THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE- SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 22, 1897.

ymric literature From Home And Abroad

tions, but the monthly magazine, where ample time is given the writer to deliver his utterances with discrimination, discretion and good judgment, sreater extent, nevertheless, than do the dally papers, especially in cases where wealth and influence play a part, and particularly in cases where the "wearer of the broadcloth" is concerned. Such extravangance, in unlimited fulness, appeared in a recent number of a monthly, whose editor we know is diametrically opposed to such barrenness, but in the case under discussion, his kind-heartedness went beyond his better judgment, hence the appearance of the "mess of surfeit" in the last issue of the monthly he edits so acceptably. It was a biographical sketch of a gentleman whose accomplishments are many and very acceptable to his people in this country. Here the biographer should have rested. We knew this clergyman in Wales in his boyhood days. We knew him when he first came to this country. No man living can raise a finger against his character. It is spotless. He has been a hard student throughout life, the result of which is that he now finds himself occupying a prominent place among the brethren of the Welsh pulpit in America. He is a gentleman of fair education, and fair talents. To go beyond this would be exaggeration. He is not a great man by any means. He is neither a great scholar, nor a great divine, and is only a bard of mediocre ability. As an eisteddfod conductor he is hardly the ideal an audience of culture would select. We never knew him to be successful in saying those pretty things which usually fascinate and make merry large audiences. The gentleman is all right, and he cannot be blamed for the extravagant culogy that appeared in the Cambrian. As a scholar, divine and poet he is far down the line with the

mighty men of Wales.

THE ROBERT MORRIS FOEM. Were it only this poem the recent elsteddfod hnd produced, it more than filled its mission in the field of literature; it was more than faithful to the traditional truths of the eisteddfod in better days. A fertile and well disciplined mind was discovered, and a charming little poem worthy of the lambent deeds of a worthy ancestor has been produced. The poem combines fascinating thoughts wrought in graceful diction, sparkling metaphors and graphic delineations of loyal and heroic deeds in phrases of poetical charm. It abounds in alluring sentiments and the oftener you read it, the stronger becomes its enchanting influences. It is sweet in simplicity and as refreshing as the bubbling waters of the mountain spring. No wonder Mr. Osborne was so felicitous in his remarks. It was nectar for the soul. THE TREFORRIS EISTEDDFOD OF

1854. opointed David's took three prizes at the above elsteddfod. Excepting Llawdden, Llew Llwyfo is the only one living who took prizes at the above elsteddfod, which was held forty-three years ago next September. The late Dewl Wyn o Essyllt took the prize of twelve guineas for the poem on "Buddugollaeth y Meddwl Dynol ar y Natur Allanol" (The Triumph of the Human Mind over export trade. External Nature). Dewl always deemed this his chief work. Mr. J. S. Walters, of Swansea, was also successful in gaining a prize for the best history of Llangyvelach, giving the rea- without interruption since the time of son why the church and the steeple were built at a distance from each other. Perhaps the best description ever given of "Ffair Llangyfelach." held on March 1, and known as "Ffair low the cathedral to be used for the y Ffigys," is a comic song by Wil Aberddawen, which gained a prize at jubilee service, and that the R. W. this eisteddfod. After describing what Brother, the Bishop of Llandaff, will he had seen, and how he and his wife preach the sermon. had spent the day, the bard finds himself towards evening without money. having lost sight of "Betsan" (his strongly represented in London on Comwife), who had ran away from him taking the purse with her, and in a been selected to take part in the jubilee state of frenzy he tells us:

tion of the pen of praise. Writers in daily newspapers can be easily ex-cused for their unbridled exaggera-From what circumstances this strange lies at the college. custom arose there is no account, traditional or otherwise.

In 1607 the sea coast of the countles of Glamorgan and Monmouth were YR YCH A'R LLYFFANT.

Ar lydan fron y werddlas ddol Yr ych a borai'n hapus Ond aeth i grwdro'n mlaen ac ol, Yn hynod o annrhefnus; A daeth at lu o lyffaint mad. Gwnaeth arynt alanastra; Fe laddodd un tra'r oedd eu tad Yn rhywle yn rhodiana.

