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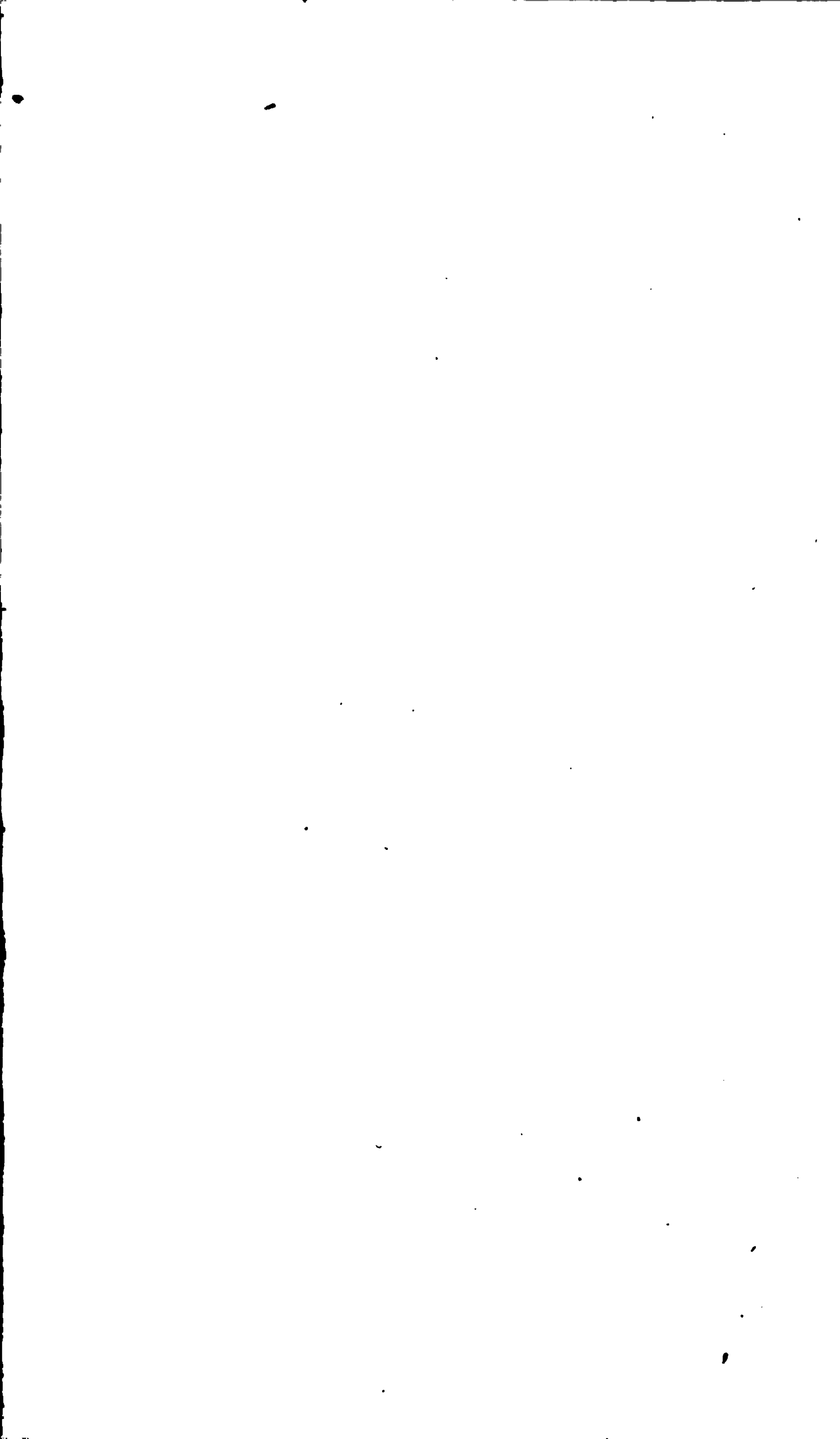


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THE  
CAMBRIAN AND CALEDONIAN  
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

AND  
*Celtic Repertory.*

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“ TRUTH AGAINST THE WORLD.”  
*Old Bardic Motto.*

“ COTHROM NA FEINNE.”  
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VOL. V.

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TO THE  
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**CAMBRIAN,**

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BY HIS VERY OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANTS,

**THE EDITORS.**



THE  
CAMBRIAN  
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE  
AND  
**Celtic Repertory.**

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No. 17.—JANUARY 1, 1833.—VOL. V.

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THE ELECTION.

It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to account at once for the fondness for literature, and the objection Welshmen have to particular departments of information afforded them by that great magician, the printing press; but that it is so, is fully borne out by experience gleaned during our now not very brief career as public journalists. Four years ago we entered upon our editorial labours, convinced that there was no sound reason why Welshmen should not be alive to certain events important to themselves, in common with the rest of mankind; but we have had reason to doubt the correctness of our first conclusion. According to the dictum, or rather, we will say, the importunate counsel of correspondents, who, perhaps, because they had lived through the greater part of the space usually allotted to humanity, or because in their respective neighbourhoods they held dictatorial rule, felt themselves qualified to admonish us as to what was or was not admissible to the pages of the Cambrian Quarterly, and to pronounce for us the limits of circumscription, even as Offa's dyke; we were not to pass over the barbaric demarcation which ignorance or prejudice had pointed out, we were only to ascend the mountain barriers of Wales, and might enjoy from afar the beauteousness of the scene before us, but were prohibited, on pain of loss of life or mutilation, to descend and partake of the intelligence and refinements of England. Such absolutely has been the intolerable coercion which has been exercised upon us by certain black-letter Cambrians. We ever felt a

lively and a most anxious wish to preserve whatever was venerable in Cambro-British history; we mean venerable either from its axioms of truth, its moral excellence, or its historic worth, but not that which has to boast of age alone, and not of excellence. If we confine ourselves to dark antiquity, if we garnish not our literary repast with the productions of other climes, our bill of fare must be but a mere medley of self-constituted prejudices unworthy of the scholar, and unfit for the participation of any, save him who utterly disregards improvement or refined enjoyment. Notwithstanding this, it is not without certain forebodings of opposition that we venture to express our sentiments upon the election, a subject eminently important to every living soul who bears the name of Briton.

It will be unnecessary for us to enter into a fresh illustration of political events already before the public; we shall look prospectively, and the first thing we shall examine, as a probable consequence of the Reform bill, is the introduction to the new House of Commons of many members totally unfit for a just discharge of parliamentary duty; for we are confident that want of principle will be as much enabled to use its envenomed influence in parliament now, as before "the bill" became law. Has human nature been purified by it, or meanness scathed, as regards future aspirants? Will there be none led on by mercenary ambition? can they be restricted who are unconscious of political honesty? We answer, no. We affirm that in spite of the interminable rejoinder, "look to the people,—look to the march," that this same people, under the vapoing assurance of a *profession* of rectitude on the part of new candidates, may as easily, if not more easily than ever, be cajoled into the election of improper members, because *professors* have to select their politics; and the venal and unworthy will adopt that line "*and swear to it,*" which will the soonest gain them attainment of their wishes. Now, how are the new constituencies to guard against this? we will tell them how. In the first place, let them not prejudice their minds as to qualification. A candidate may *call himself* a Tory, a Whig, a Radical, whichever best suits his purpose,—either will do for an adventurer. But let them find out, by every means in their power, what character, *as a man*, the candidate has borne. Has he followed, as far as the fallibility of human nature will allow, the scriptural law of loving his neighbour? His station generally gives him command over many, by his acts therefore shall he be judged. Has he used his talents



rightly? has he been oppressive as a landlord, and augmented the poor's rates by reducing his tenantry to beggars? or, if a magistrate, how has stern justice sate upon his brow? has he been a mere jack of office, an officious and oppressive dispenser of the law, or has he tempered justice with mercy? or, if he has risen by commercial dealing, what has been his character in the mercantile world? These are the ordeals by which *he ought* to be tried. We care not a snuff for *his politics*, if he be found wanting *as a man*. After all, in despite of every precaution, how may party be confounded by false asseverations, and how may honest pertinacity be unregarded. What is the Whig or what the Tory? They are separate limbs of a political body in whom all the good or bad passions may be infused; and there may be, as there has been, every grade of moral principle in both.

Yet it is horrid to think, in connexion with dishonesty in statesmen, that, because popular imagination has been fed by a venal press, Great Britain, if she be influenced by this upas of literature, stands a good chance of being hurried on to an universal immaddened state of anarchy, while every possible amelioration that can, may be gained without it, by a careful selection of members of parliament according to the simple precedent we have recorded; and here we may be allowed to remark, how shamelessly has one portion of the press vilified the Tories, and another portion the Whigs, while there have been great and good, many great and good, men of each party; and how insidiously is it now labouring to *destroy both*. Let the dispassionate, the philanthropic man, visit the low neighbourhoods of the metropolis during those seasons of dissipation which are there nightly going on,—let him do this, and he will, as we have done, soon discover what sort of *reaction* is now afloat. The miserable attacks, formerly made, are now at an end. We hear nothing of “Nosey” or “Old Bags,” but, camelion-like, they have changed to “*true blue*,” and Grey and Brougham are vilified alike, in terms stupidly opprobrious and wicked. Here is reaction based upon the vilest ebullition of democratic wildness. The chief reason of it is, that some of our daily, weekly, and monthly contemporaries look not to religion or moral feeling as their guide,—out upon it. “We want an increased circulation,” let our country fall; and still are a portion of the world mad enough to be influenced by these self-interested vehicles of demoralization.

We now wish to offer our opinion upon the system of *pledging*; we think that to extort one from a man, as to his future conduct in legislation, before he has seen or can judge of "*the premises*" on which his pledges are given, is, in plain terms, to pronounce the electors and the elected knaves and idiots. Suppose the *administrators* to the laws, instead of the *makers* of them, were to pledge themselves in decision previously to hearing the bearings of a civil or criminal case—what would be said of them? Then, indeed, would the names of Scrogg's and Jeffrey's not stand alone, and in such cases, infamy must necessarily stain the otherwise exalted reputation of the British Judge; and yet such conduct is not uncommonly required at the hands of parliamentary representatives. The cause of this may appear to many of our readers inexplicable—to us it seems to be founded on improper interference; on direct innovation of the election law. A constituency requiring pledges, be they who they may, exhibit in their demands a most dangerous leaning to misgovernment, in its very worst form—absolute rule, devoid of reasoning power.

It may be said in contradiction to our preceding remarks, that there exists no parallel between the member and the judge, because the latter has the law already made, and has only to execute it impartially,—let the case be so taken. In a House of Commons, consisting of pledged members, where can be the use of discussion at all? it is a mere waste of time, because the house consists of pledged members: we are not arguing against general principles, for on them pledges are unobjectionable, but to tie a man down to a system of individualised pledging, is to render him an unfit constituent of any legislative assembly on the face of the earth. It may be necessary to cite one of many instances to show the ridiculous, as also dangerous consequences of this subserviency.

It cannot be forgotten that last year an honourable member, the owner of large possessions in the mineral Basin of South Wales, who *ought, therefore*, to have been a person of commercial importance, was compelled to declare *in an attempt* to justify his vote to a constituency whom nothing short of this debased system of political nose-ringing could satisfy, that *he really did not comprehend the argument*, and that he had voted *contrary to his intentions*.

If the absurd position of this Aldermanic M. P. will permit a grave question to be put, may we ask: are the suffragans

of Great Britain to be represented by *such statesmen*, by a man whose affluence and knowledge in trade ought to have qualified him for, at least, an independence of conduct; but who, poor thing, like the schoolboy, feared the rod of discipline and bowed to the flagellation due to truancy; from such miserable dependency what are we to infer? This, that his understanding could render him no assistance, beyond *an idea* of giving offence to an inordinately dictatorial constituency, and that he was too pusillanimous to assert *his* independence. A fine specimen this of the Welsh landed proprietor; no wonder, after such an example, that it has been recently asserted by a daily print, equally notorious for its power as for its disaffection to every principle of reasonable government in England,\* that the principality of Wales is deficient in men competent to represent her people in parliament; but were it only to have it in our power to refute this untruth, we should feel assured that the Cambrian Quarterly had not been instituted in vain; never was a more unblushing falsehood denounced; the gentry of Wales are not the clod-poles, this cockney dispenser of news would have the world believe; doubtless, they enjoy those relaxations from business which invigorate the British race, and render her sons hardy and courageous. It were in vain to reply to calumny with merely our own contradiction; we therefore feel it incumbent to look round us and select from the mass of resident Welsh gentry *who do not sit* in parliament, and but a very small number of them have, on their own account, ever canvassed a voter. In appending the following list to our present article, we must be understood by no means to affirm that the names it contains are those of the only men in Wales capable of discharging the arduous duties of representation, we know otherwise; we know that we have many individuals of high principles and knowledge; they will attach no blame to us for the omission of their names. The list *as it is*, is all-sufficient to disprove a gratuitous falsehood never exceeded for its utter violation of every principle of honour and honesty. We shall take the counties of North and South Wales alphabetically.

\* Undoubtedly the power of party has operated in Wales as elsewhere, by making this same party, in many instances, the qualification of the candidate, and not his habits of business or intellectual superiority.

## NORTH WALES.—ANGLESEA.

In this county we shall point to Fuller Meyrick, esq. of Bôd-organ, — Griffiths, esq. of Careg-Lwyd, and William Stanley, esq. of Pen Rhôs, premising that, as we are personally unacquainted with the gentry of Anglesea, our list, we understand, by no means comprises the entire legislative talents of the island.

## CARNARVON.

In Carnarvonshire, the names which occur to us are, G. H. Dawkins Pennant, esq. of Penrhyn Castle, Spencer Bulkeley Wynn, Lord Newborough of Glyn Llivon, and Richard Lloyd Edwards, esq. of Nan Horan.

## DENBIGHSHIRE.

This county and Flintshire, have to boast of an unusual number of families both of rank and talent; on this account we are much puzzled how to complete our selection of names; we have, however, only to repeat that any omissions which may occur will not be ascribed to any partiality on our parts, but to the difficulties attached to the duties of public journalists, we have received the following list taken from Denbighshire:

John Lloyd Wynne, esq. of Coed Coch.	Francis R. Price, esq. of Bryn y Pys.
Robert Watkin Wynne, esq. of Garth- ewin.	P. Ll. Fletcher, esq. of Gwern Hailed.
John Madocks, esq. of Glan y Wern.	Sir Hen. Brown, K.C.B. of Bronwhylva.
Frederick West, esq. of Ruthin Castle.	Colonel Phillips, of Rhual.
Frederick Ablett, esq. of Llanbedr.	Wm. Shipley Conway, esq. of Bod Rhyddan.
Jno. Williams, esq. of Gwersyllt Park.	
Edw. Lloyd Williams, esq. of Pen y Lan.	
Simon Yorke, esq. of Erddig.	
Thos. Fitz-hugh, esq. of Plas Power.	
J. Ll. Salisbury, esq. of Galltvaenan.	

## FLINTSHIRE.

Sir John Williams, bart. of Bodel-  
wyddan.  
Sir Edward Mostyn, bart. of Talacre.  
Edw. Morgan, esq. of Golden Grove.  
Edward Douglas, esq. of Gyrn.  
Sir George Beeston Prescott, bart.  
John Wynne Eyton, esq. of Leeswood.  
Edward Lloyd, esq. of Cefn.  
Lloyd B. Hesketh, esq. of Gwrych  
Castln.  
P. D. Cooke, esq. of Gwysaney.  
Richard Garnons, esq. of Colomendy.

## MERIONEDDSHIRE.

Rd. Watkin Price, esq. of Rhiwlas.  
Col. Griffith ap Howel Vaughan, of  
Rhûg.  
Edward Lloyd, esq. of Rhagat.  
Athelston Corbet, esq. of Ynys y  
Maengwyn.  
William G. Oakeley, esq. of Plas-  
tan-y-bwlch.

## MONTGOMERYSHIRE.

Panton Corbett, esq. of Leighton.
John Arthur Lloyd, esq. of Domgay.
Joseph Hayes Lyon, esq.
William Pugh, esq. Bryn Llywarch.
Major Harrison, of Cae Howell.
George Meares, esq. Dol Llys.
Col. H. Adolphus Proctor, Aberhavesp.

SOUTH WALES.—BRECKNOCKSHIRE.

Penry Williams, esq. of Pen Pont.  
Major Price, of Brecon.

— Grant, esq. of Gnoi Castle.  
Windham Lewis, esq.  
Major Penrice, of Kilvrough.

CARDIGANSHIRE.

Right. Hon. Lord Lisborne, of Traws  
Coed.  
Major Lewis, of Llanerchaeron.

Sir Richard Phillips, Picton Castle.  
Major Harries, Tevacwn.  
— Brown, esq. Llwyn gwain.  
Morgan Jones, esq. of Cilwendêg.

CARMARTHENSHIRE.

— Neville, esq. of Glan y Mor.  
Wm. Chambers, esq. of Llanelly House.  
Colonel Gwyn, esq. of Glan Brân.  
Major Rice, of Llwynybran.

RADNORSHIRE.

GLAMORGANSHIRE.  
William Williams, esq. Aberpergwm.  
— Dilwyn, esq. of Pen-llê'r-gaer.

Walter Wilkins, esq. Maeslough Castle.  
H. P. Evans, esq. Cwm y dau ddwr.  
Sir H. Jones Brydges, of Boutlebrook.  
Richard Hill, esq. Llandaff House.  
Anthony Hill, esq. Plymouth Iron  
Works.

We believe that in this list the predominant political principle is rather that of liberal Toryism; it is, however, sufficient for us to present a list of gentlemen who are distinguished for *usefulness*. A great many of them are conspicuous for zeal as members of the magistracy: several for their political, classical, and oriental knowledge; others, for the cultivation of mathematical studies. We would especially particularise the pursuits of the architect and the engineer, while others have fought and bled in defence of their country during a period of unprecedented difficulty and danger. In a general estimate of worth, we defy the world, much more a time-serving press, to make a comparison between our country gentlemen with those of the rest of the empire disadvantageous to Wales; true it is, that some of them, as we conceive, have ran into either extreme of party, but we give them credit for all sincerity of purpose: and why should we not give them that credit which, in matters of opinion, we should demand ourselves? Party has hitherto, as it were, empaled the people's representatives, yet, in truth, we do not think it possible that any two men can be found who could *precisely* agree upon any public question in all its bearings; and therefore we are bound to give credit to those from whom we differ.

But if *intelligence* is to bear the sway, we hope to see the really independent member regarded as he ought to be; we trust the time will soon arrive when the House of Commons will assume a dignity proper to its character, and forget the illiberal distinctions of party, on many occasions solely for party's sake, which have so frequently clogged its actions, and have caused it to lose ground in the respect and affection of the people. The opportunity



is now at hand when it *may* again be reinstated in public confidence. If *intelligence*, much as it is talked of, is really to light us on, truly will the thousand and one old prejudices melt before her benign ray,—among the rest, when that *greatest of absurdities* as a political text, “he that is not with me is against me,” shall be looked upon as really what it is, a shadowy icon, and not the basework of political reason,—we shall show that the adoption of this rule at the present time, by persons anxious for the welfare of their country, would be pregnant with alarming consequences. Let religion and moral feeling be the bond of all parties, for disunion among the various sects of Christians is the very thing most anxiously sought for by another party, who for the present shall be nameless.

But as intelligence spreads through a country, and learning takes the place of mental inaction, it must invariably occur that a very large proportion of the world’s inhabitants become dissatisfied; they see the luxuries and ease enjoyed by a small number of mankind, whilst privation, and often actual want, are the portion of themselves; but they do not reflect that, although industry and misery do often go hand in hand, yet that the too frequent precursor of wretchedness is waste and extravagance. This *they do not* bear in mind, and they therefore become disaffected, and enemies to the state. Were every depressed citizen a Franklin, the maxims of Poor Richard would greatly tend to a preparation for meeting life’s anxieties and wants; but as this never can be the case, we are bound to take facts as they are: let them be drawn from any thickly populated district, from London, Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, Bristol, or from places of less consideration,—in any of these, are not the mass of its artisans devoted to habits of depravity; and can it be truly said that this is owing to their superiors. No doubt much trickery is practised upon many of them by their superiors, but this cannot be sufficient to contaminate the whole,—it is owing positively to their own depravity—the depravity of human nature. It must not be thought that we are adopting the fable of the party-coloured shield, that we look to but one side of the question,—far from it; we know that monopoly and abuses, great and crying in their nature, exist; that there has been a gross misapplication of the country’s resources, which, if it be not rectified, and that quickly, will find its end in general desolation. But though this be the case, we cannot acquit the large political

assemblages of the people of nourishing a feeling destructive to the happiness of the human race. We proceed at once to say, that these organised bodies of mechanics *must be opposed*, and the only way to do it effectually is by a collision of parties. In order to assist in the attainment of this object, let every elector who seeks the permanency of revealed religion and social order in the land, when supporting a candidate for parliament, look to those qualifications we have before spoken of, and not take distrust through trifling and immaterial gradations of political principle; if he do not this, plans *already made for the destruction of every institution in the state must triumph*, and "the age of reason" and "the rights of man," (which are not in themselves an antithesis to good government, but, owing to their adoption as watchwords by the leveller, we almost shudder at their mention,) in their perverted acceptance, rear their deformity against the beauty and simplicity of the Gospel.

We reiterate our ardent trust, that in Wales, at least, all classes of mankind will join in sending the *honest—the religious* man to Parliament without reference to Toryism or Whiggism; and that the Tory and the Whig be as members of one family—let them do this, and from the machinations of the "movement party," at least from their intended results, we shall be safe.

