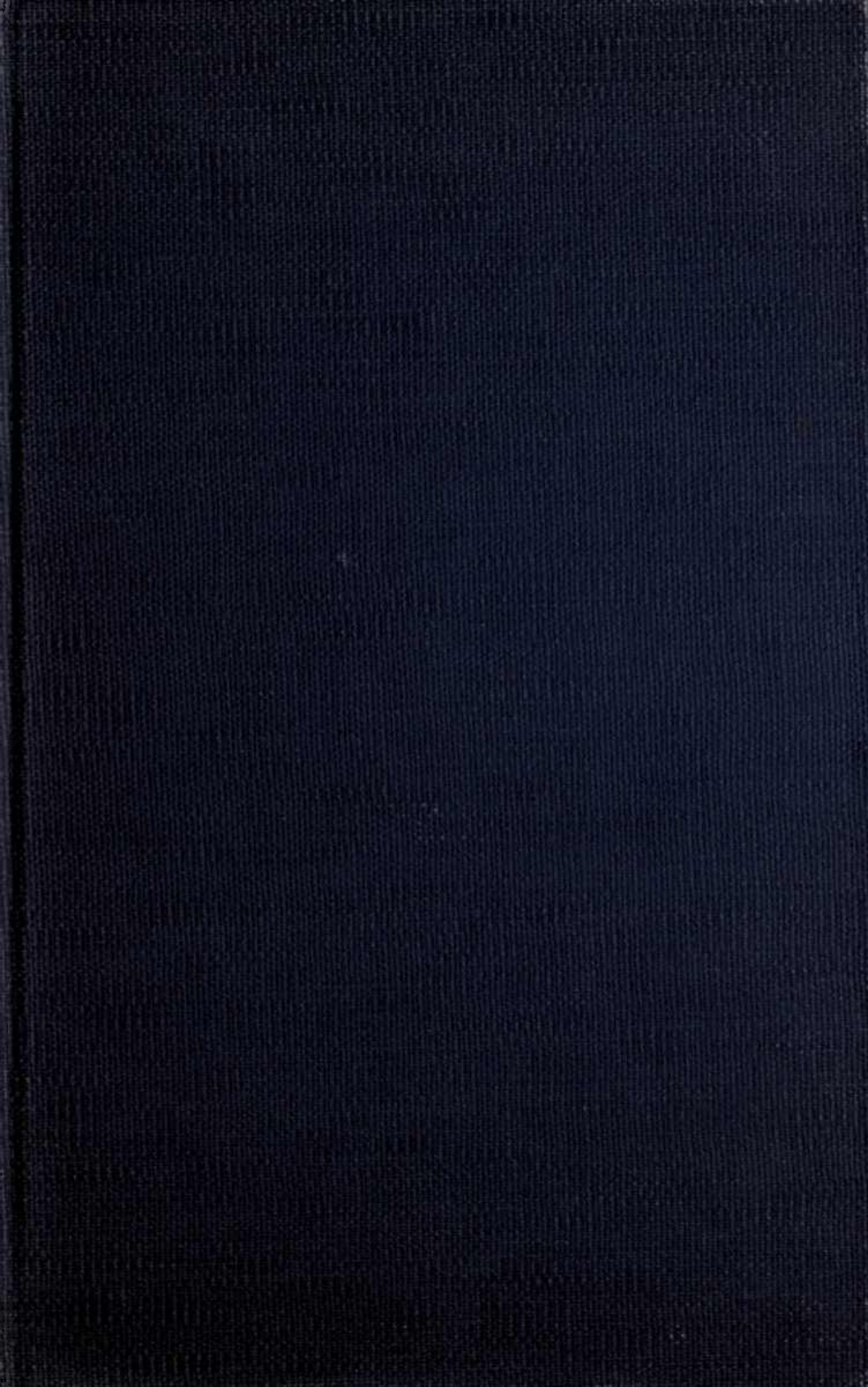






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THE ROYAL BLUE BOOK



PRIZE PRODUCTIONS

— OF THE —

PITTSBURGH
INTERNATIONAL
EISTEDDFOD

JULY 2, 3, 4 and 5, 1913.

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THE AMERICAN GORSEDD

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PREFACE

THIS BOOK contains the prize winning essays and poetical compositions of the Pittsburgh International Eisteddfod, held at Pittsburgh, Pa., on July 2, 3, 4 and 5, 1913, at which the American Gorsedd was organized.

This volume is published to preserve for future generations these intellectual productions of living descendants of an ancient people. Its purpose is to encourage and stimulate continued effort in these lines at each succeeding Gorsedd.

In the pages that follow will be found contributions in poetry, history and fiction, of high literary value, interest and merit; a credit to the several authors and of much pride and gratification to all their fellow-Cymry.

Cymry! How the old name thrills every loyal Cymro and Cymraes. There is much in their history to fill us with pride. They first appear as a branch or tribe of the Indo-Aryan family, originating somewhere in the "Pamirs," the mysterious heart of Asia. Migrating westward, passing through Asia Minor (possibly Palestine), long before Abraham dwelt in the "Plains of Shinar," or Job in the "Land of Uz." Crossing into Europe, and not a sound nor word from that hoary past as to what befell them in battling their way through this vast region, which now includes Turkey, the Balkan kingdoms, the Austrian and German Empires, France, Belgium and Holland, overcoming all obstacles and opposition until their advent in Prydain.

Writing in the sixth century of the Christian era, Taliesin, the great Welsh bard, refers to this arrival in his poem, "Ymarwar Lludd Bychan," evidently basing his account on the tradition recorded in the first part of Triad VI. This Triad may be of interest to the reader. It is quoted here in full:

TRIAD VI.

THE THREE NATIONAL PILLARS OF THE ISLE OF BRITAIN.

First—Hu Gadarn (Hu the Mighty), who originally conducted the nation of the Cymry into the Isle of Britain. They came from the summer country, which is called Defrobani, (*that is the place where *Constantinople now stands*), and it was over the Hazy Sea (North Sea) that they came to the Isle of Britain, and to Llydaw (Armorica), where they continued.

Second—Prydain, son of Aedd the Great, who first established government and royalty over the Isle of Britain. And before that time there was no justice, but what was done through favor; nor any law, save that of might.

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Third—Dyfnwal Moelmud, who reduced to a system the laws, customs, maxims and privileges appertaining to a country and nation. And for these reasons were they called the three pillars of the nation of the Cymry.

Taliesin's graphic description is as follows:

"Llwyth lliaws, anuaws eu henwerys,
Dy gorescynnan Prydain, prif fan Yny,
Gwyr gwlad yr Asia a gwlad Gafys."

Translation:

"A numerous race, fierce they were called,
First colonized thee, Britain, chief of Isles,
Men of the country of Asia, and the country of Gafis."

From very ancient times the Gorsedd has been a national institution, and is the channel through which much of the romance, tradition and history of our race comes to us. (There is no reliable record of Wales before the twelfth century.) The ancient records, as handed down, throw an illuminating light on the character, customs and religion of our forefathers. They were emotional, impulsive and passionate, with all the virtues and all the faults accompanying such a temperament. In government they were broad and liberal, as is shown by having universal suffrage, for "all men whose *beards were grown*, and all *married women of pure blood*, had votes."

"Every head of a family was allowed the use of five acres of land, free of all taxes or dues whatsoever," and "Trial by jury was established three hundred years before the Christian Era."

Religion—Druidism. The word means—very knowing, wise. When Caesar invaded Britain, 55 B. C., Druidism was the prevailing religion. Its cardinal points were, "Belief in the immortality of the soul and metempsychosis." Undoubtedly of, or originating in, this religious cult are the intensely interesting "Triads," which embody the crystallized thought of the nation. They are marvels of intellectual grasp, profound thought and clear expression. To the Gorsedd we are chiefly indebted for the production and preservation of these priceless intellectual heirlooms. So in the Gorsedd let us strive to emulate its past, and perpetuate its future.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

JOHN WORTHINGTON,
(Maen Hir).

*The statement in parenthesis, referring to Constantinople, is not in the original Triad. It is an addition by a commentator as late as the twelfth century.

THE PITTSBURGH INTERNATIONAL EISTEDDFOD

BY MR. R. H. DAVIES (GOMERIAN), PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE ROYAL BLUE BOOK would be incomplete without a brief resume of the Pittsburgh International Eisteddfod, which was held at Exposition Hall, July 2, 3, 4 and 5, 1913. It was a memorable event in the history of the Welsh people of America, who gathered from all quarters of the United States and Canada to enjoy what has been acclaimed the greatest Eisteddfod ever held in any country. Wales was in evidence at the festival. In addition to Archdruid Dyfed, who represented the ancient Gorsedd of Ynys Prydain, and Dr. Thomas, who was a member of the board of adjudicators, the Principality was represented by a male chorus and a number of contestants in various minor competitions, and they valiantly upheld the reputation and honor of Wales as a music-loving country. Even Australia and Africa had representatives in the literary contests, but they were not as fortunate as Wales in contributing prize-winning productions.

The Eisteddfod Committee planned with consummate skill to make the event epochal in Welsh history, and the varied features of the festival's program elicited the commendation of the press and the critics, as well as the audiences. The entries in the various competitions were very large, especially in the choral contests. A high standard of proficiency was attained in almost every number, and a noted critic has pronounced the choral work "an artistic delight that will linger long in the memory of the thousands who enjoyed it." But one thing marred the pleasure of the international gathering—the extremely hot wave that prevailed during the week. Even this emergency was anticipated, for a competent medical staff, a corps of nurses and a company of Boy Scouts were in attendance to look after the comfort of the visitors.

As to the literary and poetical productions of the International Eisteddfod, which compose the text of this comprehensive volume, a perusal will, I think, confirm the conclusions of the adjudicators that they have distinctive merits, and that the proposal to give them publicity in their present form is a commendable one.

As a matter of historical record for future generations, it has been deemed advisable to record the names of the members of the Pittsburgh Eisteddfod Association, under whose auspices the Eisteddfod was held, for it is a deserving

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tribute to the diligent and faithful workers who composed the committees in charge of the various departments of the festival, and their names are hereby appended:

James J. Davis.....	President	W. J. Jones.....	Treasurer
John Jarrett.....	Vice President	John Chappell.	Assistant Treasurer
Owen Jones.....	Vice President	R. H. Davies.....	Secretary
Joseph D. Jones....	Vice President	Jos. A. Jenkins.	Assistant Secretary
David W. Lloyd....	Vice President		

Samuel T. Beddoe	Anthony M. Jones	John Owens, M. D.
David Bowen	Evan Jones	Howard G. Owens
John Chappell	E. N. Jones	Isaac Prosser
T. Owen Charles	George B. Jones	John Redfern
Ben. I. Davis	Lewis M. Jones	D. N. Richards
David J. Davies	John H. Jones	Rev. G. S. Richards
D. Harry Davies	Owen Jones	John R. Roberts
James J. Davis	Joseph D. Jones	John D. Rowlands
L. E. Davis, M. D.	J. Harry Jones	Morris Stephens
Rev. D. R. Davies	J. R. Jones	Rev. W. Surdival, D. D.
R. H. Davies	W. B. Jones	William Sutherland
W. J. Davies	W. D. Jones	David Thomas
W. A. Evans	W. J. Jones	Gwilym S. Thomas
Ben. Elias	W. R. Jones	Rev. J. R. Thomas
W. T. Gwyer	Thomas H. Jones	Thomas M. Thomas
John Gwyer	Thomas E. Jones	Thomas J. Walters
David J. Gibbon	Samuel Jones	Thomas R. Walters
John E. Hughes	D. R. Lewis	Will J. Walter
W. R. Hughes	Thomas H. Lewis	D. R. Williams
W. S. Ingersoll	David W. Lloyd	John Williams
John Jarrett	John Lloyd	W. H. Williams
B. J. Jarrett	Thomas Lloyd	John Worthington
D. P. James	Arthur Morgan	Howard Zacharias
Joseph A. Jenkins	D. A. Morgan	Ivor Zacharias
Charles Johns	John S. Morgan	
D. B. Johns	Rev. R. C. Morgan	

Fortunate, indeed, was the Eisteddfod Association in its choice of adjudicators, for on the various boards were men of undoubted ability,—men who have attained an enviable eminence in their professions. Dr. D. Protheroe, Chicago; D. Vaughan Thomas, M.A., Mus. Bac. (Oxon), Swansea, Wales; Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, New York; Prof. William ApMadoc, Chicago; Prof. Arthur Simms, Newport, Wales, and Prof. D. Rhys Ford, Youngstown, O., composed the board of musical adjudicators. There were also men of proved ability among the bardic, literary and art adjudicators, who included the Rev. Evan Rees (Archdruid Dyfed), Cardiff, Wales; Rev. T. Cynonfardd Edwards (American Archdruid), Kingston, Pa.; Hon. H. M. Edwards, Scranton, Pa.; Rev. Wm. Surdival, D.D., Middlepoint, O.; Mr. William ApMadoc, Chicago; Rev. R. C. Morgan, Pittsburgh; Hon. Miles S. Humphreys, Pittsburgh; Mr. Lemuel Davies, Pittsburgh; Mr. E. Noel Jones, Pittsburgh; Mr. W. T. Gwyer and Mr. Morgan Morgans, Pittsburgh.

Prof. John Prichard, Prof. David Lewis and Mr. J. Harry Jones, of Pittsburgh, were the official accompanists.

The presidents of the various sessions were: Mr. W. R. Hughes, New York; Mr. W. J. Lynch, Granite City, Ill.; Mr. W. H. Davis, Sharon, Pa.; Mr. E. S. Griffiths, Cleveland, O.; Hon. Jenkin Jones, Bramwell, W. Va.; Mr. D. T. Harris, Chicago; Mr. John H. Jones, Pittsburgh, and Col. R. A. Phillips, Scranton.

The Eisteddfod artists consisted of the following sterling vocalists: Miss Elizabeth Tudor, soprano, New York; Miss Sue Harvard, soprano, Pittsburgh; Mrs. Tilly Bodycombe Hughes, contralto, Pittsburgh; Mrs. Edith Harris Scott, reader; Mr. H. Evan Williams, tenor, Akron, O., and Mr. Gwilym Miles, baritone, New York.

For future reference it is also deemed wise to include in this chapter the names of the various prize-winners at the festival, "the greatest thing in years, artistically," as Dr. Vaughan Thomas exclaimed, "whose singing thrilled and inspired not only the audience, but also the critics." They are as follows:

Chief Choral Competition—Scranton, Prof. John T. Watkins, director, first; Chicago, H. W. Owens, Mus. Bac., director, second; Cleveland, Prof. J. Powell Jones, director, third.

Male Choral Competition—Rhondda Choir, of Wales, Mr. John Phillips, director, first; Mendelssohn Choir, Pittsburgh, Ernest Lunt, director, second.

Ladies' Choral Competition—Canton, Miss Sarah Lavin, directress, first; Pittsburgh, Mr. James Stephen Martin, director, second.

Children's Choral Competition—Etna and Sharpsburg, Mr. James Filmore, conductor, first; Snodgrass School, of Pittsburgh, Mr. Morgan Emanuel, director, second; Beaver Falls, Mrs. Hendricks, directress, third.

Quintet—Miss Ethel Stephens, Mrs. E. T. Meyers, Messrs. William Kottman, William Stephens and David J. George, of Pittsburgh, awarded one-half of the prize.

Soprano and Contralto Duet—Miss Lillian B. Hayward and Miss Doris Stadden, of Cleveland, O.

Tenor and Baritone Duet—Messrs. Philip H. Warren and Thomas Beynon, of Scranton, Pa.

Soprano Solo—Miss Lillian Hayward, of Cleveland, O.

Contralto Solo—Prize divided between Mrs. Florence L. Jones, of New York, and Miss Helen Heiner, of Pittsburgh.

Tenor Solo—Mr. John B. Seifert, of Pittsburgh.

Baritone Solo—Mr. Roger J. Howells, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Bass Solo—Mr. Amos W. Sharp, of Columbus.

Pianoforte Solo—Miss Helen Root, of Canton, O.

American National Anthem—No award.

Chair Ode, "Roger Williams"—Mr. William Roberts (Gwilym Ceiriog), of Llangollen, North Wales.

Crown Memorial Poem, "The Late Capt. W. R. Jones"—Prize divided between the Rev. D. Pugh Griffiths (Efrog), of Williamsport, Pa., and the Rev. O. Lloyd Morris, of Ypsilanti, Mich.

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- Memorial Poem, "The Late John Grey"—Rev. W. Crwys Williams, of Swansea, Wales.
- Epitaph, "The Late A. J. Edwards, Esq."—Mr. George M. Rees (Cilgwynog), of San Diego, Cal.
- Englyn, "Yr Awel"—Rev. D. Pugh Griffiths (Efrog), of Williamsport, Pa.
- Essay, "The Welshman's Contribution to the Development of the United States and Canada"—Mr. Thomas Lewis James, of Sharon, Pa.
- Essay, "A Brief History of the Welsh People"—Rev. David Jones, of Scranton, Pa.
- Novel, founded on incidents in the life of a Welsh pioneer—Rev. Jonathan Edwards, Spokane, Wash.
- A Short Story, "An Eisteddfod Romance"—Mr. O. W. Griffiths, of London, England, first; Mr. R. H. Williams, of Carnarvon, North Wales, second; Mr. T. Eynon Davies, of Aberdare, South Wales, third.
- Program Frontispiece—Mr. William B. Canfield, of Pittsburgh, Pa.
- Original Oration—Mr. W. O. Griffiths, of Pottsville, Pa., first; Mr. James E. Steel, of Pittsburgh, second.
- Welsh Recitation—First prize divided between Mr. D. J. Williams, of Scranton, Pa., and Mr. Phillip Thomas, of Braddock, Pa.; Mr. Morgan Jones, of Rhondda, South Wales, second.
- English Recitation—Mr. D. J. Williams, of Scranton, Pa., first; Mr. J. Edgar Probyn, of Altoona, Pa., second.

The Pittsburgh International Eisteddfod was also epochal in view of the fact that it was the occasion of the establishment of the American Gorsedd, a special dispensation having been granted for this purpose by the parent organization in Wales at its convocation in Wrexham in the year 1912, when Archdruid Dyfed was deputed to visit America for the special purpose of conveying this authority to the proposed American Gorsedd. Inasmuch as the details of the ceremony attending this feature are chronicled by another writer in this volume, it is not necessary to dwell at length upon it, except merely to observe that the institution of an American Gorsedd should prove instrumental in federating Welsh-American literati, as well as in forming a bond that should eventually bring together the bards and the minstrels of this country into a well-knit organization.

PRESIDENT OF EISTEDDFOD ASSOCIATION.



Mr. James J. Davis (Cyfunydd), Pittsburgh, Pa.

MR. JAMES J. DAVIS (CYFUNYDD).

INCOMPLETE, indeed, would be the chronicles of the Pittsburgh International Eisteddfod without a reference to Mr. James J. Davis (Cyfunydd), President of the Pittsburgh Eisteddfod Association, whose financial support was an important factor in the eventual success of the international gathering. An important feature of every pretentious eisteddfod is its financial aspect, for inadequate support has throttled many a promising festival. Mr. Davis' munificent offer to provide a guarantee fund of \$10,000 to assure the association's financial obligations removed every portentous obstacle when he placed a check for said amount in a local bank to the credit of the treasurer of the association. His generosity was prompted by no mercenary motive, but rather by an impulse to make the International Eisteddfod a red-letter event in the history of the Welsh people of America, as well as to demonstrate to other nationalities the inherent love of his compatriots for literature, music and the arts.

Mr. Davis was born in Tredegar, South Wales, on October 27, 1874, and is the son of David J. and Esther Davis, who migrated to America when Cyfunydd was eight years of age. The family located in what is commonly known as the Manchester district, in Allegheny, Pa., where the father followed the vocation of a puddler. Later the family removed to Sharon, Pa., where the parents, who are hale and hearty, still reside. In common with the custom of the average Welsh youth, Cyfunydd went to work at an early age. He began as "puller-up" in the mill, and finally became a full-fledged puddler. When about 18 years of age he became possessed with the wanderlust spirit, and has a fund of recollections of an eventful jaunt through the Southern and Middle States during that effervescent period, when he endured the privations and hardships of those denied the privileges and comforts of a pullman car. One memorable day he reached Elwood, Indiana, where he secured employment as heater in the Elwood tinplate works. He immediately became actively interested in the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, and, recognizing his natural abilities as an executive, his fellow-workers elected him president of the local lodge, and later he became their representative to the grand lodge. As arbiter of disputes between employer and employee he became intimately acquainted with Mr. Daniel G. Reid, the owner of the Elwood plant, who recognized his resourcefulness, his magnetism and fairness in all dealings.

His native ability and magnetic leadership prompted his fellow-workers to select him as candidate for the post of city clerk of Elwood City, and he was returned a winner on election day by a handsome majority. Later he was elected recorder of Anderson county, Indiana, and discharged the functions of that office with credit to himself and his constituents. Shortly after the expiration of his term in this office a number of the members of the Loyal Order of Moose solicited his services, when he assumed charge of the organization department of the order. Subsequently he was elected director general, when he immediately set about to reorganize the order. He made Pittsburgh his headquarters, and from this point directed campaigns throughout the different states. Under his personal supervision the Pittsburgh lodge alone enrolled over three thousand members within a very brief period. His constructive genius and executive ability is further attested by the fact that the order has grown, within the past eight years, from a membership of 200 to the present grand total of 550,000, which has been a revelation in fraternal work. It is to-day the third largest beneficial order in the world, and its rapid growth may be attributed to the hustling qualities of "the Napoleon of Organization." The crowning feature of the order's fraternal work was the adoption of Mr. Davis' plan by the Kansas City convention, when provision was made for the erection of a home for aged, widows and orphans of the members of the order. A delightful tract between Batavia and Aurora, Illinois, of 1,050 acres was secured as a site for the proposed home, which has appropriately been named Mooseheart. Mr. Davis, as chairman of the board of governors of Mooseheart, has invested \$1,500,000 in buildings and improvements during the past two years, and approximately \$10,000,000 will be invested before the projected plans are completed.

Cyfunydd is in the prime of life, and is a veritable human dynamo. While an indefatigable worker and a man of but few leisure hours, he frequently manages to display his Cymric ardor by attending gatherings of his compatriots in Pittsburgh and elsewhere. He is an ardent eisteddfodist, and delights to delve into the traditions and customs of the ancient Brythons. Being a music lover, competitive festivals naturally attract his attention, and he enters into them with the vim and vigor of a staunch and patriotic Cynno.

JOS. A. JENKINS.

PITTSBURGH INTERNATIONAL EISTEDDFOD.



A Group of Eisteddfodists.

THE GORSEDD.

BY REV. D. E. RICHARDS, M.D. (IEUAN FARDD),
SCRANTON, PA.

I HAVE BEEN requested to prepare an article for the Royal Blue Book on the Gorsedd of the Bards, in connection with the account of its establishment at the Pittsburgh International Eisteddfod in 1913. The task is certainly not an easy one, since the age and origin of the Gorsedd are controversial questions, with the mist of ages hanging over them. And this being the case, a second thought suggests the avoidance of difficulty and trouble by waiving a critical survey of the subject, and presenting the facts simply, as they appear, and as we know them to be today concerning it.

Therefore, the manner of the Gorsedd is on this wise: It is held in some open and conspicuous spot covered by green turf. A circle of stones is made, consisting of twelve, which represent the compass points, outside of which three other stones are erected, over which, from the center of the circle, the rising sun can be seen on the solstices and the equinoxes. Thus the circle represents the astronomical knowledge of the Britons. The meetings must be held in the open air, "Yn Ngwyneb Haul, Llygad Goleuni" (In the Face of the Sun, the Eye of Light), symbolizing the basic idea that everything done by the Gorsedd will bear being brought to the fullest light of day.

The bards, accompanied by the chief persons of the town or district in which they meet, form a procession to the circle. And they are divided into three orders: Bards, Druid-Bards and Ovate-Bards. The first order are poets, the second religious teachers, the third persons interested in literature, science and art. According to their order they are robed in different colors. The Druidic color is pure white, but the Gorsedd embraces the three degrees of Ovate, Bard and Druid, their respective colors being green, blue and white. These three grades are given in ascending scale, from the artistic as well as the symbolic point of view, and the three colors possess manifest advantages over any single one.

The "Ovate" was originally considered a disciple, a learner, a beginner—the seed or egg from which in due course the "Bard" develops. To him is given the symbolic color of the earth—Green. Next comes the "Bard," whose genius takes higher flight, and to him is given the color of

the heavens above—Blue. The “Druid” is the highest grade. He is supposed to have passed through the lower grades in his search for truth and purity, and, having attained thereto, their symbolic color, White, is accorded him, and this is the distinguishing color of his robe.

In the modern Gorsedd, while the distinction of the three classes, or grades, with their characteristic colorings, is still retained, the gradation of study no longer applies. Thus: The Ovate is the writer of prose, or of music, as distinguished from the writer of poetry. Even the “pencerdd,” or chief musician, and the ablest prose author, however distinguished, have to be content with the grade and symbolic color of the Ovate. The Bard, as the name still implies, is the poet. He must have shown proficiency in writing poetry, as well as in its rules of metre, rhythm, rhyme and alliteration. The Ovate may become a Bard by passing the necessary examination, or by qualifying by winning the national chair or crown. The Druid is now a class by itself. This degree is confined to ministers of the Christian gospel, but without any distinction of sect. Strictly speaking, no man is entitled to the degree of Druid unless he already holds the degree of Bard or Ovate. That is to say, he must have distinguished himself either as (a) a prose writer, (b) a musician, or (c) a poet, and have been so recognized by the Gorsedd, before he can properly be recognized or invested as a Druid, and, as already indicated, in addition to this he must be a man in holy orders in some branch of the Christian church.

Women are equally eligible with men for each and all the degrees.

The Archdruid stands upon the large stone in the center of the circle, surrounded by the chief officers of the Gorsedd. At each of the twelve stones of the circle stand one or more of the Bards, each in the color of his order. The Archdruid wears, together with his white robes, a crown of oak leaves and acorns, and a great necklet or torque of gold.

There are also in the circle the harper, who should play the old Welsh “telyn deir-res,” or the triple stringed harp, the penillion singer, the keeper of the “corn gwlad” or trumpeter, the recorder, the herald bard, the Gorsedd bard, and other officials, and especially chaired and crowned bards, chief musicians, etc., of various past eisteddfods. The stones of the circle are generally decorated with various plants, chiefly oak, ash and birch foliage, and corn, trefoil, vervain and mistletoe, these plants being traditionally associated with the Gorsedd.

The Archdruid, on arrival at the circle, is presented with a bouquet of these plants in a horn, and of mead, meal, fruits, etc.

In opening the Gorsedd the Archdruid, or some other chief bard, recites the Gorsedd prayer, several of which are found in the various books, but the following is the most generally used:

Dyro, Dduw, dy nawdd;
Ac yn nawdd, nerth;
Ac yn nerth, ddeall;
Ac yn neall, gwybod:
Ac yng ngwybod, gwybod y cyfiawn;
Ac yng ngwybod y cyfiawn, ei garu;
Ac o garu, caru pob hanfod:
Ac ym mhob hanfod caru Duw,
Duw a phob Daioni.

A free, literal translation of which would read thus:

“Grant, O God! Thy protection;
And in protection, strength;
And in strength, understanding;
And in understanding, knowledge;
And in knowledge, a perception of rectitude;
And in perception of rectitude, the love of it;
And in that love, the love of every existence;
And in the love of every existence, the love of God;
God and all goodness.”

The Archdruid then calls the roll of the bards, reciting names from earliest times to the present. Then the ceremony of the sword is performed. In ancient times the bardic circle was not to be broken into by armed men, and a ceremony symbolizing a truce is carried out.

The Archdruid holds a sword, half sheathed, in his hands; the attendant bards touch the same on the hilt and the scabbard. The Archdruid cries aloud three times, “A oes Heddwch?” (Is it Peace?) and is three times answered, “Heddwch!” (It is Peace!) The sword is then sheathed.

Various addresses are given, poems are recited and music played. Then, those who have successfully passed their respective examinations are brought, one by one, up to the Archdruid, who decorates them by tying a ribbon around the arm of a color distinguishing the various grades, and at the same time announcing the person by his *nom de plume*.

There is but one essential symbol connected with the Gorsedd, viz., the “secret word,” the “secret name,” the “all seeing eye,” and which is characterized by the three rays of light, thus: / \

This must always appear at the head of everything official pertaining to the Gorsedd or eisteddfod, certificate, wall-poster, program, banner, pronouncement,—everything which is intended to bear the official stamp of the Gorsedd or eisteddfod authority. The symbol is generally termed, “Y Nôd Cyfrin” (The Secret Sign), and the expositions of its meaning

are legion. Ab Ithel, and others of the same school, claim that it sets forth God in His divers characters of creator, redeemer and destroyer, which leads us back to Apollo and Hercules in Greek mythology, or, more correctly, to the trinity of Hindooism, Brahma, Vishnu and Siva. Brahma represents the creative power in nature; Vishnu, the redeeming power, and Siva, the destroying power. We read in "Cyfrinach y Beirdd" that this A wen, or what is termed by us at present "awen," or the muse, was the Holy Spirit. This possibly was arrived at by virtue of one of the Triads, such as the following:

"Am dri achos y gelwir y Beirdd yn Feirdd wrth fraint a defod Beirdd Ynys Prydain.

"Yn gyntaf, am mai yn Ynys Prydain y cafwyd barddoniaeth gyntaf.

"Yn ail, am na chafwys un gwlad arall erioed ddeall cyfiawn ar farddoniaeth.

"Yn drydydd, am nas gellir cynnal barddoniaeth gyfiawn, eithr ym mraint, defodau, a llafar Gorsedd Beirdd Ynys Prydain.

"Ac am hyny, o ba wlad bynag y bont, beirdd wrth fraint a defod Beirdd Ynys Prydain a'u gelwir."

In the Iolo MSS., under the caption of "The Roll of Tradition and Chronology," we find the following, said to be a transcript from Llewelyn Sion's MS., which was copied from Meyryg Dafydd's transcript of an old MS. in the library of Raglan Castle: "God, in vocalizing his Name, said /!\, and, with the word, all worlds and animations sprang co-instantaneously to being and life from their non-existence, shouting, in ecstasy of joy, /!\, and thus repeating the name of the Deity."

Then, there are "mottoes,"—many of them,—the four chairs of song and bardism in Cambria having their own specific motto, viz.:

1. The chair of Morganwg, Gwent, Erging, Euas, and Ystradyw, and its motto is, "God and all goodness."

2. The chair of Deheubarth, Dyved and Ceredigion, the motto of which is, "Heart to heart."

3. The chair of Powys and Gwynedd, east of Conway, its motto being, "Who slays shall be slain."

4. The chair of Gwynedd, Mona and the Isle of Man, the motto of which is, "Jesus," or "O! Jesus, repress injustice," according to an old traditional record. But the chief motto is, "Y gwir yn erbyn y byd." This, like many things pertaining to the Gorsedd, has a double entendre. Literally it means "The truth against the world," but it also means "The right above all things." The idea is conveyed in the English form, "Do justice, though the heavens fall." "Gwir" means both "truth" and "right." In the ancient Druidic state the Druid was both priest and judge, the teacher of truth and

the dispenser of justice, and in both capacities had to do what was "right" at all costs. The Gorsedd in the bardic state of today discharges the same functions; it stands for truth, and right, and justice.

The motto, "Y gwir yn erbyn y byd," is thus the universal controlling motto of the Gorsedd everywhere.

The subordinate mottoes are, more or less, of a provincial character, which in a national (or international) eisteddfod are, as a rule, combined. The following is a common form:

"Y Gwir yn Erbyn y Byd."

*"O, Iesu, na'd gamwaith."
"A Laddo a Leddar."
"Calon wrth Galon."*



*"Duw a Phob Daioni."
"Nid Da Lle Gellir Gwell."
"Deffro, Mae Dydd."*

"Dan Nawdd Duw a'i Dangnef."

In all eisteddfodic matters the "Gorsedd" is the supreme authority. No legitimate or recognized national eisteddfod can be held without the authority, sanction and co-operation of the ruling gorsedd. The "Gorsedd Beirdd Ynys Prydain" (Gorsedd of Bards of the Isle of Britain) is the fount of all subordinate Gorsedd authority. It can, and does, confer the rights and privileges of home rule upon national gorseddau outside Britain, e.g.: The Breton Gorsedd exercises authority in France, the American Gorsedd in the United States. No "national" eisteddfod can be held in the United States without the authority, sanction and co-operation of the American Gorsedd, which has the right to veto anything to be done by the eisteddfod committee that does not comply with the Gorsedd requirements.

Similarly no "international" eisteddfod can be held or recognized without the authority, sanction and co-operation of both (a) the national gorsedd of the country where the eisteddfod is held, and (b) the Supreme Ancient Gorsedd of the Bards of the Isle of Britain. In accordance with the foregoing the detailed program of any and every national or international eisteddfod must, to make it legitimate and authoritative, be first submitted to and be sanctioned by the Gorsedd exercising authority, that is, the national gorsedd in the care of a national eisteddfod, and both the national and the supreme ancient Gorsedd in the care of an international eisteddfod.

The first Gorsedd held on the American continent was that in connection with the World's Fair Eisteddfod at Chicago, in the year 1893, the Archdruid of the "Supreme Ancient," the Rev. Mr. Williams (Hwfa Mon), presiding. A circle was formed on a green spot within the enclosure of the

Fair grounds, and a procession made to it from a certain starting point. The different orders wore their distinctive color robes.

A form of examination was instituted, and every candidate who successfully passed was decorated and acknowledged by the Archdruid. But the American Gorsedd, authorized, sanctioned and recognized by the "Supreme Ancient," was formally organized at Pittsburgh, Pa., July 5, 1913, by the Rev. E. Rees (Dyfed), Archdruid of Wales. The opening prayer was read by the Rev. D. Rhoslyn Davies, Homestead, Pa. The following are the officers of the American Gorsedd: Archdruid, Rev. T. C. Edwards, D.D. (Cynonfardd); Deputy Archdruid, Hon. H. M. Edwards (H. M.); Gorsedd Bard, Rev. D. E. Richards, M.D., (Ieuan Fardd); Recorder, Mr. R. H. Davies (Gomerian); Treasurer, Mr. John Worthington (Maen Hir). Such was the interest, that candidates for orders came from almost every State of the Union, who were duly decorated and acknowledged by the Archdruid. To those interested in the orders and who contemplate applying for such in the future, the following synopsis of the examinations held in Wales during the years 1911-1913, will be of special value:

1.—ORDER OF BARD.

Grade iii.—(First examination.) 1. Welsh Grammar, comprising the rules of parsing and analysis of sentences. 2. The rules of alliteration, part 1.

Grade ii.—(The second examination.) 1. The alliteratives and metres, parts I and II. 2. The History of Welsh literature of a given period.

Grade i.—(Final examination.) Acquaintance with the works of Welsh poets of a certain period. (a) Goronwy Owen; all of his poetry and letters. (b) The poetry of Dyfed. (c) Welsh composition, both in the alliteratives and metres, upon subjects given at the time.

Examiners: Alafon, Elfed and J. J. Text-books were mentioned.

II.—ORDER OF OVATE.

Grade iii.—(First examination.) Welsh grammar, rules of parsing and analysis of sentences, and style and idiom of the Welsh language. [The Text-books are given.]

Grade ii.—(Second examination.) 1. The history of Wales. 2. The history of Welsh literature in a given period.

Grade i.—(Final examination.) 1. Acquaintance with a number of Welsh literary works. 2. Composing a short thesis on a subject given at the time.

Examiners: Gwynedd, Marsiant and Mathafarn.

III.—MUSICAL ORDERS.

Pencerdd.—1. Harmonizing a melody. 2. Harmonizing a bass. 3. Simple counterpoint. 4. Double counterpoint. 5. Answering fugue subject. 6. Writing a fugue for two voices. 7. Musical history. 8. Orchestration and questions on the compass, quality and the classification of instruments.

THE GORSEDD.

Cerddor.—1. Adding three parts to a simple melody. 2. Adding three parts to a figured bass. 3. Simple counterpoint in two and three parts, note against note. 4. History, British composers.

Cerdd Ofydd.—1. Rhythm and keys of a given melody. 2. Intervals. 3. Common chord, its inversions and their progressions. 4. Harmonizing a bass. 5. Principal events in the history of Welsh musicians.

Examiners: Pencerdd Gwynedd, Mus. Bac.; J. T. Rees, Mus. Bac., and Mr. L. J. Roberts, M.A.

Five main questions were given on each subject, with several subordinate ones under each division.

Whatever may be the opinions held as to the age and origin of the Gorsedd and its ceremonies, whether it is an institution considered to be extremely ancient, or only as late as the time of the Tudor dynasty, as some think, or as a survival of the traditional "Round Table of King Arthur," it has an impressive ceremony; and as a means of culture in literature, science and art open to all, and a rallying point for the patriotism of all classes in Wales, the Gorsedd is worthy of every support by the sons and daughters of Gwalia the world over.

N.B.—I am greatly indebted for the material of this article to Prof. J. Morris Jones, Mr. Beriah Gwynfe Evans, Mr. Thomas Stephens, Thalamus, Ab Ithel, "Cyfrinach y Beirdd," "Hynafiaethau Aruthrol Barddas," "Myfyrian Archaeology of Wales," "Y Gwyddoniadur," "Iolo MSS.," and some "Proclamations of the Royal National Eisteddfod." To those who are living I desire to express my sincere gratitude and appreciation, and to those who have gone beyond the veil the same is felt and treasured in sacred memory of their lives and efforts while here among us.

IEUAN FARDD.



GORSEDD MEMBERS.

WITH A VIEW of preserving a correct list of the names of those upon whom the various degrees were conferred on at the Gorsedd session held at Pittsburgh, Pa., on July 5, 1913, a roster of the members is hereby appended, which includes not only their proper names in alphabetical order, but their nom-de-plumes as well, and their places of residences:

Prof. William ApMadoc (ApMadoc).....	Chicago, Ill.
Henry Blackwell (Llenor Alun).....	New York City, N. Y.
David M. Bowen (Dafydd B.).....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
George W. Bowen (Ap Gwalia).....	Scranton, Pa.
Rees H. Bowen (Prydydd Amman).....	Scranton, Pa.
T. Owen Charles (Derwydd).....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Griffith S. Davies (Gwrle).....	Braddock, Pa.
James J. Davis (Cyfunydd).....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Joseph E. Davis (Ap Rahel of Fon).....	Washington, D. C.
Robert H. Davies (Gomerian).....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Thomas L. Davies (Ap Berwig).....	Youngstown, O.
Hon. H. M. Edwards (H. M.).....	Scranton, Pa.
Miss Olive Edwards (Cynonferch).....	Kingston, Pa.
Rev. T. C. Edwards, D.D. (Cynonfardd).....	Kingston, Pa.
Benjamin Elias (Ap Emlyn).....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Berwyn Evans (Berwyn).....	Johnstown, Pa.
Dr. John A. Evans (Ioan Ab).....	Baltimore, Md.
D. Rhys Ford (Cerddor Morlais).....	Niles, O.
Rev. D. Pugh Griffith (Efrog).....	Williamsport, Pa.
Wm. T. Gwyer (Gwilym Celfyddwr).....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
D. Stanley Harris (Eos Basalag).....	New York City, N. Y.
Mrs. Edith Harris Scott (Aur Enau).....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
James Harris (Iago Rhymney).....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Miss Sue Harvard (Eos. Castell Newydd).....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Wm. J. Hopkins (Troserch).....	Granite City, Ill.
Dr. J. O. Howells (Havest).....	Bridgeport, O.
Rev. Robert Hughes (Lleinog Mon) (formerly Youngstown)	Bucyrus, O.
Mrs. Sarah Anne Hughes (Llenores Tawe) (formerly Youngstown)	Bucyrus, O.
Thomas Hughes (Telynwr Tawe).....	Johnstown, Pa.
William R. Hughes (Gwilym o Fon).....	New York City, N. Y.
Morgan Humphreys (Amanwyson).....	Brooklyn, N. Y.
D. P. James (Dafydd Brycheiniog).....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Hon. Jenkin Jones.....	Bramwell, W. Va.
Joseph A. Jenkins (Tenorydd Tawe).....	Pittsburgh, Pa.

A black and white photograph of a large group of men, approximately 40-50, posed on a wooden platform or stage. They are arranged in several rows, with some standing and others possibly seated or kneeling in the front. Most of the men are wearing suits, ties, and various styles of hats, including fedoras and bowlers. The background shows a building with a sign that reads "SMOKING" in large, bold letters. The overall scene suggests a formal or semi-formal gathering, possibly a group portrait of a club or organization.

A black and white group photograph of a football team. There are 22 men in total, arranged in three rows. The front row consists of 11 players in dark jerseys and light-colored trousers, some wearing helmets. The middle row has 10 men, mostly in suits and ties. The back row has 11 men, also in suits. They are standing on a wooden platform in front of a building. A sign on the building reads "NO SMOKING".

GORSIEDD MEMBERS.

Charles Johns (Caio).....	East Chicago, Ind.
Rev. W. J. Johns (Cenffig).....	Canonsburg, Pa.
D. E. Jones (Dai Alaw).....	Scranton, Pa.
Ed. Jones (Pen Gwerni).....	Sharon, Pa.
Hugh Jones (Mab o Colwyn).....	New York City, N. Y.
Rev. J. Wynne Jones, D.D. (Morfa Gwynne).....	Baltimore, Md.
Lewis Morris Jones (Llew Michigan).....	Chicago, Ill.
Dr. O. A. Jones (Y Meddyg).....	Sharon, Pa.
Owen Jones (Lliwen).....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
William B. Jones (W. B.).....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Hon. David J. Lewis (Dafydd ap Catherine Watkins, o Ferthyr)	Cumberland, Md.
J. D. Lewis (Dryslwynfab).....	Cleveland, O.
Thomas H. Lewis (Ap Ffrwdwyllt).....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Rev. R. C. Morgan (Cenydd).....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Wm. G. Morgan (Gwilym y Gof).....	Sharon, Pa.
J. J. Morris (Pencerdd California).....	Palo Alto, Cal.
John C. Morris (Courier).....	Buffalo, N. Y.
Joseph Price (Glan Shenango).....	Sharon, Pa.
F. G. Randall (Mab Arlunydd).....	New York City, N. Y.
David E. Roberts (Dafydd Bach).....	Baltimore, Md.
John Roberts (Cymro).....	East Chicago, Ind.
Rev. Daniel E. Richards, M.D. (Ieuan Fardd).....	Scranton, Pa.
Gwladys Richards.	
John T. Richards (Ieuan Emlyn).....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Amos W. Sharp (Amor).....	Columbus, O.
Morris Stephens (Eos Aber).....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Rev. Wm. Surdival, D.D. (Surdival).....	Middlepoint, O.
David Thomas (Teify).....	New Kensington, Pa.
Mrs. D. B. Thomas (Merch y Gan).....	Scranton, Pa.
Gwilym Thomas (Samlet).....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
J. Taranlais Thomas (Taranlais).....	Woodlawn, Pa.
Lewis Thomas (Tryweryn).....	Chicago, Ill.
Thomas H. Thomas (Thomas ap Witton)...	New York City, N. Y.
Will J. Walter (Ystadegydd).....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
John Worthington (Maen Hir).....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
D. J. Williams (Dafydd ap Gwilym).....	Scranton, Pa.
John Llewellyn Williams (Llewellyn ap Owain)...	New York City, N. Y.
John M. Williams (Conwyson).....	East Orange, N. J.
Miss Mīriam Williams (Eos Shawnee).....	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Nathaniel Williams (Ap Nathan).....	New Castle, Pa.
Rev. R. E. Williams (Gwentfryn).....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
R. Morris Williams (Meurig Moelwyn).....	Utica, N. Y.
Hon. W. M. Williams (Gwilym ap Evan).....	Salt Lake City, Utah.

Those accepted into membership at the Gorsedd session held at San Francisco, Cal., on August 6, 1915, are as follows:

Tom Beynon (Tenorÿdd America).....	Scranton, Pa.
Henry L. Carson (Lysander).....	San Francisco, Cal.

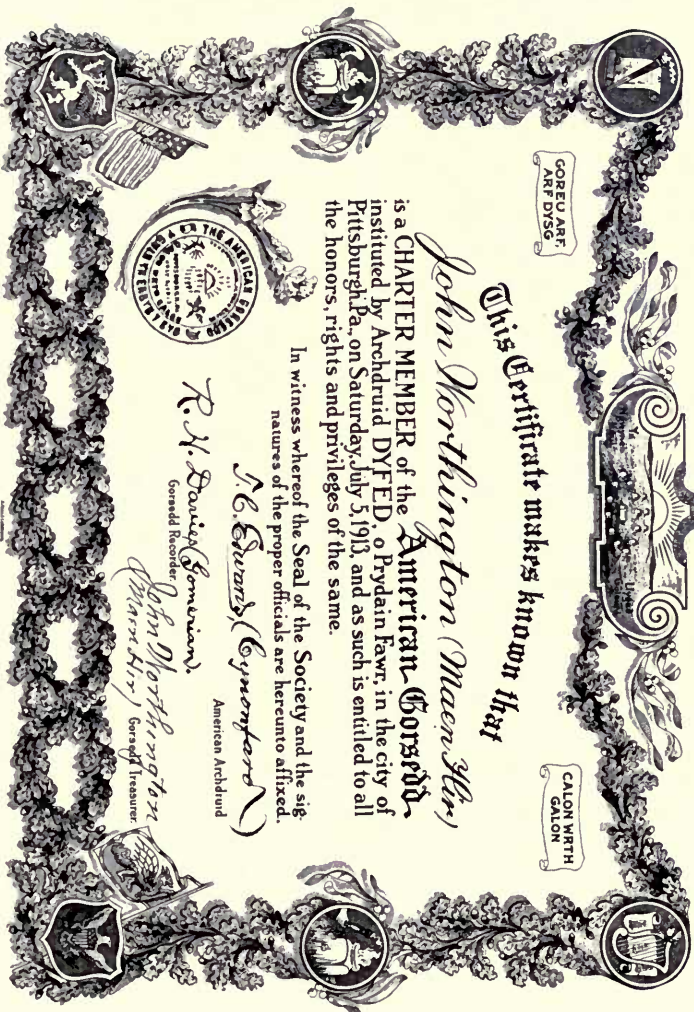
THE ROYAL BLUE BOOK.

Prof. David Davis (Dafydd Gerddor)	Cincinnati, O.
Frank Davies (Ap Rhos)	San Francisco, Cal.
Robert Davies (Orwigwr)	San Francisco, Cal.
T. C. Davies (Didymus Cernyw)	Sarona, Wis.
Rev. Jonathan Edwards (Iorwerth o Went)	Spokane, Wash.
Hon. John W. Ford (Tydvilian),	Philadelphia, Pa.
D. E. Griffith (Dafydd Lenor)	Cincinnati, O.
D. R. Griffith (Granvillefab)	Exeter, Cal.
Col. Griffith Griffiths (Griff o'r Betws)	Los Angeles, Cal.
Rev. John Rhys Griffith (Rhys ap Ioan)	Portland, Ore.
George Holmes (Sior o Fon)	San Diego, Cal.
Wm. Dean Howells (Hywel Altruria)	New York City, N. Y.
David Hughes (Arfonydd)	San Francisco, Cal.
W. H. Hughes (Gwilym Vermont)	Poultney, Vt.
Fred W. Jones (Eryrelli)	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Capt. J. T. Jones (Hogyn o Hiracl)	San Francisco, Cal.
Richard Jones (Rhydderch Hiraethog)	Oakland, Cal.
Samuel Jones (Melorydd)	San Francisco, Cal.
W. Solomon Jones (Gwilym Machno)	San Francisco, Cal.
H. J. Lloyd (Mornant)	San Francisco, Cal.
John Morgan (Ap Rambler)	Garfield, Utah.
Rev. Jonathan Nicholas (Cosmos)	Medera, Cal.
Ernest Morgan Oswald (Pen Crefftwr)	Anderson, Ind.
H. J. Owen (Obedog)	San Francisco, Cal.
Prof. H. W. Owens (Gadvan)	Chicago, Ill.
R. D. Parry (Telogwen)	Oakland, Cal.
Hon. Ben. S. Phillips (Ap Shadrach)	Scranton, Pa.
Col. R. A. Phillips (Ap Cyw Ionawr)	Scranton, Pa.
Dr. W. E. Poole (Eric)	Sacramento, Cal.
Godfrey Price (Ffrwdlais)	San Francisco, Cal.
P. L. Roberts (Cledwyn)	San Francisco, Cal.
Thomas Roberts (Tawelfab)	Portland, Ore.
John Lloyd Thomas (Llwyd Wynn)	New York City, N. Y.
Jos. E. Thomas (Myrddinfab)	Seattle, Wash.
Rev. Lloyd Brandt Thomas (Llwyd Efrog)	Carson City, Nev.
Dr. T. Turner Thomas (Didymus Feddyg)	Philadelphia, Pa.
Prof. John T. Watkins (Pencerdd Pennsylvania)	Scranton, Pa.
Jeremiah Watts (Hen Bererin)	San Francisco, Cal.
W. Hammond Williams (Ceiriogyn)	San Francisco, Cal.

THE AMERICAN GORSEDD.

///

Y GWIR YN ERYN Y BYD



This Certificate makes known that

John Northington (Maen Hen)
is a CHARTER MEMBER of the *American Gorsedd*,
instituted by Archdruid DYFED, o Prydain Fawr, in the city of
Pittsburgh, Pa., on Saturday, July 5, 1913, and as such is entitled to all
the honors, rights and privileges of the same.

In witness whereof the Seal of the Society and the sig-
natures of the proper officials are hereunto affixed.

J. E. Edwards (Gwynford)

American Archdruid

R. M. Davies (Gomerion)

Gorsedd Recorder

John Northington
(Maen Hen)

Gorsedd Treasurer

Facsimile of Certificate of Membership.

THE AMERICAN GORSEDD CERTIFICATE.

BY MR. DAVID ELLSWORTH ROBERTS (DAFYDD BACH).

[Shortly after the organization of the American Gorsedd, we procured from the Gorsedd Recorder in Wales a copy of the parent body's certificate of membership for our own design. We were not satisfied with its simple border and lettering, with no sign or symbol to indicate the spirit, orders or ceremonies of this ancient institution of Wales.

John Worthington, Esq. (Maen Hir), Treasurer of the American Gorsedd, was equally desirous of obtaining a certificate which would tell the story at a glance, and show the Welsh-American relationship. Through his unfailing courtesy and love for the Welsh landmarks, a prize was offered by him, through the "Welsh-American," for a design of such character. Only a few drawings were submitted, and they were unsatisfactory.

A sketch by Dafydd Bach, in the way of a suggestion, was presented to Maen Hir and Gomerian, the Committee on Certificate of Membership appointed by the American Archdruid.

All phases of the Gorsedd were discussed; and then followed an exchange of ideas and suggestions, which resulted in the certificate as finally adopted by the committee.

Even a superficial glance at it will reveal the fact that a great deal of labor was involved in the various drawings, and the committee is greatly indebted to Dafydd Bach for his invaluable services in solving the intricate problem of procuring a certificate that embodies all the salient features of the parent, as well as the American Gorsedd.—
EDITOR.]

“**M**ANY opinions are held as to the age and origin of the Gorsedd and its ceremonies, some considering its institution to be extremely ancient, while others consider it to have been given its present form during the time of the Tudor dynasty. It may be looked upon as a survival of the traditional Round Table of King Arthur, which in its turn embodied some similar institution previously existing among the Britons of ancient times.”¹ Concerning the latter view we quote from an article² on a speech by Sir Norman Lockyer, on the Gorsedd's antiquity, made at Swansea, August 23, 1907.

“Having been invested by the Archdruid with the honorary degree of Ovate and the title of ‘Gwyddon Prydain,’ in recognition of his researches into the early beliefs of the Celtic races, Sir Norman mounted the Logan Stone, and declared to the assembly that he could not tell them how impressed he was by what he saw before him. Several years earlier he went to Egypt to study the ancient monuments,

1. Circular of Royal National Eisteddfod (1901).

2. Celtia (Dublin, Vol. 7, p. 84).

and later visited Cornwall in order to study the circles there, to see whether by chance he could find any similarity between the old Cornish practices and those of Egypt. He found when the circles were carefully examined, that they generally had stones indicating certain directions. He made a map of these, and, to his great astonishment, found that the sight lines of these stones were identical with those in the Egyptian temples. Mr. Griffith, of Maesteg, by examining Sir Norman's plans in conjunction with the plans of the Gorsedd, which were discovered in their old writings, had found not only the greatest similarity between them, but that they were identical. He was convinced that the Welsh Gorsedd, with its circle and outstanding stone, was a distinct descendant, almost without a break, of the circles which he examined with such care in Cornwall. If that were so, they were doing now what had been done in Cornwall, and, no doubt in Wales, for at least 4,400 years." The circle in Cornwall, to which he had called attention, was that at Boscawen-un.

"Whatever be its origin or its age, the Gorsedd is an institution around which the natives of Wales and their compatriots in foreign countries of all sorts and conditions, from the highest aristocracy to the working classes, rally, and which plays a most important part in the encouragement of learning and culture."¹

The Gorsedd represents the old Bardic Institution, the oldest educational institution in Europe. The Eisteddfod originated from the Gorsedd, or Assembly of the Bards, which commands the Eisteddfod and gives permission for its convening.

In the composition of the Gorsedd Certificate we have kept in mind the history, aims and national spirit of the "People's University," and have symbolized or illustrated its leading characteristics.

SYMBOLS, ETC.

Most important are the Druidical² characters, / \ , three rays of light emanating from Divine source, and representing the name of Deity. "The announcement of the Divine name is the first event traditionally preserved."³ In recognition of God being "all and in all, and over all," and as a Source of Life and Light, the symbol always appears prominently, and is placed at the head of every official paper, document, etc., pertaining to the Gorsedd or Eisteddfod. In the Symbol of Deity, Orders and Colors of the Gorsedd, and in their system of mnemonics (triad) we find the figure Three significant. Pythagoras calls Three the perfect number, expressive of

1. Circular of Royal National Eisteddfod (1901).

2. Trevelyan's "Glimpses of Welsh Life and Character."

3. Raglan Castle Manuscript.

"beginning, middle and end," and he makes it a symbol of Deity. A basic conception of the Brahmin, Buddhist, Christian, Egyptian, Persian, Peruvian, Phoenician and Roman religions was that of the threefold nature of the Divinity. Even our North American Indians worship their God in Otkon (Creator), Messou (Providence) and Atahuata (the Logos). The number Three has been named the number of God, from its peculiar use in Scripture in connection with the Divine Name. It also symbolizes completeness.

The Scroll represents Literature, and the Harp, Music, while the Torch signifies Knowledge. The Scroll is of the manuscript period, recording both traditional and other events prior to the invention of printing. The Harp originated in Egypt. Both the Cymric and the Gaelic give it a prominent place, and the harpists veneration and distinction. The harp is more distinctively a Welsh than an Irish instrument, and up to this day remains such.

"During the Tudor period it is well known that Welsh harpists were numerous, not only in Wales, but in England as well. In North Wales, where harp playing was very highly developed, the chief vocal use of the melodies was for penillion singing."¹

The Torch represents Knowledge as Light dispelling the darkness of ignorance and superstition. It also represents liberty, and, like the lamp, signifies good works.

The Druids were the Celtic priests of ancient Britain and Gaul. Julius Caesar wrote: "They attend to Divine worship, perform public and private sacrifices and expound matters of religion. A great number of youth are gathered round them for the sake of education, and they enjoy the highest honor in that nation." As the Druids were ministers of peace, they never were armed. They strenuously opposed the Romans in Wales, and in 78 A. D. were almost exterminated at Anglesey by Agricola. Then came the bards and harpists, who, in poetry and song, kept the "Torch of Knowledge" burning. "It is primarily to the influence of the ancient bards that the endurance of the Welsh language is to be attributed. The exactitude of expression and the elaboration of the prosody required by the rules of the Eisteddfod and Gorsedd compelled a development of the language and a precision of diction which ensured its preservation."² The same result in music has been attained, since the requirements at all contests are equally difficult and exacting.

1. Williams' "Welsh National Melodies."

2. Circular of Royal National Eisteddfod (1901).

MOTTOES.

A motto is a short sentence, very often a word, adopted by an individual, a family or a society, as an expression of a guiding idea or principle. The text from Scripture or a timely proverb has been the sheet-anchor to many a soul. From the few words on coat-of-arms, ornamented shield and royal standard have come both inspiration and aspiration. The motto of the Gorsedd is "Y Gwir yn Erbyn y Byd," and is held next in importance to the sacred symbol of Deity. It calls for the love and practice of Truth, Justice and Righteousness. A like aspiration on the part of individuals and nations would bring a lasting brotherhood. This motto is placed in the certificate as a canopy over the scene of the Gorsedd, lit up by the rays of the sacred characters. In the sky shines the motto, like a guiding star. On a scroll is inscribed "Calon Wrth Galon," the motto of one of the four chairs of song and bardism in Cambria (Deheubarth, Dyved and Ceredigion). "Heart to Heart" is equivalent to "Sincerity" or "Earnestness." It is reflected in the hearty hand-clasp or "heart to heart" counsels of a friend. The other motto is "Goreu Arf, Arf Dysg," and signifies that the best weapon is that of knowledge.

Yn Ngwyneb Haul, Llygad Goleuni (In Face of the Sun, the Eye of Light), nothing is secret, but in full sight of God and man, giving a freedom of worship and service, akin in spirit to the reverence and practice of Truth, Justice and Righteousness (Y Gwir yn Erbyn y Byd).

GORSEDD SCENE.

The session of the Gorsedd is held in the open, within a circle of twelve stones representing the points of the compass. Outside are three "sight" stones, over which, from the Logan Stone in the center, the rising sun can be seen at the solstices and the equinoxes. According to ancient plans, there is an outer circle of nineteen stones. These circles appear to represent the astronomical and time measurements of the Britons.

The Gorsedd of the Bards should, according to ancient custom, be held on any of the following high holidays of the year:

1. Alban Arthan (winter solstice), shortest day, December 10 (O. C.), first day both of the winter and the year.
2. Alban Elir (vernal equinox), March 10 (O. C.), first day of spring.
3. Alban Hevin (summer solstice), June 10 (O. C.), first and longest day of summer.

GORSEDD CERTIFICATE.

4. Alban Elved (autumnal equinox), September 10 (O. C.), first and longest day of autumn.

The day previous to any Alban is called its vigil; and the day after, the festival.

Any minor chair, or subordinate Gorsedd should be held at any of the quarters of the moon:

1. Day of its change, called the first of the moon.
2. Day of its half-increase, called the renewing quarter-day.
3. Day of full moon, called the fulfilling.
4. The re-waning quarter-day, called the half-decrease day.

In the morning, when the dew was still on the grass, the Druids and bards held their solemn Gorsedd in the manner indicated by Ieuan Fardd. It is this ceremony which marks the Gorsedd's early origin, and the archaeological remains confirm its antiquity.

BELTANE AND SAMH'IN.

The worship of Fire and Light was common among the early nations. The Aryans worshiped Agni (Fire) and Ahura-Mazda as the God of Light, manifested in the Sun. With the discovery of fire, by the rubbing of wood or the striking of flint, this element became accessible and was placed on the altar as an object of worship, representative of the great source of light and life. "The Druids taught the existence of one God, named Be'al, 'the life of everything,' or 'the source of all beings,' and was identified with the Sun. They used no images to represent the object of their worship, nor did they meet in temples or buildings of any kind for the performance of their sacred rites."¹ The sacred circles of stones, in which the Druids worshiped, were generally near some stream or under the shadow of a grove or wide-spreading oak. While the fire on the altar represented their Deity, the spiritual interpretation was that the flame separated itself into smaller flames, which winged their way upward to the God of Light and Life, as offerings, represented in the Certificate in the outspread wings over the flame.

"The Druids observed two festivals in each year. The former took place in the beginning of May, and was called Beltane, or 'Fire of God.' On this occasion a large fire was kindled on some elevated spot, in honor of the Sun, whose returning beneficence they thus welcomed after the gloom and desolation of winter."² This gave rise, in later years, to Beltane sports, when piles of logs were kindled. "Around

1 and 2. Bulfinch's "Age of Fable."

it men and women, youths and maidens, hand in hand, danced and sang to wild, weird tunes of the harp until the fire went out, when the smoldering embers were scattered to the winds, and from that moment household fires ceased to be used, except for cooking purposes, in the dwellings of the people, until the 'relighting' in the fall."¹ In more modern times arose the May-pole dance.

"The other great festival of the Druids was called 'Samh'n,' or 'Fire of Peace.' On this occasion the Druids assembled in solemn conclave, in the most central part of the district, to discharge the judicial functions of their order. All questions, whether public or private, and all crimes against person or property, were at this time brought before them for adjudication. With these judicial acts were combined certain superstitious usages, especially the kindling of the sacred fire, from which all the fires in the district, which had been beforehand scrupulously extinguished, might be relighted. This usage of kindling fires on Hallowe'en lingered in the British Islands long after the establishment of Christianity."²

Later this gave rise to "Taplas hâf," or summer revelries, which consisted of dancing, singing and festivities on the mountains and in the valleys, after the crops had been gathered in. The bonfire in the present day celebration of Hallowe'en points to an early sacred rite.

"In olden times it was a more or less difficult task to procure light, and so arose the custom of keeping a fire in some temple or public edifice, where torches could be kindled whenever desired for home or sacrificial purposes. The Egyptians had one in every temple, so also had the Greeks, Romans and Persians. - The 'eternal lamp' which burns in Jewish synagogues, and in Greek and Roman Catholic churches, may be a survival of the ancient 'national fires.'"³

The truth taught in relighting the family altars or fire-places by torch, ignited at the altar of the "Fire of Peace," expressed itself in the love of, and promotion of the peaceful and industrial arts, with none the less devotion to the maintenance of freedom, honor and justice.

DAFFODIL.

While there is no definite authority, to our knowledge, that the daffodil is the national flower of Wales, still it may be so considered, on account of its popularity with the Welsh people. It was accepted as such by the ancient Druids, and is symbolic of Purity. It is of the genus *narcissus*, known also as daffodilly, daffydowndilly, daffy and affodilly. It is common in woods and thickets in most parts of Europe. It

1. Trevelyan's "Glimpses of Welsh Life and Character"

2. Bulfinch's "Age of Fable."

3. New Age Magazine (Vol. 23, p. 99).

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appears early in the year and "comes before the swallow dares." In heralding the spring, it blooms at the door of the hamlet as well as of the palace.

"Though many a flower in the wood is waking,
The daffodil is the doorside queen."

OAK AND MISTLETOE.

The mistletoe grows parasitically on the apple tree, but seldom on the oak. It was consecrated to religious purposes by the ancient Celtic nations of Europe, and was held in veneration by the Druids, especially when found growing on the oak, for whatever grew on that tree was thought to be a gift from heaven. When thus found, the mistletoe was cut with a golden knife by a priest clad in a white robe, two white bulls being sacrificed on the spot. The oak represented Deity, and the mistletoe, when found growing on the oak, signified man, a creature entirely dependent upon God for support, and yet with an individual existence of his own. It is Humanity clinging to Divinity. The Druids called it all-heal, and represented it as an antidote to all poisons, and a cure for all diseases.

The British oak, most celebrated in history and mythology, is of the genus *quercus robur*. The variety *quercus robur pedunculata* lends itself better for ornament. The wreath-form of the border has reference to the crown of oak leaves and acorns worn by the Archdruid. The Romans gave a crown of oak leaves to him who saved the life of a citizen.

FLAGS.

The American Gorsedd was formally organized at Pittsburgh, Pa., July 5, 1913, by the Rev. E. Rees (Dyfed), Archdruid of Wales. The national relationship is expressed in the Welsh and American flags, and shields ornamented with the Dragon and Eagle.

The Red Dragon, on white, was the flag of Cadwalader Bendigaid (d. 664), the last Welsh Prince, who adopted the title of King of Britain. The flag was adopted by later Welsh princes. In the time of Llewellyn, the last Prince, the Red Dragon was placed on white (top) and green, his family colors, the flag being oblong.

When Henry of Richmond, who was a descendant of Llewellyn, marched through Wales he adopted a similar flag. He won the battle of Bosworth Field in 1485 and became King of England as Henry VII. He placed his flag in St. Paul's cathedral, and is now in the Heralds' College in London. The flag is pennant-shaped and has a narrow border of white and green.

The royal coat-of-arms of Wales was that of Llewellyn,

the last prince, and was inherited by the Tudors. It was four lions, i. e., gold lion on red (first and fourth quarter); red lion on gold (second and third quarter). The dragon does not appear on the coat-of-arms, and is not considered correct except on flags. T. H. Thomas (Arlunydd Penygarn) in 1894 drew up the memorial for placing the Welsh coat-of-arms on the royal standard of the United Kingdom, which was addressed to Portcullis, Pursuivant of Arms (College of Arms, London), who answered the four queries as follows:

1. There is no reason that I am aware of why the Arms of Wales should not be represented, if the Crown thinks fit to do so.

2. If represented, I should say that the Arms of the last native Prince, *i.e.*, Llewellyn ap Griffith, who died fighting for Welsh Independence, should be the arms used, for many reasons. Wales, though a small country, was, before the days of Roderick the Great, divided into the three great divisions of North Wales, South Wales and Powisland, to say nothing of the two lesser states of Morganwg and Fferlys. The first of these three, Roderick, by maternal descent and marriage, became possessed of, but, on his death (*circa* 877 A. D.), he again sub-divided his Principality, and from that time each division was governed by a separate Prince, and each Prince had a separate Arms, and I do not know of any national coat borne by Wales as a whole during this time. Whereas Llewellyn, who made the last stand for National Independence, fought with at least the sympathy of the country as a nation. His arms were, quarterly gules and or four lions passant guardant counter-changed.

3. The most fitting place for the Welsh Arms would be, I take it, in the second quarter, as Wales is an earlier alliance than Scotland.

4. The Arms of Great Britain and Ireland were settled by an Order of Council, and any alteration in them would have to be made by the same authority.

The Arms of Great Britain would then have England in first quarter; Wales, second quarter; Scotland, third quarter; Ireland, fourth quarter. King George has ordered that his newly formed regiment of Welsh guards shall have as their regimental badge the Leek, and that the Red Dragon be emblazoned on their regimental colors. Doubtless further recognition will be expressed in the adoption of the Welsh coat-of-arms as petitioned by Arlunydd Penygarn.

The flag of the United Colonies of America was first displayed in General Washington's camp before Boston, January 2, 1776. The Union was a blue field with the crosses of St. George (red) and St. Andrew (white) conjoined; the fly being composed of thirteen alternate stripes of red and white. This flag expressed the hopes and aspirations of the Thirteen Colonies which had united for the justice and freedom other Englishmen enjoyed, for they were still Englishmen. It was not until the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776, that the colonists entirely threw off their allegiance to Great Britain. On June 14, 1777, Congress resolved "that the flag

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of the Thirteen United States be thirteen stripes alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field representing a new constellation. The new flag expressed the determined resolve of the same thirteen colonies, now become sovereign states, to form a permanent union, and to take their places among the nations of the world. They were no longer Englishmen, they were Americans."¹ The galaxy of stars is now increased to 48, and the thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, as originally. Among all nations the star signifies Aspiration.

DRAGON.

In the mystical history and legendary poetry of most nations the Dragon holds a prominent place. Although a fabulous creature, the Dragon is a form of the serpent, evolved through the haze and clouds of superstition and mythology. In heraldry the chief characteristics of the Dragon are: The head of a wolf, the body of a serpent, with eagles' feet, bat-like wings and barbed tongue and tail. It has been said with considerable truth that in the mythology of the primitive world the serpent is universally the symbol of the Sun. Among the ancients the Sun-god, as the giver of life, was represented under the type of the serpent (Dragon). In both China and Japan the Dragon is regarded with veneration. Among the Cymry it was the emblem of sovereignty, and as such was borne as the sovereign's crest.

The standard adopted in the American Gorsedd, "Y Ddraig Goch" (the Red Dragon), the emblem of Welsh royalty, is that of King Cadwalader, taken from the book entitled "Prince Arthur," in the archives of the Heralds' College, London. His motto, "Y Ddraig Goch a Ddyry Gychwyn," is evidence of the place the Dragon held in the minds and hearts of the Cymry.

EAGLE.

On July 4, 1776, a committee of Congress was appointed "to prepare a device for a seal of the United States of North America." The seal was not adopted till 1782. A shield is borne on the breast of the American Eagle, holding in his right talon an olive branch with thirteen leaves and fruits (Peace), and in his left a sheaf of as many arrows (War). The Eagle, the olive and the arrows are blazoned in their proper colors. Above the Eagle's head is the azure sky, with silver stars arranged in groups of one, four, three, four and one stars, surrounded by a golden halo and encircled with clouds. In the beak of the Eagle is a golden scroll, bearing the motto, "E Pluribus Unum." Being a bird of freedom the Eagle has been taken as the national emblem.

1. Holden's "Our Country's Flag."

COLORS.

In symbolism, color takes precedence of design, and each color is given a separate attribute common to all nations.

The Eearly Western Church adopted the colors of the Jewish Church, viz.: Red, White and Blue. The flags of Western Europe bore mainly these colors. The Church gave to England its national flag and colors, combining the Red and White of St. George's (England), the Blue and White of St. Andrew's (Scotland), and the Red and White of St. Patrick's (Ireland).

The colors of the American flag were taken from that of the Mother Country, just as they were adopted by the Confederate States, at the outbreak of our Civil War, from the regular "Stars and Stripes."

The symbolism of Red, White, Blue and Green has to-day the same interpretation as it had to the early Britons..

White: Purity, innocence, joy.

Red: Courage, power, fervency and zeal.

Blue: Heaven (blue sky), godliness, piety, truth, friendship, loyalty and justice.

Green: Prevailing color of natural vegetation, and symbolic of Hope, Life and Plenty.

The colors of the Gorsedd are White and Blue.

The orders, with their colors, are (a) Druids: White (Light; Purity or Moral Teaching). (b) Bards: Blue (Sky; Celestial Origin of Poetry). (c) Ovates: Green (Earth; Science and Art).

The Druids, as Priests and Teachers, the Bards and Minstrels in their praise of virtue and "all goodness" and their cultivation of literature and music "builded wiser than they knew," and as "Seekers after God" they found the Truth.

Let us emulate them in the love and practice of Truth.

The Gorsedd Prayer, called the Prayer of the Gwyddoniaid, can well be ours to-day.

"God! impart Thy strength; and in strength, the power to suffer;
And to suffer for the Truth; and in Truth, Light;
And in Light, all blessedness; and in blessedness, Love;
And in Love, God; and in God, all goodness."

We are grateful to Archdruid Dyfed, of Cardiff; Beriah Gwynfe Evans, of Carnarvon; Professor W. M. Williams, of Barry, and Librarian Charles W. Stewart (U. S. Navy Department), for special data.

ARCHDRUID DYFED



Rev. Evan Rees, Cardiff, Wales.

THE REV. EVAN REES (DYFED).

THE REV. EVAN REES (Dyfed), the Archdruid, was born on Christmas morning, 1850, in the quiet village of Casmael, near Abergwaen, Pembrokeshire. Soon thereafter the family removed to Aberdare, Glamorganshire, where the future bard was reared under the helpful auspices of literary men and leaders of religious thought and mental culture, the memory of whom he declares he holds in admiration and reverence to this day. His parents, James and Eunice Rees, he is on record as esteeming for their virility of mind and purity of heart, thus demonstrating his filial love and respect for a couple typical of the best domestic life of Wales. Dyfed's father died when the lad was only seven years of age, and thenceforth the potential poet and preacher was compelled to meet and overcome the hardships and handicaps of life single-handed.

The Archdruid is essentially a product of the eisteddfod and of the Sunday School, and the influence of these institutions is plainly apparent in his history—as, indeed, it is in the careers of many other Welsh notabilities. To the influence of a markedly emotional chapel atmosphere upon the plastic mind of Young Wales undoubtedly is attributable the religious tendencies found in nearly all of the literary and musical output of the Principality during the last century.

Dyfed early in life tried his 'prentice hand at literary composition, chiefly in the poetical field, as was natural in one born with an irrepressible desire to sing of all he felt, aspired to, or saw that was beautiful, majestic or spiritually suggestive. He had not long been a contender in the eisteddfodic arena before he was recognized as one of the most dangerous of competitors. As time sped on he won hundreds of prizes in every branch of Welsh poetical composition, in the meantime burning the midnight oil unstintingly in quest of mental culture.

When yet quite young, the Dyfed of later years was urged by one of his adjudicators to try for "the chair" in a national eisteddfod, the recommendation being coupled with the assurance that, in case he did, success was certain. Acting upon this advice, young Rees entered the lists at the Merthyr Eisteddfod, and proved successful against a field of eighteen other aspirants. Following this event he won four other national chairs, together with many others equal in value and importance. A remarkable tribute to his genius is the fact that Dyfed has not, in all his strenuous career as an eisteddfodist, lost one national chair for which he was a

bidder. Undoubtedly his experience in this respect is unique. But it is not only as a competitor that the Archdruid has distinguished himself; he has made an enviable record for himself as an adjudicator as well. He has served in the latter capacity oftener than any other like official, and his judgment has invariably been accorded "full faith and credit" in the courts of public opinion, while his integrity has been unimpeachable.

In addition to his tireless labors in letters and the forum, Dyfed has been an extensive traveler, the scenes of his peregrinations including Europe, America, Africa and Asia. As a result he has been in great demand throughout Wales as a lecturer. He is said to be almost as familiar with Egypt and Canaan as he is with his native land. No wonder he is so well equipped to speak and write on Biblical and cognate subjects! He also has published many volumes of prose and poetry, and still others are in contemplation. One book, "The Promised Land," has passed through several editions.

The Archdruid, it is perhaps needless to say, is an ardent believer in Welsh national ideals. He has, by his energetic efforts and his contagious enthusiasm, given impetus to several noteworthy movements having for their objects the advancement of Cymric interests. He, at his own expense, in conjunction with the late Dan Isaac Davies, launched the Welsh Language Society—an organization which by this time is a power in the Principality.

Dyfed was elected Archdruid about ten years ago, and he has instituted several reforms which have invested the bardic throne with renewed glory and prestige.

It goes without saying that this stalwart figure in contemporary Cymric history is held in highest honor throughout his native land—and beyond. As evidence of this, if such be necessary, it may not be out of place to recall that some time ago the degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon him by the National College of Wales.

And so, long life to thee, Dyfed, bard, thinker, orator! Thou art an honor to them that honor themselves by honoring thee!

AMERICAN ARCHDRUID.



Rev. T. Cynonfardd Edwards, D.D., Kingston, Pa.



REV. THOMAS CYNONFARDD EDWARDS, D. D.

REV. THOMAS CYNONFARDD EDWARDS, D. D., was born on December 6, 1848, in Swansea, Wales. His early education was acquired in the grade schools of his native land. He attended high school at Merthyr, where he also served as assistant master. Later, choosing the ministry as his calling, he entered the Presbyterian College, Carmarthen, and graduated from it in the year 1870. In the same year he came to America, and began his ministerial career on January 1, 1871, at Mineral Ridge, O. Dr. Edwards also has served as pastor at Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; Edwardsville, Pa., and at Cardiff, Wales. On May 4, 1871, he was united in marriage to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Rev. Jonah Morgan, Cwmbach, Wales.

Dr. Edwards has made a study of the art of public speaking and graduated as an honor student from the Philadelphia School of Oratory in 1881, and received the degree of Master of Oratory from the same institution in 1889. In 1891 the Congregational College of Marietta honored him with the degree of Doctor of Divinity. In addition to his regular work as pastor, Dr. Edwards was professor of elocution in the Wyoming Seminary from 1880 to 1890.

At the International Eisteddfod, Pittsburgh, Pa., in 1913, he was elected Archdruid of America, an honor which makes him chief of the bardic fraternity in this country.

At Edwardsville, Pa., he ministers to the largest Welsh Congregational Church in America. There are very few men who have filled so many roles as Dr. Edwards, and with such evident distinction. He is a fine poet, and has won the highest honors of the Eisteddfod time and time again. His poetry has the charm of simplicity, is lyrical in style, and touches inevitably the emotions. Some of his longer poems have a massive strength, both of thought and conception, which ensures them a permanent place among the best of our literature. Dr. Edwards has few equals in dramatic, descriptive poetry. His poem, "The Hero of the Conemaugh," is already a classic, and is sure of its place in virtue of its genuine merit. He also is a keen judge of poetry and literature. His services for 34 years have been in demand as adjudicator, and his broad culture enables him to weigh justly everything that is put in his sensitive balances. He has a sure instinct of what is good in prose or poetry. On the lecture platform, who has not been stirred to laughter or moved to tears by the nimbleness of his wit and the tragic pathos of his descriptions? The mastery of his art is perfect. He plays with the emotions like a skilled musician, and his

control of himself and his audience is complete. He seems to possess all the gifts of the orator in balance and combination. He is well known both in Wales and America as an Eisteddfod conductor. He is a perfect model of how conducting should be done. There is dignity, control, tactfulness, good feeling and humor, and all the while everything moves forward to its predestined end.

In the field of authorship, too, he has written his name. His treatise on "Elocution" and "Darllen a Siarad" are masterly, and have had extensive circulation. Here the artist, who tells of a great art, is a perfect illustration of the art of which he discourses. The degree of Master of Oratory surely was never more fittingly bestowed. His mastery of the idioms of Welsh and English are so perfect that it is always a pleasure to hear him speak.

With all his many-sided gifts, we think Dr. Edwards is greatest of all in his pulpit, ministering to his own people, and filling the pastoral office. Having had many opportunities of hearing him in his own church, we have often marveled at his power of getting there. We have never known him to fail to produce the effect desired; never known him to miss the mark; but, like a master of assemblies, his touch has been perfect and his stroke unerring. He blends teaching and incident in his sermons, has a wonderful power of vivid description, and like a wise winner of souls knows how not only to stir impulses, but to direct them. His sermons are practical and didactic. They end in life. They are not eloquence to be admired or sentiment to be enjoyed, but impulses to be lived and teaching to be practiced. In the prayer meeting, or the class meeting, or in the assemblies of the church, the same resourcefulness and genius is seen as is witnessed on the platform of the National Eisteddfod, or sways into motion the hearts of the multitudes at the Gymanfa. Here is a teaching ministry, with a passion for righteousness that is ablaze, and a hatred of iniquity that carries in its very presence a rebuke to wrong-doers.

Considered from every point of view, Dr. Edwards stands as a man apart among our people,—a man of genius, who has cultivated his gifts; a broad-minded, patriotic man, whose interests have been as wide as the field of life; a man of vision, who has seen what to do, and has attained his place through his superior service; a man of probity, who loves truth as he loves life, and who has no tolerance for shams and inconsistencies; a man four-square, careless of outward show, sufficient and self-sufficing. Honored wherever the Welsh language is spoken, his people feel that in his honor they are honored, as it is the fruit of a life diligently spent in the service of the Highest.

AMERICAN DEPUTY ARCHDRUID.



Hon. H. M. Edwards, Scranton, Pa.

HON. H. M. EDWARDS (H.M.).

AMONG native born Welshmen who have attained distinction in America, none have gained a higher niche in the hall of fame than the Hon. H. M. Edwards (H.M.), of Scranton, Pa., President Judge of Lackawanna county, and Deputy Archdruid of the American Gorsedd. He was born in Monmouthshire, Wales, on February 12, 1844. He was educated in the public schools and in the Normal College at Swansea, and won the degree of Bachelor of Arts from the London University. He came to America with his father and mother in 1864, and settled in Hyde Park, Scranton, a locality where the Welsh predominated at that period, and the abiding place of a number of prominent Welsh-American literati and bards. To a man of his literary tendencies it was a congenial community, and afforded him opportunities further to indulge his bent for literature and art. The product of his pen attracted the attention of an official of the New York "Tribune," and a proffered position on its reportorial staff was accepted by Mr. Edwards, only to be resigned the following year, so that he might return to Scranton to accept the position of managing editor of "Baner America," a newspaper devoted to the interests of Welsh-Americans, which had an extensive circulation at that period. But the young writer was too ambitious to remain in the journalistic ranks, for he was bent on entering on a legal career.

After occupying the editorial chair with marked distinction for a year and a half he resigned, and studied law with the late Judge Gunster, of whom he was subsequently a colleague on the bench. He was admitted to the bar in 1871, and entered into partnership with the late Judge Ward. Being endowed with an analytical mind and a judicial temperament, it was frequently predicted at this early stage that he possessed the essential qualifications of a sound and brilliant lawyer, a prediction that has been amply fulfilled.

After ten years' partnership with Judge Ward, Attorney Edwards opened offices on his own account. He soon enjoyed a lucrative practice and served a large clientele. In pursuit of his profession politics naturally attracted his attention, and he rapidly developed into a sagacious and magnetic leader. His suave demeanor and oratorical ability made him a splendid political campaigner, and from 1878 to 1885 his services were in continual demand by the state committees in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Maryland.

In 1885 he entered upon a strenuous campaign for the office of district attorney of Lackawanna county, and was elected by a handsome majority. As public prosecutor he

earned an enviable reputation for fairness and good judgment, while his legal ability won favorable comment from the bench and bar. He was re-elected in 1888, and doubtless would have been favored with a third term had he desired it; but he entertained a hope for a higher position in his profession. At the expiration of his second term as district attorney he resumed the practice of law, and with rare political skill prepared to enter upon a campaign for the judgeship. His earlier ambitions were gratified when he was elected judge by a decisive majority in 1893. In 1903 he was re-elected without opposition for a second term, and in 1913 was similarly honored for a third term. This distinction was a tribute to his ability and integrity, as well as his fairness and popularity. Notwithstanding the signal honors that have been conferred upon Judge Edwards, he still retains his wonted courtesy and democratic simplicity of manner, and is ever affectionately referred to by his associates as "Our Harry." While other Welsh-Americans who rise a bit in the world drift away from their old haunts to seek social honors in more fashionable residential sections, "H. M." exemplifies his steadfastness by residing among his old comrades in the district where his father and mother commenced to forge new links in friendship's chain in the Welsh Athens of America.

From early childhood days the Eisteddfod has had a fascinating attraction for him, and he was a formidable competitor in its literary and bardic ranks even before he left Wales, where he won a number of honors. After coming to America he continued his competitive career in all the leading Eisteddfodau of this country from 1864 to 1870. In the latter year he was married, and Mrs. Edwards has proved a sterling helpmate to him—a never-failing source of inspiration in his various spheres of activity. Upon entering on his law practice in 1871 he ceased to become a factor in the Eisteddfodic competitive arena, but the scope of his services was widened as conductor and adjudicator. Few men have led a more strenuous or busier life than Judge Edwards, but despite this he has devoted much time to literature and art. He is a scholarly man, a good linguist, and thoroughly familiar with the bardic works of not only the world's best masters, but with other less known productions of his native and adopted land as well. Few Welshmen are as fluent speakers in both the English and Welsh languages as the American Deputy Archdruid. This is a quality essential for the ideal conductor.

An epochal event in the history of Judge Edwards was the celebration of his 70th birthday, which took place on Thursday, February 12, 1914, when he was tendered a banquet by the members of the Lackawanna county bar and

judges of common pleas courts in a half dozen judicial districts, as well as by representatives of the appellate courts of Pennsylvania. It was a deserving tribute to "a man among men," whose fairness as a jurist has won the respect and affection of the judiciary and the bar. Many congratulatory messages were read from distinguished jurists, in which Judge Edwards was acclaimed one of the best judges of the Keystone State, a man who had displayed brilliant ability, undoubted integrity and conscientious devotion in the administration of his high office for more than two decades. Judge Fuller, of Wilkes-Barre, in expressing his admiration and affection for the distinguished jurist, said: "To reach the age of three score years and ten is to demonstrate that the Osler theory, even if it raises a presumption at 40, is not a presumption at 70. At that age to be in the full possession of splendid physical and mental vigor, to be able to recall after an active professional life of several years two fierce contests for the office of district attorney, his election as additional law judge, and subsequently his election for three terms as judge (and president judge for more than ten years), with renewed assurances of the ever-increasing regard of the entire citizenship of Pennsylvania, and to be recognized everywhere as one of the best common pleas judges in the state—surely all this must bring to Judge Edwards real and deserved satisfaction, and a pleasure that is the most desirable asset it is possible to have."

The toastmaster of the evening also paid him a glowing tribute when he said a portrayal of a famed judge could be appropriately applied to Judge Edwards: "He was a judge after Socrates' own heart. He heard courteously, he answered wisely, he considered soberly, he decided impartially. Added to this, he was one whom kings could not corrupt."

While Judge Edwards has passed the span promised to mankind by the Psalmist, he has not lost his keenness of perception or his capacity for work. Perhaps his steps have lost a trifle of their youthful elasticity, and his powers of physical endurance may not be as great as in the days of his strenuous campaigning, yet in the matter of exercising his talents in the administration of law and justice, as well as in deciding the merits of bardic and literary compositions, or in swaying vast audiences at national gatherings, time has dealt kindly by him. He still retains his pristine vigor and Cymric "hwyl," and we trust he will be spared many years more to discharge his judicial duties with his accustomed fidelity and fairness, as well as to grace the eisteddfodic platform and the Gorsedd circle with his wonted faithfulness, there to prove his inherent love for the sacred traditions of our native land—love that has endeared him to Welsh-Americans from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

REV. D. E. RICHARDS, M.D. (IEUAN FARDD).

IEUAN FARDD, known to the workaday world as the Rev. Daniel E. Richards, M.D., of Scranton, Pa., was born in Trebanos, Swansea Valley, Glamorganshire, South Wales. His father died when the future bard was in his fifth year, and this circumstance necessitated the latter's going to work while yet a lad of tender age. He attended night school regularly, however, refusing quiescently to see his hopes and ambitions jettisoned in the sea of fate. Being by nature thrifty, he saved what he could out of his slender income, and thereby was enabled to pursue his studies beyond the narrow limits of the elementary school. His first advanced step in quest of an education was taken in the grammar school of the Rev. Mr. Evans, Gellyonon, and his second in the Collegiate School of Rev. Rees Gershon Levi in Cardiff.

Young Richards came to the United States in 1880. After spending some time in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., he removed to Carbondale. In the latter place he essayed preaching the Gospel, which led to his entering, in 1884, Crozer Theological Seminary, from which he was graduated in 1887. He was ordained in the same year to the Baptist ministry at Carnegie, Pa. In the following year he removed to Sharpsburg, Pa.

He next undertook the study of medicine, and to such good purpose that he was graduated in that science from the Western University of Pennsylvania (now the University of Pittsburgh) in 1894.

In 1896 Mr. Richards became the pastor of a Slatington church, and held the charge for ten years. At the expiration of that period he took the spiritual helm of Bethel Baptist Church of Scranton, being its first pastor. Here he remained till the end of 1911.

The greater part of 1912 Ieuan Fardd devoted to a tour of the country, traveling as far as the Pacific Coast. On Sundays he preached, and on week days he lectured on the career of David Lloyd George, his discourse being entitled "The Man of the Minute." In the fall of the same year he "stumped" Ohio in the interest of Wilson and Cox.

In 1913 Mr. Richards settled in his present abiding place, Scranton. During the week he practices the healing art, and on Sundays supplies any pulpit that may be open to him. Experience has taught him, Mr. Richards declares, the virtue of the "community church;" and he advocates the elimination of denominational lines in the interest of the unification of all small, struggling congregations. He also declares his belief in the Fatherhood of God and the universal brotherhood of man, regardless of race, color or name.

THE GORSEDD BARD.



Rev. D. E. Richards (Ieuan Fardd), Scranton, Pa.

THE GORSEDD BARD

He passed the Gorsedd examination and was initiated at the National Eisteddfod, Swansea, Wales, 1880, and his competitive career represents the following victories:

- Poem—"Y Cenhadwr Efengylaidd," Youngstown, O., Christmas, 1883, the prize being divided between the Rev. T. Cynfelyn Benjamin and Ieuan Fardd.
- Chair Poem—In Memoriam, "The Rev. E. Stephens (Tany Marian)," Slatington, Pa., May, 1886.
- Awdl—"Pob Cnawd Sydd Wellt," (Isa. xi. 6.) Pittsburgh, Pa., Christmas, 1887.
- Poem—"Deled Dy Deyrnas," Utica, N. Y., New Year's Day, 1897.
- Poem—"Drylliad y Maine," Cleveland, O., Christmas, 1898.
- Poem—In Memoriam, "Judge Louis W. King," Youngstown, O., Christmas, 1899.
- Poem—"Brwydr Manila," Cincinnati, O., New Year's Day, 1900, the prize being divided between the Rev. J. T. Morgan, D.D. (Thalamus) and Ieuan Fardd.
- Novel—"Bywyd Cymreig yn Rhanbarth Maenlo Pennsylvania," Scranton, Pa., 1901, first prize.
- Poem—In Memoriam, "Llew Llwyfo," Poultney, Vt., September, 1901.
- Poem—"Cerddoriaeth," Cambria, Wis., Christmas, 1901.
- Chair Poem—"Felly y Bydd Fy Ngair," (Isa. lv. 11.) Edwardsville, Pa., St. Patrick's Day, 1911.
- Cywydd—"Gwroniaeth," Eisteddfod Dalaethol Powys, North Wales, June, 1911.
- Poem—"Llyn Bethesda," Scranton, Pa., Christmas, 1913.
- Poem—"Cwypmiad y Dail," Nanticoke, Pa., New Year's Day, 1914.
- Poem—In Memoriam, "Ioan Jones," Scranton, Pa., Christmas, 1914.
- Cantata—"Y Tadau Pereriniol," Utica, N. Y., New Year's Day, 1915.
- Lyric—"I Chron. xi., 17," Scranton, Pa., April, 1915.

In addition to the above he composed innumerable songs and epigrams, and in 1885 published a book of poems, "The Poets' Gems," in which his own productions predominated. At the Pittsburgh International Eisteddfod he was chosen Gorsedd Bard, a position he is eminently qualified to fill to the satisfaction of all. The following prize-winning epigrams are forceful illustrations of his thorough mastery of the Welsh alliterative meters:

NOSWYL.

Hoe delyna adloniant—yn hwyr dydd,
Euraid haf llafurblant,
Yw Noswyl; a gwyl pawb gant
Yn y gweryd lle gwyrant.

GWYRTH Y DARN ARIAN.

Yn Ei dlodi dyledydd—yw'r byw Dduw!
Iôr heb ddim i'r trethydd!
Ond Ef pysgodyn 'run dydd
Droes a'i air yn drysorydd.

BEDDARGRAFF GWILYM ERYRI.

Mae'r arab Wilym Eryri,—ei lith
A'i lais wedi tewi;
Lledodd gwyll dydd ei golli,
A deil nos ein cenedl ni.

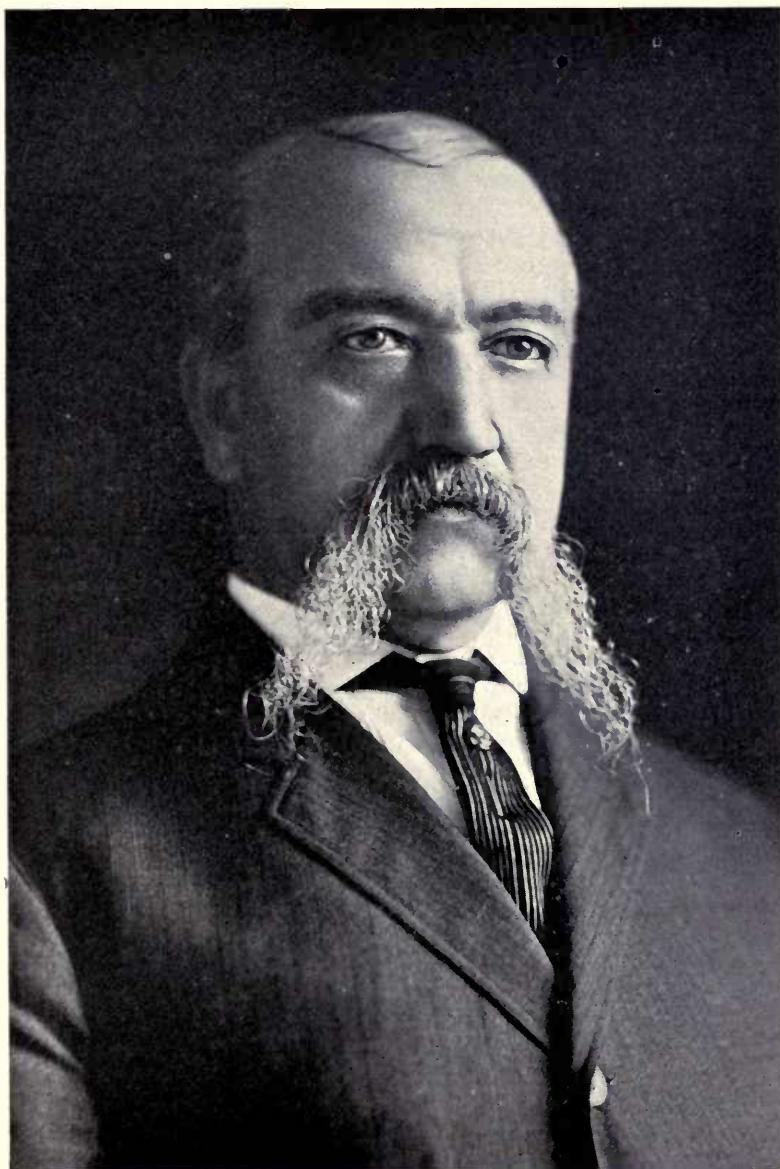
MR. JOHN WORTHINGTON (MAEN HIR).

THE AMERICAN GORSEDD has every reason to felicitate itself upon its choice of treasurer, for Mr. John Worthington (Maen Hir) typifies all that is best in the cultured, patriotic Welshman and in the widely-traveled cosmopolitan. He is an enthusiastic antiquarian, as one necessarily must be who would delve successfully into the rich mines of Cambrian lore for the data-bearing quartz which has lain undiscovered through the passing centuries; and as a corollary, he also is an ardent booklover, possessing one of the most extensive private libraries in this country of huge collections. Indeed, there are but few English works treating of Welsh subjects that are not to be found upon Mr. Worthington's shelves. And, unlike some who are collectors largely for acquisitiveness's sake, Maen Hir is on thoroughly familiar terms with the contents of volumes which have been borne and summoned to his literary lair from every quarter of the globe, and which in this instance are informing as well as adorning. Your true bookman loves his accumulated tomes very much in the same way as the single-minded numismatist and the all-engrossed philatelist love and cherish their precious possessions. And only the shallow-minded would take issue with this attitude; for a sincere devotion to any object that, on the one hand, cultivates the mind, or on the other, gratifies a worthy, diverting passion, is ennobling and deserving of emulation.

Thus Mr. Worthington, in his library, is a friend among friends. He has dipped deeply and often into those wells of information which face him from their mural background; and it is needless to say that he is thoroughly en rapport with his surroundings. The result is that he has become a repository of historical facts that speaks eloquently of his powers of research and of the retentiveness of his memory.

But it is not alone books that this cosmopolite has enshrined within the walls of his domestic habitation. In his far-and-wide journeyings he has enjoyed unsurpassable opportunities to acquire curios and articles of vertu that would delight the heart of the professional or dilettante collector of rare objects of art. Many of these possess historical significance, and have both relative and intrinsic value. A survey of the treasures of "Penbryn," as the Worthington home is called, could not fail to fire the ardor of the most coldly critical esthete, for here are to be seen a harvest gleaned from the rich fields of the Occident and the Orient, and from the regions whose dividing line is the equator. In short,

GORSEDD TREASURER.



Mr. John Worthington (Maen Hir), Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Penbryn" is a museum in miniature, with not too much emphasis on the last word.