Pan ddaeth y penaeth yn ei 'ol, A chanfod corff ei blentyn. Ymwylitiai'n fawr, crochlefal'n ffol, Gofynai'n llawn o ddychryn,-"Pwy ddarfu hyn, dywedwch im', Pwy yw y Morfudd creulon?" Ond d'wedai'i blant nas gwydent ddim ford ch fawr achryalon. Ond fod e'n fawr echrysion,

'Yn fwy na fi?" dywedai ef, Gan chwyddo'n fawr mewn soriant, A chodal'i fyny tua'r nef Nes oedd yn gawr o lyffant Ymchwyddai'n fwy, tra'i blantos tlawd Yn gwaeddi, "Mwy o lawer;" Parhau i chwddo wnaeth y brawd, Nes tori yn el haner,

Mae ambell un i'w wel'd o hyd Run fath a'r llyffant druan, Yn tybio nad oes neb trwy'r byd Yn debyg iddo'i hunan; Lledana'i esgyll yn mhob man, 'Does derfyn i'w drachwantau; Ond wrth ymledu'n fwy na'l ran, Cyn hir mae'n myn'd yn ddarnau. -Ednant,

B. F. LEWIS SICK.

We are sorry to learn of the serious illness of B. F. Lewis, one of the editors of "Y Drych" and that fears are entertained for his recovery. Mr. Lewis is one of the foremost Welshmen in this country and has always been the embodiment of loyalty under all circumstances. He has been true to his people, but a fearless writer, nevertheless, against groundless traditions. Let us hope that his illness is only temporary, and that he nay be spared many years more to labor in the interest of his

people. THE LOYAL KNIGHTS.

It is now understood that the Loyal Knights, the majority of whom, we un-derstand, have Welsh blood running through their veins, contemplate holding an elsteddfod on a larger scale than has been held hereabouts for many years, and that the prizes will be much larger both in the literary and musical departments. The eisteddfod is to be ecceded by a concert of eminent Weish artists, prominent among them being the great tenor, Ben Davis. We will be able to furnish fuller particulars in a week or two.

NOTES.

During last year forty-seven new li-It is announced on what is described off. One day, however, the house was braries were established in connection with Sunday schools in North Wales.

Mme, Adelina Patti, who was recently suffering from indisposition, which, though slight, was sufficient to warrant the artist in cancelling her engagements to sing at Sheffield and Newcastle, is benefiting considerably by her rest at Craig-y-Nos, and has ar-

ranged to make her first appearance in London this season. Bishop Owen is the one hundred and ninetcenth prelate who has filled

the See of St. David, and the tenth John who has occupied the throne of Dewi. Most of his predecessors were Normans or Englishmen, and several of his Welsh predecessors bore such bar-barous names as make it difficult to believe they were natives. Among them are Haerwnen, Gwrgwyst, Maelsgwyd, Sulhaithnay, Arthwael, Rhydderch, Bleiddud, and Ryhdddmarch.

At a North Wales eisteddfod the other day the ceremony of chairing the successful poet was participated in by Professor Morris Jones, whose vigorous onslaught upon the "antiquity" of the Gorsedd the bards have never forgiven. Upon witnessing the novel sight a wag in the building exclaimed:

Cyduned yr holl seindyrf, Taraned y trombones; Wel dyma fardd o'r diwedd Dan fendith Morris Jones,

When Watcyn Wyn dles-may the day be far distant!-there must be no brickwork in his grave. This is the bard's strict injunction, and to make assurance doubly sure, Watcyn, who dearly loves a joke, has written the following epitaph for his own grave-

stone: Carodó tra gallodd rol kicks-ar ei hynt I rai o'r hen relics; Ffarweliodd heb ddim ffrolicks Dyma'r brawd-a dim bricks!