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YMWELIAD Y BARDD.

I drev y BALA yr aeth y Bardd  
 I ovyn am ei dad;  
 Aeth tros y ty, a thrwy yr ardd,  
 Gan waeddi, O, fy Nhad!  
 Nid yw fy nhad yn unrhyw van,  
 Os nad yw yn y bedd;  
 Atebai careg iddo yn wan,  
 Dywedai, "yn y bedd."

Pa le mae Gwen, vy anwyl Gwen,  
 Vy chwaer! pa le yr wyt ti?  
 Os wyt yn vyw, anwylav Gwen,  
 O dywed, "Wela vi!"  
 Ni chlywaf lais,—mawr yw vy mraw,—  
 Wyt tithan yn y bedd?  
 Atebai careg oedd gerllaw,  
 Dywedai, "yn y bedd."

TEGID.

## NUGÆ CAMBRO-BRITANNICÆ.

## No. 4. WELSH PROVERBS.

THE proverbs of a people have been described by Aristotle as the relics of their ancient wisdom. He calls them *antiquæ sapientiæ reliquias*\*, and certainly the moral maxims of a nation present us with the concentration of its admonitory prudence, for a proverb is wisdom in precept, as prudence is wisdom in action. Notwithstanding the extreme fertility of the Spanish language in its apothegms, so much so that our old friend Sancho Panza

“ His mouth he could not ope  
But out there flew a trope ;”

yet it will be found that the Welsh is not inferior to it either in the number, conciseness, or peculiar felicity of its proverbial expressions. This is the more extraordinary as our Cambrian ancestors are depicted to us as being more celebrated for the furious, and choleric impetuosity of their courage, than for that serious, and sedate and reflecting, disposition which can alembicate an axiom from the result of long-continued cogitation. A perusal of our Proverbs however, that legacy of past times, will vindicate the title of the ancient Britons to no small degree of proficiency in that better, that practical part of moral philosophy, the adaptation of precepts to our guidance in the common and ordinary occurrences of life.

The Welsh appellation of a Proverb, when we analyze it, will be found to have in itself a proverbial terseness of emphatic expression, *Diareb*, or *Di, ar, heb*, that is a proposition so evidently true that it admits of no controversy, or literally, nothing to be said against it—“ *Quod tam certum et verum est ut cui contradici non potest.*” Q. D. ἀναποκρίτον. So in the Hebrew, *Mashal*, domineri, to govern, signifies a Proverb, because it involves a governing principle of action. In the Latin, likewise, *Proverbium* is *probatum verbum*, and in the English, Proverb, an approved word, or a word the truth of which has been proved by the test of experience.

“ *Pob diareb gwir, pob coel celwydd,*”

says our old Welsh adage, that is,

All Proverbs are true, all omens false.

A list of Welsh authors, printed in the reign of Charles the

\* In Synesium.

First, by Dr. Davies, and dedicated to Sir Richard Wynne, knight and baronet, the treasurer and receiver general of the queen Henrietta Maria, makes mention of a *Cato Cymraeg*. This Cambrian Cato, was, we believe, the celebrated abbot of Llancarvan, sometimes called the British Solomon. If his entire work could be rescued from oblivion, it would probably be found replete with these pithy reliquaries of Cambro-Britannic wisdom. He flourished about the year 450, and to him we are indebted for the Proverb "*Nid Gallu ond Gwybod*," an anticipation of Lord Bacon's observation that "knowledge is power."

From the following precept, attributed also to him, he appears to have been no great friend to matrimony. It speaks the character of the monk.

*Mogel ddwyn gwraig attat yn enw ei hargyffreu.*  
Uxorem fuge, ne ducas sub nomine dotis.

He has been sometimes also cited under the name of *Cattwg Ddoeth*.

In Boswell's Life of Johnson we are told that the Doctor in the compilation of his English Dictionary was assisted in his Welsh Etymologies by a gentleman of the Principality, who had distinguished himself by publishing a collection of Welsh Proverbs. Of this work we have never had the good fortune to meet with a copy: it is now out of print, and become extremely scarce. A new edition of it by some person competent to the task, with an English translation, and explanatory notes, would be a valuable addition to our present literary stock of useful knowledge in the ancient British language.

*En attendant*, however, we shall now attempt to translate a few of these national relics from the publication of Dr. John Davies, who refers to the original collection of old *Gyrys of Yale* in Denbighshire, and we will begin with,

*Gwell nâg 'na dau eddewid.*  
Melior est negatio quam duo promissa.  
A refusal is better than two promises.

And who is there that has had the misfortune

"in suing long to bide,"

and to experience the truth of the English adage, that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick?" who will not be ready to exclaim with the honest Welshman, "*Gwell nâg 'na dau eddewid?*"

It teaches us the moral lesson, to be sparing of promises which we are not sure we shall be able to perform, and not to trust too much to the hopes and expectations held out to us by others.

In philology we learn from it that the English word *well* is derived from the Welsh *gwell*, or *well*, better.

*Da' daint rhag tafod.*

Good are the teeth upon the tongue.

A very pithy mode of recommending circumspection, and a prudent restraint in our conversation. How many are there who after having committed themselves by saying too much, or speaking too hastily, have repented, when too late, of not having recollected this old Welsh proverb, and *bitten their tongue between their teeth*. The loquacious should have this motto engraven on their wings.

The word *daint*, the Welsh for teeth, presents us with the obvious derivation of the English adjective, *dainty*, literally, *toothsome*, that is, agreeable to the palate, pleasant to masticate with the teeth, *daintaidd*, delicate, dainty,

*Gwerthfawr pob Godidog.*

Preciosum quodque rarum.

Whatever is rare is precious.

“Gwerthfawr,” or “*Werth mawr*,” great worth, or value is the etymon of the English word *worth*, although the English dictionaries have assigned it a Saxon origin. So in Welsh, *Gwerthu*, or *Werthu*, means to sell, that is to realize in money the *worth*, or value of any thing.

*Heb Dduw, heb ddim—Duw a digon.*

Without God without every thing—God and enough.

This is the Welsh motto which so much pleased Doctor Johnson in his Tour in North Wales, as well it might, for it contains the whole pith of an entire sermon in one short sentence.

*Ddim*, pronounced *thim*, seems to be the origin of *thing*. *Dim*, nihil, quicquid, aliquid,—nothing, every thing, something, any thing. The word “thing” is pure British, only the English have given it an Anglo-Saxon termination, and in their dictionary, as usual, ascribed to it a Saxon derivation.

*Gwell câr yn llys  
nag aur ar fys :*

Better a friend at court than gold in the fist ;  
or perhaps more literally,



A friend at court is better than gold on the finger, or under the finger.  
A friend at court is better than a penny in the purse.

From *fys* or *bys*, the Welsh for finger, we have evidently formed the modern English term *fist*, to signify the clenched fingers.

We will not say whether *Câr* is the prototype of the Latin *Carus*, or whether our Celtic ancestors borrowed this Welsh word from the Roman adjective. The former, however, appears to us the more probable conjecture, as its primeval root seems to be the Hebrew *Karob*, signifying a near and dear relation; and the Welsh and Hebrew we have demonstrated, in our July number, to be very closely connected together. The same observations apply to *aur*, gold, likewise taken from the Hebrew, "*aur*," to shine. And we are inclined to see more primitive brevity in *car* and *aur*, than in the elongated dissyllables of *carus* and *aurum*. We ground this argument on no less authority than that of Salmasius, who tells us that those languages which consist of monosyllables are the most ancient. "*Catum est linguas omnes quæ monosyllabis constant, esse cæteris antiquiores.*" Salmasius, de ling. Hellen. p. 390.

*Caseg glôff, clôff ei Hebol.*

Lame the mare, lame her colt.  
Like begets like; or Like father, like son.

*Gwell Pwyll nag aur.*

Discretion is better than gold.  
Nullum numen abest si sit prudentia.

*Ar nid yw Pwyll, Pyd yw.*

What is not prudence is danger.

*Llygad Duw ar adneu.*

The eyes of God are on the deposit.

From *Llygad*, signifying *eye*, we have the English word, *look*.

*Gwell angau na chwilydd.*

Better death than shame

The motto of several ancient families in South Wales.

CAN HWST CAN HENAINT.

Centum morbi cum senectute,

Old age brings with it a hundred diseases.

One does not immediately perceive that *Gout* is the derivative of *Wst*, and yet nothing is more certain. *Wst*, or *Gwst*, became *Goust* in the old French, and by throwing

out the hissing *s*, as is usual in that language, it changed into the modern *Goutte*, as the disease or bodily pain, *par excellence*. And thence we have *gout* to signify all arthritic pains, which are usually the most acute.

*Wst* itself, as signifying an acute disease generally, as *bronwst*, a pain in the stomach; *bolwst*, the bellyach, or colic; *defawdwst*, the tongue-ache, &c. &c., is probably derived from *hw*, or *oh!* the natural cry or exclamation of one suffering from acute bodily pain.

*Hwch o bob heledd.*

A sow to every salting tub.

As benevolent a wish as that expressed by Henry the Fourth, of France, that the poorest of his peasants might have a fowl boiling in his pot every Sunday.

*Ys hallt*, the old Welsh word for this condiment, has given us the Anglo-Saxon *sealt*, and English *salt*, as *ys heledd*, seems to be the radix of the French *sel*. The origin is *haliw*, spittle, as much salt occasions a flow of saliva. Would it be too much to suppose that *sow* may have been derived from *ys hwch*, by the simple rejection of the guttural Welsh termination *ch*? In the Armoric it is *howch*, which brings it still nearer.

*Y boly a bil y cefn.*

Venter expilat tergum.

The belly pilfers the back.

Very useful advice to all gluttons and drunkards.

In the transit of *boly* into the English language, the *o* has been changed into *e*, and the *l* doubled. *Bil* or *pil* has given us the old English word to *pill*, which has been elongated into *pilfer*.

*Balchder heb troed.*

Pride is without feet.

There is no ground or foundation whatever for pride, and therefore this vice is here figured, very poetically, to be without a foot to stand upon.

From *traed*, a foot, *draed* and *traed* in the plural, we have "tread" and "trod," signifying in English to walk on, to press under foot.

From *balchder*, pride, we have probably *baldric*, an

emblem of "the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious warfare."

*Bid las lluarth!*

Let the spot grow green again whereon the army stood

The concise expression of a most humane and benevolent wish: for certainly he who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, is a greater benefactor to his country than the most renowned conqueror that ever lived, from Alexander to Napoleon. If the Society of Friends could be induced to adopt the vanities of armorial bearings, "Bid las lluarth" would form an excellent motto for them; and may the potentates of Europe never forget its humane principles!

From *bid*, let it be, we have the derivation of the two English words *bide*, and *be*.

*Lluarth*, seems to be a compound word formed of *llu*, an army, and *arth*, a hilly place.

*Syn ar dyhân.*

Take care of thyself.

The motto of the Wilkins' family.

*Rhin tridyn kannyn a'i clyw.*

The secret of three men a hundred will hear.

*Haws llosgi ty n'ai adeilad.*

A house is easier burnt than built.

A prudent caution against fire, which cannot be too often repeated, and would form a good inscription over every chimneypiece and on every candlestick.

From *haws*, we have *ease*, *aise* in the French; and from *adeilad*, changing the first *d* into *b*, *abeilad*, we may perhaps have derived the English verb to *build*.

*Haws toliaw na huriau.*

It is easier to save or put by, than to hire at a price.

Facilius parcere quam mercedē conducere.

From "huriau" we have "hire."

*Eilfam modryb dda.*

A good aunt is another mother.

From *modryb*, "moder," or "mother," has probably been taken; "modryb" being used as a term of respect to aged ladies. *Eil*, in "Eilfani," is the radix of the Latin *alius*, and the English *else*.

*Golwg Dduw ar adyn.*  
The eye of God is on the poor idiot.

How expressive of the tender mercies of Divine Providence, in ever extending the wings of its special protection over those helpless and unhappy beings, who, having lost the use of their reason, are continually exposed to a thousand accidents! and how forcible is the term *adyn*, not a man, to signify an idiot, formed of the privative particle *a*, and *dyn* a man!

*Drych i bawb ei gymmydog.*  
Speculum cuique suus proximus.  
Every man's neighbour is his looking-glass.

Learn to be wise by others' harm,  
And you shall do full well.

*Cryd ar hen angeu ys dir.*  
Febris in sene mors certa.  
A fever is certain death to the old.

The art of medicine has been much improved since the date of this old Welsh proverb. But though a fever is not now considered absolutely as certain death to those far advanced in years, yet to such it is never unaccompanied with some degree of danger.

From *angeu*, or as it is sometimes spelled *angau*, we have the word *anguish*, as signifying mortal anguish, though Johnson deduces it from the French *angiosse*, but it must be remembered that the language of the Gauls (the old French,) and the Welsh, have the same common origin, the Celtic.

*A fo da gan Dduw ys dir.*  
Quod visum est Deo, certum.  
What seems good to God is certain.

The *ys*, in these two last proverbs, gives us the etymology of *yes* and *is*, in modern English.

*Dos y Fynyw (Mynyw) ddwywaith, ac Rhufain unwaith,*  
*Ar un elw cryno y gai di yma ac yno.*  
Meneviam si bis, et Romam si semel ibis,  
Merces æqua tibi, redditur hic et ibi.

This proverb is a little obscure, unless *is* means that two visits to St. David's are as good as one to Rome. It does not appear in Dr. Davies's Collection of Welsh Proverbs; but it is cited by Charles Edwards, in his "*Hanes y Fydd.*"

*Chwyl gan nŷs.*

The wheel at night.

This recommendation of the spinning-wheel at the close of day conveys an excellent precept of rural industry; and suggests to us the Welsh origin of the English word which designates this domestic rotatory machine.

*Gwell hir weddwod, no drwg briod.*

Better a long widowhood than a bad spouse.

From "*weddwod*," which is literally "widowhood," we have "widow" and "wed;" *briod*, "bride;" and from *drwg*, "drug," that is bad stuff, any thing without worth or value, according to Johnson's definition of the word.

*Moch dysg Nawf mab hwyad.*

The duck's son soon learns to swim.

The children of persons skilled in any art or science, soon acquire their father's attainments.

This is a proverb rich in etymologies.

*Moch*, quickly, soon, with much speed, gives us the parentage of *much*; at least, with as much probability as the *mucho* of the Spaniards. *Nawf*, swimming, is the original of the old French *nef*; a ship of the English *nave*, *navigation*, and perhaps of the Latin *navis*. *Dysg*, to learn, the Romans lengthened into *disco*; and the English into *discretion*, *disciple*, *discernment*, &c. *Mab*, in the diminutive, *maban*, or *baban*, gives us *babe* and *baby*; and *hwyad*, a duck, is composed of *hwy*, (whence the English high;) and *yad*, or *iad*, the "sinciput," or head; *quasi*, longhead. So that the English word *head*, seems to be derived, through the Saxon, from the ancient British *iad*, having the same sense. The pronunciation of this word, at this day, by the illiterate vulgar in the marshes of Wales, particularly in Herefordshire, strengthens the conjecture, where we have often heard a clown drawl out, "Hold up thy *yiad*, mon." Pronunciation is ever more durable than orthography.

*Ffŷl pob tlawd.*

Stolidus quisque pauper.

Every poor man is a fool.

What variety of condensed reflection is compressed in these three short monosyllables!

The proverb admits of a double interpretation. In the first place, it intimates that every poor man is a fool, inasmuch as every one being the architect of his own fortune, it is in some measure his own fault, or his own folly, if he does not succeed in life, but remains or becomes poor.

Again, in another sense, it proclaims the melancholy truth, that all the poor man does is ridiculous; all he says is answered with petulant contradiction, or stifled with the listless indifference of cold neglect, and inattention; whilst the stale joke, the thrice-told tale, the vapid inanity of the rich, are ever listened to with riveted attention, and received with rapturous applause. But “*Ffôl pob tlawd.*” Every poor man is a blockhead!

*Fool*, and *folly*, are undoubtedly the offspring of this ancient British word *ffôl*; and there is no reason for adjudging either of them a French filiation, with Johnson.

*Gwell crefft na golud.*

Better a mechanical trade than riches.  
A handicraft, or trade, is better than gold.

Here we have the derivation of *craft*, from *crefft*;\* and of *gold*, from *golud*.

*Caledach glew na maen.*

A valiant man is harder than a stone.

Camden tells us that Scotland obtained its honourable title of Caledonia, or the country of strong men, from this Celtic *caled*, hard or hardy.

The English word *glue*, a strong viscous cement, by which things are made to adhere strongly together, is derived from the Welsh *glew*, strong, that which makes strong and solid; so *glud* signifies glue, and paste in the Welsh, Cornish, and Armoric.

*Dyweddi o wng, galanas o bell.*

Conjugium è propinquo, inimicitia è longinquo.

Marry near, but quarrel far.

That is, choose your wife from among the circle of your near acquaintance; but carry your wrath to a distance, against the enemies of your country.

From *dyweddi*, as before observed, we have *wed* and *wedding*. The root is *gwedd*, a yoke; *quasi*, the yoke of matrimony. May we venture to suggest the possibility that the English word *bell* may be derived from the Welsh *pell*, or *bell*, afar off; the bell being an instrument used to call or summon those who are at a distance. If so, it is the radix of the Latin *ap-pell-o*, to call, &c.

\* We differ from our ingenious correspondent in the etymology of the word “*craft*,” *craft* is evidently formed from the verb “*crave*” to be in need of, whence the usage and meaning of “*craft*” is, by an obvious analogy, deduced.

*Goreu meddyg meddyg enaid.*

The best physician is the physician of the soul.

*Meddyg* is evidently the etymon of the Latin *medicus*, a physician, and consequently of the English words *medicine* and *medical*; and we are induced to ascribe the prior origin to the Welsh word, because *meddyg* can be resolved satisfactorily into its primary component elements, sufficiently explanatory of its sense and meaning; whereas from *medicus* we can extract nothing, but that it was an arbitrary term of convention among the Romans to signify a physician, or medical man. *Meddig* is formed of *medd*, mead, and *ig*, a sob or groan. That is, *mead* to those who *groaned* in the agony of acute bodily pain or disease. Mead, we know, was the favorite potation of our ancestors. No wonder then that, in the simplicity of ancient times, they should have considered it an universal panacea for every *ig*, i. e. for every complaint; so that to give the *mead* again, to *remede* the patient, was held so certain a cure as to obtain the name of *remedy*, or, with a fine sonorous Roman termination, *remedium*. Doctor Mead was considered the best physician. A more appropriate or more honourable title, therefore, could not be given to a doctor of physic than *meddyg*. Thus *metheglin* is formed of “*meddyg*,” a physician; and “*llyn*,” liquor; *quasi*, the medical liquor. We find Hippocrates prescribed hydromel as a common beverage to patients labouring under a fever, when there was no tendency to delirium. The English word *meed*, in the sense of a reward, recompense, gift, or present, seems to be derived from the same source; for what more acceptable gratuity could be offered than a draught of mead, which Ossian esteemed so highly, as to term it “the pride and strength of shells.”

From the following line, in a very ancient *Caledonian* manuscript of the eighth century, cited by Llwyd, it appears that this liquor was called *med* in the old Gaelic.

*Cet iben med nouel.\**

Let the nobles, or the men of renown, drink mead together.

As mead was the only intoxicating liquor known to our early ancestors, *meddwi* signified to be drunk, to be intoxicated, literally to be *meady*, to be in mead, as we say now to be “in liquor.”

\* *Cet*, let; *nouel*, the nobles; *iben*, drink, (literally put into their head, *iben*;) *med*, mead. It is singular that every word of this ancient Celtic line should so nearly resemble the modern Welsh or modern English.

## THE BRIDAL OF LLEWELYN.\*

"But then for her on the contrarie part  
 Rose many advocates for her to plead :  
 First there came Pittie with full tender hart,  
 And with her joynd regard of Womanhead ;  
 Then came Nobilitie of birth, that bread  
 Great ruth through her misfortunes tragicke stoure ;  
 And lastly, Griefe did plead, and many teares forth poure."  
SPENCER.

Oh, not beside the mountain stream,  
 And not within the forest dell,  
 Nor in the changeful cloud and gleam,  
 That ever on the blue hills dwell,—  
 No, never lead the light heart there  
 Your sad'ning maxims to impress,  
 A deeper, purer joy, 'twill share  
 In nature's calm of loveliness ;  
 But if you fain would break the spell  
 That only round the young heart lies,  
 And all youth's bright aspirings quell,  
 And teach them to be sad and wise,  
 Wait till they find in pleasures train  
 The dazzled eye and wildered brain—  
 Then, while they linger on the scene  
 Where they have chased mirth's fleetest hours,  
 Go, bid them life's one lesson glean  
 From waning lights and withered flowers.

But not one thought of this was traced  
 On the fair brows whose beauty graced,  
 With eyes that mocked their jewels' sheen,  
 The festal bower of England's queen.†

There was a pause, the dance was o'er—  
 The minstrelsy was heard no more.  
 "Oh for a song to cheer us now !"  
 The gay Castilian cried,—“what, mute !  
 Elinor Montfort—where art thou,  
 Fair mistress of the lay and lute ?”

\* “The Countess of Leicester (widow of Simon Montfort), who remained in a nunnery at Montargis, in France, sent her daughter to Wales, to marry the prince: and with her came her brother, Emeryke, and a goodly company. They were made prisoners, and brought to the king, who entertained the lady honourably, sending her brother to be kept prisoner in Corfe castle.” *Llwyd's History*.

† Eleanor of Castile, wife of Edward I.