An evening spent with Mr. Worthington is one long to be remembered, for Maen Hir is a perfect host—hospitable and gracious—and a delightful conversationalist, whose discourse is at once fascinating and informing. His reminiscences of personal experiences in remote bypaths of the world are redolent of storied isles and barren wastes; and many have that characteristic tang of Arabian Nights tales of which all word-pictures of the East are so suggestive. In truth, Mr. Worthington might not inaptly be nicknamed in honor of that famous fictional raconteur, "A Pasha of Many Tales"—with this qualification: that the former's recitals, unlike those of the genial Oriental, are based upon actualities. They run the gamut from comedy to tragedy; and the latter term is no mere figure of speech, for the subject of this sketch frequently found himself dangerously near the end of all things. Fortunately, the stroke was averted, else the "Royal Blue Book" and many another good thing had never seen the light of day, and Nature would have lost what she could ill spare—one of the kindest and most generous of her sons. The publication of this book, in particular, was made practicable only through Mr. Worthington's abounding love for Gwyllt Walia, reduced to terms of active financial support.

One might descant at great length on Maen Hir's good-fellowship and still keep well within the limits of a punctilious regard for the truth; but sufficient has been said to indicate what manner of man is he who until only lately was all but unknown to the Cymric rank and file. He has risen like a brilliant star in the Eisteddfodic firmament. May he long remain resplendent in the zenith!

And now what are some of the more prosaic (though, indeed, romantic enough, too) facts in Mr. Worthington's life?

He was born in Beaufort, Breconshire, Wales. His father was a native of Montgomeryshire, having been born near Llanidloes; while his mother, Ann Rees Worthington, first saw the light of day near Kidwely, Carmarthenshire. Mr. Worthington thus represents in his person both North and South Wales, and is proud to play an All-Cambrian part in the game of life.

In 1851 his father came to America. His mother, with himself, followed in the succeeding year, John celebrating his fourth birthday anniversary on the Atlantic. The family settled at Bradys Bend, Armstrong county, Pa., where the largest iron works in the United States at that time were located. Here the lad's childhood and early manhood were passed, and here also he obtained such education as the public

school then afforded. In the absence of more advanced schools nearby, he pursued night studies under the guidance of an Episcopal clergyman, the Rev. Henry Mackay, preparing to take a course in mining engineering in the Columbia School of Mines. While thus engaged he obtained a position on the surveying staff of the Bradys Bend Iron Company. He made rapid progress, and ere long was placed in full charge of the theodolite work in the field. About this time he embarked in active oil operations in the neighboring county of Butler. In 1875 he entered the Parker Savings Bank as bookkeeper, and a couple of years later became cashier. The latter post he resigned in 1880. In March of the same year he took a step of which he has every reason to be proud—married Miss Mary E. McCleery. The young couple began housekeeping in Ouray, Col., where Mr. Worthington had charge of important mining operations, and of which place he became mayor in 1884. In 1885 the Worthingtons returned to Pittsburgh, where they have made their home since.

During this time his activities have been centered in the oil business. Commencing in 1889, he has been directly connected with the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, first actively in the development of the oil fields extending southwest from Pittsburgh, through West Virginia and extending into Kentucky and Tennessee; but in later years his sphere has been enlarged, with headquarters at the general office in New York. He has had special connection with the company's field operations in all foreign countries.

For almost fifty years he has been a student and investigator, enjoying exceptional opportunities, and has given the trade geological and other scientific information of much value. He has visited many foreign oil fields, and is one of the best informed men on the subject of petroleum and natural gas. To Mr. Worthington belongs the credit of establishing the first accurate oil sand levels, which have come to be very important factors in oil field operations.

In addition to his oil interests, Mr. Worthington is a director of the Union National Bank, one of the oldest and strongest financial institutions in Pittsburgh.

Mr. Worthington has traveled extensively through the West, and some of his experiences may be of interest to the reader. Immediately following his marriage he went to Colorado; and pushing into the mountains very early in the season, he and Captain John Coplen and Robert Parker were lost on the American Flats, on the shoulders of the Engineer mountain, between the headwaters of the Lake Fork of the Gunnison (Henson creek), and the headwaters of the Uncompahgre river, and in their wanderings passed down the Rio de la Vaca (River of the Cow). A cloudburst in the

mountains caused such high water that all efforts to trail them by parties sent out later failed, and they were given up for lost. Fortunately, they survived after many struggles and privations, going without food for three days and three nights. They were found and rescued by the famed Indian scout, Frogley, and by him taken to the Moody ranch, where, after being refreshed and revived, they were taken the next day to Ouray, where they were received with great rejoicings, a reward of \$5,000 having been offered by Mr. Parker, Sr., for the recovery of the party, dead or alive.

Immediately after being unanimously elected mayor of Ouray, Mr. Worthington's first official act, after the appointment of a town marshal, was to instruct this officer to notify all gambling rooms, dance halls, and other vicious resorts, that within three days they must be closed. This resulted in a great outburst of feeling from these people and their sympathizers, who circulated a petition (threatening to boycott all business men who refused to sign it), demanding that the mayor rescind this order. When this effort became known, a counter-petition, which was signed by the wives of these business men, was circulated, asking the mayor to stand by the order. It is needless to say that the mayor stood by the order, which action was immediately followed by a public meeting of the malcontents, who adopted a resolution to hang the mayor so recently elected by unanimous vote. Such is the fickleness of human nature! Feeling ran so high that Mr. Worthington's friends, without his knowledge, rallied to his protection, and the following morning, much to his surprise, he found his house surrounded by his true and tried friends, thoroughly armed to protect him from violence.

In later years, in carrying out some geological work, Mr. Worthington returned to Southwestern Colorado to make some investigations that carried him into the lower San Juan river canyon, which he followed down to its junction with the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

The route followed by the party on going in was by way of Telluride, Rico; thence to Montezuma, and from there by way of Aneth (the scene of an Indian massacre some two weeks later) to Bluff City (this is a Mormon settlement), from which, for over 1,400 miles following the San Juan to where it empties into the Colorado river and down the Colorado river through the famous Grand Canyon to the Gila river, it is said there is not a single settlement or inhabitant.

The expedition outfitted at Bluff City, illness reducing the force to Mr. Worthington and one companion. Their equipment consisted of a span of excellent horses and a light but strong buckboard, in which a liberal supply of canned goods and such other edibles as the place provided was carried.

The travelers followed the river down from Bluff City some twelve miles to the mouth of the Cottonwood, where the first pioneers in this region, a Mormon bishop and his wife, were buried. At this point, on account of the river canoning, they were forced to ascend to the mesa, which at this point, some 500 to 700 feet above the river, was covered by much loose and drifting sand, making travel very difficult and wearisome. They spent their first night on the mesa, and resumed their travels early the next morning, the surface becoming rougher and possibly more dreary. They camped the second night where Mr. Worthington's companion said he had found water the preceding year; but they were bitterly disappointed at not finding even a drop of water to quench their raging thirst. That night the horses were stampeded by a pack of wolves, and only with much difficulty were they recovered in the morning. Their only liquid was what they obtained by opening their tomato cans, with the contents of which the nostrils and mouths of the horses were swabbed. A start was made on horseback early in the morning, leaving the wagon at this point. Before noon the horses gave out and they were left in a sheltered spot and the journey resumed on foot. About nightfall the objective point, where some oil showings had been reported, was reached. A rapid survey was made, and the day's work carried the men down to a bend in the river, where their thirst for the first time was assuaged.

At this point they were much interested in finding cliff dwellings in an excellent state of preservation. They explored with much interest these ancient habitations of a vanished people. Among other things, it was evident that these ancient inhabitants had a knowledge of the oil seepages in this region, as they had used the oil, mixing it with sand, to form a glaze or plaster for the inner walls of the rooms in these cliff houses.

The return journey was commenced the next morning, and by nightfall the wearied investigators reached the place where the horses had been left. At this time Mr. Worthington's companion complained of illness, and it soon became evident that he was suffering from high fever. With difficulty he was placed on one of the horses, Mr. Worthington riding the other. Without stopping they traveled all night, reaching the wagon about daylight. The sufferer's condition had grown worse during the night, and it was with difficulty that he was removed from the horse and placed in the wagon. The horses were immediately hitched, and the return journey continued.

The animals instinctively knew that they were returning home; and certainly under the trying conditions they performed wonderfully well. The sick man was by this time

delirious. The supply of tomato cans ran out, and with it all liquid. This was a trying day, as the wagon frequently sank to the hubs in the sand; but shortly after nightfall the Cottonwood was reached, and the thirst of men and beasts was quenched. The weary journey was pursued upstream to Bluff City, which was reached just before daylight, and the stricken man placed in the care of sympathizing people.

Triads are a peculiarity of the Celtic temperament, and in Mr. Worthington's eventful life this is shown by the fact that in his extensive travels three cities, three mountains and three rivers stand out pre-eminent. The cities are the old City of Mexico; Budapesth, the capital of Hungary, and Tiflis, capital of Russia in Asia. These are, Mr. Worthington states, the most interesting cities he has ever visited. In no manner do they resemble each other; and singular to say, the one he happens to be in is the one he feels to be the most interesting of the three. The three mountains that have left an indelible impression on his mind are Mount St. Elias, one of the corners on which the United States and the British empire meet; Chimbarazo, where Ecuador and Peru join, and in whose flanks some of the headwaters of the Amazon river originate, and Mount Ararat, which is a corner of the Turkish, Russian and Persian empires, and on which Noah's ark is said to have rested. The three rivers are the Yukon, that mighty river of the North; the Amazon, that still mightier river of the tropics, and, in the language of Holy Writ, "that great river, Euphrates."

During his many comings and goings in Eurasia, Mr. Worthington apparently had all the conventional adventures of Anglo-Saxons, and a few besides. While conducting an investigation for the Standard Oil Company in Russia, in the Mykop district, he experienced the usual "vermin, filth, damp beds, bad weather and several robberies," to say nothing of encountering cholera in every village at which he stopped. He declares these were mere incidentals!

Speaking once of his experiences in the Mount Ararat region, Mr. Worthington said, in his characteristic conversational vein:

"My assignment was in the Province of Van, Turkey in Asia, on the borders of Persia and Asiatic Russia; in the region between the Urmai Sea and Lake Van, in the Mount Ararat region. A Turkish representative was to meet me. He never showed up, however. I finally arrived at Edgir, near the foot of Mount Ararat, forty versts from the railroad. Here I organized for the trip to Lake Van. Beyond this point, Edgir, there are no conveniences, no stopping places, no hotels, no transportation—only what you start with. You must go with a caravan—or you must organize one. I could

hear of none going, so I organized one. Do you know what a caravan is? Never mind the dictionary definition; that authority never had experience. This is how you construct a caravan: A number of wheels; sundry carcasses; quite a number of legs; vehicles, men, camels, horses, donkeys, etc. Mix well and tie carefully together with string. Then it is complete. One is real proud of his creation, and even struts around and admires it. Shake hands with yourself. (Good time to do it, as you never will again!) The start is made with much pomp and ceremony, including more yells and shouts to the square inch than a Sioux war party at a scalping bee. Soon, alas! very soon (and continuous), things begin to happen. The caravan breaks down in front; it kicks up behind; it bulges out and slops over at both sides. It goes forward and backward at the same time, and keeps it up all day and far into the night. It spoke ('cussed') in our case in eleven different languages. It is certainly an interesting brute. We labored with it nine days and nine nights—very, very long days and nights—and were never so pleased as when we divorced the 'caravan.' We hope never to see one again. At all events, we had one of our own, and speak with knowledge 'before and after taking.'

"In the nine days of the trip not a single garment was changed. We slept in our clothes, even to our boots. We never marched less than eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, and several days marched for 21 hours. We kept watch every night. All hands were called at 12, midnight, and our marching was resumed as early as possible. A full moon helped much. It was very tiring on men and animals. We had no cooked food. Hot tea was the only exception. To these tactics of long marches we owed our safety going in, especially in Northwestern Persia, where marauding Kurds were numerous. On the return march the authorities would not allow us to travel alone. They furnished a strong escort of soldiers, who were relieved by others at reasonable intervals, and thus we were accompanied all the way from Besh Parmak, Lake Van, back to the railroad. The roads have never been worked, since the days of Cyrus and Darius; hence they are horrible, especially in the passes—Chinkel Pass, in the Ararat Range, and Arness Pass, in the Van Range. In the Arness Pass we had a terrific snow storm, and succeeded in wallowing through only by hiring oxen from some of the resident Kurds. We had four horses to each light wagon. To the horses we added a yoke of oxen for each wagon. The weather on the mountains and in the passes was bitterly cold, and all, men and animals, suffered much. But in spite of difficulties, obstacles and hardships, we won through."

This special trip to Besh Parmak (Five Fingers) was

made by Mr. Worthington to examine property owned by Mohammed Fuad Pacha, a bosom friend and a member of the cabinet of Mohammed V, present Sultan of Turkey. The Turkish representative who was to have met Mr. Worthington was Mohammed Fuad's chief of staff, Achmet Hamdi, and was found by the traveler on the property at Besh Parmak, evidently not having received the instructions from his chief. These, however, arrived the day after Mr. Worthington left Besh Parmak, and Achmet Hamdi overtook him at Bergir Kala, and handed him the following telegram as the explanation of his failure to meet him at Erevan, Persia. The style and diction of the telegram are typically Oriental, and the message a real curio, and for that reason a translation of it is quoted in full:

CONSTANTINOPLE, October 26, 1910, via VAN.

To My Representative, Achmet Hamdi Effendi:

From America, from well known people, a well known gentleman, Mr. Worthington, wants to see Oil Mines for inspecting this. In Batoum has put himself on the railroad. Before going on the railway telegraphed Fuad Pacha, that at the end of the Russian and Turkish Empires Achmet Hamdi was to meet him. Go and find at the end of the Russian Empire an interpreter who speaks three languages, English, French and Turkish. Take this interpreter and go with him together to meet this gentleman. If you do not fulfill this to the point, then do not show your face anymore to me, and with this word I tell you once more that you have to fulfill this the quickest possible, and telegraph me immediately whether you have found the gentleman, and whether he has seen the mines. MOHAMMED FUAD PACHA.

Mr. Worthington has told of many amusing and ludicrous things that happened on the trip, among which the following are given as a sample:

"Leaving Bergir Kala at 2 A. M. the caravan plodded along steadily and slowly. At 6 P. M. we reached the Tartar village Ghizel Deza, and promptly outspanned for the night. I informed Mustapha, the head driver, that all hands would be called at 12 midnight, and the caravan would be on the march not later than 2 A. M. This did not suit Mustapha, as events soon proved. While munching our cold rations, a little before 7 P. M., a messenger from the 'head man' of the village was announced. He brought a message that no one was allowed to leave his village before daylight, and that we must immediately appear before him and give an account of ourselves. With me were my interpreters, Mr. Coldrey, who spoke French, German and some Turkish, and Dr. Hillert, a German, who spoke Russian very fluently. The message from the head man was a wet blanket to these gentlemen, who, like myself, were anxious to get back to the railroad. I shall never forget the look on their countenances. Both exploded: 'What shall we do now?' 'We are at the mercy and

whim of this wild chief,' etc. I realized all they said was true, and felt more alarmed than I cared to say. I felt the situation was serious, and very likely dangerous. It occurred to me that all the arms and ammunition I had in my 'magazine' was American—bluff. So I called in a loud voice for our dragoman (an Armenian, very capable and bright), and instructed him to tell the messenger to convey instantly to the head man a message from me, namely: *'We are great men. We are traveling on important business. We have relations with the government at Stamboul (Constantinople). We will leave the village when it pleases us. He must appear before me without delay. I have spoken!'* May the good Lord forgive me for the swagger and bluster of the message. At all events, it produced the 'goods.' In a few minutes the horse-thieving Tartar chief appeared, salaamed profoundly, and stated that **'the law was only for the common people.'** The great men (our party) could leave at their pleasure; and that, because the surrounding country was infested by murdering Kurds, who had killed many travelers leaving his village, he would, with our permission, become our escort and see us through the danger district. He kept his word, too.

"We camped on the shoulder of Mount Ararat going in. To me it is a wonderfully impressive place. The maps give the height of Ararat as 16,916 feet, and of Little Ararat as 12,000 feet. The peaks are about twelve miles apart. The natives call them Noah and his wife. Both are symmetrical, and, rising right out of a plain country, are impressive, imposing and beautiful. The whole region is fascinating. In my diary I have named it the 'Place of Beginnings.' Here or hereabouts, according to revelation and tradition, was the Garden of Eden. My theory now is that Mount Ararat stands in the exact spot where the Garden of Eden was before the deluge. In a convulsion of nature accompanying the flood, the mount was thrust through the crust of the earth, completely destroying the Garden, so that it could not in any way become a place of religious veneration and sacredness. Mount Ararat occupies the exact spot. As the Garden was the place of the origin of the race, so Ararat is the place of the renewal, or resurrection, of the race.

"We crossed the headwaters of the Euphrates river, and looked down on the source of the Tigris, said to be another of the Garden rivers. A third is said to be the Arness river, which flows into the Caspian Sea. We traveled along it for miles. Another (the fourth) is said to be a small river flowing into the Black Sea. Where we crossed it, near its source, it is only a good-sized creek. As to these rivers, much may be apocryphal. At all events, these local assertions and traditions are interesting. As I recall them, the four rivers of the

Garden, as named in Genesis, are Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel and Euphrates. Looking north from Ararat, we saw the Land of Uz—the land of the first oil man. Read the 'Book of Job' and note that the old patriarch, in chapter 29, verse 6, says: 'And the rocks poured me forth rivers of oil.' Looking southward from Ararat, we saw the Plains of Shinar, where Abraham fed his flocks; and farther down the valley, Ur of the Chaldees. Every river, mountain and plain that was in sight is hoary with antiquity and tradition. To me Mount Ararat, with its associations, history and traditions, is only second to Calvary itself. For these reasons I have enjoyed visiting it very much."

"Penbryn," the delightful home of Mr. and Mrs. Worthington, stands on the northeast corner of Forbes street and Murdoch avenue, in the Squirrel Hill district of Pittsburgh. It is recognized by architects as a fine example of a Tudor house, and vividly recalls Iolo Goch's description of Sycharth Castle, the residence of Owen Glendower, which can aptly be applied to this modern American Welsh castle, "Penbryn." It is as follows:

"And to the Castle I will hie,
There's none to match it 'neath the sky;
It is a baron's stately court,
Where bards for sumptuous fare resort."

As the reader doubtless will recall, Tudor was the surname of the Welsh dynasty that furnished three kings and two queens to the British throne—Henry VII, Henry VIII, Edward VI, Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth; the last the greatest of all.

The interior of "Penbryn," like the exterior, is, in its furnishings, of the Tudor period. This is shown in the oak panelings and the strap ceilings of the several rooms.

Possibly the most striking feature to a Druid is the Garden Hall, which really is a vestibule leading to the large dining room. The walls of this hall *are of stone*, and a unique feature is the carved goat's head, in stone, in one of the doorways. The goat's head always has been a prominent feature in the Worthington coat-of-arms. Another noteworthy adornment is the carving, over the door entering the dining room, of the Royal Welsh Dragon. Possibly this feature cannot be seen in any other place, not only in America, but in the world. The dragon is a reproduction in form of the dragon as shown in the banner of King Cadwalader, as certified by the Heralds' College of London. (See preface to Marie Trevelyan's "Glimpses of Welsh Life and Character.") In the upper panels in the windows of one

of the bays of the dining room are shown, in art glass, the coats-of-arms and mottoes of eight Welsh counties.

As already has been noted, Mr. Worthington's love of literature has been afforded ample expression; and a glance over his shelves furnishes conclusive evidence of his catholicity of taste. Among his approximately complete collection of important volumes bearing on Cymric subjects are included not a few very rare Welsh works.

And so we leave him, a man of rare parts, surrounded by the living thoughts of the master-minds of the ages.



Mr. R. H. Davies (Gomerian), Pittsburgh, Pa.

MR. ROBERT H. DAVIES (GOMERIAN).

BECAUSE of his long-continued loyalty to Welsh institutions, his self-sacrificing and patient efforts for his people, as well as his devotion to the language of Gwalia, the name of R. H. Davies (Gomerian), Recorder of the American Gorsedd, is a household word in Welsh-American communities.

An analysis of the man will prove interesting. Proverbially modest, we cannot claim him as a flowery orator. He retreats from the limelight at all times, and is, therefore, but rarely heard of as an Eisteddfod conductor or president. Yet, you ask, whence comes his greatness to be so widely known among his compatriots in America? Simply and solely because he is an indefatigable worker. His capacity for work is enormous, and his willingness and desire to work is still greater. Associated with this feature of his busy career is the absolute purity of thought which dominates his entire life, for his friends assert that rarely does he utter an unkind thought, notwithstanding the many provocations which necessarily must have presented themselves at times in his strenuous life.

This brief pen-picture of Gomerian is an effort to demonstrate why he is revered and esteemed by the thousands who have met him. If I have failed to convey an impression of his personal characteristics, it will suffice when I state that his life has been spent in helping others, in working for others, and always without compensation.

Mr. Davies, as the Gorsedd Recorder, is virtually responsible for the appearance of the Royal Blue Book. He advocated the feasibility of publishing the prize compositions of the Pittsburgh International Eisteddfod with such persistency that others, sharing his enthusiasm, rendered the project a possibility, which eventually resulted in a volume that contains the complete productions of this memorable Eisteddfod, it being the first instance in Welsh-American history that an opportunity is afforded the public to read, in their entirety, the successful literary and poetical works of an Eisteddfod. The original suggestion merely proposed the publication of the compositions in a small but neat book, but it was later augmented by the Gorsedd Treasurer, who advocated embodying additional and attractive features, which included brief biographical sketches and illustrations of the prize-winners and the Gorsedd officers.

The fact needs no reiteration that Gomerian is a vigorous and energetic eisteddfodic worker; yea, he is more than

that, for he is a silent and efficient worker, content to labor without glory or acclamation. Born in the shadow of the rugged Eryri at Pen-y-Gogwydd, near Dinorwig, Carnarvonshire, North Wales, he trod, in childhood, one of the most romantic spots in Gwyllt Walia, and there learned to love her mountains, her language and her traditions. Coming to America with his parents as a mere boy, he lived at Slate Dam, near Slatington, Pa., until he was 16 years of age, when he came to Pittsburgh, where he was apprenticed as a compositor on "Y Wasg," and with the exception of 15 months, spent in New York City and Utica, the Smoky City has been his habitat ever since. Over a quarter of a century ago he married Miss Annie Evans, a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Evans, who were prominent in Pittsburgh Welsh circles for more than half a century. Shortly after their marriage the young couple built a home at Crafton, a suburb of Pittsburgh, where Gomerian and his wife have resided ever since.

Paradoxically as it may appear, Gomerian's daily labors have not been in his own language. For many years he has held important positions on daily newspapers, so that his scholarly abilities in the Cymric tongue are the fruit of his incessant labors during his leisure hours. He has developed into a vigorous Welsh writer, and for many years his letters from Pittsburgh graced the columns of "Y Drych." Many a heart has been made happy by the gossip and pleasing news contributed by him under the pen-name of "Cymro."

When "The Druid" was established in Scranton, Pa., he became its correspondent, and contributed pleasing and incisive letters. I well remember figuring how much it would cost to retain his services as permanent correspondent, but suffice it to say that although Gomerian has contributed columns innumerable to the paper, he has yet to receive one cent in remuneration.

Gomerian has been an indefatigable worker in Pittsburgh's Cymric circles for many years. For fourteen years he was the secretary of the old St. David's Society, and upon its resuscitation some years ago was honored with its presidency for the maximum of two terms. His services as Eisteddfod secretary are woven in the Welsh history of Pittsburgh, for he has filled the functions of that office in connection with every important festival during the last twenty years. The national gathering of 1903, of which he was secretary, was probably one of the best advertised festivals in the American history of this institution, and one of the most successful, financially and artistically. But the labor inseparably connected with every eisteddfodic venture was not to be compared to that of the monster gathering of

1913,—the Pittsburgh International Eisteddfod,—for which he labored assiduously during many weary months with those intricate complications that demanded superhuman patience and energy. He was selected to visit Wales to extend an invitation to that illustrious son of Gwalia, the Right Honorable David Lloyd George, to be the honored guest at the International Eisteddfod. He met Mr. Lloyd George at the Wrexham National Eisteddfod, where he secured from the Gorsedd convocation a dispensation to organize an American Gorsedd. At the same time he arranged to have Archdruid Dyfed represent Gorsedd Beirdd Ynys Prydain at the organization of the American auxiliary. When this organization was effected in Pittsburgh Gomerian was selected as Gorsedd Recorder, and as such attended the International Eisteddfod held in San Francisco, Cal., in 1915.

Gomerian is a man of many parts, and his versatility finds expression in other directions. He is an active worker in the Oakland Welsh Presbyterian Church, and a member of the board of trustees. While yielding to none as a loyal American citizen and in his devotion to the Stars and Stripes, he is still an ardent Welshman, and cherishes the traditions and customs of the land of his fathers with commendable consistency. He has labored long and patiently to secure a subscription list worthy of the Royal Blue Book, and one worthy of the cause it represents.

Few Welsh communities are blessed with such self-sacrificing and willing workers as Gomerian, who, apparently, "never wearies of well-doing." Tritely can it be said of him, "and in every work that he began * * * he did it with all his heart."

T. OWEN CHARLES.

MR. DAVID ELLSWORTH ROBERTS (DAFYDD BACH).

DAVID ELLSWORTH ROBERTS (Dafydd Bach) was born in Baltimore, Md., April 25, 1863, the son of Thomas (Twm Ty'r Frân) and Elizabeth Griffiths Roberts, of Llanelly, South Wales. His father was a metallurgist and constructor of furnaces for the manufacture of steel and sheet iron, and in early life managed silver and lead refineries at Leadville, San Francisco, and Allegheny. While at Leechburg, Pa., he constructed the first furnace designed to use natural gas as a fuel for the manufacture of steel. On retiring from active life to Baltimore, in 1895, he invented a process for the reduction and refining of copper.

A party of copper smelters and their families settled in 1856 at Baltimore, where a large copper plant was in operation. Among them were the parents of the subject of our sketch. Mrs. Roberts at once became identified with the religious work of the community, and in fostering the institutions of Gwalia Wen in a strange land. The church which the Welsh copper smelters built, after working hours, still remains as evidence of their sacrifice and devotion. In this chapel was held each Christmas a concert, after the order of an eisteddfod, to which Mrs. Roberts contributed both in song and verse. She was also well known for her artistic needlework, contributing largely to churches of all denominations.

David was graduated from the Leechburg High School in 1880, and taught school for a year in Westmoreland county, Pa. In 1881 he won, at Butler, Pa., the senatorial scholarship for the Pennsylvania State College, where he spent two years in general science, matriculating later at the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md., where he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts. In 1908 he was honored by the Pennsylvania State College with the degree of Bachelor of Science, as of the class of 1885. Mr. Roberts continued at the Johns Hopkins University as a post graduate student in organic and inorganic geology, where, by a study of the fauna of the cretaceous formation in Maryland, he completed its identification with that of Delaware and New Jersey.

On the removal of the Library of Congress from its quarters in the Capitol to the present building, in 1897, Mr. Roberts was appointed to the division of prints, where he brought his scientific training into the classification for ready reference of a great mass of copyrighted material. He has shared in the development of the division until it has become one of

GORSEDD CERTIFICATE DESIGNER.



Mr. D. E. Roberts (Dafydd Bach), Baltimore, Md.

great interest and usefulness. He also has made contributions to magazines on art subjects.

By appointment of the Superintendent of the Johns Hopkins Hospital he has conducted the singing at its devotional meetings for patients for more than 25 years. He has composed several hymn tunes, his latest production being "Cambria" (6.6.6.6. D) for Taliesin Evans' Welsh national anthem, "Dear Wales." It was first sung by the St. David's Society of Pittsburgh, Pa.

He is a member of Homewood Chapel of the First Methodist Church of Baltimore, a "church home" for the Johns Hopkins University students, at Homewood; the Fine Arts Society of Baltimore; A. F. and A. M. and A. A. S. R. (Chesapeake Consistory).

While Dafydd Bach's knowledge of the vernacular is somewhat limited, he is, nevertheless, a loyal Cymro, and as ardent a Welsh-American as can be found in any state of the Union. His hospitable nature and kindly heart are characteristics traits of his ancestors, and have come to him legitimately. Many compatriots are indebted to him for deeds of kindness, especially those forced by circumstances to become patients at hospitals, where his welcome visits and cheery messages in song have revived their drooping spirits.

He is also a faithful worker in the ranks of the St. David's Society, and has demonstrated his Welsh patriotism on divers occasions.

THE LATE
CAPT. W. R. JONES

Biographical Sketch

and

Crown Memorial Poems

Adjudicator of Poems--Hon. H. M. Edwards, Scranton, Pa.

SUBJECT OF CROWN MEMORIAL POEMS.



The Late Capt. W. R. Jones.

THE LATE CAPT. W. R. JONES, OF BRADDOCK.

WILLIAM RICHARD JONES' revered name is inseparably connected with the City of Pittsburgh, and he assisted in no small degree in building up her greatness as one of the leading industrial centers of the world. Pittsburgh, however, has been tardy in paying a deserved tribute to this ingenious captain of industry and remarkable leader of men, who was called away suddenly from his busy sphere of labor while in the prime of manhood.

Captain Jones, by his winning personality, his proverbial bonhomie and numerous philanthropies, endeared himself to a host of true friends, but more particularly to his Welsh compatriots, who had ample proof of his willingness to assist not only those of his own blood, but all who were in distress, regardless of race, creed or color.

Since his death in September, 1889, there has been a growing desire among Welsh-Americans to perpetuate the memory of Captain Jones in some tangible and permanent form, and with this object in view the Pittsburgh Eisteddfod Association arranged the William R. Jones Memorial International Eisteddfod, which was held on July 2-5, 1913. Captain Jones was a son of the Eisteddfod, and an ardent lover and supporter of eisteddfodic traditions and customs, and the Memorial Eisteddfod was a fitting tribute to this worthy Welsh patriot and genius.

One of the chief competitions of the William R. Jones Memorial International Eisteddfod was the crown memorial poem, on the very appropriate subject, "The Late Captain William Richard Jones," for which a substantial cash prize and a silver crown were offered, donated by generous friends from Braddock and Homestead, a number of whom were his co-workers. This competition attracted the attention of bards and poets in both hemispheres, and a number of meritorious poems were submitted in competition. Two productions, however, excelled in literary merit, and these two were adjudged of equal worth by the adjudicator, the Hon. H. M. Edwards, president judge of Lackawanna county, Scranton, Pa., who recommended that the prize be divided between the respective authors, namely, the Rev. D. Pugh Griffith (Efrog), Williamsport, Pa., and the Rev. O. Lloyd Morris, Ypsilanti, Mich. These two poems form a striking feature of this volume, and will be read with interest by thousands of friends of the late Captain Jones.

With a view of preserving for future generations a brief

historical sketch of the life of Captain Jones, the following salient features of his busy and successful career are presented to the reader:

Captain Jones was born in Luzerne county, Pa., February 23, 1839, and was the son of the Rev. John G. Jones, who, with his wife and two children, emigrated from Wales in 1832.

Owing to his father's ill health he was compelled to commence work when young, and hence was deprived of any but the most limited educational advantages. At the age of ten he was apprenticed to the Crane Iron Company, of Catasauqua, Pa., in the foundry department, and later placed in the machine shop of that company. At the age of 16 he had made such progress that he was receiving the full wages of a regular journeyman machinist.

About this time he entered the employment of William Millens in his machine shop at Janesville, Luzerne county, Pa. In 1856 he removed to Philadelphia, and worked at his trade as a machinist in the shops of I. P. Morris & Co.

The panic of 1857 deprived him of work, and compelled him to endure many privations. In the search for work he reached Tyrone, Pa., where he engaged himself to a lumberman by the name of Evans, and went with him to Clearfield county, Pa., remaining with him first as a farm hand and lumberman, and later as engineer, until the spring of 1859, when he removed to Johnstown, Pa., working as machinist for the Cambria Iron Company under John Fritz, then general superintendent of that company. Later in that year he went to Chattanooga, Tenn., to assist Miles Edwards in the erection of a blast furnace. He remained at Chattanooga until after the breaking out of the rebellion, having in the meantime married Miss Harriet Lloyd, of that place.

In 1861 he was again employed by the Cambria Iron Company as machinist. In response to President Lincoln's call for nine months' men, he volunteered on July 31, 1862, enlisting as a private in Company "A," 133rd Regiment, P. V. He was soon promoted to corporal. He served with his regiment in the Army of the Potomac, participating in the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, in both engagements distinguishing himself by personal bravery. Upon the expiration of his term of service, May 26, 1863, he returned to Johnstown, resuming his position with the Cambria Iron Company.

Later he organized Company "F," 194th Regiment, P. V., and was mustered in as captain of the same on July 20, 1864. In accordance with circular order No. 56, A. G. O., he was mustered out as captain of an independent company, this being formed of members of the 193rd and 194th Regiments, P. V.

Captain Jones' company was assigned to provost duty in Baltimore, Md., under Colonel J. Wooley, provost marshal, that city being in the Middle Department, commanded by Major General Lew Wallace, with department headquarters at Baltimore.

While acting as commander of the provost guard at Baltimore, Captain Jones was called upon to perform many duties requiring tact and personal courage, as well as to exercise the qualities of a strict disciplinarian. So well did he and his command acquit themselves that they not only possessed the confidence of their superior officers, but were publicly complimented by General Lew Wallace. Captain Jones was mustered out on June 17, 1865, following the close of the war.

He returned to Johnstown, Pa., and again entered the employ of the Cambria Iron Company as assistant to George Fritz, the company's general superintendent and chief engineer, and as such assisted in the construction of the Cambria Iron Company's Bessemer steel converting and blooming mill plants.

Upon the death of George Fritz, in August, 1873, he resigned his position, and was soon afterward engaged by the Edgar Thomson Steel Company to take charge of their steel works and rail mill, then building from plans designed by A. L. Holley, at Bessemer, Allegheny county, Pa.

Upon the completion of the works Captain Jones was made the general superintendent, and afterwards given full charge of the engineering department, as well as the general management of the works. While this plant when erected was, perhaps, the most perfect one in the United States, the rapid advance in the art of steel making soon made it desirable to completely remodel it, which was done under his direction, the blooming mill being built in 1881, and the converting works in 1882.

This company also decided to build blast furnaces, completing Furnace "A," 15 feet 5 inches bosh, by 66 feet high, in 1879, and Furnaces "B" and "C," 21 feet bosh, by 80 feet high, in 1880. These were so successful under Captain Jones' management that he was authorized to build two more, completing Furnaces "D" and "E," 23 feet bosh by 80 feet high, in 1881, and again adding Furnaces "F" and "G," 23 feet bosh by 80 feet high, in 1886 and 1887, respectively. Furnace "H" was in course of construction at the time of his death.

In 1885 he attached automatic tables to the rail mill, thus doing away with a large number of skilled operatives, these tables being covered by his own and Robert W. Hunt's patents. The works were so successful that in 1887 Captain Jones received permission to build an entirely new rail mill,

in the construction of which he departed from all precedent, and the result more than filled his most sanguine anticipation. In 1888 his duties were increased by his being made consulting engineer to Carnegie, Phipps & Co. The principal object of the appointment was to cover their extensive plant at Homestead.

Captain Jones was a most industrious inventor, and covered many of his improvements by patents, among them being: "A device for operating ladles in Bessemer process," "improvements in hose couplings," patented December 12, 1876; "fastenings for Bessemer converters," patented December 26, 1876; "improvements in washes for ingot moulds," June 12, 1876; "hot beds for bending rails," April 10, 1887; "machine for sawing metal bars," August 7, 1877; "process and apparatus for compressing ingots while casting," September, 1878; "ingot mould," October 1, 1878; "cooling roll journals and shafts," July 5, 1881; "feeding appliance for rolling mills," April 27, 1886; "gas furnace for boilers," May 4, 1886; "art of manufacturing railroad bars," October 12, 1886; "appliance for rolls," May 15, 1888; "housing caps for rolls," May 15, 1888; "apparatus for removing and setting rolls," June 26, 1888; "apparatus for removing ingots from moulds," January 1, 1889; "method of mixing molten pig metal," June 4, 1889; "apparatus for mixing pig metal," June 4, 1889. In the words of James Gayley, first vice president of the Carnegie Steel Co., "Captain Jones' mechanical contributions to the development of the steel-making industry accomplished fully as much as Musket or Sir Henry Bessemer."

Captain Jones was a member of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, Engineers' Society of Western Pennsylvania, and the Iron and Steel Institute of Great Britain. He was a frequent contributor to the papers of these various societies on subjects relating to mechanics and Bessemer steel manufacture.

In 1888 he was chosen Senior Vice Commander, Department of Pennsylvania, G. A. R.

As soon as news was received of the terrible Johnstown, Pa., flood disaster, May 31, 1889, Captain Jones acted with his characteristic promptness and decision. He dispatched a trusted messenger to investigate and report to him the true situation. As many of the citizens of Braddock had, with Captain Jones, been former residents of Johnstown, they were intensely excited. The officials of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company requested him to assume command of the workmen whom they proposed sending there. He consented, and impressed upon them the magnitude of the undertaking. Upon

reaching Johnstown, after a march of some miles, Captain Jones at once established his men in an organized camp. His dispatch to the relief committee of the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce, stating the work was beyond the limits of any volunteer movement and could only be successfully handled by the State, and also urging the General Government to send a pontoon bridge train to bridge the streams, was the first comprehensive grasp of the situation.

Captain Jones was possessed of great physical strength and an indomitable will, but, overmastering all, a most generous nature, and a heart as tender as any woman's. While quick of temper, he was ever ready to acknowledge and repair a mistake. Without the advantages of early education and associations, he cultivated a true love of the beautiful in nature, art and literature.

His life's success was most intimately identified with that of the Bessemer process of America. Alexander L. Holley's fame will always stand as having made the wonderful developments of that process possible, but without the co-operation of such practical mechanics and energetic developers as George Fritz and William R. Jones, Holley's convictions of the possibilities would, at least, have been later in realization. Fritz was called away just as the first triumphs were being attained. Holley lived to see what appeared to be complete victory, but Captain Jones and others were spared to carry the process beyond Holley's most sanguine dreams. Captain Jones loved Holley, and seemed to feel that each succeeding achievement of his was adding another garland to Holley's fame.

There are few Welsh-Americans who have accomplished more for the practical advancement of the Eisteddfod. He gave liberally of his wealth, not only in prizes, but was noted for his readiness to encourage competitors who failed in their efforts to secure a prize. To him the detailed work of the Eisteddfod and all its arrangements always proved fascinating, and his share in the work and all his Eisteddfodic efforts were characterized by the same thoroughness and whole heartedness which marked his business life. He was an active member of the St. David's Society of Pittsburgh for many years, and was a prominent figure at the St. David's day celebrations.

As a philanthropist Captain Jones stood unique, as he gave beyond his means. His heart was larger than his pocket-book. There are many instances on record of his great generosity to the families of workmen fatally injured at the mills, as well as to employees meeting with accidents. To the widow Captain Jones would deed the house in which she lived, but his giving was always accomplished in a most secret

manner, as he thoroughly abhorred publicity, and for that reason many of his good deeds were buried in silence.

As a result of injuries received on the night of September 26, 1889, caused by the bursting of a blast furnace at the Edgar Thomson Steel Works, at Bessemer, Pa., Captain Jones died on Saturday, September 28, 1889.

Captain Jones was beloved by all who knew him. The men under his management worshiped him, and the community in which he lived honored and respected him. The world is better for his life, but many hearts were made desolate by his death. If ever a man existed who was absolutely honest in every fibre of his being, such a man was William Richard Jones.

It is a pleasure to embody in this volume letters from two dear friends and business associates of the late Captain Jones, viz., Andrew Carnegie, Esq., of New York, and Charles M. Schwab, Esq., of Bethlehem, Pa., whose acquaintance and association with him fittingly qualify them to express a just estimation of his characteristics as a man, a friend and an associate. These appreciations form an interesting link in this chain of memoirs.

MR. CARNEGIE'S IMPRESSIONS.

In 1874, when business began to revive, we were anxious to finish the steel rail mills, and early in that year we rolled rails.

My experience has been that no partnership of new men gathered promiscuously from various fields can prove a good working organization as at first constituted. Our Edgar Thomson Works were no exception to this rule. Even before we began to make rails one of my partners became dissatisfied with the management of a railway official, who had come to us with a great and deserved reputation for method and ability. This man had been a railway auditor and excellent in accounts, but it was unjust to expect him or any other office man to be able to step into manufacturing and be successful from the start. He had neither the knowledge nor the training for this new work. This does not mean that he was not a splendid auditor; it was our own blunder, expecting impossible service. The mills were at last about ready to begin, and an organization he proposed was laid before me for approval. I found he had divided the works into two departments, and had given control of one to Mr. Stevenson, a Scotsman, who afterwards made a fine record as manufacturer, and control of the other to a Mr. Jones. I am certain that nothing ever affected the success of the undertaking more than the decision which I gave upon that scheme. Upon no account could two men be upon the same ground with equal authority. An army with two commanders-in-chief, or a ship with two captains, would not fare more disastrously than a manufacturing concern with two men in command upon the same ground, even if in two different departments. I said: "This will not do. I do not know Mr. Stevenson, nor do I know Mr. Jones, but one or other man must be made captain, and he alone must report to you." The decision fell upon Mr. Jones, and in this way we obtained "The Captain," who made his name famous wherever the manufacture of Bessemer steel is known.

The Captain was then quite young, spare and active, bearing traces of his Welsh descent, even in his stature, for he was quite short. He came to us as a mechanic from the neighboring works of Johnstown, and we soon saw that he was a character; every movement told this. He had volunteered as a private during the Civil War and carried himself so finely that he became captain of a company which was never known to flinch. Much of the success of the Edgar Thomson Works belongs to this man. In later years he declined an interest in the firm, which would have made him

a millionaire. I told him one day that some of the young men who had been given an interest were now making much more than he was, and we had voted to make him a partner. This entailed no financial responsibility, as we always provided that the cost of the interest given was payable only out of profits.

"No," he said, "I don't want to have my thoughts running on business. I have enough trouble looking after these works. Just give me a —— of a salary, if you think I'm worth it."

"All right, Captain, the salary of the President of the United States is yours."

"That's the talk," said the little Welshman.

MR. SCHWAB'S TRIBUTE.

Captain W. R. Jones, my best friend of early life,—and I know of no young men associated with him in those early days of steel-making who would not use the same expression as I do regarding him,—seemingly stern and harsh at times, but with a heart as soft and tender as a child's. While we all recognized in him the great genius that he was, it is only in the light of long years of knowledge and experience that his true greatness and genius is fully understood and appreciated. How proud to be known in after-life as one of "Capt. Bill's Boys"! a title of greater significance to those possessing it than many of the great business titles they bear. Captain Jones was a man that everybody not only liked, but loved, and the closer one's association with him, the greater their love for him. A true man among men. My recollections and remembrances of him grow dearer and tenderer with advancing years, and a mist shadows my eyes when I dwell upon those happy days of association with my best friend—Capt. W. R. Jones. Sincerely,

C. M. SCHWAB.

CROWN MEMORIAL POEM.

THE LATE CAPTAIN W. R. JONES.

BY REV. O. LLOYD MORRIS, YPSILANTI, MICH.

I.

THE SUBJECT.

*"Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go!
Be our joy three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn nor account the pang; dare never grudge the throe."*
—BROWNING.

Heroic Warrior! Round his resting place
Our minds in sorrow gather, there to trace
The story of his ardent, moving life
Of earnest conflict, quenchless, deathless, strife.
Heavy of heart with pangs of inward grief
We mourn a gallant comrade, patriot, chief.
But from the grave Hope's radiant beams uprise,
Pointing a gleaming highway to the skies.
Musing of him the path of life shines clear
A beam translucent in the darkness drear.
Inspired with hope we see him slowly rise
Through obstacles, reaching the highest prize;
In the fierce conflict with wild nature's strength
Subduing mighty forces, till at length
Seated among the victors who o'ercame
And crowned with laurels of enduring fame
He stands. His story like a beacon light
Brightens th' ascending pathway to the height,
Kindling within the heart of restless youth
A passion and a hope to touch the truth,
To seize a vict'ry from the spoiler's hand
And make of life a well-tilled, cultured land.
The thought of him under his heavy load
Hewing out of the rock a level road,
Throwing his bridge across the canon deep,
Fit symbol of his mental, agile, leap
O'er hindrances, (uniting near and far),

Hitching his wagon to the mighty star
Of God's great will, bending the river's course
With native might and strong, directive force,
So that its strength due, helpful, service yields
In forge and mill, in laving thirsty fields,
Driving his plow across the desert lean
And from its heart wresting the harvest clean,
Making the grass to grow, the flowers to bloom,
Where once was barren blackness, shrouded gloom.
This thought of him a trumpet call shall be
To stir within men hopes of victory.
It shall drive ardent youth to start the quest
Of ampler life, and shall to all attest
That circumstance has treasures yet untold
For strong, chivalrous men to gain and hold.
Dear Lord, forgive our poignant, numbing grief
For him, dulling our day, dimming belief.
He drew our hearts as magnets draw the steel,
The vital atoms, dancing, quivering, feel
Their kindred near. His sympathetic soul
Attracted us our burdens to unroll
And lay on him. But suddenly death came,
Quenching the vibrant, ardent spirit's flame,
And in that night our lamps had gone quite out,
Did'st Thou not save us from abysmal doubt.
May the great Spirit, who creates all thought,
Who in our minds His holy image wrought,
Who brings the music of the spheres to earth,
Attesting in the soul our heavenly birth,
Inspire this rhythmic song, elegiac lay,
So that its fire may warm the age-long day;
Its music charm Columbia's Celtic youth,
Alluring them to love and live the truth:
Its influence, like the waves, forever moving
Some other wave, and in their motion stirring
To purity the active, restless deep;
So let its heaven-impelling impulse keep
His memory shrined, like jewels in a setting,
Its beauty, luster, charm, forever keeping.

II.

EARLY YEARS.

*"I do note
That grief and patience rooted in him both
Mingle their spurs together."*—SHAKESPEARE.

In Luzerne county, rich in heat and light,
Its heart made warm with glowing anthracite,

Where Susquehanna sings between the hills
Majestic music that both charms and thrills
The soul, where Celts and men of other blood
Form one great thriving, throbbing brotherhood,
Our Comrade, Captain William Richard Jones,
First heard the haunting, soft, melodious tones
Of earthly music, and felt gentle light
Breaking in rippling wavelets on his sight.
When that day dawned, a radiant, fateful morn,
Joy thrilled two hearts for that a man was born.
His father was a priest before the Lord,
Guarding the treasure in the sacred Word.
His godly mother, a true saint of earth,
Kept the soul's fire burning on the hearth,
Stirring its embers into glowing flame
As they, in worship, called upon God's name.
Her prayers around him like a holy shadow
Shielded his soul from darkling, sinful sorrow.
With lavish hand she sowed the goodly seed
Into his mind, desiring not the meed
Of praise, but more the harvest on the plain
Of righteous life, like ripened, golden grain.
His lot at home was cast among the poor,
And oft he saw grim shadows at the door.
But heaven is within our souls.
Joy inextinguishable rolls
Through childhood's happy days and hours,
When, thorns ignored, we see the flowers.
He had his halcyon, placid day,
When cloudless was the azure way.
His boat he sailed upon the pool,
Mastering mechanics out of school;
He saw the angels passing by,
In mottled chariots, through the sky,
The azure ending on the hill;
And, climbing upward with a will,
Bethought to touch with feeble hand
That fairy world—the border-land.
On Sunday he'd repeat the text,
Thus linking this world with the next.
Too early did this golden day
Come to an end and pass away.

III.

PERIOD OF STRUGGLE.

*"It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."*—HENLEY.

A stirring chapter in his book of life,
Filled with the movements and the ceaseless strife
And agitations of the industrial world
Begins, when with his standards all unfurled
He hies him forth, a child of tender years,
To fight his battle, overcoming fears
And all that paralyzes vital power,
Determined there to win, and crowd his hour
With knightly, worthy deeds, befitting man
Striking th' eternal chords of God's great plan.
When other children went their way to school,
He, forced by circumstances, plies the tool
The craftsman wields. Reaching the age of ten
He takes his place in line with eager men
In arduous toil. The airy dreams of night
At dawn he wrought to shapes resplendent, bright
With marks of thought divine. The workshop proved
An apt, instructive school to him, who loved
To live intense. God made him for his day
A mass of vital energy to play
With mind and soul upon the problems great
That called for wisdom, pregnant with the fate
Of commerce, and the nation's greater good,
Soon saving its own soul with precious blood.

We need the dreamer on the wall
To sound th' alarm, and ever call
The heedless soul to faith and truth,
To practice honesty and ruth.
We also need the skillful man,
Who, far of sight and keen to plan,
Can change the dreamer's dream to deed,
And put to uses the high creed;
Who, from the fullness of his stores,
Can lead the race through open doors
To greater affluence and power;
A man that's destined for the hour,
Transcending every iron rule,
Rising superior to the school.
No theorizer in his chair,
Who paints on clouds a vision fair,
But rather one who breasts the stream,

Allured ever by the gleam,
Undaunted by the rock and flood,
Until he finds the greater good.
And such was he. Perfected in life's stern school,
Fashioned to shape by chisel, file and tool,
His mind, bestirred by elemental forces,
Great in their might and wayward in their courses,
Controlled at will this great and complex kingdom,
Subdued, tamed, and harnessed it in wisdom.

As from the flint the quivering fire is drawn
In intermittent sparks, repeating here
Prometheus' daring theft in bringing down
Celestial fire to thrill mankind with warmth,
So did the steel-like blows of circumstance
Disturb the deeper currents of his mind,
Stirring the sparks of genius in his soul
To ray forth in invention and device,
Flashing before mankind the wealth of truth.
God finds the way to bring forth from the deep
What is concealed within the human soul.

Some natures call for warmth of gentle sun,
Like flowers, charmed to beauty by the light;
Others, like gold, prove their intrinsic worth
When tested in the glowing furnace fire.

Great, strong, heroic souls the tempests love,
And in the storm, like stately giant oaks,
Drive deep and wide their roots into the earth,
Laughing to scorn the fury of the gale.
He needed all. God gave to him in love
The gentle sunshine of a mother's care,
A father's tender, ardent, wistful faith,
The soft caresses of the living Church.

And as the fire sifts and tests the ore,
Thus was he tested in the furnace flame,
And tempered like true steel upon the hearth,
Annealed to fine consistency and edge,
Emerging from the heat like gold thrice-tried,
The stamped metal of the Lord his God.

The furnace but revealed his inward power
To seize and hold the good of God's great hour.
When he had mastered his own craft and trade,
Showing the gleams of strong, creative thought,
And built his life on truth, firm as the hills,
Once more the wind and fire try his soul.
Panic, privations, suffering, sorrow came,
Like whirlwinds of the desert, laying waste
And leaving desolation in their track.

Through this experience in the gloom he found

Himself, his place, his faith, God's holy ground.
He knew his kinship with the suffering soul,
The tides and tempests in their sweep and roll.
And as the storm precedes a brighter day,
And threatening clouds give way to sunshine gay,
So did his stormy morning, fateful hour,
Prelude for him a noon of glorious power.

After his many wanderings through the gloom,
Haunting the fleeting shadows, seeking room
To utter forth himself, to body forth
His native energy in work of worth,
At Johnstown found he a congenial home,
And there built he that temple whose great dome
Stands radiant, like a gleam of dancing light,
The temple of his fame raised clean and bright.
There laid he deep the basis of that building
That led to fame, to conquests, great achieving.
When mind, matured in the broadest school,
Attained the power and native right to rule;
When heart and soul were moving to the height,
His country called him to its ranks to fight.

IV.

THE WAR AND AFTER.

*"My good blade curves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."*—TENNYSON'S *"Sir Galahad."*

Upon the sky thick clouds had gathered fast.
And loud, convulsive rumblings, the first blast
Of the impending tempest, had been heard.
Dark deeds of shame the souls of men had stirred
In strife. Columbia's heart was rent in twain,
And in her soul she felt the throes and pain
Of a diviner birth. She shed her blood
To save the State, the slave, her soul, her good.
For in the night the children heard her cry,
And men of might like him went forth to die,
That the brave nation's soul might be set free
To lead the world upward to liberty.
He early heard the call for volunteers,
And thinking first of duty, not the cheers
That hail the victor who has won renown
And midst the plaudits comes to wear his crown,
Makes for the center of the fight,
Cleaving a passage in his might

CROWN MEMORIAL POEM.

Through serried ranks of gallant foes,
Knowing no fear or craven woes.
At Chancellorville's furious fray
He won his spurs in war's array,
And Fredericksburg shall hence attest
His valor, honor's crown and crest.

Prolonged strife made thousands sick at heart;
Men weak and yielding would have seen depart
The glory of the land. Listless they grew,
The final issues deep concealed from view,
And nothing but the shadows of grim war
Filled every sky like night without a star.

With their determined time of service run
Men hied them home with freedom yet unwon.
He, too, went home, but not to idle ease,
But to urge others there to cease
Protesting, and to gird the mighty sword
And rally to the battle of the Lord.

His men enthused, being of that valiant breed
Who live or die for country in its need,
Go forth with joyful hearts, their leader great
Showing to them that they then held the fate
Of fair Columbia in their swords and shield.

And not till the last enemy did yield
Their armor was unbound; he went to fight
To see the truth established and the right
Prevail. He would see his colored kinsmen free,
Enjoying the rich, luscious fruits of liberty.

And, like brave Lincoln, pressed the righteous cause,
Till they had slain rebellion, crowned the laws.

As cold contracts and heat expands,
And this great law eternal stands,
The solids into liquids run
Under the pressure of the sun;

So did the heat of sacrificial love
Expand the genial currents of his soul,
Thawing the deeps of his keen, fertile mind,
Quickening to life the vast, subconscious self,
Stirring his genius like the storm the sea.
The conflict o'er, his quick, inventive mind
Burst forth in glorious, unresisting might,
Leaping with nimble step from crag to crag,
Straight to the mark like arrows in their flight,
Or swallows on their way to summer's sun,
Seizing with magic sight the mountain heights,
To bring from out the clouds celestial arts,
Which sent Bessemer's fame around the world.

The mind that saw, the wisdom that contrived
How to perfect the crude, to change the slow,
And shorten devious roads to finished steel,
Laid the foundations to make Pittsburgh great,
The center of a vast industrial world.

His genius raised to eminence and power,
To wealth and fame, beyond their age and hour,
Thomson, Carnegie, Phipps, well known to fame,
Commercial princes of commanding name,
Seated, enthroned with men of high renown.
They, too, remember him who wrought their crown.
In love they think of one who shed his blood
To lay their fortunes and conserve their good.

V.

HIS LIFE A BATTLE—ITS SYMBOL THE SWORD.

*"One must become
Fanatic—be a wedge, a thunderbolt,
To smite a passage through this close-grained world."*

—RUSSELL LOWELL.

And as we meet in thought around his tomb
To pay love's tribute, undepressed by gloom,
The heart exults in joy, for 'neath the sod
There sleeps a kingly, royal man of God,
Who caught the vision splendid as he ran
And fashioned into life the perfect plan,
Embodying deep within in finished form
The truth outraying from the 'eternal norm.
Upon his grave we lay the unsheathed sword,
True emblem of his battle for the Lord.
He fought his early battle and prevailed,
Emerging from it strong and undismayed.
Privations, hardships, sufferings stern he fought,
And in the fires his great soul was wrought
To finer texture. He fought the flinty steel,
Conquering its secrets; it was made to feel
Upon its heart the power of the soul,
Its tangled coils of mystery unroll.
He fought himself and forth emerged a man,
In soul and spirit like the heavenly plan.
And nobly did he wield defensive sword
To save Columbia, heeding first her word,
Calling for manhood to be strong and brave,
The Union to preserve and honor save.
Unwearied did he strive for every truth,
And in the conflict never lost his ruth.
The dissonance of strife like music stirred

This warrior knight to conquer every world.
And through the gate of battle at its close
The way was opened for him to repose.
Here on his grave we lay the unstained sword,
Fit emblem of his valor in the Lord.

VI.

THE PATHFINDER.

*"Out of our sadness have we made this world
So beautiful; the sea sighs in our brain,
And in our heart that yearning of the moon."
—STEPHEN PHILLIPS.*

On this green sod the lamp in faith shall burn,
That all of him is not within the urn
That holds the clay. Upward the flames aspire,
Symbolic of the soul's quest and desire
For God. Forth with the glowing torch in hand
Went he to make for us a better land;
A pioneer opening up the way,
Clearing the forests, ushering in the day
Of progress, worth, democracy's great rule—
"That he who's fit shall handle every tool."

The way he onward trod was marked with blood
Of suffering, sacrifice, meaning good
And gain to all who use the road,—
A firmer footing, easier, lighter load.

His keen inventions, children of his brain,
Made labor safer, lessened the tense strain
That sapped the weary worker's life; made bread
For myriad homes, and from poverty led
Multitudes to paths of affluence and power,
Enriching for them life's brief, fateful hour.

The lighted lamp and girded loin shall be
His symbols; the pathfinder who made free
The road his eagle intellect first knew.
His conquests and achievements others drew
To follow through that strait and narrow gate,
Responsive to the voices holding fate.
He was a man of genius who e'er trod
A lonely pathway, cutting every sod.
A man original, trustful, unafraid
To follow through the gloaming, undismayed,
His native thought. Possessing eagle sight
To peer beyond, he trusted to his light,
Followed his thoughts, unwearied in their course,
Changed them to things, made them a mighty force;

Gave them a value in the market place,
And sent them forth to bless the toiling race.
As Captain in the great industrial realm
He knew the shallows; steady held the helm
Past every danger. Kindness he e'er gave
To those who, like himself, were on the wave.
Those working for him knew him as a chief
Tender, firm, ready to bestow relief
Where need appeared. A leader born to rule,
Enforcing discipline as in a school,
Possessing power to elicit truth
In work, from men of age and growing youth.
And when he fell, the warrior at his post,
His army mourned a friend and comrade lost.
Upon his tomb let truth's lamp brightly burn,
For dust alone lies in that sacred urn.
His spirit free beyond our mortal ken
Is active still to help his fellow-men.
And let the fiery, gleaming, torch portray
The pioneer blazing forth the way.

VII.

THE PATRIOT.

*"A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;
An hour may lay it in the dust."*—BYRON.

Here let the Stars and Stripes forever wave
Their folds in freedom o'er a patriot's grave.
Rich is the land where men of valiant breed
Translate their loyal faith to gallant deed;
Who, on the altar of their country's pyres,
Offer themselves in sacrificial fires;
Who see before the mind the high ideal
Looming, and inly strive to make it real;
Who, in their lives, send progress round the world,
Following its standards whereso'er unfurled;
Who choose in stress to shed the heart's red blood
To shield their honor and their country's good.
Leading them all he stands without a peer
As lover of his country; with a cheer
And thrill of joy he went the warrior's way,
The ransom of the slave its price to pay.
Among the immortal brave, the G. A. R.,
His name gleams like a radiant, fixed star
In the o'erarching blue; there to remain
Glistening in glory bright, without a stain.

Unblenched he fought against the gallant foe,
Unconscious of grim hate or inner woe;
No private grudge put strength into his sword.
Impelled by duty and the Holy Word
He could not see his country rent in twain,
Its vitals sapped, its better nature slain.
Beyond that storm he saw a greater good,
The hate of war changed into brotherhood.

VIII.

THE NATIONALIST.

*"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that nature might stand up
And say to all the world—this was a man."*
—SHAKESPEARE.

*"Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valor in this Welshman."*
—SHAKESPEARE.

On his green grave we place the daffodil,
To show that here a Cymric heart lies still;
Or let the verdant emblematic leek
Proclaim that he our nation's good did seek.

A lover of the Eisteddfod, from his youth
Loyal to those traditions bodying truth
Of splendid import. He knew its power
To bind our people, and its glorious dower
Of blessing in directing subtle thought
To the finer, higher arts, which have wrought
To make our nation great in life and love,
Lifting the mind to regions high above
The world's coarse, vulgar pleasures. It has been
The stage on which many a glorious scene
Of triumph has been gorgeously displayed,
Where genius has been crowned and arrayed.
Amid the incessant strife of business toil
He never did forget the sacred soil
Of Gwalia. Proud of his mighty sires,
And proud that in his veins glowed Celtic fires,
Burning, betimes, in fierce, consuming wrath
Against those who despised our nation's path,
Our language, customs and traditions great,
Distinctions which have brought us high estate.
To the Eisteddfod in her darkest hour
He was a liberal friend, a shield and tower;
Loving to cheer the loser on the way,
Changing dull failure into conquering day.

Stronger than brass, mightier than graven, sculptured
stones,
Shall be the monument of William Richard Jones.
Down the broad aisles of time this Eisteddfod sends his
name,
The gallant, generous patriot, of high immortal fame.

IX.

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

*"Come, join in the only battle wherein no man can fail,
Where whoso faileth and dieth, yet his deed shall still prevail."*
—WILLIAM MORRIS.

Like the great Master, gladly he did sow
With liberal hand the seed that yet will grow
When age has seen the granite tomb decay,
And man with all his glory pass away.
 He carried in his hand immortal seed,
 And served his God by serving those in need.
 The widow found in him a tender friend,
 Who loved to give and his compassion lend.
Many a gloomy night turned he to day,
Bringing to saddened hearts the genial ray
Of hope. His countenance, serenely bright,
Enheartened others in the bitter fight.
And not with words did he assist the poor,
But with substantial love. He was a doer,
And his religion was a noble deed,
Giving out from his life immortal seed,
That which is likest God within the soul,
 That which will stand when myriad ages roll
 In swift oblivion to the eternal past,
 And seem to God but as a shadow cast.
And though the grass is green around his tomb,
The mighty benefactor, who dispersed the gloom,
And brought men comfort in the swelling flood,
Lives in our hearts immortal in his good

X.

HIS PASSING.

*"He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright."*—BRYANT.

When every power of his soul had reached its crest and crown,
And genius, ripening into fruit, had brought him high renown,

CROWN MEMORIAL POEM.

In fiery flame God's chariot came, descending from the sky,
And in the storm he saw death's form, and knew that God
was nigh.

His faith undimmed, his lamp well trimmed, his armor
polished bright,

He entered in, at peace within, and passed into light.

In our great grief, we sought relief of Thee, good Father,
then,

For when he crossed a prince we lost,—a man indeed of men.
But from the tomb, depressed by gloom, hope brings a message
clear:

"He keeps the tryst and is with Christ, ascended, he's not
here."

And though his form to us most dear is sleeping in the dust,
His spirit, radiant in the light, reigns free among the just.

He lives among us in his deeds of mercy, tender, kind,

In the affections of the heart and genius of his mind;

In impulses of good he gave to help the weak along,

In the rich music of a life, consistent, true and strong;

He lives in his inventions keen, the offspring of his brain,

And in bright sheened honor, an escutcheon without stain.

In the brave story of his life, romantic in its truth,

Appealing like a trumpet blast to quenchless, ardent youth;

He lives among the patriot knights, immortal in their deed,

Who loved Columbia in the night, and for her woes did bleed;

Among that gallant band he shines,—the glorious G. A. R.,

And in the hall of fame he stands, a fixed and blazing star;

In waves of influence he 'bides, passing from heart to heart,

And in his kindness rises up his blessing to impart.

In this new home, with its high dome, to help the weak and
old,

His fame shall stand throughout this land as tried and tested
gold.

And this Eisteddfod shall attest to ages yet his name

As one who loved our nation's good, one worthy of high
fame.

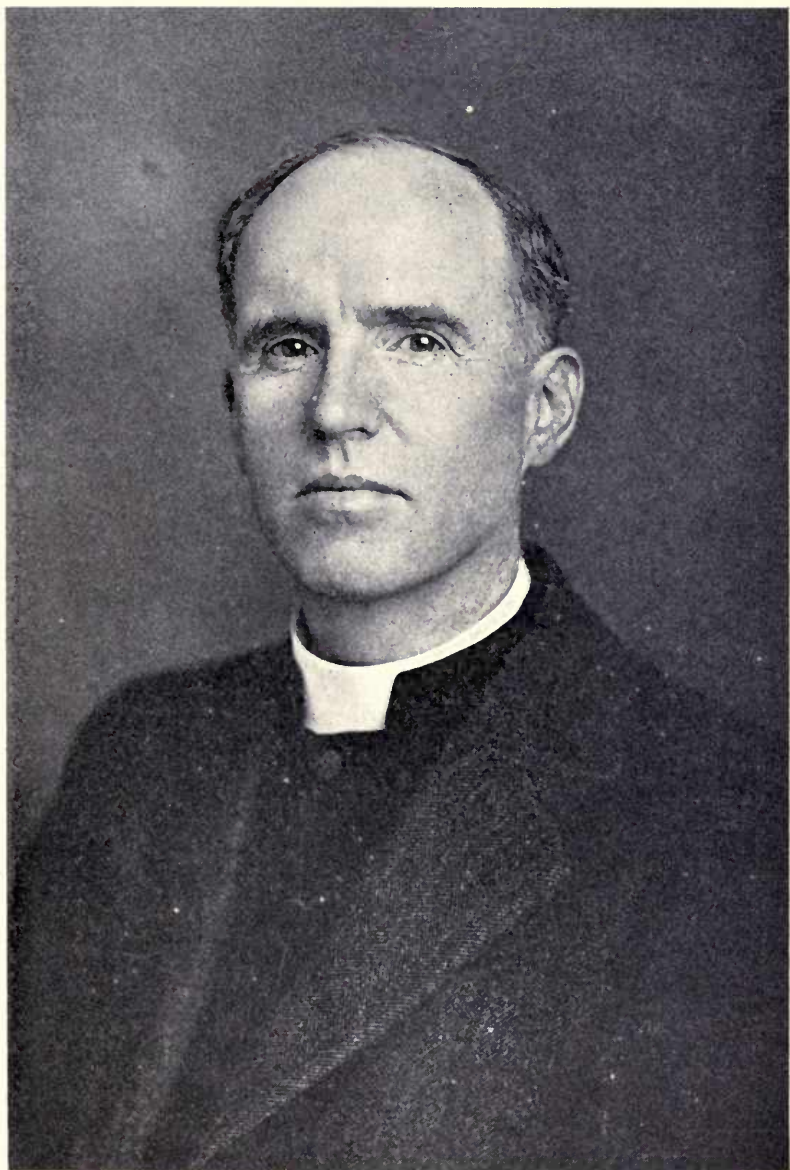
And though today we say goodbye, upon a wind-swept shore,
Some day we'll meet, our King to greet, to meet and part no
more.

REV. O. LLOYD MORRIS.

THE REV. O. LLOYD MORRIS, of Ypsilanti, Mich., who shared with the Rev. David Pugh Griffith (Efrog) the honors of the crown memorial poetical competition at the Pittsburgh International Eisteddfod, is a native of Hebron, Carmarthenshire, South Wales. His father was through a long life very prominent in the religious and political life of West Carmarthen and Pembrokeshire. From early life our subject cherished the thought of the ministry as his vocation, and his training was directed in consequence along that line. Prior to his university training he was a student for some years at the Old College School, Carmarthen. From there he went to the Cardiff University College, graduating from there with distinction, taking first honors in English, Greek, Latin and Hebrew. He completed his seminary training at the Memorial Theological College, Brecon. While at Brecon Mr. Morris won the Rees scholarship, and also won the essay competition of the seminary the same year. After completing his academic career he was ordained at West Bromwich, England. He spent twelve happy, useful years of service there. In 1907 he accepted a call from the Welsh Congregational Church, Edwardsville, Pa., to be associate pastor with his father-in-law, Dr. T. Cynonfardd Edwards. In January, 1910, he moved to Lima, Ohio, and built up there a strong organization. It was his work there that led to his being called to his present charge at Ypsilanti, Mich. His present church ministers to a college community, and the work is most congenial to a man who has always been a student, and whose aptitudes fit him to minister to a scholarly congregation. It has been his good fortune from the beginning to hold important charges, and to have around him people capable of calling forth all that is in him of power and ability.

He was reared in the atmosphere of the eisteddfod. His father was a most ardent devotee of the institution, having led many choirs to triumph in West Wales. While ministering to an English congregation Mr. Morris lost touch, somewhat, with the ancient university of the Welsh, but when he was brought into its atmosphere again in the Wyoming Valley, it appealed to him like a breath of his native air. He has won poetic honors at Edwardsville, Pa.; Mahanoy City, Pa.; Racine, Wis.; Niles, O.; Pittsburgh, Pa., and Columbus, O.

A CROWNED BARD.



Rev. O. Lloyd Morris, Ypsilanti, Mich.

CROWN MEMORIAL POEM.

CROWN MEMORIAL POEM.

THE LATE CAPT. W. R. JONES.

BY REV. D. PUGH GRIFFITH (EFROG), WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

For ever and for ever, let the song
Flow onward o'er the earth; the morning stars
Sang at its birth, and on through every age,
Heaven hath decreed it, that the deathless song
Shall live for ever, through the varying moods
Of sorrow and of joy; barren and bleak
Is life without its sorrows; tear and song
Must chasten and complete the harmonies
Of man's brief life, but there is more of joy
Than sorrow in the balances; and there is
More sunshine than of shadow on the hills,
More laughter than of grief.

The radiant morn

Awakes the music of a thousand throats
That worship with their morning melodies,
As mellow as the dew upon their wings.
And from his dreams the toiler wakes anon,
Responsive to the ecstasies of the lark,
That trills above his cottage its delight,
That he goes forth, a smile upon his face
And music in his soul. The maiden sings
Across the meadows the undying song
That love sings in the morning; in her heart
There is a joy of being loved by one
Whose kisses still are lingering on her lips.
And thus the song moves onward through the hours
Of the day's toil and strife; and when the moon
Sails on the clouds, the peerless nightingale
Warbles her widowed grief upon the night,—
The fervent tremolos of a broken heart,
So full of painful joy; thus God ordains
That sorrow's dirge is sweetest, that the soul
Lonesome and crushed, gives forth its sweetest strains

In the great listening Silence, and that life
Is not complete before we taste the joy,
Sweetest of all,—the joy of having wept,
And coming forth refined and purified,
Like silver from the crucible, or like
The smiling flowers, the poems of the morn,
Washed in the dew,—the tears of the night.

And thou who readest, if I make thee sad,
Remember this, that I have often wept,
And no one understood me; in my heart
There is a wound the years can never heal.
I walk the earth, a dagger in my soul,
But no one knows it, for the very God
Who drives the rainbows on the passing clouds
Has given the balm of silence to my soul;
And, by His grace, I sing away my grief,
And mock the midnight whirlwind. Ah! the hours
Have I stood in my sorrow by a grave,
Where my sweet child is resting; even now
I hear the echo of that dreadful storm,
That crushed me with its fury, and the day
Has been so very lonesome, as I plod
My weary journey towards the setting sun
Beyond the mountains, where he waits, to greet
Me with his smile, as in the days of old.

And Oh! the friends that "I have loved long since
And lost awhile" are drifting, one by one,
Down with the ships that sail beyond the night,
That men mis-name "the end;" swift, silently,
They pass; there is no sound of strife or pain,
No discord or alarm to break the spell
On the deep silence of the borderland.
Alas! that we, with noises of the earth,
Have dulled our senses, that we may not hear
The glad hosannas on the distant shores,
Singing their welcome to the kindred soul,
A spirit drifting with the flowing tide
To God's eternal safety.

In the throng
I saw a face I loved in other days,
But now long vanished; I beheld its strength
And beauty through my tears, and then I knew
How strong the bonds of love, for we must come
To the great Light of Death to understand
And learn of Life's great values; it is then

Love finds its bearings; 'tis then we apprehend
The bliss of loving and of being loved.

And in the fleeting days that come and go,
Throughout the distant years, they do but serve
To emphasize the worth of Captain Jones,
His loyalty and friendship, strong as death;
These are the lasting legacies left behind,—
The treasures of the memory; the many years,
With all their dread and change, can ne'er efface
The admiration of a thousand friends,
That wept in unison, in a common grief,
At his untimely death.

This was the face,
In the great throng of comrades, I beheld
Departing in the twilight; on his brow
I saw the scar made by the stroke of death,
But fearless and kind, as always, was the smile
That left its benediction on my head,
Bent in its grief, and then I understood
That, as in life, he never feared a foe;
In death he drew his mantle round him, and
Lay down in peaceful sleep, as it became
The dying soldier, with his life well done.

The great procession of his varied life
Pass by me like a dream:—child of the manse,
Who whiled away his morning in the sound
Of prayer and song.

What are the proud assets
Of worthless titles to the humble home,
Rich in its simple piety? For wealth
Consisteth not in what we have, but are.
These were the proud possessions of our friend--
A mother's love, whose very toil was song
In ministering to her offspring; ne'er a word
Or whisper of complaint escaped her lips.
Her joy and kingdom was the home, and she
The queenly mother. Then the father's voice,
The patriarch in the family, was heard
In worship, like "the Cotter's Saturday Night,"
Reading the "gude auld Book," and ardently
Wrestling with heaven for the guiding hand
Of Abraham's God, to lead the growing "bairns"
In safety past the pitfalls, and the wolves
That prowl in secret places. Glad and free

Were those bright morning hours in old Luzerne,
And like the fragrance of the precious nard,
That filled the room in Bethany, these remained
To bless him alway, for we never part
With those abiding graces that endowed
Our early years with holy influence.

Brief were his schooldays, for within the home
He heard the stern demand of circumstance
Calling him early to the strenuous tasks
Of life's most ardent schooling; it was there,
In the great throbbing noises of machine
And hissing ferment of the furnace fires,
That he evolved in strength; 'twas there he learned
A wisdom deeper than the classic lore
Of the dead centuries, for he early caught
The spirit of unselfish toil,—the bliss
Of serving others,—the art of being kind,
Without its consciousness, and there
He consecrated his unflinching will,
Well knowing that the very drops of sweat,
The essence of the heart, are but the marks
Of God's unerring mercy, and that life
Is incomplete and barren without toil.

The Pioneers,—how very great the debt
We owe them for their strength and fortitude,
Storming the mountains with their pick and spade,
And bringing forth the treasures from the chests
Of earth's abounding riches. Noble sires!
Who made the deserts blossom, and transformed
The trackless forests, where the panther prowled,
To smiling meadows; where in after years
We heard the swinging music of the scythes,
And saw the blessing of the dew of heaven
Upon the new-mown hay, they "blazed their trail,"
And verdant gardens blossomed in their path.
The mountains vanished at their touch, for nought
Prevails before the giant stroke of Faith.
And then the sound of music on the hills
Came from the homestead, for they left behind
Their schools and churches for their monuments,
And built their cities on malarial swamps
Of deadly fevers: and shall we forget,
And loiter fondly at their honored graves,
And soil their triumphs with our foolish tears,
(The tears we need in penance for ourselves?)
Nay, rather may we follow them, and strike

Our drooping standards on the towering heights
Of possible achievement, for thus we serve,
To pay our worthy tribute to their worth,
And be their worthy sons.

Fame and renown

Attended Catasauqua in those days,
For there, a rugged pioneer dwelt,
Whose artifice in iron gave him fame
And lasting honor to his race. Perchance
The inspiration of a life like this
Awakened in our friend those fertile dreams
That made him famous in the after years
By his inventive genius, and supplied
His thinking with the visions of renown.

He was denied the joy of retrospect
To boyhood days; struggle and care and toil—
(Forces that make men old before their time)
This was his heritage, and in this school
He was to master the perplexing tasks,
The arduous lessons of the self-made man.

Then came to him the common lot of youth,
The restless wish to see and understand;
And listening to the lure of the unknown
He sallied forth, the sunlight on his face,
Perfect in health and strength, and chaste in thought,—
A Continent before him, and resolved
To reach the summit of the Alpine heights,
Or die in the ascent. He waited not
For luck or "opportunity;" he believed
The worst disgrace of life is idleness.
And whether toiling in the din and smoke
Of furnace fires, or when afar from home,
He whistled with the plowmen in the fields,
Or joined the woodsmen in the silences
Of the primeval forests of the north;
He never shirked the duties of the hour;
And as a mark of his proficiency,
Highest of all, he learnt to work and sing.

The summer days were ended, and he heard
The autumn spirits moaning on the grave
Of their departed glory; in the trees
He heard the warbling of migrating birds,
Calling their mates, out of the chilly winds,
Back to their birthright in the orange groves

Of some delightful Southland; and to him
There was a charm in their enticing notes,
Calling and calling, and with hearty stride
He followed the enchantment of the path
Their music had created. It was then
He was to meet the one who should awake
The passion of his first-begotten love,
And only love, for we can know but once
The sweet intoxication of the hour
When love awakens, for its deathless song
Can never be repeated; it leaves behind
No echo of its music, but flows on,
And burns forever, through the changing moods
Of sorrow and of joy, until it finds
Its everlasting strength and home in God.

The balmy hills of sunny Tennessee
Fanned the undying spark within his breast,
And there was strength and chivalry in his love,
Worthy the knights of old, who clashed their swords
For love of some fair dame; the chaste young man
Now felt the new-born joy of burning love,
That helped him throughout life. He read her eyes,
And saw the magic of responsive love,
That made the morn less fair, the flow'rs less sweet,
And everywhere her presence followed him.
He saw her standing on the morning hills,
The dew upon her head; at eventide
He saw her smiling in the gathering shades,
As glorious as the sunset, with her brow
Catching the fiery splendors of the clouds
That crowned her with their evening tenderness;
And she was present, present everywhere.
Love knows no parting. Can the untrodden snow
Part from its whiteness? and can love like this
Be buried in the ashes of a dream,
Or vanish like a raindrop in the sea?
Nay, never; love doth not forget; it throws
Its kisses over every gulf, and fills
The solitary woodlands with the grace
Of its abiding presence; in very truth,
"The woman that thou gavest me" for wife
Has closed the golden gates of Paradise
To many a man, and driven him to toil,
In thorns and disappointments; or, again,
She has with tact and sympathy inspired
Her toiling partner to his very best,

Winged with the tireless speed of Mercury,
And resolute, and strong, like Hercules.

Sad that we fail to recognize her hand
In great discoveries of renown and worth
That made some man immortal, when the wife,
Whose very heart was eaten in the task
Of its creation, and her very soul
Travailed in blood and agony at its birth,
As she had borne in sacred motherhood
The children of her womb. Pity that we
Are slow in our discernment of the part,
In all the great achievements of the day,
Of man's most valiant helper.

To our friend
Was given the priceless gift—a noble wife,
Constant and uncomplaining, urging on
The great creations of his master mind.
But there were solemn days at hand to mar
Their Eden bowers, just as the stormiest moods
Of thunders come in summer. In the clouds
They saw a form forbidding in the wrath
Upon its face; its eyes were red with blood,
And every nameless fright; its savage fists
Were mailed with steel; stern and relentless was
Its stride upon the mountains, and we knew
The dread war-angel, for the thunder-bolts
Of vengeance were its heralds; the defi
Of Sumter fort was heard, and in response
A million men came forth,—the North and South
Met, brother against brother, and the earth
Trembled with belching earthquakes, and the rocks
Echoed the fury of their battle-cry,
And men and angels wept.

What were the wars
Of battering ram and spear compared to this?
What was the furious strife of Bannockburn,
The fame of Flodden Field, the biting frosts
Of Balaclava, and the stroke of death
In Inkerman and Waterloo, the while
The map of Europe changed? For were not they
Who fought upon those bloody battle-fields,
In race and language, deadly enemies?
But here the valleys were to drink the blood
Of sons in mortal combat who had slept
On the same mother-breasts, and now arrayed,

One with his bayonet in the other's heart,
And all the instincts of the brotherhood
Callous and dead within them. Sad and dark
Was that remembered period, but it served
To prove the patriotic valor of the men
Who stood with faces to the deadly storm
That swept the brave battalions off their feet
With whirlwinds gathered at the mouth of hell.

The safety of a nation whose demands
Are answered thus has never cause to fear
The lack of brave defenders of its flag
In any time of peril.

From his home,
Bright with its love and peace, our noble friend,
Shoulder to shoulder with the bravest men,
Responded for the love of Fatherland,
His all in all. Stern and severe the test
'Twixt love and duty in that fateful hour—
The crisis of his life; but in the strength
Of the Lord God of Battles triumphed he,
And won a victory greater than all else—
The victory over self: worthy he proved
The son of doughty sires who fought and fell
With Glyndwr on the rugged hills of Wales.

And when the storm was past,—when Gettysburg
And Vicksburg, with their carnival of woe,
Were written on the roll of noble deeds
And on the list of famous battle-fields,
The soldier-friend came forth, without a stain
On his escutcheon, and a fame unsoiled
By any sordid, unbecoming act.
His country was not slow to recognize
His faithfulness and valor, for it placed
Its honor of promotion on the name
Of one whose law was duty, and we knew,
And loved him ever after, as the true,
The generous, and genial Captain Jones.

"He loved our country," was the verdict once
On one brave Roman, who had given his wealth
In making others happy; and our friend,
Trained in the Cymric warmth of early home,
Had learned to recognize the call of blood,
And he, with willing hand and ample means,
Bestowed his generosity all around,

Unheralded, unsung; nay, more than this,
He felt the finer ties of brotherhood,
The higher patriotism that goes out
In love to man, whatever be his race
Or accident of birth; the sturdy Slav,
Fresh from the hardships of his Northern home;
The smiling Roman from the classic shrines
Of his Eternal City, found in him
A friend and counselor in a foreign land,
And with a shrug, expressive of their praise,
They blessed their Captain. Yea, many a man,
Crushed by misfortune, found the healing balm
In the great sympathy of his kindly heart;
The widow in her sorrow found relief
In his unconscious cheer; and while to all,
Without regard to race and color, found
The brotherhood of man personified
In his big-hearted kindness and esteem,
Yet in his veins he felt the Celtic rush—
Like calling unto like, as do the brooks
Call for the rivers; and, as on every ear,
As we pass onward through the surging crowds,
We heard the old alluring call of clan,
That made the Caledonian hills resound
In ancient days, when out of every home
The stalwart warrior bounded to the cry
Of Highland bagpipe. Yea, to all, at times,
Has come the same demand; did we not give
A more assuring pressure to the hand
Extended to us, when we found a soul
Pleading its kinship with a Celtic smile
Standing before us, than we ever gave
To one whose language was unknown to us,
And lacked the music of the mother-tongue?
'Tis only proper that we should; the mood
Is very old, it links us to the days
When men assembled in their tribal tents
Upon the hills of Asia. 'Tis well that we
Should love all men, but in the deeper vaults
Of our affection burns a glimmering light,
The love of kindred,—and it never dies.

The days of strife were ended, and the sword,
Sheathed once again, and (by the Grace of God)
Never to reek again with brothers' blood.
The homes were desolate, for the noble sons
Were sleeping in the heroes' graves, beneath
The mounds made sacred by their patriot blood,

In some far-distant spot; others had come,
Shattered in health and body by the shells,
And hunger of the conflict; others, again,
Saved from the wreck, turned homewards, to renew
Their toil upon the farm, in victories
Of peace and plenty.

To our honored friend
Came the alluring cry of home once more,
And quickly he responded hand and heart
To the enticing charm of fire and steam—
The music of his childhood; it was here,
Amidst the toiling crowd, he was to win
The greater victories of peace. The mind
That conquers matter is enthroned in fame
More lasting than the monuments that pronounce
The deeds and daring of the famous men
Who write their history in a brother's blood.

Not dead. His fertile brain is throbbing still
In his sublime creations; in the pulse
Of great machines, resolving iron and steel,
He lives and moves; with famous Bessemer,
And his momentous "process," he upholds
A fame of high achievement, and on the list
Of great inventors we shall place his name
With Morse and Edison, the far-reaching men
Who with their "wizard" touch have made the world
Rich with the splendor of their victories.

His name shall be remembered through the years
In Johnstown's rise and progress; it was there
He gave his very best in energy
Of body and of mind, and, if unseen,
His spirit still is moving in the wheels,
In the great hum and noises of the forge,
That were to him the sweetest symphonies.
For what is harmony, if not the man
Singing and smiling in his daily work?

Johnstown, the stricken city of the flood,
The "unknown dead" upon thy silent hill
Proclaim how futile is the hand of man
Against the overwhelming strength of God,
Whose chariots are the clouds, pregnant with wrath
Of thunder-bolts and fires. Dark was the day
The furious monster of the whelming flood
Crashed through the city with tumultuous force,

And left behind him in his ruinous stride
The harvest of destruction. This, again,
Served to denote the noble traits of him
Whose memory is honored for his deeds
Of love and liberality. Kind and brave,
When men were crazed with grief, he ministered
To the heartbroken father in the street,
Who sought the missing faces of his love
Beside the ruins of his shattered home.

But closer still with Braddock is his name
Linked with its growth; it was his nerve and brain
That made its greatness possible; it was he
That paved the way for other stalwart men
To follow, and become the mighty kings
And barons of industrial fame: 'twas he
That lit the fires that set the great machines
In motion in the valley; it was he
That made Monongahela's stream reflect
The glow of mighty flames,—the beacon lights
Leading a million toilers to their tasks.

And with his well-loved Pittsburgh, known and styled
"The work-shop of the world," his fame shall be
Entwined forever with its glare and smoke,—
The symbols of its power. Its institutes
Bestowed their honors on his sterling worth,
And all the dignities that well befit
A mind like his,—a polished gentleman.
Faithful to all his trusts, a candid friend,
A brother in distress, kind to a fault,
Soldierly in stature, brilliant in mind,
True in all things, loyal everywhere,
Practicing daily in his kindly acts
The highest type of Christ-like courtesy.

Farewell, kind friend! We fail to understand
Why such a life should vanish at the noon,
So filled with lofty purpose and ideals,
And so prophetic of a brighter glow
At eventide; and why the faithful wife
Should, with the children that he loved so well,
Weep in the lonesome night; but this we know,—
That God in mercy doeth all things well.

'Tis very fitting, even at this late hour,
That we should dedicate this feast of song
In honor of his name; for was not he

The faithful steward to promote and watch
The fame of the Eisteddfod, and the claims
Of every worthy movement that pertained
To Cymric custom, and the mother tongue—
Its Poetry and Music? Thus we dry
Our weeping eyes, and in this vast array
Of cultured voices, in a storm of song
This temple shall resound in unison
Of thrilling music, never heard before.

Out of her stately cities, Utah brings
Her meed of praise; and from the golden hills
Of Colorado, and the fertile lands
And prairies of the West; and from the groves
Fragrant with breath of oranges they come.
And here are toilers from the "diamond" mines
Of Pennsylvania, with their thrilling notes,
As mellow as the bells, and in the throng
We catch the warblings of the nightingales
From the loved country where our mothers sleep,
Joining in glad Memorial to the one
Whose life, well lived, shall be his monument.

And in the coming years, when the infirm
And aged shall come tottering to the home
Built to his memory, the very stones
Shall be a poem of undying fame,
And Pittsburgh shall have paid, in part, its debt
Of honor to the name of Captain Jones.

A CROWNED BARD.



Rev. D. Pugh Griffith, Williamsport, Pa.

REV. DAVID PUGH GRIFFITH (EFROG).

THE REV. DAVID PUGH GRIFFITH (Efrog), one of the crowned bards of the Pittsburgh International Eisteddfod, was born in a farm house known as Cwmwernen, near Ffynonhenry, Conwil-Elvet, Carmarthenshire, South Wales, May 4, 1861. His great-grandfather was the Rev. David Pugh, one of the old-time ministers of Ffynonhenry. The latter was the great-grandfather also of David Pugh Evans, a well-known musician, and of John Hinds, M.P.

The subject of this sketch was educated in Haverfordwest College, Pembrokeshire. In 1891 he came to the United States, and prior to settling in Williamsport, Pa., his present home, lived in Remsen, Turin, Binghamton, Lansford, Jersey Shore and Shippensburg.

In 1912 Mr. Griffith severed his connection with the Baptist denomination, and entered the ministry of the Episcopal Church. At present he has charge of St. Mary's Church in Williamsport.

Always interested in the Eisteddfod, Mr. Griffith frequently has been a competitor in the Welsh national festival, and in not a few instances has emerged from the lists a victor. Among his notable successes was his winning, in the Denver Eisteddfod of 1896, of what is believed to be the largest prize ever offered for a poem, \$300, and a chair valued at \$150. At the Pittsburgh International Eisteddfod Mr. Griffith shared with the Rev. O. Lloyd Morris, of Ypsilanti, Mich., the honors in the crown memorial poem to "The Late Capt. W. R. Jones, of Braddock, Pa.," the award being \$250 and a silver crown. The Hon. H. M. Edwards, Scranton, Pa., the adjudicator of this important and interesting competition, highly commended the compositions of these two competitors, and found them so equal in merit that he felt constrained to divide the prize between them.

Mr. Griffith is also the author of a very interesting novel, "The Last of the Quills," which has had a wide circulation. As the first edition is exhausted, the author contemplates issuing an additional edition in the near future. In this volume his descriptive and imaginative talents are amply manifested, and attest the fact that he is a man of parts and of wide culture. Of this the record of his life, replete as it is with worthy prose and poetical achievements, furnishes ample proof.

ESSAY

The Welshman's Contribution to the Development of the United States and America.

By Mr. Thomas L. James, Sharon, Pa.

Adjudicator: Rev. T. Cynonfardd Edwards, D. D., Kingston, Pa.

CHAPTER I.

*Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land!"*

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SITUATED on the west coast of England, its area only 7,378 square miles—not much larger than our state of Connecticut—is the little principality of Wales. This diminutive nation has sent out emigrants who, settling in the United States and Canada, can by their achievements give their Welsh-American descendants of to-day a just pride in being descended from a family of "The Land of Song." The many sons and daughters of Wales upon the pages of American and Canadian history shine out as beacon lights testifying to the truth of this claim.

Never knowing when beaten, and always merciful to the conquered, these liberty-loving people have always thrown their strength on the side of the oppressed and downtrodden. Considering that their ancestors fought Rome for over four hundred years, and the Saxons for over six hundred years, it is no wonder to us that the Welsh people have contributed so largely to one of God's greatest experiments, the development of North America.

In tracing the footprints of the Welsh on this continent, we find that hardly an epoch of American and Canadian history has passed without some Welshman contributing nobly to the development of these two great countries. As a result of these conclusions, we have decided that the best method to pursue in estimating the Welshman's contribution to the development of these two countries is to trace the footprints of the Welsh in North America as they appear in history.

Beginning with the Welsh account of the discovery of America by Madoc in 1170, we shall see a great array of Welshmen of genius and fame contributing to the development of North America; names such as Roger Williams, the voice in the wilderness preaching and practicing the doctrine of equal rights before God and man; Jonathan Edwards, the great theologian; William Penn, the second son of Roger Williams; Thomas Jefferson, the upholder of pure democracy; Samuel Adams, "The Colossus of the Revolution;" Robert Morris, "The Financier of the Revolution;" John Quincy Adams, the "Old Man Eloquent," and James A. Garfield, the martyr.

It is generally conceded that Europeans saw this continent before its discovery by Columbus in 1492. Some writers

give credit for the discovery and settlement of America to the Norsemen; others give credit to the Welsh. While neither claim is substantiated by conclusive proof, the Welsh seem to have a little evidence in their favor when they cite certain tribes of Indians who have light complexions, and can speak much of the Welsh language.

The old tower at Newport, Rhode Island, has been put forth as one of the Norse evidences. Some say, however, it was built by one of the early Massachusetts governors for a flouring mill. Lossing says, "It is of the type of architecture of western Europe." It is claimed by some that "it could not possibly have been meant for a flour mill." Who knows but its walls may have at one time resounded to the singing of some Welsh bard?

An element of difficulty about the task before us is the manner in which the descendants of the Welsh have been amalgamated into the present American nationality; to such an extent that even after their family name betrays their ancestry, it is difficult to trace that ancestry back to Gwalia. Many of our great men have been put down on the pages of history as English who really sprang from Welsh blood, and whose ancestors emigrated from England. William Penn and Roger Williams are two shining examples of this inaccuracy of some historians. So in establishing the nationality of a person, we must rely not a little on Welsh names, inasmuch as Welsh names, by their peculiar spelling and pronunciation, are easily distinguishable from the names of persons of other nationalities.

The doings of the Welsh people on this continent cannot possibly be thoroughly covered in a work of this length; but trusting that it may stir the breast of some fellow-being, constraining him to fight and work as did his forefathers, we present it to you. Should but one laggard Welshman be stirred, as a result of this humble effort, we shall feel amply repaid for the effort put forth in its compilation.

CHAPTER II.

*Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day.
Time's noblest offspring is the last.*

—BISHOP BERKLEY.

Welsh records and traditions declare that Madoc, a son of Owen Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales, disgusted with the domestic contentions about the rightful successor of his father, went westward on a voyage of discovery, with well-manned ships and many followers, about the year 1170; that he sailed westward from Ireland and discovered a fruitful country. Returning, he fitted out a fleet of ten vessels and filled them with a colony of men, women and children of his country, and with these sailed for the fair land he had discovered. The expedition was never heard of afterwards. Travelers in the Mississippi valley and west of it assert that the Mandans and other Indians, who are nearly white, have many Welsh words in their language. Some writers have suggested that the word Mandan is a corruption of Madawgwys, the name at one time applied to the followers of Madoc.

After the discovery by Columbus, in 1492, we find no traces of Welshmen on this continent until 1607, when we see the Virginia Colony planting a colony in Maine. The documents of the secretary of the Virginia Colony at one place reads, "Captain Popham, in his pinnace, with thirty persons, and Captain Gilbert, in his long-boat, with eighteen persons more, went early in the morning from their ship into the river, to view the River Sachadehoc (or Kennebec), and to search where they might find a fit place for their plantation. They sailed up into the river near forty leagues, and found it to be a very gallant river, very deep, and seldom less water than three fathoms. * * * They all went ashore where they had made choice of their plantation, and where they had a sermon delivered unto them by their preacher; and after the sermon, the president's commission was read, with the laws to be observed and kept. George Popham, gentleman, was nominated president; Capt. Raleigh Gilbert, *James Davies*, Richard Lymer, preacher; Capt. *Richard Davies*, and Captain Harlow (the same who brought away the savages, at this time showed in London, from the river in Canada), were all sworn assistants; and so they returned back again. Aug. 20th.—All went to shore again, and there began to intrench and make a fort, and to build a storehouse. * * * You may please to understand how, whilst this business was

thus followed there, soon after their first arrival, that (they) had despatched away Captain *Robert Davies* in the 'Mary and John,' to advertise of their safe arrival and forwardness of their plantation within the river of Sachadehoc." This settlement was probably Pemaquod, Maine, and shows the Welshman already contributing to the development of the continent.

History next tells of the Pilgrim Fathers landing at Plymouth, Mass., and founding the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Among the Welsh with the Pilgrims were Captain Jones, of the Mayflower; Thomas Rodgers, Stephen Hopkins, John Alden, Thomas Williams, and John Howland. So says "William Penn" in his Columbian Exposition essay. He also states further that in the same ship with Governor Winthrop came Edward Garfield from "Caer" (the forefather of our martyred Garfield). In 1621 Stephen Hopkins paid a visit to Massasoit, which was probably to prepare for the conference between Massasoit and Governor Carver, when a treaty of peace and amity was signed.

In 1620 the Davis family came to Roxbury, Mass., from Carmarthenshire. Mr. Davis, of the firm of Davis & Thumber, woolen manufacturers, of Andover, Mass., traces his ancestry to these Davises. It has been said that the Welsh were not evident on this continent until 1682, yet we see Welshmen contributing to its development as far back as 1607; and such examples are more numerous than heretofore believed, especially after the arrival of the first of the great Welsh-American contributors, Roger Williams, of whom we shall next study.

Roger Williams was born in Wales, in 1559, and came to America in 1630, settling in Boston. He soon became obnoxious to the authorities because he deemed it not to be the right of the magistrates to interfere with the consciences of men. Leaving Boston, he went to Salem, where he became assistant pastor of the Salem church. He was a thorough separatist, and was soon at odds with the church at Salem. Leaving Salem, he next went to Plymouth, where he made the acquaintance of the Indians of Massasoit's tribe, and became quite accomplished in the use of their language.

Two years after going to Plymouth Roger Williams was recalled to take charge of the Salem church, and preached the doctrine of freedom of conscience so fearlessly that in 1635 the authorities of the Massachusetts Bay Colony ordered him to leave the colony within the next six months. He was accused and found guilty of denying the right of the King to give land of the Indians to the white people without first paying for it, and also of denying the right of the magistrates to impose forcibly religious worship after their belief. In some manner he was allowed an extension of time until

the following spring; but the magistrates had decided in the meanwhile to arrest him, place him on shipboard, and send him to England to be tried for treason.