A portrait sketch of the bishop of St. David's in the current number of Trysorfa 'r Plant reveals the fact that he was baptised by the late Rev. Josiah Evans, Perubrey, Carmarthen, who will be remembered by many of our readers as one of the most respected old ministers belonging to the Calvinistic Methodists of that country. The bishop's mother, who resides with

her son, is still a member of a Methodist church near Pwilhell. An interesting article in the Trysofa'r Plant for May deals with the changes wrought in place names in Jamaica by the abolition of slavery, Among

other amusing place-names adopted by the negroes may be found the following: Comfort Castle, Envy Not, Happy Hut, Good Intentions, etc. The writer conjures up the following immarriage announcement: aginary Thomas Johnson, of Good Intention, to Sarah Murphy, of Never Expected It.

denomination in North Wales. One of the stories which Mr. Williams related Weish writers are often justly criti-cised by the English and American press for their extravagant manipula-surfise on the following morning. In was the following: At a certain chap-el, after a forcible and cloquent appeal, the preacher invited promises of subscriptions. There was for a mo-ment a dead silence, but presently a brother in the far end of the building

gave a significant nod, and then slowly David's have become of rare occur-rences, but the people of Haverfordraising his arms, and spreading the west say that, with the improved railfingers of both hands-his wife sat nea him-he indicated by dumb show that way facilities which are promised, the old shrine will have larger gatherings he would give £10. "And that," added the pastor of the Memorial hall, "was even than Holywell. the only time in my life I felt sorry

that there were no more than ten It is interesting to notice the different fingers on a man's hand!" kind of tenure which exists in different parts in Wales. In Monmouthshore I

is mostly leasehold tenure, while as to the remainder of South Wales, the holdpen name of the Hon, Mrs. Bulkeley ings in Pontypridd, Cardiff, Carmarth-Owen, the mother of Lord Kenyon, apen, Merthyr Tydfil, Penarth, Bridgend, Aberavon, Neath, Swanses, Lampeter, and Tenby appear all to be held upon terms for 99 years. In some cases, however, as at Lampeter and Tenby, the terms are as short as 70 years, and in Brynamman and Pembroke Dock (with a few other places) the usual term is only 60 years. In Cardigan. until a few years ago, 99 years' leaseholds were three times as numerous as freeholds.

The proclamation of the Festiniog national elsteddfod of 1898 is to take place on Bryn yr Orsedd on the 3rd July. The chair subject selected for the eisteddfod is "Awen" (The Muse), for which a prize of £20 and a carved oak chair is offered. The subject of the ode is "Charles o'r Bala," for which a similar money prize and a crown is offered. A prize of £20 is offered for the best "History of the Educational Awakening in Wales from the Establishment of British Schools to the Present Day," and one of £15 for an historical and critical essay on

Wales is said to be the Rev. Thomas Hughes, Machynlleth, and he is not

retired, but preaches often, and intends

taking a "taith" next summer to South

preaching in 1822, so that he has been

in the ministry 75 years. Wales has

been noted for old active ministers.

The Rev. Edward Hughes, of Aber-

ystwith, lived to finish 75 years in the

ministry, The Revs. D. Williams, Llan-

wrtyd, and W. Evans, Tonyrefail, had

been preaching 75 years when they

very near the end. There are several

Weish ministers alive who have been

preaching 60 years or more; the Revs

Edward Williams, Cynwyd, a relative

of the great Dr. Williams, of Rother-

ham; R. Williams, of Llwyn-Ithel; Ed-ward Adams, W. Williams, of Swan-

sea, and James Donne, of Llangefni

A Welshman named David Lloyd

which he showed to customers as a

rarity. Now, David's wife often drank

more than was good for her, and would

lie down for a few hours to sleep it

laughter, and gave rise to the proverb,

Dewi Emlyn, a man whom I knew at

"As drunk as David's sow."

died, both preaching to the end, o

Wales,

and Mr. Gee.

Edmund Prys, the celebrated author of ter than search for the burial place the metrical version of the Welsh of Yvain ap Edmund, who, according to Froissart, "was burled in the church Psalms, of St. Leger, half a lengue distant The oldest nonconformist minister in

Mr. Hughes commenced

WHAT MY LOVER SAID.

added another £ 30,000, the handsome

"Gwenllian Gwynedd," which is the

[Reprinted by request.] By the merest chance, in the twilight

gloom, In the orchard path he met me; in the tall, wet grass, with its faint perfume. And I tried to pass, but he made no

Con, I tried, but he would not let me. to 1 stood and blushed till the grass grew red.