None answered. In a niche apart,  
All cold and colourless and fair,  
The maiden stood; nor look nor start  
Shew'd that 'twas hers that name to bear;  
Though eagerly the courtly crowd  
Echoed their queen's demand aloud.

If sorrow e'er to form and face  
Might lend a purer holier grace;  
If e'er her hand so light did fall,  
It marr'd no charm, but softened all,  
Till loveliness became divine,  
Elinor Montfort, it was thine;—  
The long black lash, the drooping lid,  
Too oft the orbs beneath them hid;  
But when unveiled, you might have thought  
Those mournful eyes had, gazing, caught  
The summer heaven's midnight hue,  
So dark, you scarce could name it—blue.

Unsought—unthwarted in her mood,  
In silent loneliness she stood;  
That loneliness, most chill and drear,  
That feels most lone when crowds are near.  
It seemed she knew or heeded there  
No presence, save her own despair;  
But when her harp a damsel brought,  
And lightly touched a single chord,  
A change, more swift than e'er was wrought  
By fairy spell or magic wand,  
Came o'er her with that well known sound,  
And ev'ry fettered power unbound.  
With glowing cheek and throbbing breast,  
Her small hands on the strings she pressed,  
And waked so sweet yet sad a tone,  
'Twas like the night wind's passing moan;  
She fixed her bright and troubled eye  
Upon the moon, whose lustre streamed  
From the small Gothic window nigh,  
And on her flowing tresses beamed.

Past thoughts, past feelings, wildly rushed  
On her full heart in stifling throng,  
Till from her falt'ring lips they gushed  
In one unbroken tide of song.

“Alas, my mother! thou didst weep  
Beside us, as we lay  
In infancy's untroubled sleep,  
Or at our childish play;

*The Bridal of Llewelyn.*

But tearless was thy wretchedness,  
The day that made us fatherless.

“And thou didst weep, as in a dream,  
When in the twilight grey  
That vessel o'er the Loire's fair stream  
Thy children bore away;  
Yet went thy son, in warlike pride,  
And I to be a warrior's bride.

“Are not thy tears more bitter now,  
If, to thy convent home,  
Brought with some pilgrim's pious vow,  
These tidings cold become?  
If—oh such news are swift in flight!—  
Their shadow has the speed of light.

“Poor Emmerick! in some stern fort  
Thy tender limbs they bind;  
And I, a captive, in a court,  
'Mid kindred little kind.  
I'd bless my fate, whate'er it be,  
If only thou wert safe and free.

“Sweet brother, 'twas a weary doom  
For one so young as thou,  
Cheering a widow'd mother's gloom,  
With thy unclouded brow,  
And checking still thy wildest glee,  
For one sad look, from her or me.

“And yet, my brother, at this hour,  
How blithely wouldst thou stand  
Once more, within my mother's bower,  
In our own sunny land;  
And hear the deep-toned vesper bell  
Among its echoes ling'ring dwell.

“And there was One, whose glance of light  
Broke on our tranquil dream,  
Waking, in ripples brief and bright,  
Our life's unvaried stream,  
Our Father's champion, clearly proved,  
Dearly our Father's orphans loved.

“E'en now, perchance, the eagle-eyed  
From his own hills, may be  
Far, far across the ocean tide,  
In fond vain search for me;  
He too must know the pang, the gird,  
The sicken'd heart of hope deferred.

“ He told us of the dark blue hills  
That clasp his father-land,  
Its slumb’ring lakes, its gushing rills,  
Its wild and rocky strand ;  
And, oh ! though France was dear before,  
I love those unseen mountains more !

“ My heart, no chord of feeling owns,  
Save mem’ry’s tangled chain ;  
My ear is aching for the tones  
It ne’er may hear again ;  
Long—long the hours have been, and yet  
They cannot teach me to forget.”

With earnest gaze and ear intent,  
The Queen had o’er the minstrel bent  
As low, beside her harp, she kneeled,  
Grief smother’d long, at once revealed ;  
Till, in her soft Castilian eyes  
Unbidden tears were seen to rise,  
And, from those full orbs, fast were shed  
Upon the maiden’s graceful head ;  
’Mid her dark tresses, glistening,  
Like dewdrops on a raven’s wing.

And not in vain that lay was sang,  
And not in vain, the bright tears fell  
That mercy from King Edward wrang,  
As graver chroniclers may tell.  
They tell how soon on Hafren’s side,\*  
With regal pomp, and martial pride,  
Llewelyn gained his plighted bride ;  
And warriors bade their discords cease,  
And hail’d the gleam of promised peace  
Such gleam, alas ! as seldom cheers  
The records of those by-gone years,  
Those pages dark with blood and tears.

\* The year following, the marriage was celebrated at Worcester, between Elinor, daughter to Symon Montfort, and Prince Llewelyn, where the king and queen, and most part of the nobility of England, were present.”—*Lloyd’s History.*

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GLEANINGS, BY DEATH-BEDSIDES,  
OF THE RURAL DOCTOR.

—  
*Tale the First.*

A FATHER TO THE LIFE.

*To the Editors of the Cambrian Quarterly Magazine.*

IN a former number of your Magazine (which, by the way, I am well pleased to see pronounced “an honour to Wales, and of essential service to the cause of literature in general,” by *an independent* London Journal,\*) I hinted that, notwithstanding the nauseousness of the medical profession, (“redolent” of mortality and rhubarb!) there is, perhaps, none that more easily introduces a stranger “to the businesses and bosoms of men; and that, unromantic as may seem a doctor’s visit to a sick room, many a romance of real life is revealed to him by glimpses, or in whole, where he might least have expected it, in the seclusion of a mountain farm, or the little “eventful history” of its humble family. Without more preface, I shall present your readers with some domestic incidents, thus thrown in my way, exhibiting the force of the passions in solitude, when undivided by worldly pursuits and concentrated on one object.

There is a dreadful condition of the feelings, one, indeed, the most cruel that can distract the heart and mind of man, one that must be of no unfrequent occurrence; and yet, as far as I am acquainted with novels, has never been made the basis of one,—never yet filled a chapter in the biography of the human heart. This is the more surprising in an age when the most monstrous sources of excitement are eagerly resorted to, as if all natural were exhausted. Never having been much of a romance reader, however, I should hardly have ventured this last remark but for the acquiescence in it of a more experienced reader, as well as popular writer, the late William Hazlitt, that ill-used and ill-understood genius, who, after perusing the following narrative in a more expanded form, declared that he did not remember the conflict of passions it exhibits as a main feature in any fictitious work. Nor can I refrain from further quoting his opinion, (my solitary pleasure, I confess,) that “the pathos of it is, indeed, intense.” Vanity, in such quotation, I hope

\* *Vide* the Atlas, July 22, of the present year.

will not be imputed to me, for the words may apply more to the peculiarity of the situation than the mode of narrating it: at all events, here it is, to be judged by its merits; if not true to nature. Nature in every reader of unbiassed mind and properly affined feelings, will instantly give the lie to even William Hazlitt, though (by *profession*, alas!) for many years a critical judge of the dramatic art.

“*Procul este profani!*” substituting, for the last word, “*bachelors!*” may be a proper exordium for a tale of a Father. To those who are yet strangers to the parental transport, much of the following effusion may appear childish, because its subject is a child. For my part, I consider children as a sort of superior beings to ourselves. That singular little “*people,*”—that innocent “*nation,*” which has neither wars, nor crimes, nor need of laws, or courts, or hangings among them. Yes, they are certainly a superior race to ourselves: we pay dearly for an added foot of stature. Their souls are taller than ours by a head, and always upright. I would rather have their small hands close my eyes, (if they would stare after I had done with them,) than larger ones, however tender. Then, for their *living* touch of the said hands, thrust into ours for a walk, or a game, or a nap on the knee; why, certainly there may haunt the heart’s memory of a man, a never-to-be-forgotten long-lost “*pressure of the thrilling hand,*” more poignant, more transporting; yet the “*thrill*” is not absent here, though so different; it surprises the parent heart and eye now and then ere it’s aware. And, alas for human nature! how rarely is *that* keener electric emotion of heart unfollowed by some low muttering thunder of secret disapproval in the mind, that proves it but the vapoury brewing of a storm, delicious as it is for a moment or a day! But in grasping the little fussy hand of a child, of “*our own!*” these terrible drawbacks of “*evil hunting*” minds are unknown. *Here* I grasp its softness, I look in the tender, the guileless eyes, and can say, “*here is the thinking, feeling creature, who never yet felt or thought less innocently than the angels in heaven! Here’s a hand that never did offence, an eye that never looked it! Here I can gaze, and doat, and love my fill, without a malignant muttered “fool!” from my satyr of a mind within, for ever making mockery of the finest feelings, under tutelage of that stern old “schoolmistress,” Reason, whom “poor human nature” cannot satisfy. The love of a child is to the heart a perpetual spring without its fickleness, a summer-day without heats and thunderstorms, the*

glory without the gloom, every shower sunny! every cloud a golden one! They who cannot or will not enter into the spirit of this rhapsody, will be pleased not to proceed further.

A middle aged farmer called me out to visit his only son. His countenance was rather repulsive, dark and saturnine; his eyes only, which were fine, redeemed the heavy features from a character of stupidity: melancholy, allied to moroseness, stamped them also. As a specimen of a large class of Welsh agriculturists, the more secluded breeder of sheep frequently inhabiting the same deep dingle and antique village-like farm house and office, from one generation to another, it may be worth while to sketch my companion on a ride of nine miles; the more, as the Welsh farmers met with, residing along the high roads and round large towns, and hence most known to English visitors, exhibit none of those distinctive features which attach to the former, and alone preserve, as it were, the fading picture of life in Wales.

Whoever has conversed with the *better* class of dwellers remote from highways, those who have received some education, cannot forget the singular gravity, almost to pensiveness, of their speech and manner; the suavity, in spite of its cold reserve, of their sparing communion; the pleasantness of that chilling mask's removal, when they became interested; the warm-heartedness, the simplicity of thought and conduct, with perfect shrewdness, which gradually changed his dislike into approval, as their seeming repulse softened into hospitality. By *better* class I mean those old fashioned aborigines of the place, hamlet, or village, approached by bridle way and cart-track, both green, whose shop or farm is an inheritance, who therefore have received a very decent bringing up, through the easy circumstances of their ancestors.

Solitude produces a very opposite effect on the poorer labouring farmer, risen from a farm servant. Living in the very same manner, you find him rash, rude, loud, ignorant, and squalid as a savage, but ludicrously reverential to superiors. The former, on the contrary, pursue an "even tenor" of deportment hardly varying to the stranger who asks his way, and the lord (or a landlord, which is more to them,) who asks a vote. The cockney gay shopkeeper, from his brass-railed, plate-glass window, and his mahogany counter, might take a lesson, (very humiliating to him, if he have modesty,)

from many a little keeper of a shop, over whose hatch door the old thatch bristles down, making the London *gentleman* stoop to enter, whose dusty window half-penny papers of best pins adorn, and on whose old oaken notched counters, base money nailed down, and bacon; and on whose threshold a horse-shoe.

There is a self-respecting air above cringing, which prepossesses a customer, in these persons, and the Londoner himself, who should see them on a Sunday, would abate much of his scorn. He would see then, perhaps, a large happy family going to pay or receiving a visit from relatives beyond their hills, well mounted, well dressed, well behaved, and, evidently from the happy cheerfulness of all, eventually well-beloved.

Of this class, the master shepherd, as I may call him, in like manner domiciliated in his mountain-home, as those in their shops, retains the most marked character. The nature of his home, in its mere physical attributes, seems to powerfully influence his own. Bulging green mountains, mighty shadows, roaring ravines of darkness, damp, and hollow-plunging cataracts; sheep bleating, and kites crying to one another, up high and across the venerable, though rude, old stoned house, with yews, and often huge box trees, resembling a church with its solemn appendages, from one wild ridge in the clouds to that opposite; these and little else seen or heard, cannot fail to impress in a peculiar manner the plastic spirit of man, when continued with little intermission from birth to burial. Such was the home of David Beynon, and the reader may form some idea of him possibly, from what I have just said of the manners of his class: his features were marked with an expression of great anxiety.

“Does your little boy seem to you dangerously ill, David?” I inquired, (we disclaim, “sir,” and the surname, in Welsh dialogue:) he replied, “*Dangerously? danger?* good God! so I never thought of that; I want a little ease for him, that’s all; yet he’s surely ill, very ill. I’d be sore loth to lose him; I’ve had him to myself, you see, ever since he was quite a little thing, been mother and father, too, to him; always in my lap, in my arms, my bed; as well lose my own self as him; how, no danger I hope!” “You are a widower, I believe?” “Why no, but the same thing. My wife lives.” “And you brought up the child, did you?” “Yes, she tried her best to have him, but I would not part with my little Peter; why

should I? It was her friends, her brother, that parted us: our families were always enemies before. So, by lies and schemes they made her leave me, after setting us quarrelling; but I do hear that she finds a comforter in a fellow that did court her before I married her. Let him comfort her! she has the less need of my little boy."

As we conversed, a very steep stone road (if indeed it was not a dried water-course,) brought us down, as it were, on the house-top. The sun, at three o'clock, had already taken leave of the profound green bottom where it stood, on the bank of a brawling little brook. All was solemn mountain-eclipse, green and still, round the village-like domicile. Peat stacks, sheds, cow-house, and many other mossy-roofed erections, peeped, interspersed with aged trees, yews, and firs, and two large sycamores, deepening to pitch dark the duski-ness of the door porch, with its two social stone seats: seats which had, but for a very short space, performed service in the one year's wedded life of David, and ever since had only supported him lonely, at twilight, or dawning with his one companion, little Peter, by his side. He halloed down, through the steep hanging orchard-trees, to some one at the back door, "How is he?" as we approached. "Ah; very simple, very simple: worse a del!" The father turned pale, said nothing, but hurried me round to the front door. I found a very sweet little boy, sensible, pale, patient, extended along the great settle, or fireside skreened seat, who, at sight of his father, forgot his inability to walk, and was shuffling his legs down to run and meet him as usual. As soon as the father ran to him, and bent over him, such a wonderful change to woman's mildness, piteous, and doating came over this stern man's visage, that I could not doubt the truth of his words, that he had been both mother and father to him.

Typhus fever, hastening on to imminent danger, was upon his son. When I announced to him the existing peril, he looked incredulous, or, as if deaf, his eyes seemed to still inquire—a wildness came into them, and they began to roll like those of a man suddenly finding himself in some new horrible situation, thrown into a dungeon, or brought forth to die upon the scaffold. This new state of mind, a doubt of his child's future life or death, was that new horrible situation.

"Oh, my God! my God! what shall I do?" was the extravagant man's exclamation at last, as he paced up and



down,—struck his breast, like a madman,—uplifted his clasped hand every moment—then ran to his child, as if he had but a minute left to impress but one more kiss on his parched lips, and vented his full agony in a fit of womanlike weeping.

Having ordered my little patient to bed, and tried to bring the father to his reason, I took leave, after prescribing. On my next visit, the course of the malady had brought the child on to that crisis which before was but in prospect. The father sat, at five o'clock in the evening, in his night-cap, holding the sufferer's hand, as he had sat all night and held it, I was told, and took no nourishment, and needed none. Several young men, shepherds, stood leaning on their long wands, (the degenerated crook of other days,) looking piteously at the haggard master; the girls stood wiping their eyes; while cows lowed without, and the ewes stood round, both waiting to be milked,—for the master required their constant presence within; so that a sort of mournful holiday was observed in Llandevillog. The miserable father feeling that, if he should lose his boy, all would be lost; and that springtime, and seedtime, fine harvest, or none, would ever after be the same to him, (or believing that he so felt, and should for ever feel,) knew no longer interest in any thing, but that burning hand and frightful pulse, the tossing and the moaning of that dear being in whom his own being hung trembling in the scale betwixt life and death. He fancied that some help—some service, would be needed by him from every hand and mind,—was impatient of their attention to the most needful call of daily duty; nay, he felt furious at the presence of mind which could bear to remember and fulfil them, as if it were a cruelty and slight to his favorite for any eye or hand, or heart, to watch, and tend, and tremble, and ache, with less deadly anxiety than his own. “Let every thing go as it list!” was his cry; and had it not been that David's household was fondly attached to him, notwithstanding some abstraction and sullenness in his habits, his farm would have soon exhibited the results of their obedience.

Delirium, always an awful and appalling visitation, made itself visible during my stay. The first sure indication of a wandering intellect in a beloved object, what with its terrible threatening, what with its own horror, is, to the best regulated mind, dreadful: but to our solitary father it was a gorgon which nearly realised, by its first look, the same revolution in his own

wild brain which it was producing on that of the little victim. He shrieked on occasion of his first irrational words. Little Peter fancied he was on the hill-top, among the sheep, with his father: and the affrighted father tried to argue him into reason and memory, almost angrily showing him that what he plucked and felt was not his pet-lamb's fleece, but the wool of the bed-clothes, as if he would hold back, by force, that wandering, departing mind—that mind of premature growth—so sensible, so man-like, what he had been so proud to cherish; now reeling and lost in the shadows of a night too likely to prove eternal. It was mournful to see the child's vacant smile that answered to the agonised, eager words of his father thus striving to recall his senses,—his hollow horror of voice and accent—his wildness of distress. "You are not on the hill now! you are in your little bed, your own bed—don't you know you are? Sweet boy, don't frighten father—do not, my darling boy! Look! feel! 'tis not your house-lamb you are holding." The little fellow seemed roused to attention by his father's tears, lifted his small hand, from the quilt, towards his father's eyes, as in the act to wipe them, but his unsteady arm trembled and missed its object; it dropped supine on the bed again, and a fresh flood of tears followed the now utterly unmanned father's sight of the pretty action.

With difficulty I prevailed on him to come out, to feel the reviving, tranquillising air and sun. "I must get back, sir: I must get back to him, you know; the time may be short; *to-morrow!* I may even look back to, to-day, miserable to-day! I have him alive yet to return to,—God only knows how long I may have him." Afraid to flatter him with hope, I talked something commonplace, of his having known he was mortal. "No, by my soul, I did not! I was mad, I believe; I never bore to think I *could* lose him—no—no more than if he had been one of God's cherubs sent down to smile round my path, as he looked like one! Mortal? well, so am *I* too, thank God." A dark wild expression of pleasure flew across his face, as he muttered the last words. "A pretty boy! a good little boy! a sweet, a patient, beautiful boy; and as fond of me, a rough man, (though I say it,) as if I'd been his own soft mother! What good, now? Now I wish to God he had not been so good, so patient, so fond; I wish he had cared not for me—that he had been ugly, or cross, or foolish: I wish he had had one fault I could remember! Almost I do—yet I could not bear that,

neither; yet I could better bear anything than the thought of all his pretty ways, his sensible talks, his lookings up in my face, with his hand in mine, prattling all the way up the mountain by my side,—every one does now come back, like a knife at my heart, pleasant as they were! Oh, Doctor, bear with me! I am a lone man: and there's nobody in my house that's a father! and it is not my doating folly: oh, you should have seen him before his poor head was moythering;\* how patient he was! how he would pretend to smile at any plaything I gave him, only to please me, when I know he couldn't enjoy 'em!—how thankful he would look when I settled his pillow! Then, to sit and think of that pillow—that horrible last, which is to receive my own boy's head for ever, with all its pretty curls,—the little coffin,—the stiff hand,—sir, it's unbearable, unbearable! Heaven supports other hearts, I suppose, but *mine* it lets drop—drop: it's like a stone in my bosom this moment, and sometimes it's ready to burst.—Does he breathe? Is he gone? I seem to hear them asking in the dead night, as if it was come to that, indeed,—and—No! he's gone! I could fancy some melancholy devil keeps answering within my brain, to drive me mad—mad—mad!" As if he had really caught the sound on the air, or perhaps to satisfy the terrible doubt even that short absence, with such half-maniacal thoughts, inspired, David flew back into the house.

He returned with a cheerful look. "He's asleep," said he; "sound sleep; his poor half-shut eyes turned to the chair I sat in, for me, the last thing before he slept, as always. To say the truth, before I did leave him the first time, I fancied his little palm cooler, his breath not so short, or else I could not have borne such talk as I have had with you. When I think him worse I can't speak a word; no, not *think* about death even, indeed."

He who has no child will be disgusted, perhaps amused, by those wild words of an *unworldly* father, (in the bustle of the worldly-minded man's life, probably parental grief rarely runs so high;) but they who have lost, or feared to lose, a dear child, may possibly recognise in them a faint echo of a voice within, heard in that dreadful night of their hearts and souls, the period of its utmost danger, that agony of suspense—the *crisis*.

Absence from home prevented my watching the further

\* Roaming, talking deliriously.

progress of the child's disorder, but as my way homeward lay along the hill-top above, I descended. to learn the issue. In a sunny dingle, at the foot of the mountain, on the turf bank of the little brook, sat the father and child: the latter pale, but placid, and around him all the toys and presents he had received during his illness, now first valued. Great as was the delight he derived from them, his father probably received a tenfold degree from watching that restored faculty of enjoyment in his beloved boy. His expression of a father's feelings on such an occasion (his eyes swimming with tears of pleasure, as he looked on him, playing, and spoke of his recent state,) were lively and affecting.

But who shall foretell what new characters will be written? what strange catastrophes recorded in the yet unfilled volume of the heart of man, while yet one page remains blank? Certainly not man; possibly not the angels, till the ghastly finis of the skull and the cross-bones, and death's own black seal and motto, "hic jacet," announce that "all is finished." Then, and not till then, can it be said, "this was a good man," or "this was a fond father."