Receiving a warning from friends, Williams fled into the wilderness in mid-winter, and made his home with the Indians for the next fourteen weeks, when he was joined by four more Welshmen, Thomas Harris, Richard Williams, William Reynolds and Thomas Hopkins. At Providence (for that is what they called their settlement) they founded the first purely democratic form of government on this continent, giving freedom of worship to all the inhabitants thereof. Here we have seen in Rhode Island a government set up which no doubt served as a model for the form of government which was ratified by the colonial fathers nearly a hundred and fifty years after. These Welshmen of Rhode Island showed their inherited love of liberty all through the following years in Rhode Island's history.

Roger Williams has given us one of the best examples of love to an enemy that the annals of history afford. Hearing that the Indians were preparing to attack the Massachusetts and Plymouth Colonies, he traveled across the stormy Massachusetts Bay to the Narragansett Indians to plead for the lives of his enemies. For three days and nights his errand of mercy forced him to lodge and mingle with the already bloody-handed Pequod Indian ambassadors, who were using their influence with the Narragansetts against him. The love which the Narragansetts bore to the great Welsh contributor not only prevented their alliance with the Pequods, but secured their aid to the English, saving the New England colonies from destruction. Lossing says:—"The authorities in church and state in Massachusetts accepted his noble service, but they never, during the long years of his afterwards useful life, had the magnanimity to revoke his sentence of banishment."

This great Cambro-American contributed several additions to the then meager amount of American literature. These were for the most part of a religious nature. When King Philip's War broke out it caused great anxiety to this noble Welshman; and although seventy-six years of age, he drilled a company and erected defenses for the women and children at Providence. He died in the spring of 1683, and was buried at Providence. Well has E. Edwards, in his excellent essay on "Welshmen as Factors," said of Roger Williams: "If Welsh influence in New England had been that of Williams only, the nation he represented might well feel proud, and the nation he served might well feel thankful."

In April, 1636, arrived in Boston Myles Morgan, of Llandaff, Glamorganshire, Wales. This Morgan (the fore-

father of J. Pierpont Morgan, the great financier) settled Springfield, Mass., soon after arriving in this country.

In 1635 a Mr. Moody (or Meudwy) came from Wales and settled in Roxbury, Mass. This Moody was the father of Rev. Joshua Moody, who was only two years of age when his father brought him to America. Joshua Moody was graduated at Harvard in 1653, and afterwards did much for his alma mater, especially in the collecting of funds for the institution.

In 1637 Rev. John Jones, son of Wm. Jones, Abergavenny, Usk river, Wales, settled in Concord, Mass., and became assistant pastor of the Congregational church at that place. We see very thickly-scattered footprints of Welsh contributors here in this period of our development. Let us quote you "William Penn's" own version in the next few sentences. He says: "The author of 'Nonconformity in Wales,' Rev. Dr. T. Rees, referred to 'lost Welsh dissenting tribes,' who came hither as early as 1640-41. Of these a record is found in our New England Memorials, and their steps are traceable in various localities and industries. Dr. Thomas, of Pittsburgh, states that from 1636 to 1669 we have records that hundreds of Welsh colonists landed here, and that in 1670 there came a 'fleet carrying about seven hundred additional emigrants.'" It has been said the history of the Welsh in New England is an unexplored mine. Who can tell how many were of this nationality? "It is certain that men of Welsh name appear here and there in New England; as, Edward Hopkins, governor of Connecticut, and Major William Vaughn, or Fychan (i. e., Little), well known in 1648. Thomas Vaughn was a constituent member of the Second Baptist Church, Newport, R. I., in 1656. One Moses Davis was born in Dover, N. H., in the year 1657. Of the First Baptist Church in Maine, organized in Maine in 1682, William Adams, Timothy Davies, and Robert Williams were constituent members."

In a class of three which graduated at Harvard in 1683 were two Williamses. These Williamses were cousins, one of whom had been carried away captive by the Indians to Canada and then redeemed. The other, William Williams, was, in 1688, ordained minister at Deerfield, Mass., which was then a post on the far western border. What true religion must it have been to tempt a young minister with an education gained at the metropolis to an insignificant position in an isolated post! He married in 1689, and to this marriage there came the blessing of eleven children. The sixth, Eunice, was born September 17, 1696. This daughter Eunice is one of the most famous of the many captives taken by the Indians when they fell on Deerfield. Taken to Canada, she was held

captive by the French and Indians; and only after years of captivity was she forced to adopt the Catholic faith and marry an Indian, who, after marrying her, took the name of Ambrose Williams. This unfortunate captive had a wonderful influence over the tribe into which she married, members of which visited the old home of their "Mother Williams" many years afterwards just to see her former home. Eunice Williams was the subject of much lengthy correspondence between the governors of Massachusetts and the French; but in spite of all the efforts of her relatives the French would not give her up.

In 1641 Governor Hopkins, of Connecticut, was financially interested in a flour mill which was in operation at New Haven, Conn.; and in 1667 Thomas Harris built a saw mill near Hartford and Wethersfield. Just before this, or in 1650, we read of Edward Williams wishing to introduce a saw mill into Virginia. In 1694 New Hampshire boasted twelve fortified houses, three of which were owned by Welshmen, namely, Davis, Jones and Adams; and in 1724 Captain John Lovewall, with thirty-four men, marched against the Indians at Pequawet. In this body of colonial fighters were Corporals Eliazer Davis, James Davis and Josiah Jones.

Mr. Henry Blackwell, in his research, has discovered that Rev. Morgan Jones, a native of Bassalig, Monmouthshire, an "ejected minister," during the reign of Charles II., came to America. He was a graduate of Jesus College, Oxford, and after his ordination he preached at Llanmadag, Glamorgan-shire, Wales, where he rebelled against the "Act of Uniformity" and fled to America, taking charge of Newton Presbyterian Church, Long Island. In February, 1682, he established a Sunday school, which in reality was the first in the world, as it preceded Robert Raikes' school nearly a century. In 1684 he was appointed schoolmaster, and became a prominent factor of Long Island in those days.

The Welsh have contributed nobly to the early educational development of this country. One of the greatest of our American universities, Yale, bears the name of its Welsh founder. Mr. E. Edwards, in his excellent essay on the "Welshmen as Factors" (page 29), says: "Its patron, Elihu Yale, of Plas Newydd, North Wales, sometimes known as Governor of the East India Company, was induced to donate a sum of money to found this New Haven school. This Yale was a descendant of a family that settled in Wales as early as the thirteenth century, when the famous Llewelyn Iorwerth, Prince of Gwynedd, made the Yales a grant of Welsh land. A grandson of David Yale was married to Dorothy Hughes, daughter of Humphrey Hughes, Gwernglas, Denbighshire. That lady was Elihu Yale's grandmother.

June 26, 1637, Theophilus Eaton, having married the widow of David Yale, came to America. He landed in Boston, but removed the following spring to New Haven, Conn. This Eaton was the first governor of that colony.

Welshmen have been prominently connected with Yale from its founding till the present day. In its early days we read of them. Elisha Williams, President, 1736-'39; Ebenezer Williams, Fellow, 1742-'43; Elnathan Williams, Fellow, 1748-'69; Solomon Williams, Fellow, 1749-'69; Isaac Lewis, Secretary of the Corporation, and William Williams, Secretary of the Corporation, 1770-'76, are among the number.

We see this nationality prominently connected with Princeton; for example, President Edwards, 1758, and President Samuel Davies, 1759. Judge David Howell, Princeton, class of 1766, became professor of mathematics and natural philosophy at Rhode Island College in 1769, teaching there until the outbreak of the Revolution.

Another university with which Welshmen have been prominently identified, especially in its infancy, is Brown University. The Historical Catalogue of this University states that "In 1762 the Philadelphia Baptist Association, in view of the disabilities attaching to Baptist students in most of the existing American colleges, welcomed a proposal offered by the Rev. Morgan Edwards, a clergyman of Welsh birth, at that time pastor of the First Baptist Church in Philadelphia, to found in Rhode Island a college that should be under the control of their own denomination." "The Rhode Island College," as it was then called, was founded in 1765, and was the product of the untiring efforts of Rev. Edwards and another Welshman, Dr. Samuel Jones. A wonderful coincidence it is that this great Cambro-American university was founded in that city which also was founded by a Welshman, viz., Providence, R. I.

The Phillips Academy was founded in 1778 by Samuel Phillips, Jr., who was afterwards a lieutenant governor of Massachusetts. His forefather was Rev. George Phillips, who came to Massachusetts in 1630. In 1807 this institution became Phillips-Andover by the amalgamation of it with the Andover Theological Seminary. The Phillips family have made many large and useful benefactions to this institution.

Another Welshman contributed generously to the educational development of America when Col. Williams by his legacy founded "Williams College" in 1793. History says the colonel made his legacy to this institution shortly before his death, at the hands of an Indian, while on his way to Lake George in 1755.

Benjamin Harris published the first newspaper in

America about 1679, and received a commission from the governor of Massachusetts in 1692 to print the laws of Massachusetts. Joseph Edwards was in the publishing business at Boston during the years 1723-63. In the "Boston Gazette and County Journal," March 12, 1770, we find an advertisement stating that, "Wm. Williams has for sale all sorts of mathematical instruments, made by him."

The religious fervor of the Welsh is universally known, and we are not surprised at the contributions of "Gwalia" to this phase of American development. Jonathan Edwards is a shining example of the early Welsh minister in America. Born at East Windsor, Conn., October 5, 1703, died at Princeton, N. J., in 1758. He began to study Latin when only six years of age, and was graduated from Yale when seventeen years of age, having reasoned out his doctrine of free will by himself before being graduated. In 1723 he began preaching to a Presbyterian congregation, and from there he went as assistant to his grandfather, at Northampton, Mass., whom he succeeded as minister. The elders dismissed him in 1750 because he demanded a purer and higher standard of admission to the communion table. He then became missionary to the Indians, and in 1754 he was installed as president of the "College of New Jersey," which afterwards became Princeton. Lossing says: "He married Sarah Pierrepont, of New Haven, in 1727, and they became the grandparents of Aaron Burr." Mr. E. Edwards, in "Welshmen as Factors" (page 36), says: "It is well written. He did more perhaps than any other American divine in promoting the doctrinal purity and at the same time quickening the zeal of the churches. * * * Not only in preaching, but through the press, this great genius served his generation according to the will of God; not that generation alone, but our own and many that shall follow." Richardson refers to Jonathan Edwards as "the most eminent of American metaphysicians."

In 1696 a Welshman, Mr. Pepperel, became the father of a boy who became one of the prominent contributors to the development of Canada. Sir William Pepperel was born at Kitteney Point, Maine, in 1696, and died there July 6, 1759. His father was a Welshman, so says the historian Lossing, who came to New England as an apprentice to a fisherman. The son entered into business and prospered financially as well as influentially. He was a born fighter, and was frequently chosen to lead bands against the Indians. He served thirty-two consecutive years on the royal council for the province of Massachusetts, and was appointed Chief Justice of Common Pleas in 1730. His most famous exploit was the leading of the expedition which captured Louisburgh. With a force of 4,000 untrained New England soldiers he marched

against this fortress, which was considered impregnable; and after a siege of forty-eight days, reduced the fort and captured the island of St. John. Lossing says (*Cyclo. U. S. Hist.*, page 812): "With the fall of Louisburgh the power of France in America began to wane, and its decline was rapid." This was a great contribution to the development of Canada; for under the French, Canada was held back by the rule of the Jesuits.

CHAPTER III.

*Thy spirit, Independence, let me share;
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye;
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.*
—TOBIAS SMOLLET.

Turning our attention to Pennsylvania, and later to the Revolution, we shall see how nobly the sons of Gwalia contributed to these elements in American history. William Penn, the founder of that great experiment in free government, Pennsylvania, was a Welshman and showed his Welsh traits in the events in which he took so noble a part. Speaking to Rev. Hugh David, who accompanied him in the voyage of 1700, he said: "Hugh, I am a Welshman myself, and will relate by how strange a circumstance our family lost our name. My grandfather was named John Tudor, and lived upon the top of a hill or mountain in Wales. He was generally called John Pen-mynydd (which in English is John of the hilltop). He removed from Wales into Ireland, where he acquired considerable property. Upon his return into his own country, he was addressed by his old friends and neighbors, not in their former way, but by the name of Mr. Penn."

This great Cambrian contributor showed his love for Gwalia in his choice of a name for his province. In a letter which he wrote to Robert Turner (March, 1681,) he said: "After many waitings, watchings, solicitings and disputes in council, this day my country was confirmed to me under the great seal of England, with large powers and privilege, by the name of Pennsylvania, a name the king would give it in honor of my father. I chose New Wales, being as this is a pretty hilly country; but Penn, being Welsh for a head, as Penmaenmawr in Wales, and Penrith in Cumberland, and Penn in Buckinghamshire, the highest land in England, it was called Pennsylvania, which is the high or head woodlands; for I proposed when the secretary, a Welshman, refused to have it called New Wales, Sylvania, and they added Penn to it; and though I much opposed it, and went to the king to have it struck out and altered, he said it was past, and would take it upon him; nor could twenty guineas move the under-secretary to vary the name." It can readily be seen how desirous William Penn was of having his province called New Wales after his native country, when all around him colonies were receiving such names as New England, New York and New Hampshire.

Pennsylvania, shortly after the first settlement, became the most progressive of the colonies, which to a great extent

was caused by Penn's plans for the administration of justice. He declared that his object was to establish a just and righteous government in the province that would be an example for others. He assumed that government is a part of religion itself, as sacred in its institution and end; that any government is free to the people under it, whatever be its frame, where the laws rule and the people are a party to the laws. He further declared that governments depend upon men, and not men upon governments. Here was a Welshman preaching the same doctrine of political progressivism over two hundred years ago that our modern progressives are so valiantly fighting for. What a contribution to America was his colony, built upon the right interpretation of civil and religious liberty!

The Welsh were very numerous in Pennsylvania even before the laying out of Philadelphia, as we read (in Lossing's *Cycl. U. S. Hist.*, page 1074) of "Penn's arrival at New Castle, Del., 1682, where he was received with joy by the inhabitants, —Dutch, English and Swedes. The settlers were quite numerous, and the domain was divided into six counties. He proceeded up the Delaware; and after making a treaty with the Indians, he called representatives of the counties to meet him at the newly-laid-out city of Philadelphia in March following. They were there at the appointed time—Dutch, English, Swedes and Welsh, for many of the latter people had settled in Pennsylvania." Many writers claim this as the first wave of Welsh immigration to this country; but we have seen how incorrect this statement is shown to be by the footprints of Welsh contributors in New England, and even in Canada, as we shall later see.

After learning of the granting of Pennsylvania to Penn, and the accompanying free government, literally whole tribes of Welsh people immigrated to that great commonwealth. Dr. J. J. Levich, writing for the *Pennsylvania Magazine*, said: "No sooner did Barbara Bevan, the wife of John Bevan, of Glamorganshire, learn of Penn having received a patent from Charles II, on lands here, than she sought the concurrence of the meeting at Trefered to emigrate to America on ye 10th of ye 7th month of ye year 1685." This step was not taken for the temporal prosperity of her children, but for "especially their moral welfare."

A history of Merion, Pa., by T. A. Glenn, Esq., gives a complete genealogy of some of the early Welsh settlers, and proves that the Cadwaladers, or Cadwalders, were once supposed to be descendants of an early British prince. But on closer investigation, and with the help of "An Ancient MS. Pedigree Parchment" and from wills and court records in Wales, it is proved that the American branch of this family

were descended from "Marchweithian," Lord of Is-Aled, about the eleventh century. John Cadwalader, son of Cadwalader ap Thomas, settled in Merion township in 1697. Mr. Glenn also proves that Mr. George B. Roberts (son of John Roberts), who settled Pencoyd in 1683, was descended from Collwyn, Lord of Llyn. Another of the descendants of John Roberts was Algeman Roberts, a lieutenant colonel of militia during the Revolution. Mr. Algernon Sydney Percival, at one time president of the Pencoyd Iron Works, was also a descendant of John Roberts.

James M. Swank, in his excellent volume, "Progressive Pennsylvania," page 40, says that Welsh ancestry is easily distinguishable by family names. "Pennsylvania has always had a large and intelligent Welsh population, additional to its Welsh Quakers. A large number of Welsh immigrants settled Cambria county soon after the Revolution, and their descendants are very numerous in that county to-day." In the early history of Pennsylvania we find such names as William Powell, Richard Davies, Griffith Jones, Nathaniel Evans, Joseph Richards, John Price, George Rodgers, John Jones, John ap John, John Pierce, William Lloyd, Thomas Morris, John Wyn and Thomas Rowlands.

The "History of Chester County" (page 177), says: "John ap Thomas, of Llaithgwm Commott, of Penllyn, in the county of Merioneth, and Edward Jones, of Bala, in the said county, purchased of William Penn, by lease and release, September 16th and 17th, 1681, five thousand acres in Pennsylvania." Many towns of Pennsylvania betray the fact that they were founded by Welshmen, as Wynnewood, which was founded by Dr. Thomas Wynne, from Flintshire, Wales, who came over on the same ship as William Penn, and Bryn Mawr, which was settled by Rowland Ellis in 1686.

It might be well to mention the contribution of the Welsh towards the development of the iron industry about this time, inasmuch as they have contributed so much in later years. In 1676 Colonel Lewis Morris was granted 3,540 acres of land, "with full liberty for him and his heirs to dig, delve and carry away all such mines for iron as they shall find, or see fit to dig and carry away to the iron works." This work was located at Shrewsbury, Monmouth county, and was considered in that day as a large enterprise. William Penn, in writing to Lord North, refers to a discovery of iron in 1683. Mr. Gabriel Thomas stated in 1698 that ironstone and ore had lately been found which "far exceed that in England, being richer and less drossy, and that some preparation had already been made to carry on an iron work. * * * There are runs of water having the same color as those which issued from the coal mines of

Wales." It seems fitting that a Welshman should first see these signs and then his nation come in and contribute so much to the development of these sources.

In 1720, we are told, James Lewis and Anthony Morris, of Philadelphia, built a furnace at Coal Brook, Berks county, and in 1732 a Welshman named Jones started a copper furnace at Johanna Heights, Pa. The American Iron and Steel Association of Philadelphia had evidence that this same Jones was the original patentee of the first steam engine used in this country for mine operations. In 1756 Thomas Stephens and Benjamin Franklin started a potash furnace near Philadelphia, and in 1767 Dr. William Lewis won a medal for an essay on "The American Process of Potash Making," while in 1770 Will Humphreys was proprietor of a furnace in Philadelphia.

A Cambro-American lover of liberty was David Lloyd, who arrived in Pennsylvania in 1686, carrying a commission of attorney general given him by William Penn. Dr. Sharpless, of Haverford College, says: "He was an excellent lawyer, exemplary in all the relations of private life, of great force of character and commanding influence. Bad as some of Lloyd's methods were, there can be no doubt that they made Pennsylvania a democratic state, tenacious of liberty."

Another of the early Welshmen who did much for Pennsylvania was Dr. John Morgan, who was born in Philadelphia, in 1735, and was graduated at Philadelphia College in 1757. He studied medicine and served as a surgeon with the Pennsylvania troops during the French and Indian War. After the war he went to England, attending the lectures of the celebrated Dr. Hunter; and after spending two years at Edinburgh, where he received the degree of M. D., he traveled extensively in Europe. In 1765 this great Cambro-American was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of London, and also of the College of Physicians of both Edinburgh and London. Upon returning to Philadelphia, in that same year, Dr. Morgan was elected a professor at the Philadelphia College, where he founded a medical school, which is the present medical school of the University of Pennsylvania. When the treason of Church was discovered, Dr. Morgan was appointed by the Continental Congress (October 17, 1775) Director-General of the Army General Hospital, in which capacity he served until 1777. This great contributor was one of the founders of the American Philosophical Society.

We now come to one of Pennsylvania's, if not America's, greatest Cambrian sons, Oliver Evans, the inventor. Oliver Evans was born at Newport, Del., in 1775, and died in New

York in 1819. Lossing says (*Cycl. of U. S. Hist.*, p. 456): "He was of Welsh descent and was a grandson of Evan Evans, D. D., the first Episcopal minister in Philadelphia." He early began to show his wonderful inventive genius, for at the age of twenty-two he had invented a machine which successfully made card-teeth.

In 1786-87 he obtained from the legislatures of Maryland and Pennsylvania the exclusive right to use his improvements in flour-mills. In 1775 he conceived the idea of propelling boats with his engines, by means of wheels at the side, and communicated his discovery to others. This Welshman had a boat running up the Schuylkill river in 1804, three years before Robert Fulton accomplished his task. In 1799 he constructed a steam carriage, which led to the invention of the locomotive. His steam engine was the first constructed on the high-pressure principle. To crown all, this Welsh contributor proposed the construction of a railway between Philadelphia and New York, but his limited means would not allow him to convince the skeptics by a successful experiment. Evans is a contributor of whom any nation could well feel proud.

Whitehead Humphreys, another Welshman, was the owner of a steel furnace in Philadelphia as early as 1770. It was located on Seventh street, and among his products were steel tools. He was given the sum of one hundred pounds by the Provisional Assembly for the encouragement of his genius. Joshua Humphreys, the great naval architect, was another Welsh genius, who gave to Philadelphia her pre-eminence in shipbuilding. It was he who designed and supervised the building of the first six frigates which made up the American navy.

Pennsylvania even before the Revolution saw the worth of true Welshmen, for among the delegates she sent to the Continental Congress were George Clymer, Charles Humphreys, Samuel Meredith, Charles Morris, and Robert Morris. In the list of associate judges of Pennsylvania the following Welsh names appear: James Harrison, 1686; Griffith Jones, 1690; Anthony Morris, 1694; Thomas Griffiths, 1739; John Morton, 1774, and John Evans, 1777.

Thomas L. James, former postmaster general, in his essay in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* (vol. 10, p. 468), says: "Philadelphia has probably contained a larger proportion of Welsh blood than any other city in America. The first mayor of the city, Anthony Morris, and the first governor of the colony, Thomas Lloyd, were both Welshmen. Among others may be mentioned Ellis Pugh, a distinguished physician, and

author of the first Welsh book published in the country; David Lloyd, who became a chief justice; Rev. Abel Morgan, the author of a Welsh concordance of the Bible, published in 1730; Dr. Thomas Wynn, speaker of the first Assembly; Rowland Ellis, a famous Quaker, and the Cadwalader family."

Welsh names and deeds during early Pennsylvania history would fill volumes, but it is possible for lack of space for the writer to only touch upon some of the contributors. In 1705 John Harris founded Harrisburg, near his celebrated ferry. In 1786 he founded an academy by means of large contributions from himself and friends. Bellefonte Academy was the recipient of certain lots and land in 1800 from James Harris.

Turning to Virginia and the South, we see numerous footprints which have been stamped indelibly on the pages of American history in the formative period. Rev. Goronwy Owen, son of Owen Goronwy, was in 1757 appointed professor at William and Mary College, the alma mater of so many Americans of note. Dr. Whyte Glendower Owen, a grandson of this famous professor, writing in the "Columbia," March 10, 1892, traces the genealogy of his grandfather back for generations in Wales. It is claimed that a registry book, still preserved at William and Mary's, states that between 1620 and 1640 over forty thousand Welsh had settled in Delaware, Maryland, Virginia and the Carolinas. These were the forefathers of Jefferson, Harrison, Middleton, Lewis, and other famous Welsh contributors.

CHAPTER IV.

What constitutes a state?

* * * * *

*Men who their duties know,
But know their rights; and, knowing, dare maintain.*

—SIR WM. JONES.

("Ode in imitation of Alcoeus.")

We now come to the brightest page in American history, that page where men realized the truth which Lord Byron puts so well in the couplet:

*Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not,
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?*

It is no surprise to the Welsh-American people of to-day to learn that their predecessors took such a prominent part in the struggle against England, since the Welsh, as has been said, "are one of the greatest liberty-loving peoples in God's universe." Welsh contributors strove nobly in that great crisis, pledging their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor irrevocably to the cause of fair liberty.

The Hon. Thomas L. James, in his article in the *Cosmopolitan* (vol. 10, p. 468), says: "Among the signers of the Declaration of Independence were seventeen men who were of Welsh birth or origin. Thomas Jefferson's ancestors came from the foot of Snowdon, in Wales, to the colony of Virginia. Lewis, who accompanied Clark to the Columbia river, was of a Welsh family; so were Samuel and John Adams. Among the signers of the Declaration of Independence of Welsh origin may be mentioned Stephen Hopkins, of Rhode Island; William Williams, of Connecticut; Francis Hopkinson, of New Jersey; John Morton, of Pennsylvania; John Penn, of Virginia; Arthur Middleton, of South Carolina; Burton Gwinnet (a native of Wales), delegate from Georgia; Benjamin Harrison and Richard Henry Lee from Virginia. The last-named signer had the honor of offering the resolution declaring the colonies free and independent. Francis Henry Lightfoot Lee, another signer from Virginia, was also of Welsh origin. Of the four delegates sent by New York to the Continental Congress in 1776, three were of Welsh birth or origin. One was William Floyd, a native of Long Island; another was Francis Lewis, who was born in the southern part of Wales, in 1713, and pursued the calling of a merchant in London, whence he came to New York. He was taken prisoner in the French war, carried to France, and afterward returned to New York. The third was Lewis Morris, who was born of a Welsh family, in

1726, and who lost a large amount of property by the war."

In the year 1855 Dr. Alexander Jones published, by request, an address relative to the Welsh as signers, which was considered an authority on this subject. This address was later printed by "Y Drych" as a souvenir and presented to its readers. The writer of this essay sincerely regrets that the time and space are not available for an extensive treatise of the Cymry among the signers, for we must hurry on to later footprints of the Cambro-American contributors.

In spite of the fact that so many of the Welshmen of colonial Pennsylvania were Quakers, and thereby held war as wrongful and contrary to God's manner of advancing His kingdom, we find them in vast numbers fighting for liberty from Lexington to Yorktown, sacrificing their fortunes as did Robert Morris, leaving the plow in the furrow as did Israel Putnam, and laying aside the law books as did Thomas Jefferson.

"John Davis (Tredyffryn) entered the service in March, 1776, under Colonel Atlee. In November he organized the Ninth Pennsylvania, and was captain of the same. His service at Brandywine, Germantown, Monmouth, Stony Point, and Cowpens were an honor to this soldier of Welsh blood. * * * The historian Sabine, after diligent search for sympathizers with George III, found but one Baptist Tory, and that one Rev. Morgan Edwards, the famous Welshman; in another denomination only six, and in yet another only three. In one church, probably the English Episcopal, there were forty-six. As far as we know, Edwards was the only Welshman."

Probably one of the greatest Welshmen of the Revolutionary army was Daniel Morgan, who showed his Welsh blood at the age of seventeen, when he knocked down one of Braddock's lieutenants who had insulted him. For this he received five hundred lashes across the bare back, but the British officer afterwards publicly apologized to him. In less than a week after Lexington this Welsh lover of liberty had organized the nucleus of his famous rifle corps. This corps was a great annoyance to the British, as the members were the best shots of the backwoods. For his conduct at the battle of Cowpens, Congress gave Daniel Morgan thanks and a gold medal. His name is closely allied with Sumter, Marion, and Pickens as a leader of rough backwoodsmen. After the Revolution he led the troops which suppressed the famous Whisky Insurrection, and was a member of Congress from 1795 to 1799.

Brigadier General Otho Williams was born in Prince George's county, Maryland, March, 1749. Lossing, the authority on American history, says (Cyc. U. S. Hist., p. 1525):

"His Welsh ancestors came to America in the early days of the colonial settlement of Maryland." In 1776 he was made a prisoner at the capture of Fort Washington by the Hessians. Being soon exchanged, he was made colonel of a Maryland regiment, with which he accompanied De Kalb to South Carolina; and when Gates took command of the Southern army, Colonel Williams was made adjutant general. In the battles near Camden he gained great distinction for coolness and bravery, and performed efficient service during Greene's famous retreat, as commander of a light corps that formed the rear-guard. At the battle of Guilford Court House he was Greene's second in command; and by a brilliant charge at Eutaw Springs he decided the victory for the Americans. In 1782 he was made a brigadier general, and was appointed collector of customs for Maryland, which office he ably held until his death, in 1794.

Another of the famous Williams family was Colonel James Williams, whose ancestors came from Wales and settled in Granville county, North Carolina, where he was born. In 1773 he emigrated to South Carolina, where he was a member of the Provincial Congress in 1775. In 1779 he was appointed colonel of a militia regiment, and rendered gallant service at the battle of Stone's Ferry, June 20, 1779. At the battle of Musgrove's Mill he defeated a large band of British and Tories, and gave his life on the altar of his country at the Battle of King's Mountain.

Jonathan Williams, a nephew of Benjamin Franklin, was born in Boston, in 1752. In 1770 Dr. Franklin intrusted him with the bearing of important letters and documents from London to Boston. In 1777 he was appointed the commercial agent of the Colonies to France, and returned to America in 1785, settling in Philadelphia. For the next few years he was judge of the Court of Common Pleas in Philadelphia, but in 1801 he was appointed the first superintendent of West Point Military Academy. In 1814 he was a delegate to Congress from Philadelphia, and was made vice president of the American Philological Society.

In a book entitled "Cymry of 1776" there are mentioned seven colonels of Welsh blood who served their country faithfully through this critical period of her history, besides others of higher as well as lower rank. In the navy the Welsh were well represented by Ezekiel Hopkins, who became the first commodore of the United States navy. At the breaking out of the Revolution he was commissioned a brigadier general, and in December, 1775, Congress commissioned him commander-in-chief of the Continental navy. His first voyage

was to the Bahama Islands, where he captured a large quantity of ordnance stores and a hundred cannon, which were badly needed by the Americans. What a blessing these stores and ammunition proved to the ragged Continentals is proved by following events, for with them Washington was enabled to present a bolder front to the well-equipped British.

One of the greatest contributors to the success of the Revolution was Robert Morris. "He was a native-born Welshman, came to America when a child, and was educated at Philadelphia." Entering the counting house of Charles Willing as an apprentice, he eventually became a partner in the business, which at the beginning of the Revolution was the largest commercial house in Philadelphia. He showed his Welsh love of liberty by espousing the cause of the colonies in 1775, and in that year he was elected a member of the Continental Congress. Lossing, the great historian, says: "He served in Congress at different times during the war, and at the same time was largely engaged in managing the financial affairs of the country, even making use of his personal credit to support the public credit. With other citizens he established a bank in Philadelphia in 1780, by which means the army was largely sustained. In 1781 he supplied almost everything to carry on the campaign against Cornwallis." This Welshman truly pledged "his life, his fortune, and his sacred honor" to the cause of his adopted country. He refused all honors, for Washington offered him the position of Secretary of the Treasury, which he declined. In partnership with another Welshman, Gouverneur Morris, he sent the first American ship to China. He died in poverty, in 1806, a fulfillment of the saying that "republics are ungrateful," and a reproach to our young nation.

What great contributors this Morris family has been! Gouverneur Morris became Jefferson's successor as minister to France. Lossing says: "He had seen many of the phases of the French Revolution, and with a tantalizing coolness had pursued Washington's policy of neutrality towards France and England." At the demand of France, Washington recalled him, but accompanied the letter of recall with a private one, expressing his satisfaction with Morris' diplomatic conduct.

To Lewis Morris was assigned the task of detaching the western Indians from the British interest. This he successfully accomplished, resuming his seat in Congress in 1776. The father of another Lewis Morris (of Morrisania, N. Y.) was an officer in Cornwallis' army. He came to America and settled in Westchester county, New York. This Lewis Morris was judge of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, and a member

of the Council; for several years he was chief justice of New York and New Jersey, and governor of New Jersey from 1738 to 1746. His son, Robert Hunter, was chief justice of New Jersey for twenty years, and for twenty-six years one of the Council.

We now find one of this family who contributed to the development of Canada. Staats Loring Morris was born at Morrisania, N. Y., August 17, 1728. In 1756 he was a captain in the British army, and in 1761 he became lieutenant colonel of a regiment of Highlanders. In 1763 he was promoted to brigadier general, and became a general in 1796. In 1797 he became the governor of Quebec.

What a wonderful contributor was Thomas Jefferson, whose ancestors came from the Snowdon mountains, in Wales, and settled in Virginia! Duyknick, in volume 1 of his work, "Gallery of Eminent Men and Women," page 276, says: "His father, Peter Jefferson, belonged to a family originally from Wales, which had been among the first settlers of the colony." His name and those of Morris, Adams, and the Lees are sufficient to make any nation proud to claim them as of their blood. If Thomas Jefferson's only contribution to America had been the Declaration of Independence, his name would even then merit a place in the hall of fame. What masterly style was displayed in this most scholarly work, and how well it reflected the government of ancient Wales under its own princes! He early saw the menace of slavery as a political evil and did much to alleviate its hardships; for while he was a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses (1769-1775), he bravely and untiringly worked for a bill, which he had introduced, empowering masters to free their slaves. In 1774 he wrote his famous "Summary View of the Rights of British America," which, it is believed, procured for him the hatred of the British. He took his seat in the Continental Congress in June, 1775, and was appointed on the committee to draft the Declaration of Independence. The venerable Lossing in his Cyclopaedia says: "To Mr. Jefferson was assigned the duty of writing that important paper, which he advocated and signed. True to the proclivities of his nature in favor of human liberty, he introduced a clause censuring slavery, which was stricken out."

In 1779 Mr. Jefferson became governor of Virginia, and was the object of many a British expedition, but was always warned in time to escape. In 1785 he became minister to France, where he wrote his "Notes on Virginia," returning in 1789 to take the portfolio of secretary of state under Washington. Jefferson not only contributed to our statesman-

ship, but also contributed to our agricultural development. In 1793 he put into practice his idea of a plow mold-board, which is the mold-board of the present-day plow. Lossing says (*Cyc.* p. 1116): "His mold-board was about the same in form as the most approved of our day." We will have more to say of this contributor in our next chapter relative to our history shortly after the recognition of our independence.

The Lee family were wonderful contributors to our country during the Revolutionary period. Major General Charles Lee was a native of North Wales. He held a commission in the British army, when eleven years old, and fought under Burgoyne in Portugal in 1762, and had distinguished himself, but had a fault which was always getting him into trouble with his fellow-officers; namely, a warm Welsh temperament over which he had no control. Doubtless if General Charles Lee had been able to control himself, he would have been of inestimable value to the Colonial army. Even the Mohawk Indians, who had adopted him into their tribe, feared his temper, and accordingly christened him "Boiling Water." The Lees originated in Wales, and from this family came Richard Henry Lee, Francis Lightfoot Lee, Arthur Lee, and "Legion Harry" Lee, the latter the father of Robert E. Lee.

"Legion Harry" Lee was one of the most feared of Washington's officers. His mother was Mary Bland, the "lowland beauty" who had captivated Washington in his youth. Lossing says: "'Lee's Legion' was one of the most active and efficient of the cavalry corps of the Continental army, and it was Washington's bodyguard in the battle of Germantown." One of Lee's most daring exploits was the surprise of the British at Paulus Hook in July, 1779. He joined Greene in the South and was loved by both Greene and Washington. Greene once said: "No man, in the progress of the southern campaign, had equal men with Lee." It was Harry Lee who was chosen by Congress to speak the funeral oration over the bier of Washington. In 1814 he happened to be in Baltimore at the time of the newspaper riots, and in his endeavors to suppress them he received wounds from which he never fully recovered.

Richard Henry Lee was born in Westmoreland county, Virginia, in 1732. He was educated in England, and returned to America at the age of nineteen. "In 1756 he was appointed justice of the peace, and became a member of the House of Burgesses in 1757, where he was ever distinguished as a debater and orator." This is the man who offered the resolution declaring the American colonies "free and independent

states." What a brilliant outburst of eloquence was poured forth by him in that effort! He was a firm believer in the doctrine of states' rights, but supported Washington loyally during his administration.

"General Anthony Wayne was a Cymro on both his father's and his mother's side," says "William Penn" in his Columbian Exposition essay, "Welshmen as Factors" (p. 150). "Mad Anthony," as he was called, was one of Washington's most valued generals, and every schoolboy knows the story of how he stormed the strong fortress of Stony Point, which was considered impregnable. Lossing (*Cyc.*, p. 1498) says of him: "Brave to the verge of rashness, Wayne received the name of 'Mad Anthony.' Yet he was discreet and cautious, fruitful in resources and prompt in the execution of plans." Upon hearing of his appointment to the command of troops sent against them, the Indians sued for peace, as they did not wish to fight against "the man who never sleeps," as they called him. He died at Erie in 1796, and his remains were removed by his son to the "Welsh Tract" in the Radnor burying ground, where they now repose, surmounted by a beautiful monument erected by the Pennsylvania Society of the Cincinnati in 1809.

Francis Lewis, a signer of the "Declaration," was born in Llandaff, Wales, in 1713, and emigrated to America in 1734. He was a delegate to the Continental Congress from New York (1775-79), and suffered much property loss on this account from his Tory neighbors on Long Island. They caused the death of his wife by confining her in a prison several months. "To his patriotism he sacrificed the most of his property and died poor." His son, Morgan Lewis, was colonel on the staff of General Gates, and afterwards became quartermaster general of the northern army. It was Morgan Lewis who received the sword of Burgoyne at Saratoga, and he is immortalized in Trumbull's famous painting of this event in the rotunda of the capitol at Washington. He became chief justice of New York in 1801, and governor in 1804. In 1812 he was appointed quartermaster general, and major general in 1813. After the war of 1812 he devoted his time to literature and agriculture. In 1832 he delivered the address on the centennial of Washington's birth, before the city authorities, and in 1835 became president of the New York Historical Society.

General John Cadwallader, whose name betrays his Welsh descent, was born in Philadelphia in 1743. He was an active patriot before the war and became a brigadier general in 1777. He was made the colonel of a city battalion just before this, and served gallantly in the battles of Trenton, Princeton, Brandywine, and Monmouth. It was he who challenged

General Conway to fight a duel because of the ill-famed Conway plot to remove Washington from the army. The duel was fought and Conway was badly wounded. Cadwallader moved to Maryland and served several years in the Maryland legislature.

"William Penn," in his famous essay (p. 151), says: "General Isaac Shelby (whose ancestors came from Wales) was born in Maryland in 1750." He was by profession a surveyor. His services in the Revolution were as heroic as they were valuable. Referring to General Andrew Lewis (from a Welsh family, and born in Virginia), Dr. Jones, in his address, says: "When Washington was appointed commander-in-chief, he recommended Colonel Lewis for the office of major general; but he was by some means overlooked at the time, and accepted the office of brigadier general."

Among the names on the Wyoming Massacre Monument are to be seen the following: Joseph Jenkins, Josiah Jennings, Elisha Richards, William Reynolds, Elias Roberts, Elihu Waters, Elihu Williams, Rufus Williams, Azeba Williams, and John Williams. Among the three captors of Major Andre was a Welshman, David Williams, who, together with the other two Colonials, received a gold medal for his patriotism and devotion, for Andre offered the men everything he had for his liberty.

It is well that we here note the contribution of a Welshman who, while still in England, furthered the welfare of America, a land which he had never seen. Rev. Richard Price was born at Tynton, Glamorganshire, Wales, in 1723. He was one of the many Dissenting ministers of his time who wrote and preached well on subjects of morals and politics. It is said that his "Appeal on the Subject of the National Debt" was the foundation of Pitt's sinking-fund scheme. In 1776 he boldly proclaimed in England, in his pamphlet "Observations on Civil Liberty and the Justice and Policy of the War with America," the injustice of England to the Colonies. It is further asserted that sixty thousand copies of this essay were distributed, and that the Corporation of London gave him a vote of thanks, together with the freedom of the city. In 1778 the American Congress invited him to become a citizen of the United States, promising him a liberal remuneration to aid in the management of the country's finances. Yale College honored this son of Cambria in 1783 by conferring upon him the degree LL. D. In 1784 he published his "Observations on the Importance of the American Revolution." In 1764 he had been created a Fellow in the Royal Society of London because of the merit of his philosophical writings.

It would be well, before closing this chapter, to mention

the name of another Welsh signer of the "Declaration," William Williams, who was born at Lebanon, Connecticut, in 1731, and was graduated from Harvard in 1757. "An active patriot and a member of the Committees of Correspondence and Safety in Connecticut, he was sent to Congress in 1776." It is said he wrote several essays to arouse the spirit of liberty in the bosoms of his fellow-colonists, and spent nearly all his means for the cause of liberty. "Welshmen as Factors" says (p. 167): "At one time he forwarded a thousand and more blankets. He served not himself, but his country."

Can any other nationality boast of more famous men during this period which tried men's souls? What a wonderful legacy the Cambro-Americans of "'76" have handed down to posterity! To treat the subject thoroughly would require volumes; but we must hasten on to the period between Washington's administration and the great Rebellion, as space will not permit a more thorough treatise on these contributors.

CHAPTER V.

*For whereso'er I turn my ravished eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise;
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground.*

—JOSEPH ADDISON.

We now turn to the development of the United States and Canada after the Revolutionary War. Washington was well aware of the fact that "good Welshmen make good Americans," for he selected Thomas Jefferson as secretary of state, while he had John Adams as vice president. He also recognized the worth of another Welshman, as is evident by the following letter which he wrote to Colonel George Morgan, of Prospect, near Princeton ("Footprints in Washington Land," Harper's Magazine, vol. 78, page 741):

Mt. Vernon, Aug. 20. 1786.

Sir:—You will see by the enclosed letter from the Marquis de la Fayette to me, that the Empress of Russia is desirous of obtaining some authentic documents respecting the languages of the natives of this country, for the purpose of compiling a universal dictionary.

As I have thought no person was more in condition to accomplish that essential service for the republic of letters than yourself, I have taken the liberty of transmitting a specimen of the vocabulary to you, together with a request that you will do me the favor of paying as early and as accurate attention to the completion of the matter as your avocations will admit.

Persuaded that a gentleman of your taste for science in general, and particularly of your capacity for acquiring the information in question, will enter upon the task with pleasure, I make no apology for troubling you with it, nor do I think it necessary to add anything further than that it may be expedient to extend the vocabulary as far as, with the aid of your friends, you conveniently can; and that the greatest possible precision and exactitude will be indispensable in committing the Indian words to a paper by a just orthography.

With sentiments of esteem and regard, I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,

G. WASHINGTON.

The very tone of this letter breathes the esteem and regard in which the "Father of His Country" held this Gwalian. Washington also well knew the worth of Anthony Wayne, for he recognized it when he sent this "man who never sleeps" against the Indians, who had defeated St. Clair.

If the reader will pardon one step backwards, he will see the Welsh beginning to pour into Canada. We have already read of our first great Welsh contributor to the development of Canada, Sir William Pepperell, the victor of Louisburgh. Immediately after the ceding of Canada to England by the treaty of Paris, in 1763, settlers from all

over New England began pouring into the new colony; and we may be sure that hundreds of Welsh were putting their best foot forward, braving the rigors of Canadian winters in the search for a home and for liberty of conscience. Roberts, the celebrated Canadian historian, says ("A Hist. of Canada," page 123): "Meanwhile upon all the loyal inhabitants of the great Acadian province had been conferred that badge of Anglo-Saxon freedom, representative government. In October, 1758, the Parliament of Nova Scotia met at Halifax. * * * Under the stimulus of this change settlers began to come in from the hill districts of New England, exchanging their rocky farms for the rich meadowlands of the Cornwalls, Annapolis, Avon and Shubenacadie valleys. The population of Nova Scotia was increased by over seven thousand of these immigrants from New England, between 1759 and 1763." About 1760 a band of settlers from Massachusetts took up a tract of fertile land on the St. Johns river, about the mouth of the Oronoco, and called their settlement Mangersville. It is reasonable to suppose that hundreds of Welsh were among these settlers, for we have seen how numerous the Welsh were in New England previous to this time. The Welsh people who went to Canada at this time were followed by more later, of whom we shall make a note here. In Roberts' "History of Canada," page 258, we read of the Pulp settlement in 1816, which was followed by a great Scotch, Irish, English and Welsh tide of immigration. Without doubt, some of our later Canadians of Welsh lineage were the descendants of these immigrants.

Turning again to the United States, we see the first president of Welsh blood taking the chair. John Adams was born at Braintree, Massachusetts, in 1735. It is not necessary for me to recite this man's contributions to the Revolutionary government, as every schoolboy knows of John Adams' part in this crisis. It has been said that he wore at his inauguration the first suit ever made of American goods, and it cost him \$2,000 in Continental currency, which was then almost worthless. He was wonderfully far-sighted in seeing ahead the possibilities of this country, for in his great prophecy, which the venerable Lossing has preserved for us, he says: "Mighty states and kingdoms are not exempted from change. * * * Soon after the Reformation a few people came over into this new world for conscience's sake. This apparent trivial incident may transfer the great seat of empire to America. * * * If we can remove the turbulent Gallies, our people, according to the exactest calculating, will in another century, become more numerous than in England itself. The united force of Europe will not be able to subdue us. The only way to keep us from setting up for ourselves is to

disunite us." Lossing states further that "less than thirty years afterwards the prophet stood before the monarch of England as the representative of an American republic, where only ten years before were flourishing English colonies." The world knows how Adams' dream has come true.

The third president of the United States was, as we have seen before, of Welsh blood, Thomas Jefferson, whose ancestors came from the Snowdon mountains, and whose name is Welsh, meaning "a sister's son." What a wonderful contribution he gave to the United States, when he guided the acquisition of Louisiana! It can readily be seen what the "Louisiana Purchase" means to us to-day, when by it we gained a territory of 1,000,000 square miles, stretching far west to the Pacific. It was during this period that Jefferson sent another Welshman (Meriwether Lewis) at the head of the Lewis and Clark expedition, to explore and investigate the territory of Louisiana. After an absence of two years and four months the expedition returned, having solved, with much suffering, a great geographical and topographical question—the extent of our domain. Jefferson was a pure democrat both in thought and action, hating all public show and living a life of simplicity and kindness to those about him. When dying he requested that a simple stone be placed over his grave with the short inscription that follows: "Here lies buried Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, of the statute of Virginia for religious freedom, and father of the University of Virginia."

Oliver Evans was building his high-pressure engines about this time, for "William Penn" says ("Welshmen as Factors," page 192): "As early as 1812 he had in operation ten high-pressure engines, from ten to twenty-five horsepower. These were in various states, Florida, Louisiana, Kentucky, Mississippi, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Connecticut." As early as 1790 Mr. Jacob Perkins had invented a nail-cutting machine, which he was manufacturing at Newburyport, Mass.

David Humphreys was another Welshman who contributed to the early industrial development of the young republic. In 1802 he shipped the first cargo of Spanish merino sheep to this country. For this he received a vote of thanks from the Massachusetts Society for the Promotion of Agriculture. Eight years after the arrival of these sheep, the beginning of our broadcloth industry is seen in the erection of a woolen mill at Humphreysville, Conn.

We have not sufficient space here to recount the many early inventors of this nationality, but must pass on to the second war with England, which began in 1812. Taking a lesson from the manner in which she had lost the colonies, England had treated Canada differently, and when the War

of 1812 was declared, Canada loyally fell into line on the side of her mother-country. The first blow struck by the Canadians fell when Captain Roberts captured the American fort of Michilimackinac. This Captain Roberts crossed from Canada to Mackinac Island, and captured without a struggle the American fort and its entire garrison. This was an important achievement for the Canadians, as it filled the Indians with fervor for the British, as well as exposed the American General Hull to an attack from the rear.

The Welsh were well represented in the American army during this "second war for independence." In the "Constitution and Register of Membership of the General Society of the War of 1811," which was published in 1908, I find no fewer than three brigadier generals, five lieutenant colonels, three major generals, three majors, and three colonels of Welsh name. Among those I would call special attention to as Welsh contributors are the three major generals, William Henry Harrison, Isaac Shelby, and Morgan Lewis.

Major General William Henry Harrison was a man of Cymric blood; so says "William Penn" (Rev. Ebenezer Edwards) in his Columbian Exposition prize essay. General Harrison was a son of Benjamin Harrison, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, whose ancestors emigrated from Wales to Virginia. General William H. Harrison was assigned to the command of the "Army of the West," and gained a decisive victory over the Indians at Tippecanoe, where he broke the backbone of the Indians' power, and caused them to lose their confidence in "The Prophet," a medicine man who had been urging them on against the Americans. This victory gave Harrison a decided military reputation, but he resigned his commission after serving through the war, and was engaged shortly after in the making of treaties with the Indians relative to the cession of their lands. From 1816 to 1819 he was a member of Congress from Ohio, and was in the United States Senate from 1825 to 1828, having previously served a term in the Ohio Senate. He was elected to the Presidency in 1840, receiving 234 electoral votes out of the total of 294. Just one month after his inauguration, this Cambrian contributor was called to his reward, a fulfillment of the saying, "The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Lossing, the eminent historian, says of General Isaac Shelby: "He was of Welsh lineage, and in early life became a surveyor in Western Virginia. His father, Evan, was a captain in the battle of Point Pleasant, in 1774, and Isaac was a private in his company." In 1813 he joined with General Harrison in an invasion of Canada and rendered gallant service at the battle of the Thames. For this service Congress

awarded him a gold medal. This patriotic Welsh-American declined the seat of Secretary of War under President Monroe, thinking at his age he could not do justice to the office. He closed his public career by serving as a commissioner with General Jackson, in framing a treaty with the Chickasaw Indians.

Major General Morgan Lewis was a son of the signer Francis Lewis, who was born in Llandaff, Wales. Morgan Lewis served gallantly through the Revolution, and afterwards contributed nobly in public life as governor of New York from 1804 to 1807. He promptly offered his services to his country upon the outbreak of the War of 1812, and in 1813 he reached the rank of major general. During 1814 he was active along the Niagara frontier, and when New York city was threatened he was placed in command of the city's defenses.

In the navy the Welsh were represented almost as well as they were in the army. Jacob Jones was a descendant of some of the Welsh settlers in Delaware. He was educated at the University of Pennsylvania, and entered the navy in 1799. He was an officer on the "Philadelphia" when she was captured by the Barbary pirates, and became a commander in 1810. It was he who with the sloop-of-war Wasp captured the British sloop Frolic, but his own ship was so badly damaged that he was forced to surrender to a larger British vessel which hove in sight shortly after the fight. For this victory Jones was lauded in speeches and songs, and given a sword and the "freedom of the city" of New York, while Congress voted him thanks and donated him a gold medal.

Thomas ap Catesby Jones was a descendant of the Welsh of Virginia. He entered the navy in 1805. In 1808 the government gave him the task of subduing the pirates, smugglers, and slave traders in the Gulf of Mexico. In 1814 he commanded a flotilla of small gunboats on Lake Borgue, near Mobile Bay. He had a total of 23 guns and 182 men in his little fleet, and was attacked by an overwhelming force of 1,200 British. In the face of this force this gallant Welshman fought bravely, but was forced to surrender; not, however, without making the British pay dearly for their victory. The British loss was 300 men killed and wounded; the American loss was six killed and 35 wounded, among whom was Ap Catesby Jones. After the war he continued in the service, and was in command of the Pacific squadron in 1842.

It would require a volume itself to enumerate the deeds of Welshmen during this "second war for independence;" but we must hasten on to the next period of development, which extends from the War of 1812 to the War of the Rebellion. Before closing this period, however, let me enumerate some of the Welsh names which appear here in church histories.

In 1807 Rev. Walter Morgan was a progressive minister of the Methodist Episcopal faith. In 1819 he was appointed presiding elder of the Miami district of Ohio, which included Cincinnati and vicinity. It has been said that Rev. John Davis was the instrument in the conversion of about one thousand souls in one circuit in Virginia during the year 1818. Rev. Robert Thomas Daniel was a minister of the gospel who labored for thirty-seven years in North Carolina, preached more than five thousand sermons, and baptized more than 1,500 people. The Rev. Joseph Matthias spent forty-six years in the ministry, preaching Christ and His crucifixion throughout Pennsylvania. The Rev. John Thomas, whose father came from Wales in 1713, doubled the membership of the church at Hilltown, Pa., during a period of three years. Rev. Benjamin Watkins was for over forty-eight years a progressive minister of the gospel, and preached over six thousand sermons. Rev. B. Williams was a "fighting parson" of the War of 1812. Rev. Justin Edwards was actively connected with the founding of the Boston Tract Society in 1812. The volume "Early Baptists" (page 180) tells us that the "Rev. David Jones, who was born in North Wales, England, was minister at Frankford, Pa., from 1811 until his death in 1823." It was during this period that the famous "Parson Davies" was contributing to the development of Kings county, Virginia. The value of the contribution of these early Welsh ministers can never be fully comprehended, inasmuch as this being the beginning of the "Westward Ho!" movement, the results were seen on the frontier of our republic. Their converts sent praises to God from the log cabins of Kentucky and Ohio, from the grassy plains of Indiana and Illinois, and from the flatboats of the Missouri and Mississippi.

CHAPTER VI.

I have read somewhere or other, in Dionysius Halicamassus, I think, that History is Philosophy teaching by examples.—VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

The sixth president of the United States, John Quincy Adams, was of Welsh blood. Preceding him were James Madison and James Monroe, who were Welsh on the maternal side. John Quincy Adams was the son of John Adams, the second president, and was graduated at Harvard in 1787. After his graduation he studied law with the eminent Theophilus Parsons, and soon became distinguished as a political writer. In 1791 he published a series of articles in favor of neutrality with France, over the signature of "Publius." From 1806 to 1809 he served as professor of rhetoric at his alma mater, resigning in 1809 to become American ambassador to Russia; and while serving in that capacity was chosen as one of the American commissioners to negotiate a treaty of peace between England and America, in 1814. President Monroe tendered him the chair of secretary of state in 1817, which he accepted, and filled honorably to himself and his country. Neither of the candidates receiving a majority in the electoral college of 1824, the election was thrown into the senate, where John Quincy Adams was elected, receiving the votes of thirteen of the twenty-four states on the first ballot. Lossing says of him: "Mr. Adams was a ripe scholar, an able diplomat, a life-long opponent of human slavery, a bold and unflinching advocate for its abolition from our land, and an eloquent orator." Replying to an attack from Southern members of the Senate, he said: "Do the gentlemen from the South think they can frighten me by their threats? If that be their purpose let me tell them, sir, they have precisely mistaken their man. I am not to be frightened from the discharge of a sacred duty by their indignation, by their violence—no, sir, by all the grand juries of the universe." He died February 23, 1848, uttering these immortal words, "This is the last of earth; I am content."

It was at this period of our development that Welshmen began to develop the iron industry more extensively than before. The Dowlais Iron Works was built in 1825 at Kensington, Pa., by George Lewis and Reuben Leonard. General Ellis introduced into Wisconsin the first printing press in that state, with which he published, at Green Bay, the first newspaper in the state. It is well that I note here the name and deeds of one of the greatest Welsh contributors to the development of the West. General George Wallace Jones was born in Vincennes, Ind., April 12, 1804. He early

became connected with the mining industry in Iowa, and erected the first reverberating furnace in the state, as well as opened the first mercantile business there. When the Black Hawk War broke out he enlisted, and was appointed aid to General Dodge, whom he served gallantly. President Buchanan, recognizing his worth, appointed him minister to Bogota, in South America, whence he was recalled on the outbreak of the Rebellion, in 1861. General Jones was senator from Iowa for twelve years. It has been well said of him that during the twelve years of his service there (as senator) he was unwearied in his efforts at serving his state and promoting the interests of its citizens. In obtaining appropriations for public buildings, in securing land grants, in establishing a general system of liberal donations for public purposes, in the efforts to improve the navigation of the Mississippi river and in other ways too numerous to mention, though important, he proved himself a valuable and faithful public servant.

The following patents were granted to Welshmen of this period: July 16, 1824, to Thomas R. Williams, a patent on a retreating-spring lancet; June 8, 1824, a patent on "an improvement in railways" to John Stephens; March 29, 1828, to Charles F. Williams, a patent on a cylindrical printing press; August 22, 1828, a patent on a mat made of manilla grasses to Samuel S. Williams, and November 6, 1828, a patent on "improvement for making malleable iron;" August 11, 1830, to E. H. Thomas and Nathan Woodcock, a patent on a method of making paper; April 11, 1831, to George H. Richards, a process of waterproofing fabric by means of fluid india-rubber; 1832, to Edward Evans, a patent for tanning hides without sweating them; February 13, 1833, to William Edwards, a patent for a mill for softening, breaking and filling hides; and to J. James, April 20, 1833, a patent for forming hat bodies of wool.

It is said that New York, Boston and Baltimore acknowledge their indebtedness for gas illumination to the genius of a Welshman, Mr. Edward Jones, who was a celebrated engineer of a gas works in South Boston of this period, and who was granted patents on several types of "retort valves" and other inventions. Edward Jones was a native of Holywell, Flintshire, North Wales.

At this time the prophecy of the celebrated Welsh inventor, Oliver Evans, was partly fulfilled. In 1804 people laughed and scorned when Evans said: "The time will come when a steam-carriage will set out from Washington in the morning, the passengers will breakfast at Baltimore, dine at Philadelphia and sup in New York." The first railroad chartered in America was the Mohawk and Hudson, in 1825;

the next was in 1827, a road which was called the Baltimore and Ohio. When railroads were first built experiments were made with sails and horses as motive power. The most successful sail car was built by Evan Thomas for use on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. It sailed equally well in either direction, according to the direction of the wind. Its main usefulness lay in showing how little power was needed to propel a car upon rails as compared with the best roads of the times. The T-rail was invented in 1830 by Robert L. Stevens, the president and engineer of the Camden and South Amboy Railroad and Transportation Company. Being unable to have them rolled in this country, Stevens went to Wales and ordered a quantity of rails, which were laid down on a part of his road in 1831.

It was about this time that Welshmen became prominently connected with the coal industry. Dr. Alexander Jones was the first discoverer of the mineral wealth of Alabama, for in 1834 he observed bituminous coal in paying quantities at Mobile.

About this time it was desired to use the anthracite coal, which was being mined so extensively in Pennsylvania, in the making of iron. The Americans instinctively turned to the Welsh for the needed help. The first successful attempt was made in 1839 by Benjamin Perry at a furnace near Pottsville, Pa. It was considered marvelous that he could run out twenty-eight tons of iron a week. When the Lehigh Crane Company was organized in 1838, it was in a quandary how to cast pig-iron by means of anthracite coal, and sent Mr. Erskine Hazard to Glamorgan, Wales, to induce Mr. David Thomas to come to America to erect a furnace for it. This David Thomas arrived the next spring, and made the following Fourth of July a memorable one for this company, by running the first cast from a furnace at Catasauqua. This furnace produced fifty tons a week from the first week and assured the successful use of anthracite coal in the iron industry.

This company was exceedingly anxious to procure the services of this David Thomas, for in its agreement with him it bound itself to remove him and his family from "Castell Du" at the expense of the company. His house and coal were free, and his salary was \$1,000 until the first furnace was ready to work, and \$250 to be added when success was assured. For each additional furnace blown in \$250 was to be added to his yearly salary. An American ironmaster once said to this Welshman, "I will eat all the iron you make with anthracite." On that glorious July 4, 1840, Mr. Thomas sent him a message that the dinner was cooked ready for him.

America is also indebted to a Welshman for the development of the locomotive to the point where it could use anthra-

cite coal. Phineas Davis, of York, Pa., invented and built the first locomotive that successfully used this fuel, which was so troublesome in the early days of the industrial development. (George R. Prowell's "History of York County.") "The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad offered (January 4, 1831,) a prize of \$3,500 to the inventor and manufacturer of a locomotive which would burn coal and consume its own smoke." Mr. Davis built at his shops (the York Foundry and Machine Shop) a locomotive which met all the requirements. This prize locomotive was called "York," in honor of the place where it was manufactured.

Maine was ably represented in Congress from 1829 to 1841 by George Evans. It was said of him: "As a parliamentary debater, using that term in its true significance and with proper limitations, George Evans is entitled to high rank. * * * Of all who have represented New England in the senate, Mr. Evans as a debater is entitled to rank next to Mr. Webster."

About this period Mr. John A. G. Davies was serving as professor of law in the University of Virginia. He had written a book of great value on criminal law, which, after his untimely death at the hands of an assassin, was bought from his relatives for \$12,000 by the legislature of Virginia.

Judge H. W. Williams about this time settled in Pittsburgh and united with the Third Presbyterian Church of that city. He was a graduate of Amherst in the class of 1837, and was called to many important positions under the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

The election of 1840 put the fifth president of Welsh blood in office, William Henry Harrison, whose grandson, the late ex-president, claimed Welsh lineage back to the days of Cromwell. As we have already recounted his life and works in a previous chapter, we will now pass on to later events.

Mr. Edward Joy Morris in a speech before Congress April 24, 1844, lamented the fact that "not a ton of T-rails has as yet been made in this country." The first furnace in Ohio to use block coal in its raw state was built especially for this by Wilkeson Wilkes & Co. at Lowell, Ohio, and was successfully blown in August 8, 1846.

Searching again in the various church histories I find many Welshmen working in the "Lord's vineyard" at this time. Among these are Rev. Thomas Powell, who came from Abergavenny, Monmouthshire, to settle in Illinois in 1836; Rev. Samuel Williams, who was pastor of the First Baptist Church, Pittsburgh, in 1827; Rev. Morris Roberts, William Rowlands, D.D., and William Roberts, D.D., who ministered at Utica, New York, at this period; Rev. T. G. Roberts, minister at Ebensburg, Pa., in 1831; Rev. Evan Roberts in 1832, and Rev. Jacob Price, who emigrated to Michigan in 1832.

New Jersey is greatly indebted to the Rev. J. M. Rees, D.D., whose father was Rev. Morgan J. Rees, of Pengoed, South Wales. In 1840 he was corresponding secretary of the American Baptist Publication Society. Elder John Davies of Orange county, Virginia, was for over forty years a minister of the gospel in the Albemarle Association. Rev. M. L. Jones was another contributor to the moral development of Virginia previous to 1840, and served as president of Amherst College for twenty-three years. Two of the Edwards family were contributing to the moral development during this period—Rev. B. B. Edwards, a professor at Amherst College, and Rev. David Edwards, who came from Wales in 1821, and became Bishop of the United Brethren.

The iron industry of Chicago dates back to 1857, when Capt. E. B. Ward of Detroit built the Chicago Rolling Mill on the outskirts of the city, where he re-rolled iron rails. Mr. Jacob Reese, who contributed much to the development of the iron industry of Pittsburgh, wrote: "I sold more than 10,000 tons of Champlain iron ore for fettling in Pittsburgh in 1856 and 1857, and it was in use in that city many years prior to my sales. In 1856 I bought from the Cleveland Iron Mining Company the first cargo of 850 tons of Lake Superior iron ore that it had brought to Cleveland. I shipped the ore to Pittsburgh and sold it for fettling; and from 1856 to 1860 I sold over 50,000 tons of that ore for that purpose."

CHAPTER VII.

*Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.*

—WILLIAM COWPER.

The Welsh can take a just pride in the part they played in that crisis when Lincoln said: "This government cannot endure permanently half-slave and half-free." Welshmen in the North nobly did their part in censuring this slavery of the black man. From pulpit and senate halls, men of Gwalia championed abolition and strove to arouse the spirits of their countrymen in condemnation of this system. It is said that Wendell Phillips refused to accept a position necessitating an oath "to defend the Constitution," for he believed that document to be unjust to the negro and a disgrace to the Republic.

Equally certain they were right, and that slavery was the better for the African race, two men of Welsh blood in the South, Robert E. Lee and Jefferson Davis, swore allegiance to their respective States, and vowed to go whichever way their native states should go. Jefferson Davis had won renown in the service of the Republic. He had won honors on the battle-fields of far off Mexico, and had returned home, laying aside the sword to take up the law book. He served his state nobly as senator, from 1847 to 1851, and from 1857 to 1861, as he also served the Republic as Secretary of War in the cabinet of President Pierce. General Butler has written that in conversation with Jefferson Davis, the president of the ill-fated Confederacy had said: "My first allegiance is to the State of Mississippi, and my allegiance to the State of Mississippi overrides my allegiance to the United States."

Robert E. Lee was the son of "Legion Harry Lee" and was born at Stratford, Westmoreland county, Virginia, June 18, 1807. Entering West Point, he was graduated second in his class in 1829. This man of Cambrian blood served his country so valiantly during the Mexican War, that he earned three brevets in the two years of this war's duration, rising respectively to major, lieutenant colonel, and colonel. From September, 1852, to March, 1855, he was superintendent of the West Point Military Academy, whence he entered the cavalry, becoming a colonel of cavalry in March, 1861. Like Jefferson Davis, he went with his state and resigned his commission in the national army. His noble character shines out plainly in every sentence of his speech with which he accepted the command of the Virginia forces. "Trusting in Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow-

citizens, I devote myself to the aid of my native state, in whose behalf alone I ever draw my sword." This noble believer in states' rights was afterwards obliged by accompanying circumstances to draw his sword in defense of the entire South. After the wounding of General J. E. Johnston (May 31, 1862), the command of the Confederate army of Northern Virginia was given to Lee. On June 3 he took command, and on the 26th began that awful series of battles before Richmond known as the "Seven Days' Battles." The great resources of the North, however, were already having their effect on the Confederacy, and it was soon made apparent that "government for the people" was not doomed to perish. Even after his ragged and hungry troops had been defeated at Petersburg, his Welsh blood asserted itself and he again attempted a retreat, but was forced by overwhelming odds to surrender at Appomattox Court House, April 9, 1865. This nobleman of Cambrian origin proved his reconciliation to our glorious republic when he refused positions of large salary to accept the presidency of a struggling university, where he could teach the young Southerners duties of peace and industry.

Hardly had the echoes of Sumter died away on the air of the nation before Welshmen sprang to the defense of their country and the preservation of the republic. From pulpit and law office, from mine and puddle furnace, and from farm and store this nationality marched and sacrificed as much as some of the other more numerous nationalities which compose the population of the "Land of the Free."

Probably the greatest of the Welsh contributors in the Union army was General Henry Thomas, who was justly called "The Rock of Chickamauga." Lossing says (Cyc. United States History, page 1395): "General Thomas' father was of Welsh descent." This "son of Gwalia" was born in Southampton county, Virginia, July 31, 1816, and choosing a military career he entered West Point, where he was graduated in the class of 1840. He contributed brave service in the Seminole War and also in the Mexican War. His country called him to instruct the cadets at West Point from 1851 to 1854, and rewarded him with the rank of major in May, 1855. He was then sent to Texas to fight the Indians, and was wounded severely in a fight near the Brazos river. The government next rewarded him with the command of the Fifth Cavalry (Colonel Robert E. Lee's regiment); and for gallant service he was promoted to the rank of brigadier general of volunteers (August, 1861). The fighting qualities of this brave Cambrian, however, were not fully appreciated until the battle of Chickamauga, where he gained the sobriquet of "The Rock of Chickamauga." Such was the worth of this

Welsh-American that scarcely a year of the war passed without some substantial promotion coming to him. As a result of gallantry and ability which he displayed at the battles of Stone's River, Chickamauga, and Missionary Ridge, and also throughout the Atlantic campaign, he received the rank of major general, the thanks of Congress, and from the legislature of Tennessee thanks and a gold medal. President Johnston offered him the brevet of lieutenant general in 1868, which he declined. The nation recognized the worth of this Welshman in the erection of an exceptionally fine equestrian statue to his memory at Washington, November 19, 1879. It has been said that General Thomas saw more active and continuous service than any other officer of his rank and age in the United States army.

Another Thomas who contributed to the Union army was Lorenzo Thomas, who was probably descended from the Welsh of colonial Delaware. He was graduated from West Point in the class of 1823, and after having served in the Seminole and also in the Mexican War, he was made adjutant general, with the rank of brigadier general, in May, 1861. When new regiments were being recruited in the West, the government sent him to take charge of their organization work, which he successfully completed.

Probably none of the "war governors" contributed more to the success of the Union cause than did Edwin Morgan, of New York state. Born of lowly parents, at the age of seventeen he obtained a position as a grocery clerk, from which he rose to be a partner in the business before he was twenty. Realizing the advantages which the city held for a young man at that time, he removed to New York, where by dint of his honesty, industry, and ability he amassed a large fortune. He worked hard for the success of the newly formed Republican party, and was considered a wise counselor of the party by its members. He was elected governor of New York in 1840, and was re-elected in the critical year of 1861. Lossing says: "His administration was marked by a great decrease in the public debt of the state and an increase in the revenue from the canals. Such impetus did his zeal, patriotism and energy give to the business of raising troops for the war that the state sent about 220,000 men to the field."

Much controversy has arisen over the truth of the incident which Whittier has immortalized in his famous poem, "Barbara Frietchie." It seems to me that it is almost profane to doubt the story of "Barbara Frietchie," inasmuch as evidence is at hand to show that another woman, Dolly Harris, is immortalized in a similar manner. It has been said in contradiction of the story of Barbara Frietchie, that Whittier used as his heroine the name of a Frederick resident

who was dead before the war. However that may be, it is not my purpose to uphold or contradict Whittier's version, but to put forth an incident backed by the words of General Pickett and the oath of a Southern officer before a Southern historical society. The incident, which happened at Greencastle, Pa., is best related in the following poem written by George W. Kettroman, the "Bard of the South Mountain," and author of "The Lady of Winderslee."

'Twas on a sunny day in June,
And wearing through the afternoon,
That General Pickett, under Lee,
Led up his Southern chivalry
Through old Greencastle's loyal town;
And stars and bars and bayonets shone,
When out ran Dolly Harris true,
Wrapped in the old red, white and blue.

One hand lay hidden in the fold,
And clasped a dagger in its hold.
"Come tear this from my loins," she said—
"The wretch that does it, he is dead!
Vile traitors to your father's trust,
You should long since have bit the dust;
Your whole curs'd army I defy,
And I shall scorn you 'till I die."

She flung aback her tangled hair,
Her eyes put on an angry glare;
The pendant portion of her flag
She shook, and sneered the "rebel rag;"
Louder she shouted in her wrath:
"Why do you seem to shun my path?
Come, take the flag you have betrayed—
Rebellious horde, you are afraid!"

"Halt!" said the Southern general. "Halt!"
Return salute for such assault.
Present arms! She's a noble maid—
A true American," he said.
Five thousand rifles glittered clear,
Five thousand men set up a cheer
For her, the bravest of the brave,
Unawed by prison cell or grave.

"Forward once more," brave Pickett cried;
"Such girl should be our nation's pride,
And ever hold a lofty place
In the proud annals of her race!"
Then as the heavy ranks moved on,
With bayonets slanted in the sun,
A many a Southern hero gazed
On that young woman's face amazed.

An hour brave Dolly Harris stood,
Draped in her country's flag, and viewed
The massive columns passing by,
With proud contempt and flashing eye.

WELSHMAN'S CONTRIBUTION TO AMERICA.

Was ever braver woman born,
A nation's record to adorn?
Is there no place for Dolly's name
On Pennsylvania's roll of fame?

This Dolly Harris, who imitated her grandmothers, the "Wives of Fishguard," who drove a French army out of Britain, afterwards married a man named Lesher, who had served throughout the war.

From the mines of Pennsylvania came the Cymry who dug the mine under the fortifications of Petersburg. This was a gigantic task and was assigned to the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania, which was largely made up of the Welsh miners of Schuylkill county. The project was not as successful as was anticipated. This, however, was not the fault of the miners, as they had blown a hole which was at least two hundred feet long, fifty feet wide, and twenty-five feet deep. The fault lay with the two generals, Ledlie and Ferrero, who failed to take advantage of the confusion which reigned in the Confederate city. On the roster of the gallant Forty-eighth were Quartermaster James Ellis, Bandsmen William Lee and Albert Bowen, Lieutenants Henry James, Alexander Bowen, Joseph Edwards, Joseph L. Williams, Sergeants H. H. Price, W. D. Hughes, John Watkins, H. P. Owens, J. W. Jenkins, Henry Reese, Richard Hopkins, George Edwards, R. M. Jones, C. B. Evans, T. P. Williams, D. J. Davis, S. Lewis, James Evans, W. J. Morgan, Henry Jenkins, Jeremiah Griffith, William Hopkins, John Powell, R. A. Jenkins, William Lloyd, O. H. J. Davis, B. Williams and Francis Jones, with hundreds of Cymry who served as privates in this regiment.

It is a wonderful example in patriotism that a small nationality such as the Welsh should have contributed so largely to the rosters of the various Union regiments. Instances such as we have seen in the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania are not exceptions, but common. Cambrians were just as numerous in other regiments, such as the Seventy-seventh, Eighty-first, One Hundred and Forty-third, the Twenty-eighth, Thirty-eighth, Forty-first, Forty-sixth, Fiftieth, Fifty-third, Fifty-sixth, Fifty-seventh, Sixty-first, Sixty-second, Sixty-fourth, Seventy-fourth, Ninety-second, Ninety-sixth, One Hundred and Thirty-second, One Hundred and Thirty-sixth, One Hundred and Sixty-second, and One Hundred and Seventy-eighth. Pennsylvania also was probably an exceptional state owing to its large Welsh population, but regiments of other states had also their quota of Cymry fighting that the men of "'76" should not have died in vain. Prof. Williams, of Ohio State University, was chaplain of the One Hundred

and Forty-eighth Ohio Volunteers. Mr. Hiram Price, of Iowa, quartered and fed about five thousand infantry and cavalry for several months at his own expense. There were also Brigadier Generals Joseph Jones Reynolds, of Indiana, and Nelson A. Miles. The latter was made a major general in the United States army at the close of the war for gallant service rendered. I will discuss later the contribution of this descendant of the Miles, who came from Swansea to New England in 1664.

Lee's invasion of Northern soil was the signal for thousands of militia to shoulder arms and march to the defense of their state, and we can rest assured that hundreds of Cymry of southern Pennsylvania joined their neighbors and friends in their eagerness to repel the invaders. Perceiving the militia massing in front of him and knowing that the army of the Potomac was threatening his rear and flanks, Lee decided on a retrograde movement. The decisive moment of the war was at hand. If Lee could crush the Union army at Gettysburg, Washington and Baltimore or Philadelphia would be at his mercy. The left wing of the Union army was in command of General John Reynolds, a descendant of a Pennsylvania Welshman. History tells how this gallant Cambrian died in the thick of this crucial battle, how he was loved and honored by his soldiers, and how this hero of Gettysburg did not give his life in vain.

The Cymry who were in the navy at this period of our development were not outdone by the Cymry who were in the army. There were two rear admirals of Cambrian extraction, Charles H. Davis and L. M. Powell, both of whom worked their way from the bottom of the list by deserving heroism. There was also an acting rear admiral, Samuel Phillips Lee, of Virginia, who was in command of the North Atlantic blockading squadron. Commodore T. A. Jenkins was another Cambro-American who could not fight against the Union; and although a Virginian, he never forgot his duty to his government. Rev. E. Edwards, in his Columbian Exposition essay, mentions the following as factors worthy of consideration: Captains John C. Howell, William Reynolds, Thomas H. Stephens, Aaron K. Hughes, Charles Thomas, Commanders William E. Hopkins, Thomas C. Harris, John Lee Davis, George Hugh Morris, Edward P. Williams, Elias K. Owen, Robert F. R. Lewis, and George A. Stevens. and Paymasters John G. Harris, G. L. Davis, William W. Williams, and Arthur J. Pritchard. When the famous "Merrimac" was on her cruise of destruction among the Federal ships at Hampton Roads it was a Cambrian who commanded the ill-fated Cumberland. Buchanan, the commander of the "Merrimac," asked the brave Lieutenant Morris, who commanded the "Cumberland," "Will

you surrender the ship?" "Never, never will we surrender the ship," came back the answer. The "Merrimac" then rammed the "Cumberland," tearing a great hole in the side of the vessel, through which the water rushed in. Again Buchanan cried, "Mr. Morris, will you surrender that ship?" Back came the answer across the waters, "Never! Sink her." While the ship steadily sank, the gritty Welshman coolly worked his guns until the ship, with a last lunge, dropped to the bed of the ocean, leaving nothing visible except the "Star-Spangled Banner" defiantly waving from the top of her masthead.

The Welshman's contribution at this period was not confined to the army and navy, for we have already related the contribution of Governor Morgan, of New York. In Lincoln's cabinet there was also a Welsh contributor, William E. Seward, who was a descendant of the Welsh of New York state. The eminent Lossing, writing of him, says: "In 1849 he was elected United States Senator, which position he held until 1861, when he was called to the cabinet of President Lincoln as secretary of state. In that position he conducted, with great wisdom and sagacity, the foreign affairs of our government through all the critical period of the Civil War, and continued in Johnson's cabinet, filling the same office until 1869. He was a conspicuous opposer of slavery for many years, in and out of Congress. * * * The two most important subjects of his diplomacy during the Civil War were the liberation of Mason and Slidell and the French invasion of Mexico." While confined to his bed by an accident, he was attacked by an assassin and received wounds from which he never fully recovered.

Thaddeus Stevens, in his many acts, displayed that characteristic Welsh stubbornness and love of democracy which is bound to win at all times. He was born in Danville, Vermont, in 1792, whence he emigrated to Pennsylvania. He was early recognized as a leader and sent to the Pennsylvania legislature for the following terms: 1833-35, 1836-39, and 1841-42. "On the eleventh of April, 1835, he made an eloquent speech in defense of free public education." With characteristic Welsh honesty and zeal he undertook to liquidate a debt of \$217,000 in which a partner had entangled him, and in six years he had reduced this debt to \$30,000. He frequently appeared in behalf of slaves who desired a defender from their pursuers, and refused to sign the state constitution of 1837 because of an inserted clause which limited suffrage to whites. He took a prominent part in the formation of the Republican party; and being sent to the House of Representatives at Washington, he became chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and, as Blaine said, "The natural leader

who assumed his place by common consent." He died as he had lived, a hater of all distinguishing lines between classes and colors. Pursuant to his deathbed wishes, he was buried in a small graveyard rather than in one of the regular city cemeteries, and on his tombstone was written the following inscription of his own composition: "I repose in this quiet and secluded spot, not from any natural preference for solitude, but finding other cemeteries limited as to race by charter rules, I have chosen this, that I might illustrate in my death the principles I advocated through a long life—Equality of man before his Creator."

When the Southern states decided on confederation they elected Jefferson Davis president and Alexander Stephens vice president. Alexander Stephens was opposed to secession, but, like Robert E. Lee, was constrained to follow his state. He accepted the result of the war as a solution of the slavery question, and worked diligently for the reconciliation of the North and South. He served as governor of Georgia in 1882-83, and died while in office. His contribution to the literature of this period was a work entitled "A Constitutional View of the Late War Between the States." This work is perhaps the best statement of the Southern position with reference to state sovereignty and secession which has ever been published.

There was considerable friction between the American and British governments during this critical period, which only needed the semblance of additional trouble to break out in open warfare. The North claimed that Canada and England were helping the South, while the Canadians claimed they were mostly in sympathy with the North. Only the wise diplomacy shown by Seward and our minister plenipotentiary to England, Charles Francis Adams, saved this government from a third war with England. Few of us realize how near we were to a conflict with England, until we consider how England poured her troops into Halifax. In command of these troops England placed a contributor to the development of Canada, Sir. William Fenwick Williams.

This Cambro-Canadian contributor was born at Annapolis, Nova Scotia, 1800, and was the son of Commissary General Thomas Williams. He entered the British army and rose rapidly. As a reward for gallantry and services, he was made a baron and received the following honors: the K. C. B., the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, and the honorary degree of D. C. L. from Oxford University. When England resolved to send troops to Canada, she decided upon him as a commander, in which capacity he served, and from which he was elevated to governor of Nova Scotia, where he contributed greatly until 1870.

It would not be well to close this chapter without referring to two of our contributors who worked and preached in England for the cause of the Union. "Welshmen as Factors" says of Charles Francis Adams, our minister to England: "This son of John Quincy Adams had deep convictions on the subject of slavery. The services this man rendered while representing our government in the war crisis, making himself so obnoxious to leaders in the British government, deserve the most lavish encomiums." The other contributor was Henry Ward Beecher, who even risked his life by lecturing to English audiences on the slavery question. "Mr. Lincoln said Henry Ward Beecher was the greatest motive power we had in the North. And why? Because he would go into a meeting packed with Southerners, or with advocates of slavery and disunion, and leave that meeting boiling liberationists, and going solid for the preservation of the Union."

It seems fitting that the honor of capturing Jefferson Davis, the fugitive president of the Confederacy, should fall to the lot of two Welshmen, Generals Powell and Pritchard, making all three principals in this episode men of Welsh origin.

Thus have we seen how Welshmen contributed in this, one of the greatest crises in our history. They poured their full measure of devotion on the altar of their country. They returned home to take up the duties of peace once more, to yoke the war-horse to the plow and to forge their swords into plowshares and pruning hooks. Peace once more settled over the land, and we shall see how our Welsh contributors performed the duties of peace as nobly as they performed the duties of war.

CHAPTER VIII.

*Peace! And no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals
The holy melodies of love arise.*

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

We now come to that period during which the Southern states were reconstructed and reconciled to the North. We shall see what a glorious period it was for the republic in spite of a few dark clouds which hovered on the horizon. We shall see that those who died in the conflict of 1861 to 1865 did not "die in vain." What a glorious accomplishment it was when this nation disbanded, without disorder, that immense army which she had raised for the maintenance of "government of the people"! Our Welsh contributors returned home again, some to take up the pick and shovel in the coal mines of Pennsylvania, some to take up the puddler's paddle and tongs, some to the farms and hamlets of their country, while others returned to sit in the halls of justice, always contributing to the development of their America.

The iron industry, with which the Welsh have been so closely associated, was just beginning to expand to the marvelous size which it has now attained. Mr. Edwards says ("Welsh as Factors," page 290): "During the twenty years, 1861-1881, the production and use of iron exceeded, by many-fold, that of the entire century from 1761 to 1861." Welsh muscle and Welsh brain are largely represented in that increase.

A history of the development of the iron and steel industry of the country would hardly be complete without mentioning the contributions of Captain W. R. Jones, to whose memory the International Eisteddfod of July, 1913, is dedicated. Captain Jones was born in Luzerne county, Pennsylvania, February 23, 1839, and was the son of the Rev. John G. Jones, who, with his wife and two children, emigrated from Wales in 1832. When ten years of age he was apprenticed to the Crane Iron Company, of Catasauqua, Pennsylvania, where he learned the machinist trade. After the panic of 1887 he removed to Johnstown, Pennsylvania, where he worked as a machinist for the Cambria Iron Company. In 1859 he went to Chattanooga, Tennessee, where he assisted Miles Edwards in the erection of a blast furnace. He remained in the South until after the breaking out of the Rebellion, having meanwhile married Miss Harriet Lloyd, of Chattanooga.

Returning North, he enlisted as a private in Company A,

One Hundred and Thirty-third Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, and was soon promoted to corporal. He served faithfully, and upon the expiration of his term of service he resumed his position with the Cambria Iron Company. In 1864 he organized Company F, One Hundred and Ninety-fourth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, and was honored by being chosen captain, July 20, 1864. Company F was assigned to provost duty in Baltimore, Maryland, under the famous Major General Lew Wallace, who publicly complimented Captain Jones and his company on the manner in which they performed their duties.

At the close of the war Captain Jones returned to Johnstown, and assisted in the construction of the Cambria Iron Company's Bessemer steel converting and blooming mill plants. When his good friend George Fritz died in August, 1873, he resigned his position and was soon afterwards engaged by the Edgar Thomson Steel Company, to take charge of the steel and iron mill which was then in course of construction at Bessemer, Pennsylvania.

The rapid advance of the steel industry soon made it necessary to remodel the works, which were at that time considered the most perfect in the United States. The remodeling was accomplished under the direction of Captain Jones, and also later the construction of eight blast furnaces, which were wonderfully successful under the management of this Cambrian ironmaster. In 1885, together with Robert Hunt, he patented an automatic rail mill table which materially reduced the cost of production of rails.

The company considered this contributor so trustworthy that it gave him permission "to build an entirely new rail mill, in the construction of which he departed from all precedent, and the result more than fulfilled his most sanguine expectations."

Carnegie soon recognized the worth of this contributor, for in 1888 Jones was made consulting engineer to Carnegie, Phipps & Co., to develop their extensive plants near Pittsburgh. He was closely affiliated with and held membership in the following engineering societies: American Institute of Mining Engineers, the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, Engineers' Society of Western Pennsylvania, and the Iron and Steel Institute of Great Britain.

Captain Jones contributed wonderfully to the flood-stricken city of Johnstown during its great calamity. The Pennsylvania Railroad officials requested him to assume command of the men they proposed to send to Johnstown. "His dispatch to the relief committee of Pittsburgh, stating that the work was beyond the limits of any volunteer movement * * * was the first comprehensive grasp of the situation."

Captain Jones was also closely identified with the Welsh societies of his time, and gave liberally in prizes at the eisteddfodau which were held during his lifetime. He gave up his life in the pursuit of his beloved occupation, dying Saturday, September 28, 1889, from injuries which he received two days previously in an explosion. James Gayley, first vice president of the Carnegie Steel Company, has said: "Captain Jones' mechanical contributions to the development of the steel-making industry accomplished fully as much as Mushet's or Sir Henry Bessemer's." James M. Swank, in his excellent volume, "Progressive Pennsylvania," says (p. 212): "Mr. Carnegie's first superintendent at the Edgar Thomson works, Captain William R. Jones, whose tragic death occurred in 1889, is entitled to special mention. To these engineers and to his 'young partners' Mr. Carnegie has always acknowledged that he was under great obligations."

Samuel J. Reeves, of Philadelphia, invented the steel, or wrought iron, column in 1862. This invention was no little contribution to the building industry of the United States. During this period we find the following Welshmen contributing to the development of American industries: Daniel Davis, of the Davis and Thomas Foundry, at East Catasauqua, Pennsylvania; Thomas G. Evans, master mechanic of the Catasauqua Water Works Company; the Thomases, who were connected with the Thomas Iron Works at Hockendauqua, Pennsylvania; Emanuel and Lewis, powder and explosive manufacturers; William Johns, a native of Pembrokeshire, Wales, who became a "coal king" of Pennsylvania; William Powell, coal operator, who came to this country in 1841, and Honorable Anthony Howells, who was born in Dowlais, Wales, and emigrated to Massillon, Ohio, where he began to develop the coal fields of Ohio. The latter contributor was chosen state treasurer of Ohio in 1886, and was twice elected president of the Ohio Institute of Mining Engineers. Edward Jones, a native of Cardiganshire, South Wales, was at this period considered one of the most successful coal operators of Pennsylvania.

The Morgan Engineering Works, at Alliance, Ohio, have become famed for the steam hammers, electric cranes and shipbuilding machinery they have produced. The founder of this firm, Mr. T. R. Morgan, Sr., was born in Pen-y-darren, Glamorganshire, Wales, in 1834. He was a poor boy, and when but eight years of age worked in the mines, first as door-boy and then as driver-boy. Mr. Morgan came to this country in the 60's and took up the practice of the machinist trade, where by careful saving and industry he was enabled to start the manufacture and sale of his steam hammers. His works were first located at Pittsburgh, but in 1871 they

were moved to Alliance, Ohio, and have since contributed much to the development of the industries of the United States and Canada. Morgan steam hammers and electric cranes are present wherever the wheels of industry hum—in the steel mills and shops of Pittsburgh, in the steel and iron mills of the new South, and in the busy shops of New England they contribute to the development of this continent.

"William Penn," in his essay, "Welshmen as Factors" (p. 308), mentions the names of Mr. and Mrs. James F. Pierce, who came to this country from Wales in 1867. "Mr. Pierce superintended the Lehigh Valley Railroad shops, and soon took charge of the iron works at Irondale, Alabama. Later he opened collieries in Jefferson county, in that state. One of his first duties, wherever located, was to provide a house of worship for the men under his charge." At Warrior he erected a place, paid the pastor, and conducted a Sabbath school of great fame and usefulness. "This gentleman and lady have well earned the title by which they are so widely known, 'The Miners' Friends.'" Their labors have been greatly useful in the moral elevation of society and the salvation of souls.

The universities and colleges of America have received wonderful contributions from Welshmen. Oberlien College has had Dr. Morgan, a wonderful orator; Gale College, Galesville, Wisconsin, had among its presidents Dr. G. James Jones and W. D. Thomas, Ph.D., D.D.; Judson University honors the name of Rev. B. Thomas; Ohio Wesleyan University thanks Judge Powell, who was born in Breconshire, for lands and the Delaware Springs; John Stevens, D.D., took an active interest in the founding of Fairmount Seminary, Cincinnati, while Bucknell University is indebted to Dr. W. Shadrack, and Dr. D. W. Phillips founded the Nashville Institute for the education of colored students. Rochester Theological Seminary owes much to certain Welsh contributors. John Trevor gave it \$113,000, Lewis Roberts \$10,925, and T. H. Harris \$30,250. Lewis College, Missouri, is indebted to the B. W. Lewis family, while Lewis Institute, Chicago, is indebted to another Lewis family. Colgate University is indebted to Robert Powell, and Benjamin Thomas founded Reid Institute.

The Welsh have contributed a number of college presidents and professors to this country, especially in the period now under review. In this period were such men as Rev. Joseph Pugh, A.M., president of Dennison University; Revs. J. T. Evans and W. C. Lewis, one-time presidents of Abington Seminary, Illinois; J. S. Hopkins, formerly president of Emery College, Georgia; Dr. Noah Davis, who served as president of Bethel College, Kentucky; Rev. George W. Eaton, who was president of Colgate for twelve years, and Dr. Judson Edwards,

who was president of Andover Theological Seminary between 1837 and 1842. Rev. Owen James followed Rev. Alfred Owen, D.D., as president of Roger Williams University, Tennessee, and Rev. T. H. Pritchard, D.D., was president of Wake Forest College, North Carolina, in 1879. The name of Prof. C. R. James is honored at Bucknell University. Chapters could be written upon the educational contribution of Welshmen, but as space and time limit us we must again consider their contributions along other lines.

The year 1880 is a memorable one for Canada, as in that year the government handed over the task of building the Canadian Pacific Railroad to a syndicate headed by Mr. George Stephens, a merchant of Montreal. So vigorously was this work pushed forward that the work was completed in 1885, requiring half the time which the government had allotted. This contribution to the development of Canada was far-reaching in its effects, as it fulfilled the "ancient dream of a northwest passage to Cathay," as well as uniting western Canada with the east. After the completion of this railroad, branches extended out to all parts of the Dominion, and a wave of immigration to the northwest started which has not subsided even at the present time.

America is indebted to Welshmen for many of those old songs "that never die," which were so popular during the reconstruction period. John R. Thomas wrote "Beautiful Isle of the Sea" and "'Tis But a Little Faded Flower," two songs which never lose their sweetness. John Edwards, "The Nightingale of the Twrch" (Eos Glantwrch), thrilled and charmed thousands by his prose and poetry, which were written in his little cottage at Rome, New York. Susannah Moody was an important contributor to the field of Canadian poetry during this period, as was also Henry J. Morgan in science. The latter wrote his "Bibliotheca Canadensis" during this period.

The aluminum industry of this country is indebted largely to Arthur V. Davis. Mr. Swank, in his "Progressive Pennsylvania," page 247, says: "The manufacture of aluminum is to-day one of the important and necessary industries of this country, and for its existence we are indebted to Charles M. Hall, the inventor of the electrolytic process; next, to the engineering skill and executive ability of Captain Alfred E. Hunt; and lastly, to the good management of Arthur V. Davis."

The contribution of Henry George to the social development of this country has never been fully appreciated. Elbert Hubbard says: "His ancestry was Welsh, Scotch and English in about equal proportions." This great contributor was born in Philadelphia, in 1839. His early life was spent in his father's printing office, setting type and reading proof;

but in obedience to the admonition later expressed by Horace Greeley in "Young Man, Go West!" he shipped for California, where he applied his hands to whatever work he could find to do. Here he found the lady who afterwards became Mrs. Henry George. The editors of the newspaper for which he worked soon realized that "here is a man worth while," and they advanced him to the editorial room, where he became noted all along the Pacific coast as a strong editorial writer. The New York Tribune soon came to the point where it also realized his worth, and requested him to write an editorial on the Chinese question. He afterwards was engaged by the Overland Monthly to write a series of articles on social and economic questions. Elbert Hubbard says: "After his thirty-sixth year Henry George slipped by natural process into this semi-religious order—a priest after the order of Melchizedek. He was spokesman for those who had no social standing, a voice for the voiceless, a friend for the friendless, even those who were not friends to themselves. But at thirty-seven he was up on the mountain-side, where he saw to a distance that very few men could." In 1871 he published "Our Land Policy," which, as further developed in 1879, attracted much attention all over the civilized world. His famous work, "Protection or Free Trade?" appeared in 1886. In the year 1880 he had removed to New York, where he became immensely popular both with great thinkers and with the masses. Although he had no political ambition he received an independent nomination for mayor of New York in 1886. His candidacy created such a stir that it required a coalition of the two strongest parties to defeat him. He received 68,000 votes, against 90,000 for the coalition candidate. The Encyclopedia Britannica says (vol. XI, p. 748): "His death on the 29th of October, 1897, was followed by one of the greatest demonstrations of public feeling and general respect that ever attended the funeral of any strictly private citizen in American history."

The campaign of 1880 resulted in the election of James A. Garfield, the sixth president of Welsh blood. He was a descendant of Edward Garfield, who in 1630 came from "Caer," Wales, to the Massachusetts Bay Colony. "Left an orphan, his childhood and youth were spent alternately in school and in labor for his support." Forced by adversity to mingle with the lewd and cursing canal employes of his time, he set an example of Christian piety and noble young manhood which is worthy of emulation by all young workingmen of to-day. From childhood he was fond of literature, and took advantage of every opportunity to promote his education. Entering Geauga Academy in 1850, at the end of four years he had advanced himself so far in his studies as to be able to enter

Williams College, Massachusetts, as a junior, and was graduated in the class of 1856. This noble contributor next accepted a professorship at Hiram College, where his name is revered and honored to-day by students and faculty, who know of his contributions to this institution. "A firm supporter of the government, Garfield entered the military service, in its defense, and in eastern Kentucky and elsewhere proved himself a skillful soldier." In December, 1863, the people of his district sent him to Congress as their representative. In Congress his statesmanship was marvelous. Every debatable topic which came before this body he grasped with a masterly hand. Recognizing his worth the people sent him to the national senate in 1880, but he had not served a year before he was called to the presidency and a martyr's death. This Cambrian contributor's death was sincerely mourned in all parts of the civilized world. The monarchs of three kingdoms directed their courts to wear mourning for the dead statesman for a specified time.

The year 1885 is an historic one for Saskatchewan, Canada, as it was in this year that Riel's second rebellion broke out. It is not our purpose to give an extended account of the causes leading up to this rebellion, but one of the most important causes was the progress of the Dominion northwestward, which plunged the great northwest into a reign of terror. On receipt of the first news of Riel's uprising, a small force had been sent out by the government to quell it. But later, when the grim tidings of the battle at Duck Lake reached it, the government realized that there was serious trouble, and issued a call for volunteers, which was met with an enthusiastic response from all over the Dominion.

The leadership of the northwest campaign was placed in the hands of General Middleton, commander-in-chief of the Canadian army. While having no distinct proof of the Welsh lineage of this general, we suspect that he was of Welsh lineage, inasmuch as the name is Welsh, and there are hundreds of that name who are Welsh, such as the Middletons of Virginia. Within three days of the news of the repulse at Duck Lake, the famous "Midlands" of Ontario, under the command of Colonel Williams, were on their way to the front. Then followed in quick succession the massacre at Frog Lake, the siege of Fort Pitt, the battle of Fish Creek, the battle at Cut Knife Creek, and the decisive battle at Batoche's Ferry, where the gallant Williams led his "Midlanders" over the rifle pits and turned the tide of the battle. This battle virtually crushed the rebellion, and broke the power of the Indians over the Canadian northwest.

The seventh president of Welsh lineage took the chair in 1889, when Benjamin Harrison was inaugurated. President

Harrison was proud to trace his lineage back through William Henry Harrison and Benjamin Harrison "the signer" to the Welsh regicide, Thomas Harrison, who aided Cromwell in the establishment of the Commonwealth. In one of President Harrison's utterances he said: "No one can say aught but good of the Welsh nation; they are among our best citizens." The Republican convention at Minneapolis renominated Mr. Harrison in 1892 for a second term on the strength of his first administration, commending him to the American public with these words: "We commend the able, patriotic and thoroughly American administration of President Harrison. Under it the country has enjoyed remarkable prosperity, and the dignity and honor of the nation at home and abroad have been faithfully maintained."

