereotyped speech of Bryan. "Here," said the man with the cane, you promised to sing a song."

'If England dares"---- rang out the real voice from within. "That's not fair. You're a swindler. Where's the song? and like interjections Hills

ame from several listeners. The speech ended, I began anew, and in explanation the voice within said: "You didn't but enough in. I never go below my price. Now put in enough to make the half dollar and I sing Down in Hogan's Alley," and I sang:

Soon I'll marry, None but little Saily, The Idol of the boys and girls, Down in Hogan's Alley.

It had the desired effect and into the box went the complement of nickels. Again came Bryan's speech and again expostulations. I grew weary of the fun, and by way of diversion called out:

'Say, out there, I am not doing the talking." "Who is," asked a victim.

"The gentleman with the black derby of con-hat, leaning on the phonograph, on the army. left" sang out the voice from within. I described myself purposely to just how far I could earry my auditors. With apparent surprise I demanded:

"Do you mean me?" Yes, you," I answered quickly,

"Well," said I, "I am not." "You are a liar, you are!" answered the phonograph, while I walked away with an injured air. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me! Not a

single person in that crowd suspected my ventriloquism even after I had as Recently. much as told them all. For when 1 walked away they were still shouting at the machine. I refer the reader to any of the attendants at the Eden Musee in voice bade him go to Hollanders, whith-voice bade him go to Hollanders, whith-Charles A. Hartley.

88 W. 134th street, New York.

Trefecca College is the only Nonconformist college in Wales where the staff left to receive the first rush of the rebel cavalry; it was composed of is composed exclusively of Oxford and young soldiers, some of them quite un-Cambridge men. trained, who turned and broke.

'Wateyn Wyn" and "Eos Dar" bay moment Hills saw the enemy he shoutdone nearly all the penillion and penill-ion singing of the last ten years in the National Extended ad. Hence they had ed, 'Action front,' and, in the hope of giving his men time to load, and fire a round of grape, he gallantly charged right to steak and sing before the the head of the column single-handed. fordiff Cymmrodorion last Friday evencut down the leading man, struck the second, and was then ridden down himcture that penillion singing goes under different names-canu gyda'r tannau, canu gyda'r delyn, and canu peniillon. self. It had been raining heavily, so wore his cloak, which probably Canu gyda'r tannau because th-re were other stringed instruments besides the Welsh harp. Canu penilion had still a saved his life, for it was cut in many places, as were his jacket, and even his shirt. As soon as the body of the wider meaning-singing with the harp, the crwth, the horn, or even with the enemy had passed on Hills, extricatpastwn, with any heavy stick beating the time, &c.; hence the term "pastyn fardd." The manners of North Wales ing himself from his horse, got up and searched for his sword, which he had ost in the melec. He had just found it and that of South Wales are different. They follow the harp-intons with harp--in North Wales, but they sing with when he was attacked by three men. two of whom were mounted. He fired at and wounded the first man, then It sill am dant in South Wales. How to account for the two manners the lecturcaught the lance of the second in his lift hand, and ran him through the er could not say, but very likely the body with his sword. The first assailmanner of North Wales was the older of the two; "dull y De" was modern. ant coming on again, Hills cut him down, upon which he was attacked by The right benillion singing is "duil y Gogledd." The lecturer explained how. the third man on foot, who succeeded in his opinion, the Welsh are a nation of in wrenching his sword from him. Hills poets and singers. They were taught to be poets and singers by the old bards fell in the struggle, and must have been killed if Tombs had not come to the in the ancient times, and when the rescue and saved the plucky subaltern's bards lost the patronage of the princes and noblemen and became mute and life." Both received the V. C. Lord Roberts keeps up his friendship with silent the people themselves began to sing-that was the real awakening. The lecturer explained how canu penillion his old comrade, and spent his last few days' holiday at Dolancothy before was neglected, and how it was taken up and revived these days, and exhorted the Cymmrodorion to form classes to leaving England to take up the duties of commander-in-chief of the Indian cultivate this lost art, which is really Welsh. "Eos Dar" sang four times-twice "dull y De" and twice "dull y

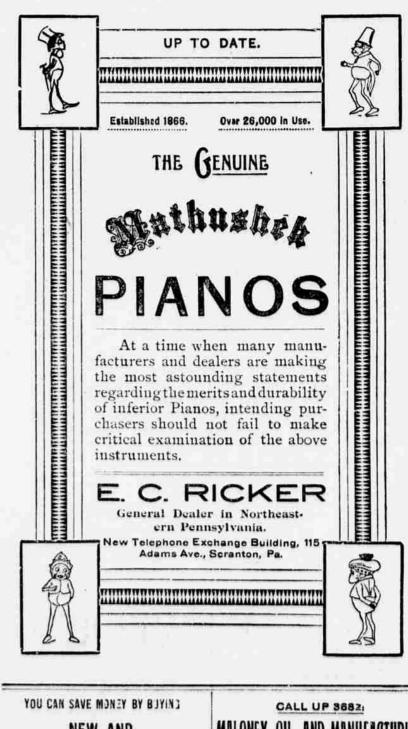
Gogledd."

Collodd yr Annibynwyr dri o'i gwyr have two thousand students. After, all, this will not be a great number. Wales by that time, probably, will have a pop-ulation of 2,000,000. As half of the two thousand are likely to be drafted from England, the number of students in promerthol y flwyddyn ddiweddaf, ac y mae'r "Diwygiwr" am Ionawr yn cynwys darluniau da iawn o'r tri gyda'r anlynol Diwedd y Flwyddyn ydoedd diwedd dydd ortion to the population in Wales will

Tri a flaenoriald cad—tri chedyrn ffydd Yr Athraw Morris ga'dd yn gyntaf un O Aberhonddu ei alw Fw wlad ei hun, O Aleraeron y Parchedig dad Wysiwyd yn ail, I'w encdigol wlad Herber o Fangor oedd y trydydl mawr Gipiwyd yn sydyn—fewn un dydd ac awr news reched Llantwit Recently, news reched Liantwit Major, of the death of Mr, John Bevan, late of Cowbridge, which event took place at Nerve, Italy. The deceased was about 95 years of age, and lived in Cow-

awr Cyn i'r hen flwyddyn gillo-a'n gadael

bridge until about 20 years ngo, when he left for the benefit of his health and went to Evmouth, and soon afterwards spent every witner in Italy. Of late I wylo'n hiraeth-wedi colli'r tri here in the town and valley of Wyoming. P. S. —I must confess that I had an idea that patent medicine testimonials were mostly fakes, manufactured in the good-humored spirit of humburgery which delights the looked up myself I have found at the first trial a cure so astonishing that I have been afraid to write the facts just as the actual history of the case demanded. I have been truly fearful lest I should seem to overdo and thus spoil this splendid testimonial. I







From

Sir Lewis Morris looks forward to the time when the Welsh University will

Tri a flaenoriald cad-tri chedyrn ffydd