Again, after a very short interval, I passed that valley and that spot. I saw David walking alone, with folded arms, while my little friend ran after him, not yet restored to his full strength, crying, in vain, "Stop for me, stop for me!" The father stopped at last, induced, as I thought, by catching a sight of me; and never shall I forget the inexplicable change and fall of that man's countenance, as his eyes met mine, and he stood perplexed between reluctance to take up his little boy, who stood with uplifted arms for his usual "jump," and some shame, under my observation of his altered manner towards him. And there was the shooting of some horrid pain of heart or mind, at the very sight of me, as if I awakened memories of the past, that were at once sweet and mournful, strongly painted on his dark countenance, the features of which seemed actually to writhe with the secret workings of a mind wounded to death, or at least enduring its agony. There was a native amiability and gentleness, the fruits of a superior cast of mind, perhaps, in my little patient, which made him meet unkindness: not with the froward impatience of a child, but the tender quiet reproach of eye and manner, which it might elicit from a sensible mild-natured adult. He wiped one eye with his pinafore, looked inquiringly up in his father's face, mournfully and abashed in mine, and walked aside; his

only manifestation of temper being the throwing away a pretty brook-pebble he had brought to show his parent.

“What has my poor little friend here done, David?” I inquired: “come, come, you must forgive him; no great matter, I am sure.” “Done?” he exclaimed, and seemed to start with a sense of his own injustice; “done? nothing on earth: nothing, upon my life! I am a wretched man, sir, a miserable man, that’s all. Come then, Peter.” The child, delighted, mounted a little bank, to be thence received into his arms, now half-extended for him. “What have I done, naughty daddy, that you don’t like to ride me on your back, nor take me with you, and look so like a strange man at me? See! I can’t reach you; you stand so far off.” “God bless thee, boy, nothing; oh, nothing:” his father answered, in an almost distracted tone, and stepped eagerly nearer, for his child to throw himself on his neck. “Done? nothing, poor little soul.” Then, reiterating, “poor little creature!” each time with a less tender tone methought, “poor little wretch!” was the last epithet; his arms dropped by his side, he stood in act to clasp, and did not clasp, cheating the child of his expected embrace: then, coldly helping him down from the bank, he seated himself suddenly on the ground, in strange absence of mind, and sat a minute with his hands clasped and extended in his lap, and chin resting on his breast, as if buried in thought. “Bless me, I ask your pardon, Doctor!” he said, jumping up; “I had, somehow, forgot you was there: I am not well, I believe;” and he relapsed, though upright by self-constraint, into the same disconsolate reverie, his child continually coming round to watch his face, and he as constantly turning a little from him, to avoid his pretty, earnest gaze. A tear stood at last in the poor boy’s eyes, at this seeming displeasure of his father. “How can you bear to draw tears from those eyes?” I said; “I should have believed your heart would bleed to pain the little innocent for a moment.” The father clenched his hands, ground his teeth, his eyes rolled, and I began to fancy that excessive anxiety for his child’s life had shaken his reason. At last he broke forth in a hollow voice of frightful energy: “Pain, sir! tears, sir! does my heart not bleed, then? Can you look in here?” and he struck his broad manly chest with a force that, to one less absorbed, would have been a painful blow. “Sir, for every tear which my morose misery draws from that boy’s eyes, mine weep a hundred; for every little pain I

cause in his innocent heart, my own takes vengeance by a hundred hundred! tears of blood and pains of hell! What less can I call what I have borne—what I am bearing—must bear on, and for ever? If the pains of hell ever were let loose to reach the predestined damned this side the grave, here they burn! If ever a bursting heart's agony did force out blood from a wretch's eyes, I have wept blood! such tears are on my pillow nightly: my lonely bed can witness it! lonely, lonely; he is not my little bedfellow now,—no more, Doctor, no more!" The unhappy inexplicable man lost all self-command: he trembled and wept like an infant; then, fixing his large melancholy eyes on the brook, and not on the child he seemed to address, he added more calmly: "Would to God we had again one bed, even this earth; one grave, one death hour,—shroud by shroud, hand in hand, even just as we lived. Oh, my boy, my boy! I had been happy—how happy! to have died a few short weeks ago with you, if your time had been come then: died in my blessed ignorance; sucked death from thy poor blackened lips, and laid me down by thy side,—then, then, while I could have said 'farewell, my boy!' But now; oh, now—." He broke off, and hid his face in his hands.

Let me supply to the reader that explanation of this sudden change, which was withheld from myself during some time. This romantically fond father had been assured (and he fatally believed the assurance) that he was not a father: that the object he almost alone lived for, his pride and darling, was in truth his shame, and ought to be his hate. Mrs. Beynon, the parted mother, requested an interview with David, on the child's recovery: a sort of reconciliation,—a complaint of his detention of the child, a consequent furious quarrel, fomented by her brother, followed. The latter, a brutal sort of monied man, a grazier and drover, bade him remember, that his sister was courted by a fair young man almost up to the time of David's sudden acquaintance and speedy stolen marriage with her. He sneered at his credulity: for the child was a seven-month's birth, and yet wanted the usual marks of such prematurity. Fury made him careless of his sister's feelings, and fury made her equally callous to woman's shame. In the eagerness to inflict a wound on her husband's heart, who had indeed vitally wounded hers, by refusing to her the society of the child, she stooped to the charge of infamy, and confessed to the brother's imputation. To prove to the selfish father,

who had engrossed their mutual object of love to himself, that it was, in fact, hers only, and that he had been hugging to his heart its bane and his dishonour, was a species of revenge too sweet and keen in point to be rejected.

But even the fulness of revenge against those for whom love lingers in the heart (and such was the case with the unhappy parted wife,) is like the recoil of a gun in an unskilled hand, that, bursting with its overcharge, proves more fatal to the party that aims to wound, than to its object. A terrible sort of compunction preyed on the mind of Mrs. Beynon, from the moment that her husband, after imprecations shocking, and foreign to his subdued melancholic habits of expression, broke away from her and her brother—a whole revolution of the inner man, up and raging visible in his countenance, beyond what utmost rage alone could depict.

But before I hasten to the proof of this self-wounding folly of revenge, as exhibited so soon by this miserable mother, I must return to my interview with the father, whose wild out-pourings will thus be rendered more intelligible. He became somewhat calm as soon as the child was gone, whom one of the servants called away to the milking of the ewes, and then, still restlessly moving to and fro, while I sat on the green bank, he spoke solemnly and mysteriously, in a tone and manner which proved that eloquence, excluding ornaments, is the mere strong expression of natural feelings.

“To discover in the wife of our bosom, instead of the pure white blessing we fancied ours, a foul fallen thing—an adulteress—that is shocking! that is terrible! but even that is to be borne! Suppose that a childless man makes such a discovery, it’s a shock, a great grief and misery, but he knows at once the whole, and the worst, and the end of his misery. She’s gone! his innocent wife is no more: that lost, perjured, polluted wretch, is no longer—no more she than her corrupted carcase, after a month’s burial among the grave-worms, would be her sweet body! It is but an ugly kind of death and widowhood he has to bear, after all. Why, sir, I could envy such a man his hate of her he did so doat on! Oh, what a rapid, though a cutting cure, that must be! But how can I hate him? innocent soul: look at his artlessness, his sense, his—oh, God! sir; what has he done that I should hate him? And yet—yet I feel I hate—,” he added in a hollow whisper that had in it



I know not what of piteous horror: "I thought I saw the loving murderer of a loving child before me."

A terrible conflict of feelings was visible in his face, disfigured as by an ugly mask. He went on, as if in soliloquy: "I feel I hate; but instead of a cure and comfort, what is it?—a hell of pain! But what talk I of—a man without children? A husband who has them: he, too, may be made a lonely man, by discovering a wife's guilt; he may find a great void made in his house—in his hearth—on a sudden; cut off by a villain from his own fireside comforts for ever! Why, God help him! that is a hard trial; but by that God who has marked me for mine, and made it harder, harder still, I must envy that miserable man. He has comfort left: his own certain sure children are left him still, to fill her empty place by his hearth, to weep with him over her loss, to sooth him under it, and, when he returns to that sad home, to make it a home to him still! He looks into their eyes, and sees his lost wife there; not the foul wanton of that dark time; but the young, virtuous, undoubted, dear wife of a happier time; as she looked when crossing his threshold for the first time, blushing innocent joy, or bending pale and curious-eyed over his first new-born! For they are the children of her innocence, the eternal pictures of what she was. Oh, sir, he has a comfort in looking into their eyes; but what have I? what do I see in mine? There, in that boy's eyes, where I have turned for comfort so long, and found it in his fond smile; what see I now?" And then the features of the father assumed the expression of the most intense loathing and hate. "I see the blue-eyed villain there, who has fooled me into a father's doating, and now grins my heart death-cold through those eyes, for fancying his child my own!" That moment the child ran up. "There!" he exclaimed; "look in those eyes, and doubt—if you can! His very smile: the very sneer of it: the hereditary trick of it! I wonder where my own eyes were, never to see it before: such a palpable likeness! Those pretty eyes to be inhabited by a devil—a leering devil! Go, boy, go!" "Is not his mother fair, blue-eyed?" "Aye, aye; but those are not her eyes." "Do not drive him from you, David: do not speak so sternly; you may repent this; you are under some delusion." This, and all I could say, availed nothing, or only served to inflame the passions of the unhappy father—and no father.



“Don’t argue it, Doctor: no more of that; but tell me, if you can, how this is to be borne? How is it to end? You saved him—I wish you had not, now! Can you save me? But your art is for the body: oh, but there’s wounds, and cancers, and fevers of a man’s mind, more intolerable than flesh knows! To shun what I cannot live without, to hate what I doat on, drive him from me that I cannot bear a minute out of my sight,—I ask, is this a state to be borne by a being who has the power to kill or to die? Have you a cure for such a state of living damnation as this? He has walked away crying! poor, poor—oh, sir, go after him: give him something,—comfort him,—my heart is broke!” He sat down on the ground again, and it was after long silence that I elicited, by broken dialogue, the facts of the family quarrel between the wife, brother, and himself, which I have already related.

Whether it proceeded from some neglect to which the tenderly-watched boy became now exposed, through the almost continued absence of his father, neglecting all home concerns, and burying himself, on purpose to be unmolested, in the dripping chasms of rocks, where waterfalls plunged, concealed by hanging trees and black umbrage of many leaves; or whether it was the effect of unkindness on the too sensitive feelings of the pining boy, not yet fully restored to strength; from one of these two causes, a relapse took place, and my poor little patient was again a prisoner of the sick chamber.

Meanwhile the wife, who had inflicted all this agony on the father, was scarcely suffering less. I was called to visit a Margaret Thomas, living with her brother, in another country adjacent, and found that this was the parted wife of David: adopting (perhaps in pique,) a Welsh\* custom, not long obsolete, of wives retaining maiden names, she re-assumed hers; and as David was reluctant to talk much of his child’s mother, I knew not, till I visited her, that this was the person.

I found a fair faded woman, little past her prime, but care-worn in look, and now deadly pale from loss of blood. Hæmoptysis, or spitting of blood, was her bodily ailment; but this was aggravated by extreme agitation, produced by a violent quarrel with her brother. During frequent faint-

\* A will is in existence at Brecon, which was made by a wife in her husband’s lifetime, signed by her with her maiden name. This document is little more than a century old.

ing fits, brought on by the hæmorrhage, (nature's temporary cure, by which life is often preserved,) I heard much of the history of this quarrel from the gossips of the bedside. She appeared in a decline, and no time was to be lost in soothing her agitated nerves: she had heard of little Peter's fresh illness, and of his father's estrangement. I found that an interview might be the means of saving more lives than one. She accepted, with weeping eagerness, my proposal that, in the absence of her brother, now gone up with black cattle to a fair in England, she and her husband should meet again. With great repugnance David at last consented; and they met.

The meeting was solemn and affecting. She extended a thin pallid hand to her husband, as she sat propped in the bed, for shortness of breath, and still raising blood at intervals. But he was come a long way from his boy, whom he had left in danger; his heart was full of him, the more that he was now not in his eyes, and that he could think doatingly of him, without that fatal fancied likeness "looking his love cold," as he expressed it, through those mild innocent eyes, which were now on his sick bed—as before, for ever turning for his father nurse—now, alas! no longer the constant attendant on his wants. Not that he suffered him to want anything, but he could neither bear to yield his post to a nurse, nor yet to be seen performing her office to the child of another man, as his nervous, almost insane, prepossession now made him conceit that every soul knew that child to be another's, and every eye leered ridicule at him for so fostering it. Hence he held himself aloof from the sufferer, till his importunity should seem to sanction his attention, as a mere man, for humanity's sake, and not as a father. Full of this home-torment, of pity and love for his child, his heart recoiled from that fatal woman, as a mangled patient from sight of the bloody knife of the surgeon, which has just inflicted insufferable pain: for, believing it to be but truth which she had uttered, he could hardly look at it as mere wanton laceration of his heart, but a necessary infliction, though he abhorred her as its instrument. Hence he stood, and neither stretched hand, nor bore to speak to, nor even look at her.

"Pray come nearer," she said, faintly; "I cannot lift up my voice, and I have much to say, and little time, perhaps, to"—he advanced one step, no more. She required a helping arm to raise her higher for breath, looked once im-

ploringly at his, (that which, for so short a time, had enfolded her and upheld her, and most tenderly, for David had really loved her, and she him,) then desperately erected herself by one effort, the strength of angry despair, dashed off one tear from her eye, that he might not see it stand there, and would have spoken, but the exertion brought on a fresh effusion of vital fluid, so much as almost to stifle her ere it could be ejected. David, startled if not softened by the terrible sight of life's current thus overleaping its natural channels, handed her the vessel, already fearfully full of the crimson horror. Even this tardy cold courtesy overcame the unhappy wife: she wept bitterly. "Once more, David, but once, support me: you need but let me grasp your hand at arm's length, for I cannot sit up without it:" and falling back, "this in my throat will choke me, so that I cannot say what I would not die without saying for all the world! Oh, good God! it continues," she said, after a pause, for rest; "will my life ebb quite away, and stop my con——?" David looked, as he held it, down on the deadly-white hand,—a sick and unnatural beauty,—and all the past came over him like a dream; the wedded happiness of a year; the after-solitude of years; the feeling with which he first grasped that hand in a stolen interview with the sister of an enemy's house, the love heightened, perhaps, by the forbidden nature of it; the ill omened! He was moved, and awaited her recovery, and perhaps last words, with anxiety. "Oh, husband, hear me!" she said; "now hear me confess——." "Hell hear your confessions!" his irascible misery broke out again. "It was an unlucky beginning: would I had never heard 'em! Your confessions have made me childless, and your child fatherless! made my nature cruel to him: his beauty hateful to me! Such confessions as yours are for the ears of devils, not of God. You should have for ever held your peace: have died in the secrecy of sin and lust, as you lived in the shame of it! Lie, woman! lie now; be perjured, and be forgiven; for you have wrought such a devilish mischief by truth, as not the foulest lie——." Thus he ran on, while the weeping woman could only utter, "Oh, I was false!" "False to me! Don't I know it? Why again? Wretch! I tell you, if it were possible, you should now make me think you never had played me false: restore my blessed ignorance: fool me again to think him my own; take him back to my arms, my bed, my bosom—him, the innocent that slept there, like the poor man's one lamb, till you, by your wicked

confessions, tore him thence! Truth itself's a sin, after such treachery to a husband! If you do believe that your soul is leaving you, and would atone before it's gone, die with the lie on your lips! lie, lie on! in mercy and in virtue, die, saying he is your own! he is your own!—but it's too late."

With brilliant, yet ghastly smile, and the hectic flush, now heightened to a burning crimson, Margaret sprung up of her own sudden strength, the impulse of the emotion which had stopped her utterance, and threw her arms around his neck ere he was aware, crying out, "And so he is! he is, on the word and oath of a dying woman, he is your own! I meant that I was false when I said otherwise, when I allowed my brother's wicked lie to pass on you; and so I was, on my life and my soul's life, I was!" He shook his head, incredulous. "You don't believe me, then?" she cried vehemently, wringing her hands, "then it is too late, indeed! my poor wronged little boy!" "Foolish, wretched woman," said her husband; "could you suppose me in earnest, when I bade you feed me with that honied lie?" "My breath fails me: what can I say? Oh, heaven! oh, God of truth, speak for me! Some pitying mother, now an angel in heaven, speak for me; right my child; convince my husband before I die!" A dawn of comfort was visible in the gloomy eyes of the father. "Woman, remember," said he, "this is, perhaps, your death-bed." "I do, I do! I hope it is!—and revenging God so deal with me as I speak true or false, when I say he is your own! And I, too—I, too, though that you regard not,—but I was ever true to you, David. I came to your bosom as I left my mother's in my weaning time, untouched in person, in heart, and I go to my bed in the earth as I left yours! I take your last kiss on my lips to the grave with me, husband, mine! Could you say as much? But no matter—my child! my child! Death, I feel, has decided for us now which shall have the keeping of him."

David pored on her face of pale exhaustion, as if to search her very soul; then he took her hand again tenderly. "Margaret!" he said, with a quavering yet solemn voice, "by that Heaven you call on, I call on you, I implore you, torment me no further! I am ready for the worst: truth, truth is what I ask, I demand of you. Dare you, indeed, swear that child is mine?" "For God's sake, bring a Bible: quick! there is one,—hand it me," she exclaimed, her agi-

tation increasing her frightful expectoration every moment. "Invent any form of oath the most dreadful,—on the soul's peril of a dying woman; one who knows herself dying; look at my life ebbing fast to prove me dying: with this last breath I say he is your own: so saying, with my lips' last motion, I kiss this book of God, and swear he is your child. Look! I have sealed it with my blood! the stamp of a bloody lip is on the page! Yours—yours, David! Now shall I be believed? Can I depart in peace now? And oh! now shall I not see our child before I die? Now can you forgive my angry, wicked, unnatural, lie? If you can, kiss me once, in token, and take one kiss to him from me, my injured, innocent, poor little boy! I would kneel to you, would my weakness allow—to him, were he here: oh, God, that he were here!"

The husband kissed her in transport. "You have heaved a mountain from off my breast, dear Peggy: I breathe again! I live again! and you must live, too! my poor, poor wife, mother of my darling! Oh, that we were all now together! come to my heart again—to my heart and home! Oh, lost Peggy; yet not lost, I trust in God; live for both our sakes! We shall be so happy yet! We will both keep him—no more dispute." She shook her head, unable to speak. "In what a dream have we been wasting our lives! How have we been abused! for you, too, have had your wrong suspicion of me. Now hear me swear, you never had rival in my heart or arms, but our little Peter,—never!"

The door flew open; one of the shepherds of Llandevillog entered in great haste, and broke at once the speechless solemn embrace which sealed this late, but perfect reconciliation. He had ridden hard to overtake the master, for "the womankind" thought there was "a change in little Peter." This was an awful announcement for David, who well knew that a "change for death" is meant by that term, although often announced mistakenly. The very ghastliness of death overspread the father's face. "And I must be here! at this horrid distance!" said he. Again the newly-reconciled wife of his bosom seemed the murderess of his child; she caught the full feeling of his altered mind through his eyes, which scowled the dumb curse of his infuriated misery, though he spoke not, as he released himself from her embrace. "Not one, David; not one more?" Whether kiss or embrace was her meaning, he vouchsafed not one, but almost before time had elapsed for his descent, as she thought, she heard the

two horses on the rock of the fold round the house. She sunk back on her bed in utter prostration of soul and body, betwixt exhaustion by his sudden cold departure, but more by the blasting effect of that farewell curse of his gloomy eyes. Yet she listened for the last of his horse's hoof tramp. She heard it die away in desperate speed along the dangerous declivities of a rugged mountain opposite, and heart seemed to die away within her as the sound without.

Little did the impatient father reckon of the road he had to travel, except its dreadful length. He pictured to himself his child dying, now, *now* that he could once more hold him to his heart, as if come out of a hideous dream, dying, and he away, no more perhaps to behold him forever! an obstructed journey of many mountain miles was before him. Perhaps no severer a trial of mortal patience can be endured than that he was suffering. The stretching forward of the fond soul before the tardy body; the spiritual flight, the devouring of the way, in the one; the heavy, gradual, laborious progress of the other; that constant conflict, how cruel and terrible is it, when life or death, one more word of the dying, another look, another *living* kiss, one more sight of the sentient being, or everlasting silence, blue and moveless lips, that being's horrid effigy in chilling, perishing clay; when so vast is the question pending on that body's speed, for eternal decision?

“Believe in one who by experience knows  
This is the woe surpassing other woes!” *Hoole's Ariosto.*

This trial had our master shepherd to endure to agony. There were craggy water-courses to be crossed with slow care, out of which madness itself could not force even a spirited horse; broken up peat ground presenting ascent or descent of a foot or even two, at every few paces; pale green rounds of verdure concealing quaking bogs to be avoided: the plashy mountain foot-road where the soil is at once clogging and hindering, with great stones fallen from the top; and then the rolling stones of the long, long defile between banks which lead down to the *real* base of the mountain in the cultivated valley, the place of homes and green fields; and as more than one mountain was to be crossed, there was a repetition of these obstacles, every one of which seemed, to his heart-gnawing patience, as so many inhuman foes, deaf and blind to his agony, and groan and sweat, standing between him and the death-bed, (for such fancy painted it,) between him and the restless rolling head; the faint face he saw, in idea, turning for him to the opening door! his mind was there, but round him was the

same dreadful, far-stretching distance, the brown moor, the far-fading rock horizon, (for it grew dark :) and the only life near, that of creatures alien to the nature of his torment, the kite, the owl, and the dismal bittern of the marsh. It seemed the ordinary pain of absence condensed into an agony bitterer than death; the sick impatience of years comprised in one horrid hour!