The power and influence of Welsh pulpit oratory led thousands to accept Christ as their personal Saviour in not only this, but in every period of the development of North America. Wales contributed such beacon lights of American church history as Roger Williams, Jonathan Edwards, Isaac Owen, "the strong-armed preacher who went to California with the 'forty-niners' and fought singlehanded for morality against a horde of gamblers and desperadoes," Benjamin W. Chidlaw and Dwight L. Moody.

So numerous are the Welsh ministers at this period that we hesitate to name them, as thereby we might expose ourselves to the charge of being partial to one denomination. Rev. Vyrnwy Morgan published a volume in 1898 entitled, "The Cambro-American Pulpit," the proceeds of the sale of which were to go "to establish a scholarship for worthy young Welsh men and women—open to all—in some reputable college or university in the United States, the location of the scholarships to be decided hereafter." The volume was approved and signed by the following:

Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Rev. D. Parker Morgan, D.D., Church of the Heavenly Rest, New York.

Rev. William C. Roberts, D.D., LL.D., President Center College, Danville, Ky.

Rev. H. O. Rowland, D.D., Lincoln, Neb.

Rev. T. Cynonfardd Edwards, D.D., Kingston, Pa.

Rev. Anthony H. Evans, D.D., New York.

Rev. Joseph Roberts, D.D., New York.

Rev. R. G. Jones, D.D., Utica, N. Y.

Hon. H. M. Edwards, Judge of the District Court, Scranton, Pa.

Hon. Daniel Edwards, Kingston, Pa.

Rev. J. M. Hughes, Emporia, Kans.

Rev. George E. Rees, D.D., Philadelphia, Pa.

Rev. R. T. Jones, D.D., Philadelphia, Pa.

Rev. Morien Mon Hughes, Ph.D., Rome, N. Y.

Rev. O. A. Williams, Minneapolis, Minn.

L. W. Lewis, Emporia, Kans.

W. E. Powell, General Immigration Agent, C., M. & St. P. Ry.,
Chicago, Ill.

The profits arising from the sale of this book, less actual expenses, were to belong to the Welsh Scholarship Fund, and were to be kept in the Lincoln National Bank, New York City (president, Thomas L. James, Esq.), and also in the National Bank of Commerce, Omaha, Neb. (president, J. H. Evans, Esq.)

It would not be amiss to quote a few lines from the introduction of this volume by the Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D. He says: "Next to his Lord and Saviour, there is nothing that a true Welshman loves so intensely as the glorious land of his forefathers. * * * While he is a loyal American, he never cuts the cord that binds him to the beloved old principality. While introducing this excellent volume of discourses to its host of readers, I may be allowed to claim kindred with them, for my ancestors on both sides of the house—the 'Ledyards' and the 'Lekises'—were Welsh to the backbone. I have always contended that there is more evangelical religion to the square mile in Wales than in any other land in Europe. It is the land of Christian homes and of clean, honest living. When walking through the streets of Dolgelly and other beautiful villages, I saw the word 'Temperance' inscribed on more signs than in the towns of any other country I have visited. The essential glory of the old principality is not in its picturesque scenery or its majestic mountains. It is in the spread and supremacy of the blessed Gospel of Jesus Christ that Wales has found her safeguard and strength." What a wonderful message this is to the Welsh people, and how proud they should be in maintaining the truth of this opinion!

The opinion of the Rev. Mr. Cuyler seems to be in perfect harmony with that expressed by Mr. Herbert N. Casson in his excellent article "The Welsh in America" (Munsey's Magazine, September, 1906). Mr. Casson's estimation of the Welsh people is expressed as follows: "In the matter of morality, no nationality stands higher. I find recent statistics which show that there are only twenty-eight Welshmen in our penal institutions—a remarkable showing. One of the British nicknames for Wales is 'the land of the white gloves.' It is the local custom to present a pair of white gloves to a judge who finds no cases on the docket." Here is, as Mr. Casson has said, a remarkable showing. The number of Welsh in the United States in 1876 was, by conservative estimate, 115,716, which would at the time of this article by Mr. Casson be increased to at least 300,000. Only twenty-eight convicts

from such a population speaks volumes for the morality of the Welsh people.

Many Welshmen were placed in positions of responsibility by the management of the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893. Colonel, or Honorable, George R. Davis was general manager, and General Nelson A. Miles was grand marshal. Dr. P. D. Morgan, captain of Troop A, New York, also held a post of trust. In connection with the famous World's Fair Eisteddfod were Mr. Samuel Job, Prof. William Apmadoc, Mr. W. E. Powell, Honorable Thomas L. James and Rev. W. C. Roberts, D.D., LL.D.

Welshmen contributed to the American army and navy during the Spanish-American war as nobly as they did to former wars for liberty. The great fighting Lee family was well represented by Fitzhugh Lee, who was American consul at Havana before the outbreak of hostilities. The navy was contributed to by Admiral Robley D. Evans and by Captain Phillips, of the Iowa. General Nelson A. Miles led the army which occupied Porto Rico, thus adding it to the American nation. At the call of "Cuba libre" Welshmen all over the United States dropped their tools and books, and answered the call for volunteers. They fought and sacrificed themselves on Cuban and Philippine battlefields, and from Manila Bay to Santiago they nobly upheld the reputation of Welshmen as fighters for principles.

The contribution of the late Evan J. Evans to the mining industry is worthy of mention. He was considered an authority on mining affairs. At one time Mr. Evans was a member of the firm of Evans, Davies & Moses, rock contractors, who sank many shafts near Scranton, Pa. In 1884 he was appointed mine foreman for the Amity Coal Company, which later became the property of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Company. He was employed by the latter as mine foreman until 1896, when he was appointed district superintendent, which position he held until his death, in 1913.

Welshmen have been closely identified with the development of the slate industry in this country. Mr. E. G. Ellis, of New York, once said: "Most of the slate quarry men of the country, and probably also members of most of the firms operating the quarries, are either Welsh or of Welsh descent." At one time most of the slates used in America were imported from Wales. The slate industry of America now has been developed to that point where America exports to Europe.

The Welshman's contribution to the development of our tin industry is so well known as hardly to need mention. A South Wales newspaper stated at the time of Cleveland's election: "All are agreed that much is at stake in this election. Should Harrison be returned to power, it is

believed * * * that the example of Mr. W. H. Edwards, of Dyffryn, and others in erecting plants in the States will be followed by other Welsh firms. * * * If President Harrison is re-elected there will be a general exodus of Welsh firms to America." In spite of Cleveland's election the Welsh did come over, and the American industrial world knows the rest of the story; how the "puny" little tin industry of 1892 has grown into the great industry that it now is.

What a wonderful contributor the late "Golden Rule" Jones, of Toledo, was! He started in the oil fields of Pennsylvania with fifteen cents in his pocket, and gained riches by the invention of a "sucker" for oil pumps. From there he went to Ohio and became a politician, "but such a one as Ohio had never before seen." This wonderful evangel of the "Golden Rule," with nothing but his own personal magnetism to aid him, gained the indorsement of more than three-fourths of Toledo's citizens for his platform of equality and brotherhood. He established a factory at Toledo in which he abolished timekeepers and bosses, except for the necessary direction of the work. The employes came and went on their own time, and were governed only by this rule, which he posted in his shops:

The Rule That Governs This Factory.

Therefore, whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.

"Golden Rule" Jones' system of handling men was very similar to our present day college "honor system." His methods worked well, and Mayor Jones was never troubled by any labor controversies. It was his perfect obedience to the moral law of the universe, as set down by Christ nearly nineteen hundred years ago, which made "Golden Rule" Jones famous. He carried this rule into his administration of the civic affairs of Toledo, and thereby became the patron saint of that progressive city. Brand Whitlock pays tribute to Jones in the following lines which he wrote for the "American Magazine," May, 1913: "His evangel was that of liberty. He had written a number of little songs. One of them, set to the tune of an old hymn he had heard in Wales as a boy, had a noble effect when the crowd sang it. It was 'Gad i m' Deimlo.' * * * There was all the Welsh love of music, all the Welsh love of liberty, and a high and pure emotion in the chorus:

“Ever growing, swiftly flowing,
Like a mighty river,
Sweeping in from shore to shore,
Love will rule this wide world o'er.”

“It was this Welsh blood * * * that accounted for much that was in his temperament. Recently when I saw Lloyd George in England there was some strange, haunting similarity, not in any physical characteristic (though there was the same Welsh ruddiness, and the hair was of the same color), but when Lloyd George smiled I started, and said to myself, ‘It is Jones!’ I regard it as Jones’ supreme contribution to the thought of his time that, by the mere force of his own original character and personality, he compelled a discussion of fundamental principles of government. * * * When he died the only wounds he left in human hearts was because he was no more.”

What a tribute from the lips of one of the most famous lecturers on the present lyceum platform! Like “Abou Ben Adhem” of old, Samuel M. Jones is written of as one “who loved his fellowmen.”

The late J. Pierpont Morgan was a descendant of Captain Miles Morgan, who founded Springfield, Mass., in 1636. What a dominant figure in the world of finance this son of Cambria was! Of him it has been said, “Kings have died, conquerors have fallen, with less world concern than attended the dying of John Pierpont Morgan, a private citizen of one of the youngest nations.” The Literary Digest of April 12, 1913, says: “In seeking a clue to his career most commentators discover two outstanding factors—his own unlimited faith in the industrial and commercial possibilities of the United States, and the unquestioning confidence of the investing public in his business judgment and integrity. * * * In his greater operations he was indeed a partner of the government—and the senior partner; for the force which he wielded dictated administration policies and guided the course of legislation.” Cardinal Farley testifies to his character in these words: “I have known him to do things which accomplished great good and which were possibly not known by others than myself.” Joseph A. Choate says he was the greatest power for good in America. Mr. Untermeyer, who cross-examined him so searchingly before the Pujo committee, testifies to the purity of Mr. Morgan’s motives as follows: “Whatever may be one’s views of the perils * * * of the concentration of the control of credit, the fact remains and is generally recognized that Mr. Morgan was animated by high purpose and that he never knowingly abused his almost incredible power.” When Harvard conferred upon him the

degree of LL.D., in 1910, President Lowell characterized him as a "public-spirited citizen * * * who, by his skill, his wisdom, and his courage, has twice in times of stress repelled a national danger and financial panic." Even the Socialists praised this Cambrian contributor. The Socialist Milwaukee Leader said of him: "He unquestionably hastened the development of industry in the United States, he brought production, transportation, and finance into direct relation." Much as was he reviled and characterized as a soulless financier, we take a just pride in naming him as one of our greatest contributors.

We are proud to name as contributors during this period, the review of which we are just finishing, Thomas Buchanan Reed, the poet; John M. Francis, ex-minister to Austria; George Jones, of the New York Times; Judge Noah Davis; George B. Roberts, a president of the Pennsylvania railroad, at one time probably the most efficient railroad official in the world; Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, whose maiden name was Gwynne; Rev. Doctor William C. Roberts, president of Lake Forest College, Chicago; Rev. Llewellyn Ioan Evans, D.D., LL.D., of Cincinnati; Honorable Daniel Edwards, of Kingston, Pa.; State Senator Morgan B. Williams, who represented Pennsylvania so ably in Congress; Mine Inspector Joshua T. Evans, of the Sixth Bituminous Inspection District of Pennsylvania; Josiah D. Evans, a former drygoods merchant, of New York City; Henry Blackwell, the noted Welsh bibliophile; Aneurin Jones, considered the best Welsh scholar of his time in America; Honorable Ellis H. Roberts, treasurer of the United States; Robert Lewis, a retired merchant, of New York; William James, the general foreign freight agent of the Vanderbilt lines; Hugh Roberts, the superintendent of the Atlas line of steamers; Professor Parson Price, of New York; Rev. Erasmus Jones, of Utica, N. Y., a noted clergyman and author of this period; Professor William Courtney; Henry M. Stanley, who was sent to find David Livingstone, lost in the wilds of Africa, and became a famous explorer; Rev. D. Parker Morgan, D.D., rector of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, New York; Senator John P. Jones, of Nevada; Marshal Owen Roberts, who was one of the founders of the Erie, Lackawanna, and Texas Pacific railroads; Joseph Coggs-well, for many years the librarian of the Astor Library, New York; Honorable Thomas L. James, postmaster general under Garfield; W. W. Thomas, of Maine, consul general to Sweden; Henry Clay Evans, one of the most distinguished public men of Tennessee, who has been a representative in Congress, assistant postmaster general, commissioner of pensions, and consul general at London; John Jarrett, of Pittsburgh, one time president of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, secretary of the American Tinned

Plate Association, and American consul at Birmingham, England; Congressman Wesley L. Jones, of Washington; William A. Jones, of Virginia, and Jenkin Lloyd Jones, a religious teacher of international fame. We could go on at great length quoting Welsh contributors of this period, but such a list, as we know, would take up too much space. We must now close our review of the past and turn our attention, in the next chapter, to the Welsh of the present in the United States and Canada.

CHAPTER IX.

*'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book's a book, * * **

—LORD BYRON.

According to the most conservative estimate, the Welsh people and the people of Welsh descent in the United States and Canada at the present time do not number more than 350,000. Of these there are about 25,000 living in Canada. About the year 1900 there was a Welsh settlement founded at Saltcoats, Manitoba, by Welshmen who went thither from Patagonia. But over a century previous to that there had been Welsh settlers, who had poured in from the New England states, and who contributed largely to the development of Canada. Roberts, in his "A History of Canada," says: "Beginning with the 'Perth Settlement' of disbanded soldiers and their officers, in 1816, settlers kept flocking into both Upper and Lower Canada in yearly-increasing numbers. These newcomers were at first mainly Scotch and Irish; but soon the movement extended to the English and Welsh as well. It was by no means a pauper immigration. In almost all cases it was under strict government supervision, and the immigrants were of a sturdy, independent, self-respecting class. This fact cannot be too much dwelt upon, for on it depends the high average—intellectual, moral, and physical—of the Canadian stock." These Welsh settlers were the forefathers of some of our most prominent Cambro-Canadian contributors. The Welsh people are now migrating to Canada in constantly increasing numbers. Through the courtesy of the Canadian department of the interior we have ascertained that in the last thirteen years the number of Welsh immigrants to Canada has increased from 70 in 1900 to 1,738 in the fiscal year 1912-13. The total Welsh immigration for the past thirteen years was 10,730.

Mr. Herbert N. Casson, writing in "Munsey's Magazine" (September, 1906), says: "When we recall the large number of prominent Welshmen who are now in the United States, it seems hard to believe that our total Welsh population is less than three hundred thousand, even when we include those who were born here of Welsh parents. But they have for centuries been a small and winnowed race. They have little waste. Almost every Welsh family is a tiny little republic in itself, sturdily self-supporting and ambitious—just the sort of a group from which a great man or woman is likely to come."

The Welsh are represented on the Supreme Court bench

by Charles Evans Hughes, ex-governor of New York, whose probing brought to light the insurance irregularities. This contributor's last and most important words in debate on any subject were, "Well, this is right." He is a believer, with Lincoln, that "right makes might," and in his belief he dares to do his duty as he understands it.

Among the circuit judges of the United States we find the names of Peter C. Pritchard, of North Carolina; David D. Shelby, of Alabama, and Elmer B. Adams, of Missouri. Judges of Welsh name on the district benches of the United States are Thomas G. Jones, of Alabama; Robert E. Lewis, of Colorado; J. O. Humphrey, of Illinois; Walter Evans, of Kentucky; Thomas J. Morris, of Maryland; Page Morris, of Minnesota; J. A. Marshall, of Utah, and James L. Martin, of Vermont.

The list of United States district attorneys and marshals contains the following: Warren S. Reese, of Alabama; Robert C. Lee, of Mississippi; Francis S. Howell, of Nebraska; Stephen B. Davis, of New Mexico; Thomas C. Powell, marshal at Nome, Alaska; John R. Harrison, marshal at Topeka, Kans.; A. J. Martin, marshal at Kansas City; H. J. Humphreys, marshal at Carson City, Nev.; Hyman D. Davis, marshal at Cleveland, O.; Eugene L. Lewis, marshal at Cincinnati, O.; J. D. Adams, marshal at Charleston, and Seth Bulloch, at Sioux Falls.

The contribution of General Nelson A. Miles, a descendant of the Miles who came from Swansea, in 1664, is well known. Throughout the Civil War, the wars with Indians in the far west, and the Spanish-American war he contributed to the development of the United States. The Department of the Gulf of the United States army is in command of Brigadier General Robert K. Evans, while Fort D. A. Russell, in Wyoming, is in command of Brigadier General Clarence R. Edwards. On the retired list of the army are such names as Brigadier Generals Charles E. Davis, Charles L. Davis, Edward Davis, George B. Davis, George W. Davis, John Davis, Wut Davis, William A. Jones, James G. Lee, C. Morton, Butler D. Price, Benjamin K. Roberts, Henry M. Roberts, Cyrus S. Roberts, Earl D. Thomas and Constant Williams, and Major Generals George B. Davis, George W. Davis and Charles F. Humphrey.

The Welsh are represented in the regular army by the aforementioned Brigadier Generals Evans and Edwards; Colonels T. F. Davis, W. H. C. Bowen, A. Williams, C. Richards, G. Adams, C. L. Phillips, F. B. Jones, H. C. Davis and J. L. Phillips; Lieutenant Colonels G. B. Davis, H. S. Harris, G. H. Morgan, I. N. Lewis, D. L. Howell, T. W. Griffith, T. J. Lewis, R. P. Davis, G. W. S. Stevens and H. L. Roberts, and

Majors A. M. Davis, C. C. Williams, P. C. Stevens, W. F. Lewis, G. P. Howell, W. A. Phillips, J. A. Penn, E. M. Lewis, E. N. Jones, W. K. Jones, F. D. Evans, E. A. Lewis, P. C. Harris, J. B. Hughes, A. R. Lee, J. M. Jenkins, R. Harrison and H. O. Williams. The names of George H. Jones, Walter K. Lloyd and Sydney K. Evans are among the list of chaplains in the army and navy.

The late Robley D. Evans ("Fighting Bob") contributed much to the success of our navy, both in the Spanish-American war and later in the cruise around the world. The list of rear-admirals contains the following Welsh names: John R. Edwards, James D. Adams, N. R. Harris, John A. Howell, Thomas H. Stevens and Charles H. Davis. The commodores of Welsh name are Richard M. Hughes, Edward Lloyd and I. S. K. Reeves.

Glancing over the lists of captains and commanders, we find Captains Thomas Snowden, Clarence S. Williams, Hilary P. Jones and George R. Evans, and Commanders Archibald H. Davis, C. B. Morgan, Charles F. Hughes, Cleland Davis, William K. Harrison, George W. Williams, Claude B. Price, Waldo Evans and Henry B. Price.

One of the most prominent senators of Welsh lineage is John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, who is proud of his Welsh blood. Mr. Williams has said: "My own branch of the clan Williams came over to America in the latter part of the seventeenth century." We are also assured that Senator John T. Morgan, who was senator from Alabama for over thirty years, is of Welsh blood. Among the senators of Welsh name in the Sixty-second Congress were Jefferson Davis, of Arkansas; Robert L. Owen, of Oklahoma, and Wesley L. Jones, of Washington.

The list of representatives in the Sixty-second Congress contains the following names: John C. Floyd, of Arkansas; Charles G. Edwards, Dudley M. Hughes and Gordon Lee, of Georgia; Lynden Evans, of Illinois; R. D. Reese, of Kansas; Ollie M. James and R. Y. Thomas, of Kentucky; David J. Lewis, of Maryland; Ernest W. Roberts and Robert O. Harris, of Massachusetts; Charles R. Davis, of Minnesota; Benjamin G. Humphreys and B. P. Harrison, of Mississippi; James T. Lloyd, of Missouri; Edward E. Roberts, of Nevada; William Hughes, of New Jersey; Francis B. Harrison, of New York; Paul Hoyland, of Ohio; Dick T. Morgan, of Oklahoma; Robert E. Lee and Charles Matthews, of Pennsylvania; Joseph Howell, of Utah; William A. Jones, of Virginia; William E. Humphrey, of Washington, and John W. Davis and James A. Hughes, of West Virginia.

The present Congress, the Sixty-third, has among its members the following senators: Jefferson Davis, of Arkan-

sas; Charles S. Thomas, of Colorado; James H. Lewis, of Illinois; Ollie M. James, of Kentucky; John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi; William Hughes, of New Jersey; Robert L. Owen, of Oklahoma, and Wesley L. Jones, of Washington.

The list of the present National Representatives-elect contains the following names: John C. Floyd, of Arkansas; Charles G. Edwards and D. M. Hughes, of Georgia; W. E. Williams, of Illinois; R. Y. Thomas, of Kentucky; John T. Watkins and L. L. Morgan, of Louisiana; D. J. Lewis, of Maryland; E. W. Roberts, of Massachusetts; Charles R. Davis, of Minnesota; Benjamin G. Humphreys and B. P. Harrison, of Mississippi; James T. Lloyd, of Mississippi; John M. Evans, of Montana; E. E. Roberts, of Nevada; F. B. Harrison, of New York; W. B. Francis, of Ohio; G. W. Edmunds, F. E. Lewis and R. E. Lee, of Pennsylvania; H. W. Vaughan, of Texas; Joseph Howell, of Utah; William A. Jones, of Virginia; William E. Humphrey, of Washington, and J. W. Davis and James A. Hughes, of West Virginia.

Welshmen have always been contributors to the American postal department. Thomas L. James, postmaster general under Garfield, saved this country about two million dollars annually during his administration. Postmasters of Welsh name in the United States are Edwin M. Morgan, New York; William H. Harris, Baltimore; William H. Davis, Pittsburgh; David C. Owen, Milwaukee; Joseph H. Harrison, Denver; Joseph H. Harris, Kansas City, and Wilmot L. Harris, of Charleston, S. C. Congressman David J. Lewis, of Maryland, contributed largely to the successful passing of the parcel post act in the House of Representatives, and is now working diligently for a penny postage act.

As they have done in the past, Welshmen are to-day contributing in the consular service. Edwin V. Morgan, of New York, is American ambassador to Brazil; Edward T. Williams, of Ohio, is secretary of an embassy in China; Leland Harrison, of Illinois, is secretary in Colombia, and Arthur M. Jones, of New York, is secretary in Nicaragua. Among the consuls general are Dr. John E. Jones, formerly consul general at Winnipeg, Man., now consul general at Genoa, Italy; P. M. Griffith, of Ohio, consul general at Pernambuco, Brazil; Samuel T. Lee, of Michigan, consul general at San Jose, Costa Rica; H. W. Harris, of Ohio, consul general at Frankfort, Germany; Edwin L. Adams, of New York, consul at Dublin, Ireland; John L. Griffiths, of Indiana, consul general at London; Ernest A. Richards, agent at St. Vincent, W. I.; Clement S. Edwards, consul at Acapulco, Mexico; Leslie A. Davis, of New York, consul at Batum, Russia; Henry H. Morgan, of Louisiana, consul general at Barcelona, Spain;

Douglas Jenkins, consul general at Gothenburg, Sweden, and Ernest L. Harris, consul general at Stockholm, Sweden.

We have already seen what a prominent part the Welsh have played in the development of education in the United States. The following of Welsh names are to be found in the list of college presidents of the United States (World 1913 Almanac and Encyc.): Rev. Boothe C. Davis, Ph.D., of Alfred University, Alfred, N. Y.; Edward E. Morris, D.D., of Cumberland College, Clarksville, Ark.; M. C. Thomas, Ph.D., LL.D., Bryn Mawr College, Bryn Mawr, Pa.; Dr. John H. Harris, LL.D., President Bucknell University, Lewisburg, Pa.; A. J. Roberts, A.M., Colby College, Waterville, Me.; Joseph Henry George, D.D., Drury College, Springfield, Mo.; John S. Humphreys, A.M., Howard Payne College, Brownwood, Tex.; Raymond M. Hughes, Miami University, Oxford, O.; John M. Thomas, D.D., Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt.; Alfred E. Watkins, D.D., Millsaps College, Jackson, Miss.; George S. Davis, LL.D., Normal College, of New York City; Abram W. Harris, LL.D., Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.; D. M. Edwards, Penn College, Oskaloosa, Iowa; R. E. Blackwell, A.M., LL.D., Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va.; Howard Edwards, M.A., Rhode Island State College, Kingston, R. I.; Silas Evans, A.M., Ripon College, Ripon, Wis.; A. C. Humphrey, Stevens Institute, Hoboken, N. J.; E. J. James, Ph.D., LL.D., University of Illinois, Urbana, Ill.; Rush Rhees, D.D., LL.D., University of Rochester, Rochester, N. Y.; C. R. Jenkins, A.B., Wesleyan Female College, Macon, Ga.; Rev. Thomas H. Lewis, D.D., Western Maryland College, Westminster, Md.; J. C. Morgan, Westfield College, Westfield, Ill., and Harry A. Garfield, Williams College, Williamstown, Mass.

Dr. John Howard Harris is the son of Reese Harris, who came to America in 1830. Dr. Harris was born in 1847; and after he had served his country in the Civil War, he entered Bucknell University, and was graduated in the class of 1869, receiving the degree of A.B. He received the degree of A.M. from his alma mater in 1872, the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Lafayette College in 1884, and the degree of Doctor of Laws from both Colgate University and Dickinson College, in 1891. Dr. Harris has been a noble contributor to the educational development of this country. Keystone Academy, one of the best preparatory schools in Pennsylvania, owes its existence to Dr. Harris' efforts, which extended over a period of twenty years after his graduation from Bucknell. During that period he was also actively engaged in teaching a Sunday school and as pastor of a church. His alma mater called him to its presidency in 1889, which marked the beginning of a new era for Bucknell University. During Dr. Harris' period of administration the university has progressed wonderfully.

From a puny little institution in 1889 it has grown to be recognized as one of the greatest educational factors among the eastern colleges. Dr. Harris has on his faculty such noble men of Welsh blood as Dr. Llewellyn Phillips, Dean Thomas Alpheus Edwards, Dr. William A. Martin, Prof. W. G. Owens and Prof. Benjamin J. Griffiths. Rev. Ebenezer Edwards, author of "Welsh as Factors," pays tribute to Dr. Harris in these words: "He lives for the institution, and is enthroned in the heart of her faculty, her students, and her patrons."

Wonderful has been the contribution of the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, especially to the moral development of the great west. Rev. Mr. Jones was born in Cardiganshire, Wales, November 14, 1843. His parents immigrated to the wilds of Wisconsin when Jenkin was a year old, joining the Welsh settlers at Ixonia, Wis. From Ixonia the family moved to another Welsh settlement at Spring Green, Wis. Mr. Jones worked on the farm in summer and attended school in winter until the news of Sumter flew from one end of the North to the other. Enlisting in the Sixth Wisconsin battery, he saw active service all through the war. After the close of the war he taught school and then entered the Meadville (Pa.) Theological School, where he was graduated, entering the ministry in 1870 as pastor of All Souls' Church, Janesville, Wis. While pastor here he also served for nine years as secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference. "He organized and was the first secretary of the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society, and in 1872 published the first Sunday school lesson leaflet issued by that denomination." Mr. Jones organized All Souls' Church, Chicago, in 1882, and was secretary of the Parliament of Religions at the Chicago Exposition. Believing that the sectarian spirit is a menace to religion, he and his church laid aside all sectarian affiliations, and became independent of all denominational ties. The first "Browning Class" in this country outside of the colleges was organized in 1882 by Mr. Jones. Many and varied have been his contributions to the west. He has served as president of the Illinois State Conference of Charities, as member of the executive committee of the American Humane Society, as member of the councils of the Municipal League, as member of the Associated Charities Organizations of Chicago, editor-in-chief of "The New Unity," president of the Tower Hill Summer School of Literature and Religion, and lecturer in English in the university extension department of the University of Chicago.

The contribution of Rev. T. Cynonfardd Edwards is worthy of notice. Dr. Edwards was born at Landore, Swansea, Wales, in 1848. He received his education at the Presbyterian College, Carmarthen, and was ordained at Mineral Ridge, O.,

January 1, 1871. He contributed much while serving as professor of elocution and oratory at Wyoming Seminary, Pennsylvania, and was honored with the degree of D.D. from Marietta College, Ohio, in 1891. His contributions to American literature include a volume of his poetical works and two volumes on elocution and oratory. His church at Edwardsville is ranked among the foremost of Welsh churches in the United States.

The Welsh ministers of North America are wonderful contributors to the literary and religious development of the times. Rev. Edmond Dafydd Morris, D.D., LL.D., has contributed "The Outlines of Christian Doctrine," "Ecclesiology," "Salvation After Death" and "A Defense of Lane Seminary," and has edited "Scripture Reading." Rev. B. Gwernydd Newton has published a volume of sermons entitled "Glimpses of God." Rev. Joseph Roberts, D.D., has published a volume entitled "Religion and Science."

A history of the Welsh ministry in America would not be complete without mentioning the contribution of Dr. William Henry Roberts, D.D., LL.D. Dr. Roberts was the son of the great contributor, Rev. William Roberts, of whom it has been said: "Without doubt William Roberts, with William Charles, was accounted next to John Elias in popular acceptance, and John Elias, as is known, was among the princes of Wales preachers." Dr. William Henry Roberts was born at Holyhead, Wales, in 1844, and was graduated at the College of the City of New York in 1863. His early contributions were made while serving as statistician to the United States Treasury, in 1863-65, and assistant librarian of Congress, 1866-72. He was graduated from Princeton Theological Seminary in 1873, and served as librarian at this institution from 1877 to 1886. Lane Seminary called him, in 1886, to the chair of practical theology, and in 1888 "he was unanimously elected by the London Council as American secretary of the Alliance of the Reformed Churches throughout the World holding the Presbyterian System." His further contributions to the Presbyterian Church of America are too numerous to be here mentioned. Among his publications are several historical works relative to the churches of America, and numerous magazine articles.

Another of the famous Roberts family is the Rev. William Charles Roberts, D.D., LL.D., who was born at Aberystwyth, Cardiganshire, Wales. Dr. Roberts' parents emigrated to America in 1849, before the son had finished his preparation for college. Within a week after reaching New York the family was deprived of father, mother, one son and one daughter by an epidemic of cholera. William Charles was left with the care of the five remaining children resting upon him. In spite

of this adversity, he was enabled to save enough funds to enter Princeton, where he was graduated with honors in the class of 1855, and from the seminary in 1858. Since then Dr. Roberts has contributed wonderfully as pastor at New Castle, Del.; Columbus, O., and Elizabeth, N. J. His contribution to educational development has been as a trustee of Princeton, president of Lake Forest University, and president of Center College, of Kentucky.

It would take volumes to enumerate the activities of the present Welsh contributors to the religious development of North America. Among others we may mention the great Williams family of American bishops. Arthur Llewelyn Williams, bishop of Nebraska, was born at Owen Sound, Ontario, January 30, 1856. After receiving an academic education he engaged in the railroad business in Colorado for several years. He then studied theology and was graduated at the Western Theological Seminary in 1888. He contributed much while serving as missionary in the White River Valley, Colorado (1888-89). He was rector of St. Paul's Church, Denver, Col., in 1891 and 1892, and served as rector of Christ's Church, Chicago, from 1892 to 1899, when he was consecrated bishop-coadjutor of Nebraska.

Channing Moore Williams was born at Richmond, Va., July 18, 1829. He was graduated from William and Mary College in the class of 1853. After his ordination, in 1857, he served as a missionary to China, and in 1866 was consecrated Bishop of Japan.

The name of John Williams is held in high esteem at Trinity College. Two years after his graduation at Harvard in the class of 1835 he came to Trinity as tutor. He was called from the professor's chair to be president of Trinity in 1848. In 1887 he succeeded Bishop Lee as presiding bishop of the Episcopal Church. Gershon Mott Williams was consecrated Bishop of Marquette in 1896. Another Bishop Williams is the present Bishop of Quebec, who is contributing greatly to the religious development of Canada. The Williams family are wonderful contributors.

One of our most prominent Cambro-Americans of to-day is General George H. Harries, president of the American Railway Association, an association "which represents 365 companies, whose tracks form a veritable network of trolley lines over this country, and whose membership, numbering 2,550, comes from operating, executive, and in fact from every department in the electric railway traction field."

General Harries was born in Haverfordwest, Wales, in 1860, came to this country with a family of sixteen and settled near the present location of Winnipeg, Manitoba. In

the 80's he proved his fighting qualities on the frontier, fighting Indians. He was appointed on the Sioux commission to settle the Indian troubles, and fought hard for justice for the Indians, thereby gaining their lifelong friendship. Two fine cases of Indian relics in the National Museum, which were loaned by General Harries, testify to many adventures among the Indians. During the Spanish-American war General Harries was appointed to the command of the troops at Washington, with the rank of brigadier general. This service at Washington gained for him the acquaintance of many public men of our times.

His contribution in alleviating the almost hopeless state of traffic conditions in Washington gained him a national reputation. For over twelve years he was vice president and general manager of the Washington Railway and Electric Company, and was recently selected to take charge of the great Byllesby interests of Louisville, Ky. Many were the tributes paid to this great contributor at a farewell dinner given him on the eve of his departure for Louisville. Thomas C. Noyes, the newspaper publisher, said of him: "Some men attract our hearts, some attract our intellects, and some attract both our appreciation and our intellects; and such a man is George Harries."

General Harries has just retired from the presidency of the Illuminating Engineering Society, and is a member of the American Institute of Electric Engineers, the Washington Society of Engineers, and the Washington Academy of Science, and vice president of the Minneapolis General Electric Company.

The marble which has been used in America's greatest buildings was furnished by Commodore W. H. Evans. Commodore Evans' parents were from Carnarvonshire, and came to this country in 1838, locating at Newark, O. Shortly after their removal to Baltimore in 1870, William engaged in the marble business, making a specialty of marble furniture. This contributor organized the Evans Marble Company, in 1880, for the importation of Italian marble and the mining of the American marble at Knoxville, Tenn., and Guilford, Md. Under Mr. Evans' management the business has reached immense proportions, marble being furnished by this company for such large buildings as the Library of Congress, Washington; John Paul Jones Memorial, Annapolis; Suffolk Bank, Boston; Public Library, Art Institute, and Masonic Temple, Chicago; Investment Building, Los Angeles; First National Bank, Farmers' Deposit Bank, and Oliver Building, Pittsburgh; Capitol Building, St. Paul; Second National Bank, Wilkes-Barre, and the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia.

Stephen B. Jones, one of the most prominent business men of Chicago, is of Welsh parentage. Mr. Jones is president of the Western Fuel Company, the second largest coal company of Chicago. For the past twenty-six years Mr. Jones has been closely identified with a wood packing box company, of which he is also actively engaged as president. Mr. Jones also serves as president of the Lee-Jones Advertising Company, and as president of the Methodist Social Union of Chicago.

Another of the Jones family who has contributed to the development of the far west is Colonel "Buffalo" Jones, the noted superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park. It is declared that Colonel Jones has caught more wild animals than any other American now living.

The contribution of the late Thomas C. Jenkins, of Pittsburgh, is well known and recognized. It has been said of him: "Our foremost Welsh merchant * * * is unquestionably Thomas C. Jenkins, of Pittsburgh. What A. T. Stewart was to New York or Marshall Field to Chicago, Jenkins is to the Smoky City. Everybody in Western Pennsylvania, at least, knows the story of his success—how he failed to get rich among the gold mines of California in 1849, and then succeeded in piling up millions with a grocery store in Pittsburgh. Few of the steel kings, outside of Carnegie and Frick, are richer than he."

One of the rising young contributors of the United States and Canada is James J. Davis, director general of the Loyal Order of Moose. His life's story so far reads like a romance. He emigrated from Tredegar, South Wales, with his parents, first locating in Pittsburgh and later in Sharon, Pa., where "Jim" toiled and struggled as a puddler and sheet-mill worker. Leaving Sharon when he was about eighteen years of age, he worked in the different sheet mills of the middle west, and finally located at Ellwood, Ind. Mr. Davis worked in the tin mills of Ellwood, in which position he served a period of four years. His next step upwards was to the position of county recorder of Madison county, Ind., in which he also served four years. A little more than five years ago he became supreme organizer of the Loyal Order of Moose, an order which had at that time a total membership of 200, with only 50 of that number in good standing. To his zeal and wonderful executive ability the order to-day owes its marvelous growth. The Loyal Order of Moose has to-day a membership of 400,000, extending over North America, in 1,300 subordinate lodges. Mr. Davis' energies are also directed in numerous other channels, he being president of the American Fire Alarm Company and the Druid Publishing

Company. The International Eisteddfod is greatly indebted to him both financially and for his services as president of the organization.

The Jones family of to-day are upholding the enviable reputation which their ancestors established as contributors. Pittsburgh has W. J. Jones, of the Bank for Savings, who is also treasurer of the International Eisteddfod Association; John H. Jones, of the Pittsburgh-Buffalo Coal Company, and B. F. Jones, the founder of the great steel concern known as the Jones & Laughlin Company. Another Jones—namely, Daniel L. Jones—established the iron and steel business in Colorado.

One of the greatest financiers of Canada is Senator Jones. Mr. Jones is also head of the Massey-Harris Company, the great agricultural implement manufacturer of the Dominion. This firm has branches scattered all over the great northwest. Another great Canadian contributor was the late Welferston Thomas, who was for many years manager of Moison's Bank, one of the leading Canadian banks. Mr. F. L. Wanklyn, ex-member of the board of control of the city of Montreal, is now contributing as assistant to the president of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

America is indebted to Colonel Griffith H. Griffith, of Los Angeles, Cal., for the largest public park in the world. Colonel Griffith was born in Bettws, Wales, in 1852, and emigrated to America in 1866, settling in Danville, Pa., where he worked as a blacksmith. Determined to make his mark in the world, he went west and located in San Francisco, engaging as reporter for the Daily Alta. He failed to gain an education in his early days, but improved every opportunity he had in the study of mining engineering, and became an expert. He was next sent to Mexico to open new mines, which proved very successful. On his return from Mexico, he realized handsomely on some Los Angeles investments. He made a tour of the world in 1882, "during which he made a close study of social conditions, which verified his former opinion, which agreed with Professor Jevons, that 'Among the means to a higher civilization, I unhesitatingly declare that the deliberate cultivation of public amusement is a principal one.'"

Realizing that public parks are a most desirable feature of all cities, Colonel Griffith presented to the city of Los Angeles, as a Christmas gift, in 1896, a public park of about 3,000 acres, which embraces some of the finest scenery in the world. His contribution for Christmas, 1912, was the sum of \$100,000 for a public hall of science, which will be opened and fully equipped before 1915. His intention is to

construct an observatory the equal of any in the east. One room will be provided with modern electric moving-picture apparatus for the display of subjects in astronomy, physics, electricity, chemistry, biology, etc. This observatory will be open and free to the public every day from 1 to 10 P. M. Being asked what reward he expected from his philanthropy, Colonel Griffiths replied: "In sowing the seeds of kindness for others, I seem to gather greater happiness and contentment in my own mentality."

New York City numbers among its contributors Thomas L. James, president of the Lincoln National Bank, who served as postmaster general under Garfield. Mr. Henry Blackwell, the noted Welsh bibliophile, and George T. Matthews, the great tea merchant, are other noted New York contributors, as well as John Llewelyn Williams, a rising young Cambro-American. Mr. Williams is secretary of the La France Copper Company, assistant secretary and assistant treasurer of the United Copper Company, and a director of the Miners' Smelting Company. The contributions of the Harrison family, of Chicago, are well known, as also are those of David R. Francis, president of the Laclade and Mercantile National Bank, of St. Louis.

Other contributors of Pittsburgh are Miles S. Humphreys, the retiring fire chief of that city, and former president of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers; John Jarrett, former American consul at Birmingham, England, secretary of the American Tinned Plate Association, and ex-president of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers; Morgan Morgans, artist of the Gazette Times; the late Al Edwards, assistant postmaster and jurist; Benjamin Jarrett, son of John Jarrett, who is closely connected with the city's legal department; Professor John Prichard; Professor David Lewis, and Mr. Thomas E. Jones, another member of the Pittsburgh Jones family.

Welshmen have always taken a keen interest in literature and contributed much to this phase of our development. Probably the greatest of our present-day Welsh-American litterateurs is William Dean Howells, who traces his ancestry back to a certain Welsh Quaker who arrived here during the Mayflower period. Another contributor is Richard Harding Davis, the great war correspondent and magazine writer. John Uri Lloyd is a noted author of unusual versatility and learning. Dr. D. E. Jones, of Scranton, has written a series of articles on Welsh musicians, which should be preserved in volume form.

One of the most prominent Cambrians in the anthracite coal region is Colonel R. A. Phillips, of Scranton. Colonel

Phillips is general manager of the mining department of the Lackawanna Company and has charge of 42 collieries, which employ a total of 26,000 men. He has under him Mr. T. J. Williams, as district superintendent of the Lackawanna Company. Mr. Williams is regarded as a mining expert, especially in connection with advanced explosives, of which he has made a special study.

The recent contribution of Tom L. Lewis as president of the United Mine Workers is recognized by the miners, and Mr. Lewis occupies a warm spot in the hearts of his fellow-workmen. Mr. Edwin Perry is at present international secretary-treasurer of the United Mine Workers, and displays wonderful executive ability in the performance of the arduous duties which go with this office. At the head of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers stands the dominant figure of John Williams, a man of wonderful personal magnetism and executive ability.

The wonderful oratorical power of the late Colonel J. M. Evans was recognized by the organizers of the Protected Home Circle, a great fraternal order, when they called him to the position of supreme orator. Colonel Evans won an enviable reputation both as a fraternity and a political orator. He "stumped" the country in the interests of the Republican party in every campaign during the last thirty years. He was, at his death, state president of the Pennsylvania branch of the National Fraternal Congress. Judge A. W. Williams, vice president of the Protected Home Circle, is a wonderful contributor, and occupies a position of esteem and the highest regard in Mercer county, Pennsylvania.

Two other judges well worthy of more than mention are Judge H. M. Edwards, of Scranton, Pa., and Judge David Davis, of Cincinnati, O. Judge Edwards' decision on the reading of the Scriptures in the public schools a few years ago made him famous. "William Penn" in his famous essay says of it: "It will go down to posterity as a proof of the mental grasp, the professional skill, and the sound logic of this Welsh jurist." Judge David Davis, of Cincinnati, served as judge of the common pleas from February 9, 1897 to February 9, 1902, and for the past twenty-three years has been president of the Elsmen Building and Loan Company, one of the largest companies of that character in the state of Ohio. The name Judge Davis reminds us of that noble Judge Noah Davis, who dared to send Boss Tweed to jail as a common criminal.

Probably the most prominent Welsh politician of Canada is Sir Louis Davies, ex-minister, who is now a judge of the supreme court of Canada, at Ottawa. The chief justice of

Manitoba, Justice Howell, is also a Welshman, while Winnipeg has recently had a Welsh mayor in Mr. Evans. One of the leading fire insurance men of the Dominion is Mr. Lansing Lewis, a Welshman of Montreal.

The Welshman's fondness for music is almost universally recognized. Mr. Herbert Casson says in his excellent article, "The Welsh in America" (Munsey's Magazine, September, 1906): "Ever since the days of Merlin and Taliesin, their ancient bards, the Welsh people have found their highest pleasure in great singing festivals—'eisteddfods,' as they are called. In the singing of sacred music the Welsh choirs have become famous, too, not only for their technique, but for their spirit of true devoutness."

H. Evan Williams, "The Prince of Tenors," is probably the leading Welsh singer of America to-day. His concerts have delighted thousands in all parts of the American continent. Mr. Harry Davies, a native of Risca, South Wales, has sung leading roles for the Boston Opera Company, the "Red Feather" Company, "The Yankee Cousin," "Chocolate Soldier" and the Savage Opera Company. During the last four years he has sung with the Aborn Grand Opera Company. Professor D. Rhys Ford, writing for the *Druid*, says of Mr. Davies' work: "Harry Davies is a great tenor, and I am proud of it, as he, like the great Evan Williams, toiled for many years at manual labor until he reached the pinnacle of fame. In tone quality, Harry Davies' voice resembles Evan Williams' pure lyric, with dramatic fervor ringing throughout. In love it is persuasive, in anger it is vengeful, in adoration it is inspiring, in sorrow it is heartrending. No, it has not been hammered into him. It is an inborn power, and, like the Italian skies, the sky of Wales has inspired one of her favorite sons to start your heart throbbing and your blood to rush in answer to his vocal appeals."

Professor David Davis, of Cincinnati, is a native of Waenfergy Farm, Talsarn, Cardiganshire, South Wales. Professor Davis conducts an excellent school of music in Cincinnati, and makes a specialty of preparing soloists for choir positions. One of the most prominent Welsh instrumentalists of America is Haydn Gunter, a native of Rhondda, South Wales. Mr. Gunter stands today in the front rank of violinists the wide world over. The *Music News* has said of him: "He will be recognized in the United States, as in Europe, as one of the few violinists of the world."

The contribution of Robert Hope-Jones, "the greatest organ builder of modern times," must not be overlooked. Mr. Jones has astonished America with his celebrated unit electrical orchestra which he has installed in the Court Theater,

Chicago. He has risen from the position of electrician and church organist in a little English town to be referred to by the head of the music department of one of our large eastern universities as "the greatest mind engaged in the art of organ-building in this or any other age."

Miss Sue Harvard, the "Welsh Nightingale," is numbered among the most prominent of the Edison Phonograph Company's contributors. Miss Harvard's rise in the profession has been rapid and noteworthy, and she is destined without doubt to gain a place in the front ranks of the leading artists. Canada has two wonderful tenors in Dr. Harris, of Ottawa, and Mr. Merlin Davies, of Montreal. Mrs. Edith Harris Scott, of Pittsburgh, an excellent soloist, at the request of the government, has led three concert companies to the Canal Zone, to give a series of entertainments for the employes, engaged in the construction of the canal.

Two other noted Welsh contributors to American musical development are Dr. D. Protheroe and Professor William ApMadoc, of Chicago. Dr. Protheroe is the author of several of our best American oratorios, while Professor ApMadoc is regarded as one of the highest authorities on the "song romances" of Wales. The great Welsh festivals ("eisteddfods") of the United States owe much to the contributions of the late Mr. John Gray (Eurfryn), one of the competitive subjects of the International Eisteddfod. Several years ago Mr. Gray published a volume of poems, which became quite popular. Ten years ago he was the victorious bard at the Pittsburgh National Eisteddfod, the adjudicator, the late G. H. Humphreys, M.A., pronouncing his ode on "Electricity" a masterly production, well worthy of the prize and the bardic chair.

Other Cambro-Americans of prominence are Professor D. Rhys Ford, of Niles, O.; Dr. William Surdival, of Gomer, O.; Thomas J. Griffiths, of Utica, N. Y., owner of "Y Drych;" John Lloyd Thomas, of New York City; John M. Francis, founder of the Troy Times, and Professor W. W. Davies, of Ohio Wesleyan University. Mr. Casson mentions as the five Welsh clergymen who seem to be most prominent in the United States, Rev. D. Parker Morgan and Rev. E. E. Chivers, of New York; Rev. William H. Roberts and Rev. George Reese, of Philadelphia, Pa., and Rev. Thomas C. Edwards (Cynonfardd), of Kingston, Pa.

We must not forget the contribution of James A. Garfield, Jr., and Professor William Draper Lewis, of the University of Pennsylvania, to the present-day Progressive movement. Mr. Garfield is following in the footsteps of his illustrious father.

We conclude this chapter on present-day contributors with the conviction that there are many other persons who are worthy of mention, but whose names we must omit on account of lack of space. We have attempted to be impartial, and any omissions have been unintentional on the part of the author. Probably some one may treat the contributions of the present time as they deserve to be treated, in a single volume. The subject is certainly broad enough to be so treated.

CHAPTER X.

*And so I penned
It down, until at last it came to be,
For length and breadth, the bigness which you see.*

—JOHN BUNYAN.

Thus we have seen the contribution of the Welshman to the development of the United States and Canada personified in those men whose lives and deeds we have reviewed. The Welshman's share has been, it will be conceded, no small item in the development of these two great countries.

Concluding, let us review the contributions of four of the most prominent Cambro-American families, the Williamses, the Edwardses, the Adamses and the Harrisons. These families have been selected because of their prominence in American history, and also because they represent typical Welsh families.

The Williams family has been a wonderful contributor to the development of this continent. Probably the first Williams who came to this country was a Mr. Williams who settled in Roxbury, Mass., in 1630. This Mr. Williams was followed in 1632 by the grandfather of William Williams, "the signer," who settled at Taunton, Bristol county, Mass. Then came the great contributor Roger Williams, whose descendants are counted by thousands. Glancing over the pages of American history we see such dominant figures as John Williams, "the redeemed captive;" Colonel Williams, the founder of Williams College; Brigadier General Otho Williams, of Revolutionary fame; William Williams, "the signer;" Brigadier Generals Seth and Thomas Williams, of Civil War fame, and the great present-day Williams family, comprising high church officials, government officials, jurists and business men.

To the Edwards family the noted purity lecturer, Professor T. W. Shannon, in his book "Heredity Explained," pays a wonderful tribute in these words: "Jonathan Edwards was born in 1720. He and his wife had splendid heredity. They were well educated. They were converted to Christ in childhood. We have identified and studied thirteen hundred and ninety-four of their descendants. We find thirteen university presidents; one hundred and twenty-three college and university professors; thirty-two eminent authors; ninety-six physicians; over two hundred ministers; four hundred successful business men; one vice president; mayors of large cities, United States senators and congressmen, and ministers to foreign parts. Only one left a stain on the family record—

Aaron Burr—who fought a duel with Alexander Hamilton. But when you read one of his speeches you are conscious that you are reading after one of the master minds of the world.”

The Adams family has been an especially wonderful contributor from Gwalia. “William Penn,” in “Welshmen as Factors,” says: “It is known that the name of Thomas Adams appears in a charter granted in 1629, and that his brother, Henry Adams, progenitor of the famous family of Braintree, was settled in New England in 1636.” The Welsh ideals of liberty are clearly brought out in nearly all of the actions and statements of Samuel Adams. When General Gage besought him to make his peace with the king, he replied, “I trust I have made my peace with the King of kings. No personal considerations shall induce me to abandon the righteous cause of my country.” When debating on the Declaration of Independence, Adams said: “I should advise persisting in our struggle for liberty though it were revealed from heaven that nine hundred and ninety-nine were to perish, and one of a thousand was to survive and retain his liberty. One such freeman must possess more virtue, and enjoy more happiness, than a thousand slaves; and let him propagate his like, and transmit to them what he has so nobly preserved.” Thus Samuel Adams breathed the spirit of centuries of liberty-loving Welsh ancestors. This same spirit was shown in the actions of John Adams, John Quincy Adams, and Charles Francis Adams.

The American Harrisons are descended from the regicide Thomas Harrison, who aided Cromwell in the establishment of the Commonwealth. The first descendants of Thomas Harrison in the United States were the Harrisons of early colonial Virginia. From these were descended Benjamin Harrison the signer, President William Harrison. President Benjamin Harrison and the present great Harrison family of Chicago.

These four great Welsh families show plainly how Welsh family life has been conducive to the generation of great men. As has been said, “Almost every Welsh family is a tiny little republic in itself, sturdily self-supporting and ambitious—just the sort of a group from which a great man or woman is likely to come;” so the Welshman carries with him into his daily activities that spirit of liberty which has been instilled into him by his early home life. Thus it is quite common to see truly great Welshmen followed by truly great descendants, an occurrence which is an exception in most other nationalities.

Another reason why the diminutive Welsh nationality has contributed so largely to this country’s development, is

that for centuries England oppressed Wales, not allowing this nation the same liberties which she allowed her other dependencies. For after it was granted to the other dependencies, religious liberty was withheld from Wales. The Episcopal Church in Wales until recently was the only church recognized by the law and the state, and was supported by tithes, endowments, state funds, and the contributions of its own members. What, then, was there for Welshmen to do but to turn their back on England forever and emigrate to America? Scarcely a shipload of colonists sailed from England without bearing some Welsh family to "the land of the free."

And so have these Welsh contributors come to North America, not in the hope of making a small fortune and then returning with it to Gwalia, but to become Americans. It is no wonder that they fought and sacrificed so valiantly in the wars with England, when they knew they were fighting for that very principle for which they had left Wales. The songs that swelled over the mountains of Wales, and which were sung by the first Cambro-Americans, have given way to the great national songs of the United States and Canada. From Newfoundland to British Columbia no other nationality sings "The Maple Leaf Forever" with truer patriotism than the Welsh. In the United States, from Maine to California, no other nationality can excel in true patriotic fervor the Welsh people's rendition of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

The loyalty of the Welsh to their adopted countries, as well as their hopes for the future of the United States and Canada, is well expressed by John Williams, who said: "I yield to no man in my fealty to the United States. And I want to say that the Welshmen of America have an invaluable heritage in their past. That past is decked by solid epochs of progress, and we may feast our memories on a monumental romance that loses itself in the vast distance of a Druidic dream. But that which most concerns me, and which should most deeply concern us all, is the heritage that we are to leave our children. Let us work together to make that heritage worthy of the best in our past and the best in the present." We feel that we could conclude with no better words than these few, which should express the sentiment of not only every Welshman, but of every American, be he of the United States or Canada.

APPENDIX

Not in entire forgetfulness.

—WORDSWORTH.

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight.

—GRAY.

The author's attention has been called to the omission of the names and deeds of several great contributors from the preceding chapters. We confess that some of these omissions have been due to oversight, while others have been due to a lack of confirmatory knowledge of the presence of Welsh blood in the veins of these Cambro-American contributors. We assure the reader that such omissions have not been intentional, but as we are now in possession of the necessary evidence, we wish to make amends and include the names of these contributors in these pages.

Let us retrace our steps to the colonial period of American history. Searching among old records we find the name of Rev. Samuel Davis, a native of Virginia and a chaplain in Braddock's army. Rev. Mr. Davis, when speaking before a volunteer company, soon after the battle in which Braddock lost his life, used the following prophetic language in allusion to the then Colonel Washington: "I cannot but hope that Providence has hitherto preserved him in so signal a manner for some important service to his country."

Among the clergymen of the Revolutionary period was Rev. David Jones, a descendant of the Welsh of early Delaware county, Pennsylvania. This noble Cymro went as a missionary to the Shawnee and Delaware Indians in 1772-3. In 1776 he was appointed chaplain to Col. St. Clair's regiment, and was on duty when the enemy attacked Crown Point. On Sunday, October 2, 1776, before the attack was made, he delivered a characteristic discourse, which produced a powerful effect upon the troops. The author regrets that space will not permit the inclusion of this deliverance in its entirety, but feels constrained to quote a few passages, as the address so fitly applies to the nation's present deplorable state of unpreparedness against aggression from a foreign foe. He said, in part:

"Our situation is such that if properly defended, we shall give our enemies a fatal blow, and in great measure prove the means of the salvation of North America."

Referring to the advancing British troops, he said: "No doubt these have hopes of being our task-masters, and would

rejoice at our calamities. Look, Oh look, therefore, at your respective states, and anticipate the consequences if these vassals are suffered to enter! It would tax the most fruitful imagination to represent in a proper light what anguish, what horror, what distress would spread over the whole! See, Oh see, the dear wives of your bosoms forced from their peaceful habitations, and perhaps used with such indecency that modesty would forbid the description. Behold the fair virgins of your land, whose benevolent souls are now filled with a thousand good wishes and hopes of seeing their admirers returned home crowned with victory, would not only meet with a doleful disappointment, but also with such insults and abuses that would induce their tender hearts to pray for the shades of death. See your children exposed as vagabonds to all the calamities of this life! Then! Oh then! adieu to felicity this side of the grave."

Here we have a Cambro-American preaching the modern gospel of preparedness and aggression against wrong over one hundred and forty years ago. On the day of a Continental fast and prayer he preached a sermon before Colonel Dewey's regiment, and took for his subject, "Defensive War in a Just Cause, Sinless." It was published and extensively circulated and did much good in stirring the spirits of the patriots. When the War of 1812 broke out, he again, at the age of 76, took the field as chaplain under Generals Brown and Wilkinson, and served until the close of the conflict.

General Washington, in his family associations, was connected in the tenderest ties of relationship with the descendants of Welsh families. His wife, Martha, or "Patsy," as he familiarly called her, was said to have been the granddaughter of Rev. Orlando Jones, who came to Virginia from Wales. Orlando is the continental equivalent for Roland, an old Cambrian name. Colonel Fielding Lewis, of Welsh descent, married Washington's sister; and his son, George Washington Lewis, was commander of the general's life guards.

Chief Justice Marshall, the most distinguished jurist this country has ever produced, known as "the American Mansfield," was the grandson of a native of Wales, who emigrated to Virginia. And as if the office belonged to the Cymry, Chief Justice Roger B. Taney was descended from a Welsh family. (See "Lives of the Chief Justices, Etc.," by Van Santwood; Scribner, New York, 1854.) We thus see that the first man who moved the "Resolution in favor of independence," the author of the Declaration of Independence, and the chairman of the committee that reported it were of the Cambrian race; while another Cymro, Gouverneur Morris, wrote out the first connected draft of the American Constitution, and a noble

Cymro, John Marshall, as Chief Justice of the Union, was the first who expounded and established its principles on the immutable bases of the Constitution and of the laws under it. Who dares to cry "hyphenated American" at a Welsh-American!

The art of stereotyping was first discovered by Cadwallader Colden, a Cymro, of New York City. He sent, in 1779, a description of his method to Dr. Franklin, who was then in Paris. The latter communicated it to Didot, a famous printer, and to Herban, his assistant. The art was first introduced into this country in 1813. (See "The World's Progress and Dictionary of Dates," 1851.)

The author has in his possession a volume entitled "The Cymry of '76," an address given by Dr. Alexander Jones, M.D., the author of "History of the Electric Telegraph," on the eve of St. David's Day, February 28, 1855, in which he states that Presidents Madison and Monroe were of Welsh descent "on the female side of the families."

The United States Patent Office about this time (1855) was under the direction of Dr. Thomas P. Jones. This Dr. Jones was also editor of the "Journal of the Franklin Institute." Benjamin F. Butler, Attorney General of the United States at this period, was a descendant of John Jones, one of the Welsh regicides.

In a paragraph devoted to Cambro-American artists ("Cymry of '76") we find the names of Mr. Powell, author of "De Soto's Discovery of the Mississippi," Thomas D. Jones, a noted sculptor of the ante-bellum days, and Thomas Buchanan Read, a famous poetical scenic painter.

During this ante-bellum period the people of America were astonished by the poetical genius displayed by Maria James, a poor and self-educated poetess of a high order. Miss James emigrated while a child aged seven or eight years, then unable to speak any other than her native (Welsh) language. The poems written by Maria James were collected into a volume and edited by Rev. Alonzo Potter, D.D., the Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Pennsylvania, and published by John Taylor, of New York, in 1839. The work abounds in many beautiful passages, which would do credit to some of the best English versification. The author regrets that he cannot quote some of her poetry, but lack of time and space constrains him to move on to discuss the names and deeds of present-day contributors which he has unintentionally omitted.

According to Munsey's Magazine for September, 1907, William Dean Howells, the great novelist, is of Welsh extraction.

It is not commonly known that Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt is

of Welsh lineage. When the Mountain Ash male voice choir visited Washington on its American tour, a private concert was held in the White House, which was attended by President Roosevelt and his family. Mrs. Roosevelt requested the choir to sing her grandmother's (a Mrs. Davies) favorite hymn, "O fryniau Caersalem," in the singing of which she heartily joined, having learned the words from her "mamgu," who spoke Welsh.

President Wilson has in his cabinet a sterling Cymro in the person of Joseph Davies, Commissioner of Corporations. Other Cymry prominent in government and civic affairs are W. Ward Davies, Immigration Commissioner of North Dakota; Senators E. M. Lewis, of Massachusetts; W. N. Williams, of Utah; Congressmen D. J. Lewis ("Parcel Post Davy"), of Maryland; Howells, of Utah; Thomas, of Ohio; the late George Howell, of Scranton, and J. Anderson Walters, of Johnstown, Pa.; Mayor Harry L. Davis, of Cleveland, O.; W. O. Davis, of Sharon, Pa., and Tom M. Jones, of Middleport, O. Horace W. Davis, of Sharon, Pa., is Deputy Attorney General of Pennsylvania, while James E. Roderick is Chief of the Bureau of Mines of Pennsylvania, and H. W. Gough is City Controller of Harrisburg, Pa.

The judicial bench of America is graced by Cambro-American beacon lights other than those we have mentioned in previous chapters. Judge W. E. Thomas, of Georgia, "is one of the sanest and most conservative judges of the South. His name is a synonym for clear vision and courage on the bench," said the Atlanta "Constitution" in a recent issue. Judge L. L. Davis, of Homestead, traces his ancestry back to Caerphilly, the home of Garfield's forefathers. Judge Davis takes great interest in the activities of the Welsh people of Pittsburgh. Judge J. A. Evans, of Pittsburgh, also traces his lineage back to South Wales. On the Pacific coast the name of Hon. W. H. Thomas, Judge of the Superior Court, has become famous. Judge Thomas is a native of Carnarvonshire. He is a splendid disciple of Blackstone and a jurist whose decisions are based on a broad interpretation of the law. Hon. John H. Williams, Probate Judge at Elgin, Ill., is respected and held in high esteem in the great "middle west," as proved by his election to the probate bench for four consecutive terms. Judge Williams is the son of Rev. Richard Williams, who emigrated to Wisconsin from Merionethshire, North Wales, and is the father of five children, all of whom are worthy contributors to the development of their country. Howard C. is with the American Surety Company, of Cleveland, O.; Clarence F. is associate editor of the "Iron Trade Review," of Pittsburgh; Lloyd G. is City Attorney of Elgin, Ill., while the daughters, Ruth and Grace, are

students at Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill. Other great jurists and legal lights, whose contributions are hereby acknowledged, are Judges D. P. Griffith, Youngstown, O.; David Davis, Cincinnati, O.; Rees T. Richards, Steubenville, O.; Benjamin R. Jones, Wilkesbarre, Pa., and Ex-Judge A. W. Williams, Sharon, Pa.

In connection with the educational development of this country the author regrets not having mentioned the worth and works of Dr. Shadrach, who traveled hundreds of miles on horseback, gathering funds for the support of Bucknell University. On the faculty of the University of Illinois we find the names of Edwin James James, Ph.D., LL.D., and Professors C. N. Richards and James, of the Engineering School. Senator E. M. Lewis is an instructor at Amherst College, and the late George Howell was Superintendent of Schools at Scranton, Pa.

In the musical phase of the contribution we deem worthy of mention the names of Maud Powell, the famous violinist; Mr. James Sauvage, operatic singer, of Newark, N. J.; Miss Charlotte Armstrong, of the Bucknell University Musical School; Dr. Daniel Protheroe, Chicago, Ill.; Professor John T. Watkins, of Scranton, Pa.; T. J. Davies, Mus. Bac., Steubenville, O.; H. W. Owens, Mus. Bac., Chicago, Ill.; Professor Thomas Morgan, of New Castle, Pa.; Prof. David Davies, Cincinnati, O., and Professor Daniel Vaughn, of Sharon, Pa. We wish, also, to recognize the worth and ability of the Thomas Quartet, of Sharon, Pa., composed of Will T. Thomas, Thomas Jeremiah, Evan Thomas and Professor Daniel Vaughn. A Welsh reunion of the Western Reserve would not be complete without the rendition of a selection by this quartet.

To the names of eminent doctors and surgeons should be added those of Dr. T. Turner Thomas, of Philadelphia, and "Bonesetter" Reese, of Youngstown, O., to the cleverness of the latter many a great athlete owes his return to his activities.

Foremost among the great captains of industry we place John Worthington, of Pittsburgh. Mr. Worthington is intensely Welsh, and to such a degree that he gives his beautiful home, on Forbes street, the name "Penbryn." To the patriotic fervor of this excellent Cymro is chiefly due the publication of this volume. Without his aid and encouragement, the contents would probably have been forgotten and the labors of their authors been in vain. This great contributor has fought Indians on the frontier and bandits and ruffians in Russia and the Balkans; and in the course of his lifetime has traveled in almost every country on the globe. Mr. Worthington is a director of the Union National Bank, of Pittsburgh, and of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey.

The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad has recognized the contribution of Hywel Jones, Esq., of Topeka, Kan. Mr. Jones was born in Cardiganshire and was brought to this country, when a mere lad, by his father, his mother having died on the voyage across the ocean. After serving in the Union army during the Civil War, Hywel "worked" his way through college, entered the legal profession, and emigrated to Kansas, where, in the language of Horace Greeley, "he grew up with the country." His legal ability and business acumen brought him to the attention of the directors of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad, and he was elected solicitor and legal adviser of this great corporation, one of the greatest in the world. This respected Cymro has attained his present position through strength of character and force of mind, and his success is proof of what energetic persistence and patient application, coupled with courage and determination, can accomplish. The late Evan Jones, of Pittsburgh, a successful contractor, whose death was a distinct loss to the Cymric circles of Pittsburgh, was a brother of this distinguished contributor. Mr. David D. Jones, an elder of the Welsh Presbyterian Church of Pittsburgh, and one of the most respected pioneers of the congregation, is also a brother.

In concluding the industrial phase of the contribution, the author wishes to mention the names of the following captains of industry: Homer Williams, President of the Carnegie Steel Company; T. J. Price, Superintendent of the Danville Tube Mills; T. H. Williams, General Superintendent of the Kingston Coal Company, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; John L. Thomas, iron founder, Milwaukee, Wis.; David Thomas, General Manager of the Logan Iron and Steel Company, Burnham, Pa.; W. H. Davis, Superintendent of the American Sheet and Tin Plate Company, Sharon, Pa.; Jenkin Jones, coal operator, Freeman, W. Va.; John T. Llewelyn, Interstate Steel Company, East Chicago, Ill.; Joseph E. Thomas, banker, Seattle, Wash.; L. W. Davis, Carbon Hill Coal Company, Carbonada, Wash.; I. P. Morris, construction engineer, Philadelphia, Pa.; Jenkins Bros., valve manufacturers, New York; G. M. Davis, regulator manufacturer, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Owens, of the Hooven-Owens-Rentschler Company, Hamilton, O.; Isaac Francis, consulting engineer, Philadelphia, Pa.; W. J. Lynch, Granite City, Ill.; D. O. James, of the D. O. James Manufacturing Company, Chicago, Ill.; E. S. Griffiths, General Manager of the Cleveland Machine and Manufacturing Company, and W. R. Hughes (Gwilym o Fon), a successful contractor, of New York.

We must now end this appendix to a humble work. If any names of noted contributors have been omitted, as before, it has not been intentionally, but because of lack of confirmatory evidence at the disposal of the author.

We have seen where the Cambro-Americans were in the days that "tried men's souls." Oh! would it not have been a glorious vision to the brave Llewelyn, when his life's blood ebbed away, as he died by treachery, if he could have foreseen that, while the evening sun was sinking on his native hills, it was then rising on a land where his posterity should again fight and die for liberty; and through long, dark and bloody struggles assist in establishing the imperishable principles of civil and religious liberty—principles, cherished for so many centuries among his beloved Cymry, to be afterwards disseminated all over the globe!

Fair and lovely Gwalia! "How fondly thy children loved thee! And when persecuted, how they hoped for thee! How sadly they left thee to look to the west for a home and country where they could re-establish principles of equity and freedom in the sight of God and man! It may be they stand on the deck of a ship bound to America. As the sun sinks in the west and illumines with its rays the distant peaks of Snowdon and Plinlimmon, they bid adieu to their beloved Cambria. Amidst such bereavement they have one consolation, and that is that they go to a land having their own ideals. They go there to become Americans in every sense of the word." Their loyalty is given over fully and irrevocably to the land of their adoption. When their adopted country calls them they spring to its defense and pour out the "last measure of their devotion, that government of the people and by the people shall not perish." Napoleon, when he wished to arouse the fervor of his troops, pointed to the Sphinx and exclaimed: "Ages look down on YOU, men of France." The Cambro-Americans, if need be, can feel that ages of wonderful Cambro-American contributors look down on them. What a wonderful and rich historic inheritance has been handed down to the American Cymry of the present!

MR. THOMAS L. JAMES, SHARON, PA.

THOMAS L. JAMES, whose essay, "The Welshman's Contribution to the Development of the United States and Canada," won first prize at the Pittsburgh International Eisteddfod, in 1913, was born at Sharon, Pa., April 2, 1888. His parents, William and Miriam James, came to the United States from Blaenavon, Wales, in 1879. He gained his earlier education in the Sharon public schools, then entered the Bucknell Academy, from which he was graduated with honors in 1912. In September of the same year he became a student in Bucknell University, taking the course in mechanical engineering. In this institution he is serving as assistant instructor in machine shop practice. As evidence that he is popular as well as variously gifted, it may be noted that he is president of the Bucknell University Glee and Mandolin Club, president of the Bucknell Mechanical Engineering Society, and editor-in-chief of the 1916 Bucknell University L'Agenda.

Mr. James' literary work has not been confined to college bounds or the American eisteddfod, but has traveled as far as the world's metropolis to see the light of day. Thus we find that, a couple of years ago, he contributed a most interesting as well as instructive and timely article, entitled "The Welsh in America," to "Wales," a magazine of high standing published in London, devoted, as its name implies, to the interests of the principality.

The careful reader of Mr. James' essay, published in this volume, will not need to be told that the author is and has been a patient and painstaking delver in the archives of Welsh lore in America. His work is a monument to his thorough mastery of facts and his genius for absorbing data from widely scattered sources and marshaling them in logical sequence. The writing of an essay like the one in question entails wide research and enormous labor in sifting, rejecting, choosing and hammering material into workable form; and the prize, in itself, is a pitifully inadequate recompense for the toil involved in the production of such a valuable compendium of information concerning the indebtedness of English-speaking North America to the devotion, talent and uprightness of the sons and daughters of Cambria. The true reward of the author of a work like that of Mr. James' lies in the consciousness that he has raised a noble memorial to noble men, and that his work is appreciated by his fellow-countrymen.

AUTHOR OF PRIZE ESSAY.



Mr. Thomas L. James, Sharon, Pa.

ESSAY

A Brief History of The Welsh People.

By Rev. David Jones, Scranton, Pa.

Adjudicator: Mr. William ApMadoc, Chicago, Ill.

PREFACE

In this treatise I have endeavored to present a brief but consecutive history of the Welsh people. Realizing the limitations set forth, I have confined myself to facts rather than fables, and to certainties instead of guesses. My authorities are many. Fortunately, I have before me a "History of Wales," written by Mr. John Jones, Barrister, London, published in 1824; "Letters on Welsh History," by Mr. Samuel Jenkins, published in Philadelphia in 1852; "Welshmen From the Earliest Times of Llewelyn," by Rev. Thomas Stephens, B.A., published in 1901; "Welsh People," by Prof. John Rhys and Mr. D. Brynmor Jones, LL.B., published in 1900; "The Larger and Smaller History of Wales," by Prof. O. M. Edwards, published in 1901 and 1907, respectively, besides articles written by Sir Edward Anwyl, Prof. J. Morris Jones and Prof. J. E. Lloyd. Several of these authors suggest that the material is not yet gathered so as to write a full and complete history of the Welsh. They hesitate to offer what they have written as a history, but rather as a contribution which may be useful to someone who will undertake to prepare a worthy history. This was perfectly true twenty or twenty-five years ago, and it may yet be true, but during this period several of the above writers, who are among the leading Welsh scholars, have done yeoman service in this direction, and have published interesting data for a great and reliable history, if such has not already been published. The task of preparing this short history of ten thousand words is to select from the abundant store the matter most important and profitable. There may be a great variety of opinion with regard to such matters and the selection thereof. In this case the preference is submitted to the judicial mind of the adjudicator. My guide has been the natural promptings of a Welsh heart. I have asked questions that the plain people would most likely ask, and have consulted the above authors for the information. They have answered the questions, and in some instances I have quoted their words and expressions. I hereby gratefully acknowledge my indebtedness to each of them.

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CHAPTER I.

THE WELSH PEOPLE—THEIR ABODE.

THE distinctive home of the Welsh people is Wales, situated in the western part of the Island of Great Britain. It is bounded by the Irish Sea, St. George's and the Bristol Channels and touching Cheshire, Shropshire, Herefordshire and Monmouthshire. Its greatest length from north to south is about one hundred and thirty-five miles and its breadth from east to west is from about thirty-five to ninety-five miles, and it has an area of seven thousand three hundred and sixty-three square miles. It is divided into thirteen counties, including Monmouthshire. The other twelve are Anglesey, Carnarvonshire, Denbighshire, Flintshire, Merionethshire and Montgomeryshire in North Wales; and Brecknockshire, Cardiganshire, Carmarthenshire, Glamorganshire, Pembrokeshire and Radnorshire in South Wales. The country is not extensive, yet it is one of the most picturesque countries in the world, where nature displays herself in the wildest, boldest and, occasionally, loveliest forms. It is interesting in many respects, and it deserves more attention than it has hitherto met with. This is the special home of the Welsh people, but to-day representatives of this nation are to be found wherever the sun shines. Many tribes and nations have been blended together to form this splendid people. The melting and mixing process took place in what is known as Wales and some parts of England, and that in their early history. Several nations contributed to make the Welsh a strong people. If they are not numerically large, they are known as possessing qualities that make them a blessing to all nations and countries of the world. No nation need boast of purity of blood; there is such purity that tends to poverty, and that is why laws are enacted in some countries to prohibit the marriage of near relatives. Many races and tribes came to England and Wales in ancient days, and each one brought and left some good in the land; some strong traits to enrich the race that was to take possession of them. This blending made a strong nation of the Welsh. Different types of faces, color and characters are to be found to-day in the same parish, and the one is as much Welsh as the other. There are many names given to these people, the study of which will be profitable and interesting. Something may be learned of the people, whose history we study from the names given them by others, as well as the names they have themselves adopted. Let us begin with the most modern, and go back to the most ancient of these appellations.

1. Wales and Welsh are of Saxon origin, and were given to the country and people respectively by the Anglo-Saxons. The word is derived from "Wealh" or "Wealas," meaning foreigner, or a person speaking a language or tongue foreign to one's own. All nations and people have labored more or less under the delusion that they themselves are "the people," and their language the only God-sanctioned medium of speech, while others who speak different tongues are jabberers and of no account. Saxons are not more bigoted than others in this direction. This word "Wealas" reminds me of a word used among the Welsh of South Wales that must have had the same origin. "Beth wyt ti yn wlea?" meaning, What speakest thou? as if he were using a foreign tongue. In Romans i:14 we have a similar division of mankind, viz.: Greeks and Barbarians, wise and unwise. These terms were intended to include all human beings independently of nationality and culture. The Greeks called others than themselves Barbarians, and the proud Saxon when he heard the Cymro speak the vernacular said there is a jabberer, a Welshman, a speaker of foreign tongue, and the nation has accepted the term, as the church has accepted and adopted the word "Christian," which was first given in derision and scorn.

2. Cymru, Cymro and Cymry are names that have been adopted by the Welsh people. The first is the name given the country, and the other two are the singular and plural respectively for the people. Many are the attempts made to account for the origin of these words; for instance:

(a) From Cimbri or Cymry, signifying the first race.

(b) Some say that the word is derived from Gomer, the son of Japheth, hence a grandson of Noah. Josephus says Gomer was the father of the Gomari, who were called by the Greeks Galatai. Many of the expositors on the letter to the Galatians (New Testament) say that they were from Gaul and are of the same origin as the Welsh.

(c) Others maintain that the Welsh are a branch of the people called Cumbri, who inhabited the north of Germany and Jutland, which region is called Kimbria by German writers to this day.

(d) The Welsh scholars say that it means confederate, compatriot, or a fellow-countryman. Cymro stands for an earlier Cambrox, and just as Allobrox meant an alien or foreigner, so Cambrox must have meant one belonging to one's own country. The ancient form still is seen in the names Cumberland and Cambria, but its modern form is Cymro, a compatriot. Like scores of other words, this one was born of the feeling and condition of the people. The Teutonic immigrants and the Celts were fighting for supremacy, and were attacking each other severely, and the Celts felt that if they were to

withstand successfully the advances of the enemy they must come closer together, hence the word Cymro.

3. Celts and Britons should be yoked together, inasmuch as both used the language and customs of the Celtæ or Galli of the Continent, for the Cimbri, Galli and Celtæ were the same genus of people under specific appellations. They came from the same country and district, because Gaul and Brittany are both in the North of France.

(a) Briton—Brydon, which was the national name the inhabitants of the island adopted in remote ages. It means the fair tribe, or Prydcain, agwedd teg, fair complexion, for such were the people. They had blue eyes and a fair complexion, and the people's appearance gave a name to the island.

(b) Britons or Bretagne, the same as Brittany or Llydaw. Their language has a great similarity to the Welsh, and a delegation of these people are coming for a number of years annually to the National Eisteddfod of Wales.

CHAPTER II.

THE WELSH PEOPLE—THEIR ORIGIN.

In the previous chapter we suggested that Wales was not the home of one ancient race, nor the home of one ancient language. Many races and tribes and tongues have been in the Principality in prehistoric ages. Purity of blood and continuity of language we have not. We have remnants on the mountains, in the valleys, towns, cities—customs and institutions of races and languages that have become extinct. They came from various countries, along different routes and for divers purposes. Of some we know not whence they came nor how they disappeared, but they have left marks of their existences and customs in and on the land they dwelt in. "The Welsh are descendants of a great homogeneous nation called Cymry or Britons, now referred to as ancient Britons, the dominions of which comprised not only Great Britain, but larger territories on the Continent, as well. But owing to misfortunes in war, bad government, and all sorts of mischances, they lost not only their continental possessions, but also the crown of Britain, and at last became confined in what is now Cymru." "Eu tir a gollant, ond Gwyllt Walia." We know not who were the first settlers in the island. But we know that there were inferior races dwelling in Wales in ancient times. Archæological discoveries and philological and ethnological studies agree that several nations and languages were in Wales in olden days. Barrows or burial mounds, tools, implements and relics of various kind are found in many parts of the country, testifying to this fact. We first come to a period when stone was the only instrument; then we come to a time when the stone is polished, and these periods are followed by the bronze and the iron ages. The aborigines dwelled in caves, which they first shared with the wild beasts. They gradually drove the latter out. Then the inferior man, as well as the inferior home and implement, gave way to his superior. The cave man disappeared; he became extinct or was absorbed by the nations that followed him on the island. Then we come to a people called Iberian. This is the name given to all the people that came to the mountains previous to the Celtic immigration. They were short, dark and long-skulled people. Descendants of these people are supposed to be found among the modern population of Wales, especially in South Wales. Prof. O. M. Edwards, in his larger book on Wales, gives a photograph of Islwyn, the Welsh poet, as a typical Iberian. The Iberians form not only the larger part of the Welsh population, but of the British people

of today. These people were far superior in remote ages to the cave men. They were advanced in their way of living and in their mode of subsistence. They tilled the soil, and they planted corn, and knew how to spin and weave and make simple pottery. They had better instruments and tools, and were fixed dwellers rather than wanderers. But, strange to say, there is no historian in a position to state positively who the Iberians were nor whence they came, though authorities feel they are on sure ground in saying that they were non-Aryan in race and speech. Whatever language they had, it seems they lost it when the Celts came, and instead took to the tongue of the Celtic conqueror.

This leads us to the coming of the Celts to the island. They came from the continent, from Gaul, and probably were able to come overland, because no doubt Great Britain in remote times was connected to Gaul by the isthmus of Dwryfran and was a part of the continent of Europe. A convulsion of nature, attended with an irruption of the Atlantic ocean into the Lake Lychlyn, separated Britain from the continent. The similarity of the geological strata on the British and Gallic coasts favors this opinion. It is rather difficult to decide with any degree of certainty when the first group of Gauls came over from the continent. Some say it was as early as the sixth century before the Christian era, and the second group came over about four centuries later, or two centuries before the Christian era. The first group, as well as the second, were Aryan, a part of the Indo-European family. These were the ancestors of the Goidels, whose language is now represented by the Gaelic dialects of Ireland, Isle of Man and Scotland. They found no rest along the shores where they landed or crossed over, because others, like themselves, came from Gaul and demanded living room, so they were pushed farther to the west and to the north; that is why we find so many of them making their homes in the northern countries of the island, such as Ireland, Scotland and the Isle of Man, and were lost sight of among the mountains of these regions. They were different in every respect from the Iberians, being a people with broad heads, red or yellow hair and very powerful physically. Their average height was about five feet nine inches (some inches taller than the Iberians), and the women were also tall, handsome and muscular. They were mighty hunters, bold and courageous, and bent upon subduing all their competitors. Their customs were also different. But the newcomers realized the advantage of living on friendly terms with the Iberians, who were there before them, and had, therefore, a prior claim to the land. The two races became one by inter-marriages, so as to produce some of the finest people on the

island. They not only lived together, but the skulls and remains of the two people have often been found lying together in the same graves. The second wave of immigrants brought another branch of the Celts to the island. This one was the Brythonic group, comprising the language of Wales, the Armoric dialects of Brittany or Llydaw, also the old Cornish dialect. On first group's arrival they had to conquer the Iberians or make friends with them, and when the Brythonic group came over they had to fight with the Gaelic Celt. So we find a bitter struggle carried on between two kindred nations for the possession of Wales. The Brythons were reinforced by the newcomers from Gaul, and the Goidels by people returning from the westerly and northerly parts of the island. Finally the Brythonic group conquered the Goidelic, and conquered the land, as they had previously taken it from the Iberians, and the races settled down in peace. The land was divided into four groups, in each of which some ruling tribe or family kept the others united in subjection.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST DIVISION OF LAND.

We have now in the island, besides the aborigines, the Iberian race and the Celtic nation in two divisions or groups, viz.: the Goidelic and Brythonic. The Iberian had absorbed the first inhabitant, the second had become amalgamated with the Goidelic, and in its turn the Brythonic had waged conflict with the Goidelic for supremacy. Each one had its virtues and peculiarities, and for centuries they were seen in their different mode of living, but probably before the end of the eleventh century all conscious distinctions had been blotted out. The aborigines, the Aryan and non-Aryan, the Goidel and Brythonic divisions by to-day are so mixed up with other nations that their different characteristics in body and mind, in color and character, are greatly modified. "If a competent ethnologist were to be sent around Wales to identify the individual men and women who seemed to him to approach what he would consider the Aryan type, his report probably would go to show that he found comparatively few such people, and that these belong chiefly to the old families of the land-owning class, the vast majority he could not only label as probably not Celtic, but not Aryan." (Rhys and Jones.) This agrees with the statement that Professor O. M. Edwards and others make that the Iberic blood runs in the veins of the peasantry of the country to-day. It is the chief element among the Welsh people. The Iberians predominates everywhere, and he is generally the poet of the present day. The Iberian was a villager and a toiler from days of yore. The Celt was a tribesman. To the former the village was everything; to the latter the tribe. The Celt was jealous of his rights and the purity of his blood. He esteems noble birth and honorable descent above all things, and he is more desirous of marrying into high than rich families. Even the common people retain their genealogy, and can not only readily recount the names of their grandfathers and great-grandfathers, but refer back to the sixth, seventh and still more remote generations. Being particularly attached to family descent, they avenge with vehemence the injuries which may tend to the disgrace of their blood, and being naturally of a passionate disposition, they are ready to avenge not only recent but ancient insults. All crime was crime against the family with the Celt. The family was responsible for the crime of its members, and, therefore, had to atone or carry out the blood feud, and this accounts for many, if not most, of the quarrels and squabbles that have disgraced the history of the Welsh for so many centuries. Their family feuds gave them

no time to unite with each other against the common foe. A kingdom or nation divided against itself cannot stand, and we are surprised that the Welsh were able to withstand the enemy so long when we count their numerous family struggles. The Celt was full of pride, and in the pride of his heart insisted upon ruling over all, and the Iberian had simply to submit to his conditions. There were two kinds of people in the villages—free-born or high-born, and the low-born or serfs. The one was the conquering Celt and the other the conquered Iberian. The poorer classes were the inhabitants of the villages. These villages were totemistic communities; that is, each village or community was described by the totem or animal whose name and symbol it bore. It may be that the various nicknames of different localities in Wales are remnants surviving this custom, such as the pigs of Anglesey or Pembroke, the dogs of Denbigh, the cats of Ruthin, the deer of Llanfyllin, the crows of Harlech, the gadflies of Mawddwy and the goats of Arfon. These villages were also communistic; the land belonged to all alike, son and stranger being on equal plane. Land was tilled in common, and its produce was common property. Here we find the first division of the land, and it was thus—Gwynedd, the Snowdon district, was in possession of the Decangi. Over Powys, the extensive Berwyn district, the Ordovices ruled. Morganwg and Gwent, or Glamorgan and Monmouthshire, the Black Mountain district, was the home of the Silures. In Dyfed and Ceredigion, or the Plinlimmon district, the Demetæ lived. It is interesting to notice that each division could boast of mountains within its territory, and that each district is represented this day by the four dioceses of Wales, i. e., Bangor, St. Asaph, St. David and Llandaff. Among the districts there was a certain family or tribe that governed all the others, and among them there was a person whom they considered leader or governor, who in virtue of his position would claim from the villeins or villains—the federal of the lowest class—certain tributes, so that gradually the tribe and the village became united in one commote under the jurisdiction of this leader or lord.

The most ancient political division of Wales about which we have any sure knowledge is that of cantrefws or cymwds. In order to understand the mode of government from day to day we must bear in mind that the cymwd is the unit of division, the smallest part, and on which we must fix our minds. The cantref, in all probability, is a district over which a lord appointed by the king of the country of which it formed a part, ruled with a set of officers whose rights and duties corresponded with those of the king's household. The lord of a cantref or cymwd must not be confounded with another kind of chieftain, the head of a kindred (or cenedl), with whom the

laws make us acquainted. The lord might be, of course, a pen cenedl, the chief, in reference to his own kindred, but his position as ruler was due, as it seems, to his appointment by the king of, or the royal kindred ruling over, the country in which the cantref or cymwd was situated. Sometimes several cantrefs were combined under one lord, who called himself prince or king; but in any case, if we may judge from the laws, each cymwd or cantref maintained its separate organization. The lord delegated to certain officers the right to discharge some of his functions. In every cymwd there was a mayor, and a chancellor discharging prescribed governmental duties; and in each cymwd a court was held by them, with the aid of other officers. Several commotes made a cantref, many cantrefs made a kingdom, and many kingdoms made Wales in olden times.

CHAPTER IV.

GREEKS, ROMANS AND THE WELSH.

The Welsh were not the first inhabitants of Prydain, neither were they the last. Some nations preceded them, and others followed them, who were as anxious to have new territories and possessions as they were. People came to the shores for commerce, for plunder and conquests. Phœnicians brought their merchant ships to buy tin from the Gauls of Cornwall to take home to Tyre and Sidon. It has been stated that the British tin mines supplied the glorious adornment to Solomon's temple. It is said that Pytheas, an eminent Greek mathematician and geographer, is the one that has given the world the earliest historical account of Britain. It is told that he heard of the tin and came to explore and to extend his knowledge for the purposes of trade. This was about three hundred years before Julius Caesar came to the country. He reports having seen wheat, and was astonished to find threshing done in barns, the climate not admitting of outdoor threshing as in Southern Europe. Posidonius was another Greek geographer that visited Britain. He visited the district of Cornwall, and reported that the Gauls were fond of strangers, and that from their intercourse with foreign merchants they were civilized in their manner of life. While these two Greeks are very complimentary to the Celts and their customs, there follows after them one who is not friendly nor even fair in his account of our ancestors—Julius Cæsar. Whatever advantages he had to study the country and its people, and whatever purposes he had in view, we have to acknowledge that his account is not a flattering one. We can hardly conceive that he wilfully fabricated falsehoods to the detriment of the Welsh, but rather that he allowed his natural bias to color, perhaps unconsciously, his letters. He may not have considered the differences in the advantages of the Romans and the early Britons, so that he was not fair in his deductions of the manners and customs of the one compared with the other. It may be that the trouble that he and his army had to conquer the small nation had so irritated him that he was not prepared to say pleasant things about them. The mother country of the Suesiones or Belgi having been reduced by the Romans under the command of Cæsar, and the Britons having given offense to the emperor by assisting the Gauls with troops in their wars, the Roman consul sent ambassadors to Saxon colonies to insist upon their submission to the Romans. At the same time he dispatched Comios, King of Artois, with other ambassadors to the British chiefs to demand satisfaction for having sent auxiliary forces to join his enemies during his wars in Gaul. The

Saxon cities sent their submission to Cæsar, but the negotiations of Comios with the British were not successful. This act created a hostile feeling towards the Celts that caused the Roman government to send fleet and armies to the British coast. There were many bloody battles fought, and many of the Celtic leaders displayed unprecedented bravery in fighting against larger armies and better trained soldiers of the Romans. One of the bravest heroes of the period was Carac-tacus, son of Bran, a prince and king of the Silures. He led the resistance for nine years, and during this time fought thirty battles, but he finally fell at *Caer Caradog*, North Wales; his army was defeated, his wife and daughters were taken prisoners, and after sheltering for a time among the Brigantes he was betrayed by their queen and carried captive to Rome, and was exhibited in a martial spectacle, but later was released by the clemency of the emperor. Twenty-five years after his capture the war came to an end. Though the leader was captive and the army demoralized, the Celts were not subdued, and constant difficulties arose. So to finish forever these annoyances, Suetonius Paulinus decided to go west and prosecute the war against the Britons and to lay waste the very sanctuary of the Druidic faith, the Isle of Anglesey, where sat the high college of priests and teachers. So passing over the Menai Straits, he destroyed their sacred groves and carried his arms to the farther part of the island, which, from his name, has been called *Talybolion*, or the Heights of Paulinus. This conflict was severe and final, because the Druids never made war against the Roman arms after this battle. In drawing to a close our account of the conflicts between the Celts and the Romans, it is fit that we should refer to *Boadicea* (*Buddug*), who undertook to lead the Celts against the Roman armies and the horde of foreigners that followed them. When the two armies met, the Romans formed themselves in order of battle, but the Britons advanced in multitude and without order. The former fought with swords; the latter with missiles. Under such unequal circumstances discipline prevailed, and the fortune of the day favored the Romans. The loss of the Britons was estimated at eighty thousand slain, and that of the Romans four hundred men killed and the like number wounded. This was a great slaughter, but *Buddug* is held in immortal fame by the Welsh for having fought and fallen in defense of her country, which was in A. D. 61. There is one other engagement between these factions that should be mentioned; that of *Julius Agricola*, who led his army to Anglesey. His daring attack struck the Britons with such consternation that they immediately sued for peace and surrendered the island. The first invasion was in 55 B. C., and this battle, which was final, was in A. D. 78. From this year to their

withdrawal the Romans endeavored to increase the peace and happiness of the Britons by directing them in profitable pursuits. They constructed roads from one end to the other of the island. They introduced arts and learning, and encouraged them in building. Soon the Britons began to adopt Roman dress and manners. Cities were built of stone, and the vocabulary of the Welsh language was increased by words borrowed from the Romans, which are in use even to this day, such as *Caer*, *fios*, *twr*, *saeth*, *aur*, *arian*, *a phlwm*. While the Romans ruled Britain they allowed the families and tribes to govern as before. It was a home rule except in great federal matters. The Romans were great rulers, and may be in the Providence of God they rose to say that nations must have the spirit of law and order to thrive. They were also cruel in war, stern and selfish in time of peace. The measure they meted out to others was at last meted out to them, for in the words of Jerome, "Rome, which enslaved the whole world, has itself been taken."

CHAPTER V.

THE WELSH KINGS AND PRINCES.

While the Romans ruled over the Britons they had troubles of their own, and as their power began to wane, they had to give up their possessions in other countries, and among them was their holding in Great Britain. But when they withdrew because of failing power they left the Britons without a chief, judges without authority, and priests without either means of support or the sanction of the people; and the stations, palaces and cultivated lands which the Romans had deserted were exposed to the avarice of the adjoining nations. During the Roman rule the families and tribes of the Welsh were allowed to select their kings and chiefs. In this juncture the family of Cunedda rose to greatness as a family of officials chiefly concerned with the defense of the wall in 450. On fairly good authority it is said that he was a native of Gwynedd. Because of his position and power, he assumed the office of the chief Roman ruler. He changed his name, or rather the title of his office, from being *Dux Britannæ*, the ruler of Britain, into *Gwledig*, the ruler of *gwlad* or country, hence he is known in Welsh history as Cunedda Wledig. When Rome had failed to defend the country and its subjects, it became incumbent on the most powerful of the Welsh kings to restore order, to execute the duties of this Roman officer, and to defend his nation against the mad rushes of the various people that were bent upon taking possession of their land and homes. Cunedda had power and wealth, and is credited with being ruler of a wide district from Carlisle to Wearmouth, with his court at Carlisle. He is further said to have had a retinue on the wall of nine hundred horses. It is possible that Cunedda had some Roman blood in his veins, and that he, therefore, represented the Roman party in the region between the walls; hence the quarrel between him and the Picts and the un-Romanized Celts. He and his numerous sons came to Wales and took leading positions in the ruling of the country. As *Gwledig*, or ruler, he exercised supreme command over all Wales, and his praises have been sung by Welsh bards. The most famous descendant of the house of Cunedda is *Maelgwn*; he had his dominion in Gwynedd (North Wales). He tried to accomplish a very difficult task, that of uniting the smaller kings or chiefs of Wales under his own power. From *Deganwy*, his seat of government, he advanced southwards to try to force the semi-independent kinglets to recognize in him the heir of Roman rule. A legend shows that he tried by guile as well as by force to have them submit to his authority. It is said that he summoned all the unwilling chiefs to *Aberdovey*,

and that they all sat in chairs on the seashore to decide in solemn conclave who was to be the king of the Isle of Britain. They came to a strange decision; that is, that he who could sit longest in his chair, in spite of the inflowing tide, was to rule over all. Now, Maeldaf the Old had prepared for Maelgwn a chair made of waxed wings, and it floated when all the other chairs had been thrown down. He ruled for a time over Wales and the confederated Kymry of Cumbria. He was some sort of a Christian. He died of the yellow pestilence which raged in 550, expiring probably in the little church of Rhos, near Deganwy. There were many kings that followed, and their history is void of worthy deeds. It can be summed up in preparation for war, in fighting, in victory or defeat. As soon as one was proclaimed victor there would be another out with a challenge to fight him. The country was distracted by constant warfare. It would be a waste of space in this brief history to even as much as give their names. We will single out some of the bravest and most successful of them. One of the best was Rhodri the Great, who became prince in 843, and from 844 to 877 he succeeded by battles on land and sea in defeating the Danes and Saxons on all hands. The earlier years of his reign were troublesome and disastrous, but through foresight and tact he brought the different tribes together in some sort of a union, and made of the nation a power that was able to defend herself against the enemy. Rhodri had an efficient navy to guard the coasts, and to join when necessary with the princes of Ireland against the Black Host, as the Danes were called. Rhodri the Great and Alfred the Great, king of Wessex, were the only two rulers in all Britain whom the Danes had not defeated. The former was a strong and wise leader of his country in those days of strife and evil. He fell in battle in Anglesey in 877. Following his death Cumbria was divided into three provinces, and were ruled over by Rhodri's three sons—Anarawd over Gwynedd; Cadell over Deuheubarth or South Wales, and Merfyn over the province of Powys, being the lordship of Wys, the country above the Wye. Merfyn fell in the battle of Rhos Meilion, and his brother Cadell took immediate possession of his dominions. This selfish act of Cadell gave offense to his brother Anarawd, who invaded South Wales and laid waste the counties of Radnor and Cardigan. Cadell on his death was succeeded by his son Howell. 913. Anarawd died a few years later, leaving two sons, Edwin Foel and Elis. This period is replete with distressing events. We will pass it over, and will tarry a little with Llewelyn ab Seisyllt. He was fortunate in battle, and wishing for peace he made the country rich and happy;

but in spite of his good wishes his reign was often disturbed by the turbulent and disaffected. He hailed from South Wales, though the strength of his following was from North Wales. He rose above the petty jealousies of the princes, and was accepted ruler of all Wales, 1015-1023. To him belongs the honor of uniting the Welsh under one head. As a rule, he resided at Rhuddlan Castle, and was killed through the treachery of Madog, Bishop of Bangor, 1023. After the assassination of Llewelyn a large number of little princes began to disturb the peace and claim their rights, real or supposed, to rule, but in 1037 Griffith, the son of Llewelyn, came of age and resolved to recover his father's throne. The recollections of the virtues of his father and his personal talents prompted the Welsh to rally to his standard. His very name was a terror to the Saxon. All chronicles agree in setting him forth as a great soldier. He defeated the Danes at Crossford, 1039. He crushed the opponents of Welsh unity at Pencader, 1041, and the sea-rovers at Aberdovey in 1044. He reduced the South into subjection; then he turned his attention to Harold, Earl of Wessex, who had made himself king of England. In 1062 began the struggle between Griffith and Harold. After a successful career Griffith was betrayed and basely murdered.