With my face bent down above it, While he took my hand as he whispering said-

(How the clover lifted each pink, sweet head, To liston to all that my lover said; Oh, the clover in bloom, I love it!)

In the high, wet grass went the path to hide, And the low, wet leaves hung over;

And the low, wet leaves hing over, But I could not pass upon either side, For I found myself, when I vainly tried, In the arms of my stendfast lover. And he held me there and he raised my who kept an alchouse in the town of Hereford, had a sow with six legs head.

While he closed the path before me, And he looked down into my eyes and said-

(How the leaves bent down from the boughs o'er head,

To listen to all that my lover said; Oh, the leaves hanging lowly o'er me!)



General Derangement and Nervousness Preluded by Stomach Trouble

Blood Disorder and Nervousness of Years Standing

From the Commercial, Mattoon, Ill.

Mrs. Christiana Foster is a matron of Mat-toon, who has recently been restored to the ranks of health after many years of suffer-ing. She gave her statement to a reporter in such complex share that we print it. in such concise shape that we print it :

ears among the contributors of the May number of Wales, with a delightyears of age and a housekeeper. I have ful little item of original research entitled "One of Our Forgotten Princes." Mrs. Bulkeley Owen is one of the most enthusiastic promoters of the Prince Llewelyn Memorial, and a few days ago a paper written by her on the subject was read to a crowded meeting of Liverpool Welshmen by Lord Kenyon. The "Porgotten Prince," whose ca

reer she delincates in the current num-ber of Wales, is not, however, Ein Llyw Olaf, but a Prince Evan of Wales (Yvain ap Edmund), a great nephew of Llewelyn, who, during the three

years of persecution which followed the death of Llewelvn fled to France and took refuge with King Philip VI. The records of his many deeds of va-lor in the service of the French kings which Mrs. Owens has extracted from Froissart and other historians, and the account of his tragic death at the

15

"My name is Christiana Foster, I am fifty "Any name is Christiana Foster, I am fifty Witness: Mns. ED. HEARN.

Witness: MRS. E.D. HEARS.
Witness: Mass. Heats.
Witness: Mass. Heats.
Witness: Mass. Heats.
Witness: MRS. E.D. HEARS.
Witness: Mass. Heats.
<



Gan dynu 'ngwalit a chicio'm het Y daethum at y clochdy; 'Roedd hwnw wedi colll'i iais, Mi lwyr ddeallais hyny; Gofynais iddo yn y man. "Beth ddaeth i ran dy wedgan?" "'Madawodd hon a fi'n lled swrth, Mae occo wrth ei hunan; Cel wel'd dychwela'r dowy ddiras Pan b'ont i ma's o arian,' '

OLD WELSH PARISH CLERKS.

The sitaution of the parish clerk of Llangyvelach used to be worth from a charge of two shillings and sixpence upon each plough used upon every farm in the parish. The appointment was in the gift of the bishop of St.

David's. In Llangynwyd the clerk's fee was twopence per hearth. The last to collect these fees was Thomas Williams (Thomas y Clerk, Brynfro), the old poet, whose duty on one occasion it was to go to Margam in search of his vicar, the genial Mr. Parry, whose services were required at a funeral. The clerk's search for the reverend gentlemen proving unsuccessful result-

ed in the following "triban:" Wyf heno yn amddifad. Annghynes yw fy nghaniad; Mi gollais bob nefolaidd wawi, Fe aeth y Diawl a'r Ffeirad.