True, it was but a child, but a little child, for whom he felt all this. Could a *man* so feel? was it natural? Yes, to the man of nature, for such in some degree was David. What little he had seen of mankind had taught him to exalt in his mind the unperfected being above the perfect, or what the sense of the world regards as such. He reversed the scale of their claims to love or veneration: to him the man was as the child, and the child as the man. Besides, he had made his little helpmate of his son, young as he was; and accustomed thus to companionship with him in all things, he seemed to have as much claim to his heart's fierce remorse, as his other affections. Hence every unkind word and look his uncomplaining patient boy had suffered from him, and which no worldly father would have once thought on more, rose like armed furies each from its sleep to stab his heart, in his desperate impatience to atone (to his own mind,) for past estrangement, by once more clasping him to that heart, and closing the dreadful gulf falsehood had fixed between them for ever.

That delightful embrace was at hand. He threw himself from his horse, at his own door, seized the string of the latch; paused to listen; the quietness soothed his nerves, for it seemed to assure him that all was well, that at least he *lived*. To him it appeared that death in the house must have produced, had it actually occurred, some degree, at least, of that tremendous commotion which its mere idea, the conceit of a black imagination and sick heart, had kept in his mind all the way. Alas! he forgot what a mere dream, or if ever more, how fleeting a reality, is human sympathy! he forgot that even had his worst fears been realized, should his child lie dead that moment within,—in the midst of his madness, and outcry, and agony of heart, no more would be said or done in the next farm, in the house of even his kindest neighbour, than a question asked and answered, “is Davy Llandevillog’s little boy dead?” “Yes;” no more! He was in the room before any knew of his return: a black evening, joined to the shade of leaves round the casement, made all dim within. What



was his ease of heart to see, not only all quiet, but one woman, his usual nurse, tying on the night-cap of his darling, in all tranquillity! the very suddenness of that ease was of itself a shock. He gasped deep, it seemed as if he had not breathed since he received the alarming message, till then. He pushed aside the nurse, exclaiming, "going to sleep, my precious? one kiss, first, *mine own!*—*mine own* darling boy! but one for foolish, foolish father." Bending over him in the dusk, he saw a pretty smile on the wan little face, but it was not at him. The lips had a dreadful formality in their closure: it was the chin band,—it was the falling jaw the woman was tying up, which he mistook for the cap! In the moment of his pronouncing "father," the horrible truth flashing in his mind stopped the word in his throat; he felt he was *now*, indeed, no father! the frightful appearance of two *eye holes*, instead of those mild blue eyes he looked into, produced by a small copper coin laid on each, as is the custom, completed the sad certainty. He jirked up his head in shuddering horror, for his lips and those of clay, his eyes and those blind sockets, almost met. His sudden outcry betwixt groan and shriek, and the name of "Christ!" half-uttered, was so wild, and loud, and frightful, that it was heard by two of his shepherds on the height of the mountain opposite, so mournful that they were distinctly heard to answer it, instinctively groaning, in a short word of pitying grief. It told them that their unhappy master had just then commenced his new childless existence.

He had no sooner uttered that dreadful cry than he fell at length on the ground, and lay for some time without sense, without motion. His rising was slow, solemn, ghost-like, shocking to look upon. His face had taken the very pale of the death that had so suddenly blasted his eyes and stunned his sense. He stood like some effigy with its stony eye-balls fixed on vacancy; but the officious nurse had covered the body with a sheet, so that he looked but upon the ghastly outline of the small body with projecting face and feet.

He pointed to it to have it removed, and she obeyed, for his action had in it something commanding, like that of a mournful apparition. Then he waved her from the room with the same dumb gestures alone, after which he resumed his fixed gaze on the composed and beautiful figure of the little corpse. The whole household stood without, just peeping in occasionally, without daring to disturb the stricken father in this his first stern interview with death;—his dire new



acquaintance with the mystery and horror of its actual presence. After a long time spent in this intense gaze and silence, his first motion was of his right hand, with which he lifted that little hand so often placed affectionately in his; then let it go, and it dropped! fell as if it had never sought his, never thrilled by its innocent pressure, had always been that mere mass of perishable figured clay its drop confessed it to be, instead of—"Peter's hand!" Then he stamped on the ground hollowly, saying, *earth!* what, already? earth? oh, rapid death! confusion, destruction! torment! mischief! death! and hell! now welcome, welcome! he then secured the door, and all night watched by the body without again touching it, yet forbidding all those little attendances that seem so necessary to minds at ease, such idle shocking impertinences to that sad sublime of unearthly thought to which death and despair exalt a true mourner.

It was during the dead of the second night when a terrible storm of thunder and lightning occurred, while the father watched the remains of his fair boy, gleaning ghastly in the blue brilliant day of a moment, which, at short intervals, the opening sky shot into the fatal chamber, that some new fierce passion seemed to arise, (like that unnatural brightness in the midnight,) from out of the blackness and sunkness of his heart and mind.

He was heard to utter ejaculations like cursing, and murmur solemn inarticulate sounds, like deadly vows not to be breathed to the living, hardly to darkness itself, and that death for ever in his view. Suddenly he mounted his horse and rode off, in the height of the storm, in the direction of Cwm Carneddau, his wife's residence. Revenge, it could hardly be doubted, was the new passion, that last effort of nature against the deadliness of despair, giving a short vitality to a heart doomed, a spirit crushed, like that brief, yet vivacious, mock-life with which Galvanism can convulse a corpse for a space, but must leave to the work of time and corruption at last. Death met the wretched solitary again, and perhaps prevented some horrid tragedy which that spirit up and raging within him, like the storm through which he scoured the mountain ridges and vales, might have wrought. She, whose fatal lie had produced such effects, had not long survived that cruel parting which so suddenly followed the tenderest reconciliation. He found her in her coffin, and as he had stood in his home, no more a father; so there, on his arrival, he found himself no longer a husband. Other ties he

had none on earth. Strange rumours prevailed of his conduct there, of what he said and did to the guilty cause of his child's death, even as she lay in the awfulness of death herself; but why repeat what none suffered themselves to believe!

As what little I have more to relate of my master shepherd represents him in a new and fearful character, let me here sum up his natural original one, as it appeared to me, exhibited by the traits just shown, and others too minute for record.

David Beynon was a man of most violent passions, which circumstances and the habits of his life had subdued into outward quietude. Though the woman he married was not his first love, perhaps, by many, she was the choice of his mind at least, and formed the object, round which those passions might have rallied for life; but events, as has been shown, quickly set them loose again, and at the same time called into action the darker ones of jealousy, wrath, and strong resentment; these still aggravated by the pain of that pent up tenderness of which his nature was so capable. Thus made a solitary at the very period when his social existence was beginning, at a stage of life, too, when reason begins to demand such placid blessings, his passions preyed upon himself, he sunk into that blackest kind of melancholy, the eternal void and sick-heartedness of strong feelings utterly unemployed. Conscious of his own capacity for the most passionate affection, for the gentlest, sweetest emotions, while his wedded singleness cut him off from such, and the bickerings with his wife's family doomed him to the thrall of furious and unamiable ones; this perpetual state of intestine bosom-war, made him, for a long time, an unhappy and repulsive character. Misunderstood by all, (another source of impatience,) this highly social feeling, loving-natured man, dividing between a homeless home and mountain woods his listless hours,—morose from very kindness of heart, a heart sick for sympathy, and ever lonely from being wretched, and wretched from impatience of that selfish-seeming solitariness,—became by report, a sort of rural Timon, leading the very life of one who delighted in separation from his species, whereas, in fact, that very separation was the source of his seclusion.

But his child was growing into companionship, and to them who can conceive such a state of existence as is here described, the extravagance of this man's love for his child will appear, at least, less extravagant. That child's growing

power to interest him was not, as to other fathers, a new tender pleasure only, but a sort of salvation. It drew him out of himself, weaned him from his black nurse—melancholy. His stern-grown long-imprisoned heart began to recover its own better nature, its life and health, under the impulse, while his beautiful boy slept in his lap, then acquired the strength to climb to it, and then the sense to enter into the spirit of a little play. “Measter be *clean* changed from what he did use to be,” was the frequent remark of the farm servants, at that era, though they knew not the cause. For benefits received, for ease after pain, for pleasant hours after heavy ones, we cannot but conceive a gratitude, even towards an unconscious ministrant: thus, gratitude was added to the love of a father in his heart. Moreover, David was in that period of life which Byron so feelingly describes as more intolerable than downright hoary old age, that “most barbarous” of middle ages, *man’s!* God’s wisdom none but fools can doubt; but, perhaps, few but fools will pretend to fathom it; to reconcile it with the constitution of things; still less, with this constant beneficence to man. The very short period of human life, compared with that of beasts, to which Providence has allotted human beauty, love-worthiness for soul and eye, is, perhaps, one of those irreconcilable enigmas. Beasts exhibit and seem to feel no withering but one, the blight of death. Love in them seems coeval with life. I have seen a mare twenty-three years old, really pretty faced. The “human face divine,” on the contrary, is often the very charnel-house of beauty, the melancholy place of relics of dead charms, while nature is still vigorous, and the heart alive as ever. Does not this eternity of spring, that laughs at age in the unchangeable frontispiece of a brute, almost entitle it to the epithet, “divine,” above that of a lord of creation? Our master shepherd, I say, was at that period of life, when, perhaps, most men of healthy and of unbroken constitutions, are conscious of a strange disparity between the withered face and the unwithered heart. An autumn aspect and summer nature is a perplexing contrariety, and David, who had made love too much the business of life formerly, had food for thought, in his solitude. “I am growing old,” said he; “old Time will have it that I am, (though I can’t feel it,) for I find his mark on my brow, visible as Cain’s, to ‘frighten love away.’” When, after angry intercourse with his wife’s family, David would compose himself in a twilight mountain’s recess: “Aye,” he would say, for he was a sort of humourist, “*these* passions a

man may always indulge and excite be he ever so old, while love, the delicious,—the antidote to those poisons of existence, love, he is either too young to feel, or too old to inspire, the greater part of his life. Hatred, malice, injustice, envy, &c. these are allotted to him in perpetuity; of these he is the object *for life*; these begin with his first nurse, who shakes him for crying, as nature taught him, and only leaves him with the last, who closes his eyes, straightens him out on a board, spreads a sheet over him, and sits down to tea! Love, on the contrary—” But enough.

I deemed it worth while to digress here into these bygone moods of the father, because they not only exhibit his character, but also “cast the shadows before” it may be suspected, of that long, deeper, dreadful shade, in which his remaining span of life was so soon to be involved, and all character blotted out for ever.

This sensitiveness, this moody melancholy, by cutting him off from more satisfying objects, concentrated all his affections on that boy. Perhaps instead of rendering that soft and gentle passion, a parent’s love, insipid to him or less powerful, those baffled stronger ones imparted to it an exalting force, and gave to his fondness all their own intensity and fulness divested of fury. Might we wanton in similitudes, their influence might be resembled to the sway and swell of a high sea, just visible and audible in the waters of a little blue bay among the mountains, whitening with spar and blushing with purple heath all round it, like the fairness and the rosiness above the pure serene of a child’s bosom. There those waves which are raging without, grow beautiful in their sunken mightiness, heave softly and play musically on the little beach where never wreck lay. Said we never? alas for man, that there the parallel must fail! that even *there*, in that peaceful haven of the human passions, which love for a child might seem to promise assuredly, should lie a total wreck, a human heart! that even “tears, such as tender fathers shed,” should become as tears of blood to that tender father! that so soft, so bright, so cherub-eyed a cynosure as a little loving eye of “our own,” should prove to the mind it riveted on itself, as the very fire of God’s judgment thunder; fatal as the bolt that strikes the most guilty passion fixed on the most unworthy object!

Such was, however, the result of loving even a child too well. David returned not from his journey in the storm till the following evening. Then he came home without horse;

he had lost his hat; his clothes were covered with the pitchlike mire of the pits of *mawn*,\* into which his horse had fallen, and left him middeep. His looks were wild: his journey between death and death, from one house of mourning to another; the rage of heaven in the elements above his head, and that of hell probably in his heart, seemed to have shaken his reason. But when he found no where the body of his child, which they had buried in his absence, fearful of further prevention, the paroxysms of rage into which it threw him completed his mind's ruin.

My next visit to Llandevillog was as sad as its aim was hopeless, to "minister to a mind diseased:" and sadder still was the change in that quiet, pastoral home. The altered father death-pale, and his beard let to grow, was held between two of his own shepherds, who humoured his wild fancy of searching for his child every where. Behind bags of wool and coffers of old oak, and through chinks in the rough wall of the large old rooms above, containing many beds, all which he searched, he would thrust himself, and call through, in alternate rage and sorrow. "Where is he? where is he? where is he? I demand him of you, I demand him; I, his father, demand him at your hands," was the first I heard of his voice as I lifted the latch—a voice of thunder heard through the clefts of the flooring above, whither he had just then dragged those who held him. But as I arrived at the top of the stairs I found that he had seated himself on the ground, in the most disconsolate attitude, and he looked despair at me, without knowing me, as I entered. "I shall never see him more!" said he, "I look across the world, and I cannot find him! I look up to heaven and listen, and cannot see, cannot hear him! He was dragging me by the hand to come with him and see him milk his own little ewe by the prill (brook) side, that he brought up from a lamb, and I would not go with him; and I took my hand from his, and God made that a sign that I should never, never, hold it more!"

But what may be more deserving of record in these wanderings of a lost mind, was the wildness with which he mingled the superstitions of his land, prevalent in such lone districts, with his own bosom pains and memories. His immersion in the bogs of the hill-top, visible on his dress, may serve to explain part of his delusion; and the dismal scenery of such heights in night and storm, fitfully given to view by a faint moon, through hurrying clouds, other parts.

\* Turbary.

The mountainous heath, the dead prospect, the ruinous rocks, the dingy pools of peat water, the dangerous quagmire's brown swamp, the broad flags whistling in the wind, the disturbed kites and night ravens screaming, the thunder of cataracts swelling the roar of winds, and the storm-fog magnifying and confusing all objects; all these probably conduced to the impression on his mind of those terrible pictures which that mind further distorted, as a broken mirror or ruffling lake does all objects.

"Aye," said he, "you may well crowd round me and fix all your eyes on me. Never saw living man before what I have seen, and lived to tell it! a return from the mouth of hell! Nid eir i annwn ond unwaith! ('there is but one journey to hell,') the proverb says; then I may die easy, I'm safe, I'm safe! I'll tell you how it was. Death took me on his pale horse, oh the corpse-like monster! to that very mountain where Satan carried him whom a wretch, a child-murderer like me, must never more name! but that mountain was the roof of hell! I swear it was; and oh! days, weeks, months without a sun, he left me there chin deep, every moment sinking, the very scum and filth of the brimstone lake up to my lips; the least struggle would have sunk me below, and I should have breathed fire, eternal fire, instead of air, that instant if I had stirred! what could I do? when I called on Christ, a poor pale spectre boy, beautiful but ghastly, came and broke my heart by a look, and was gone! I could hear the horrid uproar of the souls and fiends, and storms, and sea of fire, beneath me, like ten thousand shipwrecks, with all their shrieks and death-cries; yet I was alone! alone! for the curse 'alone!' was on my heart, and therefore was I fixed apart even from the accursed, in a lonely thundering hell! a hell, the very Annwn\*, in the likeness of a midnight fen, wide as the earth, dead, as they say its poles are, bleak and horrible with winter, beaten by hail, curtained with black night." I here throw together whatever images struck me forcibly in his wild outpourings. Of course these suffered various interruptions, but this is the substance of them. I treasure up the expressions of such lost cut-off children of the human family, as a sort of terrible inspiration. The mad are poets of the first order, (perhaps the *true* poet of sanity, in the melancholic intensity of that character, is scarcely less a cut-off, a disowned, a self-doomed member of that family;) the furies, a poet might say, are to them as muses. He continued:

\* Annwn: the bottomless pit, or generally, the world to come.



“Said I that I was alone? all that’s monstrous and fatal to see; all that drives me melancholy mad but to hear; all prodigies in the sky, and earth, and under the earth, what I’ve read and heard of and never believed before, all were round me! all too true, too true! there I heard the Cwn Annwn\*, Cwn Wybr, what do you call them? the dogs of the sky, the devils in shape of hunting dogs, which you know fill all the vault of heaven with their crying after a soul just loosing from the flesh, eager as our dogs, aye wolf-dogs, ready to be let slip, can be, after the prey, the blood-hounds of passing souls! I saw the rampant fire of each, though I could not see them; that fire which every one goes trailing with him, like a chain, down heaven’s steep road to hell; horrid sight! horrid sound! they passed and their yellings died away; and whose soul they caught, for I heard them growl cruelly over some one, I know not; God forbid I should ever know; I fear it was a woman’s! ’twas not yours my cherub boy! no! that lies in God’s bosom, as your baby-body did in mine awhile; safe, safe, where I shall never come!

“But oh! what my unhappy eyes saw round me on the earth, by the blue light, (such as the ghosts send dim before them when close upon us,) the light those fires shot down as they crossed, like jostling comet! the black few, that ceiling of hollow hell! swarmed with the Gwyllion and the Ellylon†, those pigmies the boldest warrior alive would faint but to look upon! goggle eyes in rolling heads without bodies; that lay by thousands on the ground, that came on the air close to my face by ten thousands! thick as mites, one after another, and a great bloody tear hung in every eye, while it looked into mine as it would flash to my brain.

“But if I should tell you how I saw what no human eye has seen, the frightful deformed fathers of the Ellylon? you know what we hear o’ winter nights round our good peat fires, about them; little I dreamed to ever more than hear of ’em! I shudder, shudder now to remember it, shiver to my

\* Cwn Annwn, “dogs of hell,” also called Cwn Wybr, “dogs of the sky,” are heard hunting, invisible in the upper regions of the air when a soul is parting from the body. They are always attended with fire in some shape: Dante himself might have caught a hint to horrify his horrible, from these Welsh superstitions, had he visited our isle.

† Gwyllion and Ellylon, plurals of Gwyll and Ellyl. The latter corresponds to our *Elf*. The Hebrew Elilim is perhaps the origin of Ellylon. It bears the same signification. The Gwyllion are mentioned by Merddin and Taliessin.

heart's blood! yes, I saw them creeping from out of their jagged clefts of rock, their hiding holes with toads and adders, of the rock-rent left by old earthquakes, from the dry water-courses, in their polished marbled black or grey; these creatures that grow as worms out of a carcase, out of the mere dust of the earth, and the foul damp there, from worms into dwarfs, from dwarfs into devils in man's shape, but *such* a shape! as if he who gave God's fine world to sin and death, and bears off in triumph to the pit more souls than the Almighty saves to people his heaven, had tried to deform bodies as he does souls, and made these imp men, in mockery of his Maker! yes, when all was over and I stood childless in my misery, all air and all its apparitions were in uproar: oh why, why not one vouchsafed in mercy;" and there the unhappy man wept and seemed half restored to clear recollection; "why, when my dear boy's soul was on the wing, did no omen put wings to my speed, to reach him before it flew, to have whispered but once in his dull, dull ear, 'mine own!' I heard no dogs of the sky then, no noises rung in the thick air like the hammering on a coffin lid; no dismal *Cyhiraeth*\* moaned in my ear to warn me of my doom; no Canwyll Corph crept, like will-o'-the-wisp in our fogge dingie, from my boy's chamber to the burial ground, when I looked down my house from the top; oh, if but a real jack-o'-lantern had flitted along the brook, I might have fancied it a corpse candle, and rushed down headlong, aye, rapid as that very flying of his innocent soul! have been in time to meet it on his lips, to kiss him once more alive; then I had been happy!" After a long pause of exhaustion he began to describe what seemed no more than the rock scenery of that lofty desert, shewn to him by faint moonlight overhung by storm. "All the tombs, and dead men's effigies, and crumbled sepulchres the world holds, or ever held, were all round me, pale and dim as an eclipse, once, when my eyes had closed a minute against those flying heads and deformed imps. The storm died away, but hung dumb like the very frown of God, as a ceiling over that moonlight looking monstrous burial ground, all sleeping like the very dead below, but all peat and mossy with a thousand years; ruins of ruins, a place of skulls; from the stone coffin to the little urn for a child's heart, to the least span-long green grave

\* The *Cyhiraeth* is a doleful preternatural sound, heard by the nearest kin of some dying person. The sound of fastening down the dead in their coffins is also said by the Welsh to be heard, in like manner, as a premonition of the death of a dear friend.



hid in the black shadows of those tumbling monuments; all was ruinous and all was lifeless, soundless; the very light looked dead, pale, and faint as the colour of the primrose! I could have slept into death's arms sweetly then methought.—But suddenly watchdogs, far, far away down in the world, bark, bark! rustle, rustle,—flew by me spirits on spirits; I held my breath, for I knew something was brewing of strange horror,—held—listened—good God! all the death-bells in the world began to toll, toll, toll! there had been a second murder of the innocent! Heaven receive one and all those little souls to its mercy!”

Thus ends the life of David Beynon; for to follow the fate of man after the loss of mind is like following the body's history through all the stages of corruption after the departure of the soul.