CHAPTER VI.

OTHER INVADERS.

The flourishing condition of Wales, in spite of its wars, allured many nations to its shores. The country had been fairly developed. Agriculture was booming, mineral wealth had been discovered, mines had been opened and worked, cities had been erected, and roads were made all over the Principality. Wales was a prize greatly to be desired. Other men had labored, but now there was a mad rush from many directions to take hold of the harvest. The Cambrian tribes in Wales, Cumberland and Cornwall put in their claims for a share of the empire. Picts and Scots wished a share of the plunder. In short, the Picts and Brythons, rebels of the North, and the Teutonic tribes of the South threatened the existence of Britain when the Romans retired to their own country. Wales was surrounded on the land side by people who spoke strange languages, and who worshiped different gods from theirs. From the sea it was also open to attack. Sometimes the Irish came, but the most feared of all the intruders were the Danes, whose appearance and quick movements and desperate onslaughts were the terror of the age. The Black Danes came from the fiords of Norway and the White Danes from the plains of Sweden and Denmark. But the claims of these usurpers were successfully contested and defeated by the gallant warriors of the Principality from the days of Cunedda Wledig to Griffith ab Llewelyn. Then on the death of Griffith, the last and most successful of all the invaders came to challenge Wales and its rulers. The Normans, led by William the Conqueror, appeared at Chester in January, 1070, with an army. Previous to this William had in 1066 defeated and killed Harold, the English king, who had killed Griffith ab Llewelyn. At his appearance at Chester he commenced his attempt to vanquish Wales, but he found it a hard task, a much harder task than to conquer the English counties. The Welshman was the equal of the Norman on the battlefield, and when positions and advantages were equal, the issues of battles very often went in favor of the Welsh. For hardy valor the Welsh were never excelled by any race of people in the world, and no people ever maintained their language, their manners, their principles and personal liberties so successfully. The strife between the Britons and Normans continued for 220 years, when Wales was placed in a position of dependence on the English government, but the complete absorption of the country did not come to pass for nearly three hundred years longer, or about five hundred years since the first attack. Thus we find that the Welsh fought bravely

for ages to keep their country and independence, and if it were not for their disadvantages, compared with the enemy, they would never have yielded. But lack of organization and internal strifes made them weak, and, consequently, they were defeated. Our limits are such that we cannot refer in detail to the many noble warriors, princes and kings of this age. It is rather a difficult task to select the most worthy for particular mention. On the death of Bleddyn in 1075, Griffith ap Cynan, a descendant of Cunedda Wledig, became the prince of Gwynedd, at the same time as Rhys ab Tewdwr was the prince of South Wales. Both of them had the blood of Cunedda, the most royal of the Welsh families, in their veins, and they agreed that one should rule in the North and the other in the South. Griffith ab Cynan was succeeded by his two sons, Owen Gwynedd and Cadwaladr. The former became prince of Gwynedd in 1137 in place of his father. Cadwaladr ruled in Merioneth and Cardiganshire under his brother, and an attempt was made to still further consolidate the Welsh forces by uniting with the family of Griffith ab Rhys in the South. Owen was a wise, clear-headed man and did everything in his power to unite the Welsh in North and South Wales. Rhys ab Griffith also succeeded in uniting the smaller princes of the South, so that with Owen in Gwynedd and Rhys in the South, the hopes of the Welsh became much brighter; though in the meantime the Normans had pushed on to Carmarthen and Pencader, where the Welsh made their submission. Yet, the following year the Welsh forces gained a decisive victory in the vale of Ceiriog. They defeated Henry at Corwen. Rhys took the castles of Cardigan and Cilgerran, while Owen Gwynedd pushed on to Rhuddlan, conquering as he went. Wales had now three strong men, all desiring unity: Owen in the North, Rhys in the South and Owen Cyfeiliog of Powys. For six years after the terrible defeat of Henry at Corwen he never set foot in Wales, and when he came in 1171 on his way to Ireland to conquer that island he changed his policy; instead of trying to crush the Welsh, he resolved to recognize their independence. After the death of Owen Gwynedd in 1169, the man of greatest importance in Wales was Rhys, so the king appointed him as justice over all of South Wales. This act made the Welsh loyal to him. David, the son of Owen Gwynedd, also became a loyal supporter of Henry and married Henry's half sister, Emma. These three great heroes, Owen, Rhys and Owen Cyfeiliog, passed away. David succeeded his father in Gwynedd, Griffith followed Rhys in the South, and Gwenwynwyn came after Cyfeiliog in Powys, but not one was successful in commanding the respect of, nor strong enough to keep the other princes under control. But soon a strong personality appeared in the North, viz.: Llewelyn

ab Iorwerth, called rightly Llewelyn the Great, and recognized as such in the official document of King Edward I. He laid down the foundations of his power by conquests. He defeated David and became the prince of Gwynedd. Soon afterwards he was acknowledged master of Powys. Then he directed his attention to the conquest of South Wales; that is, the Norman power in South Wales. He took the castles of Carmarthen, Llanstephan, St. Clears and New Castle Emlyn, and was practically the leader of all Wales. Doubtless, he was far and away the greatest Welsh chieftain of his day. No greater power was to be found in Britain than that which he commanded when at the height of his popularity. All the country was full of his fame as a mighty warrior. In matters of state as well as war he was great, and was equal to the Earls of Pembroke and Chester and the king of the Scots. He died in 1240, honored and mourned by the whole Welsh nation.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LAST LLEWELYN AND THE CLOSING SCENES OF THE WELSH PRINCES.

Llewelyn the Great longed to see harmony established between England and Wales. He may have been influenced in this direction by his wife, Joan, who was the daughter of King John. He thought this could be secured by having his son David, who was a nephew to King Henry III, succeed him as Prince of Wales. But Llewelyn's eldest son, Griffith, by a former Welsh wife, was the nominee of the Welsh people. Though the people favored Griffith, Llewelyn's judgment prevailed and David was chosen his successor, and for a few years, 1240 to 1246, he reigned in his father's place, but not with his dignity and authority. From David's death, in 1246, till 1282 the most prominent figure in all Wales was Llewelyn ab Griffith, or the last Llewelyn. He was a grandson of Llewelyn the Great. In 1247 he did homage to Henry III of England, and the terms show clearly how the Welsh had lost ground since the glorious days of the Great Llewelyn. Only the region of Snowdon and Anglesey was under his control. The rest of Wales had gone to the invaders. Petty quarrels between Welsh chieftains made it impossible for them to withstand the English. In 1277 Llewelyn conquered all of Gwynedd; then he set his mind to win back the whole territory of his grandfather. But this was not to be; the other princes were too jealous of his power. In 1256 he was in open rebellion against the English, and conquered Powys and South Wales. He met successfully all the advances of the English king, but he had great trouble with his own countrymen. Jealousy broke out everywhere, and treachery was rampant on all hands; but he managed to improve conditions by the following year, then he fought and conquered in all directions. In 1265 he could regard Wales once more an independent principality. In 1272 Henry III, King of England, died and Edward I succeeded him. Llewelyn refused homage to the king, and this convinced Edward that he had a dangerous foe to contend with in Wales. So we find in 1276 the king declaring war against Llewelyn, and the following year the invasion of Wales began. Three formidable armies poured into Wales, and Llewelyn found it hopeless to attempt to withstand such a force. He left South Wales and went, with his army, to the wilds of Snowdon; but he was compelled by the barrenness of the district to come to more fertile valleys. This forced him to accept certain conditions that were imposed upon him by his suzerain. These were signed by Llewelyn, November 19, 1276, and were ratified by Edward I at Rhuddlan

the following day. After this there was a season of peace between England and Wales, but Llewelyn was growing impatient. Edward's officials pressed his claims with force and brutality, and this was the real cause of the final quarrel between the prince and the king. The Welsh were treated abominably by the servants of the king, and men of spirit preferred death to this form of slavery. All parties came together—even the foolish and traitorous. David came to his brother Llewelyn's side. A plan was formed and the Welsh plunged recklessly into the last revolt. In 1282 Llewelyn took possession of the Castles of Flint, Rhuddlan and Hawarden, and marching into Perveddwlad (the region between Chester and Conway) was welcomed everywhere as a deliverer. Then he turned towards Builth, and having posted his army of six thousand on a mountain in the neighborhood, went alone, unarmed, to an appointed spot to discuss matters with Cambrian partisans and English lords, who had entered into a confederacy against Edward I. But before he returned to his army, an English knight, named Adam Francton, ran a spear through him and he died. He did not know him as the prince, but as a soldier of the Welsh army. But when the English knew him to be Llewelyn there was great rejoicing in all their army. A minute description of the last days and hours of the greatest and noblest prince at that time on earth is given by Mr. Stephens in the literature of the Kymry; but rather than quote his pathetic words, we draw a veil over the last acts of the British king towards a worthy foeman and a great leader, simply adding the words of a great historian, "That to insult the remains of a fallen enemy, and a sovereign prince, by devices which were mean and vindictive, was more suited to the leader of a tribe of Arabs than a great monarch." When the death of this noble prince became known the other leaders of the Welsh, except David, made their submission to Edward. David alone held out, but was soon captured, tried and sentenced to death at Shrewsbury, September 30, 1283. "Ilion was gone, for Hector was no more." The shedding of blood is over. It would be well to forget the enmity and the strife. Both kings thought they were right. Edward wanted a united kingdom; Llewelyn thought Wales ought to be free; we have both now, to a certain extent. The Welsh submitted to the English king on conditions that their own laws be continued, and that the king himself should come to live in Wales; or if that could not be, he must appoint some Welsh nobleman as his lieutenant to administer the government, who must be a man of good moral character. This stipulation led to the birth at

Carnarvon town or castle of Edward II, who was made prince of Wales, 1300. Llewelyn was the last prince of independent Wales, and Edward II was the first prince of united England and Wales; and from this on the title is conferred by the king of England on his eldest son, who becomes the heir to the throne and crown. The country was ruled from 1284 by the king's sheriffs and justices instead of the chiefs of the Welsh princes. The conquest of Wales tended to raise the serf to the level of the freeman. Commerce improved; laborers became scarce, and claimed higher wages. The lords tried to drag them back to serfdom, but there were revolts which were termed in English "peasant revolts," and the peasant war in Wales is sometimes called the revolt of Owen Glendower. With the assassination of Owen of Wales, in 1378, the last of Llewelyn's near relatives to dream of restoring the independence of Wales, the rebellions against the King of England came to an end. The remainder of the history of Wales and the Welsh is taken up by the quarrels that took place between the English barons and the Welsh squires or freemen. These were of frequent occurrence. One of the most brilliant to defend his own rights and those of the peasant against the encroachments of the barons was Owen Glendower. He is known as one of the most striking, popular characters in the history of Wales. His spirit more than that of other heroes of the past seems to give stamina to his descendants on their onward march, not so much on account of his political ideals, as for his courage to champion the cause of the peasant and education. He died some time around 1415, but his grave is unknown, and his lineage and the date of his death are matters of conjecture. Wales was incorporated with England, with English laws and liberties, in 1536. In 1689 the lord marchers' surviving jurisdiction was abolished; in 1831 the Welsh judiciary court of session was incorporated in the judicial system of England. The most striking features of Wales' subsequent history have been the rise of Nonconformity and its recent intellectual awakening.

CHAPTER VIII.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE WELSH.

It is difficult to do justice to the subjects of this chapter, inasmuch as manners and customs differ from age to age. The customs of the cave man must of necessity be different from the Iberians'; and the Celts, Goidelic and Brythonic had their peculiar ways of living. The stone, bronze and iron ages had their differences; their homes were not the same; their pursuits and diversions differed. Even the same people in the same country have their innovations from time to time. There was and there is yet an orthodox evolution in these matters. Another fact that adds to the difficulty is that ancient writers are at great variance in their description of the Celtic homes and customs. Historians are not above being prejudiced in one way or another. They give their own coloring to the facts they record, so that the descriptions by different authors of the customs and manners of the same people may not exactly agree. One of the most ancient of all historians in regard to the Britons is Julius Cæsar. We have reasons to doubt some of his pen pictures of the ancient Brythons. But if we are offended at the description and hesitate to believe that it is true, we must bear in mind that our ancestors are not to be judged by the present standard of civilization. We deem it inexpedient to quote Caesar at any length. Suffice it to say that when the Romans came to the island, he says that they found the ancient natives of the interior savage, naked and houseless. But the long continuance of the Roman legions on the island improved the condition of the inhabitants, and made them acquainted with comforts and even refinements of life; and the employment of so many in building the northern walls, temples, places of amusements and luxury, and above all in forming roads and building stations, gave the Britons abundant examples of the useful and the ornamental. Then we come to a period when the houses were made of giant forest trees, their boughs meeting at the top and supporting the roof-tree. The fire burnt in the middle of the hall; and even in late years the fire is built in some parts of Cardiganshire and Carmarthenshire on the floor of the hearth. Round the halls the family beds were arranged. The family was governed by the head of the household (*pen teulu*), whose word was law. The highest family in the land was that of the king. In his hall all took their own places, his chief of the household, priest, steward, falconer, judge, bard, huntsman, mediciner and others. Another historian who has written of the early period of the Celt is Giraldus Cambrensis. He was born in

1147 in the castle of Manorbeer, about three miles from Pembroke. His father was of Norman blood and of knightly rank. His mother was a granddaughter of Rhys ab Tewdwr, Prince of South Wales. He became a great scholar and worked zealously to reform his native land, and wrote extensively about the Britons. We quote him from his history: "The Welsh people are light and active, rather hardy than strong, and universally trained to the use of arms, for when the trumpet sounds the alarm the husbandman leaves his plough and rushes to the onset with as much eagerness as the courtier from the palace. They live in general upon the produce of their herds, eating flesh in larger proportion than bread, paying no attention to commerce, and anxiously studying the defense of their country and their liberty; for these they fight, endure hardships, and sacrifice their lives, esteeming it a disgrace to die in bed, and an honor to die on the field of battle. The commonalty use light arms, small breast plates, bundles of arrows, long lances, helmets and shields and sometimes greaves plated with iron. In time of peace the young men, by penetrating into the recesses of the woods and climbing the tops of the mountains, learn to endure fatigue, and they acquire the art of war by accustoming themselves to athletic exercise and to use the lance. King Henry II in answer to inquiries of Emmanuel, emperor of Constantinople, respecting Britain, replied that in a part of the island there was a people called Welsh, so bold and ferocious that when unarmed they did not fear to encounter an armed force, being ready to shed their blood in defense of their country and to sacrifice their lives for military renown. They are not addicted to gluttony nor drunkenness; simple and frugal in food and dress. No one of this nation ever begs, because the houses of all are open, and hospitality in this country is neither offered nor requested by travelers, who, on entering any house, only deliver up their arms. Those who arrive in the morning are entertained till the evening, with the conversation of young women and the music of the harp. In the evening the chief meal of the day is served. While the family are engaged in waiting on guests, the host and hostess stand up, paying unremitting attention to everyone, and take no food till all the company are satisfied, that in case of deficiency it may fall on themselves. They make use of three musical instruments, the harp, the pipe and the violin (*crwth*). In playing they always begin from B flat and return to the same, that the whole may be completed under the sweetness of a pleasing sound; and when they enter into a movement they conclude it in so delicate a manner, and play the little notes so sportively under the blunter sound

of these base strings, enlivening with wanton levity, or communicating a deeper internal sensation of pleasure, so that the perfection of their art appears in the concealment of it. They do not sing in unison, like the inhabitants of other countries, but in different parts, so that in a company of singers, which one frequently meets in Wales, as many different parts are heard as there are performers, who at length unite with organic melody in one consonance and soft sweetness of B. Their children from their infancy sing in the same manner. The bard is also in demand in the Welsh homes and parties. Rhymed songs and set speeches are indulged in. They make use of the alliteration in preference to all other ornaments of rhetoric." It is needless to state to a Welshman that music and poetry are the great diversions of the nation to this day. Give the Welshman his daily toil and pay, with two weeks at the wells or the seashore in the summertime—give him his chapel or church and Sunday school, give him his singing school, his literary meeting and eisteddfod—and he is as happy as a millionaire. Fine arts are yet strange to the Welsh, but they excel in literary pursuits. No nation of its size has given so many soldiers, sailors, professional men and writers on every topic of literature and science to the world. Sons of Cambria, in spite of meager advantages, are found everywhere in positions of influence and trust.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WELSH—THEIR ACHIEVEMENTS.

If we were to refer to the achievements of the individual sons and daughters of the nation we would have to demand a space much larger than the limits of this story, to make even the briefest notes of their success. Much as we should like to mention names that have attained prominence in various directions in all parts of the world, it is beyond our province, inasmuch as it is our purpose to treat of their history as a whole. The achievement of the Welsh is more remarkable in retaining what has been in their possession since days of yore than in acquiring new positions and advantages, though their history is not entirely void of progress in this sense. They have succeeded in fulfilling to a large extent the prophecy of Taliesin—"Eu Ner a folant, eu hiaith a gadwant, eu tir a gollant ond Gwyllt Walia." (Their God they will worship, their language they will keep, their lands they will lose save Wild Wales.) As we have seen in previous chapters, they were at one time in possession of the greater part of England, but they have lost one section after another, until they are pushed to the westerly part of the island, and are now confined to the Principality of Wales as their particular and specific home. "Eu tir a gollant ond Gwyllt Walia." This is not strange when we consider the innumerable attacks made upon them. Nations from all quarters have been pilfering their land, but to this day twelve counties are intact, and even Monmouthshire, which makes up the thirteen, is desirous of being treated as a part of Wales, and has been so, as far as certain acts are concerned. Hundreds of thousands of other nationalities have come to dwell within her borders, to work in her mines and other industries. Her mineral counties and valleys, as well as her towns and villages, are cosmopolitan, yet the Welsh are more to the front in their own country than ever they were. Her sons and daughters are found among the leaders of education, science and art, music and poetry, political and social, judicial and ecclesiastical circles. During the last thirty years they have advanced to power and influence. The superior advantages given the country during the last twenty-five years have given their children courage and confidence to reach after lucrative and honorable places within her own borders, which were given to others in former days. A national awakening has taken place during the above period; people in authority are disposed to recognize the Welsh in their home better than they were heretofore, and the Welsh themselves are more insistent in claiming this recognition, though there is yet room for improvement. Too many

positions of trust and influence in Wales are given to Englishmen, who are ignorant of the national characteristics of the Welsh, and are not in sympathy with the ideals and aspirations of the nation. Professor O. M. Edwards, in the closing chapter of his larger book on Wales, says that the most striking characteristics of Wales to-day are its unity, self-consciousness and self-reliance. This is phenomenal when we study the crises it has passed through and the jealousies and divisions of former days. The words of an old Welshman at Pencader to the victorious Henry II are worthy to be quoted in closing this paragraph. "This nation, O King, may now, as in times of yore, be troubled and greatly weakened and destroyed by your and other power, and it will often prevail by its praiseworthy exertion, but it can never be wholly subdued by the wrath of man, unless the wrath of God shall concur. Nor do I think that any other nation than this of Wales, or any other tongue, whatever may come to pass hereafter, shall in the days of severe searching before the Supreme Judge answer for this corner of the earth."

"Eu hiaith a gadwant." (Their language they will retain.) It is amazing that this small nation has been able to keep its language, while others, more numerous, have lost theirs. It is one of the surviving Celtic languages, and shows more vigor and demands more respect to-day than in centuries gone by. It is a most interesting subject, as it is a language that was used in ancient times from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. The remnant of it is found spoken by the Welsh all over the world. Cornwall, Ireland and Scotland, to a great extent, have lost their vernacular, while in some counties in Wales, Welsh is spoken by the majority of the inhabitants, and by all the natives. It is the Welshman's language of religion and poetry whenever choice is given him. We have no space to refer to its beauty nor its merits compared with others. We cannot find space to relate the use that is made of it in Wales and other countries, but its power and usefulness are acknowledged by the British Parliament when some of its acts are published in Welsh for the benefit of the monoglot Welshman. It is taught now in the elementary schools of Wales, in the University of Oxford and the university colleges of Wales. It was spoken from Mon to the Dee and the Severn and far beyond when King Edward entered Snowdon. Now, when King George reigns, it is spoken in the Principality by almost a million people, and by tens of thousands in England, America and other parts of the world. "Eu hiaith a gadwant."

"Eu Ner a folant." Some one called man a religious animal. If this be true of any human being, it is true of a

Welshman. Whatever are his faults, and they are many, the true Welshman has a warm spot in his heart for God and religion. Religion and religious fervor are characteristics of the Welsh. They take to religion better than to business of any kind. No doubt it is true that in all matters pertaining to the material world other nations have excelled the Welsh; but if mind is superior to matter and soul is of more importance than the body, then the Welsh may claim to have made some progress in civilization. Their country is known the world over as the land of revivals. It may be true that in religion as in other directions the Welsh are prone to divisions. There are many sects and denominations in their country, which sometimes engender bitterness and strife, yet the people have been wonderful as a body to retain their respect for religious services. If the numerous castles seen in Wales remind the people of their defeat because of being disorganized, and bring back to the Welsh mind the Norman conquest, the churches and chapels that are seen in the valleys and on the hills, in towns and villages of Wales, are proofs of their zeal for God and worship. Wherever a handful of Welsh meet together at home or in foreign lands they will find a place to meet to sing Gospel hymns, to hold a Sunday school and prayer meeting; and if a preacher is not found in the group they will soon find one. "Eu Ner a folant."

Then follow the literary and competitive meetings and the eisteddfod. Their love for education leads them to these institutions. These are of their own creation, because they are of a literary turn of mind. They thirst for education. Griffith Jones, of Landdowror, in 1730 started the circulating schools. Then followed the Voluntary, National, British, Board and now the County schools. Wales has secured some recognition as an independent part of Great Britain, in two acts that are purely Welsh in their provisions, viz.: The Sunday closing act, and the Intermediate Education act. Recently a bill has been introduced in Parliament for the disestablishment and the disendowment of the Church in Wales.* The nation has been agitating this question for forty years. It has passed the first reading in the House of Commons, but was cast out by the House of Lords, as was expected, but it will be returned to them by the united efforts of the gallant leaders of little Wales. The Welsh have been true to their God, country, language and institutions.

*The disestablishment measure virtually became a law, but it, with the Irish home rule bill, is at present held in abeyance pending the settlement of the war.

REV. DAVID JONES, SCRANTON, PA.

THE writer of the successful essay on "A Brief History of the Welsh People," in the Pittsburgh International Eisteddfod competition, was born near the town of Brecon, Wales. He spent his childhood and boyhood days at Aberdare, Glamorganshire, and received his elementary education at the British Schools, Trecynon. He was the eldest of three orphans, whose parents had died when the children were very young. When only ten years of age the subject of this sketch was forced to work in a coal mine in order to maintain himself and the other two children. While nursing a fractured limb, the result of an accident at Bwllfa colliery, Cwmdare, he was invited by the Bethel Congregational Church to devote his life to the Christian ministry. For ten months he attended the preparatory school in the old Unitarian church. He was admitted into the Bala Independent College, at the top of a class of fifteen. As a student he made an excellent record. During the last year at college he was appointed assistant professor. Six months before completing his course he was called to the strong and influential church known as the "Towyn Church," New Quay, Cardiganshire, as successor to such noted preachers as the Rev. T. Penry Evans and the Rev. W. Emlyn Jones. Here he was ordained, December 5, 1883, and for seven years he carried on a most successful ministry. In 1890, on the invitation of the pulpit committee of his present charge, he visited the United States and supplied the church, and was unanimously called to become its pastor. Several other calls which he received in this country were declined. After returning home and consulting friends, he decided that God was leading and, therefore, accepted the invitation, assuming charge of his present church in 1891. Here he has labored faithfully ever since. Although it is an exceptionally difficult field, owing to the transitory nature of the congregation, his ministry has been pleasant and fruitful. Despite English tendencies, the membership is at present larger by one hundred than when he came here twenty-four years ago.

By his brethren in the ministry and in the Congregational churches Mr. Jones is held in the highest esteem. They have bestowed upon him all the denominational honors at their disposal. He has served as moderator of the State Conference, and for several years has been chairman of the Welsh Gymanfa, and is at the present time its scribe. In all interdenominational movements in his own city he has been a dominating factor. For two years he was scribe of

AUTHOR OF A PRIZE ESSAY.



Rev. David Jones, Scranton, Pa.

the Ministerium of Scranton and vicinity, and was elected chairman of the music committee of an evangelistic campaign conducted in Scranton by the Rev. A. C. Dixon and Prof. D. B. Towner, of Chicago.

Although kept busy by the many arduous duties of a large city church, and that in the most trying period of its history, Mr. Jones has managed to give a portion of his time to literature. He has won many laurels as a poet and prose writer in the most important eisteddfods in this country, and has captured several prizes at the National Eisteddfod in Wales. In addition to composing original poems and essays, he has displayed considerable proficiency in translating English hymns into Welsh. Seldom has an adjudicator been heard to speak words of higher praise than ApMadoc employed in his comments upon Mr. Jones' successful essay at the Pittsburgh Eisteddfod. The latter writes in a clear, forcible and dignified style. His sentences are usually short, terse and well-balanced. He says what he has to say and stops. He is held to be one of the best Welsh preachers in America or in Wales. Moreover, his preaching in recent years has gained in intellectual energy, spiritual intensity and natural fluency. A few years ago he preached in more than one Gymanfa in Wales, and was ranked with some of the greatest pulpiteers in the Principality. The sermon he preached at the tenth anniversary of the dedication of the Dr. Jones Memorial Church, Providence, Scranton, in the summer of 1914, is declared to have been one of the finest heard for many years. Several people at Scranton averred that "Mr. Jones yr Hen Gapel preaches better than ever." One of the leading poets in Wales recently said: "Nid oes gwell pregethwr yn Ngwlad y Bryniau na Dafydd Jones, Hen Gapel, Scranton."

Although familiar with many phases of modern thought, he steadfastly clings to the fundamentals of the Christian faith. One of his outstanding traits is his transparent honesty. He is an Israelite, indeed, in whom is no guile. His hatred of shams and hypocrisy is deep and genuine. He is a man of convictions, and has the courage to express them. A true man, an ardent Welshman, a strong preacher, a careful pastor, an able writer, a useful citizen, a faithful friend, a hospitable dispenser of kindness to strangers and visitors, an implacable foe of wrong and a trusty champion of right—these are some of the outstanding characteristics ascribed to the writer of "A Brief History of the Welsh People."

J. TWYSON JONES.



A NOVEL

The Career of Caradog Cadwgan

Founded on Incidents in the Life of a
Welsh Pioneer in America

By Rev. Jonathan Edwards, Ph. D. (Iorwerth o Went),
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Adjudicator: Rev. William Surdival, D. D., Gomer, O.

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THE CAREER OF CARADOG CADWGAN.

The Story of a Welsh Pioneer in America.

CHAPTER I.

VOYAGE TO THE NEW WORLD.

IT WAS a bright and clear Monday morning, and the dock at Liverpool was crowded with people. There was lively talking and laughter, but in many cases the tears were not far away; for the ship "Virginia" was to sail that day for America, and many were planning to seek prosperity and fortune in the new land across the waters.

"Good-bye, Caradog. Hope you'll have a good trip."

The young man spoken to was one of a group of Welsh emigrants gathered at one side of the wharf. He laughed and jested, as though all was joy and gladness, but often his eyes turned toward the quiet girl at the back of the circle, and presently he found himself near her. She looked down-cast, and he said, in a low tone, "Cheer up, Myfanwy; I hope we shall not be long apart from each other."

She whispered, "I hope so, too."

"Be true, my dear; you will hear from me often. Good-bye," and he had to run toward the plank.

Caradog was born and reared in the mining metropolis of Monmouthshire, South Wales. His parents were counted among the most respectable of the population of miners, which made up a large portion of the inhabitants of the town. He received the home training in vogue in religious families of the day, and the educational advantages prevailing half a century ago. He gave evidence of eagerness for knowledge at an early age, and read everything available, both in Welsh and English.

As a boy of high spirits he was a lover of sports, and took his place among the leaders on the school-ground and the town play-field. His social and buoyant nature, and his courage and fidelity to friends, gave him a place among the most popular of his set. There were some that prophesied for him a brilliant future.

The atmosphere of his home was such as not only to saturate his being with the religious spirit, but also to give him a high standard of morality and a love of liberty and equality of opportunity.

From earliest recollection he had heard of America as the land of liberty and plenty, and where enterprise and industry were sure of their reward. As with other millions,

it appealed to his imagination, and it became his ambition to reach the new land of promise as soon as possible, there to try to share in its inexhaustible riches.

A sketch of the voyage will be given in Caradog's own words. He had promised two friends of considerable literary ability to send them a full account of the journey, to be published both in Welsh and English. One of them had supplied him with a fine diary for the purpose.

APRIL 4, 18...

We arrived in Liverpool all right Sunday night. Stayed during the night at Cymro Gwyllt's hotel. He's a wild old chap, and his hotel is nothing to brag of. Came on the ship about 11 o'clock to-day, and it has been a pretty exciting time. The ship is called "Virginia," of the National Steamship Company. It is a bigger ship than any I have ever seen in Cardiff or Newport. They say it is one of the biggest there is. I don't expect it can go very fast, although there is tremendous machinery in it. When one comes to it, it's awfully hard to leave our native land and our loved ones. We are terribly crowded, and it's a real bedlam, with all sorts of languages spoken. They didn't give us anything to eat until nearly 4 o'clock, and I was very hungry. The chunk of meat and big potato looked good to me. They fed us as if we were a pack of hogs, and some ate as if they were hogs. To look at them turned my stomach.

We had supper about 6 o'clock, three crackers and a cup of tea, and the crackers were as hard as stones. I pity the elderly people, whose teeth are not very good, although it is amusing to see them working so hard at it. The ship started about dark, and we couldn't see much around us.

APRIL 5.

Having lost much sleep for the last two or three nights, I slept like a log last night for about eight hours, and did not awake until about 6 o'clock. I ought to be thankful, I suppose, for lots of the people spent most of the night trying to fill the ocean. I had to run up to the deck as soon as I could, for all around was a sight to see, and enough to turn one's stomach upside down.

It is a beautiful day, and the sea calm. I enjoy looking at the great sea. Shortly after noon Ireland came to sight, and, my! what a fine looking country it is! It looks to me too good for some of the Irish I have known. I can see green fields and some small straw-roofed houses. About 4 o'clock the ship stopped at Queenstown and took in four hundred or more of "plant Mari." It was an exciting time for a while, and there seemed to be all sizes and conditions of men, women and children. I am told there are fifteen hundred passengers aboard now. We are pretty thick, and I have to rub against some I don't want to. We left Queenstown about dusk, and were soon in the midst of mighty waves. I remained on deck until about midnight, and was told that we had left the Irish sea for the great Atlantic ocean.

APRIL 6.

I slept fine last night again. Most of the people look serious. They are getting over their sea sickness, and they tell me it's awful. Every one that has been sick says that he came very near dying, and some say they wished they had died.

About 1 o'clock I saw a little blue bird, as if he had come around to bid us the last good-bye. He lighted on the mast for a little, and after taking to his wings he followed us for a while, as if to show

THE CAREER OF CARADOG CADWGAN.

that he could go as fast as the ship. I was sorry when he left us, and wished I had wings, too.

I have gotten acquainted with one of the crew, a ship carpenter, and a Welshman. He's a big, strong, good-natured fellow. He tells me that we are going at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. The big ship plunges through the high waves grandly. At this rate we shall make the voyage in ten days, all right.

APRIL 7.

The sailors are working desperately to-day. It's a show to see them handling things, and shouting together, "Ahoy, Ahoy!" They climb the masts like a cat going up a tree. It's an interesting life, if it is hard and rough.

We got our box of provisions to-day, and, my! didn't the oatmeal cake (*bara ceirch*), ham, cheese and currant bread taste fine! We have been feasting on them. Stormy in the evening.

APRIL 8.

It was rough all night, and is a rough day. Lots of the people frightened almost to death. There's lots of praying to the Virgin Mary. I didn't know before that the Irish depended so much on Mary in time of danger. I hear them all around crying, "Holy Mother, mother of Jesus, have mercy on us." Very few of the passengers attempted to go on deck to-day, and I was told that I had better keep down.

APRIL 9.

The storm has ceased. Some showers and some sunshine. Great, big animals, the shape of pigs, plunging in the ocean around the ship.

APRIL 10.

My first Sunday on the sea. Some of the people are talking to-day about seeing the Banks of Newfoundland. It would do my soul good to see anything like land. Some parts of the day nice and clear, but it turned stormy in the evening.

APRIL 11.

We have had rain and hail to-day, and it's been chilly. They say the Banks of Newfoundland can be seen through the telescope. But I don't have any telescope, so it's all water with me yet. It's pretty foggy and stormy, and it doesn't seem to me that we are going very fast. It is one of the lively days, with the tin cans rattling and the people excited, many thinking that they are sinking. It calmed somewhat in the evening, and when I talked to one of the sailors he laughed and said, "That was no storm at all." I would like to know what he calls a storm.

Late in the evening the news went around that an old woman had died of the cholera. It made us all feel sad.

APRIL 12.

Heard that a child was born on the ship last night, and that a second old woman had died of the cholera. I hear many saying with seriousness, "What will become of us?" I have seen icebergs rising like mountains out of the sea. They are a great sight. The wind is in our favor, and the sailors tell me that we are going fast. You can't get a thing out of an officer. They are the most stuck-up fellows I've ever seen.

THE ROYAL BLUE BOOK.

APRIL 13.

A new-born child was found this morning, and no one to claim it. All sorts of accidents on the ocean. Several died last night, and many are sick. I hear that the physicians are very much alarmed.

APRIL 14.

The people are getting excited over the cholera. Seven died last night and this forenoon. The physicians have been around giving us something to take to prevent the cholera. People are taken sick all around us. One hearty-looking fellow was taken sick while dancing, and he died in a short time.

APRIL 15.

Several died last night. Can't tell how many, for the officers do not want to tell us, and are rather gruff when they are asked. They are cutting down our rations every day. Some of the people are awfully mad about it. Our supply holds out, so far, so we have nothing to complain of. The sole subject of conversation is cholera, and about everyone expects to be the next to be attacked. I witnessed ten dropped into the sea last night. It was a little after midnight. There was a short service. It was a solemn scene. More dying every day, and it is an awful death. I saw two dying to-day, and it made me sick. But I am determined not to be afraid. As a rule it is the strong and healthy that are taken sick on the deck. The most are sick and die in their bunks. It's certainly well for a fellow to be prepared to die.

APRIL 17.

Another Sunday at sea. The ship is moving smoothly, but the cholera continues to do havoc. There were twenty dropped overboard at midnight last night. Something dreadful happened to-day. A steward was taken sick with cramps, like all those who have the cholera. After a severe spell, they took him to be dead. As with all the victims of cholera, they wrapped him hurriedly in rough canvas, ready for burial in the deep sea. When they picked him up, he opened his eyes and asked, "What are you doing?" They hurriedly unwrapped the canvas, began to bathe him with brandy, and to pour it into him, and he has rallied. How natural it is that the people are suspicious that if they could be so hasty with a steward, how much more likely to be so with a poor passenger!

It was quite a change to have a fight between some Germans and Irish. It was a new sort of excitement that I rather enjoyed. They looked wild and savage, as if they were hurting one another. They were poor fighters, though, and no damage was done.

APRIL 18.

The number dying is increasing daily, though it is hard to find out the exact number. The officers are gruff when you ask questions. I saw land about 2 o'clock, and what a grand sight after seeing nothing but water for two weeks! The old ship can't go fast enough to suit me. A pilot came on board, and I hope he will make them hurry up. Early in the evening New York came to sight, and what a turmoil it makes. Instead of going right on, they have stopped and anchored. What it means I don't know. It is awfully trying, and the people are cursing. They say that physicians and inspectors have come on board.

APRIL 19.

We are condemned. I feel like jumping overboard. One fellow did. More people sick and dying than ever before. So many are saying, "Why did I leave my dear old country?" Most of the people act as if they were crazy.

THE CAREER OF CARADOG CADWGAN.

APRIL 20.

The first thing I saw this morning was a ship about a mile away with a large sign, "Hospital." They soon began to take the sick people to it. Some of us tried to count them, and about a hundred were taken in the afternoon. The screaming of relatives and friends was something awful. My friend, Bill Samuel, was taken sick to-day. He began to groan and roll on the deck suddenly, and was in terrible agony. He was taken to the hospital.

We are still at a stand-still. About all we can see of New York is the smoke rising. I feel as if I had been on this ship an age. Would give the world for a chance to take a run. It is like living in a graveyard. Our grub is all gone, and we have to live on the ship's fare. I am getting hungry. We have only two meals a day, and mostly hard tack. I think they are trying to starve us.

APRIL 21.

Thank God for some change! We have been removed to another ship. Some say it is an old American man-o'-war. It beats the old "Virginia" all to pieces. Some parts of it are just grand. When I was going up a stairway I was frightened by my own picture as I passed a great looking glass. I am a fright to be seen.

There are three decks, with fine parlors for ladies, and plenty of comfortable seats all around. I understand that we are about three hundred less than when we left Queenstown on the "Virginia." It is really quiet pleasant here, if we only could have enough to eat. A barrel of crackers was lifted up from a boat to-day, and it was smashed to splinters and the contents spread all along the deck. I got into the rush and got as my reward a fistful of crumbs. Was glad I got out alive.

APRIL 23-4.

We have had an awful time these two days. Everybody hungry and angry. What comes in is half spoiled by the men rushing at it and fighting for it. To-day an Irishman grabbed a bone from the hands of a sailor as he passed, and the sailor ran after him with a knife and stabbed him in the shoulder. Then there was a time. A real fight between the Irish and the sailors. The Irish broke some of the railings of the upper deck to use as clubs.

APRIL 27.

I haven't written anything for several days. A fellow doesn't feel much like writing when he is hungry. But, thank God, things have come to order at last. New officers came from New York, and they brought a priest with them, and between them they have made a change for the better. We have been divided into companies of forty, with two stewards for each company. We have had the first good meal for a week, and the first meat for a month. The new plan works fine. There's a great change every way. No grumbling or fighting. Most of the people look happy, as compared with a week or two ago. The only drawback is that some sick ones are taken to the hospital daily, and we hear of some dying.

MAY 11.

Nothing special during the last two weeks. Less people taken to the hospital every day. We are still well fed, and getting to feel as if we were settled here for life. The priest has service on Sundays. No sign of moving on toward New York.

THE ROYAL BLUE BOOK.

MAY 27.

Still on the big ship. We received some extra good things to eat from New York to-day. The cheese tasted so good to me! I enjoy reading the New York papers.

We are all friends now. I get to like some of these Irish fellows, and can hold my own with them as a jigger and boxer. Some of the Irish girls are pretty nice, too, but their brogue is just awful. We are having some merry times now. Not so much talk about cholera, or about landing. But the old bach., John Mathews, asks many times a day, "Pryd wyt ti'n meddwl y cawn ni fyn'd ar dir?" (When do you think we shall land?)

MAY 30.

Some came back from the hospital to-day. What rejoicing! It makes us feel hopeful that we are soon to land, and some are excited. It is funny to see how ragged some are, and the best of us are pretty greasy.

JUNE 2.

Yesterday was a wonderful day. It would take a volume to describe it. We moved toward New York about ten miles. The people acted foolish with joy. We are told that we are to land this evening.

CHAPTER II.

GOOD BEGINNING AND BAD ENDING.

Caradog went through the usual experiences in Castle Garden and New York City, and in due time was settled in one of the anthracite mining towns of Northeastern Pennsylvania. Everything on land looked good to him after his trying experience on the ocean. He felt strong and vigorous, and capable of attacking anything in the way of work.

A job as laborer in one of the mines was easily obtained. That meant filling seven cars of coal, of two tons, more or less, each, daily. It was very different from working in a four-foot vein of soft coal in Wales. The vein was eight feet in thickness and the coal as hard as rock. He worked with or for one of his countrymen, who did not mean to treat him badly, yet took advantage to the fullest extent of his higher position. There is much ignorant inhumanity in the world. The miner worked till noon only, as a rule, leaving plenty of coal for his laborer, in great chunks, from half a ton to a ton in weight. Being young and a novice at it, Caradog found it hard work to break the chunks, and the cars being high, it took all his strength to throw the coal into them. His hands were cut badly during the first weeks, leaving the blue brand of the coal-miner on him to the day of his death.

Though the miner's day's work was usually about five hours (he being an expert worker, and having what they called a good "breast"), Caradog's day was no less than eleven hours, at the close of which he was thoroughly exhausted. At night he felt as if his back was broken, and literally groaned on the floor with pain. His lot was not different from that of other common laborers, only that he was a "greenhorn" and rather young. This abominable system of two men laboring alongside each other, one working twice as hard as the other for half the pay, prevailed for many years. Custom blinded good men to its inhumanity.

When Caradog had worked about three months he had what he always called his initiation into the American life. He was on his way to his lodging one night about 10 o'clock, accompanied by an older person. They were chatting together pleasantly when they met a drunken man, whose wife was struggling to lead him home. This man filled a position of some importance in the mines where Caradog's companion worked, and doubtless held a grudge against the latter. As soon as the drunken man saw the miner, he began to rave and swear like a madman, and, freeing himself from his wife, he rushed at the older man, grabbed his cravat, and swore that he would choke him. Though the assailed was by far

the lighter, he dexterously fought himself loose. Then he stood before his assailant, gun in hand, and said firmly:

"Go home with your wife. I don't want to have any trouble with you, but if you attack me again I will shoot you dead."

With an oath, the man rushed toward him again, saying: "I'll choke you."

Before they came together there was a flash, a report, and the scream of a woman, and the man dropped. The thing was done so quickly that all Caradog did was to look on in astonishment. He saw no necessity for interference.

The older man said, "Let's go on, Caradog," and they moved on about a dozen blocks farther to their boarding house.

In less than an hour a large number of men gathered around the house, demanding admittance. There was much noise and threatening on the outside, and much to indicate that the most of them had come from saloons, and were aroused by the mob spirit. For that reason they were refused admittance for a time. But as soon as the inmates of the house were assured that the officers of the law were among those outside, they ceased to make any resistance, and the older man willingly gave himself up.

When Caradog found that he was arrested, too, he could not understand it, and he was considerably frightened. Both prisoners were taken to the city jail, and the next morning to the county prison, thirty miles away.

At the preliminary trial a great effort was made to prove that they had resisted arrest, and that Caradog was implicated in the murder. Despite the most earnest efforts of friends, Caradog was held in prison for a period of three weeks, when he was acquitted. He always counted it as his first unique experience in America, and was thankful that he got out of it as well as he did.

His friend had shot his assailant in self-defense, after giving him a fair warning, although probably nothing serious would have happened if he had run away. But to run away from an enemy was not an easy thing for an old soldier to do, only one year from the seat of war. He was a splendid man and of a fine family. The trial was a red-hot one, and there were able lawyers on both sides. An old Welshman said, after he had heard the prosecuting attorney, "My'n jawl i, nhw crogan o, yn shiwr i chi."

Because of the inexcusable attack made upon him, and because of his good character and excellent reputation, the accused was acquitted, and Caradog was none the worse for the experience, disagreeable as it was at the time.

Caradog was more fortunate than the average new man,

THE CAREER OF CARADOG CADWGAN.

for, by getting on the right side of the "boss," he was given a "breast" within six months. It was an agreeable change, and he did not deem it expedient to attempt any revolution in the system in his relations to the laborer. In another six months he had become a fire-boss by choice, deeming it in the line of promotion.

There are grades and castes in the coal mines. The lowest position is a slate-picker in the breaker, where the boys then worked as early as eight years old; then door-tender in the mines, beginning to work as early as ten years; then mule-driver, at about fifteen years; after that laborer, miner, track-man, timber-man, driver-boss, fire-boss, boss or foreman. To become a fire-boss at that time did not necessitate, as to-day, passing a stringent examination. Nevertheless, it was a responsible position, in a mine where five hundred men worked, and should have been filled only by mature men of much experience.

Caradog had to go through the principal parts of the mines before 6 o'clock every morning, which necessitated rising at 3 o'clock, an undesirable thing for a lover of pleasure and books. It was seldom that he failed to make the rounds in due time, and during his incumbency no serious catastrophe occurred. It is true that he had some narrow escapes, because of his lack of experience, and his haste to make the rounds. One morning he went too far into a gang-way with his naked light. There followed a terrible blaze, and only by falling on his face did he escape serious injury.

There were also some amusing incidents. It was his duty when he discovered gas in a place to write with chalk on a board, "Gas." One morning gas was found in an unusual place, and it was so indicated on a board. The laborer was a "greenhorn" Irishman, who either could not read or did not observe the sign. He happened to get into the place before the miner, and probably walked on with his lamp on his head. When his light came in contact with the gas the latter blazed, frightening the Irishman terribly. He ran back with all the speed at his command, yelling at the top of his voice, "I am burned to death!" There being but little gas, it was soon consumed, and the Irishman was unsinged.

His work being of a light nature gave Caradog an opportunity to improve his mind by reading and some writing, and this gave him a place among the intelligent of the community. Nevertheless, he was not entirely free from associations and influences of a demoralizing nature.

There existed at that time in Northeastern Pennsylvania an organization known as the "Molly Maguires." Its operations resulted in a reign of terror in the anthracite coal region for some years. It was a simon-pure Irish institution, having

for its leaders primarily saloon-keepers and bullies, and others of lawless tendencies. Its members were of the lowest grade of mine workers. There were doubtless some grounds for their grievances, namely, favoritism among the bosses and some discriminations that were disadvantageous to the Irish. But the principal reasons for the dissatisfaction, enmity and murderous spirit, were ignorance, drunkenness and jealousy, which led them to be governed by their brutal tendencies. It proves, in a striking manner, the misfortune and curse that can result from ignorant men being led by incapable and vicious leaders.

This organization attempted to secure to its members, through violence, what they deemed their rights. Their meetings were held in the lower saloon dens in the most isolated mining camps. The mining bosses and others that displeased them were decreed to be assaulted and beaten half to death, or to be murdered. The members took a solemn oath to go anywhere, or do anything bidden by those in power. A committee in one camp was appointed to do the assaulting or murdering in another camp. Those assaulted and left unconscious on the roadside were numerous, and the number killed, some in broad daylight, was no less than a score, nearly all bosses and mine superintendents. As quite a proportion holding such positions were Welsh, the victims of the murderous Mollies were mostly of that nationality. No less than a dozen Welshmen were killed in Schuylkill county. It is a black page in the history of Pennsylvania, and an evidence that among the Irish nation are some of the most vicious of mankind. Clever detective work, which lasted for several years, resulted in the execution of twenty-one Mollies, and the absolute suppression of the organization.

Among those marked for punishment by the Molly Maguires were often those holding subordinate positions, and counted among the favorites of the bosses. Caradog had received several anonymous letters asking him to exercise his influence in favor of certain ones. Failure on his part to respond probably accounted for his becoming one of the victims of the clan. As he was on his way to the mines, about 3:30 o'clock one Monday morning, three men jumped out from behind a blacksmith shop, and with clubs beat him to unconsciousness. He was satisfied that he had recognized his assailants, but conditions were such that it was dangerous to arrest them on suspicion. Caradog did not disclose his suspicion, except to one or two persons. Fortunately his injuries did not prove serious. The assailants did not do as good a job as they expected. No bones were broken or vital part injured.

Caradog swore vengeance; that if a chance ever came

his way, he would retaliate. Subsequent events confirmed his suspicion and made him absolutely certain that he was not mistaken; consequently the only thing to do was to await his opportunity, and be constantly on his guard.

Like most young men with war-like tendencies, who worked in the mines, he never went around at night without his steel knuckles and slung-shot. About three months after the time he was waylaid he was returning home about midnight, and in rather a dark spot he overtook one of his assailants. All that was bad and beastly in his nature was aroused. He sprang on his enemy like a wild tiger. There was a desperate struggle, with one-sided, serious effects. In the morning paper there was an item stating that Patrick _____ had been found in an unconscious state near the _____ lumber yard about 2 o'clock in the morning, with no clue to the assailant.

After reaching his home Caradog did not go to bed, but took a lunch and went to the shaft earlier than usual. He told the engineer, before being let down to the mines, that a fine job was offered him in the west, and that he wanted to get through early that morning. He was through with his rounds before his time was up, and did not ring for a carriage at once, but sat down at the foot of the shaft. He was not proud of his early morning deed, but rather chagrined by the contemplation of it. Before reaching the top of the shaft his course had been decided. The report was circulated next morning that Caradog Cadwgan had left the night before for the west to accept a good position offered him.

CHAPTER III.

BITTER EXPERIENCE AND BETTER LIFE.

Caradog took the advice of the great Horace Greeley, "Young man, go west." His first move was not very far. After some rambling and unsuccessful attempts to obtain suitable employment in some of the smaller towns of Western Pennsylvania he found himself in Pittsburgh, and not flush of money. Not deeming it prudent to disclose his identity, consequently having no recommendations, he found it impossible to secure a position of responsibility. He made some attempts in the line of canvassing, which proved depressingly unsuccessful. His biggest failure was in canvassing for Horace Greeley's book, "What I Know About Farming." A general agent made him believe that if he went out to the rural districts he would reap a big harvest in subscriptions for Greeley's book. He walked out to a country village about fifteen miles from Pittsburgh, reaching the tavern about sunset. His enthusiasm was such that he attempted to get a subscription without delay.

He asked a man, "Are you a farmer?"

The curt answer was, "I guess I be, and what is that to you?"

Caradog became somewhat flustered, but was able to say, "Well, I have a book here, ah—ah—"

The smoothly prepared speech which he had practiced for days slipped from his mind entirely.

The man said, "I don't care for your book."

"It's Horace Greeley's book," said Caradog.

The farmer roared, "To h—— with Horace Greeley. You couldn't have me touch anything written by that hypocrite. He is the worst enemy of our country."

Caradog was so amazed and shocked that speech failed him, and he got out of the way as soon as he could. Horace Greeley had become one of his heroes, and he thought that all the people considered him one of the greatest of Americans. Greeley's "Tribune" had been his teacher since he came to the country. He thought the farmer must be insane.

Having had quite a tramp, he retired early and slept soundly, and was up early the next morning. It was a beautiful spring day. The air was pure and full of life. The village was surrounded with green fields, with the Smoky City to the west and the magnificent Alleghenies to the east. After breakfast Caradog felt strong, brave and courageous, and was sure that he would make good that day. He started out rather early for a canvasser. Standing on the veranda he

surveyed the land. There were some fine farms and farm houses in sight. As he stepped from the veranda he saw three men not far distant, and decided at once to begin on them.

When he came to them and accosted them he said, "Gentlemen, I suppose you are farmers?"

One of them answered, "Yes, we be. Do ye want a job?"

"No," he said, "not exactly that. I've a book here that I want to sell to you. It's 'What I Know About Farming,' by the great Horace Greeley."

He was hardly through till they began to laugh.

"An' what d'ye think of that?" said one. "Horace Greeley wants to teach us how to farm."

They laughed heartily again. There was a Pennsylvania Dutchman among them, who said, "Vell, vell, ish it bossible dat old Horash Greeley has made a book on farming? Ole Horash ish a good bolitician, dat's vat he is, but he's no farmer. We can tell him lots about farming already yet. You mind vot I say, young man; you can't fool us farmers to buy such a book as that."

Another farmer put his big hand on Caradog's shoulder, and said, "Young man, this looks to me like a big joke. Is there really such a book?"

He was shown the prospectus. Taking it in his hand he read, "What I Know About Farming, by Horace Greeley, editor of the New York Tribune." Then he slapped his hand on his knee and laughed again, the others joining with him.

"You better change your job, my boy," he said. "You can't make your salt in selling such a book. You better work for me and learn something about farming yourself. I need a hand to help."

"That's vot I say, too," said the Dutchman.

Caradog's face burned, and he was dumfounded. He never felt so cheap in his life and would have been glad to have the earth swallow him. The consequence was that he threw away the prospectus and accepted the offer of a job as a farm hand at \$20.00 a month and board. He knew nothing about farming, but being a quick learner and a willing worker, he got along fairly well. After three months of experience he thought he knew enough about farming and quit, and went back to Pittsburgh with \$50.00 in his purse. It was his purpose to go farther west in a day or two, unless something opened up.

The morning of the second day he was at the depot making inquiries about trains. Here he saw a man manipulating dice. Caradog stood before him, while another man was betting on a certain dice and winning every time, until he won about one hundred dollars in a few minutes. As the

winner left the dice man swore, and said, "That fellow has about broke me, but I'll keep going as long as I have a dollar. Don't you want to try your luck, young man?"

He covered one of the dice and asked, "Will you bet on it?" Caradog did, and won. And again he won. The third time he lost; also the fourth, fifth, sixth, and so on, until all he had was gone except sixty-five cents. Then he left and walked down the street with bitterness in his heart.

There was nothing to do but to hunt a job. He thought himself lucky in finding work in a puddling mill, although it was a new experience to him. He had to work hard as a helper, and it was hot. During all the months of his wanderings he had been in a nervous state of mind, somewhat apprehensive of being arrested any day. He had not only been reticent as to his home and connections with those with whom he had come in contact, but had also avoided revealing his whereabouts to his relatives and friends. Before he had finished his second month in the mill he was taken sick with typhoid fever. He was taken to a hospital, where he was seriously ill and delirious for some weeks; but he rallied, and after he began to convalesce, as he lay on his cot, he saw on another cot on the other side of the ward a paper with the heading, "Y Drych." He improved the first opportunity to look it over.

It was a Welsh paper published at Utica, N. Y., which he had been reading during his residence at Russel. It was a feast to his soul, for he had not seen it for nearly a year. As he read every part of it with care, he was surprised to find an item as follows:

"An inquiry for Caradog Cadwgan. He went to America two years ago from Dregartown, S. W., and settled at Russel, Penna. He left the latter place for the West some eight or nine months ago, and has not been heard from by his relatives and friends since. A word from him would greatly please Miss Daniels, care of Cross Keys Hotel, Dregartown, Mon., S. W., G. B."

It gave him an indescribable feeling of emotional exaltation. When the nurse came she told him that he was too weak to read; that it made him feverish. When big drops of perspiration appeared on his forehead she was afraid that he was going to have a chill, and dosed him to prevent it. The good woman did not guess the root of the trouble.

"Poor child," she said, "your heart flutters as if you had been frightened." Then she tucked the blanket around him carefully, and said, "Just rest like a good boy, and you'll soon be all right."

She was making a great mistake, due to her failure to diagnose his trouble. He closed his eyes in meditation. The

thoughts that went through his mind were, "Poor girl, she's thinking of me yet. She's faithful, and I guess about broken-hearted. Too bad she hasn't heard from me for many months. What if she knew the time I have had! Why did I not go to New York and take a ship for dear Wales and dear Myfanwy? I didn't like that old ocean after the awful experience I had coming over, or else I would have gone. I wish I could write to her, but I can't yet. I can't tell her that I'm sick and broke. I won't write to her till I have made a strike."

This excitement was really the cause of a relapse, which prolonged his stay in the hospital for three or four weeks. His treatment at the hospital was of the first order, but it took more than every cent he had to pay the bills, and he faced the world again, in a great city, penniless.

His trunk was taken from the hospital to a lodging house, and he began at once to hunt for a job. It was necessary that he should have something light at first. He tried to find something in the line of clerking, but lack of anything in the nature of a recommendation made his attempts futile. It was a time of general business depression, and many men of experience were seeking positions. His courage began to fail him after some days of fruitless effort to find employment. He only made a few dollars in four weeks, and that by helping women to carry their burdens, and he lived on two dime meals a day. He got behind two weeks for his room, and was asked to pay or vacate. The latter course was inevitable, and he had to leave without his trunk.

It was a Saturday evening when he found himself on the street with an empty stomach, without a place to lay his head, and without friends. He walked aimlessly in a certain direction and soon left the business part behind him. He continued to walk faster and faster, until the houses became few and far between, and the shadows of night had gathered around him. Suddenly he came to himself and began to ask, "What am I doing? Where am I going and where am I?" Then he said, "I care not." He proceeded on his course, taking off his cap to cool his hot forehead. As he looked up to the bright stars above, he said, "If there's a God up there, why doesn't He help me?" He wished he could pray, as once he did. He tried to sing one of his mother's hymns. It soon made him sob. He stood still and faced the heavens with open arms, and cried aloud in his native tongue, "Duw fy mam dduwiol, dyro i mi dy gynorthwy, dy nerth a'th arweiniad." (Lord of my godly mother, grant me thy help, strength and guidance.)

It gave him relief. The sensation of hunger passed away and he felt strong. He felt urged to continue on his journey, and tried to run, until he came to a place where thick bushes grew on the roadside, when a dizziness overcame him and he

plunged into them. There he slept several hours and awoke in pain. At dawn a farmer passed by and proved to be a good Samaritan. He took Caradog to his home and fed him, and the next day carried him back to Pittsburgh, and gave him a dollar to start in the world.

His experiences for a week are indescribable. It was a week of struggle with hunger and conscience, when God seemed to hide His face from him. His lodging-place for several nights was in a barn in the outskirts of the city. His meals were mostly crackers and herring. On a Saturday night he stood in front of a gilded saloon, hungry. A drunken man reeled toward the door and took his arm, saying, "Come and get a drink." He made no resistance and found himself before a saloon bar for the first time in his life. How funny he felt! A new sense of depression overcame him, and for a time he hardly knew where he was or what he was doing. The second drink made him dizzy, and he moved to the farthest end of the long room and sat on a chair. He was soon dozing, and when he awoke there was music in the room. Some of the men began to sing. After a while a drunken man came to Caradog and said, "By G—, you must sing. If you sing a song, by G—, it will be my treat."

For the first time he sang a song in a saloon, although he had been a good singer from childhood, and knew many songs and ballads. He was cheered, and sang again. The same man that invited him to sing came to him and said, "By G—, my boy, that's worth a dollar and a treat." Caradog drank sparingly, but was glad to have a bowl of soup, which made him feel fine.

His singing led to his being engaged to sing every night for a dollar and all the drinks and lunches he wanted. How could he help himself, he thought. "It's better than starving," he said. "My friends and folks will never know it."

His occupation was far from being pleasant to him, though apparently inevitable. At times the conflict between self and conscience was terrific. Excessive indulgence in strong drink was often necessary to enable him to sleep. He found it easy to make extra money daily, and was able to live in comparative luxury. In a month he was able to redeem his trunk, and fix himself up in first-class order. After some weeks the thunders of his conscience subsided in a measure, yet life, when not in the vortex of revelry, continued to be one of conflict with his best nature. The ease, luxury and excitement sweetened the bitterness of it, and the fact that he made more money, and made it easier than ever before, made it harder to quit it. Though doing his very best to be reconciled, and to justify himself to his conscience, his whole nature revolted against his occupation when in his right mind.

He was frightened when he thought of continuing in it, and yet began to think there was no way out until he had made a little stake.

The turning-point came in an unexpected way. As he walked the streets one afternoon, he saw large posters in the windows, with the picture of John B. Gough, announcing his lecture at a certain theater. Caradog had heard of Gough from his childhood as a great temperance lecturer, and wanted very much to hear him. After quite a struggle with himself he decided to take in the lecture, for his night's work did not really begin until 10 o'clock.

The lecture and lecturer were a revelation to him. Gough's eloquence charmed him, and his dramatic delineation of the saloon and the drunkard made him feel as if his hair stood straight up on his head. The realistic portrayal and passionate presentation of a man who was a slave to the appetite for strong drink, willing to sell his health, good name, family and soul for it, made Caradog dizzy with a sense of condemnation. When Gough straightened up and pointed to the gallery where Caradog was, and shouted in a penetrating voice, "Young man, give up the damnable drink that drags you down to hell," Caradog thought that he was talking to him personally. He wondered how the lecturer had heard all about him. Perspiration and tears dropped from his face as he held himself to the seat.

Gough described the bartender and all the attractions of the saloon—the music and singing—and then shouted in ringing tones, "I would rather be a wanderer on the face of the earth, a beggar from door to door, dig my fingers out in the depth of the earth, toil night and day on the wild ocean; yea, and die with hunger on the roadside, than to have any part in making drunkards, or add in any way to the attractions of the gilded saloon." Caradog was sure then that the lecturer knew all about him.

When Gough in his pleading and pathetic manner closed up by asking, "Who will to-night take an oath in his mother's name, and in God's name, 'I will never taste the cup that biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder?'" Caradog answered audibly, "I will." And he followed many other men to the platform to take the lecturer by the hand and to sign the pledge.

CHAPTER IV.

STARTING ANEW AND ENDING WITH A CRASH.

The Gough lecture made a profound impression on Caradog's mind. His resolution and pledge were not superficial, but genuine and purposeful. It changed the course of his life. By noon of next day he was on the train on his way to a mining town in Ohio. He reached his destination on Saturday afternoon. By Monday morning he had been employed in a mine about a mile and a half from the town, and settled in a boarding house with about thirty other young men and some older ones. The surroundings were not alluring, and those with whom he was to associate did not strike him as especially attractive, yet he was determined to start life anew and make all possible effort to prove himself a man worthy of his godly parents, his early training and advantages.

It was a new mining camp, and mostly inexperienced men, of several nationalities, were employed in it. It being a soft vein, of about the same thickness as the one Caradog worked in Wales, he found the work, on the whole, agreeable. The wages were also quite satisfactory, being \$3.00 a day and up. It was only a short time until he was working an air-way by the yard, which augmented his wages. He felt daily that he was regaining the consciousness of self-respect, as well as impressing others that he was worthy of their confidence and esteem. His better nature was asserting itself wholesomely, and he began to think of a prosperous future.

Not yielding to the temptation of going to town on Saturday nights, and spending a good part of his wages, as most of the young men did, made him somewhat unpopular with some of them. Indeed, he was at times the butt of ridicule, especially because he went to town to church on Sundays. From the beginning he made his position as a teetotaler known, and was ready at any time to defend it. Neither did he hesitate in making clear, by word and deed, his sympathy with religion and the church. No one doubted his independence and courage of conviction.

This created a respect for him even on the part of those who differed with him, and caused some to look up to him. The mining boss was not a man of much experience or knowledge, and the manager and owner were absolutely ignorant in the mining line. This gave Caradog an opportunity to give some valuable suggestions to the boss that were appreciated, especially in the line of ventilation. At the peril of his life, some would think, Caradog worked an airhole out into the croppings, which proved of great benefit. The result was that he found favor with those in power—so much so

that he could have anything he wanted within reason. This added to his wages materially. It also tended to quicken his ambition, and he gave himself more and more to reading and writing.

The esteem that the young men at the boarding house had for him was mixed with jealousy and envy, and some of them accused him of having a "swelled head." He had frequent tilts with them, some of them good-natured, others rather rough and tumble in character. Some of his fellows were mean enough to do their best to arouse him to anger, knowing that his sanguine temperament gave him no small measure of temper. This came very near precipitating physical combat many times. But by severe discipline he became daily more capable of governing himself, and when dubbed "Deacon" or "Preacher" he was able to appear as if he enjoyed it.

Following his return from church on Sunday night there would often be a very interesting time. It would be a hot argument on some religious subject, or something pertaining to the church or Christians. Some of the men were clever; had seen better days and been better men. Sam Perkins, the bookkeeper, was called the "Yankee," and he professed to be an infidel and fond of debate. His attacks on Caradog were frequent, and the latter was spurred by them to reading and thinking.

One Sunday night as Caradog entered the sitting-room, Sam asked him in harsh tones, "Did you get a sermon on Hell to-night? I've no use for such tomfool doctrine as Hell. There is no such thing as Hell."

Pat Mulligan, an ardent Catholic, as his name indicates, fired up at once, and shouted, "Sam, ye dun know what ye're talking about. No Hell, did ye say? There's a Hell where ye are anny time and anny day. I've seen ye a comin' home from town manny a night an' makin' a hell of a noise. Shut up, ye blackguard ye, or I'll punch ye in the nose an' give ye hell right here. I've seen ye as black an' sulky as hell manny a time, Sam. Don't ye tell me there's no Hell when ye're around."

Sam could argue with any of them and hold his own pretty well, but Pat Mulligan was always too much for him, and the debate would close abruptly.

There was among them one by the name of Jack Garland, who prided himself on being a liberalist. To be prepared to meet him and Sam Perkins made it necessary for Caradog to obtain some books. He purchased some and borrowed some from the minister in town, with whom he had made pleasant acquaintance. After many of the earnest, extemporaneous debates, it was decided to have a real one, with time to prepare. The subject was: "Resolved that the Bible is not an

inspired book." Perkins was to take the affirmative and Caradog the negative, and two weeks were given for preparation.

Caradog spared no pains to prepare himself for the debate. He read Nelson on Infidelity, Alexander on Christian Evidences, and several answers to Col. Ingersoll, etc. He had several interviews with his ministerial friend. His speech was written with care and practiced in the woods.

The night of the debate came, and it was held in the dining-room of the boarding house. The tables were piled one on top of the other, and the room filled with chairs and seats improvised from long boards with kegs at each end. It was crowded with people.

The debate was, of course, opened by Perkins on the affirmative. He was very confident and almost pompous. He declared with great positiveness that no scholars believed the Bible to be inspired, or even a superior book, but really inferior, and some of it unfit to read. His authorities were Thomas Paine and Robert Ingersoll. He attempted to make a display of oratory, and to ridicule the Bible and Christians, and also to belittle Caradog. Yet it was plain that he had not succeeded in carrying the audience with him.

Caradog was nervous at the outset, and found it hard to govern himself. But he felt his way cautiously, until he gained self-possession. He complimented his opponent for his eloquence and earnestness, and gave him credit for sincerity. Then he began to refute his opponent's arguments.

He said, "My worthy opponent has declared that scholars do not believe in the inspiration of the Bible, or even in its superiority, etc." Then he took a small book out of his pocket, and continued,

"This little book came to my hand a short time ago, and it has interested me greatly. The author, or compiler, is a professor in one of the great universities of this country. It contains the testimonials of about a hundred men of note regarding the Bible. I can only refer to a few. John Milton, the great poet, is one. This is what he says: 'There are no songs to be compared to the songs of Zion; no oratory equal to that of the prophets; no politics like those the Scripture teaches.' I find the testimony of John Ruskin here, saying: 'I attribute all my vigor of thought and expression to the fact that my mother taught me the Bible.' There's a testimony from John Adams, the second President of the United States. He was a Massachusetts man, like my worthy opponent, who is doubtless proud of him. He declares the Bible to be the best moral teacher, and exhorts his son to study it. I find the words of the lamented Abraham Lincoln here, who says, 'The Bible is God's best gift to man,' and saying further, 'I am profitably engaged in reading the Bible.' I find the

great General Grant saying, "To the influence of the Bible we are indebted for all the progress we have made, and we must look to it as our guide in the future."

After reading a few more such testimonials, Caradog asked, with a good deal of energy, "Does that look as if scholars did not believe in the Bible as a superior book?"

Pat Mulligan shouted, "By the holy Mary, no."

By this time Caradog had been thoroughly aroused and was able to speak with remarkable fluency. He continued, "The Bible is not a book fit to read! says my opponent, when it can be seen that the greatest and best men of the past and present have made it a study and commend it as the best! The authors my opponent has quoted are but pigmies as compared with the ones I have referred to. Milton and Ruskin, Adams and Lincoln, and others I might mention, if time allowed, such as Carlyle and Gladstone, Daniel Webster the statesman, and Bryant the poet, and scores of like-minded men. The Bible a book not worth reading! No one familiar with it can say such a thing. Read the 1st Psalm, and the 23rd Psalm, and the 19th. No such beautiful and helpful words can be found outside of the Bible."

"Read the words of Jesus Christ in the Sermon on the Mount—'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.' 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.' 'Do unto others as ye would have them do unto you.' Are not such words fit to read? Is there anything better in all the world's literature? I challenge my opponent to show it."

"An' ye're right, my bye," shouted Pat.

Caradog had surprised the audience, and they were really moved. When it was put to vote, the decision was unanimous in favor of the negative. It resulted in making Caradog and Sam Perkins bosom friends, and the latter became in after years a believer and an earnest worker in the church.

Although things went in favor of Caradog on the whole, he had more to contend with than tongue can tell or pen picture. He suffered agonies as the result of his saloon experience, and the appetite for strong drink which it had created. His conflicts with the flesh were terrific, and only by the exercise of all his powers and God's grace was he able to conquer.

One illustration will indicate what he had to contend with. He went to town one Saturday night to attend lodge. As he was passing a saloon, where things were pretty lively, one fellow made a leap towards him, and almost hugged him as he said, "By G—, and here's Jimmy Dole. I'm d— glad to

see you, and where in H— have you been? By G—, we all lost sight of you as if the earth had swallowed you.”

He then called out loudly to a fellow who was inside the door, “Come here, Bill. By the L— G— A——, here’s Jimmy Dole that we thought was dead.”

He again shook Caradog’s hand vigorously, and went through about the same performance again, until Bill came out of the saloon, and also greeted Caradog effusively. Both of them urged him to go in for a drink, and taking an arm each, said, as they moved in, “We’ll have a H— of a time.”

Caradog was dumfounded, and before he quite realized it he was before the bar and the drinks were ordered. A mist appeared before his eyes, and he began to tremble and felt as if his breath failed him. When asked, “What in H— is the matter with you, Jimmy?” he was aroused, and called all his energies to his aid, saying, “Boys, I don’t drink.”

This was followed by a series of the most blasphemous oaths that men and devil ever invented, by which his companions tried to express their feelings. One declared by God and heaven, the devil and hell, that Caradog had to drink. When the latter faced them boldly and positively declared that he had quit drinking, they took hold of him and attempted to force him to drink. He being sober, strong and determined, they failed, but not without a desperate struggle. When he extricated himself from their clutches and got outside, he found his coat ripped and his hat jammed to a pancake. After he came to himself he was too thankful for his deliverance to think much of the damage done. The two men were the fiddlers with whom Caradog had associated during his career as a saloon-singer, and the name “Jimmy Dole” the one he had adopted at that time.

Things went along pleasantly at the mining camp, and Caradog would have been voted the most popular young man any day. He had become the right hand man of the mining boss, and was practically “running things.” It was his duty to see that the men were at work on time; that the machinery and cars moved with unfailing regularity; and also to keep the time of those who worked by the day. Having worked steadily at good wages for over a year, he had saved several hundred dollars. His passion for knowledge had become intense, and he was thinking seriously of entering some institution of learning and pursuing a course in mine engineering. He had also pleasant dreams of a new home for the loved one beyond the deep sea.

But as he was building fine air-castles, they were suddenly dissipated as the dark cloud hides the sunshine from our view. On the first of the month the timber-men and track-men demanded higher wages, and they were peremptorily dis-

charged. These were responsible positions, and demanded expert workmen to avoid serious trouble. The mining boss came around and fussed and fumed, taking matters in hand in an unusual manner, and in an authoritative way he said:

"Caradog, you go inside and take the place of the track-man. That must be attended to."

Caradog did not like the spirit which the boss revealed. In fact, he was considerably aroused, for at heart he was in sympathy with the strikers in their demand, but had not been consulted in the matter. So he said calmly, but positively, "Mr. Dean, I can't take the place of the track-man."

Conditions were such that it was easy for the boss to lose control of himself. He became enraged and shouted, "What do you mean? I've given you credit for some sense, and willing to help when you're called upon. I hope you are not in sympathy with those fools. If you are—well, that's enough. You can go. I've done more for you than for any living man, and here's the thanks you give me."

Caradog found it hard to have a chance to put in a few words, as follows: "Mr. Dean, it's not a matter of sympathy or no sympathy, nor of wages, as far as I am concerned. It's a matter of principle with me. I have not been engaged to take the place of men that are asking for higher wages. I will not do that for anybody, or under any circumstances."

The boss flew into a terrible passion, and yelled at the top of his voice, "If that's what you call principle, you can go to the office and take your time. I don't want to see you again."

Without saying a word, Caradog moved toward the office, grinding his teeth as he went. In a few moments two men that had become bosom friends were alienated.

CHAPTER V.

FORTUNATE AND UNFORTUNATE.

Caradog was in Columbus, Ohio, the second day after his rupture with the mine boss. He was chagrined and greatly puzzled by recent events. He did not regret the course he had taken, although not quite sure that it had been the wisest in every respect. There was satisfaction in the consciousness that he had acted according to the dictates of his conscience, irrespective of personal interest, and he felt that he had in a measure made himself a martyr to principle. He felt himself a stronger and better man than ever before, as if he had come out of a great battle a conqueror. A new vision of life had been vouchsafed him.

But what to do was the question confronting him. He was in a great dilemma, struggling with diverse inclinations. One moment he felt like taking the train for New York and thence a steamer for the "old country." Another moment he thought the only thing to do was to enter some institution of learning and realize his early ambition; and again he was strongly impressed that the best thing to do was to plunge westward into the great land of opportunity.

In two days more he was five hundred miles farther west, in the State of Missouri, and expecting to go farther. Circumstances led him to settle down in a town of three thousand people, where he found congenial souls among his own countrymen. Coal mining was the principal industry of the town and the surrounding country, consequently it attracted the Welsh people as naturally as the magnetic pole draws the needle of the compass. Like himself, the miners were mostly "hwntws," and of kindred spirits. He found himself agreeably employed, making good wages without unduly consuming his physical energies, consequently having time to improve his mind. Having made a favorable impression from the start, he had an opportunity within a few months to attract special attention. When the Christmas "Eisteddfod" came he was fortunate enough to win two prizes, one for a poem and one for a ten-minute address. This gave him a place among the litterateurs. According to Welsh custom, he was given a *nom de plume*, a "ffugenw," Caradog Gwent.

Finding that his lines had fallen in pleasant places, his stay was prolonged beyond his expectation. He made an important place for himself in the church, lodge, and miners' union. Favorable conditions cured him for a time of his western fever, and he began to think seriously of settling down permanently and making a home. His plans developed far enough for him to buy a lot in a desirable location for

\$500.00. He could almost see another \$1,000.00 in sight, when he would erect a house and send for, or go after, the one he was sure would fill to overflowing his cup of bliss. He had untold happiness in the anticipation, and it made industry a luxury and self-denial a delight.

He gave himself to reading with more diligence day by day, and was led into the field of economics, sociology and social questions. He read Bellamy's "Looking Backward," Henry George's "Progress and Poverty," Kidd's "Social Evolution," and some of the works of the radical socialists. They opened a new world of thought to him, and made him an ardent union man. He was no labor agitator, but an intelligent and active promoter of labor organization. He could write informingly and speak effectively on subjects pertaining to human welfare, and the elevation of the workingman, or any of the so-called "social" questions.

Accordingly, it was only natural that he should be promoted in the miners' organization from office to office, until he became the president of the local, and then of the district union. He was one of the few good speakers in the district and was in frequent demand to deliver addresses, and had the reputation of being one of the most level-headed among the leaders of the workingmen. More than once was he approached by those in authority, relative to accepting positions of trust in the mines, but conscientious scruples led him to turn a deaf ear to all such inducements. He felt that by accepting he would prove himself derelict to his fellow workmen who had placed confidence in him.

His red blood, hard work, high thinking, noble purpose, pleasant anticipations, and flattering prospects made his life a perennial joy. Day by day he felt that life was more and more worth living, and his conviction that he had found his sphere of greatest usefulness deepened.

When he was about prepared to establish a home, and all arrangements practically made to be united to the one he had long loved, there came one of those periodical "strikes" in the coal region. All his plans were frustrated. Despite all hopes, it was a state of uncertainty. To leave would be disloyalty to the cause he loved. To attempt the completion of his plans was inadvisable. There was nothing to do but to await developments. His position in the union kept Caradog busy. Much of his time was devoted to caring for the needy ones. Months passed by with no prospect of settlement. Had he acted as most of the union officers did, he might have held his own financially, but conscientious scruples interfered, resulting in materially diminishing his bank account. Day by day he looked forward hopefully to the end of the strike and the establishment of a happy home, but it was becoming

harder and harder to govern the miners and prevent depredations, and feeding the needy families was a great problem for the officers of the union.

Caradog did his utmost to persuade the radical element among the miners that violence was not the way to victory, but they were growing more and more impatient daily, and among them were some irresponsible ones. Finally, as too often is the case, there was an outbreak. A few of the most ignorant interfered with those guarding the mines, and there was conflict. It led to a riot with serious consequences. As usual, by the next day the mine owners had all the military powers of the commonwealth to protect their so-called "rights." An effort was made to place the whole responsibility for the trouble on the union organization and its officers, and although Caradog and other officers had spared no pains to check the unruly ones, they were arrested and put in jail without bond. The ablest legal counsel was employed to prove that they had been abettors in the riot.

The trial and incarceration of Caradog lasted for more than a month, every effort being made to blacken his character. His intelligence and ability as a leader were made to appear as making him one of the most dangerous of men. Although acquitted, he found the whole affair expensive and very humiliating.

In the meantime colored men from the south had been brought in to take the places of the striking miners, and many of the latter had been ejected from their homes. Thus the strike was practically ended and the miners' union thoroughly demoralized.

To Caradog the situation was inextricable and terrible. He found it exceedingly hard to sustain his equilibrium and courage. Fate seemed to be against him. That it was a lost fight was evident. He was also certain that his chance for employment in that district was hopeless, and was mightily aroused and embittered by this consciousness. What could he do? Whither should he go? When all human sources failed to bring light and relief, he did not look in vain to Him who has promised help in every time of need, and who brought light out of darkness.

CHAPTER VI.

WESTWARD, HO!

Caradog and a few intimate friends, who, with him, were blacklisted by the mine-owners' association, realized the necessity of moving far away from the scene of the conflict in which they had been engaged. In the far west, they thought, were to be found their best chances for employment. Correspondence with acquaintances, and what they read in labor organs, led them to decide on the mining district of Idaho as their destination. The journey was a long one, but Caradog was glad to move on to any new country where there was prospect that he could exercise his personal liberty and assume his manhood.

Though in some respects tedious, he enjoyed the trip immensely as he traveled over the prairies of Iowa and Nebraska, over the mountains of Colorado, the plains of Wyoming, the valleys of Utah. His horizon was extended and he received a new vision of the breadth and magnificence of the country. This was enhanced as he went through southern Idaho, eastern Oregon and eastern Washington, witnessing a great variety of land and scenery, and again through narrow canyons and over rugged mountains to northern Idaho and into the famous mining region of the Coeur d'Alene Valley. It was then in its infancy, but has now become the greatest silver-lead producing district in the country.

In due time Caradog was settled down in a mining camp on Canyon Creek, and was employed in one of the mines at \$3.50 a day. The work was new to him, but he found no great difficulty in adjusting himself to it. He found the mines real hot-beds of unionism of the most radical sort, with the Irish element predominating. Notwithstanding his intense union spirit, he was not favorably impressed with the union atmosphere and some of the leaders. But joining the union was inevitable under the circumstances, though he was prompted to assume a more conservative attitude than was natural to him.

It did not take him long to commend himself to the foreman as a sober, reliable and capable workman, and he was made a timberman, with advanced wages. The saloons were plentiful, and were the rendezvous of a large number of the miners; hence he had to exercise both strategy and will-power to avoid temptation. It was a great trial to him to be deprived of all religious privileges, as well as the intellectual and social ones he had so much enjoyed for the last few years. Being employed every day (including Sundays) and providing himself with papers and magazines, he was able to make him-

self comparatively contented, though out of his element. In time he found among the members of the union a few men of kindred spirit, especially one of the officers, an Irishman of genuine worth, like himself avoiding profanity, whiskey and revelry. It tended to change gradually his attitude toward the union, and led him to attend the meetings and become interested.

Being at heart and in convictions a strong believer in the necessity of labor organization, as a defense against organized corporations, it was only reasonable that he should sooner or later, as a true union man, resume his activity. After once beginning to attend the meetings with regularity, his interest increased and his spirit was aroused; his former enthusiasm for justice asserted itself and he became active. It was only necessary for him to have an opportunity to show his capacity to have a place among the leaders of the miners' union. After taking the floor at the meetings a few times he was greeted with enthusiasm as a union man of the right stamp. His moral standard was the only thing that prevented his rapid promotion in office.

One of his speeches one night created so much interest that some of the members were bound to show their appreciation in the usual way—a treat in the saloon. At the close of the meeting he was carried bodily to the “Last Chance” saloon. After arranging themselves in front of the bar, a score or more in number, one of the leaders took his glass and held it up, saying in a clear Irish brogue:

“Drink to the hanor av the silver-tongued arator of Canyon Creek.”

While all the others had their necks stretched and were looking at the ceiling, making it certain that they were drinking the dregs of their glasses, Caradog emptied his glass into the spittoon. This ceremony was repeated times enough to make some of the party more than boisterous, but through it all Caradog escaped the adulterated whiskey, and only indulged in two or three cigars, so that he was able to return to his room with a clear head, having scored another victory over the devil, his agents, and the flesh.

Although Caradog was often suspicious that some of the members of the union were permeated with the Molly Maguire spirit, which he still abhorred, he felt it his duty to be true to the cause he loved and for which he had sacrificed. He was confident that an inner circle existed, which was the ruling power of the local union. But his love of the cause covered a multitude of faults. He came to understand that there was a conflict in the district, and that it had developed into a bitter feeling on the part of the union toward the H. B. & S. Co.,

operating a mine twenty miles away. But he could not realize the gravity of the situation.

The manager of the company mentioned was accused of having taken a strong stand against some of the laws of the union, and with having violated some of them by reducing the wages of a large proportion of the men to fifty cents a day less than the union scale. Filling a subordinate office in the local union, Caradog felt that he was not aware of all its inner workings, and was, of course, still more ignorant of the secrets of the district officers. Inflammatory speeches in the meetings were not uncommon, which came perilously near inciting violence, always with reference to one particular company and the manager thereof. Though not in sympathy with the sentiments expressed, yet Caradog felt that they were extenuated by the spirit exhibited by mine-owners and managers as he had known them. His bitter experiences had developed his radical tendencies.

Some speeches he heard from district officers surprised him, and were in a measure mysterious to him. They were fierce denunciations of certain unnamed managers, the enemies of the union and the oppressors of the workingmen. They seemed in a subtle way to be calling the men to battle, earnestly exhorting them to be true to the cause whatever might come: to be ready to go and do whatever was commanded, having all confidence in their leaders. He could not at the time fully comprehend the significance of the speeches.

A special meeting was called when he was on the night shift. On coming home early the next morning he was met by three men, who told him that all the members of the union were to meet that day at a certain place and at a certain time. Like many others, he did not know what it meant, but was on hand promptly. He found several hundred men congregated. Many of them were red-faced with whiskey, but there was no disclosure of the purpose of the gathering. A remarkable reticence prevailed. Several placards were carried, with the words, "Be true to the cause and follow your leaders, and victory is yours." There was no order, the majority following one another blindly.

The locomotive which was on the railroad track was taken possession of, and the ore cars and two passenger cars were filled with men. As the train moved on the number was augmented at every mine. At one place fifty or more kegs of powder were taken on the train. By the time they had reached their destination they were a thousand strong, and many of them armed. There was no resistance anywhere, although they passed the county seat and were witnessed by hundreds. The train stopped in sight of, but about half a mile distant from, the big reduction mill of the H. B. & S Co. About half

a hundred men, each with a keg of powder on his shoulder, walked deliberately toward the mill and inside. Fortunately all the workmen, as well as the officers of the mine, had vacated the buildings, having been warned of their danger. After depositing the powder in certain parts of the mill, and placing the fuses in order, the men walked back to the train.

In a few minutes there was a terrible explosion, and the half-a-million dollar mill was scattered in all directions. The army of miners returned to their respective camps on Canyon Creek, the most of them imbibing freely at the saloons on the way. The declaration was often made that the non-union mill had been "blown to Hell." The balance of the day, and up till midnight and later, many of the miners celebrated the event in the saloons.

All through the trip Caradog and others of his friends were dazed. He went to his room, and that night to work, where he noted many of the men were missing. He thought seriously on the consequences, and was tempted to do what some others did—cross the mountains to Montana. Believing that would be cowardly, he held his ground and waited developments. He knew nothing of what was going on in the outside world for several days, and did not see the glaring headlines in the daily papers: "RIOTS IN THE COEUR D'ALENES. Blowing up of H. B. & S. Co.'s Mill by the Canyon Creek Miners. Many Lives Lost. State Troops Called by Governor," etc.

The fourth day after the catastrophe Caradog was in his room preparing to get up, late in the forenoon, when he heard a disturbance and screams of women below him. He soon found out what the trouble was when two colored soldiers came up the stairs and, rushing toward him, grabbed him roughly. A company of negroes had entered the boarding-house and were handling the men all around as roughly as they knew how, pulling some of them out of bed. After every room, closet and garret had been searched, the men were marched down the canyon with bayonets behind them, and were put under guard with many more. Every house and every room, garret and cellar, and every cabin and hole in the ground in the canyon were searched by the soldiers, and all the miners that did not escape over the mountains were brought together, taken down in sight of where the catastrophe occurred, and placed in a bastille, which became famous in history as the "bull pen."

Over a thousand were huddled together like cattle in a corral. Words are inadequate to convey Caradog's experience in this horrible pen, and the agony he suffered. It was unsanitary and dirty, the sleeping bunks uncomfortable, the "grub" sloppy and indigestible, the treatment abominable, the

associations depressing, and the whole situation unspeakably humiliating. It brought vividly to Caradog's memory his experiences on the ocean, although far more exasperating. He had never heard such oaths in his life, and never thought that men could act as beastly, or be treated so much like beasts. He was desperate and yet helpless. Neither God nor man could help him. He was an unfortunate victim of circumstances, with no way of deliverance apparently possible. He could not join in the laughter and revelry which bolstered up most of the men, but often felt like giving up in despair.

Deliverance came in a manner unexpected. One day he noticed two men standing on a knoll outside, looking down on the pen and its occupants. They were talking loudly, and something in their manner and actions attracted Caradog's special attention. By going as near to them as he could and listening attentively he discovered that they were talking Welsh, and it sounded like music in his ears. Yea, it made his heart burn within him. He shouted through the crevice of the thick timber, "*Os mai Cymry ydych chwi, deuwch yma.*" (If you are Welsh, come here.)

They approached as near him as they could, so they could converse. Though interrupted by others in the "bull pen," Caradog was able to make them understand that he was an Odd Fellow and a Mason, but did not have his badges with him. It proved that blood is thicker than water, for the Welshmen interfered and implored in his behalf. It led to a visitation and an interview with Caradog on the part of one of the officers of the mines. The latter was convinced that Caradog was innocent, as well as a fellow-Mason, and he was liberated. It had to be done secretly and probably involved bribing some of the guards. However, about midnight he was taken out and led down the railroad track about a mile, and told to go on in the same direction as speedily as he could, and to be sure to keep away from the track during the day.

As he moved along in the quiet of the night, stepping from tie to tie, hearing no sound save his own foot-steps and the murmur of the river flowing near him, strange thoughts occupied his mind. He was thankful for his deliverance, yet it was depressing to think of leaving all he had behind him. Yet, what could he do? It was folly to think of turning back and facing an army of soldiers.

At dawn he was crossing the bridge at the mouth of the "North Fork." On the farther end of the bridge he found a gray-haired man, the bridge watchman, who had just walked over the bridge before the coming of the train. The old gentleman, who was a Bostonian and had seen better days, greeted him cordially, and following a brief conversation invited him to his log cabin by the riverside. Caradog was

surprised when he entered the rough cabin, to find there an organ and a typewriter. It did not take them long to discover that they were of kindred spirit, which led to a free exchange of thoughts. Caradog had found, providentially, a friend indeed, who was a friend in need; one who could serve him as few could, for he was a lawyer and a notary public.

They talked of literature and music, and played and sang through the day and evening. In the meantime arrangements were made for the Judge—for he had been a Probate Judge—to go the next day to get Caradog's effects from the boarding house, and also to arrange matters satisfactorily with the bank at Callawe. On the third day the Judge returned, Caradog during the interim looking after the bridge and accomplishing in good shape all that was required.

CHAPTER VII.

ON THE ROAD AGAIN.

The Judge gave Caradog ample supply of food for three days and directed him across the mountains and through Fourth of July Canyon to Fort Sherman, sixty miles away. He also arranged that Caradog's effects would be there in due time, taken by rail and river and lake.

Caradog found it hard walking, but his strong limbs and full chest served him well. His first point was one of the highest peaks in a region of high mountains. He was to leave it on the left, but, for some reason, he became possessed with a desire to attempt to climb to the top of it, not having any idea that it was as high as he found it to be. After some hours of hard climbing he reached the top of Kellogg peak, 7,000 feet above sea level. It was a beautiful morning late in the spring. He felt rewarded for the hard climb, for he saw several deer on the way. When he reached the top all mists had vanished from prairies, valleys and hills, and a vast empire opened before him like a grand panorama of beauty and magnificence. He was charmed and enchanted—yea, inspired—by the scene. He thought of Moses on Mount Pisgah having a view of the land of Canaan, and he could hardly contain himself.

Nearly all the region round about him, two hundred miles each way, was virgin soil, the home of wild Indians. He could hardly realize that so much of the world was unoccupied by white people. He was looking at what is now known as the famous "Inland Empire." It is the vast and marvelous region of country between the Rockies and the Cascades, an area three times as large as the Empire State. There were less than ten thousand white people in it at the time Caradog viewed it from the mountain peak, but it has a million to-day. He was viewing a region with hardly a rival in enchanting scenery and picturesque sublimity and variable forms of beauty. In it are found all the inspiring phenomena that any lover of nature can desire. He could see broad and rolling prairies stretching in all directions, verdure-clad plateaus, bordered by hills crowned with sturdy pines; and in the distance lofty and rugged peaks, pile on pile, the towering, majestic tops wrapped in eternal snow. He witnessed with wondering awe the results of awful upheavals of primeval days, when the earth was twisted and tossed into a shapeless mass. He could look into yawning, abysmal canyons and deep gorges worn out by rushing and foaming and ceaseless torrents for ages unknown, or upon massive glaciers whose origin history fails to record.

As a lover of nature he reveled in the enjoyment of an

every-changing landscape amid scenes which the Almighty alone could design and frame. He could see plains and prairies, valleys and thick forests, a region not only where nature had spread her banquets of health and beauty, but also one hardly paralleled in diverse resources, and doubtless capable of maintaining a population of many millions.

No wonder he was enchanted by the matchless scene. It revealed to him a new world and opportunities he had never imagined. A vision of the future was vouchsafed him. Wonderful transformations were materialized to his view. He could see the wild and unsubdued paradise of the red man, who occupied it as a hunting-ground, becoming the objective point toward which thousands directed their steps, seeking new homes and new fields of wealth. He could see the deserts turned to fertile fields, the prairies covered with waving grain bending before the breeze, the waters of the rivers turning a million wheels and cogs, and brick blocks taking the place of Indian tepees. It seemed as though he could almost hear the tramp of millions coming to occupy the land.

It is interesting to know that Caradog's vision has been materialized to a great extent by the present time.

Before descending from the mountain to the valley below, a new desire and purpose had possessed Caradog. He had said in his heart, "God's world is superb, grand, limitless, inexhaustible, and the opportunities are boundless. All I need and want are mine for a price, and I can and will pay it." The resolve meant that he was to be independent of all corporations and money powers; that he was not going to be a slave to any one, or any organization; that he was going to live nearer to mother earth, and be as much as possible his own master. He had become imbued with the pioneer spirit and was determined to establish a home on some virgin soil and also prepare the way for others.

In the late afternoon of the next day he had reached Lake Coeur d'Alene and could see Fort Sherman in the distance. Here again he felt that nature had been lavish in spreading her beauty all around. He hastened toward the fort, which he found a delightful spot. The garrison buildings were hid amid the pine trees, yet had a view of the lake for many miles. There was a small settlement consisting of a store, tavern and saloon, almost joining the garrison, doing business mostly with the Indians and prospectors on the way east and north to the mining regions of Montana and the Kootenay country. He met with a new and unexpected temptation here. He was favorably impressed with the garrison and its equipment and accommodations, and a strong influence was brought to bear upon him to enlist. The experience on the

mountain and the vision had much to do in enabling him to overcome the temptation.

He decided to purchase an Indian pony and explore the country. It was his first experience in dealing with Indians. By the aid of Mike Carrigan, the owner of the trading establishment and the great "muckamuck" among the aborigines, he was able to make what he thought to be quite a bargain by buying a thickset blanket cayuse.

The Indian said, "Skkokum cayuse. No buckie. He go like Hellie." Poor Lo's contact with the soldiers had given him more swear words than anything else in English.

The Indian jumped on the pony's back and the animal trotted along and then loped as easily and lightly as a cat, with nothing but a rope in his mouth for a bridle. Then the Indian gave the bridle into the hands of Caradog, aided him to mount, and then ran before the pony, which followed him in a very easy trot and returned in a lope equally easy. The bargain was consummated without any interference on the part of the proprietor of the establishment, for it was important for him to keep on the right side of the Indians. He was a "squaw-man;" that is, living with an Indian woman as his wife.

The next thing in order was to purchase a saddle and other paraphernalia. It took Caradog two or three days to get ready for his explorations, during which time the pony was in the barn and well fed, which was not conducive to improving his disposition. Caradog's experience with horses of any sort had been somewhat limited, although he had learned to ride horse-back in early life. But this was the first time for him to have anything to do with a scrub of a horse of the Indian tribe. When he took the saddle in sight of the animal, it jumped backward with such velocity that the rope broke and the pony ran away. Caradog found it no easy job to catch him, and could not have done so without the aid of several Indians.

With the help of two or three men, and only after a desperate struggle, during which he thought it a miracle that he was not killed, Caradog succeeded in placing the saddle on the horse. A more frightened beast could hardly be imagined. It trembled all over from head to hoof, and was sweating profusely. With two men, one on each side holding the cayuse, Caradog was able to mount, but as soon as the men let go, the pony made a desperate leap forward, with his head down, and the rider alighted on the sand several feet away.

Caradog had nerve, and gritting his teeth he tried it again, feeling that he had learned something by his experience. This time the pony again plunged headlong, throwing his heels into the air and giving a splendid exhibition of the Indian

pony's bucking capacity. Somehow the rider kept his seat this time, and used the spurs vigorously. The cayuse began to run faster and faster, out of the woods into the open prairie a few miles away, across the level land mile after mile, and almost plunged headlong into the river. Wheeling around, it ran back with equal speed, until its breath began to fail. When horse and rider returned to the starting place the sweat was literally dripping down the body of the former, and he was as docile as an animal could be. Caradog had mastered the situation and had subordinated the wild Indian brute, which served him well from that time on, as long as he owned it.

Caradog began his explorations by crossing the valley of Spokane on the east end, where it is nearly twenty miles wide. The bunch-grass grew knee-deep, and a river of many rapids flowed through it. At the close of the day he found a primitive cabin on the shores of a small lake, occupied by a family of half-breeds. The father was a Canadian by birth, rough in exterior, but kind of heart. He gave the traveler the privilege of sleeping on the wild hay in the corral, and corn-bread and fish to eat.

On the following day Caradog traveled northward for some hours, through a thickly-timbered country, and found no evidence of the work of human hands. Retracing his steps to the valley, he followed the river westward for thirty miles, until he came to an Indian rendezvous, near as grand a falls as man ever looked upon. The river flowed through channels of basaltic rocks, the fall within a mile being nearly two hundred feet. The river had its source in the great Coeur d'Alene Lake, in Idaho, and came wandering down the plain and valley, at first breaking into laughing ripples, then speeding away through the various channels for a mile race of flashing and jeweled beauty, and then leaping and rushing into the deep basaltic chasm to a depth of a hundred feet.