CURIOUS WELSH TRADITIONAL

ITEMS. Llanmacs parish, in the Hundred of Cowbridge, is the most fertile and sal-ubrious in the Vale of Glamorgan. The parish register records the burial of inhabitants whose lives had been ex-tended to an almost incredibly protracted period. Most remarkable are

the following: Ivan Yorath, burled a Saterday, the xvii. day of July anno Ioni, 1621, et anno refni regis vicessimo primo annoque actatis circa 180. He was a sowdiar in the fights of Bosworth, and lived at Lantwit Major, and be lived much by fishing. John Sherry, buried 5th December, 1624, aged 104. Fhomas Watkin died March, 1625, aged

00. Elizabeth Yorath buried 13th, 1668, iged 177 At Christ church, Monmouthshire, in

he middle of the chancel, is a flat over a grave, placed there in 1376, which has long been an object of superstitious veneration. The country elieve it is that of a saint, but the rescription does not confirm this. Such ellance was placed in its miraculous

power to heal diseases on the eve of Ascension day that numbers who were

Colonel Lewes Llysnewydd, is the sever his connection with the five Welsh sixth member of his family to hold the office of high sheriff. The first was ap-and editor. If this is so, the loss to pointed in 1706.

The slate output of the United States | direction to many Welsh writers durhas materially benefited from the Penrhyn quarry lock-out, there having been an unprecedented advance in the

Neath in South Wales and Carnarvon in the North are among the few towns in which the curfew bell has been rung the Norman invasion.

jubilee service, and that the R. W. charge.

The Lianelly fire brigade will be memoration Day, the following having procession: Captain Scott; Messrs. Evan Rees, David John, David Phillips and David Thomas.

Rev. James Owen, of Swansea, who Maze Pond chapel, London, and durmeetings of the Baptist union. Field fought so valiantly for Harry have been discovered in an antiquated

The "old boys" of the Oswestry high Tudor. school have appointed a committee, un-£70 to£100 a year arising chiefly from der the presidency of Mr. Edgar Jones, M. A., of Llandilo, to organize a testimonial to Mr. Owen Owen, the old spector of the Welsh central board.

> A century ago, said the Rev. E. G. Gange, the president of the Baptist union, in his address from the chair, Glamorgan had 11 Baptist churches, Now it has 259, and yet the president complained that the Baptists have not nearly kept pace with the population.

Mr. Charles Morley, M. P., has subscribed f100 towards the Brecon (Coun-ty and Borough) Infirmary Diamond Jubilee Celebration Fund. A handsome donation has also been sent by that gentleman towards the fund of the Bryn-Mawr semi-national eisteddfod.

The Congregational church at Paddington has given a practically unanimous invitation to the Rev. J. Ossian Davies, of Bournemouth, to accept the pastorate of the church as successor to the late Rev. I. Morley Wright, Out of 190 members present only two dissented.

Dr. Roberts, of Wrexham, the celebrated Congregational divine, received the following telegram on his eightieth birthday in Easter week from three well known "hwntws";

"Hir oes i'r doctor, medd y tri wyr hyn, Tawelfryn, Tynywern, a Watcyn, Wyn.

Gwynfe is just now honored by the presence of Mrs. Wilson Barrett, whose father resides at Gwynfe house. By profession Mrs. Barrett is a nurse, and is known as "Nora." She is exceedingly popular at Gwynfe, and makes herself quite at home among the inhabitants.

The students at Trevecca college reordered in the limbs were foolish | cently gave a cordial welcome to Prin-

as "good authority," that Mr. Owen M. Edwards has definitely decided to to sleep in but the pigstye, where the sow lay on clean straw. The woman fell asleep beside the curious animal but the latter, no sooner saw the door Welsh literature will be serious, for open than out she ran, and rambled a Mr. Edwards has given stimulus and considerable distance. David that day

ing the last seven or eight years. Mr. Edwards, it is stated, will give up two of his magazines before the end of the year, and will gradually break off his connection with the others,

The Cadvinistic Methodists were once outwitted in the Vale of Giamorgan, which is a thing of rare occurrence in their history. In 1843 a chapel site and

a site for a small house came into their The Craftsman announces that the possession at Llanbethery, being the Dean of Llandaff has consented to al- gift of one John Samuel. The trustees built a cottage on the premises, which was occupied by a man of the name of Spurrier for several years free of At length Spurrier set up a claim to the house by quiet possession and the Corph was obliged to pay him