#### THE MAD!

WHAT a volume of terrible pathos is condensed in that word! success and failure, hope and fear, shame and glory, even night and day, are to them no more. In the scale of sentient existences they are gone down beneath the brute, back beyond infancy! babes and brutes are the perfect creation of God's hand; *these* are ruins. They are no longer parts of the great tree of life, but excrescences better gone, the lingering yellow leaf that is dead, yet not fallen. Where is the rational being that can stand a real mourner by a madman's grave? bitter destiny! which, without fault of ours, turns our best friends against us even to the desiring our death. And as the new-born or the unborn child, coiled in its safe ark or in its nurse's arms, defies all fortunes, and weathers all fate's storms, beyond the greatest hero, so it is with them. Thrones fall, others rise on their ruins. Empires and cities are overthrown, overrun, consumed; what is all to them? what armies, earthquakes, sword, fire? They pick pebbles or field-flowers while their native city is bombarded. Is a breach made? they keep their old place in the sun still, beneath what bit is left of a wall, and perhaps smile, but wonder not, at the eclipse from the noisome volumed smoke of the artillery, or return home by instinctive habit, thinking it the black evening. When the town's at last taken by storm, the enemy entering pell-mell; bells tolling alarms, women tearing their hair, children bleeding at their breasts; houses blazing, palaces thundering down before the point blank range of cannon, shells bursting, friends killing friends, brothers brothers in the darkness or desperation, and the streets running blood-

what do the mad? they clap their hands at the sport, or stick another flower in their fluttering rags, till a sword or bullet reunites them to human lot, and even death himself is overcome by them; for not a terror has he for them, "king of terrors" though he be called, and terrible to all. "Oh, Death, where is thy sting?" can be asked by them only,—those panoplied philosophers,—those inly armed with a sevenfold shield "for heart and brain,"—the Mad!

After all, madness is but a mercy in excess. To be forgetful of past evils, fearless of those to come, is not this the highest dispensation of merciful Providence? And madness is but the extreme of this blessing. We walk this our mysterious abode, pursued by cruel memories, confronted by gorgon horrors; and who could bear to walk, but for the cloud which nature interposes betwixt the mind and them, (as the goddess, in Homer, saved her son when overmatched.) And what is madness but that cloud *too* closely folded round her child? Partial oblivion of the past, partial blindness to the future, form the *summum bonum* of human comforts, our perpetual salvation from despair, as that celestial shield was, from his furious enemy, to the Trojan hero.

As I have ventured to depict the storm of the first onset of insanity, it seems fit to conclude with the calm into which it most generally sinks. As wild war leads peace in its train by the solitude it makes,—as sleep follows agony produced by its very excess,—as, in all things, calm succeeds to conflict, so has madness its natural cure, if we may so call it.

Nature seems to observe a sort of secret harmony in destruction, observable even in the works of man, whose hand is but nature's tool, and whose proudest works, therefore, are still nature's. Alternations of ruin and restoration proceed all round us, regular and as little felt as the motion with which our planet spins on its axle, with all its freight of towers, cities, and enormous rotundity of earth. Looking at these green ivy-mantled skeletons of castles, which every where beautify our most picturesque country, we think little of the time when the moat (now a primrose-bank for a child to play on with a house lamb,) stood full of defensive water, and that water often tinged with blood and full of dead. There was a time when molten lead came murderously down from those chinks, now leafy, through which we see the moon and the deep blue midnight sky. All horrors of a siege; famine within those walls, fury without; death and cruelty raged there awhile; then silence—ashes—car-

cases! Lastly, came peace, sweet as a summer night; ivy-sbrubs, trees, beauty for mind and eye,—the very resting place of contemplation!—To come back to man: a dying man is a terrible object: when death's work is done, corruption's commenced, yet more frightful to look on. Who dares to lift but a little the lid of the six weeks' buried coffin? The deadly pallidness, the grim loathsomeness of the half, "*face divine*," are things not to be looked on, hardly to be *thought*! But time, we will suppose, has broken into the vault and through the double coffin, for us. Behold! neither horror nor loathsomeness, but a not inelegant ruin of a soul's temple,—the unveiled ivory shrine of the departed god! The first stage of destruction has long passed, and the next (not, alas, the last!) is come in its ghastly calm, like that of the moonlight silvered ruin peeping on our path among the mountains. Those purified white walls of the human citadel have survived the siege of death, and hollowly promise a sort of immortality in their iron-like firmness. (Human bones, we are told, have the hardness of the antediluvian hyæna's, which have outlasted rocks and continents, resisted the deluge, and, perhaps, as old as Adam. Yes; there is in this a sort of dallying of annihilation with us, its victims, like the sportive pausing of a tiger over its yet surviving prey. Durability alone is something for the mind to cling to; the skeleton is the last strong hold for being; the border fortress of a forlorn hope to man, the *mental* man, in his shocking discomfiture and flight before the "pale horse and his rider;" down from his 'vantage ground of sentient existence, to the very skirts of the black, boundless, rueful kingdom of night and nought.

But how far might excursive fancy hurry us, in illustration of this principle, as displayed by contrast, in the wildness of death's work doing, and repose when that work is done,—in the besieged and the wall-flowered tower; and the mind in its reeling and rocking in God's judgment storm, and its tranquillity of settled ruin.

Most persons must have remarked that, in almost every small village or town, is to be seen one placid maniac or idiot, the constant spectacle of its grassy or busy street, stationary as the skeleton which the Ægyptians of old made a dumb guest at their feasts, as a *memento mori*. So one such being seems to haunt every place where men congregate, as if to warn all against the abuse of reason, while they enjoy it, by the sad spectacle of its deprivation.

I entered a border-town of Wales, of very small extent, by a beautiful moon. On a little green, several children were chanting, in English, the child's pretty invitation to his playmates, "Boys and girls come out to play,—now the moon shines bright as day." To my surprise there came, from under a churchyard yew, in great glee, hurrying through the little gate, a long-bearded tattered man, of seeming old age, and still lofty stature. He seemed not, as is usually the case, to make the thoughtless sport of the village fry, but to cordially join in it: he played at catching them round an oak, as they with him. Nothing but his laugh, which was shrill and hysterical, distinguished him from the children, except his stature.

And this poor being I found was David Beynon.

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MERCH IEUANC MEWN DARVODEDIGAETH.

WRTH edrych ar ei delw hardd,  
 Ei llygaid ac ei gwên;  
 Meddyliwn am vlodeuyn gardd  
 Cyn henaint oedd yn hen.  
 Ni welodd hi vlynyddoedd gwae,  
 Er hyny gwywa ei gwedd;  
 Mal y blodeuyn plygu mae  
 Cyn henaint tua 'r bedd.

Ei llygaid ceisiant vod yn vyw,  
 Ond angen ynddynt sydd;  
 A gwrid ei grudd anwadal yw  
 Yn symud aos a dydd.  
 Ei thirion wên,—angeles wên,  
 A ddwg ar gov y Bardd  
 Am \* vreilw gwyw yn plygu ei ben  
 Cyn llechn yn llwch yr ardd.

Mor hoëw vlwyddan bach yn ol,  
 Mor ysgavn ar ei throed;  
 Ar ael y bryn,—ar waelawd dôl  
 Yr hoëwaf un o'i hoed:  
 Ond heddyw prin y symud gam  
 Gan waëw, megis cledd;  
 Ei dewis waith, yn mraich ei mam,  
 Yn dangaws man,—ei BEDD.

TEGID.

\* A rose. Rhosyn.

## TOUR THROUGH BRITTANY.

(Continued from Vol. iv. page 46.)

As the people of Bas Bretagne differ so materially from the other inhabitants of France in their language and customs, it may be supposed that they are not without some corresponding peculiarities in their national costume: and we accordingly find that they maintain as distinct a character in this as in other particulars. Some of our countrymen, on observing this distinction, have been disposed to imagine that even in this circumstance a resemblance may be traced between the Bretons and the Welsh. But, on examining the subject, I feel satisfied that such an idea must be altogether erroneous: for, however upon a slight inspection some remote resemblance might be fancied to exist, yet if we refer to the general costume of the Welsh, at any period within these last two hundred years, as described to us by old people, and as still seen among the remains of old wardrobes, there is not the slightest foundation for this alleged correspondence as a national distinction. And even the Breton costume, I should apprehend, is not so much a distinct characteristic of that people as the remains of an old style of dress, at one time very general throughout the greatest part of Europe, as may be seen in old pictures, and especially in the woodcuts in old Dutch and Flemish books.

The first article of the Breton dress that I shall name is the *hat*, which is made of black felt, with a low rounded crown, but with a brim of enormous dimensions, something similar to that once worn by the Quakers of the old school, but much larger than any now in fashion among that people, and regularly turned up at the rim, all round. This description of hat must at all times be extremely inconvenient, and, therefore, though not entirely unknown in other parts of France, yet, with the exception of the Bretons, the French peasantry, wherever it is used, generally loop up the brim against the crown, forming by this contrivance a cocket hat, such as was, till lately, generally worn by military officers, and which doubtless explains the origin of that once fashionable incumbrance. In some parts of France the

same hat is seen, made of straw, though not looped up, like those made of felt.

The next article is the jacket, which is very short, like that worn by sailors, and reaching (such a thing as a long coat being unknown) no lower than the waist, and this is worn by persons of all ages. But the principal characteristic of the Bretons consists in the enormously large breeches which are made so full and so plaited, that they look more like a short petticoat than the same garment as worn in most other countries. This, however, is by no means to be considered as peculiar to the Bretons, inasmuch as the same style of dress was once common in Holland, as may be seen in the old prints before referred to, and of which a recollection is still retained in the proverbial allusion to the magnitude of that portion of a Dutchman's wardrobe. The same characteristic may also be noticed in some of the Swiss Cantons. However, the Breton antiquaries contend that this is only a remnant of the national costume of their Gaulish ancestors, and quote an expression of Martial in proof of their opinion. Although it would be difficult to apply the description to the garb of the Bretons, especially when we remember that the particular garment which gave the designation of *Gallia braccata* to one division of *ancient Gaul*, was not, properly speaking, that which is now distinguished by the name of breeches, but the long trousers reaching to the ancles, and at this time so common throughout Europe; and, indeed, in Brittany likewise, with the exception of some of the western districts, where the other distinction is retained.

In the district of Finistère, the male portion of the peasantry dress altogether in black; and when the population is seen congregated, as on Sundays or other fête days, a stranger might be led to suppose that the whole country was in general mourning, so universal is this colour used in the whole of their dress. In other parts of the country the prevailing colour is a drab or grey, the trousers being made of coarse linen, though sometimes of a kind of linsey-woolsey, called *Daoulas*, from the name of the town where it was originally fabricated and exported. This word, which is the name of a river near Brest, seems very general among the Cymraeg Celts, though, in the countries now occupied by the Gaelic tribes, it is spelt *Douglas*; nevertheless in pronun-

ciation the *g* is dropped. Thus *Douglas*, in the Isle of Man, is by the Manx people pronounced *Dhawlsh*, evidently the same with *Dawlish*, in Devonshire. The word is frequently supposed to be derived from *du*, *black*; and *glas*, *blue*: but its real etymology is *du*, *black*; and *glais*, *a stream*. The latter word being frequently met with in that sense in the Principality, as *Morlais*, *Dulais*, *Blaen-y-glais*, *Claisfár*, &c.

With regard to the costume of the female peasantry, it does not vary much from that of Normandy and other parts of France; the only difference I noticed was, that the Breton cap has long broad lappets hanging down on each side to the shoulders, and which are sometimes pinned up to the crown of the head, thus forming broad loops at each side of the head, as low as the ears, and which some antiquaries would have us believe to be of great antiquity, and refer to the head-dress of an ancient Gaulish statue in proof of their opinion.

But there is one article of dress common to both males and females, which, though not peculiar to the Bretons, yet must not be past unnoticed, as it forms a very remarkable characteristic of continental costume. I mean the *sabot*, or wooden shoe, that disgrace to civilization, and especially to France, the most civilized of all the continental nations. We have occasionally seen wooden shoes in our own country, i. e. a sole of wood, with the upper part of leather; but the *sabot* is entirely made of wood, quarters, vamp, and all; without a single morsel of leather or any other material; being nothing more than a log of wood, with a hole scooped out to contain the foot, and having the point turned up like a crescent. As may be supposed, these receptacles afford but very hard and uncomfortable accommodation for the feet; and, therefore, to meet this inconvenience, it is usual to protect the feet by wrapping them round with rags, or, as is more generally the case, with whisps of hay, and then to stuff them into these excavated timbers, where, after a short time, this primitive garniture is seen starting out, and forming a long and irregular fringe around the ancles. I know not which is the most offensive object in a civilized country, that of actual barefoot squalor, or this remnant of the rudest and most uncouth efforts of barbarian ingenuity. Were the *sabot* confined to the Bretons, such is my dislike to that

article of dress, that I should, from a feeling arising out of ancient consanguinity and national attachment, really sympathise still more acutely with the people in this, to me, mark of barbarism among them; but, when I see the same thing equally common in Normandy, Picardy, and almost every part of France, as well as in other nations of the continent, I am in this respect the more reconciled to its existence among our old allies and kinsmen.

It must not, however, be supposed that the French peasantry have no other kind of shoes, as they all possess, for their fête days, leathern shoes, like other people. But, nevertheless, the impression produced upon an Englishman by the first appearance of the sabot is not easily effaced, and even its very sound in the streets is peculiar to itself. For the continued noise made in the French towns on a market-day, by the heavy tramp of the saboted peasants along the pavement, cannot be compared to any thing on this side of the channel.

Whoever examines his recollections of foreign countries which he may have visited, will probably find that, while many have subsided almost into complete oblivion, there will still be some so vivid as, by their recurrence, to call up in the mind a perfect and correct representation of scenes which, without such aid, might remain altogether unremembered. Now it happens to myself that there are two descriptions of noises so domiciled in my ears, that I imagine I can never entirely forget them, or their accompanying localities. The one is the noise made by the march of the cows through the village of Chamouni every morning on their way to be milked; each cow having a harsh sounding square iron bell tied round her neck, forming, as they pass in procession under one's bed-room window, one of the strangest choruses imaginable, and often causing the recently arrived traveller to start from his sleep, and gaze towards Montblanc and the glaciers for an explanation of this, to him unaccountable, disturbance. The other is the noise caused in the streets of Morlaix by the tramp of the sabots in the market-place, and which, in fine weather, commences early enough to surprise the weary traveller before he has finished his morning nap, and increases more and more as the peasantry arrive from the country, until at length even sleep and fatigue give way to the more powerful effect of curiosity.



Having now exhibited the Bas Breton in his broad hat, wide braccæ, and heavy sabots; in order to complete the picture, there remains one characteristic more to be noticed, which is the walking-stick. This article, which I believe is peculiar to Brittany, is formed of a round twig, or sapling, of the usual length and size, having a part of the root attached, and shaped into a knob at the end, similar to that of the large club-headed walking-stick occasionally seen in our own country. But, instead of the knobbed end being held in the hand, as is the practice among ourselves; here, on the contrary, the small end is held in hand, while the knob rests on the ground; and, in order to prevent its slipping out of the grasp, a piece of string is passed through a hole near the upper end, thus forming a loop, which may be placed about the wrist, or the hand, after the fashion of the little pocket bludgeon, or staff of office, carried by our constables. From the formidable appearance of this weapon, and the security which is provided for holding it firm in the grasp, a suspicion might be entertained that it is sometimes employed in services of a less peaceful nature than that of affording assistance in walking. But when the universality of its appearance is considered, as even the very priests carry it with them in their walks, it is evident, that whatever offensive designs may have given rise to the practice, it is now continued as a matter of custom only. However, on inquiry respecting the habits of the Bretons, I am inclined to think that as they once rivalled their Cornish relatives in the art of wrestling, so this club-shaped baton is only a memorial of the amusement of single-stick, still retained in the west of England. I have likewise heard it remarked, that a few years ago the Bretons were exceedingly expert in the use of that formidable weapon, called a *quarterstaff*, and which, though once very general in England, and still seen in the hands of constables in some remote districts, yet, having of late years fallen much into disuse, may require some explanation. This article of rustic warfare consists in a rounded stick of ash, or other tough wood, about six feet long, and as thick as may be grasped in the hand without inconvenience, being of equal size from end to end. This stick, which is called *quarterstaff*, to distinguish it from the single-hand stick, is held in both hands near the middle, as shown in some of the old woodcuts to *Robin Hood, and the Pindar*

*of Wakefield*, and is then twisted about, and shifted from hand to hand, as may be most expedient for the purpose of attack or defence. I have seen a man go through the exercise of quarter-staff with so much dexterity, that in whirling the stick around his head and body, such was the rapidity of its motion, that it assumed the appearance of the spokes of a wheel moving about him, thus rendering him perfectly secure against any attack with a similar weapon; and, when in imitation of striking at an opponent, he brought it down in its full length with a two-handed blow,—the effect was really terrific. If our old English yeomanry were as expert at the exercise of quarterstaff as this foreigner, the constabulary force, thus armed, must have been a most formidable body.

During my stay in Brittany, I had no opportunity of witnessing any contests in either wrestling, cudgel-playing, or quarter-staff; and therefore cannot undertake to state anything respecting the present cultivation of those games; but I am rather disposed to imagine that the present race of Bretons have been so much occupied in contests of a more serious nature, both in their own and other countries, that the ancient rural amusements of the villagers have been superseded by those of a more military character, and the cudgel and quarterstaff given way to the musket and the sabre.

In a former number I signified my conviction that, however strong the resemblance may be which the Welsh and Breton languages bear to each other in their original construction, yet that, from various causes, so great a difference exists between them at the present day, that the natives of Wales and Brittany are not mutually intelligible even in a single sentence of any length. But, notwithstanding this statement, which I had hoped was sufficiently corroborated by instances of personal experience, I have subsequently seen a contrary opinion advanced in an article by M. De KERDANET, published in the “*Cambrian Quarterly*.” I shall therefore give a few examples of the colloquial language now in use among the Bas Bretons, and then leave it to every Welshman to judge for himself, whether it is possible for any native of the Principality, without a knowledge of French, and by the bare assistance of the Welsh, to hold a conversation with a Breton, in the language of Brittany.

In a Book of French and Breton Dialogues, published at Brest, about twenty years ago, the following examples are given, among a variety of others, of precisely the same character; and, as they are intended, not as illustrations of etymology, but as practical lessons for the use of those who would learn to converse in Breton, we must conclude that they are fair specimens of the language in daily use among the people.

PREMIER DIALOGUE.

DIALOG QUENTA.

Bonjour Monsieur ?	De-mat deo'ch Autrou.
Votre serviteur ?	Ho servic'her.
Je suis le votre.	Me so hoc'h-hini.
Comment-vous portez-vous ?	Penaos ac'hanoc'h hu ?
A votre service.	En ho servich.
J'ai bien de la joie de vous voir.	Ur joa bras am-eus d'ho queled.
Comment se porte Monsieur votre cousin ?	En autrou ho Quenderv penaos anezhan ?
Il se portait bien hier au soir.	Yac'h aoualch e oa neizeur.
Comment se porte Madame ?	Penaos e ra an Itron ?
Elle se porte bien.	Yac'h manific.
D'où venez-vous ?	A belec'h e teüt-hu ?
Je viens de Rennes.	Eus a Roazon e teuan.
Quellè nouvelle y a-t-il ?	Pe seurt quelou a so ?
Je n'en sais aucune.	Ne ouzon nicun.
Où allez-vous ?	Pelec'h he zit-hu ?
A Morlaix.	Da Vontroullez.
Faites mes complimens a Ma- dame.	Grit va gour'chemennou d'an Itron.
Je n'y manquerai pas.	Ne vanquit quet.

Should these observations fall into the hands of any of our Welsh countrymen who may be unacquainted with the French language, I shall give one specimen more, with an English translation.

What do you want ?	Petra a choulennit hu ?
Is the gentleman at home ?	An autrou so er guer ?
Yes, sir.	Ya Autrou.
Is he up ?	Savet ef-en ?
An hour ago.	Un heur so.
Is he engaged ?	Ampechet ef-en ?
I believe so.	M'er gred.
Who is with him ?	Piou so gantan ?
He has company.	Compagnenez en deus.
Can I speak to him ?	Coms a allan-me outan ?
Soon.	Soudan.
Where is he ?	Pelec'h ema-en ?

In his room.	En e gambr.
Shew me it.	Discuesit-hi din.
Have you breakfasted ?	Dijunet hoc'heus-hu ?
Not yet.	Non pas choas.
Will you drink ?	Ha choui a euteur efa ?
What you please.	Ar pez a guerrot.
Will you eat anything ?	Ha choui a euteur dibri un dra bennac ?

When I eat in the morning, I have no more appetite all day.	Pam bez debret d'ar mintin, n'em eus mui a appetit en deiz.
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The above are specimens of the commonest expressions in the colloquial language of Brittany, and, however unintelligible they may appear on paper, I can assure the reader that, when spoken in conversation by a native Breton, they are, if possible, still more so.

(*To be continued.*)

In a former part of the Tour in Brittany a description was given of a Breton wedding, together with the ceremony of bidding or inviting the guests, which will be recognised by those acquainted with the customs of the Welsh, as bearing a striking resemblance to the usages still retained in the Principality. But, as these ceremonies vary in different districts, we subjoin the following invitation of the *Gwahoddwr*, as used in some parts of Caermarthenshire; and should any of our correspondents furnish us with those of other counties, we shall be happy to insert them when an opportunity occurs.