On the opposite side of the river where he reached it, at the falls, there was an Indian mission and the embryo of a white settlement. By going below the falls Caradog was able to ford the river. There he found a missionary and his family living in a log house, with another log building for an Indian school. Also an Indian family, and the brave so far civilized as to cultivate some acres of land. Nearer the river were two other families, living in rough buildings and preparing to put up a saw-mill. There were also several immigrant wagons and pack-horses, on their way to the north, to the upper Columbia country, British Columbia, and Cariboo, where rich strikes of gold were reported. There were a few of the staple necessities of life for sale in one of the rough buildings.

Here Caradog obtained much information, highly-colored, regarding the whole region. He heard of its resources from men of vision and visionary men. He explored some of the country around daily, returning to the settlement at night. He was more than delighted with what he saw—some of the finest land under the heavens and never touched with plow or spade. The Indians impressed him as peaceful but uncommunicative. How he did enjoy the open life and the discovery that there was plenty of room in the world! How he regretted that he had burrowed in the ground so long, and that all his friends could not see and feel as he did!

He was unconscious of danger, but found himself in straits in a manner unexpected. Because of the folly of a white man, the peaceful Spokane Indians were exasperated, and not without reason. There was a sudden uprising against the whites. At an Indian council it was decided that all the white people, except the missionary, were to be driven out of the country, and perhaps killed. They were warned by a good Indian, and took as much of their effects as they could to an island in the midst of the channels of the river. It was thick with underbrush, so they were able to keep in hiding. There they were in suspense for several days, while two men walked during the night to Fort Sherman and brought back soldiers to protect them. The Indian uprising ended without casualty.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE IMMIGRANT WAGON.

Caradog found work for several weeks on the foundation of the saw-mill which was in process of erection near the Spokane Falls. He had been impressed by the representations of the town-siter, and had become interested in the embryo city, toward which the Northern Pacific Railway was building, having reached within a hundred miles from both east and west. There were also several adjacent locations which he was seriously considering.

One day as he strolled around viewing the magnificent falls, he saw under the pine trees a team of horses and a wagon in a dilapidated condition. A long-haired and full-bearded man sat by the side of the wagon smoking a cob pipe. He had driven from western Oregon, and was discouraged. After the ordinary salutation, the man asked:

"Cap'n, don't ye want to buy this here outfit of mine? I reckon they'll take you north to the mines."

Caradog was skeptical as to their ability to go much farther in any direction, for the horses were mere frames of bones. He was astonished when the man said, "Ye can have the whole outfit for \$100.00."

The only response Caradog gave him was that he had not thought much of going north, and didn't think he needed a team just then; that his riding horse served him well. He looked the wagon over, however, and saw that the foundation work was in good order, and that the owner did not falsify in saying it was new when he left Oregon City, in the Willamette Valley. The most dilapidated part was the covering, the result of terrific winds during the last days of the journey. The only damage to the wheels was that the tires had become loose. Caradog was also impressed with the fact that all the horses needed was rest and good feeding, for they were young. He knew that if he settled anywhere on land, which was his purpose, he would need a team, but did not think the time had yet come to buy. In that attitude of mind he left the man.

During dinner that day he heard three men saying that they would give \$50.00 each for wagon conveyance to the Columbia River, about a hundred and fifty miles away. He found by conversation with them that they were willing to provide supplies for men and horses. Finding that the trip could be made in a week, he decided to purchase the team. One of the travelers was a blacksmith, and with the latter's aid, and the tools found around the prospective mill, Caradog was able to repair the wagon in a satisfactory manner. With a week's good feeding and care the horses improved wonder-

fully, and he was ready to start. He was to follow the Indian trail, and whatever wagon roads had been made by the Hudson Bay Company and the Government troops. This course led him along the Spokane River, which flowed in a northwesterly direction, for twenty miles or more.

The first point of interest was an old post of the Northwest Fur Company, established at the beginning of the century, near the mouth of the Little Spokane River. The spot impressed him as a choice one; an ideal place for a home. Leaving it, he traveled through thick woods, and then a narrow canyon, and after turning directly north, away from the river, he entered a prairie of several miles in length and about two miles in width. Here he found a settler living in a log house of considerable dimensions, with several other buildings scattered around. This settler was a "squaw-man," having an Indian woman for a wife, and there were half a dozen sturdy half-breed children around the cabin. The prairie had been a favorite camping-ground of the upper Spokane Indians, and was called "Tish-a-ma-im" (place of high grass). Caradog found that some of the old buildings in the valley had been built by two Protestant missionaries forty years before, who had had to abandon them during an Indian uprising.

Having found that he and his companions had traveled forty miles in two days, over some rough ground, and some of it sandy and hilly, Caradog gave the horses a day's rest. When they resumed the journey, limestone was in evidence on all sides, and after entering a canyon and following a stream for some little distance, they saw indications of gold. Two of his companions were experienced placer miners, and they spent one day "panning," which proved profitable, in addition to giving the horses another rest where the grass was abundant. Caradog had studied geology, and the men with him were expert prospectors, so that he found the journey increasingly interesting and informing day by day. They discovered not only limestone, but also granite in abundance; marble, lead, copper, silver and gold.

After about sixty miles of travel they came to a great valley. It came in sight in the evening after they had ascended a hill, before camping, to overlook the land. When Caradog awoke next morning, and looked out of the wagon-cover, he witnessed a scene indescribable. It filled him with awe, and he hardly knew whether he was in or out of the flesh. There opened before him what was apparently a great lake, extending as far as the eye could see, fringed with pine trees decorated in white. The lowest trees seemed to have their roots in the water, and away up high on each side they were mantled in white. He rubbed his eyes vigorously to be

sure that it was not a dream. Where it had come from he could not tell. He looked all around and could not see the valley of the night before. It was quite a while before he understood that the valley had been transformed into a seeming lake by the thick fog which overcovered it. To him it was a never-to-be-forgotten scene.

The valley was over fifty miles in length, and from five to ten miles in width. In the stream which flowed through it they found the most delicious salmon trout. Finer and higher native grass never grew outdoors. There were a few settlers, far apart; all of them squaw-men. Some of the heads of families were half-breeds, but the majority were French-Canadians who had been at one time employes of the Hudson Bay Company. They cultivated the land sparingly and had some cattle and more horses. Near the upper end of the valley they found a grist-mill on the Colville River, one of the first built in the Northwest by the Hudson Bay Company. Here they were supplied with flour and feed.

They soon reached the post of the Hudson Bay Company, on a level piece of land on the banks of the Columbia River. It was quite an institution, with about a dozen buildings and no less than a score of men and women, the latter all Indians and half-breeds, including the wives of the officers. Some of the buildings were of log, others of sun-burned brick blocks. The valley and hills were covered with cattle and horses. The Hudson Bay Company dealt with and controlled the Indians, and monopolized the country.

Caradog had fulfilled his contract with his passengers, and they regretfully parted. He had become so interested in the country, and had enjoyed the new revelations day by day so thoroughly, that he was loath to continue the journey alone. The Hudson Bay Company officials were all Britishers, and proved themselves kind, social and hospitable, and his stay of a week with them was enjoyed. They had abundance of provisions for man and beast, as well as facilities for repairs.

With ample supply of provisions, Caradog resumed his journey up the river, through a country grand, awful and romantic—so much so that a traveler gave it the name of the "Seven Devils Country." For many miles he had on one side the river, often hundreds of feet below him, and on the other the precipitous rocks a thousand feet high. When he came to the open he entered a valley which impressed him as surpassing in beauty and fertility all he had seen. He made his own road for ten miles or more, finding no evidence that aught had been touched by the hand of man.

After camping over night he ascended a hill, and could not in any direction see a sign of human habitations or hear any sound save the echo of the bark of coyotes. It seemed as if a voice whispered in his ear, "This is your home."

The valley did not average more than two miles in width, and the immediate hills did not rise high. The latter were covered with grass, and there were patches of fine timber here and there along the little stream. The first night after entering the valley he spent in a natural grove of fir, tamarack and pine trees, beside a spring of crystal water, and in the midst of a profusion of green grass. He never slept better in his life than he did that night under the wagon tent. When he awoke in the morning he felt wonderfully refreshed, as if he had breathed the elixir of life. When he looked around he reveled in the superbness and exuberance of the scene. For the first time in his life he had a consciousness that he was the monarch of all he surveyed. He felt that he was in sweet communion with nature and her God. He was constrained to say audibly, "Here I will make my home, God helping me."

A sense of satisfaction almost overwhelmed him. And why not? What more could a man ask? Fertile soil; grass knee-high; crystal water with luscious trout; timber in abundance; a great variety of game—pheasants, geese, ducks and deer. It only took him a few minutes to have a meal of trout for breakfast, and the first shot brought him a duck for dinner.

Caradog spent the day in reconnoitering, climbing the hills on each side of the valley. The more he saw the more satisfied he was that he had made the right choice. It was a day of deep thinking and serious resolving. He selected the spot whereon to build a house, and where he would erect a barn. He also marked a choice spot for a garden. He could not fail to realize in a measure what tremendous toil awaited him—a cabin to build, and a barn, and land to be tilled, all single-handed. In the face of all these he was not afraid or dismayed. It was well that he could not see all that was before him as a pioneer and frontiersman.

The world's indebtedness to the pioneer has not yet been recorded. His sacrifices have not been adequately painted on the canvas; the poet has not sung his praises, nor the orator pronounced his eulogy as he deserves. But the fruits of his labors are his imperishable monument. The pioneer has given evidence of an iron will, superb courage, unwavering faith, unflinching optimism, and conscious assurance of final victory.

Caradog proved, after his diverse experiences, that he possessed the essential qualifications of a pioneer, which enabled him to hold on doggedly and work indefatigably, never failing to look on toward the goal of success.

After spending two days under the trees, resting, thinking, exploring and planning, Caradog thought it best to go to see the officers of the Hudson Bay Company and find out all he could relative to taking possession of the land he had

chosen. By consulting his compass he came to the conclusion that the stream flowed to the Colville Valley, through which he had traveled, and that he could reach the post by a new way, which he did.

He had not traveled over five miles before he came to buildings, and ruins of buildings, which was a surprise to him. They proved to be the remains of an abandoned United States garrison, known once as "Fort Colville." It had been built following an Indian uprising, and had cost the Government over \$100,000.00. He found on examination that some of the buildings had been finished luxuriously in the interior. There were some expensive fireplaces and mantels. There were accommodations for two companies of cavalry, which meant no less than a dozen buildings in all. He also found evidences that some of the land had been cultivated. He felt apprehensive lest it meant the frustration of his hopes and plans. When he reached the post and consulted the officers, he found that the valley which had so enchanted him was unsurveyed Indian land, but he was encouraged to settle on it. He was advised to deal with the Indian chief in order to avoid any possible trouble, and was also promised any service that they could render in his behalf.

CHAPTER IX.

TREATING WITH AN INDIAN CHIEF.

Caradog took the advice of the Hudson Bay Company officials, and prepared to visit the chief. According to instructions, he purchased a good supply of knives, rings, beads, pipes and tobacco to take with him. He and a guide crossed the Columbia River, with a horse for each and a strong pack-horse to carry the supplies and the gifts.

After crossing the river and proceeding a few miles, they reached the Kettle River, and he had his first view of the mighty, majestic, magnificent Kettle Falls, in all their splendor and grandeur. They were to him, as to all who witnessed them, impressive in their awful sublimity and indescribable massiveness and immensity. He stood on a plateau where he could see the river for miles above the falls, flowing imperially through the valley, over half a mile in width. And as it came nearer the falls, increasing in velocity until it finally plunged down into the seething chasm a hundred feet below, with the white foam rising high on the rocks and a mist ascending like white smoke from a furnace, the awe-inspiring scene and thundering roar gave him a sensation of dizziness and compelled him to draw a long breath.

On the rocks, amid the turmoil of the waters, he could see long poles, with large woven baskets hanging at the end of each. He found that this was the Indian method of salmon-fishing, which was very successful. As the salmon leaped in their attempt to make the ascent of the falls, many of them failed and fell into the baskets. Some of the Indians were making a profitable business of it.

Following the river for some miles, they came to a place where Chinese were engaged in placer mining. The Orientals had a great wheel in the river, with tin cans all around it on the shore. The water turned the wheel, and emptied the water into a flume about twenty feet above the river, into which the gravel was emptied and the gold dust dropped below it. Chinese labored industriously in this way for half a century, and no one but themselves knew how profitable were their operations.

At the close of the first day's travel they came to a Roman Catholic Mission and Indian schools at the mouth of the San Poil River. There were two large buildings, one for a boys' school and the other for a girls' school. Jesuits had charge of the former and Franciscan Sisters of the latter. It was surrounded by a splendid country and some hundreds of acres under cultivation, managed by the Dominican Brothers. The travelers were treated hospitably by the Italian Jesuits.

A scene he witnessed at noon the next day interested Caradog immensely. They took dinner at the house of a comparatively young married Indian who had a family of three or four children. The half-breed guide was acquainted with the husband and wife, who had been at the Indian school. They were bright and ambitious young people, earnestly striving to adopt civilized methods of living. The house they lived in was equal to the ordinary house of a white man on the frontier. It had three rooms, with ordinary furniture, consisting of cook-stove, table, chairs, bedsteads, etc. The food was fairly cooked on this occasion, and they all sat in order at the table, using cups and saucers and knives and forks. It was a great contrast to the four old people on the outside, the grandfathers and grandmothers, who had the ground for their table and their fingers for knives and forks. It was their choice, for the son said that every effort had been made to have them share the conveniences of the home, but they persisted in living in the old way, and had never eaten at the table or left their tepees for a bed-room and bedstead.

After a hard journey of three days, Caradog and his guide reached the camping-ground of Chief Tonasket, on the shores of Osooyroos Lake. Tonasket was a good Indian, although his father, Chief Skolaskin, was a very bad one. The father hated the whites, but the son was friendly to them; the father was savage, vindictive, revengeful; the son honorable, reliable, friendly.

Tonasket, when a young man, was a packer for the Hudson Bay Company, and did many favors to the early settlers. On one of his trips from British Columbia to Walla Walla, near the Snake River, he found a number of white men captured by his father. The savage old chief had ordered his prisoners to be put to death, and the execution was about to take place. When Tonasket understood the situation, he interceded earnestly in behalf of the prisoners. He did his utmost to persuade his father to release them, but to no avail, for revenge was sweet to the old warrior. When Tonasket found that reason and persuasion would not move his father, he grasped the gun from the latter's hand and knocked the old man senseless. He then terrorized the other Indians, and with the aid of friends drove them away and took the white men under his protection.

Tonasket, at the time Caradog visited him, had become known throughout the Northwest as one of the best Indians, and a just and wise chief. He was ambitious to adopt civilized methods and to have his people do so, and he was a success as a farmer. He had been a powerful man in his youth. It is said that at one time he came in contact with a Chinese, which led to a conflict. He lifted the Mongolian up by his queue and

shook him, and gave him a kick as he said, "Kalatwa hyack" (travel quick). He had the rare qualification for an Indian that enabled him to enjoy a joke in his grim way. A tourist going through the country saw an Indian taking a sweat bath, and was so much taken with the idea that he insisted on having a wickiup bath-house put up for him. After having a lot of stones heated and put into the hole in the wickiup, he took his blanket and bucket of water inside to take his steaming. Instead of pouring the water on the stones gradually, he poured the whole at once. In less time than it takes to write it, wickiup and tourist went up together, and the latter was badly scalded from his hips up. Tonasket witnessed the scene, and grinned, saying, "Wake kumtuks" (He did not understand). At the same time he hastened to grease the victim of folly with bear grease.

Tonasket received Caradog pleasantly, especially for an Indian chief, who invariably feels his importance and feels that he must assume much dignity, without the least exhibition of emotion. He had grown stoical with age, and had always been averse to much talking.

Caradog was introduced as a "Bostonman," the Chinook for American, and as a "sihks" (friend).

The chief said gruffly, "Klahowaya?" (How do you do?)

The guide said, "Klosh Bostonman kopa hyas tyee potlatch" (The good American has brought gifts to the great chief).

Tonasket responded with an Indian grunt, saying, "Na witka hyu ikta?" (Yes? or Is that so? How much and what?)

He was given two knives with fine-looking handles, two dazzling rings, an imposing pipe, and several packages of tobacco. Then Caradog gave bracelets to the two squaws near by, the wife and daughter, and a shawl and silk handkerchiefs to each. There was as much exhibition of emotion as could be expected from an Indian.

The chief then said, "Bostonman klosh mohwitch sihks mika milita" (The American is my good friend and he can stay).

It meant that the visitor was welcome and could have any favor. There was no difficulty in treating with the old chief, and the right was given to settle anywhere on the other side of the Columbia, and a fine-looking spotted pony was given to Caradog as a present. The fact is, the old man was very much taken with Caradog, which led to an embarrassing situation. As the strongest expression of friendship that he could make, he offered Caradog his daughter. This was more than the young man expected, and was exceedingly embarrassing. If it was a momentary temptation, it was speedily overcome, as a vision appeared before him of the rosy-cheeked lassie on the

Elyrch River, as he last saw her with pearly tears on her cheeks. By strategy he escaped without taking with him the Indian girl, and also without losing the good-will of the chief.

The next thing was to see the Indian agent and arrange matters satisfactorily with him. This was again a journey of over a hundred miles, which he made, as he had the other, on horse-back.

He found the agent a well-kept, pompous Virginian, who had been dubbed "Major" when he first came west, as a fitting designation to one filling such a position. Caradog had understood that he was about as good and no better than the average Indian agent. They nearly all had the reputation of making far more out of their offices than the salaries the Government gave them.

Caradog had heard an interesting story about the agent in question, in relation to Chief Tonasket. When the agent first came to the country, he called together all the chiefs and Indian tribes over which he was to have jurisdiction, for a conference. After the Indians had been arranged in order, with the chiefs in front, the agent began to tell them what a good man he was, something as follows:

"I am a good man." The chiefs made a slight groan.

Then he said, "I have come to do you good." There was a louder grunt from the chiefs. Speaking in a louder voice, the agent said:

"I am an honest man, and you can trust me." There was a deeper grunt from the chiefs. Then the agent said with great emphasis:

"I am so good that you could trust your squaws with me alone in your tepees." This was followed by a chorus of deep groans from all the Indians, and Chief Tonasket said, "Wak-ke klosk chiee tumtum wanwauka chahko klatawa" (He is no good—is sick, or out of his mind. Only talk, talk, talk. Let us go), and the chief led the way out, all the Indians following him.

Caradog had no difficulty in making things right with the agent, whether for a consideration or not is immaterial here. The agent not only granted him the right to settle in the valley, but also the privilege of taking all he wanted from the old garrison, for the Major had never taken the trouble to so much as go to see it.

The material of the garrison buildings had contributed more or less to nearly all the buildings in the Columbia valley. Some of the most temporary of its log buildings, such as barns without solid foundations, had been undermined by gophers, badgers and coyotes, and had partly fallen in, yet the logs were in fairly good condition because the bark had been taken off before they were put in place. All the buildings

had suffered more or less from the ravages of time and storms.

Caradog returned to his chosen home, which he had named "Glynant," in the Echo valley, a name also of his choosing, with a glad heart and full of expectation. He felt that so far everything had worked in his favor, and the next thing was to go to work. He took with him from the Hudson Bay Company post, where he changed from saddle to wagon, some vegetables, wheat, rye, barley, and also a plow and other implements. He went to work with a will, enthusiasm and faith. Rich patches of land easily cultivated were selected, and although late in the season, he plowed and sowed several acres.

CHAPTER X.

SETTLING ON VIRGIN SOIL.

*"I am the plow,
Master of life;
Where my sharp coulter leads,
Ceases sterility;
And by my largesses
Gladdened and satisfied,
Follow the peoples."*

—W. G. HOE.

It was a surprise as well as a gratification to Caradog to see how quickly the vegetation sprang from the ground and grew to maturity. The weeds grew also, and it kept him hustling to prevent them from having the mastery. But it was a pleasure to work hard, early and late, under such conditions, when he could behold nature co-operating so generously.

He was able to live in comparative luxury, for he had plenty of trout, ducks, geese and venison to eat. The deer came in sight of his cabin to drink early every morning. He lived in the wagon-box and cooked on the ground for the first two months, then began to haul logs from the old garrison, all hewed in fine shape; and by the aid of two half-breeds, he had a cabin 16x18 feet in size, and in fairly good condition, before the winter. He also had a decent shelter for his horses and some of his hay under cover. The amount of vegetables he raised, and the dimensions of some of them, seemed to him incredible. His crop of wheat, rye and barley also astonished him. His winter supply of hay led him to go to the lower end of the Colville valley to buy a dozen head of young cattle. The weather continued almost rainless during the fall, and moderate far on into the winter, so that he was able to work outside almost every day. He sowed some timothy seed and fall grain.

A few prospectors camped with him in the early winter, on their way south, bringing tales of wonder from the north-land. Though it was a mild winter, there came a very heavy fall of snow late in March, and the cattle in the Colville valley were dying for want of feed, for the old settlers made no provision for their live-stock, but let them live or die outside. Some of the squaw-men came to Caradog for hay, which he exchanged for young cattle. He was employed during much of the winter in felling trees and splitting them into rails for fences. By spring he had about sixty acres enclosed, by building two fences across the valley from crag to crag, the only fence within sixty miles.

During the coming spring and early summer, prospectors

on the way north became quite numerous, and were glad to have the privilege of camping at "Glynant." The discovery of gold in the Rossland, B. C., region had changed the course of travel, and made a demand for a ferry on the Columbia at the north end of Echo valley. Before he fully realized it, Caradog's place became a popular camping-ground. He could not avoid serving meals and feeding horses at reasonable prices. He became buried in work and business, being a rancher, hotelkeeper and merchant, for he found it necessary to keep the staple provisions to meet the demands of the public. The prospectors were glad to be fed for fifty cents a meal and to have their horses fed for a dollar a night. Caradog was making money fast, often \$10.00 a day.

By fall he had extended his accommodations so that the men could sleep inside if they so desired. He made good profit on flour by selling it for ten cents a pound, and also on bacon, coffee, tobacco, potatoes, grain and hay. Had not conscientious scruples prevented, he might have made a snug competence in a short time selling whiskey. He continued to extend his cultivated land, sowing more grain and timothy and enlarging his garden. Some of the prospectors, who had to remain two or three days to recuperate their horses, proved very helpful to him, both in cultivating the land and improving the house and barn. One of them stayed with him during the winter, and he was able to hire half-breeds during the summer as he needed them. Some of these last were fairly good farmers, having been under the tutelage of the Hudson Bay Company's officers or Dominican Brothers. Great progress was made season by season.

The results of his efforts surprised Caradog, and kindled his enthusiasm, for the soil yielded marvelously and his stock increased beyond anything he had dreamed possible. He could hardly understand how one so inexperienced in farming could achieve so much, and, in fact, did not give credit to himself, but rather to the favors of mother earth, and the smiles of heaven. His love for his work was intensified day by day, and he was thankful for his deliverance from the mines and for the new life to which he had been led. Though not reading as much as he once did, and not able to give as much time to literary culture, he knew that he had never learned faster than at that time. He was sure that his life's horizon was extending.

It is only natural that he should feel keenly, at times, the loss of social, intellectual and religious privileges. Nevertheless he was confident that his gain was greater than his loss, for he believed in the law of compensation.

It is not necessary for our purpose to record in detail the process of his operations. It is enough to say that after five

strenuous years, thorough attention to business and good management, he had become surprisingly prosperous, and had accumulated in value far beyond his most sanguine expectations. He had no less than three hundred head of cattle and more than a hundred horses; he had fully two hundred acres of his land fenced, fifty acres in timothy, one hundred in grains, and a choice garden spot that yielded bountifully. He was enjoying the best of health, was in high spirits, and was stimulated to greater effort week by week as he observed the results and meditated upon the prospects.

He would often ascend one of the surrounding hills to view the wondrous scene, and to see in imagination his present humble home replaced by a spacious and tastefully arranged mansion, lavishly furnished, with fruit trees and flowers adding to the beauty, and, more than all, one of the best and sweetest of women sharing it all with him. For with all the prosperity and prospects, he had many lonely hours, when he longed, and would readily give all, for the only one on earth who could fill his cup of happiness. When he considered the matter seriously he would come to the conclusion that it would be cruel to bring her to where conditions were so different from her home. His love kept them apart. He preferred sacrificing himself to sacrificing her. Notwithstanding his possessions, it was too soon. But he hoped and prayed for the propitious time to come.

The sixth winter proved to be a very severe one; much more so than any one he had so far experienced. The Hudson Bay Company lost fully fifty per cent. of its cattle, and the half-breeds and Indians a larger proportion of their horses. Caradog was perpared for it, and turned it into a rich harvest by exchanging hay for cattle. Having his barn full of hay, and several stacks in addition, he was able to feed his horses and stock for three months, while the snow was on the ground; and in the spring, when the green grass was springing up on the hills, he had five hundred head of cattle and a hundred and fifty horses to turn out, all in splendid condition. The greatest problem now was to find competent help. This need, and his longing for congenial companionship, led him to send for a nephew from Wales.

This nephew arrived in New York early in May, which necessitated a trip to Spokane. It was Caradog's first visit to the new town since he left it six years before. The growth and development was a revelation to him, for the five families had increased to a population of five thousand. He found graded streets and brick blocks where he had left pine groves. The falls were now utilized in turning the wheels of two grist mills, a saw mill, and a foundry, and it was evident that their possibilities had only begun to be revealed. The

Northern Pacific Railway had not only been built to the town, but all the way to the Pacific Ocean, and the people were carried by the thousand to the new towns, the prairies and the Coast. Spokane Falls was receiving its share of the travelers. The town was in all respects full of life, with evidence of enterprise and progress on every hand, and the advance in real estate was astounding. Real estate agents, promoters and boomers were in evidence everywhere.

It did not take these gentlemen long to find out that Caradog had some money to invest, and some of them stuck to him like leeches. The opportunities for profitable investment were so many that it puzzled him to know what to choose. He was soon faced by a great temptation. An affable, smooth-tongued and clever "get-rich-quick" promoter camped with him night and day. This man had the best proposition for quick returns ever known. It was a block of land on the river front, where it was proposed to erect inexpensive buildings that would bring enormous profits, and yield at least fifty per cent. on the investment. Caradog did not understand at first for what purpose they were to be rented, until all arrangements had been made for him to invest. He discovered, however, in the nick of time, that it was to be a "red-light" district. He was truly "up against it," and now the pull came.

He naturally recoiled against the idea. But his prosperity had developed his love of gain. The devil had found a new way to test him. He consulted the wise ones, and without exception they declared it a money-making proposition and advised him to invest. When he suggested his conscientious scruples as a reason for hesitation, they smiled. The old plausible arguments were presented: "We must have it, you know, in a frontier town like this, where so many miners will spend the winter. The best people believe that, you know, and there's money in it. It will help to build the town. If we don't provide it, somebody else will, and we may as well make the money as they. If you invest in it, there's no need for anybody to know that you have any interest in it. Some of our best citizens are interested in our saloons. There isn't anybody here for his health."

Caradog spent a sleepless night over the problem. It was a great struggle, and it is pleasant to record that he came out triumphant. The proposition was turned down, and his investment made in another part of the city.

While in town Caradog attended religious services for the first time in seven years. He enjoyed them immensely, and it increased his pleasure to find that the preacher was a Welshman.

Words are inadequate to convey his pleasure in meeting his nephew, a bright, rosy-cheeked young man, who brought

him news from his native town, his relatives and friends whom he had left more than a decade before. Many things fired him with a desire to return, to witness old scenes and associate with loved ones. How could he leave? He had too much to care for. His possessions had become a burden and embarrassment. It came to his mind that he might be able to leave after a while when his nephew had become acquainted with affairs.

The most important news of all was from his sweetheart. She was true. No one at home doubted it. They were surprised at her fidelity. She wanted to come, and would have done so if the way had been open. It made Caradog feel desperate, saying to himself, "Why did I not send for her?" He must do something speedily. He improved the opportunity to send her a new ring, which made the girls in Wales open their eyes with wonder. She was in his mind in many of the purchases he made to take with him. He bought his first cook-stove, bureau, bedstead, rocking-chair and some other things.

The journey homeward was full of interest, talking about things and people in "dear old Wales." Caradog went a new way, opened by increasing travel. The road went directly north from Spokane Falls. It took them fully a week, because of the roughness of the road and the muddy places they encountered. When camping over night at the Little Spokane River they were threatened by Indians. It looked serious for a time, until a half-bred among them recognized Caradog. The Indians had been able to get whiskey at Spokane Falls, and were having a big time at the river.

Caradog and his nephew also had narrow escapes when going through the Loon Lake country, where the tall trees were falling all around them. There was a terrific gale, and it was found afterwards that thousands of trees had fallen within a few miles, and it seemed a miracle that they had escaped uninjured.

CHAPTER XI.

MINING ERA IN THE NORTH, AND RESULTS.

There was a real mining boom in the northern and north-western country in the early eighties. It attracted the attention of the whole country and brought to that region all sorts and conditions of men; miners, prospectors, promoters, speculators, gamblers and others. There was news of wonderful discoveries of silver and gold in various places from the Columbia to the Yukon. Among the special discoveries that pertain to our narrative were the "War Chief" in Chewelah, "Old Dominion" and "The Eagle" in Colville; "Bonanza" and "Young American" on the Columbia; "The Republic" and "Boundary" in the Okanogan, and "Le Roy," "Nelson," "Greenwood" and others in British Columbia. There was considerable excitement incident to some of these discoveries, and hundreds of them were staked and recorded. Some of them proved especially profitable, and by this time have produced many millions.

It also led to the opening to settlement of a region of country one hundred miles square that had been an Indian reservation. In some respects it changed the face of the country by bringing into it people of pluck and enterprise. It is true that speculators platted some towns as money-making schemes, and advertised them extensively, but much of the growth was wholesome and normal, and many were made prosperous, and more improved their condition.

Much of this worked to the benefit of Caradog, for he was practically in the center of it. It gave him a splendid market for all he had at his own price. He sold cattle for 20c a pound standing, and beef for from 30c to 40c a pound. Horses also were in great demand at high prices. He was unable to supply the demand for vegetables, for there were campers around almost daily.

He also found settlers pressing upon him, and it became necessary for him and his nephew to make sure that they were safe on their claims. It was necessary to exercise some strategy in order to prevent undue encroachment. The lumber of the old garrison was disappearing rapidly, and it became necessary for him to make haste to obtain what he deemed his share. The transformation which took place in two years seemed like a dream, and would be impossible anywhere but in a new country.

This new life and civilization, and people settling within a few miles of him, made Caradog feel that the time had come for a great change on his part. Conditions justified him

in thinking of making the real home which had been his aim all through the years. There was now a saw mill within a few miles, and he could build such a house as he desired. Finding two carpenters in the nearest town, he built a six-room house, both attractive and convenient. It was built nearer the public road than his cabin. By this time he had a few acres in orchard. He had also done what he could in the cultivation of flowers, and with reasonable success. Everything indicated that the time had come to have with him the one for whom he had toiled, suffered and sacrificed. After much thought, he sat down in the silence of the night, and wrote the following letter:

My Dearest Myfanwy:

It would be easier for me to gather together the sand scattered by the wind on the desert than to convey to you in words my feelings and my affection for you. My darling, you cannot imagine how I have longed for you, and how my heart has ached for your presence and companionship. It has been impossible for you to understand me, and know why I have not come to this point before. I have been led in ways mysterious, and circumstances have been beyond my control. No one could have made me believe it possible for us to be kept apart so long, but it seemed to be God's will. The moments have been few that you have not been in my mind, and the great end of all my endeavors has been to make you happy. I feel very sure now that the time has come for us to live together, and I ask you; yes, I implore you, to come and make me happy. My dear angel, do not disappoint me. I would be glad to come for you, but circumstances which I cannot explain make it impossible. You will understand it all if you come. Your answer will make me unspeakably happy, or sink me into the blackness of despair. I want you to imagine me on my knees begging you to come, for I would be glad to do it. Come, my darling, my heart, my all, without delay. I feel sure that you will not disappoint me, and am enclosing enough so that you can take first-class passage. May God lead you to take the first steamer, and I sincerely hope and trust that it will be my unspeakable pleasure to welcome you to my new home, as my dear little wife, in five or six weeks. Paid a'm siomi, fy Myfanwy anwyl.

Your devoted lover, C. C.

The letter was taken to the postoffice, ten miles away, as fast as his speediest horse could cover the distance. He prayed aloud in his mother's tongue on his way back that God might influence the mind of his loved one in his favor, and care for her while traveling over ocean and continent, and bring her safely to his bosom. Days and weeks of anxiety followed. Seasons of joy and seasons of despair. Nights of pleasant dreams and also of horrible nightmares. He had to work almost night and day in order in any degree to content himself. He was thinking of her every moment, and striving in all the ways he could think of to do something that would add to her comfort after she came.

As he was busily engaged, he would say to himself, "I

think this will please her. I do hope she will enjoy herself and like everything as I do. I wonder will she? She ought to feel as rich as Lady George at home, for I have about as much land as Sir George has. She can have anything she asks for. I think the house will please her, and she can have a better one if she wants it. She can have a horse to ride, and a carriage if she wants it.

"She can dress like a queen. I'll have a squaw to help her in the work if we can't do any better. I wonder will she be lonesome? I don't see why, when she can live most of the time in the open. And there are lots of people passing daily. I think I can make her happy."

He meant well, but, like so many other men, he did not realize that the life of a woman on the frontier is very different from that of a man. The difference has led many a woman to the insane asylum, and caused many suicides. Neither did he realize that he had become a new man during the twelve years they had been apart—that they had inevitably been growing apart in thought, sympathy and ambition year by year. He had almost forgotten some of his own struggles, and had no idea how commercial he had become. With him, to a great extent, old things had passed away and all things had become new. She, in thought, purpose and ambition, was about the same as when he left her. She had lived in the same groove, among the same people, enjoying the same things all through those years.

In about five weeks from the time Caradog's letter left, he found a letter at the postoffice which made his heart beat faster. His hands trembled slightly as he opened it. He soon came to the good news: "I am coming. Will leave in about a week." She was anxious to come, and full of hope and courage.

Who can express his joy? He sang and shouted in Welsh on his way home, and felt as if he was riding in the air. There was need of haste, for she might arrive at Spokane Falls in four or five days, and it would take him three days to get there. Preparations for the journey were made in a hurry, and he was starting within ten hours of the time the letter was received.

CHAPTER XII.

MEETING AND PARTING.

Caradog reached Spokane Falls in a little less than three days. He found that it had doubled in population since he had visited it about three years before. It had assumed some metropolitan aspects, and building operations were in evidence on every hand. This interested him, but there was something far more important on his mind, and that was to see his dear Myfanwy.

He was disappointed not to find her on the first train, but she arrived safe and sound on the second day. It was a happy meeting, though devoid of outward sentimentality. There was something in their demeanor that indicated that each had received a degree of shock. It was interesting to the observer to see them looking at each other with a mixture of pleasure and surprise. It is well that both refrained from expressing in words their first impressions, for it was evident to the two interested friends who witnessed the scene that they were in a measure disappointed in each other's outward appearance. The change that had taken place in this respect was more than they could have anticipated. Myfanwy had lost the girlish, sweet, vivacious and smiling expression Caradog had last seen. She impressed him as staid, over-substantial, almost old-maidish, and something suggesting melancholy. She had lost that entrancing something that bewitched him in his youth. Myfanwy also missed in Caradog the fair complexion that she had last seen, the cheerful countenance and buoyancy that had made her idolize him. He was horribly tanned from ear to ear; rugged, serious, almost stern in his mien.

Caradog was able to sustain his equilibrium and adjust himself to the situation better than Myfanwy, therefore he did all the talking. She expected him to talk Welsh, but instead he talked English so glibly and with such a twang that she could hardly understand him. It did not sound natural to her. She had lived all her life in a Welsh rural district and turned in a Welsh circle, about three miles from the town in which Caradog had been reared. Welsh was the language of her home, church and street, and her educational advantages had been limited. She could not read English readily, and she did not like to talk in that language.

Caradog had learned to be business-like in everything, therefore all preparations for the wedding had been made. He was chagrined to find Myfanwy hesitating and disposed to postpone it until the morrow. However, he was able to persuade her and bring her to his way of thinking, and within

three hours of her arrival they were standing before a Welsh minister of the Gospel, and two witnesses, to be united in holy wedlock. The minister closed the ceremony by offering a prayer in Welsh, which gratified her greatly. The occasion was made as pleasant for Myfanwy as could be expected under the circumstances, among strangers and in a strange land. She was fortunate enough to receive the good wishes of, and to dine with, half a dozen of her country-folks. This doubtless helped her; nevertheless, it was evident to those present that she was not a very happy bride.

The fact is, she was miserable, for she was homesick, a disease that is, with some people, for a time at least, incurable. She stood the trip across the ocean very well, for she found congenial company of her own people. Across the continent she rode alone for six days without making the acquaintance of one person. For days she suffered from a sinking sensation in the stomach. Only those who have experienced it can appreciate what it means. Some people make light of it, and think that it is something that can be easily overcome. This is a mistake, for it undermines the strongest, and turns the bravest into cowards. There are strong and sensible people that can no more overcome it than they can the smallpox or typhoid fever, or any other dreaded disease. It has worked havoc on many good people, and those who are its victims are to be pitied.

And Myfanwy was homesick, and very homesick; that was all the trouble with her, but it was enough to make it impossible for her to be happy. She had lived in hope of seeing Caradog for twelve years, and it had made her happy. He had been all in all to her; she was exceedingly glad to see him; she wanted to leave everything behind her, and think only of him and of being happy with him. But she could not, and if she had only expressed her feelings she would have said that nothing would please her so much as to take the train at once for the home she had left in Wales. She did not know why, but it was the fact just the same.

As they went around the new city everything interested Caradog, but naught interested her. She saw no beauty in the landscape, no grandeur in the falls, and no magnificence in the distant mountains. She was blind to all because her heart ached. It made her nervous to see so many Indians with their blankets around their shoulders, and also to see the people in such a hurry. Nothing really interested her but to talk about home. If she could have expressed her feelings, she would have said, as she did afterwards:

"My heart is almost breaking. Take me home or I'll die."

She was taken to a store and told to make her choice of any hat, coat or dress there, but the offer was treated with

indifference. The same attitude was assumed when she entered a furniture store, and the husband had to make all the purchases without her aid or suggestions. It took two days to prepare for the journey of over a hundred miles in a farm wagon. When ready, she looked suspiciously on the big, canvas-covered vehicle. She had never seen the like before, much less ridden in it. The long and rough road she was to travel was unknown to her. Caradog's answer to the question, "How long will it take us?" had been incoherent and unsatisfactory. She was really afraid to climb up on the high seat of the wagon. When she got there, she trembled like a leaf, and grabbed the arm of her husband, saying:

"I can't ride here. Hold me! hold me! let me go down!"

The wagon was pretty well filled with furniture, a trunk, flour and groceries. When they started she was pale with fright, and holding tightly to her husband's arm, making it hard for him to handle the reins. When they came to places in the road where it was a little sidling, she would shout, "I'm falling. Stop; let me get down."

Such performances are rather disagreeable to drivers, and it is difficult for them to have patience even with a loved one of the fair sex. With Caradog patience had its perfect work. When they stopped for their first meal, near a stream, she was glad to get down from the wagon, but it shocked her to think of cooking a meal and eating it on the ground. It reminded her of the gypsies in the old country, and she could not think of trying to eat. In fact, she hardly knew how to sit down on the ground in a comfortable attitude.

When they came to the camping-ground for the night, her limbs were numb, so that she could hardly stand on her feet. When she found that there was no house in sight, she asked:

"Where are we going to stay, Caradog?"

"Right here," was the answer.

"Where?" she asked, in surprise.

He answered with a smile, "Under the wagon, of course."

She dropped on her knees and covered her face and cried. The word "home" mingled with her sobs. Caradog did all he could to comfort her, by telling her that he had slept that way many times; that it was perfectly safe, and that she would enjoy it. He was compelled to compromise, unload the wagon and make their blanket bed inside the wagon-box. It is needless to say that it was the most awful night she ever spent in her life—a night of sleepless weeping. And no wonder! for she heard the coyotes howling, and thought there were scores of them around.

They found shelter the other two nights on the way in

the homes of half-breeds. It was a little improvement on sleeping in the wagon-bed, but far from being comfortable to Myfanwy.

They reached "Glynant" on the evening of the fourth day. She was fatigued, bruised, despondent, homesick and disgusted. The house and surroundings hardly attracted her attention. She was glad to see Caradog's nephew, and he came nearer sympathizing with her than any one else. A royal supper was prepared, with a variety of vegetables and wild duck meat and venison. They tried to have her talk freely about the old home and friends, but she could not do it without sighing. The next day she was taken up the hill to look down upon the beautiful valley and the two hundred acres of as fine alfalfa, timothy and grain as the eye of man or woman ever looked upon, but it did not excite any enthusiasm on her part. The cattle and horses on the hill did not interest her, even when Caradog said, "They are all ours." The nicest sort of a woman's saddle was put on a pony for her use, but she would not go near it.

She was taken to her nearest neighbor, three miles away. The wife was a very pleasant German lady, only a few years from her native country, consequently her English was broken. She tried to comfort Myfanwy, and she could truly sympathize with her, but Myfanwy hardly understood a word she said. They had luncheon together, but it was nothing like the "dysglaid o de a bara brith yr Hen Wlad."

Myfanwy was getting to look sick, for she would not live the open life nor interest herself even in the flowers around the house. Her husband on entering the house almost invariably found indications that she had been weeping. He thought he was doing all he could for her, but to give much of his time to her was impossible, for he had so much to do.

The situation became so serious that Caradog wrote to the Welsh minister who united them in marriage, asking him to write her a letter, which the minister did. In two or three weeks more the nephew came for the minister in a carriage. The latter found a big job on hand when he reached "Glynant." A more homesick person he never came in contact with. His presence made her cry like a child, but it took some time for her to open her heart to him. When she did, it relieved her in a measure. With the tears flowing down her cheeks she said:

"Mr. Daniels, how can I live in such a place as this, without relatives and friends, except for Caradog and Jim, and they busy all the time—without everything I like? To be all day without seeing any one and without talking my own language? for Caradog talks the old English all the time. How can I live without a Sunday, the church, Sunday school, prayer

meeting and 'gvfeillach'? I have been used to them all my life. I had no idea I was coming to such a place. What do I care for the old land among the Indians and other people I do not understand, and the horses and cows?"

And in a low tone she continued, "Caradog is so changed, and is so worldly. He talks nothing but cattle, cattle, and horses, horses, and land, land. He can't give much time to me, and is always in a hurry."

It was pathetic to see and hear her. She was a devoted Christian woman, and was reared in the atmosphere of the "capel." The services of the church were everything to her, and life was not worth living without them. The minister spent several days with them and had some serious talks with Caradog. They had a trip together to the Columbia River and to the great Kettle Falls, and to see some of the mining prospects. They talked in Welsh, and about Welsh things, and they sang and prayed in Welsh. Special promises in the Bible were marked for Myfanwy to read daily. It all did good, not only to her, but also to Caradog, who had backslidden more than he realized. Caradog was made to promise to go at least twice a month on Sundays to a place of worship ten miles away.

Myfanwy became in a measure reconciled to her situation. The family altar was erected and sustained, and she felt more and more that God's grace was sufficient for her. In about six months a school house was erected within three and a half miles of them, and soon a Sunday school was organized by a missionary, and Caradog became an interested worker in it. In one year the Welsh minister was called again to visit them; this time to baptize a babe a month old. He was able to remain with them a week, having come on his own horse. They had a very pleasant and profitable time together.

He found that while Myfanwy had been wonderfully sustained by the grace of God, she had not in any important sense changed her attitude toward the country and the conditions. She could not forget her home, associations and religious privileges. She was now feeding on the promise her husband had made that they would make a visit to the old home in two years. It was a source of support and comfort to her day by day. When the husband, with enthusiasm, would refer to his plans in the development of the place, she would say, "But remember we are going back home in two years."

At the end of two years he was not ready to go. There was too much at stake to go just then. "We'll go next year," he said. She had to yield. It was cruel, but he did not know it.

By this time a second child had come to bless the home.

It intensified her longing for home. To think of rearing a family under present conditions appalled her. Her dissatisfaction grew keener. She was bound to go, but he had no desire to leave. He was prosperous and that was enough. She became desperate, and even rebellious. It was evident that she was in danger of a physical break-down. He offered to have her live in the nearest town with the children, he coming to see them when he could. To live among strangers, and have religious privileges only in English, did not appeal to her.

At last arrangements were made for him to take her and the children to Denver, Colo., there to meet an old friend who would accompany them to the old home. Caradog took them to Denver, procured tickets to New York and a passage across the ocean, and gave her \$500.00 in currency and drafts. When he was bidding them good-bye on the train, and wetting the babies' cheeks as he gave the last kisses, she looked in his face and said, in trembling accents:

"Caradog, I love you, and am sorry to leave you, but I want to tell you that I will never come back. I know you will provide for the children. Good-bye, and God bless you."

CHAPTER XIII.

PROSPECTING.

Myfanwy had hardly finished the sentence that burned down into the heart of Caradog before the train began to move. When he jumped from the car to the platform he was dazed, and if she looked out of the window he did not see her. He watched the train moving out of sight with a heavy heart. It was hard enough to part with them, but to listen to and think of the parting words of his wife was agonizing.

He soliloquized something as follows:

"This is the hardest blow yet. The Molly Maguire catastrophe, the tramping, falling out with the boss and being fired, the black-listing, and the bull-pen experience, all together, are not to be compared with this. Have I deserved such treatment? Why did she leave it till the last moment before telling me? Haven't I been kind enough to her? I can't understand it."

He went into the depot and sat down, looking at the floor. As he meditated, something seemed to whisper to him, "Why didn't you go with her? Why not go after her on the next train?" He drew a long breath, and then was startled by a voice saying, "Be a man. Don't give up to a woman. Let her go. She will come back." Looking around, he was surprised not to find some one near him. He was aroused by a spirit of anger, and spoke out, "I will not go. I don't have to." Saying this, he resolved to hasten home and forget it all.

In three days he was at Spokane Falls. A few hours were spent attending to business, during which time he leased two of his lots for ten years for business purposes. He arrived home in due time, determined to work harder than ever. His nephew thought he acted like a madman, not being aware of the real cause of his strange conduct.

Caradog found a real vacuum in the home. He had not fully realized the large place the wife and babies filled in it. There was something missing hour by hour and day by day. He was getting more nervous daily, and was going through a process of inward revolution. Hard work did not prove a remedy for his trouble; it ceased to be a pleasure and became rather a burden. The ranch was gradually losing its attractiveness, and he became less and less disposed to go on the hills and look on the cattle and horses. Something had changed his conception of things, and he did not have the satisfaction he once had in contemplation of his material prosperity. With all his possessions, life was hardly worth living. There must be a change.

He had thought more or less of trying his hand at prospecting, and had an interest in one hole in the ground, having grub-staked a prospector for one season. That is, he had advanced the necessary supplies for a prospecting trip on the part of the miner, in return for which he was to have one-half of any locations made by the latter. He (Caradog) had also examined some of the gold prospects; had received much information from miners and prospectors; had worked in a silver-lead mine, and knew the silver and gold ore when he saw it. While he was thinking deeply in that direction, cattle buyers came around and offered high prices for what he had. He sold five hundred head of cattle in one day, and soon disposed of many of his horses. The most of the money was sent for investment in the cities of Spokane Falls, Seattle and Vancouver, B. C. He invested some in the new county seat, within fifteen miles of his home, and sent \$2,000 to Wales for his two boys.

Early in the spring he was ready to start out as a prospector. He was beginning a new era in his life when approaching two-score years. But he possessed all the qualifications of a prospector, minus experience. In build he was sturdy, stocky, knotty, thick-set, broad-shouldered. He was intelligent and enterprising, determined and courageous.

Look at him in his corduroy coat and trousers, high boots and leather cap. He is the picture of a man of endurance, purpose and resolute will. See him preparing to go out on his prospecting tour. He brings together his camping outfit and utensils, and rolls up a goodly supply of groceries and provisions in his blanket and canvas. They are tied securely on the saddle on the pack-horse. On the top and in sight are the pick, hammer, shovel, frying-pan and gun. With his riding horse saddled he is ready for his journey to an unknown region. He mounts his horse and starts slowly, leading the pack-horse with a long rope. Moving on deliberately at first, viewing the scenery to the right and to the left, and far away to the high mountains in the distance, he awaits some power to incline him in some special direction. In due time a halt is made beside a running stream to partake of a frugal meal and to rest and feed the horses. After some hours of further travel, when the shadows of night begin to make dim the distant hills, he selects a suitable spot to camp for the night. He unpacks, builds a camp-fire, hobbles his horses, enjoys his evening meal, rolls himself in his blankets, and sleeps soundly under the open heavens. The early dawn of next day finds him traveling again.

Day by day he moves on, leaving civilization behind him, pushing his way through narrow ravines, climbing rocky hills and lofty mountains where ne'er the foot of man has trod,

hearing no sound save the tramp of his own horses, and occasionally the howl of a wild beast in the distance. He is too much given to observation, and his mind is too active and his soul too much stirred by expectation, to find it monotonous or even tiresome. He walks as much as he rides, and with his hammer strikes a ledge here and a ledge there, examining the rock under a glass. Who can describe his feeling of high and low hopes as he proceeds on his way?

Caradog spent his first season of prospecting in the Republic and Okanogan countries, a rugged region on the southern border of British Columbia, and east of the Cascade Mountains, in what was then Washington Territory, now the State of Washington. He spent the whole season prospecting, with no gain except the experience. As with the majority of this class of men, the work proved infatuating, and he was confident that he would do better the coming season. He returned to the ranch to spend the winter months and to prepare for the coming spring. He had no desire to work on his place. Early in the spring he started out for new fields, full of hope that he would make a strike. This time he went directly north into the British dominion.

After days and weeks of travel he beholds prospects that give him a vision of a fortune, and is inclined to tarry and work during the season. His tent is pitched under the shadow of a high rock, near a spring of crystal water. He begins to drive a hole or tunnel into the rocky mountain, and works hard and steady day by day, cooking his biscuit and bacon on the open fire-place, with no human being to associate with during the summer and fall. When he leaves for the winter the indications are so favorable that he is determined to return the following spring with improved equipment and tools, and with a man to help him.

As early as possible he and his helper are at the claim again. There is hardly anything to indicate the spot or that Caradog had worked there for so many months. An avalanche has covered his tunnel and swept away every trace of his labors. It takes fully two weeks to find the mouth of the tunnel, which has caved in for several feet. He has no thought of giving up, for the assaying gave him a vision of millions. At considerable expense he has conveyed over the mountains sufficient lumber to build a good-sized cabin and a blacksmith shop. He also has an ore car. He and his helper work hard. Caradog sees favorable indications daily, and it stimulates him to greater effort. Working is again a luxury, as it once was on the ranch. He relishes his meals and sleeps soundly every night. He watches the sun rising in its glory in the morning and setting in majesty every evening. The little chipmunks and birds become daily companions.

It is marvelous how Caradog enjoys his vocation. He has caught the spirit of the prospector, which is inexplicable. The prospector becomes oblivious to the world and absorbed in his own work. He often labors until his joints are rigid, his back bent, and limbs stiffened, still holding on doggedly, perseveringly, ever expecting and ever dreaming of success. Hundreds, and probably thousands, have continued to toil until their bodies have fallen, to mingle with the dirt and rocks which they have dug and blasted out of the ground. As a rule the prospector spends years in strenuous effort, self-denial, suffering and sacrifice, to make others rich.

Caradog worked another season without striking the vein. But the specimens of ore he and his helper took with them when they left for the winter caused a sparkle in the eyes of the miners who saw them. The assayer's report was more favorable than ever.

Caradog took two men with him the next season, and a drilling machine. They continued to drive the tunnel, and also holes on the right and on the left. The indication became more and more flattering day by day. Everything seemed favorable, but they didn't strike the vein. Caradog continued to work year after year for seven years, in constant expectation, yet without striking the golden vein. It was estimated that his pile of dirt and ore was worth a hundred thousand dollars, if he had a mill to work it. He made up his mind to have the mill. At an expense of \$10,000.00 he built a flume for several miles to carry the water from a creek to the mill. When almost ready to begin operations, an injunction was served upon him. A big company operating a mine twenty miles away claimed prior right to the water of the creek, and was able to sustain its claim. Caradog was defeated, his flume was useless and his ore worthless. The claim had to be abandoned, and by neglecting to do annual assessment work he lost it, for others were watching it closely.

The company which had taken possession of the water now took possession of the claim, and developed it on a large scale. A rich vein of gold was discovered within a few months, a great mill was built, latest machinery installed, a railroad built, and the isolated mountain-side which Caradog, the prospector, found a wilderness, with rough, rugged, rock-ribbed ridges, and where he toiled so hard for so many years to drive tunnels and holes, with no returns, has become a populous town. The mine yields thousands of dollars monthly in dividends, and the owners live in luxury.

Did Caradog labor in vain? No. Who can estimate the value of such a man? He added to the world's wealth and promoted the world's civilization. He inaugurated new and im-

proved conditions, was indirectly instrumental in transforming the wilderness into habitable places, in developing and utilizing natural resources, ministering to human needs, and ushering in a new order of things. To him and his like we are indebted for the discovery of silver, gold and diamonds in Australia, Alaska, Arizona, California, British Columbia, and South Africa. Were it not for the pioneer, his intrepid spirit, toils, struggles and self-denials, they might be yet hidden in the bowels of the earth, instead of enriching the world as mediums of exchange, stimulating enterprises, building railroads, promoting industries, employing men, making homes, and contributing to the welfare of millions of mankind.

CHAPTER XIV.

FLOATING.

When Caradog discovered the situation, and fully realized the significance of it, the reaction that resulted made him weak in body and despondent in mind. Stimulated by prospects of much gain he had been overtaking himself both physically and mentally for some years. When spring came he did not feel disposed to work. The question was, what to do? The ranch had been consumed in developing his claim and building the flume. He was without a home and no longer young.

When at Rossland, B. C., he thought of old friends at the "Snowstorm" mine, a few miles away. He walked over to see them and to pour out to them his woes. He found half a dozen of them together in the bunk-house. Pat Lafferty was the first to meet him and give him a hearty grip. When asked how he felt, Caradog said that he felt like shooting himself and shooting somebody else, too. And Pat said:

"An' shure enough, an' are ye a comin' here to make targets av us? I niver 'spicioned ye'r being so bad as that."

They listened to Caradog's tale of woe with stern faces and clenched hands. When he was through Pat said:

"To th' devil with th' outfit; that's where they belong. But Car., it will do you no good to cry over shpilt milk. I wor-ruked in the Murray district meself for eliven years, and kam away wid nathin' but me shkin."

Big Dutch Joe tried to laugh as he said:

"I haf vurked alreaty yet twenty years on min claims in de reservashuns for de bleasure vurking."

Billy Williams joined in as follows:

"Well, I've given Uncle Sam about twenty years of the best part of my life, without any returns yet. I felt awful bad last summer when I was coming up from Frisco, but I'm ashamed to feel bad any more. I met an old fellow on the boat who was awfully crippled up with rheumatism, and he told me that he had left claims in Arizona, after working on them twenty-seven years. I left him at Portland after paying for his night's lodging and breakfast. Poor fellow! he was out of luck sure. And to think that at one time he refused \$100,000.00 for one of the claims! But at that time he would have refused a million. I never was up against it quite as hard as that, and I'm not going to kick."

Every one in the company had some such tale to tell, and each was doubtless telling the truth. That is the kind of comfort that was given Caradog, and he did not feel any the worse for it, for it does us good somehow to find that we have

not been more unfortunate than others. It is what some call misery loving company.

Caradog finally decided on leaving the mining country for a while, to go to look after his interests in the cities. He went first to the new county seat, Colville, where he had invested some eight years before. He had no difficulty in selling one-third of his property there for what he had given for the whole. There he spent a few weeks recuperating. By this time the railroad had reached the town, and it was growing fast. One evening he was at the depot waiting for the Spokane daily paper, the depot being the daily rendezvous of nearly the whole population of the town of Colville at that time. The first thing he saw in the paper, in large letters, was:

**"GREAT CONFLAGRATION. ALL BUSINESS BLOCKS IN
FLAMES. THE FIRE BEYOND CONTROL.
MANY PEOPLE HOMELESS."**

Practically the whole paper was given to a description of the fire that had left in ashes fourteen blocks of the city of Spokane. It was only natural that Caradog should be especially interested as to the effect of it on his property.

On the evening of the next day he was a witness of the dreadful scene of a city in ashes. Spokane had by now grown to a city of twenty thousand people, and it was hard to tell what would be the effect of the fire on its future. Caradog remained long enough to find that it was going to be rebuilt on a larger scale, and that the fire had really enhanced the value of his property. He then visited Tacoma and Seattle, and found that there also his property had greatly increased in value, all of which helped him to forget his misfortunes.

From Seattle he took a steamboat to Vancouver, B. C. This was his first visit to that city, which had grown in a decade from one thousand to thirty thousand in population. Accordingly, his investment had grown especially profitable. Better than all, he found quite a number of his own countrymen. One day as he sat at a table in a restaurant, two dark-haired, clean-faced and bright-looking young men came in and sat at the table next to him. As they sat, one asked the other:

"Bryd clywast ti o Tredegar, Bill?" (When did you hear from Tredegar?)

Caradog was startled, and could not avoid looking toward them. Noticing his glance, they lowered their voices. After a little one asked the other under his breath:

"Ote a ddim yn etrych dipyn bach fel Cymro?" (Does he not look a little like a Welshman?)

The other answered, "Myn diawch i, mafa'n etrych dipyn bach, yn dyw a, fel Cymro." (He does look a little like one.)

Caradog was sure now that they were not only Welshmen, but "hwntws" also; that is, South Wales Welshmen. He ate slowly, so as to give them time to catch up with him, and be through about the same time. When the proper time came he went to them and said:

"Cymry, ie?"

They were startled this time, and said together, "Iea'n wir i chi; a Chymro i chitha?" (Welsh, is it? Yes, indeed; and you are a Welshman?)

The conversation became lively at once, and the wonder and pleasure were increased when they found that they were from the same place. Caradog had been acquainted with the young men's parents, and the latter had heard their parents speak of him. They had even seen his wife since she and the little boys had returned home, for it had only been two years since these Welshmen had left their native land.

This encounter made Caradog both glad and sad. It was a feast in some respects to hear from the old home he had left nearly a quarter of a century ago, but there was some distress mingled with the pleasure of hearing of his wife and children. That he loved them he knew, but a mysterious estrangement had taken place between him and Myfanwy. Neither of them had yielded to the other as they ought to have done. He wanted very much to see his family, and at times felt that he would do and give anything to be with them; but a native stubbornness made him shrink from the thought of yielding a little and going to see them, as he knew in his best moments a devoted husband and affectionate father should. He persuaded himself that he was doing his part by providing for them.

The two young men induced Caradog to make a visit to a coal camp less than a hundred miles away, where they and about a hundred more Welshmen were working. In the course of a week he found it convenient to accompany them, and he had a royal welcome. Having been away from his people for nearly a score of years, and having to a great extent neglected Welsh things, he enjoyed their fellowship immensely. They had a Welsh meeting in his honor, with recitations and Welsh singing, and he attempted to make a speech in Welsh. If he had permitted them, they would have drowned him in beer, but through all the vicissitudes of the score or more years since he heard John B. Gough's thrilling lecture he had refrained from imbibing strong drinks of any sort.

After spending a week at the coal-mining camp, and having a real good time, he returned to Vancouver. Here he studied the situation thoroughly, and concluded that the city had every prospect of rapid growth. It was the western

terminus of the trans-continental line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the nearest seaport on the Pacific Coast to China and Japan. It had also a rich mineral country and a vast agricultural territory behind it. All the facts pointed to its being the metropolis of the north. This led Caradog to think seriously of seeking some congenial employment and making Vancouver his home.

While he was thus meditating a letter came to his hand, which read as follows:

Rossland, B. C.,.....18...

Dear Uncle:—

I am down sick of typhoid fever. Would like to have you come as soon as possible.

Your nephew,

Dictated to nurse.

JIMMY.

The nephew had gone to work in the mines after the sale of the ranch. He had worked some for his uncle on the claim. After that he worked in the Le Roy mines at Rossland, where he was when taken sick. Caradog had become very much attached to his nephew, and would do anything possible for him, hence was at the boy's bedside within three days of the time he received the letter. The young man was very low and the physician gave very little hope of his recovery. The presence of Caradog stimulated him, and for a day he gave some indications of improvement. His uncle watched over him much of the time day and night and saw him growing weaker and weaker.

In his stronger moments the boy gave evidence that he was troubled. When Caradog was alone with him he said, speaking with difficulty:

"Uncle, I'm sorry that I have not lived right. Won't you pray for me?"

It was about the hardest thing he could have asked his uncle to do. Caradog had not been much given to prayer during late years, and felt far from being fitted to pray for a dying man. He tried hard to overcome his emotions and speak some comforting words to the one he loved. After closing his eyes, the nephew whispered:

"Pray, O pray for me."

The uncle was exceedingly distressed. He finally dropped on his knees by the bedside, and with his head resting on his hand he tried to pray, first for himself, asking God to forgive him if he had in any way been the means of leading his nephew astray. Then he prayed for the young man, the best he could. In trembling voice he prayed also for the loved ones

across the sea. He ended in sobs. But somehow there came into his soul a sweet peace, and when he was able to open his eyes and look upon his nephew, Jimmy was resting peacefully.

In a few minutes the boy opened his eyes and said, tremulously, "God has forgiven me, Jesus has accepted me."

He closed his eyes again and apparently ceased breathing. His uncle and the nurse thought that his spirit had gone to God, who gave it. As the nurse was moving her hand gently over his forehead, saying, "My dear boy is gone. What a good and fine young man he was! Too bad that he could not see the dear mother he loved so much," the words seemed to revive him, and to her surprise he opened his eyes, looked longingly at her, and tried hard to speak. She touched his lips with water, and found that he was able to swallow. Then she gave him a few drops of stimulant. The young man struggled desperately for breath, and looked pathetically into the eyes of his uncle as with the utmost difficulty he stammered:

"T-t-take m-m-me home."

The uncle replied, "Yes, I will, my boy."

Jimmy closed his eyes again and passed away peacefully.

CHAPTER XV.

BACK TO WALES.

In the cozy little parlor of a cottage on the outskirts of Dregartown, Wales, in the early afternoon of a spring day, sat a woman sewing. Her two boys, twelve and ten years old, had just come in, flushed with health and high spirits, having walked a mile from school.

"Has the postman come, mother?" asked one.

"No, not yet. I expect him every moment," was the answer.

"There he is coming now," said the other boy, and both ran to the gate. The elder took the letter and opened it as he walked into the house, and gave it to his mother, saying:

"It's from father. Let's hear it."

She unfolded it and began to read:

"Dear wife and children: I am coming home."

The boys jumped up and shouted, "Father's coming! Father's coming! Hurrah!"

The tears blinded the mother so she could not see to read any farther. The boys threw their arms around her and said, "Don't cry, mother. Father's coming home, and won't we have a fine time!"

While she was wiping her tears the boys were jiggling on the floor. The woman was Mrs. Caradog Cadwgan, and the boys her two sons, Owen and Goronwy. It was some time before Mrs. Cadwgan was able to regain self-control and wipe the tears so as to be able to read the balance of the letter. The next sentence brought sad news, as follows:

"Our dear nephew, Jimmy Owens, died to-day. I am going to start with his remains as soon as arrangements can be made."

She clenched her hands and cried aloud, "How can this be? Our good and dear Jimmy is dead. What will his poor mother do?"

The elder boy took the letter and finished reading it.

"Break the news to sister Mary the best you can. Tell her that he wanted to be taken home. God bless her and you."

It is useless to attempt to describe the scene at the mother's house. She was a godly woman, and the grace of God alone sustained her in the trying moment. Jimmy had left her for America when only seventeen years old. Since then she had lost her husband and two children, and in the death of Jimmy she was losing her last boy.

The relatives and friends were glad that Caradog was coming home, but grieved because he was coming under such

circumstances. The news spread rapidly for many miles around, especially through Dregartown. It was nearly a week before Caradog arrived, and it was both a sad and joyful meeting. Caradog was unspeakably pleased to meet his wife again, and so proud of his bright boys. The three clung to him and covered him with warm kisses, but their hearts were burdened for the bereaved mother, who was surrounded with Christian friends, doing all they could to console her. According to custom, a prayer-meeting was held at the mother's house, and earnest prayers offered in behalf of the bereaved.

Zion chapel was crowded, and many people outside, on the day of the funeral. They sang, "O fryniau Caersalem ceir gweled," and "Bydd myrdd o ryfeddodau." The minister preached from Prov. 22:6 and Eccles. 12:1: "Train up a child in the way he should go;" "Remember thy creator in the days of thy youth." He dwelt on the importance of Christian training in early life; that it resulted in strong Christian character that would stand the test of years and environment; that the possessor was prepared to live anywhere and under all circumstances. He also emphasized the importance of making an early confession of Jesus Christ, calling attention to the fact that the deceased had been received into Zion church twenty years before, when but twelve years of age, and that he had continued faithful and loyal to God, Jesus Christ and the church all through the years, despite all temptations at home and in far-away countries. He called attention to the loyalty of the deceased to his mother, he having sent her regularly five pounds a month from America.

When he came to the death-bed scene, and said that the young man's last request to his uncle was, "Take me home to mother," the whole audience was in tears. The common testimony was that there had never been such a funeral in Zion chapel. It made a deep and lasting impression.

It took Caradog some time to adjust himself to the situation, and for him and others to manifest fully their great pleasure in meeting. After the cloud of bereavement had in a measure passed, he began to think of making improvements in the home. He said one day:

"Myfanwy, what do you think of making some changes in the house and all around here?"

"It's good enough for me as it is," she said, smilingly, "especially since you are here."

It brought a flood of warmth into his bosom, and he had to think for a moment before he could reciprocate the compliment. Then he said:

"Surely that is worth crossing continent and ocean to

hear." He continued, "This is not good enough for you, Myfanwy, if you do think so. We can make lots of improvements, both inside and out."

"Well, just as you say, Caradog. You are the boss, as they say in America."

The house was beautifully located on a knoll overlooking the valley and the town for many miles. There was a small stream running in front of the acre of land on which it stood, and the spring from which the brooklet flowed was only about twenty rods from the house, but on higher land. Being on the main thoroughfare, it was desirable that the little house should be as attractive as possible. Caradog continued his conversation by saying:

"Supposing we build two rooms in front here, with trimmed windows and a porch, something like the American cottages. The boys are growing, you know, and they will want rooms of their own soon."

"That will suit me all right," said Myfanwy, with a smile, "if you don't have too much style, Caradog."

"Never you mind too much style, Myfanwy. It won't hurt for me to show that I've learned a few things in the twenty-five years I've been away. If we do build a nice house we can talk to our neighbors just the same. Another thing I want to do is to get water into the house and level it up here. I want to build a wall three or four feet high along the front of the lot, and prevent the stream from spreading during high water, and we will level it up to the top of the wall. Then I'll have a ditch from away up near the spring and pipe the water into the house."

Myfanwy drew her breath as she said:

"That would be fine, indeed, if you can do it; and I know you can if you go at it."

"Well, I'll go at it, and will make this house and the surroundings look so fine that you will hardly know them," and within three months it was really done. The house and surroundings were the most tasty and attractive in the suburbs of Dregartown.

Caradog was thoroughly contented while thus engaged, and was gratified by frequent compliments. He also enjoyed to the utmost the services of the church on the Sabbath and week evenings. The association with his people was a luxury to him. He was beseeched on all hands for information regarding America, and in a special meeting given in his honor he had to make a speech.

Probably the proudest man on that occasion, as well as on others when Caradog was conspicuous, was old Joshua Jenkins, who had been his Sunday school teacher. Caradog

took occasion to pay a beautiful tribute to the good Christian. He laid his hand on the old man's head and said:

"I am glad that I have the opportunity to express my appreciation and my gratitude for what this good and patient man did for me in my wild boyhood days. It followed me across the ocean and across the American continent. It helped me in mining-camps when among wicked men, and has helped me when alone on the prairie and in the mountains. I owe more to this man than to any other living being, and dead ones, too, excepting my parents."

Then he took the old man's hand and placed twenty guineas in it, saying, "Accept this as a token of gratitude and respect."

There was great cheering, while Deacon Joshua Jenkins was in tears, and could only say, "Diolch yn fawr." (Thank you very much.)

When midsummer came Caradog took his wife and boys to Cardiff, Newport, Swansea, Merthyr and other places of interest in Wales, and also to Bristol and London and other cities in England. There was much that he enjoyed everywhere, and nothing more than the evidences of increased prosperity among the coal miners. He witnessed great improvement as compared with conditions when he left. There were some things he could not like; the atmosphere and the spirit of many of the people did not suit him. Some were too proud, pompous and snobbish, from which he recoiled; others too slavish and apologetic in their attitude. He abominated the land system. His unsparing denunciations of the landlords made some of his countrymen hold their breath. His condemnation of the Established church and its tithings pleased them. The assumption that it was *the* church he ridiculed. In the presence of a churchman one day he said:

"There are at least half a dozen Protestant denominations in America stronger than the Episcopal church, and some of them twice or three times as strong. Nearly all the prominent denominations have finer churches than the Episcopalians in the cities of the Pacific coast. And there's no such nonsense as making a distinction between chapels and churches, as they do here."

The interesting interviews that he had with his friends would fill a volume. One day he was talking with his old Sunday school teacher, Joshua Jenkins, when he made mention of his ranch.

"What is that you call ranch, Caradog? Is it an animal of some sort?"

"Oh, no, Uncle Joshua; it's what you call a farm. That's what we call a large farm of a thousand acres, as I had."

"What! A thousand acres, did you say?"

"Yes, and more."

"Fairly good land, Caradog?"

"Better than anything you can show around here, Joshua."

"What could you raise on it? or was it sheep land?"

"I could raise anything and everything on it, and without fertilizers, too. I have raised potatoes as big as your head, and turnips, too."

The old man chuckled as he said, "That is not one of the big, unbelievable American tales, is it?"

"No, Uncle Joshua, it's the truth, and nothing but the truth. I'm not surprised that you can hardly believe me. But, Uncle Joshua, as true as you are here, I have raised four hundred bushels of potatoes, sixty bushels of wheat and ninety bushels of oats per acre. I have also raised three crops of alfalfa, as good hay as timothy, in a season, ten tons to the acre."

The old man had his mouth open in surprise. After quite a pause he said:

"That must be very expensive land, Caradog."

"It did not cost me much. The Government gave me about five hundred acres of it, and what I bought cost me about a crown an acre; but of course I was on the ground first. I received from five to ten pounds an acre for it when I sold."

"I can't understand you, indeed, Caradog," exclaimed the old man.

"No, I know you can't; it's so different to what things are here. You have been accustomed to think that all land belongs to what you call landlords. No, thank God, they haven't stolen the whole of it yet."

"I have stood on a mountain, Uncle Joshua, higher than Snowdon, and seen land for twenty miles around and more, without a settler to be seen anywhere, and the Government offering from 160 to 320 acres to every man that would settle on it."

Joshua sighed as he said, "Wonderful! Wonderful! indeed!" And then he said, "You mean leasing it for ninety-nine years, as I have my little plot of land, don't you, Caradog?"

"Leasing, bosh!" answered Caradog, sharply. "None of your abominable leasing there, from Lord Tredegar or any one like him. No, the land was mine, fair and square, Uncle Joshua. Uncle Sam gave me a clear deed to it. Tens of thousands of people have had land as I did, and I could find you some now if we were there."

The old man grinned as he said, "Thank you, Caradog,

but I'm afraid I'm too old. I'm thankful that the Lord has blessed you so."

By such interviews Caradog was able to convey information better than in any other way, but not a few were suspicious that he had learned to exaggerate.

After spending about a year in his native land, having made all the improvements he thought necessary in and around the home, and having seen about all he wanted to see, and being out of employment, Caradog began to be dissatisfied. It would have been difficult for him to define the grounds of his dissatisfaction; nevertheless, the fact remained. When the question was put to him squarely as to his preference between Wales and America, he answered unhesitatingly in favor of the latter. Such an answer caused pain to Myfanwy. She was as happy as she could be and thanked God daily for bringing them together, and both of them watched with the keenest pleasure the development of the boys.

His business interests necessarily kept Caradog in touch with America, especially the cities where he had investments. He knew that it was somewhat to his disadvantage not to be nearer to them. His properties were not as productive as they might be, although amply so to meet the needs of him and his family. He had broached the subject of going to America to his wife several times, but always with discouraging results.

One day a letter came from one of the agents that handled some of the property, containing a wonderful proposition, and making him feel that he would like very much to be on the ground. He made up his mind that he would put his wife to the real test. When chatting together pleasantly at the table, he said:

"Myfanwy anwyl, let us take a trip to America. I really ought to go, and why not all go together?"

With a frown she answered, "No trip to America for me."

"Why, Myfanwy? I feel sure that you would enjoy the traveling, and that you would like it there. I wouldn't think of having you live in any such place as you did before. We could live in one of the cities, you know, where there is a Welsh church. And, Myfanwy, it would really be easier to educate the boys there than here, for there's a college in every one of the cities that I am interested in."

"I guess we can educate them here if we want to. Cardiff isn't very far," was all she said, but appeared as if grieved.

When she paused he said, "I'm sorry, Myfanwy, that you did not see the cities of the Pacific coast and Puget Sound. There isn't anything finer here. I am quite sure that you would like them."

With a flush spreading over her face, she said in an undertone, "I saw all I wanted, and never want to see any more."

When he saw her taking her handkerchief and using it, he knew that he was distressing her, and ceased. In her endeavor to hide her tears she got up and went to rearrange some things on the stand in the corner of the room. Caradog also got up and walked toward her, and putting his arms around her, he kissed her and said:

"I guess the little queen will have her way."

He felt that the matter had been settled, and felt gratified that the interview had ended so pleasantly.

How suddenly great changes will take place sometimes! Late that afternoon the postman gave Caradog a letter at the gate. Observing the names on the corner of the envelope, he was sure that it was a business letter, opened it hastily and read it before he entered the house. As he came in with the sheet in his hand he said, vigorously:

"Myfanwy fach anwyl, I must go to America without delay."

CHAPTER XVI.

RETURNING TO AMERICA.

"Listen to me reading this letter," said Caradog to Myfanwy, "and I think you will agree with me that I ought to go without delay."

BUMP-BOYD Co., Real Estate Agents.

Spokane, Wash., Feb. 15, 18..

Mr. Caradog Cadwgan,
Dregartown, Mon., Eng., G. B.

Dear Sir:—

We write to inform you that it is to your interest to return to this city at your earliest convenience. Your properties on the corner of Warder and Nash streets, and the corner of Nash and 5th streets, are in jeopardy and demand your immediate attention. Squatters have built shacks on each lot—four in all—and claim to have entered upon them as Government land. We are helpless to protect your interests in your absence.

The matter will probably be before the courts within thirty days from date, and you are taking the risk of forfeiting your legal rights to property valued at no less than \$20,000.00 unless you appear at that time.

Confident that you will fully realize the gravity of the situation, and be on hand in due time, we are,

Yours truly,

BUMP-BOYD Co.,

By (Sgd) J. B. Bump, Pres.

"Don't you think that I ought to go at once, Myfanwy?"

She sighed as she answered, "I— don't— know."

Caradog gave evidence of being somewhat excited as he said, "Look! Look here, Myfanwy! Just think what it means! I am in danger of losing property worth four thousand pounds of English money; what they consider a snug little fortune here. We certainly can't afford that."

He continued, "After the talk we had the other day I don't want to ask you to come, although nothing would suit me better."

Myfanwy was looking seriously into his eyes and shaking her head as she said:

"No, I don't want to go, and I hate to have you go. We have enjoyed ourselves so much since you came. It has been the happiest time of my life."

After drawing a long breath, she continued, "Is there not some way to attend to it without your going?"

"My dear girl, there is no way. They would not have written such a letter if there had not been real danger of losing the property. They are not that kind of men. I wish as much as you do that there was some other way to attend to it without my going, but I am satisfied that there is no

way. If these men, that have been my agents right along, can't do anything, no one else can."

Because of his apparent excitement, Myfanwy interrupted him with the interrogation, "How long would you have to be away, do you think?"

The encouraging feature of the interrogation modified Caradog's excitement, and brought a smile upon his countenance as he said:

"It's hard to tell just now, dear, how long it will take. It may be settled in a short while, and it may take more time than I think. But I can't see why it should, although it's something new to me. I never knew of anything like it before."

"Well," said Myfanwy, mildly, giving him a loving glance at the same time, "If I knew it would not take long I might be willing to let you go."

"Look here, Myfanwy, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you my solemn promise that I will return in three months, if possible, and at the most, whatever happens, God willing, I will be back in six months."

"If I knew," she said, with closed eyes. "I am really afraid to let you go. I don't like the idea of parting at all. Three months or six months will be long to be without you."

"That's very nice, and I appreciate it," was the answer. "But, Myfanwy, I see no way out of it, and sooner or later, anyway, I'll have to go and attend to my property there and other places. I'll give you my word that I'll return as soon as possible. I couldn't help it if I tried, and you know it, don't you?"

She nodded her head.

"And I can go, can't I? Can't I, dear?"

She nodded again.

"That's a good girl," said Caradog, and kissed her. She covered her face with her handkerchief.

The people of Dregartown were astounded the next day when the word went around that Caradog Cadwgan had returned to America without bidding goodbye to his friends.

Caradog arrived at Spokane Falls, by this time known simply as Spokane, within thirty days of the time the letter was written. In the last paper he purchased on the train before reaching the city he found in large letters on the first page:

LEADING CITIZENS AROUSED. MASS MEETING HELD.
ROUSING SPEECHES, Etc.

The leading article called attention to the outrage perpetrated on some of the owners of real estate in a certain part

of the city. Ignorant men had been made to believe that a certain piece of land was subject to filing as Government land, and they had built shacks thereon. Some of the land had been purchased years before and high prices paid for it, and many prominent citizens were interested and seemed to be determined to take the law into their own hands. A leading lawyer had declared at the mass meeting that the owners of the lots could go and demolish the shacks and that the courts would not prevent them. A large number of men, among them some prominent citizens, had volunteered to take part in the work of destruction on the following day. The article closed as follows:

"The situation is extraordinary and seems perilous. Unless discretion prevails we fear the results will be regrettable and will bring discredit upon our fair city."

When Caradog arrived in the city he observed evidences of excitement on every hand. Great crowds were moving in one direction across the railroad track. He found no satisfaction in asking questions. When he found a position for observation he was impressed that it was no rabble that was interested. When he had a glimpse of the leaders he was sure they were prominent men. They carried axes, picks, sledges and crowbars, and of course had guns, though out of sight. Some hundreds of men marched along in perfect order, and Caradog followed them.

Soon they came to a place where small frame buildings, commonly called shacks, were numerous. The occupants as a rule were standing at the doors of the shacks, or sitting on the door-steps, with guns near at hand. They were, as a class, determined and daring-looking men. It looked threatening and as if nothing could prevent the shedding of blood. Caradog felt nervous, for he expected to hear a report any moment.

But fortunately there were wise and cautious heads among the leaders that day, which doubtless prevented a great slaughter. After the throng of determined men had come to a certain place they were stopped, and a few of the leaders went around to talk with the occupants of the shacks. They were able to make half a dozen hear at the same time, and the spokesman said:

"You'd better leave peaceably. We give you a chance to go and see the city officers or the judges, or your lawyers, and find out what you can do. If you leave peaceably, well and good; if you don't, you will leave by force. There are over a thousand men now awaiting orders to come at any cost or

consequence and demolish all these shacks. We give you one hour to decide what you are going to do."

The occupants of the shanties were wise enough (or intimidated enough) to call on their lawyers for consultation, and were advised to refrain from resistance and to vacate. Before dark that night fully a hundred shacks were demolished without a life lost. Some of the occupants were very reluctant to yield and vacate, and conflict was imminent many times. Some of the professional and business men who participated in the work of destruction that day perspired more freely than they had for many years. It is worthy of mention that Caradog had a small part in razing to the ground some of the shacks built on his own lots.

That event is known in local history as the "Shantytown Catastrophe," and there is reason to be thankful that it is not known as the "Shantytown War" or "Shantytown Massacre." The old pioneers refer to it in their reminiscences as one of the incidents of the wild and wooly west.

Caradog was fortunate enough to sell one of his corners for \$10,000.00 within two months of the memorable day. It was a prosperous time and real estate was advancing in price quite rapidly. He was convinced that he had made no mistake in hastening to the scene of conflict. It was gratifying to be able to write to his wife and inform her that he was on the ground in the nick of time, and that everything had worked in his favor; also to send her a check for four hundred pounds sterling, with the promise that he was sure he would be home before the end of the maximum time.

After things had quieted down at Spokane, Caradog enjoyed himself, finding some of his old friends and making new ones. When he thought everything was in good shape he took a hurried trip (for he was truly in a hurry to return to his loved ones) to the other cities where he had financial interests. After his return he went north to see his old friends: ranchers, miners and prospectors. He had heard something of the wonderful gold discoveries in Alaska, while in the Puget Sound country. But being in a hurry, and not meeting any that he had confidence in, he had paid no special attention to it. But when he got among his old friends in the north, genuine old prospectors, he found himself in the Alaska atmosphere. They had nothing to talk about but Alaska, and were anxious for the season to open so they could start for the far northland with their picks and shovels, hammers and drills.

Several interesting occasions might be mentioned, but one will suffice. He found half a dozen of his old friends in a log cabin at Republic, where they had spent the winter months. When he entered the cabin, which was on an elevation over-

looking the town, Jack Pritchard jumped to meet him and almost hugged him, and all of them united in giving him a hearty welcome in language more vigorous and sincere than poetic and polished. As soon as they were through expressing their joy in meeting him again, and inquiring with interest about the health of his family, Jack said:

"Car., I've an idee ye're on yer way to Alaska. An' I'm plum sure ye're the feller fur that country."

Pounding his big fist on his knee, he continued, "If any one will strike it, ye will. But, Car., won't ye wait a bit for us fellers to come with ye?"

This was followed by a hearty laugh. Caradog smiled as he looked into their rugged and honest faces. He was stirred with admiration for their grit and enthusiasm. He knew something of the hard knocks all of them had known. But undismayed, they were ready to enter new fields as hopeful of success as ever before. Yes, he had learned to admire and love the prospectors, for he had been convinced that for pluck, patience, perennial optimism, determination and endurance, as well as generosity, magnanimity and big-heartedness, the genuine old prospectors were unsurpassed. He said:

"Boys, I can't tell you how glad I am to see you again. Your high spirit delights me. You are the same old heroes that I knew you always to be. I see that you are full of Alaska. I'll have to confess, boys, that I don't know much about Alaska, and have no idea of going there."

They looked at him in dumb surprise. After a while Pat Sweeney said, with characteristic Irish vigor:

"An' shure enough, Car., and we're the byes t' tell ye all aboot it. Ye remimber will, I dessay, Ole Olson, the big Swede? D'ye belave me, an he made fifty thousand dollars in one sason."

The old fellow grinned as he continued, "How does that shtrike ye, Car.? Ye kin well shmile. I think that'll ketch ye all right."

Pat looked around complacently as if all had been settled. After chuckling a little, Caradog said:

"You'd better not waste your breath on me, boys. It will do no good to talk Alaska to me. I'm through with prospecting. I couldn't go if I wanted to, for I mean to be back with my family in five or six weeks. But I wish you the best kind of luck, and shall be glad to help you if you need it."

The subject of Alaska was dismissed and they talked about past experiences. Caradog told them of places and things of interest that he had seen and heard, and especially of his pleasant home, the best little wife in the world, and the cleverest boys ever known. Caradog spent the night with

them, for although he had lived in comparative affluence during the last two or three years, it was a real luxury to enjoy their simple and genuine hospitality in the primitive style afforded by the log cabin's accommodations.

It was impossible for the old prospectors to be long without bringing in Alaska, for it was on their brains, and Caradog heard some stories of discoveries and strikes that almost took his breath. In spite of himself they made him think seriously, and he unconsciously caught in some degree the old miner's fever. And during the night, in a wakeful spell, he said to himself, "I would be glad if I could go to Alaska with the boys."

The following day his old friend Jack Pritchard volunteered to go with him as far as Colville. Caradog had absolute confidence in Jack, and their conversation was confidential. They agreed to enter into partnership, Caradog to grub-stake Jack. During the journey the latter poured into Caradog's ears what he had heard at first hand, from men they both knew and trusted, as to what they had made in Alaska in one season. Billy Knott had made forty thousand, Charlie James fifty thousand, and Jack Finch a hundred thousand dollars. Caradog's imagination had been fired, and he began to feel uncomfortable; his desire to return home had lost its intensity, although he wanted to see his family very much. The question was pressing itself on his mind more and more: "Why not try my luck?" It seemed foolish to lose the chance to make fifty or a hundred thousand.

After spending a day together at Colville, Caradog persuaded Jack to continue his journey with him to Spokane. It gave Jack an opportunity to inoculate Caradog more thoroughly with the Alaska fever. The latter spent a sleepless night, for his friend's representations had made a profound impression upon him. The work had been far more impressive because of the absence of anything like pleading, and the subtle suggestions had done their work to perfection, though unconsciously to each of them.

In the morning, as they were breakfasting together, Jack was as much surprised as he was delighted when Caradog told him, "I'm going with you if my wife gives me permission. I'll send her a cable this morning, and I'll know before evening."

Jack slapped him on the shoulder vigorously as he said, excitedly, "That's good for you, old boy. Nothing would suit me better. Car., I'm sure we'll clean up a hundred thousand the first season."

"Don't you be too previous, Jack," said Caradog. "It hasn't been settled yet. She may veto it, for she has a mind of her

own. I will not go without her consent. I wouldn't if I knew I would make a million."

"You're right, Car. I'll stand by ye on that, although it sounds kinda strange in the ears of a dyed-in-the-wool old bach like me. But I really think she'll come around all right."

"Well, we'll see," said Caradog as he rose from the table and moved toward the cashier with a bill in his hand.

Caradog went from the restaurant to the telegraph office and wrote this message:

Spokane, Wash., U. S. A., March 22, 18..

Mrs. C. Cadwgan,

Dregartown, Mon., England, G. B.

Interests demand that I stay till fall. Can I? Answer.

CARADOG.

CHAPTER XVII.

TRIP TO ALASKA.

When Caradog went to the telegraph office in the afternoon an envelope was handed him. He opened it in a hurry and it read, "Yes."

It brought a lump into his throat as he said, "She is the best little woman in the world." He could not, of course, realize how much it meant to her to send the monosyllable. He took pains to write her a nice letter of thanks, informing her that he was going to start for Alaska as soon as possible, and that she would hear from him often. He felt it was only a matter of discretion to keep some things from her, especially the long journey that he contemplated, but assured her that he would be with his family as soon as possible.

When Jack Pritchard met Caradog on the street he knew what the answer was, and said with a grin, "O. K., isn't it?"

"Yes," was the answer, "she's O. K., old boy, but I feel awful to think of going farther away from her."

Jack almost laughed, and would have if he had dared, as he said, "Now, old man, ye ain't goin' to have cold feet, are ye? I expect we better be in a hurry to start."

They had practically decided already to go overland to Dawson, Alaska. It took them several days to purchase horses and get their outfit and provisions together. In the meantime they made arrangements with a little German by the name of Kettzler to be their cook on the way. The German had his own horses and equipment, but they were to supply the provisions. The cook was about five feet tall and did not weigh over 120 pounds, but was very wiry and enduring, although almost three-score years old. He was a unique character and made it interesting for them all the way. His information of a certain sort was extensive, for he had seen much of the world. Leaving his native land for Brazil before he was twenty years old, he had been in all the principal cities of South America. At thirty he came to New York and enlisted in the United States army, serving in the missionary department for six years. He was a perpetual talker, if anyone would listen to him. but couldn't talk and work at the same time, as he needed both arms for his numerous gestures. He seemed to remember every detail of everything he ever saw or heard, and, it seemed sometimes, a little more. Always ready with his story, "Ven I vas at Prasil," or "Ven I vas at Shili," or Mexico City, or Arizona. If they listened, one story would lead to another, and he would never get to the end. Fortunately, he was thoroughly good-natured and not

at all sensitive, never being put out the least when interrupted in his tale. He would end by saying, "I vill dells you some oder times."

The prospectors started on their long journey on the 20th of March, 18. ., traveling westward through Spokane, Lincoln and Douglas counties, Washington, over the vast prairies of the Big Bend of the Columbia River, crossing that river 125 miles from Spokane at the "Wild Goose Bill" ferry. Then they went in a northwesterly direction through a wild Indian country until they reached the boundary, when they entered British Columbia. From there they traveled almost directly west again for three hundred miles, until they reached Ashcroft, on the Canadian Pacific Railway. The weather was favorable and the roads and trails fairly good, so that they made the first five hundred miles in twenty-seven days. Ashcroft they found a town of nearly two thousand people, and the merchants were doing a lively business, for many, like themselves, were on their way to Dawson or the Klondike. Our friends were able to replenish their stores to their satisfaction.

From Ashcroft they took the old Cariboo road that had been in use since the Cariboo gold excitement, four decades before. It was a good wagon road for fully two hundred miles, with stopping places every ten miles, called "Ten-mile houses." So far the journey was pleasant and the scenery diverse and inspiring. At the end of the Cariboo road they came to Quesnelle, on the Frazer River. It was a dilapidated old town of about a thousand population, nearly all Indians. It had a large Hudson Bay Company store and several saloons. Everywhere through the British dominion they found the Hudson Bay Company monopolizing business.

From Quesnelle they followed the Frazer River for over a hundred miles, passing several Hudson Bay supply stations. The next town of importance was Hazelton, on the Skinner River, with a Hudson Bay trading post in charge of two Englishmen, the rest of the population of about two hundred being Indians. From here they traveled for five hundred miles on what was known as "Telegraph Road," from the fact that once it had telegraph poles and wires, but hardly a trace of them remained when Caradog and party traversed the road. At the end of this road they reached Tesling Lake, over a hundred miles long, and from ten to twenty miles in width. The road along this lake was very rough and some of it difficult to travel, for it was a mountainous country and the lake down in a canyon, which the road skirted. One day the little German and his horse tumbled down the steep hillside into the lake. It was almost a miracle that Kettzler was rescued, for his

horse was drowned. All the old man said after he found himself on safe ground was, "Vell, my hoss ish gone. Too bad! I guessh I'll haf to walk now." And he did walk the most of the way for five hundred miles, but did not seem to be any the worse for it.

It was now July, and at the farthest end of the lake they encountered monstrous mosquitoes that came pretty near eating them up. They suffered more from mosquitoes than from anything else.

When they came to Lewiston, on the Yukon River, they had traveled on horseback two thousand miles. Lewiston had once been a booming town, when gold was discovered near it. But it had collapsed, and nothing was left but a Hudson Bay store, and one other store, with two or three score of loafing Indians, such as had been in evidence all along the route. Here our travelers abandoned their horses to continue by water or on foot. They took a boat and went down the Yukon River for over two hundred miles, reaching Fort Sitka, where they found three companies of British soldiers and some mounted police.

In another two days they were at Eagle City, and were glad to be under the Stars and Stripes once more, having traveled over 2,500 miles through the dominion of Queen Victoria. Fifty miles farther on they came to Forty-mile Creek, where they were surprised to find a broad-shouldered, sallow-faced woman occupying a cabin alone, and doing some placer mining on a small scale. She was pleasant and communicative, and claimed to be doing a profitable business. She invited them to try their luck at "panning," which they did, working half a day. Notwithstanding that they made about thirty dollars in that time, they had to quit because of the mosquitoes.

Moving on, the three men reached Tanana in two days, where they found an American garrison with 250 colored soldiers and about 500 more people in the town. While on the whole their boat glided along nicely and smoothly on the Yukon, still they went over some awful rapids, when their hair stood up straight on their heads. There was one rapid where four men had lost their lives four days before our friends made the passage.

Leaving Tanana, within fifty miles they came to an Indian mission of considerable magnitude, conducted by Jesuits, and in another three days they reached their destination, Dawson City. The little German, who had attended to his business day by day, and proved a first-class cook, despite his talkative tendencies, was to leave them here. He had won the admiration, if not the affection, of his companions, and when they

reached the town he said, "Well, boysh, ve are here at lasht, tank the Lord. It was a prooty long shourney."

They found Dawson a lively town. It had a population of twenty thousand of all sorts and conditions of men. A large number of them were miners and prospectors, but there was quite a sprinkling of promoters, grafters, fakers and gamblers. The town was situated on level land on the banks of the Yukon River and under the shadow of a high mountain. It had a long street of log buildings, some of smooth but more of rough logs, shops, eating houses, low theaters, gambling and dance halls, saloons and other dens of vice. It had electric lights, a Catholic church and two Protestant churches, and a reading room.

The prospectors were waiting for the cold weather, so they could go to work without being tormented by the mosquitoes. All sorts of propositions were advertised in the paper, in windows of offices, and on boards on the narrow sidewalks, and Caradog and Jack were frequently button-holed by men who had wonderful offers to make. They had made up their minds to be very conservative and cautious, and were sure they could not be taken in by any faker or grafter. They assumed the attitude of men who were above the ordinary prospector, and intending to work on a large scale. They could not help making the impression, by their personality and conversation, that they were men of intelligence as well as experience in placer and quartz mining. They turned down several propositions and offers to be led to the right place, where fortunes were a certainty.

In about two weeks, when the men were beginning to move in certain directions, a man approached Caradog confidentially. They had met in the restaurant several times, had been introduced to each other, and Caradog had been favorably impressed by the stranger's appearance and manners. The latter took Caradog aside this day, and looking in his eyes, said:

"I have been watching you and your partner for several days, and I think you are the men I want to deal with. I've been looking for men I thought I could trust. I tell you, Mr. Cadwgan, there are lots of crooks around here, and you'll have to look out for them. There are some people here that would give me thousands of dollars for what I'm going to offer you for a trifle, because I feel sure that you are just the man I want. Now, will you listen to it? If you don't want to, it's all right. What do you say?"

"Yes, I guess I will," answered Caradog.

The man then spoke in a lower tone, saying, "You know, I don't want you to say a word to anybody about this, except,

of course, to your friend." He continued: "I want you and your friend to meet me to-night at 9 o'clock."

At 9 o'clock that night the three were together in a good-sized and fairly furnished cabin. After they had entered and the usual salutations passed, the host barred the door and drew down the blinds. They sat facing one another and chatted pleasantly for two or three minutes, when the man of the house said suddenly, "I guess we better get down to business." At the same time he got up and took from a chest in a dark corner a box about ten inches square. With the box on his lap he sat before them, and began to hand them samples of ore, asking in a triumphant voice, "What do you think of that? Isn't that fine?"

It made their eyes sparkle to look at the shining stones. As they examined one after another they exclaimed, "Fine! Great! Wonderful! My, they are rich!" They were looking in each other's eyes and breathing deeply.

With a broad smile on his face, Mr. Sleekey, for that was his name, said:

"Gentlemen, I know where there is plenty of that, and it's the biggest proposition on the Klondike River. I've been offered \$5,000.00 for showing where I found those specimens, but I'm afraid of these fellows. I don't want to have anything to do with these speculators and promoters. The most of them are grafters. What I want are experienced miners, and honest fellows like you, that will give me a square deal. There's no doubt about it, gentlemen, we can make a good stake the first season."

His talk was so smooth, and he feigned honesty and frankness so successfully, that he soon won them. Caradog said:

"It looks good to me. What do you think, Jack?"

The streaks of gold had excited Jack, and he said, "It's rich, by G—, it's rich. Sure, that's just what we want. The price is the question."

Mr. Sleekey, in a most friendly tone, said: "Gentlemen, I'm so sure, as I've said, that you are the men I want, and that you will do the right thing by me, that I'm going to practically give this thing to you. But if you are willing to give a hundred dollars apiece, it's all right, and we'll start up the Klondike River to-morrow morning. We'll be there early the third day, for it's a fair trail."