£45 before he would let go. The Hon, Misses Rice, of Dynefor, were among the choralists who recently rendered Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" at the Llandilo Drill hall. The charming daughters of Lord Dynevor,

among many other accomplishments are possessed of beautiful voices, and was president of the Baptist union in their services are frequently given at 1800, recently occupied the pulpit at local charitable concerts. And what is further interesting to note is, they aling his stay he presided at several of most invertably render their songs in the gatherings in connection with the the tongue of their illustrious ancestor, Syr Rhys ap Tomos, who on Bosworth

enest. The Synod of the Presbyterian church A writer calls attention to the fact that her Majesty has never visited the of England which recently at Sundershrine of St. David. In the list of land celebrates the jubilee of its Misheadmaster, who is now the chief in- Royal visitors William the Conqueror sionary society, listened with delight to figures. He was there in 1079, Kfng a racy speech by the Rev. John Wil-

Had he moved aside but a little way, I could surely then have passed him; And he knew I hever could wish to stay And would not have heard what he had to say. Could I only aside have cast him.

had a visit from some relations who it was almost dark, and the moments had been against his marrying, and, sped, as his wife was not about, he sang her

And the searching night wind found us praises and apologized for her absence But he drew me nearer and softly said-(How the pure, sweet wind grew still, in-By-and-bye David, of course, took his friends, to see the sow, and what they stead. To listen to all that my lover said; saw in the pigstye produced hilarious

Oh, the whispering wind around us!)

am sure he knew when he held me fast, That I must be all unwilling; For I tried to go, and I would have According to the Rev. J. Bowen Jones, B. A., in the current issue of

Cenad Hedd, Mr. O. M. Edwards has As the night was come with its dew, at been imposed upon. In the March last, And the sky with its stars was filling. number of Cymru there appeared "an

But he clasped me close when I would have fled, old letter from Wales," dated from 'Bargoed, May 20th, 1749," written by And he made me hear his story, And his soul came out from his lips and "Anna Beynon," and addressed to "Mary Powell, Pencader, America,"

saidand it derived its interest from the (How the stars crept out where the white

fact that it gave an insight into the moon led, To listen to all that my lover said; Oh, the moon and the stars in glory!) state of Carmarthenshire 150 years ago. But, declares the editor of Cenad Hedd "The letter is a fraud, every word

of it. It was written in America by I know that the grass and the leaves will not tell, And I'm sure that the wind, precious

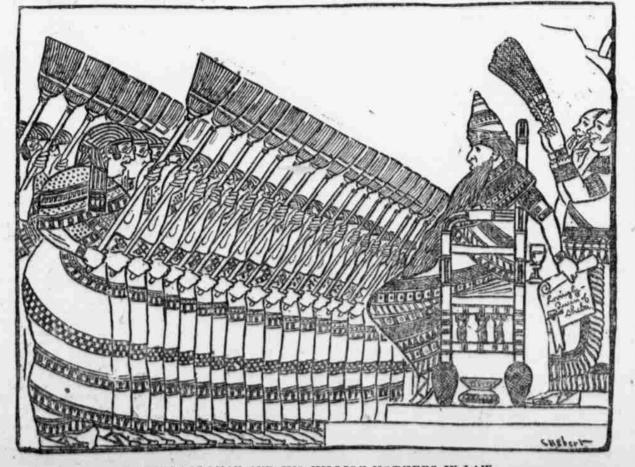
Llandyssul. This letter I believe was rover, Will carry my secret so safely and well published in the Ymofynydd about 1860. The Rev. J. E. Jones, the editor of the That no being shall ever discover Ymofynydd, was then deceived as Mr. One word of the many that rapidly fell From the soul-speaking lips of my O. M. Edwards, the editor of Cymru,

has been deceived now." As in the lover; famous Chatterton frauds, the letter referred to is one of a bundle said to And the moon and the stars that looked over

Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell They wove round about us that night in the dell,

In the path through the dew-laden clover. Nor echo the whispers that made my heart swell

As they fell from the lips of my lover. Homer Greene.



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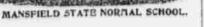
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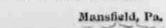
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