Arwydd fy mhastwn, yn awr mi a fostia,  
Y neges diamau, fy nygws i yma;  
Ar ystyr i'm dodwyd, ar hast mi a'i d'weda,  
Geiriau fy neges, yn gywir fynega:

Cennad pur ddifrad wyf attoch o ddifri,  
Yn enw Gwahoddwr yn awr rwy'n cyhoeddi,  
At wr y Ty yma, fe roddwyd arch imi;  
I gofio'n ddigellwair rhag ofn èi gollu;  
Ei wahodd e'n gynta' yn rhwydd ai Wraig gantó  
Ai Dylwyth yn gyson, da dylwn i geisio;  
Meibon, a Merched, hwy gan't eu mawr barchu  
Wy'n wa'dd yn buredig, at rai sy'n priodi  
Heb adael yr wyron, ond nid am eich arian  
Ond am eich Cwmpeini, da digri diogan  
Am hyn yn bentadol dymyna'i bwyntiedig

Na byddo i chwi gadw y rhai cyflogedig  
 Pob un wrth ei enw, yn hynod ei hunan  
 Morgan, a Marged, a Sioned, a Siwsan;  
 Am fraint y Briodas, yn frwnt na fwriadwch  
 Dewch'n wych addas mewn urddas a harddwch  
 Neswch bawb attaf, ni chlywsochwi etto,  
 Mo hanner yr eithaf, sydd genyf i areithio;  
 Dewch beirdd Gamp hono, i harddu'r Cwmpeini  
 Ac Arian'n eich pyrsau, ac Aur wrth y pwysi;  
 Er cariad i'r unlle, cariwch yr enllyn,  
 Rwy'n gwa'dd Gwraig y Ty yma, a chowlaid o Gosyn;  
 Basgedaid o Fenyn, yn nesaf os ewyllysiwch;  
 I ddangos blaenorol, ragorol, hawddgarwch,  
 Dewch bawb ach Seigiau, rhowch dorthau o Siwgir;  
 Gw'n yn Alwyni, a Brandi, a Seidir,  
 Ychydig o bysgod, ac Ych wedi'i besgi,  
 Maenllwn yn enllyn, Porcyn a Thwrci;  
 Ystlys o Facwn, Gwydd a Cheiliogwydd,  
 Wyau rifedi, ieir yn ddiwradwydd:  
 Ac fel y galloch rhanwch y rheini,  
 Nid ydym ni'n disgwyl eich trysor na'ch tasgu  
 Yn gynysgaeddiad gwell ydyw geno'n  
 Eich' wyllys a'ch cariad, a'ch cwmpni na'ch rhoddion.  
 Diwedd y Gân  
 Diod i Forgan.

ADIEU TO THE COTTAGE.\*

ADIEU to the village! adieu to the cot!  
 And shall I then never revisit the spot?  
 Which clings to remembrance with fondest delay,  
 Thro' the dreams of the night, and the cares of the day.  
 Yes, yes, I will hope that again I shall hear  
 The voices of friends to remembrance so dear;  
 And still do I hope that again I shall see  
 The smiles that once gave a sweet welcome to me.  
 And yet how I fear to revisit the spot,  
 To steal through the village and gaze at the cot:  
 For the pleasure and rapture that swell in my heart  
 Cannot equal the anguish I feel when we part.

Y BWTHYN, A DUW!

Bydd wych! y cain Vwthyn; Bydd wych! lonwych làn,  
 A gav vi byth eto ovwyaw y vãn?  
 Yr hon yn vy meddwl à lyna heb ludd:  
 Trwy hunvre y nos a govalon y dydd.  
 Cav eto, gobeithio, lon wrando àr lu  
 O vwynion gyveillion, argovion mor gu,  
 A gweled yn hapus wen weddus heb wad,  
 Mewn cariad mwyn cywir a llwyr arvollâd.  
 Er hyny, mae yn ov ddwys ovnau nesâu,  
 Byth eto i sylwi dy deios clud, clau:  
 Y meddwl o adu mwy briwaw vy mrôn,  
 No chanvod uwch gwynvyd yr hyvryd vro hon.—CAERVALLWCH.

\* By Miss Williams, Aberpergwm.

## SIMILARITY OF SCOTCH AND WELSH SUPERSTITIONS.

## THE PLOVER.

GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE been both instructed and gratified by the perusal of many articles in your *Welsh Quarterly*: the more especially with that department of the work you name *OLION*. While other magazines which abound in political subjects tedious from their interminable appearance and repetition, both of language and sentiment, the reader in vain looks and longs for something different to that madness of party, which not only excites the mind sometimes with interest, but also often calls up feelings of acrimony and ill-will; looks in vain, I say, for some literary glade where his mind may rest from worldly turmoil; your "*Magazine of the Mountains*" comes to the weary-minded with its wildness; the very thing one stands in need of, some legend, or mayhap some love tale, some mountain omen, some carn of grey antiquity, "where sleeps the warrior chief," all these, I say, *do* restore a man to good humour, who is sick of party, and party writing.

Among other morceaux, I was exceedingly pleased with half a dozen stanzas of very sweet poetry in your last October number, beginning with :

"There comes a fearful sound at eve o'er many a sleeping vale."

"The Whistlers," said I; this is funny that our Welsh friends should possess among their mountains the very same legend that our Scottish highlander has in his; surely these people ought to be better acquainted with each other, and yet they are virtually as much apart as the African from the Icelander. This "evil-omened bird," I do assure you, gentlemen, is, or at least was within a few years, as much the dread of the shepherd of Ben Nevis, as of the mountaineer of Gwynedd, and if any Scottish or Welsh antiquary will undertake to expound, why the same superstition (and there may be many more) prevails in both countries, I am sure that he will confer a lasting obligation upon both Scotland and Wales.

In Wales, it appears, the belief is that nothing short of death is foretold by the Whistling Plover; in Scotland the belief is that some calamity, in which death is not necessarily included, will follow the ominous whistle; however, that the superstition is one and the same, and common to both countries, is too obvious to require a word on the subject.

I have often, in the darkest nights, heard the wild *slurring* whistle of the plovers high in the air, as they pursued their mysterious course, guided in their aerial journey, by Him who protects the *very sparrow*, and I confess that intercourse with the world, coupled with the advantages of education, could not prevent my mind from wandering into reflections bordering upon the superstitious, but of course in which veneration of the Deity occupied the greater portion. No wonder then that the mountain shepherd should rank the plover's wild music as an ominous sound, for the times and places where it is generally heard are sufficiently inductive to superstitious veneration; a visit to a ruined abbey or a midnight wander in some large gothic cathedral, would produce thoughts, distinct from those of worldly occupation; but to be alone in a mountain pass rugged with gorges, and immense misshapen rocks, the dim reflection of waterfalls or lakes far up in the hills of Scotland or Wales, and there to hear the plaintive unearthly lament of the plovers, must be experienced for the effect to be understood.

I cannot quote any old Gaelic authority in support of this superstition, but I shall refer you to the words of the immortal Scott, who writes of it in his *Tales of a Grandfather*: speaking of the persecutions of the Scottish nonconformists, when they retired to the mountain recesses, in order to worship their God in form as their forefathers had done, in order to avoid the attacks of the Cavaliers, he says, (Galigani's edition, vol. 2, p. 52,) "The country people retained a strong sense of the injustice with which their ancestors had been treated, which showed itself in a singular prejudice: they expressed great dislike of that beautiful bird the Green Plover, in Scottish called the Pease-weep. The reason alleged was, that these birds being by some instinct led to attend to and watch any human being whom they see in their native wilds, the soldiers were often guided in pursuit of the wanderers, when they might otherwise have escaped observation, by the plover being observed to hover over a particular spot."

The plover, in some parts of the Highlands, was not only considered a bird of ill omen, but when calamity befel a family, recourse was had to the bird itself for deliverance from sickness, as, in the plague of serpents in holy writ, when the brazen serpent restored to health the dying suppliant. A very old woman in the Highlands

several years ago related to me the manner in which she restored one of two children who were ill of the smallpox; the other died in consequence (of course) of some informality in administering the incantation, &c. and not from any inefficacy of the charm; the old lady learnt the witchery from an ancient sibyl who had departed beyond the pale of superstition and knavery more than half a century before. — These were her words.

“Ye man knaw that some nene and twanty years ago, we had mickle pestilence i’ the land, and the smallpox raged sairly among the bairns: Mikael Andrew’s eldest chiel, ower savin years, was taen ill,—I tacked the chiel up to Craigy Muir, (I ken it was na on a Friday, for the charm availeth not then,) an I laid him before midnight in a swine trough, wi his feet to the east, an his mither was to tack na rest that night, but was to employ hersel in pious reading, wi plenty of the blude of the bease weep (for ’tis a bird of na look, but the blude keepet a evil spells awa.) I anointed the pretty bairn, then laft him on Craigy Muir for tha night, placed doon i’ the trough wi the blude, and wi sweet herbs; the charm was done an the chiel was fully restored i’ the morning, but a little weak fra the chilly night, to the arms o’ Michael Andraw.”

This ancient woman has also been dead for several years; superstition is fast disappearing, and I have merely communicated the above specimen of ignorance and folly, in order to record an instance of superstition which, in the present day, is almost beyond belief.

Having given you these examples of superstition respecting the “ill omened bird” in Scotland, I have only to assure you, that the belief regarding it is a very old one in this country, and has existed not only before the reign of Charles the Second, but from time unknown.

I remain, Gentlemen,

Your Brither Celt,

OCHILTREE.

*Invernesshire:*  
21st Nov. 1832.



NATURAL HISTORY.—BRITISH PEARLS.

BY LLEWELYN C.

GENTLEMEN,

I AM induced to offer you the following account for insertion, in consequence of seeing, in your Numbers, occasional papers on natural history. *Wales* furnishes such an inexhaustible store of subjects, as well for the naturalist as the antiquary, that your numerous readers, who live in the midst of such treasures, might greatly advance the cause of science by recording what falls under their observation, and, through your medium, imparting the result of their knowledge to the world.

*Britain* has been famed for its pearls from a very early period; it is known from history, that *Cæsar* was induced to invade this island in consequence of exaggerated accounts which he had received of the pearls in the British rivers. *Suetonius* expressly mentions it. When compared, however, with the oriental pearls, they were found to be very inferior, and of little value, on account of their dark and livid colour and small size. Good pearls have occasionally been obtained from the muscle in many of the British rivers, but never in quantity so as to be worth the search. In the last century, several of great size were found in the rivers of the county of *Tyrone* and *Donegal*, in *Ireland*. One that weighed thirty-six carats was valued at £40, but being foul lost much of its worth. Other single pearls were sold for £4. 10s., and even for £10. The last was sold a second time to *Lady Glenlealy*, who put it into a necklace, and refused £80 for it from the *Duchess of Ormond*. In his tour, in *Scotland*, our illustrious countryman, *Pennant*, (of whom we may well be proud,) also adds, that there existed a considerable pearl fishery in the vicinity of *Perth*, from which £10,000 worth was sent to *London*, from the year 1761 to 1799; but, by the indiscriminate destruction of the muscles, the fishery has become exhausted. The only pearl fishery at present in the British isles is at the mouth of the river *Conwy*, in *Arvon*, and the *Menai Straits*. This fishery has been carried on for many years, and affords employment to numbers of industrious persons. There are, however, two very different kinds of muscle in the *Conwy*; the one a freshwater muscle, *mya margaritifera*, *Cragen y dylu*, and the *mytilus edulis*, *Cragen las*. The former are procured high up the river, near *Llanrwst*; and pearls are sometimes obtained from them little inferior to the oriental

ones. *Sir Richard Wynn*, of Gwydir, chamberlain to *Catherine, Queen of Charles II.*, presented her majesty with one of this kind, which still retains a place in the regal crown. These fine pearls are but seldom met with, and the search of them does not constitute a continual source of employment. The other variety, the *Cragen las*, is found in abundance, yet not so plentifully as formerly, on the bar at the mouth of the river; and, as the method of procuring the pearls is curious, I shall subjoin the following particulars: When the tide is out, the fishers, men, women, and children, proceed in a body to the bar and adjacent shores, with their sacks and baskets, which they continue to fill until driven away by the return of tide. They then separate, and each family goes to its hut, which is sunk down in a vast hill of the empty shells, accumulated for several years. This hut is furnished with a large *crochan*, supported by three legs, into which the muscles are put; a fire is kindled beneath, and when the shells are opened, the fish is picked out and thrown into a tub. When all the shells are emptied, a boy enters the tub, and, with his naked feet, stamps upon the fish until it is reduced to a sort of pulp; when water is poured in, the animal matter floats, which is called *solach*, and is used as food for ducks, while the sand, particles of stone, and the pearls, settle in the bottom. After numerous washings, the sediment is carefully collected and thoroughly dried; when the larger stones have been removed, they place a small quantity at a time on a large wooden plate, and with a feather, each pearl is separated. This is not a very tedious operation, as, by holding the plate a little on one side, the pearl, from its globular form, immediately rolls down. The pearls are then taken to the agent, who pays for them so much per ounce. There is an extraordinary degree of mystery hanging over the future destination of these pearls: for many years the fishery has been a perfect monopoly, and the late proprietor, if I use not an unjustifiable term, has been said to have made £1000 a year by them. There is little doubt but that there is an immense profit, with little trouble, gained by the purchaser, who alone knows how to dispose of them. The price paid to the fishers at this present time is half-a-crown an ounce, which is a somewhat advanced price, in consequence of an opposition party purchasing as many as they can procure. The former purchaser has, however, a considerable advantage, as he is the owner of the *Crochanau*, at *Cevnvro*, which is the extremity of the *Morva*,

where the fish are boiled. The present notice may probably meet the eye of one who may be able to throw aside this veil of mystery, and I do not despair of soon finding out how they are, or can be, disposed of, so as to secure to the industrious fisher his just proportion of the profits. The pearls, in general, are small, and have no lustre,\* being of a dirty white colour, and sometimes irregular in shape; occasionally they are found of a black or dark blue colour; besides these, I have never seen any other variety, though, from the following extract from *Richard of Cirencester*, they have been found of other colours: "There are, besides (in Britain) several sorts of shell fish, among which are muscles, containing pearls often of the best kind, and of every colour; that is, red, purple, violet, green, but principally white, as we find in the venerable Bede's Ecclesiastical History."

TY DEON; *Hydrev* 25, 1832.

P. S. When reading the interesting History of the White Mole, Cambrian Quarterly, vol. iv. p. 377, I recollected having seen several specimens of a beautiful variety of the Mouse, from a farm, near Plasnewydd, in Anglesey. They were of a light cream colour, spotted with black: they were taken from a corn stack, and by no means uncommon; indeed, from their numbers, they could not have been *lusus naturæ*, but a particular species. This was in 1825. I have not been there since; but some of your readers in that neighbourhood may be induced, I hope, from this notice, to give us a more detailed account; and, I think, they must be well known in the neighbourhood.

LL. C.

\* We believe that the finest foreign pearls, in their unpolished state, present rather a dark appearance.—EDRS.

## CAMBRIA. A POEM.

BY R. FITZGERALD PENNIE,

*Author of "Britain's Historical Drama," the "Royal Minstrel,"  
"Rogvald," &c.*

LAND of the warrior and the mountain harp,  
 Thy name, majestic Cambria, hath a spell  
 To charm my soul with homage; for renown  
 Enshrines the relics of the Cymry's power,  
 Still seen on Saxon desert, hill, and plain,  
 Where altar, rampart, tomb, and temple stand,  
 And broken legends tell of other days.  
 How do I love, by moonlight eve, to sit  
 Beside the lonely graves of chiefs unknown:  
 Round which its coronal of purple gems  
 The autumn heath-flower binds! Then fancy flings  
 Dreams of romance, bright as her own loved star,  
 O'er nature's welcome sabbath of repose;  
 And I behold the shadowy warrior pass,  
 In gleaming arms, with eagle plume of power,  
 Leading his spectre bands, whose bossy shields  
 And giant forms flash out like meteor light,  
 Till all in darkness fade. Then pensive leans  
 The hunter youth, with his strong bow of steel,—  
 The grey stone lies, that marks the hero's tomb.  
 While, like a moonbeam struggling through a cloud,  
 The maid of Tormath, in her beauty, comes  
 Dim from the distance, breaking into light:  
 Her snowy arms around the youth she throws,—  
 And, as heaven's orb, behind a dark storm sinks,  
 Vanish those shapes of love. No form is there,  
 Save the dun roe and giant elk, that lifts  
 Proudly his antlers to the weary blast,  
 Which whistles through them shrilly.\*

Sweet it is,  
 Prythian, to wander on thy mountain holds,  
 Which time shall ne'er destroy; and mark the light  
 Flung by the rosy sky along their lines;  
 When, from his ruby throne, the regal sun  
 Hath, in his pomp, withdrawn those lingering gleams.  
 The emblems are of thy time-hallowed fame,  
 Shed o'er the twilight of departed years,  
 Awakening noble themes. Then softly come  
 On the low winds, that every hill-born flower

\* The Segh, or savage deer. The antlers of some of these beasts found in Britain "branched out," says Whitaker, "to so enormous a width, that the tip of one was nearly eleven feet distant from that of the other."

Fondly caress, the wild harp's witching strains,  
 And choral melodies of Druid band  
 Around the evening sacrifice, to Him  
 Whose glory heaven's pure sapphire temple fills,  
 While the pale clouds that on the mountain rest,  
 Tower like the altar-smoke of victim slain.

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*

When the dark Saxon in his sternness came  
 Like a fierce torrent sweeping through the isle.—  
 Ye patriot fathers of the lyre and sword,  
 Right nobly sunk amid its blood-red waves,  
 And perished for your altars and your homes!  
 Then, Cambria, dear-loved name, thy guarded hills,  
 Freedom's last refuge and her gory grave,  
 Long, long opposed the incursions of the foe;  
 And oft proud Snowdon thy storm-girded heights  
 From steep to steep with thund'ring war-cries rang,  
 Till the blood-gorging eagle screamed with joy,  
 As thy brave spearmen laid th' oppressor low.  
 Then in thy halls, where hung the lance and shield,  
 And royal chieftains sat at solemn feast,  
 Thy bards awoke the song of other days,  
 And lay triumphant o'er the Saxon horde,  
 'Till shook the roof with martial clang and shout.

But soon the midnight of oblivion fell  
 Dark on their golden harpstrings,—low were fallen  
 The mighty bearers of the sword and spear;  
 The warrior bird, child of the sun, came down  
 From her high flight, and with the grizzly wolf  
 Strove for the battle-prey.—On the red field  
 Sunk Cambria's pride, last of the princely line  
 That wore the Celtic crown!—Then shrieked the ghosts  
 Of ages past from thy dim cloud-veiled rocks,  
 Proud Snowdon, king of mountains; shadowy bard,  
 And white-robed seer, dashed from their airy harps  
 The wild lament, and through thy deep defiles  
 From cliff to cliff the wailful requiem rang!

Deep silence reigned in kingly hall and bower,  
 And for the war-song and the gorgeous feast,  
 The splendid pageant and the sprightly dance,  
 The lich-owl 'mid the shattered ruins mocked  
 The pale wayfaring moon, the surly bear\*  
 Couched on the regal hearth, and as the blast  
 Whistled along the ivy tapestried walls  
 The wolf howled savagely.—

\* "The bear shall be on the heath." *Saxon poem*.—The British bear was transported into Italy for the sports of the amphitheatre.

Cambria beloved,  
 Though fell oppression on her death-pile bound  
 Fame-honoured liberty, thy genius springs  
 From her cold ashes, bright and beautiful,  
 Like the sole bird of Araby's blest clime,  
 Clad in resplendent dyes. Thy stormy night  
 Of blood and death is past, and glory dawns;  
 The glory of the Bardic harp and song,  
 O'er all the mountains scattering golden light.

What though no more  
 Thy flowery plains with battle-clash resound  
 Of iron chariots, or the warlike peal  
 Of stern-souled riders, as they lift the spear  
 And dash amid the spray,—though waves no more  
 This magic banner of the sun, that woke  
 The shout of death along thy blood-stained ranks;\*  
 Nor in thy oaken groves, sweet Mona, when  
 The sun turns all their morning leaves to gold,  
 The holy chantings swell of Druid choir,  
 And trumpet hymn to day's young rising god,  
 Yet in thy halls again, Isle of the blest,†  
 The spirit-kindling strings of their loved harps  
 Thy Bards sweep joyously †—

Sons of the Seer,  
 To ancient legend strike the minstrel chords,  
 For wild romance hath o'er your hills and vales  
 Her spells of witching flung. And strike ye shall  
 The magic lyre, till Cambria's mountains shout,  
 From the proud eagle's throne to Wye's dark towers,  
 In thunder their applause. The sound shall stir  
 The dry bones of the valley; they shall spring  
 Again to life, at touch of golden wire;  
 Such sweet enchantment breathes in Bardic song.  
 Like mighty winds that sweep the lofty brows  
 Of Penmaen Mawr, and loud as wintry swell  
 Of Caunant's giant cataract shall rush  
 The spirit of past ages on the sons  
 Of Cambria's land of music, waking all

\* "There was a flowing streamer attached to it, interwoven with the threads of wrath, and it was regarded as possessing a miraculous power of protection from military disgrace. By these circumstances I deem myself justified in styling it a magical flag or standard." "The Irish Druids had the standard of the sun and the dragon."—*Notes to Gwarchan Maelderio.*

† It has been supposed by many authors, among whom is Milton, that Mona and the Isle of Man were the Elysian Islands of happy spirits.—*See also Tzetzes.*

‡ Alluding to the last Eisteddvod.

Their souls to minstrel rapture.—They shall come  
From stormy tor and streamlet-haunted vale  
To claim the homage of the world, and win  
The wreath of fame, with which shall unborn Time  
His scant locks garland freshly.—

Happy land !

That round thy sunburnt forehead, Genius binds  
The crown which still should grace thy living brows,  
Nor vainly decks a dead Bard's skull that sleeps  
In cold forgetfulness. O! how unlike  
The Saxon Aristarchi, venial herd,  
Who for base hire revile the minstrel's toil,  
And rend the hard-won laurel, ere 'tis worn,  
Planting their reptile stings deep in his heart  
That bleeds at every pore.—His sad reward  
For sleepless nights, devoted to the muse,  
Is obloquy, and scorn, and cold neglect,  
Flinging a dark storm o'er the splendid beams  
That make his proud brows glorious. When no more  
Envy's keen arrows can his bosom wound,  
And the pale self-devoted martyr sinks  
'Mid the bright fires of his unearthly thoughts,  
ENGLAND, with monumental stone thou mock'st  
His sacred dust; as if a lettered urn  
Could add renown to immortality,  
Or Death feel pleasure in funereal pomp.