The bargain was made, and early the next morning they were ready for the journey. With a pack of about 40 pounds each, they started with glad hearts, Mr. Sleekey audibly congratulating himself all along the way for being so fortunate in finding the right kind of men as partners in his prospective wealth. When pitching their tent the second night Sleekey

pointed with glee to the high ridge in the distance, saying, "That's the place, gentlemen. It's within a mile of that point, and we'll reach there early in the forenoon of the morrow, and you'll be the happiest men in the world."

They retired, and after the hard traveling slept soundly. When they awoke early next morning they looked around and asked each other, "Where is he?" They rubbed their eyes vigorously, and called, "Sleekey, Sleekey!" There was no answer.

CHAPTER XVIII.

STRIKING IT RICH.

When they had recovered their equilibrium, Jack said:

"Well, that was the slickest and damndest trick I've known yet. Don't it beat all, Car.? Ain't we the biggest jackasses you've ever known? He is surely a 'sleekey' in fact as well as name."

"We're beat, all right," was the laconic answer.

After a pause, Caradog continued, "Let's be thankful, Jack, that the lesson didn't cost us any more."

To say that they were mad is to put it mildly, although they laughed many times as they talked about it in after-years. There was nothing to do now but to return to Dawson, because their supplies did not justify them in making any attempt at prospecting. They comforted themselves on the way that they were a little wiser, if poorer.

After reaching Dawson they decided to take a week or so to find out the best direction to go to try their luck. Three days later Jack left Caradog in his room, writing a letter, and strolled to the outskirts of the town, where the cabins were small and primitive. As he walked along leisurely, he was both surprised and pleased to see an old-time friend sitting on the doorstep of a rude cabin, a black pipe in his mouth. When Jack was within fifty feet of the cabin, the old friend took his pipe out of his mouth, looked intently at him, and the next moment jumped up and approached him. They received each other in the warmest old-fashioned manner.

"By G—, and is this Jerry McDonald?"

"Truly, 'tis th' hul that's left of him. An' I'd know ye, auld Jack Pritchard, in a crow's mouth. An' where have ye bin the while?"

They were old, genuine friends. They had walked the trail together with their heavy packs many a day; they had prospected, mined and bunked together for years; they had absolute confidence in, and would die for, each other. Having been apart for about five years they had lost trace of each other. Their first meeting had been nearly a score of years before at Murray, Idaho, in the booming days of that town, following the discovery of gold by "Old Pritchard," Jack's father. Jack was a Welsh-American and Jerry a simon-pure Scotchman, and one of the salt of the earth in honesty and principle. Jack was the more demonstrative on this occasion, as he generally was. He felt that nothing could be more fortunate than to meet McDonald at this time. Jerry was the first one to say:

"Ye're th' mon, Jack, I want to see, and we'll prospicit thegither ance mair."

Jack put his two big hands on Jerry's shoulders, and looked into his intelligent, weather-beaten and shaggy face, with a piercing yet mild and loving eye, and said:

"The Lord Almighty knows, Jerry McDonald, there's no man on God's earth that could please me more to meet than to meet you." With added vigor he continued, "It's God's truth, ol' Mac."

Jerry's ample avoirdupois shook all over as he said, with a smile, "An' ye're th' same wairm-hearted ol' pal as ye ever was. Let us gae in an' hae a sip, Jack."

Both were fond of their whiskey, but not frequenters of saloons. Jack forgot Caradog as he listened to McDonald reciting his Klondike experiences. He came to himself when Jerry said:

"An' we'll hae a bite thegither ance mair."

Jack interrupted him by saying, "No, no, Mac. I've a friend in the city. I think you will remember him; we called him Car, the Welshman, when he used to come to see us at the 'War Eagle,' Rossland, B. C."

"Indeed I do remember him, Jack."

"Get ready, old man," said Jack. "We'll go down and have a solid old-fashioned meal at the restaurant. We're not broke yet, Mac."

"Na, na; ye're not that kind."

They found Caradog in his room in a meditative mood. Writing to his wife and family had made him dreadfully homesick. In fact, he was considering seriously the matter of returning home as speedily as possible. Jack and Jerry arrived in the nick of time and the effect was most salutary. It did not take him long to forget for the time his troubles, and to dissipate the thoughts he had been brooding over.

Jack came into the room where Caradog was, full of smiles, and gave evidence of unusual vivacity as he introduced his old friend Jerry McDonald, as follows:

"Car., this is my old friend, Scotty McDonald. You have heard me talking about him. You remember him at the 'War Eagle' bunk-house, don't you?"

"Sure," said Caradog, as he extended his hand. "I am so glad to meet you, Mac. Where did you come from, may I ask?"

Old McDonald chuckled as he said, "An' I'm glad to meet ye. Where did I kim from. did ye say? I'm at hame, me boy. I'm trooly an initiated Alaskan, to tell ye the trooth an' nathin' bit th' trooth."

Then he laughed. This gave Jack his chance to speak. Putting his left hand on Caradog's right shoulder, with the

forefinger of his right hand almost touching his nose, he said with tremendous emphasis:

"Car., Mac is a Godsend to us at this time. He's just the man we need. I'm tickled almost to death to meet him. I count him and ye my two best friends in the world."

Then he turned around and patted Mac heavily on the shoulder, as he continued, "Like yourself, Car., this ol' Mac is as pure as gold. As true, honest, generous and good-hearted a Scot as ye ever knew, if I say it in his presence. He knows just where to go, Car., and we have formed a company already, the 'M. P. C. Co., of Bonanza and Golden Creek.' Doesn't that sound good, Car.?"

They had a good laugh over Jack's enthusiastic speech and eulogy of Jerry McDonald. They had the finest time together during the afternoon at the restaurant and club room, and especially in the evening at McDonald's cabin.

When they told Mac the story of "Sleekey" and his samples of gold, Mac literally roared at the expense of Caradog and Jack, and comforted them with the information that he knew of at least half a dozen who had been victimized in the same manner. After he had laughed to his heart's content he said:

"Ye'll hae to excuse me, lads, for me roodness in lawfin' at ye're misfortin. To till ye the' salid trooth, ye're aboot th' last min for me to think of being so impased upon. But, to till th' trooth, sam of these fellers can decave the divil himself."

When they came to business it did not take them long to enter into partnership, and make plans for the future. It made Caradog and Jack feel good to hear Mac saying, "Lads, I worked a little aver twa weeks on Bonanza Creek, an' clared over a thousand dollars. Th' gauld is there, an' we're th' lads to git it."

They were on the trail in less than a week, each with a pack of about 70 pounds. They had to take it rather easy the first day. Prospecting, though an infatuating life, is not one of luxurious ease, but one at its best full of hardships. Not more than one in a hundred makes it profitable, though many consume themselves in it. Prospecting was not new to this hardy trio, and it was a great advantage that they had one who had walked the trail before. They had to travel through a wild country and scale the summit of two high mountains.

After ten hours of "mushing" (walking) they threw their burdens from their shoulders to rest for the night. They were hungry and tired as they spread their blankets in a sheltered spot, and two went to work with their small axes to cut brush for shelter and logs for fire, while the other hunted water to cook. After enjoying the rest of the weary they resumed

their journey the next morning, reaching their destination on the afternoon of the third day.

As they threw their packs on the ground, Mac said, "Here we are, boys. This is Bonanza Creek, and the ain flawing into it is Golden Creek."

"By G—, it looks good to me," shouted Jack Pritchard. "What do ye think, Car.?"

"I certainly hope they will prove true to their names," was the answer.

Here Mac's early training asserted itself when he said, "Lads, ye remember what the Scriptur says: 'Accordin' to yer faith shall it be until ye.'"

Mac took them to a place where there seemed to be a pile of spruce branches and said with a grin, "This is me palace, lads."

It was a very temporary affair, but it had been Mac's cabin for a little over two weeks. He had also a windlass and some tools hidden. It all helped, for it only took them a day to enlarge the shack and make it habitable for the three, Mac's door and greased window sufficing for the enlarged habitation.

They were soon at work digging their holes below Golden Creek, two at a time. It was all frozen, but the ground was not very hard while going through the upper soil. When they reached the gravel it was as hard as rock. Then they had to pile wood in one hole at a time and burn it. After the burning they could dig about a foot.

When they came to the rock the golden dust glittered, and Jack shouted, "This is really a bonanza."

Caradog responded with glee, "And a golden stream, too."

"An' didn't I tell ye?" said Mac.

"I never knew ye to tell a lie, ol' Mac," said Jack, "an' I don't think ye know how."

Caradog joined in by saying, "Mac, you are the best prophet I ever knew."

"I thank ye for yer compliments, pards," said Mac.

Every hole proved rich, for it was one of the richest strikes ever made in Alaska. In a month their bag of gold was getting heavy, the pure gold nuggets were numerous, and the three men were really excited. Caradog was enjoying it as much as the others, although he had his family on his mind daily and dreamed of them at night.

It was little attention they paid to the calendar, for they enjoyed their work too much. There is wonderful stimulus in the glittering gold. When the first day of December came, Caradog happened to look at a small calendar he had in his vest pocket. It made him think and wonder what he ought to

do. After going out to the hole with pick in hand, he threw it down suddenly, saying:

"Boys, I'm going to quit right here and now. We've made a snug sum. I'm going to be with my family, God willing, on Christmas."

He looked so earnest, that his companions believed him and made no protest. They staked out two claims in a hurry, and the three started together for Dawson with three bags of gold dust. After attending to necessary business at Dawson, Caradog went in a dog-sled to St. Michaels, with the gold bags. There he took a fast steamer for Seattle. At Victoria, B. C., he sent a telegram to his agent at Seattle to meet him and be ready to attend to important business. Also, to have a ticket to New York ready for him.

After reaching Seattle he found that he had a hundred thousand dollars' worth of gold, which was placed in safe keeping. He was able to leave on the evening of the day he arrived.

CHAPTER XIX.

HOME AGAIN.

Mrs. Cadwgan and her two boys, and Mrs. Owens, her sister-in-law, were at the table eating their Christmas dinner. When the front gate rattled, two of them got up from the table and looked out through the glass door leading to the veranda. In another moment they heard a shout:

"Merry Christmas!"

"Father!" shouted the boys together. In a moment there was an excited and joyous time, crying, laughing and shouting. It did not cease until Mrs. Cadwgan dropped heavily on a rocking chair, panting. They had to fan her and apply cold water to her forehead to prevent her from fainting. When a degree of order and equilibrium had been restored, and Myfanwy had begun to smile again, Mrs. Owens said:

"I must warm the potatoes and meat, and we'll finish our dinner. Caradog, you must be hungry."

They were soon around the table. Caradog looked with affection and admiration at his wife, and said, as he noticed a little cough:

"You have a bad cold, dear, haven't you?"

"It's better," was the answer.

All too soon the neighbors began to come in to bid Caradog welcome. It was late in the evening before the family had much of a chance to ask questions, though the boys had attempted a hundred times without success. One important question was, "How far were you this time, father?" After the neighbors had left, the father said:

"Boys, I've traveled nearly twenty thousand miles since I left."

"What!" said Owen, "twenty thousand miles!"

"Yes, about ten thousand each way. About three thousand on the ocean, four thousand on railroads, two thousand overland, horseback and walking, and a thousand on rivers in boats."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed the boys, looking at each other in surprise, "isn't that far!"

To prevent being monopolized by them, Caradog said, "Boys, let me talk to your mother and aunt to-night, and to-morrow I will tell you all about my journey. I shall feel more like doing it then than I do now."

This satisfied them in a measure, and the next day he kept them entranced for two hours, telling of the interesting things he had seen; lakes, rivers, high mountains, wild animals and Indians, and many funny people.

Caradog kept closely at home resting for some weeks, except when he attended church services, for he was very

weary after his long journey. He was truly happy to be there, but there was one thing that troubled him very much. That was his wife's cough. It really alarmed him, for it reminded him of the fact that her mother had died of pulmonary troubles, and that one of her aunts had died in early womanhood of what was supposed to be consumption. Myfanwy did not seem to take it seriously, always saying that she was better, which was not a good sign.

Caradog called a physician to see her, who, after a superficial examination, pronounced it a severe cold, resulting in a bronchial affection. This did not satisfy him, and when spring came he took her to a specialist at Newport. After a careful examination, this physician was full of queries relative to her antecedents. After moving around the office as if in deep thought, he sat down and looked at Mrs. Cadwgan and then at Caradog, addressing the latter:

"There is something in your appearance and speech that makes me think you have been in the United States."

"You are a pretty good guesser," said Caradog. "I've spent the bigger portion of my life there."

"I thought I was right," said the physician, with a laugh. "I tell you, the American spirit makes its impress on a man. Where have you been in the United States?"

"Pretty much all over, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and way up in Alaska."

"Well, you have seen more of it than I did, although I traveled there about a year. It's a vast country, and a great one, and the people as a whole are all right, too. I suppose you think it is the greatest country in the world?"

"Sure," was Caradog's answer, with vim.

"You have been in California? No? You have heard lots about it, though?"

"You bet!"

"Yes, 'you bet' is American, all right. I think Southern California is the finest country under the heavens."

Then the physician moved his chair toward Mrs. Cadwgan, so that he could touch her shoulder with his two forefingers, and looking into her eyes pleasantly and earnestly, he said:

"Mrs. Cadwgan, I don't want to frighten you, for you are not in a very dangerous condition now, and I can help you. But my advice to you is to have your husband take you to that grandest country in the world, Southern California, as soon as possible. It will do you more good than all the medicine I or anyone else can give you. I have been there, and know what it has done for many people."

It brought a warm flush into Myfanwy's face. Observing

that she gave evidence of embarrassment, the doctor turned to Caradog and asked:

"How long is it since you left the United States?"

"Only a couple of months."

"I suppose you are going back?"

"That's a hard question, doctor," was the answer.

As they parted the doctor said again, "My good woman, do not fail to follow my advice. I am sure that your husband will be glad to take you to the land of perennial sunshine."

After leaving the physician, Caradog and his wife walked down the stairway into the street, and for about a block without saying a word. Caradog was of course considerably worried by what the doctor said, but at the same time was pleased at the prospect of returning to America. He did not know what to say. At last he ventured:

"Dr. Jones is an interesting man, isn't he?"

She answered in a monosyllable, "Yes."

Caradog concluded that the subject would better be dismissed for the time being. And realizing that Myfanwy had been disturbed, he took her to the home of an old acquaintance to rest during the afternoon. This gave him an opportunity to have a further interview with Dr. Jones. They had a long talk on their travels and experiences in America. The doctor grew enthusiastic when he spoke of Southern California. Relative to Mrs. Cadwgan's health he said:

"I should be anxious about her if I thought she was going to stay in this country. But if she goes to California she will be a well woman in a short time."

"It will not be my fault if she does not go," said Caradog.

He was profoundly impressed that it was his duty to do his very best to convince Myfanwy of the wisdom of following the doctor's advice. Before they reached home Caradog asked his wife:

"What do you think of what the doctor said about going to Southern California?"

She answered shortly, "I haven't thought much about it."

He was only feeling his way, and was impressed that the time had not come to talk at length on the subject.

Providence seemed to co-operate with him, however. While talking with Myfanwy on the train, his attention was several times attracted to a well-dressed man seated in the farthest corner of the seat opposite him. When Caradog, looking through the window, on the fields and river, said, "This looks like Echo Valley in the State of Washington," the stranger acted as if startled, and the magazine he had been reading dropped to his knees as he said:

"Pardon me, sir, did you say the State of Washington? I have been there, too."

This led to an introduction, and they had an interesting time together, for they had been working in some of the same mining camps, and had walked the same trails. In a short time the three appeared as familiar as old-time friends. The stranger said:

"I spent about fifteen years on the Pacific coast and in the Northwest—Montana, Idaho, Oregon, California, Washington and British Columbia, working in the mines and doing some prospecting. A year ago last winter I had typhoid fever and later pneumonia, and came very near dying. It left me in a bad condition, and the physician told me that I was threatened with tuberculosis. I went down to Southern California to spend last winter, and got perfectly well."

Here Caradog interrupted him by saying, "That climate helped you, then?"

"Helped me? I should say it did. It made a new man of me. I was greatly reduced and had an awful cough, but now I am just as well as I ever was. I tell you it's just the country for people threatened with consumption, or who have weak lungs or any bronchial troubles. And it's a fine country for anybody to live in."

This all suited Caradog, and he did not think it necessary to pursue the subject any further, but turned the conversation to other things. Before they parted arrangements were made to meet again in the near future.

Caradog felt more sure than ever that it was his duty to use every legitimate means to get his wife to Southern California before the winter. Consequently he became a little more aggressive. As they sat together in the parlor one afternoon, he said:

"Myfanwy, my dear, we must have a frank and plain talk over this matter of going to California. That cold has got such a grip on you that it troubles me. It's too wet and damp here for you. What do you think of going there for a season?"

The fact was, Caradog was anxious to go so that he could have Myfanwy settled before the winter, when he could go to Alaska for the winter, where his company expected to work on a large scale. He continued:

"Now, Myfanwy, my girl, I want you to think over this matter without delay. I am sure you will never regret it."

She smiled pleasantly as she said, "I am not going to die right away, Caradog. This will pass away."

"That isn't it, Myfanwy. I want you to be well and to enjoy life. It is my opinion that if you will think seriously over this matter, and pray over it, considering carefully what

the doctor said, as well as Mr. Bevan, who has been in California and been benefited so much by the climate, you will come to the conclusion that it is the right thing for you to do, and all of us will go as soon as we can."

She didn't say much, and he felt that a favorable impression was made upon her. In order to please her, he said: "Let us go to the seashore to-morrow."

They went to Swansea to spend a week, but no improvement was observable. After returning home Caradog decided to exercise some strategy to see what effect it would have on his wife. He knew that Myfanwy thought everything of his sister, Mrs. Owens, and dreaded parting from her. One day as Caradog and his sister walked out to the farthest part of the garden, among the shrubbery, he asked her suddenly:

"Mary, wouldn't you be willing to go with us to America?"

It startled her for the moment, and she said, "Caradog, I'd think it very hard to leave."

"I know it," he said, "but you could come back again; and you know that we have to do some things we don't want to."

"Yes," was the answer, "I know we do. I want to do my duty. What do you really mean, Caradog?"

"I mean that all of us go to America, and that you tell Myfanwy that you are willing to go. Will you?"

It compelled Mrs. Owen to draw a long breath, and while she paused Caradog continued:

"Mary, I will have to go back to America sooner or later to attend to my interests there. My partners in Alaska are wild to have me come back. They are doing splendidly and I have full confidence in them, but of course it would be to my advantage to be there to help in the management. Mary, I wish you would help me persuade Myfanwy that she ought to follow the advice of Dr. Jones. Can't you do it?"

"I don't know that I could do any good."

"Yes, you could; I know you could. You know she is not getting any better."

"I'm afraid she isn't, Caradog."

"Has she told you what Dr. Jones told her?"

"No."

"He told her plainly that the only wise thing for her to do was to go to Southern California. And he told me confidentially that her trouble would surely develop into consumption if she stayed here. Her only chance to live for many years, he says, is to go, and that before the winter."

"He went as far as that?" asked Mrs. Owens in astonishment.

"Yes," was Caradog's answer, "and he meant it. You can understand, Mary, that I have reason to be anxious about her, and that it is my duty to do my best to get her away before winter. Don't you think she ought to yield?"

"It looks like it."

The next day Myfanwy and her sister-in-law were together in the sitting-room sewing. After Myfanwy had coughed slightly Mrs. Owens said:

"That cough of yours isn't mending very fast, is it?"

"I think it's a little better," was the calm reply.

Mrs. Owens continued: "Myfanwy, you never told me what the doctor at Newport said about you."

Myfanwy smiled as she said, "Oh, he didn't say much. He tried to make me believe that I ought to go to California. Did Caradog tell you?"

Mrs. Owens tried to be cautious as she said, "He did tell me something about Southern California, and that you would soon get over your cough there."

"Did the doctor tell you that you ought to go, Myfanwy?" asked Mrs. Owens earnestly.

"Yes, he did," answered Myfanwy seriously.

"Why not go then?" asked Mrs. Owens, "if the doctor thinks it would do you good?"

Mrs. Cadwgan was surprised to have her sister-in-law talk like that, and she expressed it as follows:

"Mary, I'm surprised to hear you talk that way. Would you be willing to go? I don't think you would, but I believe I would be willing to go, for a while at least, if I knew you would go with us."

The answer was spontaneous: "Myfanwy, if I knew it would do you good, and Caradog thought it best for me to go, I would be perfectly willing to do it."

Myfanwy appeared and talked as if a great burden had been taken away, and throwing her sewing aside she said:

"Mary, if you will come with us, I will tell Caradog to get ready as soon as he can. We will stay for the winter, and return in the spring if we don't like it."

"All right," said Mrs. Owens, "just as you say."

When Caradog came into the house, Myfanwy said with a slight twinkle in her eye, "Caradog, Mary is willing to come with us to America."

He saw at once that he had succeeded, and asked with some degree of excitement, "Is it all settled?"

"Yes," she said. "If Mary will come we will go for a year or so, and come back if we don't like it."

He went to her, and as he kissed her, said, "You are the best little wife in the country." And then he kissed his sister, saying, "I'm glad we don't have to part." He then turned around, took his handkerchief from his pocket, and blew his nose vigorously. When he was through, he said:

"We will try to get ready by the first of September, and we'll be in Los Angeles or San Diego in good time."

When the boys came home from school they kicked up their heels tremendously at the prospect of going to America. The neighbors and the people of Dregartown were surprised when they heard that Caradog Cadwgan and family, and Mrs. Owens, were going to start for the United States in a week or two.

Caradog became busy in his preparations. It was his purpose to leave as quietly as he could. But to escape the "Cyfarfod ymadawol" (farewell meeting) at Zion Independent Chapel was impossible. The members of the chapel had appreciated Caradog's services and financial support. The church was crowded from gallery to pulpit the night of the meeting, the minister acting as chairman. There was splendid singing. Gwentwyson sang a specially composed song to the tune of "Just Before the Battle, Mother." Congratulatory poems were recited. The englynion by Dewi Glan Elyrch were especially meritorious, closing with the couplet:

"Yn gof o'r hen gyfrinach
Uthr o bell gyr lythyr bach."

Half a dozen addresses were delivered, sounding Caradog's praises to the skies.

The climax came when Caradog responded to the addresses of the evening. He acknowledged in fitting phrase what he called the altogether too flattering things that had been said about him. He expressed feelingly his love for his native town and its people, especially the church. He took out of his pocket two pieces of paper and said:

"Brethren and friends: I want to give evidence of my affection and good-will in a manner more substantial than words."

Holding one paper between his two forefingers, he continued, "This is a bank note for five hundred pounds, to pay the mortgage on which this church has been paying interest for half a century." Great cheering.

Holding the other bank note in the left hand, he said,

"This is another five hundred pounds, the income of which is to go to help in paying the salary of the pastor, but I want one-fourth to go for the benefit of my old teacher, Joshua Jenkins, as long as he lives."

This was followed by uproarious cheering.

They closed by singing the hymn, "Dan dy fendith wrth ymadael," repeating over and over again the last two lines,

"Melus meddwl, melus meddwl,
Na fydd raid ymadael mwy."

At the close of the service a thousand people shook hands with Caradog and his family, and Mrs. Owens, and bade them God's blessing.

CHAPTER XX.

FRUITION ENJOYED.

The crowd at the station at the departure of the Cadwgan family and Mrs. Owens was larger than it was more than a quarter of a century before, when Caradog first left his native land. The last sound they heard as the train moved away was, "God be with you till we meet again."

The voyage across the Atlantic was very different from Caradog's first one, for this was delightful in every respect. They had one of the best staterooms on one of the latest, fastest and best steamships. The weather proved especially favorable, without storm, disaster or mishap to interfere with their pleasure.

Caradog gave himself up to a great extent to his boys during the journey. The father and sons would daily spend hours together in some pleasant nook of the ship. One of the boys would ask, "Now, father, will you tell us something of your journeys?" One day the father described the little German cook on the way to Alaska; how he and his horse rolled down the hillside to the lake, the horse drowning and the cook escaping without injury. Another day he told them how his party made a raft.

Owen asked, "What is a raft, father?"

"Well, a raft is a kind of extemporaneous boat."

"Extemporaneous boat! What do you mean by that, father? Just describe it."

"It's tying poles together, and some boards if you can find them, so that it will float on the river."

"How does it go?"

"It goes all right with the stream, but it's hard pulling when you work against the current."

"How many of you were on it?"

"Three of us, and each one had a pole to guide the raft."

"Was the river swift?"

"Yes, very swift in some places. We went over some rapids, too. One of them was considered very dangerous, and many people have been drowned in going over it."

"Did you have any trouble?"

"Oh, yes, we lost control of the raft once when going very fast, and it went against a rock and got apart, and we had a good ducking. We were glad to get out alive."

Another day Goronwy said, "Tell us something about the the Indians, father."

"Some people say there is no good Indian but a dead one," answered the father, "but I don't believe it. I saw some

pretty good ones alive. If you get their confidence they will do anything for you. I heard of two Indians that traveled at night for a week to protect a missionary."

"Aren't they very savage?" one of the boys asked.

"No," was the answer, "no more savage than many white people."

"Tell us of the most interesting Indians you ever saw."

After thinking a little the father said, "I think the most interesting Indians I came in contact with were the Alaska Indians. They are called Esquimaux. They have some villages, where they have totem poles. Some of these poles are ten feet high or less, and some twenty, thirty and more, according to the importance of the family they represent. On these poles are carved the faces of different animals through the intermarriage of which the tribes are supposed to have descended. These Indians worship their ancestors and have great reverence for the totem pole."

Another day the boys asked about the animals their father had seen. And the father described to them his experience, with two others, hunting a moose; how the moose, after he had been wounded, made them travel for a day through the snow. They followed the bloody track for ten miles before they finally succeeded in catching up with and killing the animal.

Owen asked, "Are there any small wild animals?"

"Oh, yes, many of them. Wolves and coyotes are about the size of a shepherd dog. The most interesting animal of this sort is the black fox, about the size of a fox terrier. One day in the Klondike a friend and I saw two black foxes not far away, and we were foolish enough to follow them for two days, and lost our trail by doing it."

"What made you try so hard to get them, father?"

"Oh, because their hide is worth a thousand dollars."

The boys opened their mouths as they exclaimed, "Is that so!"

All of them enjoyed the voyage immensely, and none more than the boys. They spent two days at New York City to see places of interest, and made a flying visit among old acquaintances in northeastern Pennsylvania. One Sunday was spent worshipping in one of the Welsh churches at Scranton, Pa. After the morning service Myfanwy said to her husband, "That seemed like being in Wales."

When traveling through the Wyoming Valley Caradog asked her, "What do you think of this valley?"

She answered rather roguishly, "It's almost equal to Echo Valley."

They spent a day at Pittsburgh, and a few days at Denver

among relatives, and the sunny days wrought a miracle on Myfanwy's health. She coughed no more and her cheeks began to assume their old-time rosiness. And better than all, by the time they reached San Francisco she seemed to be enthusiastic over America. The breeze of the Pacific Ocean invigorated her whole being, and she was delighted with the country and towns around San Francisco Bay. While at beautiful San Jose she said:

"Caradog, this would be a nice place to live in."

Caradog couldn't help chuckling all over as he said, "I think it is, but we may see something better."

They went on a hurried trip to Portland, Oregon, the "City of Roses," and from there to the Puget Sound cities. Such a life made Myfanwy delightfully humorous, with a streak of characteristic female sarcasm. Riding in a Pullman car through the beautiful Willamette Valley in Oregon, she looked at her husband pleasantly, and said:

"This is almost like our wagon ride from Spokane to 'Glynant.'"

He laughed heartily, notwithstanding the little sting hidden in the words.

It was far into December before they returned to California, where they found it still summer, and all the country translucent with sunshine. As they went through Riverside, San Bernardino and Los Angeles, with their orange groves and vineyards, to San Diego, Myfanwy could hardly believe her eyes. It seemed like a dreamland to her. One day Caradog watched her with delight as she looked around in wonder, and he asked, "What do you think of this, dear?"

She answered enthusiastically, "This is a wonderland of sunshine, beauty and plenty." And Caradog added, "And of interest and inspiration."

"Where would you like to settle, Myfanwy?" he asked.

"Anywhere in this country," was the prompt reply.

He could not refrain from laughter as he asked his sister, "What do you think of that, Mary?" and the answer was, "Myfanwy knows a good thing when she sees it, Caradog."

The boys were also expressing wonder and delight almost unceasingly as they witnessed the matchless scene of mountains, valleys and ocean. But the greatest source of pleasure to all was the unmistakable evidence of improvement in "Myfanwy knows a good thing when she sees it, Caradog." healthy, vigorous and happy, as compared with what she was three years before.

After careful investigation and reasonable deliberation, by unanimous choice they finally decided to make San Diego, Cal., their home. Caradog purchased a \$20,000.00 house, in

the midst of a ten-acre tract, with orange trees and grape vines, a veritable paradise, overlooking the sea. Early in January they were comfortably domiciled in their new home, which they christened "Glan-y-mor." Myfanwy opened her eyes in wonder when Caradog told her, "I will get you a Chinaman or Jap for a cook."

"What do you mean, Caradog!" she exclaimed. "I don't want a man for a cook."

"You don't! Well, they are the best cooks in the country."

"Get me somebody I can understand," said Myfanwy.

"What do you think of getting a Mexican?" asked Caradog.

"A Mexican! That's no improvement. Why can't I have a woman?"

"I don't think you can get a woman here, and if you could, you would not be able to understand her. I am sure there is no Welsh girl you could have, nor English nor Irish. I would advise you to try a Jap, and if you don't like him you can let him go any time. If you say so I will bring one to-day."

"Well, I'll try him," said Myfanwy rather indifferently.

But after a month's experience she would not have exchanged the Jap for any woman.

The boys were placed in one of the best schools, and made splendid progress from the beginning. Caradog spent some weeks during the spring in the north looking after his city properties and Alaska mining interests. He found that his properties were continuing to advance in value, the improvements yielding a satisfactory income, and the Alaska claims producing enormous profits.

When Caradog returned home in early summer, he pretended to be in a hurry to return to Wales. "How soon will you be ready to start, Myfanwy?" he asked.

"Start where?" she queried.

"For Wales, of course."

Though he avoided looking at her, she understood him, and said, "I think you will have to go alone, and I'll come in a year or so."

Nothing could please him more than to find that she was perfectly satisfied. And Mrs. Owen was as contented as any of them.

It was some years before Caradog disposed of his mining interests in Alaska, and he had to spend a part of two seasons there; but when he did sell them, it was for a big sum, whereby he was rated among the millionaires. He invested largely in San Diego and Los Angeles property, which proved especially profitable. The boys were graduated several years ago from Pomona College, and also from the University of California, one

in law and the other in medicine. The former is attending to the extensive interests of his father, and the later is a prominent practitioner in San Diego.

Caradog's early taste for books has asserted itself, and he is enjoying his large and well-chosen library, feeding his mind on the world's best literature. He is recognized as one of the most prominent and useful citizens in the community, state and church. He has exhibited his public spirit and generosity by dedicating to the city a magnificent park, and has thus not only done himself honor, but has also assured the perpetuation of his name to successive generations.

He is still a stalwart and genuine Welshman, ardent in his attachment to the traditions of his native land, reverent in his attitude toward its leaders, past and present, in pulpit, press and state; a lover of the Cymric language and reveling in its choice literature.

Myfanwy can be seen in the afternoons on the broad, vine-protected veranda of her home, with the sea-breeze waving her silvery hair; around her several grandchildren and her ever-faithful companion, Mrs. Owens. She has become Americanized in taste and practice beyond anything her husband could imagine possible, and is recognized as one of the substantial women of the city, in sympathy with every good cause. She enjoys the services of the sanctuary, though the preaching and worship are not in her own language, and feels blessed. She is active in the women's missionary society of her church, and not infrequently is the hostess for its meetings.

Mr. and Mrs. Cadwgan have visited their native land once since they made their home in the sunny southland, and they left added evidence of their affection for their old friends and the church to which they feel undying obligation. "*Cymru lân, gwlad y gân*," will always be dear to their hearts. They can truly say:

"In thee I first felt the purest emotion
And fondest affection, though rent is the chain;
And Oh! I have loved thee with deeper devotion
Than e'er I can feel in this wide world again."

Nevertheless, they are satisfied to complete their earthly pilgrimage and have their "life-star set" amid the enchanting scenes under the sunny skies, breathing the invigorating ocean air, where they have spent almost two decades in unalloyed happiness, and where they can witness the glorious sun daily sinking into the boundless Pacific Ocean.

It is their hearts' desire to be translated to the better home above from the one by the great sea, whose waves convey its secrets to its sandy shores.

REV. JONATHAN EDWARDS, PH. D., SPOKANE, WASH.

THE Rev. Jonathan Edwards, Ph.D. (Iorwerth o Went), the gifted author of "Career of Caradog Cadwgan, the Welsh Pioneer," the novel which gained the first prize at the Pittsburgh International Eisteddfod, was born in Rhymney, Monmouthshire, in 1847. His parents removed to Trelyn three years later. Little Jonathan received his first schooling at Gelligaer, near Pengam, Glamorganshire. He also attended the "Select" King School at Hengoed, in the same county. At the age of 12 he began work in the coal mines, but that change in the routine of his life did not terminate his school career.

In 1866 Mr. Edwards decided to try his fortunes amid new scenes, and in April of that year came to the United States. He lived in several of Pennsylvania's mining towns, among them Plymouth, Providence and Hyde Park. In Providence (which is now a part of Scranton), in 1869, he planted the first really important mile-post on his life's highway by taking unto himself a wife; and it is interesting, and perhaps instructive, to note that the beginning of his ascent to success and fame dates from this auspicious event.

Our future eisteddfodic prize winner essayed poetry and prose writing comparatively early in life. He studied under direction of the Rev. D. E. Parry (Dewi Moelwyn), of Providence, and the Rev. D. E. Evans (Trelech), of Plymouth. He also took the C. L. and S. and other correspondence courses. In 1876 he was graduated at the Bangor (Me.) Theological Seminary, and the same year saw him ordained to the ministry. He has held charges in the states of Maine, Pennsylvania and Washington, being at present pastor of the Congregational Church in Spokane. Three sons and three daughters have been born to Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, all living, except one daughter.

Mr. Edwards has been a prolific worker in the literary field. Besides being the author of sundry novels and short stories, he has to his credit "A History of Spokane County, Wash." (700 pages), and "The Life of Marcus Whitman, the Martyred Missionary of Oregon."

Of the work which gained him first honor at Pittsburgh, nothing need be said here beyond citation of the fact that it has been warmly commended by more than one competent critic and ardent bibliophile.

AUTHOR OF THE PRIZE NOVEL



Rev. Jonathan Edwards, Ph. D. (Iorwerth o Went),
Spokane, Wash.

THREE SHORT STORIES

I. Crowned With Glory and Honor.

By Mr. O. W. Griffith, London, Eng.

II. The Last Song.

By Mr. R. H. Williams, Carnarvon, Wales.

III. Our Host's Story.

By Mr. T. Eynon Davies, Aberdare, Wales.

Adjudicators – Messrs. Lemuel Davies and E. N. Jones,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

CROWNED WITH GLORY AND HONOR.

BY MR. O. W. GRIFFITH, LONDON, ENG.

I.

THE National Eisteddfod of Coedmenai, held in September, 19—, will ever remain in my memory as the most wonderful of recent times. It marked a significant advance in the national life of Wales, inasmuch as its promoters had dared to defy tradition in the selection of the competitive items in music and literature. In the poetical section, for instance, the Young Wales party advocated very earnestly and determinedly (and I am glad to say triumphantly) that the established tradition of selecting the subjects for the chair and crown poems from Scripture, or the Mabinogion, was accountable for the barrenness of modern Welsh poetry. They held that the bard ought to seek his inspiration in communion with nature and all life around him. "Book lore is like dross," they said, "compared with the lustrous gold of experience." The subject of the crown poem was announced as "The Dignity of Labor."

Needless to say, all these signs of progress aroused a storm of controversy, into which I need not now enter. Look up the numbers of the *Geninen*, *Y Faner*, and the Welsh journals for the year following this eisteddfod, and you will discover an odd mixtures of wit and prejudice, of sound argument and biting irony.

The most sensational event of the Eisteddfod—from the point of view of the general public—was the ceremony of the crowning. No one who was there will ever forget it. The more ancient, and therefore, officially, the more important ceremony of the chairing for once suffered a total eclipse. The acute disagreement of two of the adjudicators; the masterly survey of the compositions by the umpire, Professor Mon Morris; the tense, patient excitement of the audience as they listened to it; the magnificent ovation they gave to the winner—all these things added color and feeling to a historic scene.

For some time after the bards had assembled, and the victorious competitor had been duly led to the magic circle, Llew Arfon found it difficult to restore a semblance of order so as to proceed with the ceremony. What an entrancing experience it was, to be thrilled by the emotion of that crowd! Here was something more, I thought, than the mere chance

of thousands of individuals happening to be moved to the same pitch of excitement at the same moment. It was an instant response to the heart-throbs of the common life of humanity. It transcended the accustomed clamor of an excited throng, for it was articulate with intelligence. A certain glow, and an unmistakable intenseness about it, showed that the crowd was inspired. It had seen a vision. By my side was my friend, Alwenydd, first cheering lustily, then staring blankly at the unprecedented scene and, finally, turning to me, crying: "It's right, it's splendid!" Then, as a lightning flash sometimes darts across the sky and illumines the whole countryside, my consciousness was suddenly lit up by the memory of a day six months past; for an instant the events of that day stood out in bold relief against the background of the tumultuous scenes around me. No assembly of words can do justice to that miracle of the mind, and I must be content to suggest what I cannot describe.

II.

It was a lovely spring morning that found me walking briskly up the lane called "Lon y Coed," which leads from the village of Caerednyfed towards Salem Congregational Chapel. Part of the lane passed through an avenue of trees, whose foliage, at that time of the year, was just beginning to develop beautiful, delicate green tint, so characteristic of new growth and the coming of spring. Salem Chapel was about half a mile up the lane, a little way from the road, guarded on one side by the minister's vegetable garden, and on the other by his unpretentious and substantially built double-fronted villa (called the Manse, of course). I was walking briskly up the lane, as I have said, when, on turning a corner, I suddenly came face to face with Olwen Arthur. "Bore da, Tom," she said. "What do you think of my primroses?"

"They are lucky to be in such hands," I replied.

"Thank you," she said; "how smart we are this morning, to be sure, welwch chi. I suppose you are going to see Alwenydd?"

"Yes; I thought I'd like to drag him out of that stuffy study of his on a fine morning like this."

"Really, indeed, quite charming of you," she answered; "but he is very busy, you know."

"Oh, yes, I know—these preachers are always busy pumping wind into their sermon bags. It's a case of sweated labor, no doubt, and you ought to investigate it, Olwen, by all means."

She laughed outright at this, and said: "One would have thought you were a terribly crusty person, Tom. You think you'll solve the problem of the universe with a bit of sarcasm, no doubt. Job tried that, you know, and failed—a dreadful old bore he was, too. But, really, Alwenydd is busy. His wife told me he was writing a poem for the crown competition at the Caermenai Eisteddfod. It's a great secret, and I ought not to have told you."

"Don't apologize, Olwen. It's supremely natural of you and Mrs. Emrys. We know women cannot keep secrets."

"Oh!" she flashed out in reply, "the arrogance of you men! Of course, you can keep secrets easy enough—the pigeon-holes of your mind are so empty. Ha! ha! now I shan't tell you something which I meant to tell you. It shall be a secret." And, as she spoke, those bewitching amber eyes of hers shot darts of light into my soul. "Now go," she added. "I must hurry to that report of mine, to get it finished. You will come and see it tonight, before I send it off, won't you, Tom?" And off she tripped.

We had played together many a time as children up and down that lane. In later years we had sauntered along it many an evening during our college vacations. And beneath that canopy of bough and branch and leaf we had often dreamt fond dreams of love.

A few minutes after she had gone I passed through the gate opening into the front garden of the Manse.

Mrs. Emrys, busily polishing the brass knocker, saw me coming. She hailed me with "Bore da, Mr. Morgan. I suppose you met Miss Arthur on the way? Cynt cyferfydd dau ddyn na dau fynydd."

"Now, Mrs. Emrys," I answered, "don't begin your teasing. I did not know she was coming here."

"Oh, indeed, and you don't say so. Didn't my teaspoon and Alwenydd's fork both drop on the floor at breakfast-time this morning! and I warned Alwenydd to expect visitors."

"Now, now, Mrs. Emrys, that's dreadfully superstitious of you—a minister's wife, too."

"No, indeed, believe me, Mr. Morgan, the soap fell twice when I was washing up, and that is a sure sign, my grandmother used to tell me. But come in—you know where to find Alwenydd."

"Thank you, Mrs. Emrys; I must try not to dirty the tiles, which I see you have just washed."

Opening the door of the study, I shouted: "Now, Alwenydd, come out of this." The pale-faced, clean-shaven little minister sat in front of a desk littered with papers, in an oblong little room, particularly deficient in wall space for the

accommodation of book-shelves, and with no conceivable position where you could put a writing-desk except between the fire-place and the door—which were opposite to one another. Alwenydd accentuated its discomfort by keeping the window always closed, and impregnating the air with tobacco smoke. Wherever possible there were book-shelves packed with volumes of musty theology and poetical works. Odd numbers of Y Geninen, Cymru, etc., and a varied assortment of tobacco-pipes, made up the environment where Alwenydd composed his sermons and poems. How he managed to think at all in such a place, I do not know. I don't believe I could address a post-card intelligently in that atmosphere.

After some persuasion he came out and we went up towards "Y Mynydd Hir." Talking about the writing of poetry, he remarked that every poet must go to nature for his inspiration. I laughed mockingly at this—rather to his annoyance. "Nature," I said, "and tobacco. Taw a dy lol, Alwenydd; I don't know what you mean by nature." "Oh!" he replied, "the mountains, and the hills, for instance."

"Well," I answered, "as far as I can see, your 'nature' is one per cent mountain and ninety-nine per cent an atmosphere reeking with the foul smell of tobacco smoke, and a mind packed with crude theology of the middle ages." I maintained, against very heated argument on his part (during which his pipe went out), that the true source of inspiration was life. "Get into touch with life," I remember saying, "in the market, the fair, the village, the town, the pew, the pulpit, the mountain-side; commune with the life of birds, beast and flower, and don't forget the wealth of it in your own heart. Get that experience, and light it up with your imagination."

"Yr Andras fawr!" he exclaimed. "Tom, it's funny you are not a poet, fachgen, since you seem to know such a lot about it. Yet, what you said is partly true of a bard like—Dafydd ap Gwilym, say."

"Quite so, Alwenydd," I replied; "but look at the degenerate creatures of the nineteenth century, who could not write a poem or anything else hardly without starting in the Garden of Eden and finishing up with the day of judgment."

"Oh, we don't do that now, Tom," answered Alwenydd; "that method is played out. The Oxford school has taught us to go to the Mabinogion and the Arthurian legends."

"True, my friend; but that only means shunting yourself into another groove. Get out of that rut, machgen i, and go to life for your ideas."

Such was the trend of our talk. Alwenydd, though excited at times, was always good-humored, and ready to acknowl-

edge some measure of truth in, what he considered, my wild remarks.

III.

This picture, which I have so imperfectly sketched, flashed through my mind, as I have already said, in an instant. There, in the midst of that incomparable eisteddfodic enthusiasm, Alwenydd was still the same impulsive, kindly and generous-hearted fellow. Having lost, he took his defeat bravely in the spirit of a Christian gentleman—though one of the adjudicators had put him second.

"It is splendid," he said again, "this is the dawn of a new day." Thus he epitomized the feelings of that huge crowd as it "shouted for joy like the sons of the morning." For as soon as Llew Arfon had announced the name of Miss Olwen Arthur, the Welsh nation (there represented) realized, I believe, for the first time, that woman was coming into her own. "The people that dwell in darkness saw a great light"—and that light revealed woman bringing with her new inspiration and social salvation. The sensation caused by that damning report of Olwen's on the housing conditions of the workers in Anglesey and Carnarvonshire had hardly yet died away. And the magnificent ovation which Olwen received was as much a tribute to the courage and ability of that report as it was an acknowledgment of the poetic gifts of its author.

It was a wonderful, wonderful day. After we had escaped from the deafening clamor of public and private adulation, Olwen and I found ourselves in the calm, soothing quiet of Caerednyfed again. As we walked towards her home, I whispered to her: "You have kept your secret well. Why did you not tell me you were competing?"

"Ah!" she replied, merrily, "just to experiment on myself, to see if I could disprove your theory. But I'll keep no more secrets from you, dear Tom, never."

MR. O. W. GRIFFITH, LONDON, ENGLAND.

O. W. GRIFFITH, winner of the first prize in the short-story competition at the Pittsburgh International Eisteddfod, is a native of Criccieth, Carnarvonshire, North Wales, —a town, by the way, which has become well-known even beyond the confines of Great Britain as the home of D. Lloyd George. Mr. Griffith was the son of Capt. H. Griffith, of Messrs. R. Thomas & Co., of Liverpool.

He received his primary education in the Criccieth board school, and later attended Llandovery College, an institution which has many sterling scholars to its credit. Thence he moved on to the University of North Wales, at Bangor, and ultimately to the Royal College of Science, in London. Thus it will be seen that he enjoyed exceptional educational advantages, which, coupled with inherent capacity, account for the generous measure of success which has crowned his efforts on the battleground of life. Mr. Griffith possesses the degrees of B. Sc. (London), and A. R. C. S. (London), and is an Exhibitioner and Prizeman of Bangor College. He is a lecturer in physics at the London Hospital Medical College, University of London, and besides other work is the author of scientific papers published by the Royal Society, the Institution of Civil Engineers, and the Philosophical Magazine. Among his miscellaneous contributions to periodical literature may be mentioned articles in the Hibbert Journal, T. P.'s Weekly, Y Beirniad, etc. His work has appeared also in the Welsh-American (formerly The Druid) and other publications of general circulation. The prize story he entered in competition at the Pittsburgh Eisteddfod two years ago was his first attempt at short fiction. But native ability and mental culture will not be denied, even in untried fields.

Men like Mr. Griffith are a credit to the Cymric nation, in that they have deserted the outworn intellectual towpaths that have hindered Welsh mental development for many generations, and have demonstrated that Welshmen are capable of something else besides splitting theological hairs and stumbling through life in blinders. Modernism is in the saddle in Cambria, and the subject of this sketch evidently is among its firstfruits. It is to be hoped that the educational tendencies of the day, a more enlightened intellectual outlook and an eisteddfod of progressive ideals will produce many more like him.

AUTHOR OF SHORT STORY.



Mr. O. W. Griffith, London, Eng.

THE LAST SONG.

By R. H. WILLIAMS, CARNARVON, WALES.

WHEN Megan Wyn promised to sing at the Dyved Eisteddfod, after having left the concert platform for ten years, the success of the meeting was assured, for no soprano after Madame Lille had captivated the musical world so completely as she had done.

The reason for her reappearance is still a secret to the world. The public, which is seldom generous to a former favorite, at the time said that it was only a whim, as her sudden disappearance from the scenes of her triumph had been a whim. But I, who had been in her company on more than one occasion, and especially on the night when she sang her last song at the Abergwynant Eisteddfod, knew that the nightingale's retirement was not the caprice of a woman spoiled by success.

And yet the incident had its origin in a whim. One-half the tragedies of the world have their origin in women's whims, and the great tragedy of Megan Wyn's life, the sorrow that silenced her song, was born with a smile.

I am not sure that I do right in relating the story. For one thing, I promised Megan at the time that I would keep it secret. But her reappearance, in a way, releases me from my promise. However, here is the story:

Twenty years ago I was the secretary of the Abergwynant Eisteddfod. Five years previous I had been the means of bringing Megan Wyn, who was then a young girl of twenty, to the notice of a famous musician, who immediately whisked her away to London, and for three years we heard little of her beyond the fact that she was studying music in Italy.

Then came her debut. Truly brilliant stars appear rarely in the musical firmament, and when they do appear the world is stirred from its blasé indifference. And the appearance of Megan Wyn in London stirred it with a vengeance. For three months she was the first thing in music. Every night she sang to idolizing audiences, playing with their feelings in a manner that seemed impossible to anyone but those who had come under the influence of her magic. Critics forgot their role and became laudatory to the point of being insane. She was perfect—the greatest singer of the age!

But a constitution that was never strong could not stand the strain. She broke down on the concert platform one night, and for a week the country watched by her bedside. Bulletins were issued every day, and the public anxiety did not cease until she was well out of danger.

And she came to Abergwynant to seek among the heather-clad hills, the bloom which the poisonous London air had wiped away from her cheeks.

I met her at the station. She had come along without any show, just as if she were still an Abergwynant lass coming home from market.

I was prepared to find a change in her, but I never thought that it was possible for anyone to look so ill and live. I was shocked, and my face, I am afraid, showed my astonishment.

"So you, as well, think I have come home to die?" she said, smiling wanly. "Old Shan Morris here has done nothing all the way from Caereivior but wrong her hands. You thought I would die in the train, didn't you, Shan?"

The old woman looked at her compassionately, lifted her basket, and went her way, talking loudly to herself.

"She will tell everyone that I am nearly dead," said Megan, "but I am not."

For a few moments she glanced lovingly over the heather-pink hills, and the bloom seemed to return already to her pallid cheeks.

"Yesterday I thought myself I would die," she continued; "death has been with me every day for a month, but Abergwynant has driven it away. It left me at Caereivion. Where is Tom?"

"Who?"

"Tom Hughes."

She blushed, and my memory went back five years. I had seen Tom that morning wandering about the village in his Sunday clothes, and could not understand what had brought him down from his father's farm so early. But I understood now.

"I thought that he would be here before anybody," said Megan.

"Why?" I asked.

Megan blushed again.

"Because we used to sing so much together," she replied.

"Does he sing now?"

"There is no better singer than Tom in Wales."

"Did he know that I was coming home?"

"Yes."

"And he is not here?"

"He is," I replied, for I could see his eager face over the station wall.

"There he is."

Megan hurried out of the station, and at the same time Tom's face disappeared.

THE LAST SONG.

When we went outside he was walking away. He was not sure of Megan, but Megan was sure of herself.

"Tom," she cried, "are you afraid of me?"

He stopped suddenly, and a glad smile shone in his blue eyes.

"No," he replied, slowly, "but I was afraid of somebody else, Megan."

Soon they were firmer friends than they had ever been, even in the old days, and for weeks they did nothing but sing like a pair of happy larks. And such singing! Megan with her wonderful soprano voice, and Tom with his beautiful tenor. We, in Abergwynant, were used to good singing, the mountain-bred singers, but never before or after did we hear such wonderful melody. And the strange part of it was that Tom was not a whit behind Megan, and Megan used to tell him herself that he was glorious.

And then came the eisteddfod. Megan, who was now hale and hearty again, promised to sing at the three meetings, and we looked forward to the most successful eisteddfod ever held in Wales.

The evening before the eisteddfod Tom came to me. He was radiantly happy. I knew at once that something important had happened, but, somehow, I could not hide my surprise when he told me that Megan Wyn had promised to marry him.

"On one condition," he said, "that I win the prize for the tenor solo to-morrow."

"And you are sure to win."

"That's it. I have not lost a single prize during the last three years, and it is not likely that I will lose to-morrow. Isn't it glorious, Bob? I will sing like an angel. I feel as if I could sing all night. After we are married we shall go to London. Megan is positive that I will become one of the greatest tenors in the world. Isn't it splendid?"

"Coming events cast their shadows before," says the proverb; and when I awoke the morning of the eisteddfod, I had a vague, uneasy feeling that something wrong was going to happen. I could not explain it; such things are inexplicable. As I had anticipated, the morning meeting was splendidly patronized, but I felt no elation, Tom and Megan sang twice. Tom was splendid, but Megan seemed to be ill at ease, and I could see that her face was very pale.

After the meeting, when I was in an anteroom preparing for the afternoon meeting, I heard a knock at the door, and Megan, followed by a smartly-dressed Englishman, entered.

"This is a friend of mine, Bob," she said, a trifle trem-

ulously, "and he wishes to enter for the tenor solo competition."

I looked at her in surprise, and she recoiled, as if she could read in my face the fact that I knew her promise to Tom.

"He is too late," I replied, coldly.

"But you will grant me such a little thing?" she asked.

"Are you sure that it is a little thing?" I asked, looking straight into her eyes. For a moment she wavered, and I thought she was going to withdraw her request, but I was mistaken.

"Yes," she replied.

"All right," I said, sharply, "he can compete. But you will be sorry for this again."

She opened her lips to speak; but I turned my back to her, and I heard the door close.

An hour later the competition took place. There were only two competitors, and they were Tom and the stranger.

Tom sang first. I can see now the smile on his honest face as he stood on that rough wooden platform, unsuspecting of guile, as he knew no guile himself. To the audience he was more than a king, but to me, who knew what was coming, he was the most pathetic figure. He sang gloriously, and stepped down from the platform still dreaming golden dreams of love and fortune.

Two minutes later the Englishman was on the platform. And when the silvery notes flowed from his lips, swelling and filling the huge building with melody, 'Tom Hughes' dream vanished. The smile faded from his eye, and when the stranger stepped from the platform, smiling confidently at Megan, he began to realize that he had been duped. There was no reproach in his eyes, but a world of pain, the agony of a sensitive soul, hurt beyond description. He drew his toil-worn hand over his face, rose slowly, and left the pavilion.

He did not return, although he was to sing at the two subsequent meetings. But I did not think that anything wrong had happened until Megan Wyn came to me at the end of the evening meeting.

"Have you seen Tom?" she asked.

"Not since this morning," I replied.

"They say he has gone away," she said, wringing her hands, "and that he will never come back."

"Well, if he knows as much as I do, he will not."

"Don't be cruel. It was only a joke, and Tom should know it was a joke."

"It was a very poor joke, and Tom least of all deserved it from you."

THE LAST SONG.

"I know, I know," she said, "I never thought it would come to this. But perhaps he will come back to-morrow."

"I do not think he will," I replied. And I was right. Days, weeks and months passed, and there was no sign of Tom.

Megan stayed at Abergwynant for twelve months, hoping in vain for her lover's return. But when the heather began to bloom on the hills again her hopes died, and one morning she came to me.

"Bob," she said, with her eyes fixed on the hills, "I'm going away. Don't ask me where. And I shall never sing again."

* * * *

And now with her reappearance I went to the Dyved Eisteddfod with only one thought in my mind, that she had forgotten Tom, and desired to come before the public again. But when I saw her on the platform, her hair as white as December snow, and her eyes the home of sorrow that is relieved only in death, I knew that her redemption was complete, and when she poured that sorrow in song, until the whole audience shook with sobs, I was ready to fall at her feet, and ask for forgiveness for the part I had taken to make her burden less easy to bear. She sang "Some One," and I shall never forget the last verse:

"Though the sun by night went burning,
Mountains into clouds were turning,
In my shroud I'll lie a dumb one
Ere I lose my love for 'Some One.'"

After the meeting she came to me. "I knew you would be here," she said, "and I want to tell you why I broke my promise. Ever since I left Abergwynant I have been looking for Tom, and I found his grave in California. They told me there that the last song he sang was 'Some One,' and it will be the last song I will sing."

And it was.

MR. R. HUGHES WILLIAMS, CARNARVON, WALES.

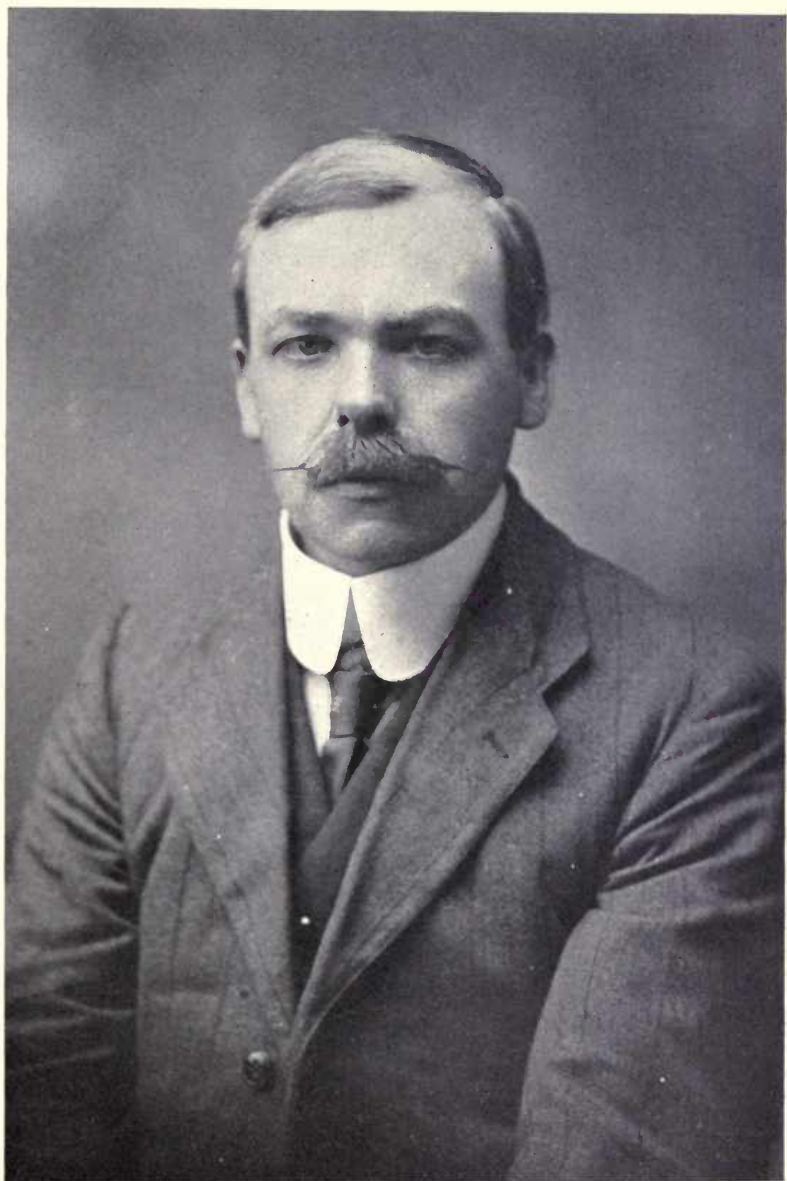
R HUGHES WILLIAMS, winner of the second prize in the short-story competition at the Pittsburgh International Eisteddfod, is essentially a "self-made man," and the maker has no reason to be ashamed of the fruit of his labor. In the grilling process of self-advancement much oftentimes is lost as well as gained; but in the present case there is ample ground for the belief that spirituality never was sacrificed at the behest of expediency or ambition.

Being the son of a working quarryman of Rhostryfan, Carnarvonshire, Mr. Williams' early educational advantages necessarily were limited. Between the village school and a collegiate career there yawned a forbidding gulf, guarded by the giant "Adverse Circumstances," whose sword has estopped the progress of many a promising youth. But R. H. Williams, like not a few other plucky Welsh lads, was not easily daunted. He took to heart that oft-quoted truism, "Where there's a will, there's a way;" and the sequel proves that he found the way. While yet a boy of tender years, he entered the quarry to do his share toward bearing the family burden. He thus became familiar from early boyhood with the hardships and privations of the average Welsh toiler's life. This experience, he turned to good account in later years.

While engaged in manual labor, Mr. Williams devoted most of his scanty leisure to the study of Welsh literature, and this fired his ambition to identify himself with the spirit and the material progress of his native land. As a result, he gave himself unreservedly to the task of cultivating his mind. At the age of 20 he left the slate quarry, and, having gained such education as Carnarvon could furnish, went to London, where he further pursued his studies. He then entered the journalistic profession. For ten years he was assistant editor on the staff of the "Carnarvon and Denbigh Herald" and the "Herald Cymraeg," and during the last two years he has been the editor-manager of the Aberystwyth "Observer." Aside from his other activities, Mr. Williams has won prizes for short stories at national eisteddfodau in Wales, as well as contributed extensively to the periodical publications of England and of his native land. One of his many successful achievements is the volume, "Chwedlau o'r Chwarel," published last year.

R. H. Williams has journeyed extensively up and down Great Britain, and his writings are true to nature, the "local color" being laid on with fidelity to the most elusive tint. He is yet in the prime of life, and he ought to travel far on the road to fame.

AUTHOR OF THE LAST SONG.



Mr. R. H. Williams, Carnarvon, Wales.

OUR HOST'S STORY.

BY T. EYNON DAVIES, ABERDARE, S. W.

THE eisteddfod was over for the day, and we—Arthur and I—sat in the twilight on the river bank beneath a grim old castle in Pembrokeshire. The river below flowed quietly on its way to Cardigan Bay, gently rounding the huge boulders that projected from the bank, forming small silent pools, where lurked the timid trout. Before us, on the opposite side, rose the sloping tree-clad bank, sweeping in graceful curve to our right and left, and the river seemed to be lulled almost to rest at its foot, conscious, as it were, of its ever-present protection.

In that reposeful scene we left behind the heat and excitement of the Eisteddfod, with its appeal to our emotions not always of the highest, and our hearts were gradually turned into harmony with our surroundings.

Suddenly, on our right, we heard the sound of a song. We looked in the direction whence it came, but at first saw nothing. Then, shortly came to our view round the bend of the river an old man leaning on the arm of a woman. She was singing with "full-throated ease," her head being slightly inclined towards him. She seemed oblivious of everything as she sang. Nature herself paid homage to that voice. The river rippled more softly, and the leaves almost ceased to rustle in the softened evening breeze. The song was strange to me; it seemed to be laden with an almost inexpressible longing. Then it suddenly changed. It was now full of happiness; she sang of a longing which had been satisfied, of a desire which had been fulfilled.

The old man listened intently. His hair was white, and he stooped with age. His face was marked with lines, lines of age mingled with sorrow. Looking at him, one saw that his earlier days had been touched with tragedy, but that the traces which it had left had been partly removed for a great joy.

They walked slowly, and presently passed us. Some strong emotion possessed us, and we were compelled to stand, heads bare and bowed, feeling that we had unconsciously intruded upon a hallowed scene.

Silently we returned to the town. The sound of the voice and the words of the song rendered speech impossible. Long will the memory of the scene which we had witnessed linger in our memory.

When we reached the house where we were staying during the eisteddfod week, we met our host at the porch.

"Where have you been?" he asked us eagerly. "I have been expecting you for some time. Come in. Gwladys has promised to sing. (Gwladys, by the way, was our host's daughter, and she had won the soprano solo that day at the eisteddfod.)

"You must excuse us to-night," I said, "for I'm afraid I shall not be in a mood to appreciate her singing."

"Why?" he asked.

"Well," I replied, "we have been on the river bank near the castle, and shortly before coming away we heard a singer who moved us deeply. She and an old man were walking—"

"Oh," our host exclaimed, "you saw Nesta and her father. Yes," he mused, "it is twenty years to this day when it happened. You don't know the story, do you?"

We admitted our ignorance.

"Come inside, and I'll tell it you," he said.

OUR HOST'S STORY.

"The old man whom you saw is Werfa Roberts. When a young man he showed rare promise as a composer, and was Wales' great hope as a musician. Wonderful things were predicted of him, and many of his compositions had been favorably received in England. He became a notable critic of music, and his services as an adjudicator were in constant demand, in spite of his youth, for he was now but twenty-five years of age. While adjudicating at one of our national gatherings, he fell hopelessly in love with one of the competitors. He wooed her passionately. Public engagements were forgotten. His whole life was centered in her, but she, as events proved, was not worthy of his love. Fascinated by the prospect of being the wife of such a man of promise as a musician, she accepted him, and they were married. For six months he was deliriously happy, and great was his fruitfulness as a composer. It was during this time that he composed that wonderful work, 'The Revelation of God,' which was pronounced to be the finest thing ever written by a Welshman. Songs constantly came from his pen. Each day brought forth something new. Inspiration seemed to touch his work at all points, and the theme was love. Of joyful temperament, his love of joy was now his joy of love. He sang of love, its wonder and mystery. He wrote of love, its greatness and beauty; of its passion he sang, of its tenderness. But he published but few of his songs. Composing was the expression and manifestation of his love. He wrote not for the outside world, but because love impelled him. Amongst the songs of this period was his 'When Love Dawns.' This was his favorite composition. He never published it,

for he regarded it as sacred. Oft at dusk, when the day's work was over, would his wife sing it to him. And when she sang she had the strange trick of tilting her head to one side. But there was something lacking in her interpretation, so he afterwards told me. What he had found and expressed in his song, she seemed to grope for as she sang, and this caused him an uneasiness which he could not understand. But one day he understood.

"There came to the village a stranger—Jawson by name—who, by his lavish generosity and attractive personality, made himself exceedingly popular. He posed as a patron of art in all its forms, and thus became a frequent visitor at Roberts' house. He was the personification of the glamor of wealth. Many costly presents made he to Mrs. Roberts, and thereby gradually undermined whatever affection she had for her husband. Then came the tragedy of old Robert's life, and it was then he understood his former uneasiness. Coming home from an eisteddfod, where he had been adjudicating, he found a cold, empty house. On the dressing table was a note from his wife. 'All is over,' she wrote; 'am going away with Jawson.'

"Roberts' life closed from that moment. Dried up were the founts of his inspiration. No more compositions came from his pen. Life had become a black, starless night. He ceased to take any part in the ordinary affairs of his village, and refused engagements as an adjudicator. He left his old home and settled down in this village, where his brother (also a musician of note,) lived. But he lived a life apart from the villagers. Often in the evening he would be seen walking along the quiet country lanes, sometimes alone, and sometimes with his brother. It was on one of these occasions that I met him, and afterwards occasionally talked to him, but such was his nature now that it was long before I could speak to him on terms of intimacy. Gradually, as the years passed, I saw that he began to feel that his wife would come back to him, and his life slowly became more hopeful. I endeavored from time to time to get him to take an interest in our village functions, but he always refused. One day, however, about twenty years ago, his brother was adjudicator at a large annual eisteddfod held here, and on the day of the eisteddfod he was taken ill, too ill to carry out his duties. We were in a quandary. There was no time to get an adjudicator of standing, and the reputation of the eisteddfod was at stake. As a last resort I went to Roberts, and put the matter before him, imploring him to come to our assistance and take his brother's place. To my great joy he consented, and straight away we went to the eisteddfod

pavilion, where thousands had gathered together. When Roberts ascended the platform, the people felt that they were in the presence of a man whose soul had been seared by trouble.

"A great hush fell upon the concourse upon hearing his name, and soon the story of the man's life was whispered through the crowd. As the day wore on various competitions were disposed of, until only one remained. This was a champion solo, own selection.' Personally I dislike competitions of this nature, believing that they savor too much of the commercial spirit, and that they are the outcome of that spirit rather than of true art. But that day I was nearly compelled to change my opinion. It had been freely stated that some excellent singing had been heard in the 'prelim. test,' and this caused crowds to surge into the pavilion. The conductor announced the names of the competitors who were eligible to sing, and the first to ascend the platform was 'Jones, Nantyravel'. He sang splendidly and the cheering was vociferous. Then followed 'Williams of Swansea', who also gave a magnificent rendering of his song. The audience was agog with excitement when a girl's name was announced from the platform. Slowly there walked up the gangway a young girl of about seventeen. Her face was pale beneath a wealth of black hair; her eyes dark and lustrous, wells of soulfulness. She walked with grace, unconscious of the myriad eyes that watched her every movement. Whispering people wondered who she was, but there was none who could answer. Presently she ascended the platform. The accompanist approached her, and asked for a copy of the song. 'I have no copy,' she answered, 'and would like to play my own accompaniment.' This request, though unusual, was granted, and the girl proceeded to the piano. She struck a few chords and immediately the people lapsed into an expectant silence. And then, with tilted head, she sang the opening bars. Never shall I forget that voice and the song. The mellow richness of the voice, and the pleading and longing in it; a searching after an almost unattainable desire—a soul struggling for expression. Men and women were in tears. And then the song changed. A new-found joy vibrated from every note. Suddenly there was a strange commotion at the adjudicators' table. Roberts had jumped up from his seat and was rushing to the piano.

" 'Where did you learn that song?' he shouted. 'Where did you learn it?' The girl, startled, looked up into his eyes and understood.

" 'My mother taught it to me,' she said, 'when I was a little child.'

“ ‘And where is your mother?’ he asked her quickly.

“ ‘She’s dead,’ was the simple answer.

“The old man wept as he clasped the girl to his breast.

“ ‘My daughter, my daughter!’ was all he could say, as he left the platform midst the sympathetic silence of the throng. The people immediately afterwards dispersed quietly, and the eisteddfod closed with that scene.

“I saw Roberts later in the day,” continued my host, after a time. “There was a look of indescribable happiness upon his face. He had lost his wife, but found a daughter.”

“And what happened after the eisteddfod?” Arthur asked.

“Oh,” he answered, “the girl went to live with her father, and on the anniversary of that day they leave their house by the river at twilight, and walk along the bank, she singing the song through which he had found her.”

MR. T. EYNON DAVIES, ABERDARE, WALES.

T. EYNON DAVIES (Gap Dulais), winner of the third prize in the short-story competition at the Pittsburgh International Eisteddfod, is a comparatively young man, having been born in 1882, at Aberdare, Glamorganshire, South Wales. His parents, John and Mia Davies (nee Rees), originally were West Wales people, migrating to busy Morganwg from Pembrokeshire, a county noted for its sturdy men and women. His father is well known as a bard, and frequently has contributed to Welsh periodicals under the pen-name of "Glan Dulais."

Gap Dulais was educated at the elementary and intermediate schools, Aberdare, and at the University College of Wales, Cardiff. He was graduated in science (B. Sc.) at this college in 1902, and in the following year obtained the post-graduate diploma in metallurgy. For ten years he has acted as science master in Welsh intermediate schools, and for the last two years as lecturer in mining chemistry under the Glamorgan County Council. He is a Fellow of the Chemical Society (F. C. S.), London, and a member of the Institute of Chemical Technologists (M. Inst. C. T.), London. He also is a member of the Welsh Bibliographical Association, and of the Workers' Educational Association of Wales.

Though a "science man" by training, Mr. Davies always has been keenly interested in English literature. He declares that the story he submitted to the Pittsburgh Eisteddfod was his maiden effort at writing fiction, and of course the success of his offering was correspondingly gratifying to its author.

AUTHOR OF OUR HOST'S STORY.



Mr. T. Eynon Davies, Aberdare, South Wales.

AWDL

“ROGER WILLIAMS”

Gan Mr. William Roberts (Gwilym Ceiriog),
Llangollen, G. C.

Beirniad—Parch. Evan Rees (Dyfed), Caerdydd.

AWDL—"ROGER WILLIAMS."

"He was the first person in modern Christendom to assert, in its plenitude, the doctrine of the liberty of conscience."—BANCROFT.

A MERIG, wlad y mawredd,—ei llynoedd
A'i llwyni'n aruthredd;
A gwŷr mawr yw grym ei hedd,
A chyfoeth ei huchafedd.

Fro fu yn fore fywyd—i ryddid
Mawreddog llydanfryd;
Ac i noddfa cynyddfyd,
A llafar barn llifai'r byd!

I oes y "cewri moesol"—ynddi'r oedd
Llydan ddrws dihangol;
A'i diwygiad âd ei ôl
Ar waith Iesu'n werth oesol.

Roger Williams faith amser—i'w chwanog
Gychwyniad fu'n gryfder;
A'i enw sai'n un o sêr
Hardda fonedd rhydd faner.

Mawrhawn y Cymro hynod,—gweledydd
Galwadau ei gyfnod;
Da, hybarch ddyn cydwybod,
A'i wroniaeth wnaeth ei nôd.

Aruchel wr o wych lin
Fwyha urddas Caerfyrddin;
Er tyfu ger y Tafwys,
Yn mro y balch mawr ei bwys,
Ni fedrai ef drwy ei hynt
Ar Gymru gau ei emrynt;
Meddai natur bur y bau,
A'i tân yn ei wythienau.

Yn wych ei bwnc, chwai ei ben,—yfodd ef
Loywaf ddysg i'w angen;
Ac Eglwys ga'dd i'w gwagle,—nefol wr,
A dihûn weithiwr â doniau Athen.

Gawr hylosg garw'i helynt
O flaen ei oes ar flin hynt;

Yn mysg cryfion maes crefydd
Creai dwrf yn mhynciau'r dydd;
Beryglus wych beriglor
Nithiai'r us â noeth Air Ior.

Areithfa Harri'r Wythfed—deimlai wr
Dwymai lu'n ddiarbed;
Arwr geirwir agored,
A gwydna' graig dan ei gred.

Ddyn a welodd hen olion—oer Rhufain
Yn nghrefydd y Saeson;
A'r gŵr a wisgai'r goron
Yn llywiwr hyf yn lle'r Ion!

Gwas y Pur gashâi heb baid
I deyrn honwr drin enaid;
Hawliai efe'i le yn lwys
Ddiraglaw i *Dduw'r* Eglwys;
Fan ddyn na fynai ddynol
Hen ddefodau, ffurfiau ffol;
I fywyd uwch addfed oedd,
Yn rhy gynar i ganoedd.

I'w lydan Biwritaniaeth—e gafodd
Ry gyfyng swyddogaeth;
A'i ffarwel annychwel wnaeth
Eryru ei arwriaeth.

Fuddioled yw hyf ddilyn
Gormes ddall, a grymus ddyn;
Gwel'd diball galed aberth
Cydwylbod mewn cyfnod certh.

Gwiw ddewrddyn ga'i ddiarddel,—Laud o'r wlad
A erlidia'r angel;
Ond diwygiwr diogel
I godi saint geidw'i sêl.

Yn iach i'r "Llan" chwerw'i llid,—gwiw ei fyn'd
I gyfandir rhyddid;
I dduwiol mae addewid
Hwnt i'r don y tyr y did.

Od yw'r boen o ado'r bau,—i'w charwr
"Cyn chwerwed ag angau;"
Ni faidd hwn anufuddhau
I'w gedyrn olygiadau.

Drwy finio penderfyniad—natur fwyn
Tyr efe'r cysylltiad;
Ac ar long gwahodddgar wlad
Ffydd y seraſſ faidd siarad:

"Hawddamor y dyfnfor dig,
Ymwared sy'n Amerig;
Saint enwog ffoisant yno
O erwin frad yr hen fro;
Henffych gyfle! wele wir
Addawol frawdol frodir,
A cheir hedd i ddechreu hau
Dwfn dir a dyf iawnderau,—
Talaeth rydd i grefydd gras
Fyw, wreiddio yn fawr addas."

Dan wr y Nefoedd, bydd dyner Neifion,
A'th orfyw ddyfroedd na tharf ei ddwyfron;
Pwy wedi'r hwylio ŵyr pa dreialon
Dig geir yn aros y digryn wron?
Atlantic, rhed helyntion—o'th ddeutu,
Afraid yw bathu hyfryd obeithion.

Er delfrydol fwriadau—bro yr hen
Bereriniol dadau,
Diaddfed yw ei deddfau,—
Ni cheir yn ffaith berffaith bau.

Er holl ymffrost ei Seion,—dyned yw
Dan iau deddf ynadon;
Gwirfodd gaeth er aeth yw hon
I'w hir fore arferion.

Ond da wron iawnderau
Gerdd i hon i'w gwir ryddhau;
Lleisia ddeddf ewyllys dda
Y *gwirfoddol* grefydda;
A sarhad addoliad ddaeth
Ar fywydau'n *orfodaeth*;
E gyhoedda egwyddor
Ysbrydolrwydd swydd gweis Iôr.

Wr hawlia ymreolaeth—y cysegr,
Ac Iesu yn benaeth;
Dwys gabledd yw dysgyblaeth—"Mainc"
Boston,
Nid da i'w mawrion â Duw ymyraeth.

I dadau awdurdodol—aruthr yw
Yr athrawiaeth feiddiol,
A'u trwm nerth ystormia'n ol
Arwr rhyddid rhy wreiddiol.

Drwm wr, ond daw'r ymwared,
Syw fro llwydd sy fawr ei lled;
Dramwywr dewr, mawr ei dw,
Gan Salem ga iawn sylw;
Sefydliad cenad cynydd
Dan y gwlith yn fendith fydd,
A banau Annibyniaeth
A gnydia fyg enaid faeth.

Ow! chwerwed na cha aros,—o'r maes gwyn,
Gormes ga i'w anos;
Iawn degwch nid yw agos,
Ar ddyn Nêr hi ddaw yn nos!

Ond yn mlaen, yn mlaen mae'i le,—y doethawr
Ymdeithia i'r bore;
Ni wna'i alon anaele
Lwyddo fawr i'w luddio fe.

Os taniol lid Boston lem
Yrr selyf Iôr o Salem,
O Plymouth apêl lama
Wahodda'i deg "newydd da."
Mil diolch am wlad eang
I ffoi o dwrf i hoff dang;
Cefnu i bregethu Gair
Y ffeithiau heb lyffethair;
Gwlad i eithriad o athro
Roi barn glir, heb arni glo,—
Llwyr ranu'r holl wirionedd
Heria'n byd i'w roi'n y bedd.

Ger hynt yr Indiaid, gwron tiriondeb
Arwydda'i ddewrder, a'i wir ddyddordeb;
Llon deithi hynaws, yn llawn doethineb,
Sy'n ceisio'u henill heb swm casineb;
Gwŷr a'u llon'd o greulondeb—dry'n dyner,
Hylwydd gawr iawnder luddia'u gerwindeb.

Wr pybyr ä i'w pebyll,
Ac yma'r gwâr lendid gyll;
Goddef penyd myglyd mall
Mae'r diwyd mawr i'w deall;

I'w ymostwng mae ystyr,
Ffordd i'w bron yn dirion dyr;
Wr glân yn llaw Rhagluniaeth
Fwynha'u serch heb ofn eu saeth;
Addas gâr a ddysg eu hiaith,
A'u hanes yn eu heniaith;
Lafar iaith drwy 'i lafur hir
I gofio'r hil gyfrolir.

Yr "Allwedd" i nodweddion—helwyr gwyllt
Hawlia'r gamp yn safon,
A brwd eiriau brodorion
Sy o gryn bris ger ein bron.

Ceir i wrando cri'r Indiaid
Heddyw'n eu plith ddyn o'u plaid,
Gŵr ŵyr hanes gormes gynt—
Hen Walia a'i blin helynt;
Cymro'n cydymdeimlo dan
Friw hen ei fro ei hunan,
A chawr twym gais "chware teg"
I'r Indiaid, wŷr eondeg;
Yn y "cochddyn" edwyn o
Hawliau dynol i'w danio,—
Cyntefig hen etifedd
Anwar bau yn herio bedd!

Gwêl berchen glew i'w barchu,—a'i hen stâd
Yn y storm yn chwalu;
Esau'r wlad, a threiswyr lu,
I'w diroedd yn ymdyru.

Prisio dyn fel dyn mae'r doeth,
Gâr gofio y *gwir* gyfoeth,
A'i garedig godi gâr,
Boed yn wyn, boed yn anwar;
Dewr Naf wêl drwy y nifwl
Enaid gan y pagan pwl,
A'i oleuo fo o fyd
Mawr helfa mae i'r eilfyd;
Hylon ddwyn uwch eilun dduw
I anwarddyn ei Wirdduw.

Wr hynaws, mor wahanol—yw i'r llu,
Pwy mor llawn o'r dynol?
Pwy er lles mor gynes gôl
Drinia frodor yn frawdol?

I'n da Williams yn daliad—daw moliant,
Ymyla'n addoliad;
Ac heddychlon fron ddi-frad
Hen deyrn gerwin dry'n gariad.

Yn llaw Duw, sy'n llywio'i daith,—mae'n harwr
Mewn hiraeth yn ymdaith;
Y "golofn" a'i dug eilwaith
I fro ei wych fore waith.

Gwae hallt i gylch gwyllt a gwâr,—siom ydyw
Ei symudiad cynar;
Aml wrda wyla alar,
Arall gefna gyda'i gâr.

Prawf Plymouth oll y golled—am wr rhydd,
Amryddawn, dihoced;
Iawn athro, dyn y weithred,
Yn byw'r ddysg a bur ddywêd.

Ond enill ydyw hanes—Salem swyn,
Salma serch ei mynwes;
Dibrin genad bron gynnes
Ddaw yn ol, a'i Dduw yn nês.

Wiw ddychwelydd i'w chalon,—glau fugail
Fywioga'i gobeithion;
Ac heb ystyr gwg Boston
Ei hen hwyl enyna hon.

Fri y pulpud, esgud wr
Y Duw agos, diwygiwr;
Grasol gawr i sylw gwyd
Newydd wersi'n ddiarswyd;
Ei gorn uwch cyfeiliornad
Seinia'n hygryw i glyw gwlad,
A deffroad ei ffrewyll
A'i syfl o'i hen safle hyll;
Dyn arfaeth, llydan, erfawr,
Dinifwl y meddwl mawr;
Hyd dir enaid, arweiniwr
Abl, lunia farn, blaenaf wr;
Cry', ddawnus, sicr dduwinydd,
Dywyna ddeddf Duw yn ddydd.

Arwr iawnder i'r Indiaid,—ef o hyd
Gofia hawl penaethiaid;
A'r hen boen ga rhain heb baid,
Is triniaeth yr estroniaid.

Gymro wêl gamwri hyf,
Ac arglwyddiaeth gwâr gleddyf;
Herwyr heb ymgynghoriad,
A dewrion glew'n darnio'u gwlad;
Rai a fudion orfodir
I godi'r tâl, gado'r tir;
Ewyllys rydd sydd yn sarn
I feius ddeddf o haiarn!

Yntau, Williams, dry'n Samson,—ei bin yw
Ei ben arf yr awrhon;
A Philistiaeth helaeth hon
Darawa yn dra eon.

"Bai'r Freinlen" ger Lloegr Frenin—a lawnaf
Gyflwyna'r glew diflin,
A geiriau mawr gŵr y min
Dros aig wiria drais gerwin.

Wr da ei ddynoliaeth, helaeth hawlydd
Yr hyn fydd uniawn i'r hen feddianydd;
Nid yw Sais-elyn od yw Sosialydd,—
Gwas ffyddlon i'r Goron er ei gerydd;
Y dyn hybarch gydnebydd—yn ddynion
Yr arwyr gwylltion yrir i'r gelltydd.

Wych blaid barbariaid bore,—ei nawd ddoeth,
Nid yw ddall i'r safle;
Rhag aflwydd mawrha'i gyfle
I ddwyn yr iawn i'w lawn le.

Gŵr teimlad ddwêd a greda,—enaïd brwd,
Nid "bradwr" ymyra;
A Phlymouth graff wêl yma
Uniawn ddyn yr anian dda.

Yn Moston y mae astud,—allu uwch
Yn wŷr llys a phulpud,—
Awdurdodau tyrau tud
O'r neilltu yn trin alltud.

Rai'n edrych drwy hen wydrau—eu didor
Geidwadol ragfarnau,
A gwae'r hwn a garo hau
Newyddion wirioneddau.

Pwy ŵyr, a'i dig genfigen—bâr hulario
Byr olwg â niwlen?
Hon ni ddeil gynydd heulwen
Y dyn a byd yn ei ben!

Dyn newydd o dan awyr,—a'i odiaeth
Syniadau'n ysgrythyr;
A'i lwybrau tal briod dyr
Drwy fywyd ei oer feiwyr!

Graff arwr, ymgorfforiad—o finiog
Elfenau chwyldroad;
A gwir deg gawr diwygiad,
A manwl wr mwy na 'i wlad!

Wron o drydan, lydan weledydd,
Yni diflino, enaid aflonydd;
Glew dygna'i orchwyl,—hyglod gynhyrchydd,
Ei grai esboniad, a gwersi beunydd;
Gŵr a wna i Loegr Newydd—ddylanw
Ei gorwych enw, a gwirio'i chynydd.

Wreiddiol wr ar ddelw Iôn,
Yn dyddio ei nodweddion,
A chawr ei faes ddechry fyw
Y dyfodol dwf ydyw;
Sant yn siarad teimlad dwys
Bâr hyglod buro 'i Eglwys.

Ei chodi mae uwch daear—ar haeddol
Roddion ewyllysgar;
Ei gwahanu yn gynar
Oddiwrth y byd i gyd gân.

Efe a rydd fur addas,—agendor
Rhag undeb dwy deyrnas;
Borth enaid, wâd berthynas
Y di-gred â deiliaid gras.

I Dduw e wêl addoliad—yn y llys,
Pan fo'r llw'n ddiymwad;
Llw'r annuw dwylla'r ynad
Sy, er hyn, i'r Ne'n sarhad.

Da, eglur broffwyd hygryw
Y cyfnod gwell, hirbell yw;
Athro ddysg berffeithrwydd uwch,
Ac ofer ceisio'i gyfuwch;
A gwŷr Nâf a geir yn ol
O'i fawredd *ymarferol*.
At gynwys ei ddatganiad
Rhyfedda glwys grefydd gwlad;
Dêl syndod i lys iawnder,
Try yn hallt, tarana her.

Gan erfawr ymgynhyrfu—gyr y "Faine"
Arw fellt i'w gyrchu;
A dig oll ydyw gallu,
Ac hen ddant cenfigen ddu.

Ond nid yw'r storm yn ormod,—ni letha
Hon Luther cydwybod;
Dyn puredd, a'r dawn parod,
Ni syfl yn is ei flaen nôd.

Enig ddysgedig, gadarn,
Ddewr, unplyg, ferchyg ei farn;
Pwy gwyp yr ysgrythyrwr?—
Dwyfol drefn sy gefn i'r gŵr;
A diwendid eonder
Llefara, pe syrthia sêr!

Ddieithriaf newydd athro,—ond y gwir
Nid yw gwaeth o'i chwilio;
Gwawl i lu, Galileo
Ne'r grefydd fydd yw efô.

Er uchder dadwrdd archawdurdodau
Rhag efengylwr gyfynga'u hawliau;
Er i'w ddwl frodyr sarhau'i ddelfrydau
Fel rhai "niweidiol—cyfeiliornadau;"
Er cael anair, cloi'i enau—gan ddeddf ddig,
Y fro synedig fawrha'i syniadau.

Cloi'i enau? Na! clyw, ynad,—er bygwth,
Mae'r bugail yn siarad;
O dŷ i dŷ, dros ei Dad,
Llefara ei holl fwriad.

Was dewraf ddiystyra—ymadrodd
Y meidrol a'i barna;
Duw a'i ddeddf, cydwybod dda,
Trwy 'i helynt a'i rheola.

Ond llawdrwm nawd llywodraeth—waeda hwn
Gyda'i herledigaeth;
Ar gawr pulpud, alltudiaeth
Ddisyfyd yn ddedfryd ddaeth.

Llys sarug unllais sieryd:
"Dychweler i bellter byd
Yr hyf 'eithafwr' rhyfedd,—
Gwylier hynt peryglwr hedd;
Rhag ei efrau, bri'r gyfraith
Yw dal hwn, dileu ei waith.

“Gwaradwydd yw ei gredo;—chwi wŷr llif
Dowch a'r llong i'w gludo;
I'w wlad ei hun hwylied o,
A Phrydain a gaiff wrido!”

Ger y fin y gorffena—holl lid dyn,
Llaw y Tad ddechreua;
Llwybr rhag helwyr dyr i'r da,
A choedwig a'i gwarchoda.

Graff wr olyga'r fforest,
Trydana'i ffydd, troedia'n ffest;
Cryf ffoadur,—corff hydwyth
Sy'n dal loes eneidol lwyth;
Y dewraf gawr dihafal,
Nid yw ddyn a wnaed i'w ddal;
Ceir yma o dras Cromwell
Natur o ddur, doed a ddêl.
Wron faidd ran o fyddin
A'i hymlidia yn bla blin;
Dealla'r hynt dwylla'r oll,—
Teyrn bangoed a'u try'n bengoll;
Underhill dry o'i helynt
Adre'n siom, druenus hynt;
Gwr chwerw heb garcharor
I'w dreisio 'mhell dros y môr.

Gwig oer mewn gaea' gerwin—sydd yn noeth,
Sy ddi-nawdd rhag drycin;
Gwae nyf yn ei gynefin,
Yntau'r rhew ad'manta'r hin.

Ofnadwy fan niweidiol
I estron nas try yn ol;
Dyn bwriad gyndyn bery
Yn y storm heb hanes tŷ!

Y breiniol hen geubrenau,—er hyny,
A ranant gysgodau;
Da rhag gwynt ar hynt yn hau
Lluwch iasoer yw'r llochesau.

I'r cwynwr yn awr cyni,—ni fyn trefn
Natur roi tosturi;
Ond Duw y gras wrendy gri
Dyn hyder, od yw'n oedi.

Anffodus ddyn ffoedig,—âd bur em
Cyda bron doredig;
Ac O! y serch mewn erch wig
Dania enaid dyn unig.

Gwraig wyla gur y galon
Yn drem brudd, yn drom ei bron;
Dychryna wel'd dechreunos,—
Mewn pryder mae'n nyfnder nos;
Clyw ddallhuan wân ei hedd,
A'i chalon waeda'i choeledd;
Clyw fleiddiaid haid yn udo,
A llam y waedd: "Lle mae o?"
"O, Dduw, yn iach ddaw e'n ol?"
Leisia Mary lesmeiriol.

Hi ar Dduw hir weddia,—gorsellog
Wŷr Salem a'i heilia;
A'r ffoadur dan gur ga
Law yn wyrthiol a'i nertha.

Gwŷr adref gofia grwydrwr
Llwyd ei wedd, newynllyd wr;
Wythnosau meithion eisoes
I wan wr ynt haner oes!
Dod i'w wyddfod yn addfwyn
Y mae'r lloer i emu'r llwyn;
Ond llym anial, llwm, unig,
A bro hwyr wae braw yw'r wig;
Dim ond y mil bwystfilod
Ar wib yn dân rhaib yn dod;
Ond adenydd Duw Daniel
Gudd hwn o'u gŵydd hwy yn gêl;
Llygadgas hyllig waedgwn
I'w ffordd ânt heb gyffwrdd hwn!

Offeiriad Duw'n y fforest,—drwy y ffau
A dyr ffordd ei goncwest;
Metha d'ryslyd fyd o fâr
Droi'n garchar i deyrn gorchest.

Ffarwel anialwch, o'i wyllwch allan,
Yn ol hir gwyno, rhown lam i'r Ganaan;
Onid "Bryn Gobaith," y dibrin gaban,
Yw'n gwesty llwythog dry'n gastell weithian?
Dŵr nodded i'r anniddan,—alltud sang,
Wych ryddid eang is chwarddiad huan.

Rhyddid gwerth ei aberth yw,
A dir glod i'r glew ydyw;
I'r teilwng wele'r taliad
Am fyw'r dyn, am fawrhau'i Dad.

I gawr enwog gwroniaeth—hawlia fawl,
Wele fuddugoliaeth;
Gŵr amcan dry'r ban benaeth
Iddo yn ffrynd addwyn, ffraeth.

Dynoliaeth dyn o Walia—iawn etyb
I natur meib India,
A'i dylanwad a lunia
Dwym le teg i deimlad da.

Hon wnaiff lys yn wenau fflwch,
Lle gwirir cyfeillgarwch;
Try elyn gŵr gwyn yn gâr,
Ry'n ddiwyd ran o'i ddaear;
Hon briod iawn wobrwyr
Am ei gwaith â gobaith gwir.

Cyfeillgarwch fflwch fflachia—ar allor
Ewyllys llyw'r helfa;
Ac Ynys Rhode a ddoda
At alwad dyn tawel da.

Adeiladwr, wr di-aeth,—fyn gyfiawn
Gofeb gwaredigaeth;
Tref i ddewr yn gartref ddaeth,
Glau enwa yn "Ragluniaeth."

Enw da awgryma'i gred
Yn morwyn ei ymward,—
Y gu swyddoges ddigoll
A wna ei rhan yn yr oll;
A llanw'i henw hynod
Mae hon yn nhwf man o nôd;
A chwydda'r ddiolch weddi
Beunydd am ei byw nawdd hi.

Cadarn sefydlwr, arweiniwr union,
Yw'r enwog Williams rana ei galon;
Donia ei fawredd, a'i haeledd hylon
Ei dir i eraill yn rhad yr awrhon;
Yn Ifor Hael y fro hon—mae serch fflwch
Yn gemu ei degwch i'w gym'dogion.

Ddihunan dir-feddianydd,—i'r oesau
Yn rasol esiamplydd;
Gwych, hynaws wlad-gychwynydd,
I Ynys Rhode einioes rydd.

Yn glodfawr iawn, gwladfa rydd
Syw seilir gan Sosialydd;
O Lyfr Iôr egwyddorion
Rydd yn hael i wreiddio'n hon;
Etifedd wylia'u tyfiant,
Ac heb fawr chwyn esgyn wnant;
Flaendwf dyrchafol iawnder,
Ac undeb pau yn gnwd pêr.

Llyw hynod deg, llond ei air,
Sydd i Ynys ddianair;
Gallu digoll dyogel
I drin gwaith y gyfraith gël.

Nôd uchraddd yn y dechreu—fedd y bau,
Genfydd bwynt ei heisieu;
Am wneyd ei hôl mae'n dyheu—
Ymgyraedd am y goreu.

Eangfryd deilwng frawdoliaeth—gafwyd
Drwy gyfiawn ddeddfwriaeth;
Dibaid ddeddf cydwybod ddaeth
I wneyd dilys iawn dalaeth.

Morwynol Ynys y mirain lenydd,
Hen fro yr heliwr dry'n fri areilydd;
Ha! mor blygeiniol mae'r bywiol gynydd
Yn tyner lasu o tan arloesydd;
Yd difesur hyd feusydd—dyf yn braf,
Ac i'r cynhauaf y ceir cân newydd.

Oror hoff yr awyr iach,
All ryfedd wella'r afiach;
Da eilia wedd Prydain dlos
Ga'r eigion yn gaer agos;
Gwin crisial yn gân croesaw
Red o gwmwd yn ffrwd ffraw,
Ac o lwyni calonog
Llama'r gân, ond lle mae'r gôg?
Ni cheir hon i ddechreu ha',
A'n hiraeth gyniweiria;
Ond er braint medd pellder bro
Yr un natur in' eto.

Yr un ŵyl loer a'r "Hen Wlad,"—yr un haul
Ran heulwen ei gariad;
Yr un sêr fry yn siarad,
A'r un Duw a geir yn Dad.

I enaid glwys cenad glân—Iesu Grist,
Cysegr yw holl Anian;
A gŵr hyawdl gâr huan
Deifl i dorf y dwyfol dân.

Dyn siwr o'i nôd yn siarad—gwers amlwg
Ar symledd addoliad,
Geidw'i dawel Fethel fad—rhag Mamon
Fwria hudolion fawrha *adailad*.

Llygadwr pwylllog ydyw,
Manwl wr y mewdol yw;
Diraid rwysg drud dry o'i ol,—
Dyn enaid baid â'r bydol;
Gwir addolwr gâr ddilen
Derfynu hud Rhufain hen;
Llwyr ysgar y daearol
A guddia Nêr rhagddo'n ol.

Teilwng o'r Apostolion,—wr uchel,
I'r Achos yn safon;
Rhanwr hael yn nhŷ yr Ion
At alwadau'r tylodion.

Sosialydd sy a'i sylw—ar y cloff,
Ar y claf rudd welw;
A'i galon hylon eilw—am y ged
A dry yn nodded i druan weddw.

Rhwydd haelder, cydraddoldeb—fyn efe,
Yn fywyd bodlondeb;
Dyn cariad yn anad neb
Wêl fendith haelaf undeb.

Gŵr eang sang uchel swydd,
Praff athro y perffeithrwydd;
Llyw'r grefydd rydd, drefn wrth raid,
Graff gynwys gorff ac enaid;
Noddwr ddoeth weinydda'r ddau
Yn rasol fel bo'r eisiau.

Yn sacrament â'r bara—a renir
I weiniaid yn wala;
A Bara'r Bywyd gyda
Y croywaf win a'u cryfha.

Gŵr da, gwas'naethgar, diwyd,—drydd haelder
Addoldy'n llwydd deuifyd;
Paul ei oes, esiampl esyd
Drwy ei bwnc i godi'r byd.

Er niwed i Loegr Newydd,—y gelyn
Sy'n gwylio ei chynydd;
Ei glew dw berygla'i dydd,
A'i delwi mae'r dalydd!

Llem yw araeth penaeth pau,
Dyn anwar y dân enau;
Ddiheidd ddewr a waedda'i ddig:
"Barod frodyr brwdrydig,
Ymunwn, baeddw heb baid,
Trywanwn yr estroniaid;
Uthr yw ein nerth, rhuthrwn wŷr
Trwy obaith y tir-reibwyr;
Rhodded angau'n saethau siwr,
Daw India ar eu dwndwr;
Ac i anwn o'u cynydd
Gyrer hwy o'n goror rydd!"

Bro yn ddychryn gryn i'w gwraidd,—waned hi
O flaen torf farbaraidd;
Ei heon feib hi ni faidd
Holl undeb y llu Indiaidd.

Hylwm lu o wae ymlêd—o'i hogylch,
Mor agos ei niwed!
Beth wneir? pwy geir i'w gwared?
Pa wlad rhwng y pleidiau red?

Geir hyd aig waredigaeth?—Na, rhy hwyr!
A wna'r Iôn ymyraeth?
Oes rhywun gan Ragluniaeth
Erfyn hedd derfyna'i haeth?

Oes, diolch! Ffy'r nos dywell
O lwybrau gwawl bore gwell;
Angel hedd, cyfryngol wr,
Eon rodia'n waredwr;
Fe all gwir gyfeillgarwch
Glau ddwyn â'i sêl gledd yn swch.
Ddewr Williams! dda eiriolwr,
A'i ben doeth i'w bau yn dŵr;
Gŵr a fyn rhag garwaf wŷr
Wel'd achub y gwladychwyr;
Ei fŵa ef yw ei fin,
A'i lew feddwl ei fyddin!

Ei arafwch difrifol,—a'i bwyll oer,
Bellha wae bygythiol;
Trwy reswm try yr ysol,
Erwin wŷr i oeri'n ol.

Ef i bau fu ei bywyd,—heddychydd
I'w hachub rhag drygfyd;
A mynwr hedd am enyd
I beri hoen byr ei hyd.

Ond trwm helynt storm eilwaith,—a thrachefn
Aruthr chwâl hedd ymaith;
A'r cymodwr, gŵr y gwaith,
A'i wyneba yn obaith.

Tro ar ol tro y trydd
Dyn yr adwy'n waredydd;
Trwy ddenu'r natur ddynol
Yn ddygn ei ffydd gwnaiff ei ôl;
Teyrn hyder yw'n troi nwydwyllt
Allu gwrdd draw yn llai gwyllt;
Galw digllon, eon wŷr,
Dan fwrw'i hud, yn "frodyr;"
Tawel feddalu elfen
Lluoedd gwg—eu lladd â gwên!
Digellwair nodi gallu
Lloegr nerthol, filwrol lu;
Cyn gwae deublyg ferchyg fôr,
A rhag angeu rhy gyngor.

Gwerth hedd yw ef, gwyrrth o ddyn—goreu ddewr,
Gradd o ofn ni edwyn;
Yn ei law ei einioes lŷn,—a'i fin ffraeth
A'i bersonoliaeth bur swyna'i elyn!

Anhafal wr tangnefedd,
Eang gawr, rhy fawr i fedd!
I'w frodir hoff delfryd rydd
Gwyd ei chân, geidw'i chynydd.

Dda Ynys yn addfwyn "ddinas noddfa,"
I wŷr a ymlidir hi ymleda;
Ymloned crefydd, ni fydd a feiddia
Luddio ei llafar, yn hylwydd llifa;
Diwyd iawn weithredu da-gydwytbod
Yw dyled amod y deiliaid yma.

Crynwyr rhag erlidwyr lu
Ga loches i gêl lechu,
Yma'u cred ni thrymha'u croes,
Hedd hon a nodda'u heinioes;
Yn thi hi gwna'i phenaeth, heb
Ofn undyn, fyw uniondeb.

Ei harwyddair yw rhyddid,—barn a llais
Bery'n llwydd diofid;
Glyw iawnder yn galondid
I wladwyr tal dyr eu tid.

Hynaws wr, a'r Ynys hon
Yn di-gêl fyn'd i'w galon;
Ei byw orffen yn berffaith,
A'i chodi'n uwch, dyna'i waith.

Llyw talaeth dros wyllt heli,—ar ei rhan
Dry ar hynt i'w noddî;
Breinlen gais i'w hangen hi,
A Phrydain i'w phriodi.

Moria i wenau'r mawrion,—yr hen "Lew"
Hydrin lÿf y gwron;
A goreu fri ger ei fron
A'i harwra yr awrhon.

Wr y dydd, ni raid iddo—ymgrymu
I Gromwell, na gwrido;
Dau werinwr dewr yno
Yw diball fraint y bell fro.

Llawn wr yn mysg llenorion—a gymwys
Ymgomia â Milton;
Gŵr goleu ga o'r galon
Hyder y bardd byd i'r bôn.

Ha, gryfed yw ysgrifell
Awdwr myg o'i dir ymhell;
Ei ddiwydrwydd sydd adref,
A buan yw ei bin ef.

Yn gyson drwy'r wasg gesyd—ei ddilys
Feddyliau eangfryd;
Llyfrau da llafur diwyd,
Ac effro farn gyffry fyd.

Newydd gerydd y geirwir,
Heb ofn y gosb, fyn y gwir;
Anturio wna tua'r nôd
Gwyd obaith i gydwybod;
Gawr swyddog i'w gorseddu
Ar dŵr llwydd frwydra y llu!

Ddyn hylwydd wrthyd swyddau—bri hudol
Hen Brydain y ffafrau;
Serch a'i cymhell i'w bell bau,
Adre' tyn drwy y tonau.

Hawdd ddychwel mewn hedd ddichon,—i'w frwd
Fyred yw'r maith eigion; hoen
Ysgafn daith ar lasgefn don
Ga yr hwyliwr gorhylon.

Meddianu'r Freinlen wna lawen lywydd,
A glanio'i gysur mae glew negesydd;
I'w gwrdd daw ynys yn gerdd dywenydd;—
Clywch orhoian ar dân adenydd!
Goreu serch yn geirio sydd—"hawddamor"
I wr a'i drysor a heria dreisydd.

Y Freinlen yn llaw'r penaeth—nertha bawb,
Yn werth byd i'r dalaeth;
Bro dan ddeddf hen Brydain ddaeth
Yn goronog weriniaeth.

Hwy'r merthyron, dynion Duw,
Doddwyd yn nhân y didduw;
Ond ein harwr, dan herio
Dial frad, sefydlai fro;
Caed o yn cadw'i einioes,
Ond dyoddef fu deddf ei oes.
Ddidaw loywaf ddadleuwr
Ar ran deufyd, diwyd wr;
Wron ddug ryw newydd wedd
Ar wyneb hen wrionedd.
Ei gred ddywêd, "wele ddŵr,"
A diwedda'n Fedyddiwr;
Nid dyn enwad hunanol—mo hwn chwaith,
Ond dyn rhagorwaith, llydanryw, gwrol.

Efe o hono'i hunan—lunia farn,
Calon fedd i'w dadgan:
Penderfyniad teimlad tân
I'w gwir oll gario allan.

Eglwys safnrwth lwth i wlad,—yn gadwyn
Geidw o'r sefydliad;
Holltodd efe'r cysylltiad—gan loyw
Ddodi ei ddelw ar ddadwaddoliad.

Mawr yw swyn y Cymro sant,—a'i einioes
Orenwog fel rhamant;
Hawdd i fro yw taro tant
Ei ddihefelydd foliant.

Gwlad gyfa sy glod gofeb—i'w llawnaf
Gynlluniwr, wr purdeb;
Ar ei hirdwf ceir ardeb
Y duwiol nad eiliai neb.

Cristionogaeth helaeth hon
Goedd wawria 'i egwyddorion;
A'r ddawnus rydd Ynys Rhode
Dŷn heibio fyd i'w nabod!
Ddewr gorchest fu'n gornestu
Trwy ei lwydd â rhwystrau lu;
Ddiniwliog ddyn o heulwen,
Yn glaer ei bwnc, glir ei ben;
Brwd ei gôl, ysbryd gwylaidd,
Er hyn di-gryn hyd y gwraidd;
Chwalwr hen oruchwyliaeth
Y bryntni a'r culni caeth;
Ehangydd y "grefydd gron,"
Dad blagur ei dadblygion;
Sylfaenwr oesol feini
Teml bywyd ei hysbryd hi;
Llenor praff, lluniwr priffordd
I drum uwch, yn drwm ei ordd;
A llyw dewr yn gyfaill dyn
A'i haddysgodd i esgyn.

Dda frenin y rhydd freiniau,—gŵr addas
Y gwreiddiol syniadau;
Odidog ri mudiadau—dyngarol,
Yn seilio y bythol rasol bethau.

Gawr digoll, rhagredegydd—holl hynt glwys
Gwelliant gwlad a chrefydd,
A safonau'r glew newydd
I'r oesau draw'n risiau drydd.

O ffrwyth ei drymaf lafur—rhad feda'r
Dyfodol fawr gysur;
Gwobr ei aberth, gwerth ei gur,
Binagla ei bau'n eglur.

Wr mwya' Nêr, am a wnaeth
Mawr yw dyled mir dalaeth;
Ond trwy fyw'r llyw galluog
Deil, er llwydd, i dalu'r llôg.
Paratowr fu'n peri tw
Amerig, ni bydd marw.

Ei briodol ysbrydiaeth—a erys
I arwain gweriniaeth;
Noddi'r llesg rhag gormes gaeth,
Yn ddyn hawliau'r ddynoliaeth.

MR. WILLIAM ROBERTS (GWILYM CEIRIOG).

BY WINNING the prize for the chair poem at the International Eisteddfod at Pittsburgh, William Roberts (Gwilym Ceiriog), of Llangollen, North Wales, may be said to have placed the coping stone upon his reputation as a Welsh poet of a distinctive type. To a very great extent he is a self-taught man; but that he possesses, in abounding measure, the true poetic instinct, combined with fine powers of expression, is generally admitted. Born in the famous Ceiriog Valley, at Pandyucha, close to Pontymeibion, the one-time home of the immortal Huw Morris, and not far from the birthplace of Ceiriog, the greatest of Welsh lyric poets, he may be said to have breathed in poetry with the atmosphere of his early environment. His parents took a keen interest in literary matters; but the means were not forthcoming to provide high academic training for the child who, from youth upwards, showed indications of exceptional talents. Three years' training at the village school was the extent of his education; and then, at the early age of eleven, he became "a farmer's boy." For seven years he worked on the land in his native valley, and in rural occupation, doubtless, his bent towards poetic expression was molded and developed. It was not, however, until he removed to Birkenhead that he commenced systematically to study the rules of poetic expression; and by gradual stages he was led on to participate in literary competitions, winning small prizes for verses and epigrams. At Birkenhead he married, and, after completing ten years' residence at the Cheshire port, went to reside at Llangollen. Here commenced a long series of bardic successes, which was to culminate in his winning the "blue ribbon" of the Welsh National Eisteddfod at Carmarthen, in 1911, and the chair at the International Eisteddfod at Pittsburgh.

Gwilym Ceiriog won his first chair under the adjudication of Tafolog, and he then determined that he would endeavor to win a chair for each of his children, who were then springing up rapidly around him. However, as he puts it, the children stopped arriving after the seventh; but the chairs continued to come until they numbered eleven—rather "a full house." The following is a list of the provincial chairs that he has won: 1890, Llanuwchllyn, "Cymru Fydd;" 1891, Cefn Mawr, "Happiness;" 1896, Glynceiriog, "The Shepherd;" 1899, Birkenhead, "Generosity;" 1901, Cerrigydruidion, "Wretchedness;" 1902, Corwen, "The Earth;" 1904, Corwen, "The Earthquake;" 1906, Colwyn, "The Book of Life;" 1907, Anglesey, "The Rain." Then he won the national chair at

Carmarthen, in 1911, the subject being "Edward the Seventh." There were sixteen competitors for the chair at the National and Berw expressed himself in high terms of praise regarding the winning poem. The press was unanimous in its congratulations of the successful bard. The poem which was to win for him the "blue ribbon" of the International Eisteddfod at Pittsburgh may be said to have been written almost at the white-heat of poetic inspiration. Gwilym Ceiriog is a great admirer of Roger Williams, the subject of the competition; but it was not without considerable hesitation that he sent in his effort; and his surprise was great when he learned of his success.

There was a great demonstration at Llangollen when the chair arrived from America, the memory of which will long be kept green among the bards of the locality, whose distinguished son was thus memorably honored.

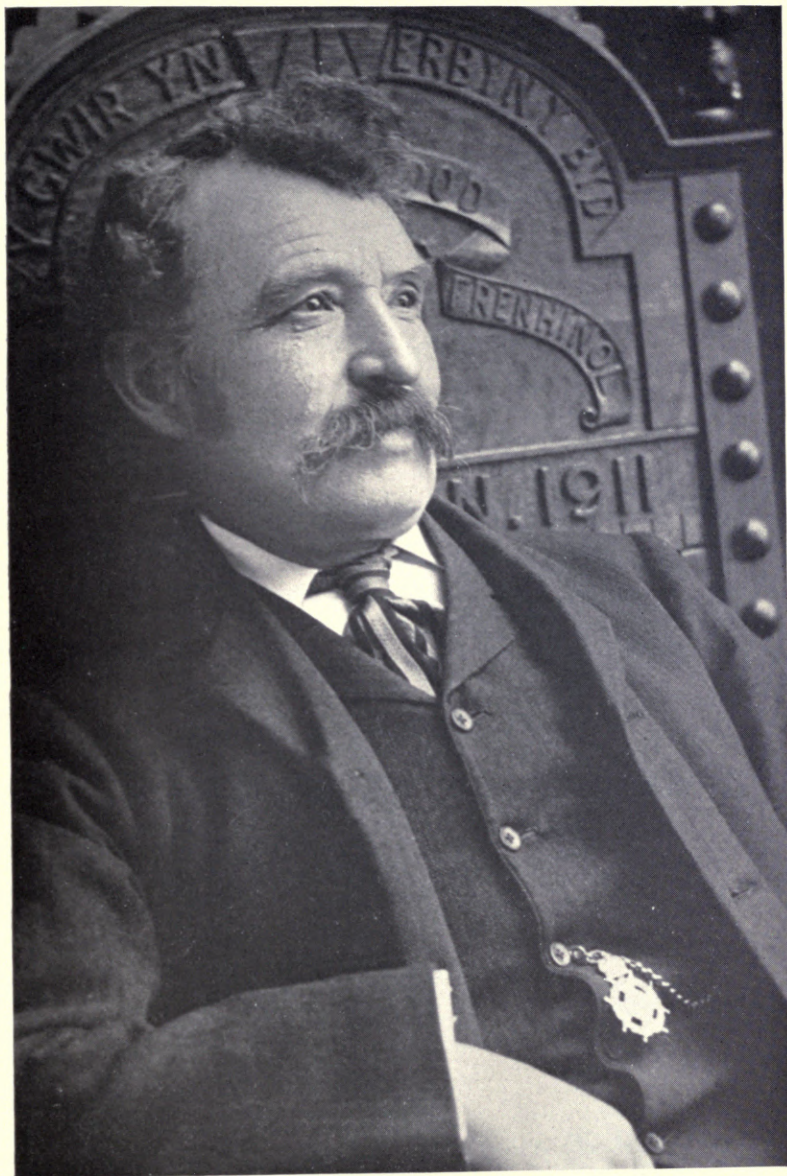
In private life Mr. Roberts is exceedingly accessible and exceptionally unostentatious. Self-consciousness of his great talent is certainly not one of his failings. He is well known to visitors to the noted Welsh holiday resort, and his refreshment rooms, in Regent street, where the trophies of his bardic successes are outstanding ornaments, are a center of constant interest to those who flock to the town in the summer months.

He may be said to have created a poetic style of his own, a chief characteristic of which is its extreme lucidity. There is nothing involved or complicated in his compositions. There is no elaboration or straining after effect, and the result always rings true and appeals even to the simplest.

As has been well said, "All who can read Welsh can appreciate Gwilym Ceiriog." Handicapped as he doubtless has been in competing with poets of superior intellectual training, his natural abilities have stood him in good stead; and real grit and true genius have earned for him his present position in the bardic world, where he is generally regarded as one of the best of the cynghaneddwyr.

E. L.

AUTHOR OF AWDL—"ROGER WILLIAMS."



Mr. William Roberts (Gwilym Ceiriog), Llangollen, Wales.

PRYDDEST GOFFAWDWRIAETHOL

“Y Diweddar John Grey (Eurfryn).”

Gan y Parch. W. Crwys Williams,
Abertawe, D. C.

Beirniad—Parch. Evan Rees (Dyfed).

CYNWYS.

I. "Yn mron llawr estron lle 'rwyf."—(Goronwy.)—Y Bedd yn Mhennsylvania.

II. Athrylith y Gân—Tro i'r Pentre ac i "Heol Fach y Glo," (felly y gelwid hi gan yr hen frodorion,) lle ganed Eurfryn—Cartref Crefyddol Tomos a Mari Grey—Y Dylanwad Da ar y Bardd—Athrylith y Gân yn Disgyn ar Eurfryn.

III. Y Gyfrol yn Nghwpwrdd Tri-chornel fy Mam—Hiraeth Oherwydd Colli'r Bardd—Y Cyfaill Diddan a Chywir—Ond ei Gael o Hyd yn yr Hen Gyfrol Fechan—Awen Gysegredig—Gweled Duw yn Mhobpeth—Y Gyfrol yn Dechreu Gyda'r Geiriau, "Ac ni Bydd Nos Yno," ac yn Diweddu gyda'r Gair "Nef-anrhydedd"—Hyn yn Fynegiant i Fywyd Eurfryn.

IV. "Aderyn All Ganu y Nos"—Rhai o Anhawsderau Eurfryn Rhagor Hen Awenau Groeg a Rhufain—Amser Drwg yn Melinau Cwm Tawe—Y Bardd yn Croesi i'r Amerig—Colli'r Gân o Gymru, Ond ei Chlywed Eilwaith Dros y Môr—Awdl "Bunyan"—Eurfryn yn Dod i'r Eisteddfod i Abertawe—Ei Ymweliad Olaf a'r Wlad—Dychwelyd i'r Amerig—Awdl "Yr Haf"—Y Gân ni Dderfydd.

PRYDDEST GOFFAWDWRIAETHOL.

“Y DIWEDDAR JOHN GREY (EURFRYN).”

I.

“Yn mron llawr estron lle ’rwyf.”—GORONWY.

Ger y Felin ar y bompren
Yr eisteddwn wrth fy hun,
Gylch y pryd y llaesa'r aden,
Ac y cais aderyn hûn;
Dod yr oeddynt yn finteioedd
Tua'r goedlan yn yr hwyr,
Yna, wedi alaw swynber,
Megys plant yn dweyd eu pader,
Huno,—wedi blino'n llwyr.

Hawdd oedd dweyd mai adar dinod
Cymru oeddynt wrth eu llun,
Wedi'u geni'n dlawd yn nythod
Gelltydd Gwalia bob yr un;
Ac er myn'd bob dydd i grwydro
Dros y mynydd maith a'r rhos,
Cofient am eu manau geni
Yn yr ynn, y gwern a'r deri,
A dychwelent gyda'r nos.

Rhwng minteioedd adar Cymru
Gwelswn un aderyn prudd,
Megys estron yn gwamalu
Drwy lwyd-oleu y cyhudd;
Gostwng wnaeth ei esgyll blinion
Yn yr yw, wrth Dwr y Llan,
Canodd alaw ddeu-nod—“Gwcw,”
Yna cysgodd gyda'r marw
Oedd yn cysgu gylch y fan.

Dranoeth, ac am dymor cyfan,
Clywais ef o dro i dro
'N haner canu, haner cwyntfan,
Fel afradlon pell o'i fro;
Clywais ef yn mhob dewis-lwyn,
Hwyr a boreu, 'n canu'i salm,
Ond aderyn tramor ydoedd,
Yn hiraethu am winllanoedd,
Ac am fro'r bonheddig balm.

Dyma'r wedd y tarfwyd ymaith
Llawer Awen loyw o'i phlwy',
Ond a gânodd yn ei hiraeth
Fel yr eos dan ei chlwy';
A phed awn ar hedlam heno
I'r Amerig lydan, draw,
Mi a gaffwn feini coffa
Meibion anwyl Awen Gwalia
Wedi'u codi yma a thraw.

Mi ddarllenwn, fel mewn llyfyr,
Ar y llafnau llwyd di-falch,
Frâs lyth'renau enw'r Myfyr,
Yntau Rhisiart Ddu a'r Gwalch;
A phe dangosesid i mi
Feddrod beddau beirdd y byd,
Bedd Goronwy, alltud truan,
Mi a awn dalaethau cyfan
Er ei weled—dyna i gyd.

Ond rhaid galw'n Mharec y Deri,
Ger New Castle, rhag y blaen,
Lle mae gwr oedd gyfaill imi,
Aros, f'awen—dyma'r maen;
Eurfryn anwyl! dyma'r enw,
Dyma ddiwrnod claddu'r Bardd;
Dyma'r cofnod,—dyma'r cyfan,
Ond y Prydydd, wyneb hardd.

Deuwch, hen adgofion ffyddlon,
A disgynwch gylch y fan,
Dim ond Eurfryn, yr adgofion
Difyr mwyach fydd fy rhan;
C'oeddi llyfr, enill cadair,
Myn'd am "dro bach tua'r dref,"
Ffeiriau enwog Llangyfelach,
Amser drwg a theulu trymach,
A Siloam, porth y Nef.

Er mor glyd yn Mhennsylvania
Ydyw graen dy wely gro,
Rhanu'th erw wnei di yma
Gydag estron llawer bro;
Gwn mai gwell fai genyt orwedd
Gyda'th riaint mwyn a'th âch,
Lle mae pob llythyren arw
Ar y gareg fedd, a'r enw
Yn Nghymraeg y *Mynydd Bach.

*Claddfa'r teulu.

Byrlwyn isel o Rosmari
 Garwn weled ar dy fedd,
 A briallu fel sy'n tyfu
 'Nghloddiau Browyr ar ei wedd;
 Eithr hun a'n Mhennsylvania,
 Huna hyd y bore wawr,
 Fe ddaw'r angel heibio'n gynar
 I dy roi'n dy wen-wisg hawddgar
 Erbyn "Bore'r Orsedd" fawr.

II.

*"Athrylith y gan o hyd sy'n frwd
 Rhwng bryniau hen Gymru gain,
 Ac arni ni cheir un math o rwd,
 Ond gloeua mewn tyner sain."*—EURFRYN.

Yn ol drwy droion trigain mlynedd frith
 Rhaid myn'd i'r Pentre,—yr hen Bentre gynt,
 Ac yna holi am "Heol Fach y Glo,"
 Y clywswn Eurfryn gynt am dani'n son,
 Fel petai'i thai o farmor Eidal llyfn,
 A'i holl breswylwyr o'r uchelaf drâs.
 Ond heol yn ei maint ni erys byth,
 A'r "Heol Fach" sydd heddyw'n llawer llai
 Na phan chwareuau'r prydydd ynddi gynt;
 O'r hen fythynod bach tô cawn ychwaith
 Ni saif ond ambell eithriad erbyn hyn,
 A'i furiau gwyr gam yntau'n fwy di-raen
 Nag a fuasai'r hen fythynod gynt,
 Pan gaent bob gwanwyn glog o'r gwelwaf galch,
 Nes oedd yr olwg arnynt yn eu gwyn
 Fel perthi drain dan gnwd o'r tecaf fflur.

Ond trigfa mawredd oedd yr Heol Fach,
 Gwyr mawr y ffydd oedd ei thrigianwyr oll;
 Gweddiau mawr, Sabbathau a Beibl mawr,
 A hen arferion mawr y mamau da,
 Fel llafrwyn glanau'r Nile yn tyfu'n drwch
 Rhwng cryd pob bywyd bach a llif yr oes.
 A dyma drothwy tŷ'r hen Domos Grey!
 Lle safai Mari dduwiol bob brig nos,
 A chyda'i llais mor glir a chloch y llan
 Yn cynull ei diadell blant dan dô,
 Tra caffai Tomos benod fer neu salm,
 Ac O'r gweddiau mawr, gweddiau hir,
 Yn cyrhaedd hyd y Nef o'r Heol Fach;
 Gweddiau llydain, a phob un o'r plant

Yn cael ei le o fewn ei hochrau hi.
Roedd mwy nag Un yn gwrando ar Tomos Grey,
Can's gwelwyd engyl weithiau fel o Nef
Dros "ysgol faith Jehovah" 'n dod i lawr,
A'r ateb dan ei aden erbyn doi'r
Hen Domos i gym'dogaeth yr Amen.

Aeth cerbyd tanllyd y blynyddoedd chwyrn
Drwy'r aelwyd fechan, a chan ddifrod mawr
Difrodwyd, chwalwyd yr hen aelwyd seml,
Ac oerodd marwor ola'r ebyrth gynt;
A'r plant fel adar cerddgar dros y nyth
A ehedasant bob yn un ac un
I ganu'n llwyni'r anial, ac nid oes
A glybu drydar Eurfryn bêr ei gainc
Na chlybu adsw'n hen weddïau dwys,
Fel seinïau clychau pell ar dawel nos.

Nid yn mhlatau'r goludog a'r glwth
Y cyfyd yr Awen ei llef,
Ond ar aelwyd ddi-loddest y bwth
Yn mhell o dueddau y dref;
Yn Mhentref Eirianell, yn nghyrau gwlad Fôn,
A glanau yr Howi, bydd buraf ei thôn.

Daeth heibio i Gwm Tawe'n ei thro,
Yn sionc a thrwsiadus ei llun,
A chanodd yn "Heol Fach y Glo"
Cyn fwynded a'r fronfraith ei hun;
Bu'n trydar a thrydar, a'i mynwes ar dân,
Nes gofyn o Eurfryn am fedydd y gân.

Nid lledrith brenhines y gân,
Ond yr Awen ei hun ydoedd hi,
Yr angerdd roes Filtwn ar dân,
Y dduwies ddug Dante i fri;
Hen Awen Glyncothi, y Berwyn a Môn,
Fu'n distyll yr enaint ar Eurfryn ddi-sôn.

Un wybren, un daear a môr
A roed i brydyddion y byd,
'Run wawr ddaw i ffenestr a dôr,
Y plasdy a'r cotty bach clyd,
Un delyn rydd Awen i bob un o'i phlant,
A'r neb all ei chanu—efe bia'r tant.

Nid mymryn mwy eirias y serch
Fu'n ysu bron Ovid ei hun,
Mae'r traserch a'r cariad at ferch
A brofwyd gan Eurfryn yr un;

Nis gallai fod Helen nac Olwen mwy hardd
Na meinir ei hunan yn ngolwg y Bardd.

Anfarwol "athrylith y gân"

A deimlodd byth wedy'n hyd fedd
Yn "goglais," yn deifio fel tân,
Yn brathu ar brydiau fel cledd;
Edwinodd y gwyneb agored a glân,
Ond chollodd mo Eurfryn "athrylith y gân."

III.

*"O! fy ngwlad, mac'th fawlhadau
Fel yr haul yn disgleirio,
Aeth y nos yn mhell
A daeth dydd er gwell,
A bendith ar gan y Cymro."*—EURFRYN.

Y gyfrol yn nghwpwrdd tri-chornel fy mam,
Fe'i cofiaf yn burion yn awr;
'Rwy'n cofio fod aml i ddalen dan nam,
A brychau ar wyrddni ei chlawr;
Darllenais hi drosodd, do ddengwaith a mwy,
Yn laslanc diofa! fy myd;
Ar gyfer pob 'steddfod rhwng cyrau y plwy'
'Roedd eisieu'r hen gyfrol o hyd.

Ond plygodd hen estyll y cwpwrdd cyn hir
Dan bentwr o lyfrau mwy hardd,
Daeth llediaith a llanw y Sais dros y tir,
A chollwyd hen gyfrol y bardd;
Os gwyddwn i enw ei hawdwr ryw bryd,
Dislanodd yn hollol o'm co',
Ond delai'r llinellau a'r odlau o hyd
I derfyn y meddwl am dro.

Cyn llygru o falldod ei dalen a'i chlawr
Mi chwiliais—mi'i ces yr ail waith,
Ac er mor estronol ei chwmni yn awr,
Ni wadodd lythyren o'i hiaith;
Hen "whedel" y gweithiwr a phrofiad y sant
Oent yno mor iach ag erioed,
A chornel tudalen adroddiad y plant,
Fel y plygais hi'n ddeng-mlwydd oed.

'Nol symud y llwydni a gloewi ei gwedd,
Darllenais mewn argraff fras, glir,
Yr enw sydd heno ar gareg y bedd
Ger New Castle, mewn estron dir;
Yr un yw'r llyth'renau, yr un yw y sain,
Ac eto dewiswn yn mron,

Yr Eurfryn fu farw sydd draw ar y maen,
Yr Eurfryn fydd byw sydd ar hon.

'Does gysgod celynen nac ywen ar wedd
Un ganig drwy'r gyfrol i gyd,
Ond awen yn canu a'i chefn at y bedd,
A'r bardd yn ei i'encyd o hyd;
Dyweded y bedd-faen am farw o dad,
Dinesydd, cymydog a gŵr,
'Dall Eurfryn ddim marw rhwng cyrau'r Hen Wlad,
A'i gerddi tu yma i'r dwr.

Wyf brudd o feddwl na chaf mwyach weled
Yr Eurfryn hoff, y gwyneb braf, agored,
A llanw mawr o wrid yn golchi drosto,
Yswildod enaid digon mawr i gofio
Mai daear sanctaidd oedd y cread llydan,
A delw anfeidroldeb arno'n mhobman;
Ac yna'r llygaid glâs, fel darn o wybren,
A drychfeddyliau nis mynegodd awen
Ar brydiau'n edrych drwyddynt; enyd wedyn
Hwy a lonyddent, ac ni welsid rhithyn
Na chysgod breuddwyd ynddynt; ond y prydydd
Sydd oddicartre'n nawr yn lloffa meusydd
Nas gwel ond llygad craff yr athrylithgar;
Ofer ymddiddan,—mae y bardd yn fyddar,
Y pyrth yn nghlo, a'r allwedd aur a'r cwblw
Yn nghrog wrth wregys yr afradlon feddw!
Sy'n crwydro'n rhywle.

Dacw'n fe'n dod adre!
Ac fel y cyfyd llif goleuni'r bore
Uwch, uwch, o radd i radd, dros draeth y dwyrain,
Fe ddychwel enaid mawr y prydydd cywrain,
Nes gwelir Eurfryn eto'n edrych arnom
Drwy'r llygad llyfn, ac ail ddechreua'r ymgom,
Nes nyddu oriau o ddifyrwch doniol,—
Athrylith yn ei charpiau ar ben heol.

Ha! fedd diwala; mi a warafunwn
Roi iti braffder, hardded gwr, pe medrwn;
Eithr ofer digio, cymer dithau'th ddegwm,—
Nid yw dy gyfran namyn lludw'r offrwn;
Minau a lwybraf drwy fy nghyfrol fechan
Y bydd ei dail yn lân am oesau cyfan,
A'r Eurfryn ni bydd marw'n edrych arnaf
Drwy bob llythyren a phob gair ddarllenaf.

Gan ddechreu yn y wlad "ni bydd nos" ynddi,
Mi a'i darllenaf yn ofalus drwyddi,

Heb flino dim nes cyrhaedd "nef-anrhydedd,"
Y llinell olaf oll. Pa gyfrol ryfedd!
Fel taith diwrnod hafaidd yw ei darllen,
Cychwyn y bore o uchelfro dawl,
A'r wawr yn sychu gyda'i hyfryd dywel
Wlith unos iraidd oddiar fy nghoryn,
Ac yna yn fy mlaen dros fryn a dyffryn,
A phant a gobant, oni ddof yr eilwaith
Yn min yr hwyr i'r un hen fynydd llonydd,
A gwel'd ei gawn a'i frwyn dan loyw fedydd
Y gwllith, y dysglaer wlith oedd yno'r bore.
A'r un uchedydd bach i fyny'n rhywle
Yn golchi'i aden yn y grisial ddafnau,
A'i gân fel cadwyn hir o aurddolenau,
A dyma bererindod awen Eurfryn.
Symud o nef i nef, ar brydiau'n disgyn
Fel eryr mawr ar hen glogwyni'r ddaear;
Eithr clywsai ef ryw lais o'r Nef yn trydar
Drwy'r greadigaeth syber ben-bwy-gilydd,
Ac "Awdwr Natur" yn ei balas beunydd.
Mewn "Bore o Fai," a "Chawod Wlaw" ac "Wybren,"
"Trydaniaeth," "Cân y Gwynt," a gwawr briallen,
Ni chlywsai Eurfryn ond tragwyddol furmur,
A Duw yn ceisio gwneyd ei Hun yn eglur.

Nid prydydd oedd efe a ganai'n mhobman,
Ni threfnodd ei ddychymyg ei arhosfan
Erioed ond lle 'roedd olion allor gweddi,
Ac angel Duw yn galw ar ei deithi,
A gwarafunai ef i'w awen beunydd
Gael canu caniad ond yn nghlyw ei grefydd.

Oes, mae arogl myrr a chassia
Draws pob dalen wen ar daen,
A'r gân olaf yw'r felusa'
Wrth i'm ddarllen yn fy mlaen;
Ac er codi i uchder cadair,
Coron balchder barddol nôd,
"Uwch na hynny!" yw'r arwyddair,
Nid yw hyn ond lledrith clod.

Dyma fe drachefn mewn dagrau,
Eisieu'r "hen awelon" gwynt,
Welodd lawer gwaith yn hwyliau
Cyrddau gweddi'r amser gynt;
Gosod bendith awen iraidd
Ar hen "Ysgol Sul" ei wlad,
A dyhidlo'i odlau peraid
Ar ddalenau "Beibl ei dad."

Gwibio heibio i Eden lanwedd,
 Hyd y "bore cyntaf" pell,
 Troi i ogof laith "Unigedd,"
 Megys meudwy trist i'w gell;
 Yna treiddio i'r dyfodol,
 A llesmeirio gan fwynhad,
 Wrth wel'd goleu anniflanol
 Ar ffenestri "Ty fy Nhad."

Cau fy nghyfrol,—dyma'r terfyn,—
 Minau mewn rhyw hyfryd le
 Wedi dilyn awen Eurfryn
 Fwy na haner ffordd i'r Ne';
 Ac er myn'd drwy olchfa'r cymyl
 Ar ei hedfa lawer gwaith,
 Mae yr aur o hyd ar ymyl
 Aden hon ar ben ei thaith.

IV.

*"Aderyn all ganu y nos,
 O! dyna'r aderyn i'm lloni,
 All ganu pan gaua y rhos,
 A pheidio tra'r wawrddydd yn tori."*—EURFRYN.

Gollyngwyd y ddwy-long i'r weilgi,—
 Llong bleser drwsiadus oedd un,
 A hwyliau o sidan oedd arni;
 A llong fach bysgoda ddi-lun;
 Mae'i hwyliau hi, druan, yn garpiau
 Gan greithiau can storom a mwy;
 Ond er mor anhebyg yw'r hwyliau,
 'Run awel sy'n chware'n y ddwy.

Awenau hen Athen a Rhufain,
 Ty Homer a Fersil a'u trâs,
 Pa fodd na bai loyw'u harwyrain,
 A'u hwybren mor eglur a glâs?
 Ond rhowch i mi orchest hen Gymro
 Fel Eurfryn all "Ganu y Nos."
 A'i nefoedd gan gymyl yn duo,
 A'i lwybyr heb lili na rhos.

Ni chlywyd ei delyn yn canu
 Yn llys y tywysog a'r glwth,
 Boddlonodd efe ar ddifyru
 'R eisteddfod ddigartref a'r bwth,

Am fesur diniwed o arian,
A chadair, mae'n wir, ambell dro,
A'i gario drwy floedd a gorhoian
Ar ysgwydd hen Gymry ei fro.

Fe welsai syniadau yn hedfan
Wrth oleu ffwrneisiau o dân,
A chlywsai ddych'mygion yn cwynfan
Am gaffael gorphwyso mewn cân;
Ac yna, cyn diffodd ei ganwyll,
A huddo ei dân ganol nos,
Fe'u plethai yn gywrain a didwyll
Yn gywydd neu ganig fach dlos.

O! blentyn yr awen ddihalog,
'Rwyn llon ac yn lleddf uwch dy ffawd,
Wrth wel'd fod dy gân mor gyfoethog,
A thithau dy hunan mor dlawd!

Daeth nos dywyllach; a bu isel swm
Y malu yn "melinau'r" cwm yn hir,
A'r blaidd gan ruo a dynai'n nes bob dydd,
Hyd oni ddaeth at gareg ddrws y bardd,
A newyn lond ei lef; ac yntau'n awr,
Fel carw a erlidiwyd hyd y traeth,
Heb noddfa yn un man, a droes ei drem
Tu hwnt i'r moroedd, i'r Gorllewin pell.

Ddiwenwyn Eurfryn! Ai tydi yw hwn
A'th dyaid plant o'th gylch ar fwrdd y llong
Yn gado Cymru—gwlad dy gryd a'th serch?
"Gwlad oreu'r byd," medd un o'th gerddi mwyn.
Ffârwel! hen gyfaill hoff, mae'th ddeigr yn croyw
Yn gomedd imi d'holi; hawdd yw gwel'd
Mai rhaid a rodded arnat cyn yr aet
Dros erwau maith diglawdd yr heli hallt.
Yma mae beddau'th dadau, yma mae
Yr aelwyd y de'st iddi gyda'th fûn,
A modrwy y cyfamod ar ei bys;
Yma y mae Siloam, lle bu'th ffydd
Yn magu plu, gan ddysgu'r ffordd i'r Nef;
Gwn hefyd mai yn Nghymru fâd y bydd
Dy galon dithau, er y crwydro i gyd.
Ffarwel! a bendith ar dy delyn fwyn.

"*Mae can yn eisie aeth gyda'r don.*"—EURFRYN.

Fel y gofyn mânwellt mynydd
 Am y gwlith a'r gawod i'r,
 Felly'r holai Cymru beunydd
 Am y gân fu'n ddystaw'n hir;
 Gwrando'n astud ddydd y 'steddfod,
 Holi am y nodyn llon,
 Ond ei Heurfryn nid yw yno,
 Ac mae'r gân yn rhywle'n crwydro,
 Oddi cartref dros y don.

Wedi gwrando dymhor hirfaith,
 Gwrando'n ofer ar bob llaw,
 Dyma'r gân yn deffro eilwaith
 Ger yr Allegheny draw;
 Canu awdl goethus "Bunyan"
 Gyda'r hen gynhefin hwyl,
 †Eurfryn, yntau'n dod i'w harddel
 Fel yr Iddew hen yn dychwel
 I Gaersalem erbyn gwyl.

Hwyllo eilwaith dros y moroedd,
 Megis banon galon glaf,
 Ac a'i weddill ymadferthoedd
 Canu gwlithog gerdd "Yr Haf;"
 Taenu mantell fraith yr awen
 Dros y cread maith o'r bron,
 Gwelwyd blodau ar fieri
 Deiliodd bobpeth ond y ‡"deri"
 Yn y gerdd flodeuog hon.

Colli'r gân drachefn yn fuan,
 Ac er chwilio—methu'i chael;
 Crwydro dau gyfandir cyfan,—
 Methu gwel'd yr Eurfryn hael;
 Ond, a mi mewn breuddwyd neithiwr,
 Gwelswn ef mewn brodir fraf,
 Canu, canu yno eto
 Gydag engyl yn ei wrando,
 Hithau'n fythol hir-ddydd "Haf."

†—Dod i Eisteddfod Abertawe, 1903.

‡—Colli'r Gadair yn Ngholwyn Bay.

THE LATE JOHN GREY (EURFRYN).

MR. JOHN GREY (Eurfryn), of New Castle, Pa., the subject of the "Pryddest Goffawdwriaethol" at the Pittsburgh International Eisteddfod, for which a prize of \$75 and a gold medal was offered (the tribute of New Castle and Woodlawn friends), was born in Pentre Estyll, near Swansea, South Wales. He was the son of Thomas and Mary Grey. While yet a lad of tender years he was received into church membership by "Hen Dd Davies y Pentre," and his allegiance to the cause of his Maker continued to the end of his life. Under the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Jenkins he expanded morally and intellectually, and developed into a poet and litterateur. It was the humble literary gatherings held under the auspices of his chapel that first attracted young Grey into the competitive arena. Even in his early youth he showed not a little talent as an elocutionist, and was a fairly good speaker on the current topics of the day. He also taught a mathematical class in his native village for a long time, and proved very helpful to a host of lads in the study of a difficult science. It will readily be seen from this that he must have possessed abilities of no ordinary kind, especially as he had enjoyed only indifferent educational advantages himself. In addition to his other activities, he conducted a grammar class for years in the old country, and for some time in New Castle, Pa., where he resided at the time of his death.

Apparently one of Mr. Grey's chief concerns in life was to elevate and in every way possible benefit his fellow-man. He gave freely, without money and without price, of his rich store of knowledge to all who thirsted for it. And what he had to give was well worth seeking.

While the greater part of his industrial life was identified with tin-working, he held two clerkships while a young man, and left them only because of the inadequacy of the salaries he received. Thenceforth he labored most uninterruptedly in the tin mill, and it can be said, without inappropriateness, that the latter was the only college he ever attended. He reared a large family, and spared neither pains nor means to fit his children to play their part honorably in the battle of life. It can be said, without qualification, that Mr. Grey was in every respect a manly man, a sterling Christian, and a congenial comrade and friend. Modest to a fault, he evaded as far as possible the limelight of publicity; and it naturally befell that others saw more in him than he

SUBJECT OF PRYDDEST GOFFAWDWRIAETHOL.



The Late Mr. John Grey (Eurfryn).

was himself willing to admit. He came into his own only under pressure from without.

Since early life Eurfryn was a teacher in the Sunday school, and in this capacity did yeoman service as an expounder of great Biblical principles and an unraveler of knotty problems. His manner was gentle and unostentatious, but his work proved effective and fruitful.

Mr. Grey began writing poetry at an early age, sending his compositions to the "Gwladgarwr," during the famous Caledfryn's incumbency as editor of that publication's poetic department. Caledfryn gave the young bard every encouragement, and usually commended his work. Presently the latter entered the eisteddfodic lists as a competitor, and frequently had as fellow-contestants Dyfed, Brynfab, Watcyn Wyn, Adams, Pedrog and many other poets of national reputation. The fact that he won seven chairs is ample attestation of his prowess. Four of the chairs were won when some of the above-named notables also were contestants. He competed in many eisteddfodau, frequently proving successful. Four times he tempted fortune in the national eisteddfod. On "Cromwell" he took second honors, Adams being first; "Y Diwygiwr" placed him in the first class; "Yr Haf" enabled him almost to touch the chair; and six years ago, in Swansea, he submitted "John Bunyan." Dyfed declared that "his hand is on the chair"—but he was not permitted to sit in it.

Twelve years ago Mr. Grey was the victorious bard at the Pittsburgh National Eisteddfod, the adjudicator, the late G. H. Humphreys, M. A., pronouncing his ode on "Electricity" a masterly production, well worthy of the prize and the bardic chair.

Mr. Grey published a volume of poetry several years ago, which proved very popular.

John Grey's life was one prolific of good work. The foregoing facts form but a tenuous outline of his activity, but enough has been said to show that he was a man of whom his native and adopted countries, as well as, more particularly, his fellow-Cambrians, may justly be proud.

THE REV. W. CRWYS WILLIAMS.

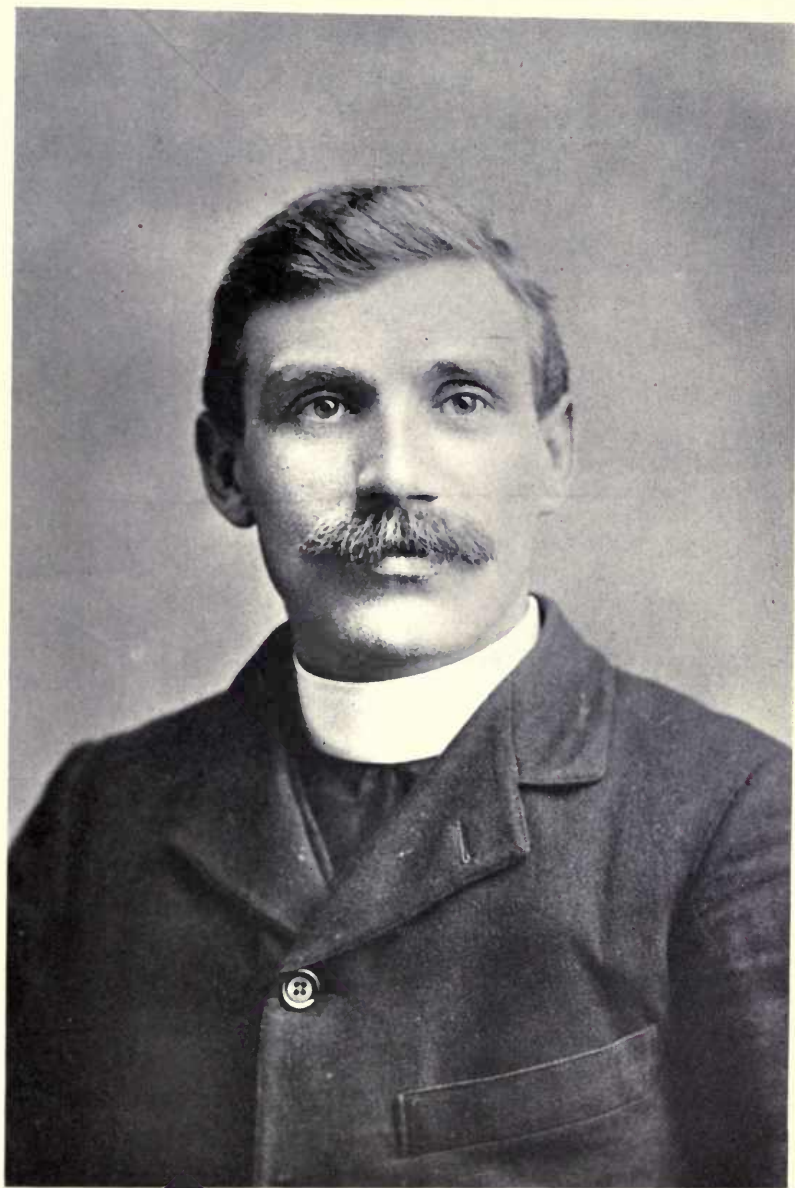
THE REV. W. CRWYS WILLIAMS (Crwys), winner of the Eurfryn memorial poem at the Pittsburgh International Eisteddfod, was born in 1875, at Craigcefnparc, about six miles outside of Swansea, South Wales. When 17 years of age he commenced to preach, and he soon entered the Gwynfryn Academy, whose principal then was the late Watcyn Wyn. In two years' time Crwys was admitted to the Bala-Bangor Independent College, where he took an arts and theology course, at the end of which he received a call to the Rehoboth Congregational Church, Brynmawr, in Monmouthshire. The Rev. Fred. Jones, B.A., B.D., Rhymney, in a recent sketch of Crwys in the Tywysydd, writes of him thus:

"The years he spent at college were very important ones. For one thing, he found himself sitting at the feet of the best professor of Welsh in the world—Professor J. Morris Jones, M.A. His fellow-lodger was the Rev. A. Penry Evans, Liverpool. The bardic fraternity in the colleges of Bangor at that time were Gwylfa, Gwrlï, Silyn Roberts, Dyfnallt and Crwys, all of whom have since worn the national crown—Gwylfa and Crwys twice.

"After four years of assiduous work at college he became minister of Rehoboth Congregational Church, Brynmawr, in the famous Association of Monmouth. This church was in a low condition at that time, owing to the Anglicizing tendencies of the county. But after converting the Sunday evening service into an English service, the tide turned, and the church of 179 members is now over 300. In membership alone, this is a fair measure of success in less than seventeen years. During his ministry at Brynmawr he won for himself an affectionate place in the denomination and association. Three years ago he was made chairman of the Monmouth Association of Congregational Churches. He also acted as 'secretary of the ministers' fraternal body. He has also spoken on the platform of the Congregational Union of Wales, and his temperance address at the Pontardulais meetings will be long remembered. The chair of the union awaits him, too. Towards the end of last year (1914) he was appointed secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society for South Wales and Monmouthshire, in succession to the Rev. D. Eurof Walters, and before him, Dr. Cynddylan Jones.

"Crwys vows he will yet preach and write poetry, but his primary vocation now is to lecture. He possesses the distinctive qualities of an effective lecturer; he is humorous, quick, chaste, and a fluent speaker in Welsh and in English.

AUTHOR OF PRYDDEST GOFFAWDWRIAETHOL.



The Rev. W. Crwys Williams, Swansea, Wales.

"Everybody in Wales has heard of his poetical feats. When you get the opportunity, see that you read his Carmarthen crown poem, 'Gwerin Cymru' (the Welsh peasantry). Of this poem the Rev. J. J. Williams (one of the adjudicators) said: 'The Welsh peasantry has had its poem, and it will be forever proud of it.' There is hardly space at our disposal to mention all his triumphs in the arena of the eisteddfod. The following are a few of them during the last five years: The Abergavenny chair, 1910; the Colwyn Bay national crown, 1910; the Carmarthen national crown, 1911; the gold medal at the Pittsburgh International Eisteddfod, 1913, as well as other items at the Welsh National Eisteddfod.

"He is also quite a pulpit favorite in North and South Wales. Only a poet of pathos and of penetrating mind could preach like him.

"He took for his wife one of the fairest maids of Menai Bridge, who will ever remind him of the happy years in college, where she chose him. There are playing on their hearth three children, Garth, Mona and Huw Owen, all three Welsh names."

Since the victories already mentioned, Crwys last Easter won the chair and special prize of £8 for the best elegy on the late Dr. Gower Lewis, at Drefach. There were fourteen competitors.

Before leaving Brynmawr the poet-preacher and his family were made the recipients of handsome gifts from the church and town. Crwys now resides at Swansea.

EPITAPH

Sacred to the Memory of the Late
Albert J. Edwards, Esq.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

By Mr. George M. Rees (Cilgwynog), San Diego, Cal.

*Here sleeps the genial "Al," whose talents rare
And manly worth the world could little spare;
Patriot, Christian, friend,—happier ne'er than when
He toiled to lift and cheer his fellowmen.
His life is his memorial; while his dust
Long shall affection hold in hallowed trust.*

Adjudicator--Hon. H. M. Edwards, Scranton, Pa.

SUBJECT OF THE ENGLISH EPITAPH.



The Late A. J. Edwards, Esq., Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE LATE A. J. EDWARDS, ESQ.

THE late Albert J. Edwards, Esq., the subject of the English epitaph, was born at Bradys Bend, Pa., in 1858, where he spent the early part of his life in a locality that, at that time, was a Welsh stronghold, his father being the late Rev. Henry Edwards, pastor of the Welsh Baptist Church. When a mere boy, his father sustained an accident that crippled him for life, and "Al." went to work in the mill of the Bradys Bend Iron company. When that concern became engulfed in a financial tangle that accompanied the panic of the '70's, and closed its works, Mr. Edwards came to Pittsburgh, in 1877, a city in which he became an active and prominent citizen. He secured employment in the tea store of Owen Jones, then located on Fifth avenue. In 1882 he was appointed general deputy collector of internal revenue. Several years later he assumed a clerical position in the county commissioners' office. While there he determined to study law. He read law with N. S. & G. W. Williams, and afterward went into partnership with the latter under the firm name of Williams & Edwards. He was appointed in 1889 special agent to collect statistics of the indebtedness of Pennsylvania in connection with the eleventh census.

In 1890 he was appointed assistant postmaster of Pittsburgh, under Postmaster James McKean, which position he held until 1894. In that year he was first elected to council, being chosen from the old Fourteenth ward to the common branch. He resigned the same year to become assistant district attorney under Major Robert E. Stewart, the office of assistant being at that time elective. He served in this capacity for nine years.

After leaving the district attorney's office Mr. Edwards devoted his time to private law practice. In February, 1909, he was elected to select council from the new Fourth ward. Being recognized as one of the best parliamentarians in the city, he was elected president of the upper branch of the city legislature without opposition.

Mr. Edwards was very popular among men of affairs in all political parties. He was a staunch Republican and an able campaigner. His services were always in demand where the fight raged the hottest, and he was invariably accorded a fair hearing, even in the strongholds of the opposition. He toured the state of Pennsylvania during various political campaigns, and was twice elected president of the State League of Republican Clubs.

Mr. Edwards was a member of the First Baptist Church, having joined the congregation when he was a young man. At the time of his death he was a trustee in the church and a member of the building committee, which had charge of the erection of the handsome structure in Schenley Farms.

Mr. Edwards was eminently a man of parts. Affable and kindly, his winning bonhomie was proverbial, and his heart was warm with an all-embracing love for his fellow-creatures, especially the weak and needy and unfortunate.

He was a natural humorist, and his wit bubbled spontaneous and irrepressible from a well pure and inexhaustible, to the boundless delight of his many thousands of admiring and nevertiring listeners. An unsurpassable eisteddfodic conductor, an orator eloquent and convincing, a rare raconteur, and, in short, an ideal companion and friend—faithful to the heart's core, urbane and diplomatic—it is little wonder that "Al," as he was affectionately called, was loved and admired by intimates, friends and acquaintances.

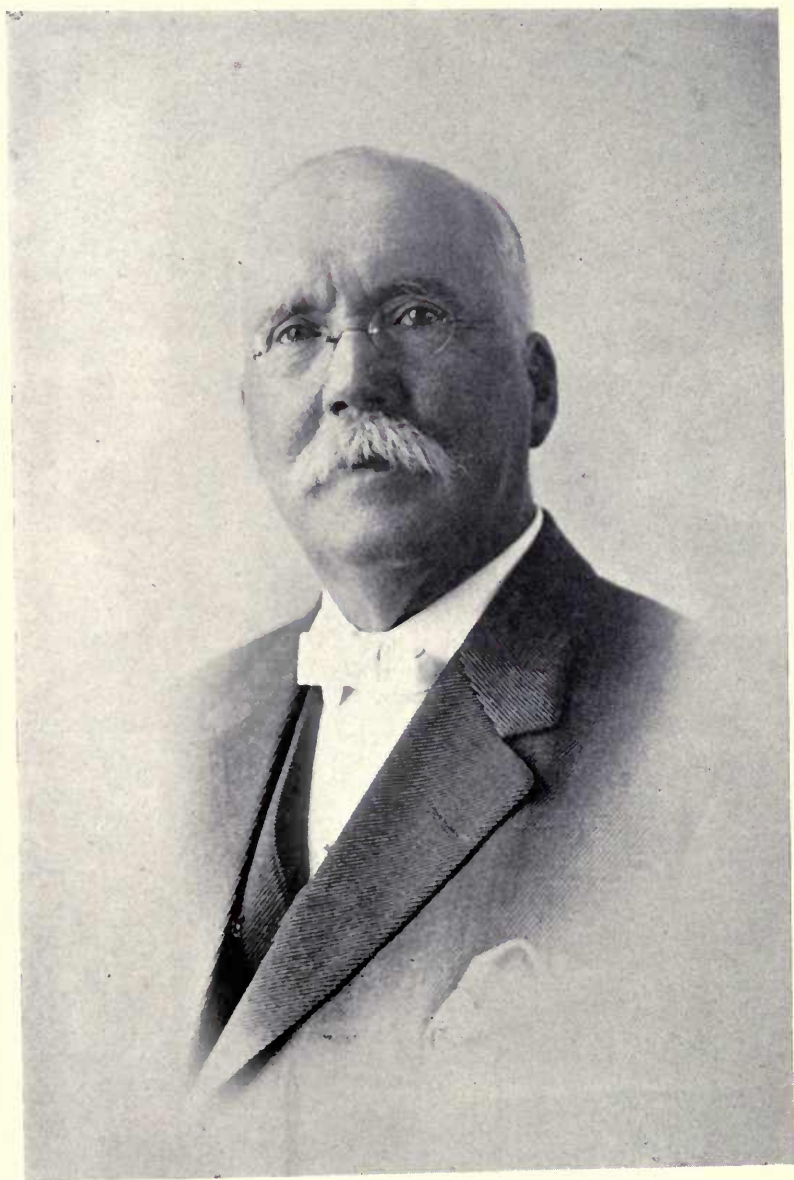
Shortly after his advent in Pittsburgh he became a member of the old St. David's Society. He was elected secretary of the society and subsequently its president.

Eisteddfodically he was one of the leading lights of the city, and an ardent supporter of this ancient institution. Owing to his oratorical ability, wit and humor, he was an ideal conductor.

Mr. Edwards was a genial, whole-souled man, benevolent, charitable and generous; indeed, he was a prince of good fellows. When seeking succor in distress, the worthy never left him empty-handed, for the happiest periods of his life were those when he was the medium of making others happy. Though a benevolent and generous man—yea, a soft-hearted man—Mr. Edwards was also a man of principle, to which he adhered unflinchingly.

When the Angel of Death silenced the eloquent tongue of this beloved and genial Cambrian at the Mercy Hospital on December 10, 1910, the community at large mourned the loss of a worthy and valued citizen, the Republican party a sterling expounder of its principles, and Welsh circles in particular a brilliant leader and a sage counselor. Though called from the midst of his various activities, while in the prime of manhood, to enter "that bourne from which no traveler e'er returns," his memory is still revered by thousands of his fellow-Cambrians as a man of many sterling qualities. His death has left a wide gap in the Cymric ranks, and passing years only emphasize the esteem in which his talents were held.

AUTHOR OF THE ENGLISH EPITAPH.



Mr. George M. Rees (Cilgwynog), San Diego, Cal.

MR. GEORGE M. REES (CILGWYNOG).

CROESFFORDD, near Llandilo, Carmarthenshire, South Wales, was the scene of the birth of George M. Rees (Cilgwynog), of San Diego, Cal., the author of the English epitaph, "The Late A. J. Edwards, Esq.," and the event which added still another to the long roll of eisteddfodic competitors occurred on October 27, 1851. Mr. Rees is one of seven children, and his parents bore the names of John and Ann. The lad went forth to battle for a livelihood when but 14 years of age, and equipped with only an indifferent education. In 1870 he married Miss Emily Jones, at Chepstow, Gloucestershire, and the union has been blessed with six children. In 1880 the family came to America, and Mr. Rees obtained a position as bookkeeper in a New York wholesale house. A few years later he entered the employ of another firm, assuming the duties of a more responsible position. In this place he remained for over twenty-five years. In 1910 ill health compelled him to leave the eastern climate, and he removed to San Diego, Cal., where he rapidly recuperated.

Early in life Mr. Rees made numerous tentative trips up the seductive slopes of Parnassus, and found his experiences greatly to his liking. His efforts have been confined mainly to minor roles, such as the short poem, the lyric and the englyn. He never has aspired to "chair" honors. His work, however, which he appraises with modest judgment, has gained for its author a goodly number of awards.

What "Cilgwynog" thinks of California may be gathered from the subjoined verses which he penned recently:

And thy clime shall e'er renown thee,
While the multitudes elate
"Queen of Sanatoriums" crown thee,
My beloved Golden State!

Though unseen by vision mortal
That blest land we contemplate,
Surely thou must be its portal,
My beloved Golden State!

ENGLYN

“YR AWEL”

Gan y Parch. D. P. Griffith (Efrog),
Williamsport, Pa.

*Sibrwd nos a'i byrdwn yw—yr awel,
Alaw'r ywen ydyw,
Neu dreigliad awyr hygryw
Ar delyn aur dalen wryw.*

Beirniad—Parch. Evan Rees (Dyfed).

LOYAL LEGION LIST.

IT IS with a degree of gratification and pride that we publish the appended list of subscribers for and patrons of the Royal Blue Book, whose loyal support of the proposal to publish the entire prize productions of the Pittsburgh International Eisteddfod stamps them as true-blue patriots, as well as ardent lovers of literature. We desire to express our appreciation of the co-operation of many friends in various localities in the effort to secure subscribers, and to thank the compatriots who rendered such invaluable aid in the work of proof-reading and revision of manuscripts. To make known the names of all who assisted in the various details associated with the publication of this volume is practically impossible; but each and every one will readily grasp the depth of our gratitude as we convey our thanks in the words that form the theme of a popular poem, "Ti wyddost beth ddywed fy nghalon."

ALABAMA.

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Lewis, D. M.

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Bisbee.

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Williams, Griffith J.

Casa Grande.

Davies, W. Ward

Cerbut.

Williams, J. C.

Clifton.

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Jones, John B.

Jones, J. J.

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Morenci.

Griffith, Thomas

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Alameda.

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Chula Vista.

Evans, Rev. J.
(Ioan o Feirion)

Coalinga.

Roberts, Rev. H. J.

Crockett.

Edwards, David

Easton, Burlingame.

Jones, H. Ll.

Exeter.

Griffith, D. R.
Granvillefab)

Fresno.

Rees, Taliesin

Kingsburg.

Williams, Rev. David
C., B. A., M. D.

Lemvore.

Howells, Morris

Los Angeles.

Davies, Evan

Edwards, John P.

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(Griff o'r Betws)

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Williams, I. J.

Williams, W. D.

Madera.

Nicholas, Rev. Jonathan,
D. D.

(Cosmos)

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Mill Valley.

Price, Ben P.

Nevada City.

Morgan, John T.

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(Berwyn)
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Reese, T. W.
Rowland, David M.
Williams, Morgan M.
Williams, R. E.

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Prytherch, Owen
(Carneddwr)
Prytherch, Owen, Jr.

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(Cilgwynog)
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Evans, Tom
Evans, William
Franklin, William
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Jones, Capt. John T.
(Hogyn o Hiracl)
Jones, Drenzy
Jones, J. Charles, Esq
Jones, M. L.

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(Ffrwdlais)
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Roberts, P. L.
(Cledwyn)
Tabrett, Miss Amy
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Williams, W. Hammond
(Ceiriogyn)

San Raphael.

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Rhys

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Jones, Richard

Windsor.

Richards, Edwin

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P.

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Owen, W. R.
Protheroe, Thos.
Thomas, Wm.
Rees, Joseph R.
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(Lewis Brycheiniog)
Williams, Edward O.

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(Mayor)
Roberts, John R.

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Pueblo.

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Parry, John

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Pritchard, John Ellis

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D. D.

Stamford.

Williams, John

Willimantic.

Johnson, Mrs. H. P.

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(Ap Rahel o Fon.)
Decker, Mrs. Magt. W.
Esaias, Rev. John R.
Evans, Griffith

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Library, Catholic Uni-
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Harvie
Williams, Leyshon
Williams, Thos. C.

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Lithonia.
Williams, Benjamin

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Davies, Thomas
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Evans, Evan A.
Evans, R. Jones
Evans, Thos. H.
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Williams, William

Elgin.
Hopkins, J. B.
Williams, Hon. John H.

Glen Carbon.
Jones, T. R.

Granite City.
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Davies, David S.
Gray, Robert
Griffiths, Dan
Hodge, David
Hodge, Griff.
Hopkins, Wm. J.
(Troserch)
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Jones, B. B.
Jones, David F.
Lynch, W. J.
Marshall, Andrew
Rees, Thomas E.
Thomas, Thomas G.
Thomas, Thomas H.
Thomas, William
Williams, Lucas
Williams, W. C.

Joliet.
Aurelius, Thomas
Jones, Richard H.

Marissa.
Jones, Jonathan, Sr.

Murphysboro.
John, Thomas

INDIANA.

Bedford.
Hughes, John Richard

Clinton.
Evans, Thos.
Price, Thos.

East Chicago.
Jones, John D.
Roberts, John
(Cymro)

Ellwood.
Jones, Will O.

Knightsville.
Jones, Mrs. Robert

Muncie.
Davis, Mrs. J. E.
Herron, Mrs. Margaret
Morgan, Benjamin
Perkins, Wm. Henry
Richards, John
Williams, Gomer

Richmond.
Evans, John A.

South Bend.
Lloyd, Prof. E. D.

Terre Haute.
Williams, David J.

West Terre Haute.
James, Thomas

Whiting.
Griffith, D. D.
Pritchard, David

THE ROYAL BLUE BOOK.

IOWA.

Cotter.

Richards, Rev. R. Taliesin

Council Bluffs.

Jones, Rev. J. Twyson,
D. D.
Thomas, Miss R. A.

Des Moines.

Gabriel, John
Rees, Mrs. Lizzie

Emerson.

Jones, E. E.
Williams, Rev. W. T.

Hiteman.

Davis, W. J.
Evans, W. J.
Powell, Prof. W. B.

Iowa City.

Davies, T. D.
Jones, Samuel C.
Jones, D. W.

Keosauqua.

Watkins, John

Lewis.

Morgan, Miss Janice

Linn Grove.

Phillips, Philip

Muscatine.

Davies, Miss Miriam

Mystic.

Owen, W. M.

Washington.

Richards, Humphrey

Williamsburg.

Jones, O. G.
Lewis, Miss Pollie M.
Morris, Rev. T. W.
Williams, H., Jr.
Williams, J. J.

KANSAS.

Emperia.

Lewis, T. H.

Hutchinson.

Roberts, G. J.

Leoti.

Davis, D. J.

Pittsburg.

Davies, J. Milton

Riley.

Parry, Philip M.

Topeka.

Davis, Evan
Davies, Mrs. Joseph

KENTUCKY.

Bellevue.

Jones, Morris O.

Gatliff.

Jones, John

Lexington.

Davies, Hywel

MAINE.

Blanchard.

Roberts, William

Brunswick.

Edwards, John R., Jr.

MARYLAND.

Baltimore.

Bennett, David
Davies, Dr. Arthur J.
Evans, Commodore
Wm. H.
Herbert, Job
Evans, Dr. John A.
(Ioan Ab)
Evans, Harry G.
Holmes, Gwilym
Jones, Dr. David W.
Johns, James A.
Johns, John

Jones, Rev. J. Wynne,
(Morfa Gwynne)
Lewis, Rev. Wm.
Mugford, Robt. T.
Norman Remington Co.
Roberts, David E.
(Dafydd Bach)
Roberts, M. Arnold
Roberts, Walter G.
Williams, Leonard B.

Cumberland.

Lewis, Hon. David J.
(Dafydd ap Cath-
erine Watkins o
Ferthyr.)

Frostburg.

Rees, John B.

Govans.

Williams, Miss Lydian

Hamilton.

Griffiths, William

MASSACHUSETTS.

Blackinton.

Havard, David
Rees, J. E.

Boston.

Evans, Arthur Llew-
ellyn
Evans, D. Lloyd
Evans, E. J.
Jackson, Jno. Meredith
Jones, Dr. Mary E.
Tank, Richard Samuel

Cambridge.

Phelps, Thos. J.

Fitchburg.

Humphreys, Robert

Pittsfield.

Shipton, George

Quincy.

Walters, John R.

LOYAL LEGION LIST.

Shelburne Falls.
Hughes, Rev. J. Crom-
well, B. A.

Winthrop.
Evans, Mrs. Frederick
(Ednyfed)

Worcester.
Llywellyn, Rhys
Williams, James B.

MICHIGAN.

Detroit.
Bracegirdle, Robert
Davies, Philip
Deusen, Mrs. Van
Griffith, David
Griffiths, Robert
Grounds, George
Hopkins, T.
Hughes, Tom S.
Jones, Albert J.
Jones, A. L.
Jones, E. S.
Jones, Edward R.
Owens, Mrs. Samuel
Peters, J. Gordon
Price, W. T.
Roberts, Geraint
Roberts, G. Hudson
Thomas, Madame
Hughes
Williams, G. E.
Williams, R. W.
Williams, Thos. H.

Ypsilanti.
Morris, Rev. O. Lloyd

MINNESOTA.

Duluth.
Jones, T. E.

Minneapolis.
Evans, D. H.

Shakopee.
Evans, E. T.

St. Paul.
Jones, J. M.
Jones, William M.
Powell, Earl Ralston

MISSISSIPPI.

Ridgeland.
Prosser, Wm. F.

MISSOURI.

Dawn.
Evans, Rev. J.
Gwawrfryn

Kansas City.
Owens, O. J.

St. Louis.
Daniels, Daniel C.
Lewis, Thomas

MONTANA.

Bozeman.
Davis, George E.

Butte.
Charles, D. J.
Decre, Gladstone
Evans, John G.
Hughes, W. J.
Parcell, Philip
Pugh, David
Thomas, J. D.
Thomas, Trevor

Hamilton.
Mainwaring, Rev. Al-
fred A., D. D.

Helena.
Davies, Geo. R.

NEBRASKA.

Anselmo.
Edmunds, William

Merna.
Edmunds, William

Omaha.
Humphreys, Mrs. D. O.
Richards, Mrs. Ann

Palmer.
Walters, John R.

Shubert.
Bowen, James

NEW JERSEY.

Ashbury Park.
Jenkins, Mrs. Rachel
Lloyd

Canton.
Griffiths, Rev. Thos.

Clarksboro.
Scrاندfield, Mrs. E. J.

Jersey City.
Lewis, Wm. C., M. D.
Lindsay, Margaret
Williams, Mrs. Wm.

Morristown.
Richards, Richard

Newark Valley.
Williams, Rev. T.
Eynon

Oxford.
Henderson, Mrs. R. W.

Phillipsburg.
Owen, Francis

Roselle Park.
Williams, W. Prosser

Ridgewood.
Rees, George Edwin

Trenton.
Ball, Mrs. E. Evans
Evans, D. O.
Jones, Elias W.
Scammell, Frank Geo.,
M. D.

THE ROYAL BLUE BOOK.

NEW MEXICO.

Albuquerque.

Davies, W. J.

Chama.

Edwards, W. E.

NEVADA.

Fernley.

Owens, O. T.

Winnemucca.

Jones, Mrs. M. A.

Carson City.

Thomas, Rev. Lloyd
Brandt
(Llywd Efrog)

NEW YORK.

Akron.

Jones, Wm. J.

Auburn.

Edwards, D. Hughes

Binghamton.

Prytherch, Hugh W.

Brooklyn.

Parry, Rev. H. Herbert
Tudor, Miss Elizabeth

Buffalo.

Daughton, John
Davies, Samuel
Davies, T. A.
Evans, Ben
Hingston, E. Jenkins
Humphrey, Wm. D.
Lodwick, Ben
Morris, John
(Courier)
Roberts, Henry A.
Samuel, J. H.
Sharp, Joseph

Dalton.

Davies, J. G. A., M.D.

Flushing.

Richardson, Edward

Freedom.

George, Rev. Lewis

Granville.

McIntyre, William

Jamaica, Long Island.

Owen, Henry Robert

Massena.

Williams, Rev. Wm.

Middle Granville.

Thomas, David D.

New York City.

Blackwell, Henry
(Llenor Alun)
Bowen, T. D.
Brodhead, Mrs. Abram
Carnegie, Andrew, Esq.
Dean, W. O.
Edmonds, D. J.
Evans, Charles
Evans, W. Price
Hughes, Edward
Hughes, John
Hughes, Mrs. Mary E.
Hughes, Wm. R.
(Gwilym o Fon)
Jones, Hugh
(Mab o Colwyn)
Jones, Wm. E.
McCann, Miss
Benedicta
Miles, John Thomas
Morgan, Miss M. Edith
Morgan, John W.
Powell, Evan
Roberts, Hugh Lloyd
Schwab, Chas. M.
Thomas, John Lloyd
(Llywd Wynn)
Williams, John L.
(Llywellyn ap
Owain)

Smyrna.

Hughes, Rev. Morien
Mon (Morien Mon.)

Syracuse.

Hughes, Arthur J.

Tonowanda.

Phillips, Capt. J. J

Troy.

Davies, Gwilym

Utica.

Williams, R. M.
(Meurig Moelwyn)

NORTH DAKOTA.

Ellendale.

Williams, Rev. C. C.,
L. A. M.

OHIO.

Akron.

Dennis, W. W.
Evans, James
Evans, Wm. H.
Jones, Ben
Leonard, Mrs. N.
Nanderbaugh, Mrs. N.
Roberts, Ben
Roderick, O. M., Esq.
Rowe, Mrs. W. J.
Phillips, H. G.
Thomas, H. J.
Thomas, Rev. J. D.
Thomas, Mrs.
West, Miss M. M.
Williams, D. J.

Alliance.

Davis, Eben S.
Jones, R. E.
Jones, William
Morris, W. J.
Rogers, Taliesin
Williams, Rev. O. R.

Athens.

Jones, Evan J.

Barberton.

Jones, Albert Gwyn-
fab
Morgan, D. T.

LOYAL LEGION LIST.

Bridgeport.

Howells, J. O., M. D.
(Havest)

Bucyrus.

Hughes, H. T. S.
Hughes, Rev. Robert
(Lleiniog Mon)
Hughes, Mrs. Sara
Anne
(Llenores Tawe)

Cambridge.

Lloyd, Thos. R.
Lewis, Wm. J.

Canal Dover.

Evans, E. Winton
Phillips, James T.
Rees, James
Roderick, E. W.

Canton.

Evans, Mrs. D. G.
Hopkins, Edward
Jones, John S.
Rees, J. B.

Cincinnati.

Davis, Prof. David
(Dafydd Gerddor)
Griffith, David E.
(Dafydd Lenor)
Griffiths, John
Hughes, James M.
Jones, John E. Esq.
Jones, J. Albert
Jones, Ebie M.
Lloyd, William

Cleveland.

Blythin, Edward
Edwards, Thos. Llew.
Griffiths, Edwin S.
Hasenpflug, Mrs. Mary
Jane Jones
Howells, Hon. Anthony
Howells, R. T.
Hughes, Mrs. Robert
Ison, Mrs. E.
Jones, Mrs. J. Elias
Jones, Prof. J. Powell
Large, A.
Lewis, John D.
(Dryslwynfab)
Moses, D. J.

Thomas, Miss Eleanor
Protherce
Thomas, W. H.
Vopalecky, Mrs. J. L.
Williams, Wm. F.
Young, H. M.

Columbus.

Beynon, John R.
Davies, John L.
Evans, T. C.
Jenkins, Edward E.
Jenkins, Thomas J.
Jones, W. Chalmers
Jones, Dr. W. J.
Morgan, Dr. W.

Harries

Price, Mrs. Edwin
Thomas, Jas. J.
Williams, Llewelyn

Delaware.

Davies, W. W.

Dayton.

Griffith, J. R.

Diamond.

Hughes, Mrs. Anne

East Akron.

Davies, Miss Rachel
(Emlyna)

Flushing.

Evans, W. E.
Foulkes, George

Findlay.

Lewis, Rev. W. F.
Dickens, D. D.

Girard.

Evans, Thomas B.

Gomer.

Tudor, Mrs. H.

Granville.

James, T. C.

Ironton.

Jervis, Thomas
Sticks, Mrs. Thos. D.

New Straitsville.

Jones, Mrs. J. W.
Williams, John A.

Lima.

Evans, Wm. R.
Williams, G. W.

Mansfield.

Davey, Samuel
Davey, W. H.
Lloyd, David

Martins Ferry.

Davies, Harry W.
Harris, Mrs. David
Hodges, Robert
Isaac, Daniel
Jenkins, Rev. E. S.
Jones, W. M.
Samuel, Wm.
Williams, Samuel

Massillon.

Davies, Thos. C.
Morris, Evan F.

Middlepoint.

Surdival, Rev. W., D.D.
(Surdival)

Middleport.

Jones, Tom W., Mayor

New Lexington.

Williams, T. B., Esq.

Newark.

James, Rev. Benj., D.D.
Jenkins, John
Watkins, E. H.

Niles.

Davies, Miss Alice V.
Davies, John W.
Jones, James
Kelly, Mrs. Marian E.
Lewis, Rev. J. Tudor
Thomas, Mrs. John R.
Thomas, W. F.

Norwood.

Evans, G. P.

THE ROYAL BLUE BOOK.

Rempel.

Davies, Miss Anna D.

Salem.

Reese, John T.

South Norwood.

Reese, David
Jones, T. Newton

Steubenville.

Davis, D. R.
Davis, Eleazer
Davies, T. J., Mus. Bac.
Eynon, Dr. John
Harris, Henry
Harris, James
Harris, Thomas
Howells, Ollie
Hughes, Bryn
Hughes, Thomas
James, Thomas
Jenkins, Evan
Johns, John T.
John, James
Jones, Joseph
Jones, Thomas E.
Lewis, Wm. G.
Morgan, Morgan
Morris, Rev. David.
M. A., B. D.
Morris, Joshua
Price, David
Pugh, Mathew
Richards, R. G., Esq.
Richards, Wm. G.
Richards, Wm.
Rogers, James
Walters, Thos. R.
Williams, D. R.
Williams, J. C.
Williams, Thomas G.

Van Wert.

Evans, D. J.
Humphreys, John J.
The Brumbaugh Coun-
ty Library.
(Pioneer County Li-
brary of America.)

Warren.

Davis, J. R.
Francis, Thomas
Morgan, Philip
Owen, Thos. A.

Thomas, Herbert
Thomas, Warren, Esq.

Wauseon.

Williams, Rev. W. T.

Youngstown.

Davies, Thos. L.
(Ap Berwig)
Evans, Roger
Evans, Wm. W.
Hopkins, Miss Margt.
Jenkins, David G.
Jones, C.
Lodwick, John B.
Rees, John L.
Rees, Tom
Rees, David
Williams, W. T.
Woolley, Jerry R.

OKLAHOMA.

Medford.

Privett, Mrs. M. Davies

Pauls Valley.

Davies, Rev. D. E.

Wilberton.

Hughes, Lewis P.

OREGON.

Astoria.

Davies, T. J.

Portland.

Edwards, Orville G.
Roberts, Thomas
(Tawelfab)

PENNSYLVANIA.

Altoona.

Davis, David J.
Probyn, J. Edgar

Apollo.

Davies, J. R.

Avalon.

Davies, William

Bangor.

Williams, Thos. R.

Banksville.

Enscoe, Earl

Belle Vernon.

Llewellyn, T. J.

Benezett.

Evans, Thos. Y.

Bethlehem.

Evans, Lewis
Lewis, H. E.
Thomas, Morgan

Blossburg.

Evans, David R.

Braddock.

Davies, G. S.
(Gwrle)
Holtzman, L. F.
Jones, W. R.
Thomas, Philip R.

Bridgeville.

Morgan, Daniel

Brookside Farms.

Pritchard, David E.

Bunola.

Jones, Ellis W.

Burnham.

Thomas, David

Canonsburg.

Bird, Mrs. Mary Ann
Collor, W. J.
Davies, Idris
Jenkins, W. L.
Jeremiah, Sid. Windsor
John, Rev. W. J.
(Kenfig)
Marshall, Emanuel Jas.
Phillips, John
Reese, C. E.
Reese, W. J.

Carnegie.

Davies, John
Love, W. A.

LOYAL LEGION LIST.

Charleroi.
Daniel, Prof. Iorwerth Tydvil.

Chicora.
Reep, Mrs. Amos

Coraopolis.
Robins, William

Duquesne.
Bowen, John
Davies, John R.
Davies, Joshua
Williams, Thos. J.

Easton.
Williams, Benjamin

Economy.
Grey, Gomer

Ebensburg.
Cooper, Elizabeth Lloyd
Davis, Elmer C.
Kinkead, S. S., Esq.

Edwardsville.
Evans, Thos. H.
Lewis, Victor E.
Lodwick, Stephen M.
Phillips, David

Ellwood City.
Jones, W. T.
Lewis, Ernest

Etna.
Lewis, Daniel

Fair Oaks.
Savage, N. H. W.

Farrell.
Davies, David H.
Davies, John A.
Evans, Daniel
Evans, Evan
Evans, Joshua J.
Francis, Wm. G.
Gregory, Richard
Griffiths, Wm. J.
Hopkins, Thomas

Lewis, David J.
(Fox Call)
Lewis, Joseph
Lewis, Thos. E.
Morris, George
(Sirrom)
Powell, Thomas M.
Thomas, Isaac
Vaughan, George

Foxburg.
Williams, Rev. W. J.
(Gwilym ap Ioan)

Frank P. O.
Evans, Ebenezer

Franklin.
Morgan, T. G.

Fullerton.
Williams, Thomas R.

Glen Richey.
Rowland, Tom

Good Springs.
Watkins, Joseph

Greenville.
Morgan, Wm. Elias
Mould, Thomas

Harrisburg.
Brumbaugh, Hon. Martin G.
Gough, Mrs. J. L. Cope
Griffiths, Major Robert

Hazelton.
Jones, Thomas D.
Roderick, David J.
Roderick, Hon. Jas. E.

Homestead.
Attwood, James
Bevan, David
Bright, Walter
Davies, Rev. D. Rhoslyn
Davis, D. W.
Edwards, D. R.

Francis, D. S.
(Eryr Tydvil)
James, John C.
John, David
Llewellyn, Edward
Lewis, Joseph
Robbins, Sydney
Thomas, Levi

Ingram.
Phillips, Mrs. Edwin S.

Irwin.
Davis, D. M.

Jermyn.
Griffiths, John B.
Williams, Job

Johnstown.
Bryan, Frank
Lloyd, W. David
Rees, D. B.
Rees, Mrs. Llewellyn
Richards, Evan Rosser

Kingston.
Edwards, Rev. T. C.,
D. D. (Cynonfardd)
Morgan, Gomer W.,
Esq.
Thomas, Richard P.

Knox.
Lewis, David W.

Lafin.
Jenkins, Mrs. Thos. M.

Lebanon.
Hutchinson, Mrs. Wm.

Leviston P. O.
Gibbon, Evan

McKeesport.
Davies, David D.
Hughes, John
Jones, J. E.
Owen, D. F.

McKees Rocks.
James, John

THE ROYAL BLUE BOOK.

Mahanoy City.

Davies, Daniel B.
Morgan, William

Marshwood.

Davies, Thos.

Mercer.

Williams, Judge A. W.

Midway.

Palmer, Joseph

Minersville.

Jones, Joseph B.

Monessen.

Gregg, J. W.

Monongahela City.

Hargest, Wm.

Montrose.

Davies, F. A. Esq.
Williams, William R.

Mont Alto.

Morgan, Miss Anna M.

Munhall.

Davies, T. R.
Jones, Jas. W.
Smith, Joseph W.

Nanticoke.

Harris, A. W.
Richards, David

New Castle.

Davies, Wm. H.
Davies, Wm. J.
Gray, Thomas
Harris, Wm. E.
Harris, Wm. H.
Hopkins, Thomas
Isaacs, Isaac
Jenkins, Wm. C.
Johns, David T.
Johns, W. A.
(Brython)
Jones, Benjamin
Jones, George P.
Jones, Llewellyn
Lewis, David
Lewis, Evan R.

Mann, John
Mathews, Samuel
Powell, Benjamin
Rees, Thomas L.
Thomas, D. W.
Thomas, Llewelyn
Thomas, Richard J.
Williams, Edwin
Williams, John
Williams, Nathaniel
(Ap Nathan)

New Kensington.

Howell, Jenkin
McGeary, Mrs. Megan
Williams, Miss

Nicholson.

Shields, Hon. Moses

Oil City.

Maddox, William

Philadelphia.

Bevan, T. W.
Chappell, David
Davies, David T.
Davis, Gwilym G.,
M. D.
Edwards, Wm. R.
Evans, Mrs. Jonah
Eynon, Wm. D.
Ford, Hon. John W.
(Tydvilian)
Griffith, Gwyneth
Humphreys
Griffith, Warren G.
Hughes Bros.
Jenkins, Charles F.
Jenkins, Thomas W.
Jones, Dr. J. B.
Jones, J. Levering, Esq.
Jones, Rev. R. T., D.D.
Jones, Wm. J.
Lewis, Henry W.
Morgan, A. C., M. D.
Richards, John T.
Stanford, Enoch
Thomas, Miss H. E.
Thomas, John
Thomas, Wm. H.
Thomas, Dr. T. Turner
(Didymus Feddyg)
Watkins, Dr. Lewis T.
Williams, Henry
Williams, Morris

Williams, Tom
(Eos Cynon)

Palmerton.

James, J. D.

Pittsburgh.

Altwater, W. G. G.
Blackhall, Alex.
Bowen, David M.
(Dafydd B.)
Burns, Mrs. H. P.
Cannon, James
Christopher, John C.
Charles, T. O.
(Derwydd)
David, Reese C.
Davis, Ben I.
Davis, James J.
(Cyfunydd)
Davis, J. Jones
Davis, William J.
Davies, Miss Elizabeth
Davies, Fred L., Esq.
Davies, R. H.
(Gomerian)
Davies, W. J.
Dillinger, Dr. G. A.
Edwards, Dr. John
Elias, Benjamin
(Ap Emlyn)
Evans, Daniel
Evans, Mrs. Jane B.
Evans, Miss Mayne A.
Evans, John W.
Evans, Walter
Evans, W. A.
Evans, W. R.
Gibbons, David
Griffiths, Robt. T.
Gwyer, William T.
(Gwilym Celfyddwr)
Hardie, Edward
Harris, James
(Iago Rhymney)
Hughes, Rev. E. L.
Hughes, John J.
Humphreys, Edward
James, D. P.
(Dafydd Brycheiniog)
James, Napoleon
James, T. Harry
Jenkins, Joseph A.
(Tenorvdd Tawe)
Jenkins, Thomas R.
Johns, C. A.

LOYAL LEGION LIST.

Johns, Charles
(Caio)
Johns, William
Jones, Mrs. Benjamin
Franklin
Jones, Anthony Meurig
Jones, David D.
Jones, D. Parry
Jones, Fred W.
(Eryrelli)
Jones, George
Jones, George B.
Jones, Miss J.
Jones, J. Harry
Jones, J. R.
Jones, Owen
(Lliwen)
Jones, Reese N.
Jones, T. C., Esq.
Jones, Thos. E.
Jones, Thomas H.
Jones, W. B. (W. B.)
Jones, W. J.
Lewis, John
Lewis, Thomas H.
(Ap Ffrwdwyllt)
Lewis, R. T.
Lloyd, D. J.
Lloyd, Thomas.
Lloyd, William J.
MacMeans, J. W.
Monroe, Geo. N., Esq.
Morgan, Miss C. L.
Morgan, Richard
Morgan, Rev. R. C.
(Cenydd)
Morris, John
Price, John
Prichard, Mrs. John
Prichard, Prof. John
Prosser, Wm. C.
Rees, Miss Elvira
Redfern, John
Richards, John
(Ieuan Emlyn)
Richards, Col. John M.
Roberts, David
Roberts, Samuel
Rogers, Philip
Smallwood, Dr. A. E.
Stephens, Prof. Morris
(Eos Aber)
Sutherland, William
Thomas, David J.
Thomas, Miss Eliza.
Thomas, Rev. E. P.
Thomas, W. Gough
Thomas, Gwilym
(Samlet)

Thomas, William
Walter, W. J.
(Ystadegydd)
Watkins, David
(Erfyl)
Williams, D. R.
(Deiniol Arvon)
Williams, Evan
Williams, George M.
Williams, Geo. W., Esq.
Williams, John
Williams, Rev. R. E.
(Gwentfryn)
Williams, Mrs. T. S.
Worthington, John
(Maen Hir)

Pitcairn.

Lewis, L. R.

Pittston.

Evans, Edward R.
Owens, Supt. W. D.

Plymouth.

Amos, Benjamin
James, A. H., Esq.
Jones, David R.
Lewis, D. B.
Lewis, Thos. H.
Morris, W. D.
Roberts, William

Pottsville.

Edwards, S. B., Esq.
Jones, David A., Esq.
Reese, Thomas C.

Punxsutawney.

Davis, John R.
Jones, John T.
Thomas, Wm. G.

Reading.

Hill, Jenkin

Robinson Village.

Pierce, John J.

Schuylkill Haven.

Bevan, Samuel

Scranton.

Davies, Eben P.
Davies, Mrs. Jane
(Llinos Taf)

Edwards, Hon. H. M.
(H. M.)
Evans, Prof. Haydn
Farr, Hon. John R.
Goodfellow, Thomas
Harris, John M., Esq.
Johns, John E.
Jones, Rev. David
Jones, Thomas
Jones, William E.
Jones, William H.
Lewis, Luther
Nesbitt, R. H.
Owen, Edward
Owens, Thomas
Parry, Edward
Protheroe, Mrs. R. J.
Phillips, Sheriff Ben S.
(Ap Shadrach)
Phillips, G. L.
Phillip, John T.
Phillips, Col. R. A.
(Ap Cyw Ionawr)
Phillips, S. J.
Richards, Rev. D. E.,
M. D. (Ieuan Fardd)
Richards, Rev. T.
Teifion
Thomas, James M.
Thornburn, Thomas
Warren, P. H.
Watkins, J. E., Esq.
Wettling, Geo. W.
Williams, David
Williams, David M.

Shamokin.

Simmonds, T. F.
Thomas, Miss Mary

Sharon.

Barnes, Thos.
Davis, W. H.
Davies, R. H.
Devereaux, John
Evans, William J.
Evans, John A.
Harris, Henry
James, Connie R.
James, Jack
Jones, Joseph
Jones, Taliesin
Lloyd, Mrs. Harriet
Roberts, Ivor
Thomas, E. T.
Thomas, Thos. A.
Thomas, Will T.
Vaughn, Prof. D. A.

THE ROYAL BLUE BOOK.

Sharpsburg.

Kraus, Mrs. Charlotte
Thomas

Shenandoah.

Evans, Rev. David Ifor

Six Mile Run.

Davies, D. W., M. D.

Slatington.

Evans, Col. Jenkin
Young, Rev. M. S.

South Brownsville.

Lucas, A. M.

South Williamsport.

Evans, Mrs. Wm.

Spring City.

Edwards, Thos., Sr.

St. Clair.

Davis, H. B.

Steelton.

Lewis, Edward

Taylor.

Williams, H. C.

Throop.

Morgan, M. J.

Tyrone.

Gunter, Mrs. Catherine

Uniontown.

Lewis, Mrs. Gomer
Mathews, R. M.

Vanport.

Llewellyn, D. M., Sr.

Venetia.

Rees, David

Warren.

Jones, M. J.

Washington.

Griffiths, John

Waynesburg.

Williams, Morris

Wellsboro.

Davies, T. J.

West Bangor.

Davies, Thomas D.

West Ptttsburgh.

George, Miss Eliza.

Wilkes-Barre.

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Evans, Thos. D.
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Jones, Prof. Taliesin
Joseph, Isaac W.
Newell, Daniel Ed-
wards
Owens, William W.
Pritchard, Wm., Jr.
Roderick, E. Rhys,
M. D.
Roderick, Jas. Ed. Esq.
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Thomas, George M.,
Alderman.
Thomas, Geo. W., Jr.
Williams, A. L.
Williams, D. S.
Williams, Henry N.
Williams, Miss Miriam
(Eos Shawnee)
Williams, Rev. W.
Glyn

Wilkesburg.

Lewis, Joseph D.

Williamsport.

Griffith, Rev. D. Pugh
(Efrog)

Woodlawn.

Gray, Joseph A.
Jethbridge, Wm.
Perkins, Charles

RHODE ISLAND.

Bristol.

Edwards, John R.
(Rear Admiral.)

SOUTH DAKOTA.

Hamill.

Edwards, Peter
(Pedr Alaw)

Ipswich.

Owens, John

Sioux Falls.

Jones, D. Owen

TENNESSEE.

Coal Creek.

Thomas, David R.
(Gwalch Gwalia)

Chattanooga.

Hughes, D. W.

Gatliff.

Wynn, Harry

Knoxville.

Burchfield, C. E.
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Hughes, Mrs. T. B.
Nicholas, David D.
Price, Mrs. Thos. Rees

Maryville.

Llewellyn, Morgan

Memphis.

Ellis, Daniel
Rees, Evan J.

Soddy.

Lloyd, Arthur

TEXAS.

El Paso.

Harris, Mrs. H. E.

Fort Worth.

Williams, John

LOYAL LEGION LIST.

VERMONT.

Poultney.

Davies, Evan W.
Davies, Levi O.
Edmunds, T. P.
Evans, R. Lloyd
Griffiths, W. M.
Hughes, Isaac W.
Hughes, Thomas
Hughes, W. H.
(Gwilym Vermont)
Jones, L. L.
Jones, R. Temple
Jones, Wm. Morris
Lloyd, W. H.
Morris, Rev. J. W.
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Pickering, Thos. E.
Roberts, David T.
Roberts, Howel R.
Thomas, John Foster
Roberts, John M.
Williams, Owen M.

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Owens, D. Awst

Rutland.

Williams, W. R.

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Howell, Francis W.

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Garfield.

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(Ap Rambler)

Salt Lake City.

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Beynon, Richard
Davis, D. L.
Davies, William
James, John
Lewis, Wm. J.
Parry, Edwin F.
Pritchard, Alfred E.
Thomas, Hon. A. L.
Williams, W. E.
Williams, Hon. W. M.
(Gwilym ap Evan)

Toole City.

Price, Wm. C.

Vernon.

James, Walter

WASHINGTON.

Davenport.

Owens, Mrs. Sarah A.

New Castle.

Jones, J. J.

North Yakima.

Stuart, Mrs. Rosine

Renton.

Harris, Thomas
Thomas, Harry

Seattle.

James, Dr Robt. J.
Jones, E. H.
Thomas, Jos. E.
(Myrddinfab)

Spokane.

Edwards, Rev. Jonathan, Ph. D.
(Iorwerth o Went)
Phillips, J. M.

WEST VIRGINIA.

Follansbee.

Banfield, William
Davies, Davd J.
Gill, John
Griffiths, Walter
Hopkins, Edward
Morgan, P. J.
Rees, Morgan
Williams, J. D.

Morgantown.

Davies, P. J.
Davies, S. R.
Davies, W. A.
Evans, I. B.
George, John
Haddock, Daniel T.
Jones, David T.
Morgan, Thomas
Protheroe, John

Richards, Thomas
Roberts, D. J.
Williams, T. Bevan
Williams, T. D.

Pickens.

Wilkins, Rebecca M.

Weirton.

Rees, Thomas

Wellsburg.

Davies, J. G. W.

Wheeling.

Davies, Harry W.
Davies, William
Thomas, W. H.
Watkins, David
Williams, B. J.
Williams, John C.

WISCONSIN.

Bangor.

Jenkins, Evan
Davis, R. W.

Columbus.

Jones, Rev. John R.
(Bardd yr Hendref)

Hartford.

Rowland, H. O.

Leon.

Jenkins, Thomas

Marinette.

Lewis, E. B.

Milwaukee.

Ellis, E. F.
Jones, Edward
Jones, J. E.
Jones, John Elias
Humphrey, R.
Powell, Evan M.
Thomas, John M.
Williams, J. H.

Oshkosh.

Evans, E. H.
Williams, Mrs. Elizabeth Fisher

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Racine.
Jones, John D.

Sarona.
Davies, T. C.
(Didymus Cernyw)

Superior.
Morgan, W. J.
Pugh, W. T.
Whealdon, A. D.

Wales.
Phillips, Rev. Wm. M.
Jones, S. D.

WYOMING.

Laramie.
Vaughan, R. T.

Rock Springs.
Jones, David G.
Thomas, David G.

CANADA.

Sable River.
Richards, Rev. D. T.

Sault St. Marie.
Davies, Miss Gwladys

Sydney.
George, D. M.
Seig, R. M.

Windsor.
Brown, Mrs. H. O.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Patagonia.
Pritchard, John

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WALES

Aberystwyth.
Seminary, C. M. Theo-
logical
Williams, R. Hughes

Beaufort.
Phillips, D. W.
Watkins, John

Bettws-y-Coed.
Evans, Annie

Clydach, Swansea.
Robins, Miss Flor. H.

Dowlais.
Cartwright, Edward

Fishguard.
Roberts, Gwyn

Garnant.
Morgan, John

Kidwely.
Williams, James

Kenfig Hill.
Griffith, Rev. J. T., D.D.

Llanidloes.
James, John

Llangollen.
Roberts, William
(Gwilym Ceiriog)

Lanfyllin.
Jones, R. A.

Llanrwst.
Jones, Rev. E. Mona

Maesteg.
Jones, Rev. Iorwerth

Rhymney.
Evans, Mrs. Thomas

Ruthin.
Hughes, Dr. J. Medwyn

Ton Pentre.
Davies, Rev. E. W.

ENGLAND

Leicester.
Jones, Owen
Jones, Wm. J.

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