But thine, sweet Cambria, is the poet's home,  
Thine is the harp of yore, and be for aye  
The light of song on thine Arcadian vales.—  
Beautiful land, farewell !

*Rogvald Cottage;*  
*October 15th.*

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BEZ-ARGRAF PLENTYN.

Trallodau, beiau bywyd—ni welais,  
Na wylwch o'm plegyd;  
Wyv iach o bob aviechyd,  
Ac yn vy mez, guyn vy myd.

HEN ENOLYN.

*Translation of the above Epitaph on a Child.*

The crimes and ills of life I have not seen,  
From sickness and affliction I am free;  
I'm in my grave, and short my days have been,  
I'm happy,—therefore weep no more for me.

## ON CHIVALRY;

AS DESCRIBED IN THE OLD FRENCH ROMANCES, AND IN THE CHRONICLE OF  
VILLE-HARDOUIN.

(Taken in Shorthand from the French of Professor Villemain.)

THE romantic literature of the middle ages would scarcely merit our serious attention for a moment, were it not, that it presents us with, to the full, as much truth as fable. Under the extravagant tales, under the singular and fantastic, and sometimes absurd fictions, which fill so many of the verified romances of the twelfth and fourteenth centuries, there lies concealed, or we should rather say, there is displayed a very animated and expressive representation of contemporary life and manners.

It has been said, indeed, that chivalry, as depicted in these old *romants*, is itself but one entire fiction. The fictitious character of the allusions made to chivalry, in modern times, has induced a doubt, whether in reality it ever had any actual existence in former ages; but notwithstanding these doubts, it must be admitted that chivalry was a real event in history, a grand and glorious institution of the middle ages. Its image is portrayed in the most lively manner in these ancient romances, full as they are of giants and enchanters. All that we read in them,—the manners, the details, the costumes, the habits, and usages of life, and even the adventures themselves, so far as they are natural and human, place before our eyes an exact and faithful picture of the times. In this respect, the romances of chivalry may be called so many ancient histories not less authentic and veracious than our old chronicles.

Although the word “poet,” in its original sense, signifies a maker, and *trouvare* or *troubadour* are synonymous to a finder or an inventor, it must nevertheless be remembered, that never yet did poet more than invent the *beau ideal* of the real events, and popular credences of his time. Imagination is only a livelier memory; sometimes it only repeats a copy; we admire it most when it reproduces an original.

What then was chivalry? it was the life of the middle ages in action, the guard of honour of the feudal system, without which it could not have existed, for it was this long and gorgeous train of warrior knights which maintained



and supported it by the aid of those magnanimous passions, that high point of honour, and that elevated enthusiasm which gave to chivalry all its animation and embellishment.

This has induced a very learned French scholar, *M. de Sainte-Palaye*, in his "History of Chivalry, considered as a Religious and Military Institution," to confine his researches exclusively to these romances only. In this, perhaps, he was right, for the writers of these old chivalric tales have in fact mingled, with the most extravagant fictions, a faithful imitation and a very correct description of all that they found inscribed in the real ritual of the knights.

Let us endeavour to ascertain, from their testimony, what may have been the life of a knight or chevalier.

When a *childe* had the good fortune to be born the son of a gentleman, and happened to be a lively and sprightly boy, he was taken, at seven or eight years of age, out of the hands of his female attendants. He had now scarcely any thing else to do than to run about and amuse himself in leaping and wrestling. Soon afterwards he became a *damoisel*, *varlet*, or *page*, titles nearly similar, which were either confounded together, or distinguished from each other according to the circumstances of the times. It was at this period he was almost always sent from his paternal mansion, and placed in the castle of some baron, or powerful lord in the neighbourhood. He there served the master, or sometimes the mistress, of the castle, followed her palfrey, executed her commissions, and carried her letters, when it happened she could write, which, by the bye, was not always the case. But he, at the same time, also served his apprenticeship to warlike exercises, and the sports of the field. He made himself master of the art of falconry, learned to handle the lance and the sword, hardened and habituated himself to fatigue, by the most violent and dangerous exercises, and more particularly studied the history of chivalric achievements and the art of strategy. The great hall of the baronial castle was the school, where knights and squires met together, and where the young pages were educated and formed by hearing these, their chivalric elders, discourse together, as *Froissart* informs us, "on love and deeds of arms."

In these studies, more amusing certainly than the Greek and Latin of our modern schools, the *childe* attained the age of fifteen or sixteen. He was then made an esquire. There were several orders or degrees of esquires. The

esquire of honour or of the body, was he who mounted on horseback, and rode immediately behind the knight or lady of the castle. Then there were the esquire carver, "*l'Ecuyer Tranchant*;" the esquire pantler, "*l'Ecuyer Pannetier*;" and the esquire cupbearer, "*l'Ecuyer Echanson*,"—all of them so many different forms of domesticity. But we must not forget that, by a custom derived from the forests of Germany, or rather, perhaps, borrowed from the usages of the Lower Empire, certain domestic offices in the houses of great men were not only not considered ignoble, but they actually ennobled the holders of them, and became in themselves so many titles and grades of honour.

The young man to be made an esquire was presented at the altar, and there commenced the intervention of those religious ceremonies which were often renewed in the sequel; for chivalry was a combination of those two things which formed the principal occupation of the middle ages, war and religion.

The young esquire still continued to improve himself by conversation and exercise much more than by any regular course of study. In process of time he became an archer, or *man-at-arms*. It was now that he was made to apply himself still more assiduously to his military education in all its vigour, and to perform prodigies of strength and skill, superior to all the gymnastic exercises of the ancients. The man-at-arms, under the immense weight of his heavy iron armour, was taught to dart forward and to clear the broadest ditches by a leap.

When, in the midst of all these exercises, the young gentleman attained the age of twenty-one years, the period was now arrived for creating him a knight. We must bear in mind that, in the ideas of those times, this ceremony, a strange mixture of barbarous liberty and austere devotion, was always considered as a religious initiation.

After watching his arms in the church for several successive nights, the candidate for the honours of knighthood was at last led to the high altar by his father and mother, or by his spiritual sponsors, bearing lighted wax tapers in their hands. There the priest, after having celebrated the mass, took the sword and belt from the altar, and girded the new-made knight with his arms. This was preceded by a number of symbolical ceremonies, such as the bath, the putting on white linen garments, the auricular confession, (which, however, was sometimes repeated aloud,) the ad-

ministration of the holy sacrament, and the solemn oath of knighthood, which expressed all the sacrifices and all the duties of the order. In fine, a charger was led to the church-door, and there the young knight, palpitating with joy and enthusiasm, vaulted, completely armed, into the saddle, and made his proud steed caper, and prance, and *caracole* about, whilst all the company hailed him as a good Christian, and an accomplished knight.

Certainly there is no difference between these ceremonious forms, as we have now described them, and the history of *Tristan de Leonois*, or *Sire Ganvaia*, or *Syr Guy*, or *Syr Owain*, except in the marvellous parts of those romances. They each of them performed the same probationary rites, were armed in the same manner, and equally had their heads filled with the mingled ideas of love, war, and religion.

Can any doubt, then, be entertained of the prodigious influence of chivalry over the spirit and manners of the feudal times? We find that chivalry sometimes constituted the whole force and power of kings; whilst at others, it formed the proud independence of the barons. It was chivalry that maintained the whole of that grand Gothic edifice of *feodality*, the base of which was supported by the people.

The knights, even on the field of battle, persevered, with inconceivable persistency, in observing all the rules and prejudices of their noviciate. Thus, in a memorable battle, where a number of poor peasants in revolt presented themselves, armed with clubs and pickaxes, against an entire squadron of brilliant knights in complete armour, the latter suffered themselves to be dragged from their horses, and put to a cruel death, rather than draw their swords and defend themselves against *villains* without armour.

It is this chivalric scruple which Cervantes has treated with such exquisite raillery, and which so much irritated *Sancho*, when, beaten by the muleteers, he found himself abandoned by his master, who would not derogate from the honour of a true knight, by defending his squire against such ignoble assailants. This caricature of the chivalric point of honour is strictly true to the very life. The butchery of the knights of Hainault, as related by *Froissart*, attests the fact.

But, in order to abridge our historical details on this subject, we shall cite a tale of the 12th century. In this nar-

rative of an adventure during the Crusades, we shall find all the rites and ceremonies of the investiture of a knight very fully and correctly described. Chivalry and the Crusades were always closely connected together. At the same time that the political institutions of the country gave birth to chivalry, the war of the Crusades in the Holy Land, and in other countries of the East, opened a wide field for its development, and permitted the imagination to rove unconfined in dreams of those far-distant and marvellous countries. The conquests of empires and of kingdoms, with which the chivalric romances are filled, are, in truth, nothing but realities founded on facts. They are all of them close copies of the well-known historical events of the Marquis of Montserrat becoming king of Thessalonica, and Baldwin, emperor of Constantinople.

But let us return to our tale, which we would consider as an historical document. It presents us with the picture of *Saladin* invested with all the honours of knighthood. This, at first, astonishes us. It seems indeed, at the first blush, one of those gross absurdities and anachronisms so common in the writers of the middle ages. That *Saladin*, the hero of the Mahometan faith, and the destroyer of the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem, should submit himself to all the pious ceremonies of a knight, would appear incredible: and yet all the old chronicles authenticate the fact, that *Saladin* really and truly was dubbed a knight by a French nobleman.

On this anecdote, and on the authority of these Anglo-Norman historians, one of the *Trouveres* has formed a tale which, in our translation from the old French, we certainly do not present as a *chef-d'œuvre* of literary composition, but as a very faithful and correct account of the forms and ceremonies of the investiture of a knight according to the established ritual of chivalry.

“It pleases me to rhyme a tale, which I have often heard related of a king who, in Pagan land, was formerly a very powerful and very true Sanazian. His name was *Saladin*. He was cruel, and did much evil to our faith, and much damage to our nation, by his pride and violence. It once happened that a prince appeared in battle against him, whose name was *Hugh de Tabarie*. With this prince was a numerous company of knights of Galilee; for Sir Hugh was lord of all that country. Many glorious feats of arms they performed that day; but it did not please the Creator,

whom we call the King of Glory, that our people should then obtain the victory, for there the prince Hugh was taken prisoner, and carried immediately along the streets before Saladin, who saluted him in Latin, for the Paynim chief understood that language well.

“Hugh,” said he, “I am glad I have thee fast, for by Mahomet I promise thee one thing, — thou shalt either die or pay me a heavy ransom.” The prince Hugh answered: “Since thou givest me the choice, I choose the ransom, if I had wherewith to pay it.” “Yes,” replied the king; “a hundred thousand *bezants* thou shalt pay me.” “Ah, sire! I could never make up this sum, even were I to sell all my lands.” “O yes, you can, very well!” “How, sire?” “Why, you are a man of true courage, and a noble knight! and no brave man will refuse to contribute handsomely towards your ransom, if you ask him, and thus will you be able to discharge the amount.”

“But then give me leave to ask you, how am I to get away from hence to go into my own country to beg my ransom?”

Saladin then answered him by saying, “Hugh, thou shalt pledge me thy faith and honour as a true knight, that thou wilt return hither, without fail, in two years from this day with thy ransom, or else remain my prisoner. So thou mayest go thy ways.” “Sire,” returned *Syr Hugh*, “many thanks! I promise as you require.” Then, taking his leave, he would immediately have departed for his own country. But the king took him by the hand, and led him into his chamber, and gently accosting him, said, “Hugh, by the faith that thou owest to thy God, instruct me, for I have a very great desire to know, how knights are created.”

“Fair sir,” replied *Syr Hugh*, “I cannot do so; and I must tell you why. The sacred order of knighthood would be very improperly conferred upon you, for you are of the bad law, and have neither baptism nor faith, and I should commit a great folly to dress up a dunghill in silken robes. I should make myself for ever despicable were I to invest you with the order of knighthood, and should be for ever blamed for it.” “How, Hugh!” exclaimed Saladin; “you will not do it. There can be no harm in your doing my will, for you are my prisoner.” “Sire, since you will take no denial, I must instantly comply.”

Then *Syr Hugh* began to instruct and prepare the king in

every thing, by arranging his hair, his beard, and his countenance, as befitting a candidate for the honour of knight-hood, and then Hugh made him take a bath. The Soldan now began to inquire what this might mean. Hugh de Tabarie replied: "Sire, this bath, wherein you have just bathed yourself, signifies that, as a child comes from the font pure from sin after he is baptized, so you come from out of this bath washed pure and clean from all villany, for the bath is a bath of courtesy and goodness."

"This beginning is very fine, by the great God!" said the king: and after he had quitted the bath, he was placed on a beautiful bed, which gave him great pleasure. "Hugh," said he, "tell me truly what this bed means?" "Sire, this bed signifies that you must conquer, by chivalry, that repose which God grants in Paradise to those who are dear to him. It is indeed a bed of repose, and he who attains it not must be a great fool."

After he had remained a little while in bed, Syr Hugh caused him to be dressed in fine white linen garments, and then said to him, in Latin, "Sire, do not despise these linen clothes, for they give you to understand, that a knight should always keep his flesh, if he wishes to arrive in Paradise."

Afterwards, he put him on a scarlet robe. Saladin, much astonished at this, said, "Hugh, what means this robe of vermilion?" "Sire," replied Hugh, "it teaches you that a true knight ought to be prepared to shed the last drop of his blood in the defence of holy church, and to prevent her suffering any wrong; for all this a true knight ought to do, if he wishes to please heaven."

Then he put on the king's feet a pair of sandals of black stuff, and told him, "Sire, these black sandals remind you of death, and of the earth from whence you came, and to which you must return. Your eyes should often be turned down to them, to prevent your falling into pride, for pride ought not to reign in the heart of a knight, but all simplicity and true humility."

"All this is very beautiful to hear," said the king; "it displeases me not at all." He then arose and stood upright, and put on a white girdle. Then Hugh placed two spurs on his two heels, and said, "Sire, as you would wish your charger to gallop fast when you urge him on with these spurs, so are they meant to signify, that you should be animated and spurred forward to serve God all your life."

He then girded on his sword, &c. &c.

This is only a very short extract: the symbolical ceremony continues. At last Syr Hugh says to the Soldan, "Now I am your friend, and since I am your friend, I have a right to borrow of you; and I therefore borrow of you the amount of my ransom." There were fifty emirs there present, who were all knights, such as they were, good, bad, and indifferent. Now these fifty emirs hastened to offer their contributions. Syr Hugh accepted all their presents, and offered them to Saladin, for his ransom; but the king returned them back to him, together with his freedom.

We learn from this tale what use the *trouveres* made of the rites and ceremonies of chivalry, and of the narratives of the Crusades. We have here no display of imagination, no harmonious numbers, no talent, but arch simplicity, a certain *bonhommie*, together with a scrupulous fidelity in relating and depicting whatever they saw around them, mixed up with a little of the marvellous, taken from the crusading adventures, and from fairy tales.

We are naturally led to inquire, whether this species of literature was prolific in its productions. There are thousands of manuscripts of this description in the French king's library, in Paris. They contain the whole life and spirit of the times which they describe: it only requires a little patience to extract out of these ruins a complete statue of the antiquity of the middle ages. But that which would be a fitting occupation for an historian, we cannot venture to attempt in a short literary essay. We cannot even pretend to analyse the smallest portion of this immense reservoir of manuscripts, all of which are unpublished, except, perhaps, a few fragments. We must content ourselves, therefore, with a mere reference to them, as a proof of the singular activity of the human mind, and of the development it had now acquired.

*Fauchet*, a French scholar of the 16th century, has written the lives of all the French poets who flourished before the year 1300. These biographical sketches are more than a hundred in number.

*Christian of Troy*, the most prolific among them, composed several huge romances of chivalry, each of them consisting of ten or twelve thousand French verses. Many other poets, the mention of whose names alone would afford us no information, were the contemporaries of "*Christian de*



*Troyes*," and although eclipsed by his more brilliant reputation, yet they all obtained some portion of favor and success in the courts of princes.

*Philip Augustus*, politic and ambitious, was a great protector of literature and the arts. For the age in which he lived, he was, to the full, as magnificent a patron of men of letters, as was Louis the XIVth afterwards, in his day. Philip was, in his way, particularly fond of intellectual amusements. After a tournament, it was the custom of his court for the monarch and his courtiers to assemble together in the great hall of the palace, to listen to the recitals made by the poets of their own verses, and to the narratives of the prose *romanciers*. It was there they applauded the poetic tales of Christian of Troy, or laughed at the facetious ballads of the *Jongleurs*.

The king had his favorite bard, his poet-laureat, whose name was *Helinant*, and who received a regular pension. This is all that, at this distant date, can be ascertained of his talents. He appears, however, to have been so much admired in his time, that, by a strange anachronism, his name is introduced into the poem of the *Alexandreid*. He is there made to recite one of his poetical compositions at the table of Alexander the Great. But it is true, indeed, that Isabella, the consort of Philip Augustus, also makes her appearance in the same poem to embroider a tent for Darius, king of Persia.

Together with the reading aloud of these long serious poems, the singular allusions in which served to amuse the court, there were mingled the sportive sallies of the *trouveres*. These, at the period we are now speaking of, were a sort of ambulatory comedians, or itinerant actors. They were received for several days in the palaces and the castles, where they represented tales and fables in action, recited romances of chivalry, and sometimes parodied some of the most sacred ceremonies of the Catholic religion. Among others, they had one very singular tale, the story of a fox: this fox makes a very rapid progress in the world; he becomes a bishop, archbishop, and pope. This kind of entertainment obtained a great vogue, and highly diverted the lordly knights and fashionable ladies of the court of Philip Augustus.

The reign of this monarch most unquestionably marks a period in which French literature made a considerable progress. These long, and to us tedious, poems, listened to with



so much eager attention, and this court so easily amused, indicate a tendency to encourage literary pursuits. Before this reign, the court of France was rude and ignorant, with the exception, perhaps, of the premature, and therefore abortive, attempts in literature under Charlemagne; but under Philip Augustus there became manifested a decided taste for the *belles lettres*; literary amusements, and intellectual pleasures, such as then could be procured, formed a part of the recreations of this prince and his court.

Nevertheless, it was not until the reign of *St. Louis* that French literature presents us with scarcely any thing more than so many old medals, valuable indeed to the historian and the antiquary, but quite devoid of interest, as objects of taste. It was about this period that the old French began to brighten from its rust, and to separate itself from the Provençal idiom, without falling into the Anglo-Norman harshness of the early French poets, such as *Robert Wace*, and the author of the *Romaunt of Brutus*. It now acquired its proper French character, without retaining any of the asperity of a northern dialect. The reign of Louis the IXth, therefore, forms a memorable æra in the history of French literature.

We cannot doubt the influence which *St. Louis*, whose mind was cultivated with so much assiduous attention, and was in itself of so superior a character, must necessarily have exercised on the progress of letters, and the improvement of science. At the same time, that he was the most pious man of his age, we find him successfully resisting the aggressions of the court of Rome. His piety by no means overpowered, but only purified him. He was religious without falling into superstition. All that the imagination can conceive of what is great and good is exemplified in this prince.

The *établissements* of *St. Louis*, a code of laws too severely criticised by *Montesquieu*, present us with an admirable monument of the wisdom of the 13th century. *St. Louis* also showed himself a great prince in the interior administration of his kingdom. We learn from history that he contrived, in a very few years, to repair all the mischief done to his dominions by the Crusades. His piety, so firm in his disputes with the pope, became actually sublime on the field of battle. Although our sober judgment may, perhaps, blame his too adventurous enterprises to the East, which were by no means necessary for the protection of

Christendom, but which hurried away this great king from doing all that good to his kingdom which, but for them, he certainly would have effected; yet it is impossible not to be struck with the heroism he displayed in his Egyptian expedition. *Leibnitz* has noticed the political sagacity which induced this prince to fix on Egypt as the centre of the Crusade he led against the East. His second crusading expedition, though perhaps scarcely justified by the interested selfishness of his brother, shows the monarch, however, so courageous, so great, so resigned on the ashes on which he expired, that our enthusiastic admiration of the hero forces us to absolve his imprudence.

It was only with his reign that French civilization commenced, for it was then only that the national language and its productions were first admitted into the common treasury of European literature.

With *Ville-Hardouin* and the chronicle of *St. Denis*, commence the first French historical works in the vernacular language of France, works much more conformable to truth and reality than the Latin chronicles, for this reason, that the very expressions themselves, in the French narratives, form a portion of the events they relate. In *Ville-Hardouin*, an admirable painter of the manners of his time, the character of the French language is hardly yet completely developed. If we looked for an authority to prove how long the close affinity between the northern and southern dialects of France subsisted, we should cite the pages of *Ville-Hardouin*, which are full of those sonorous syllables, and those remnants of Latinity, which distinguish the Provençal poetry.

The work of *Ville-Hardouin* comprises the narrative of the expedition of a certain number of French seigneurs, who devoted themselves to the service of the cross, when accidentally met together at a tournament in Champagne, then crossed the sea in performance of their religious vow, appeared in arms before the gates of Constantinople to replace a fallen emperor on the throne; afterwards armed themselves against this very prince, conquered and took possession of the then capital of the Christian world for themselves, and finally, erected mighty kingdoms and principalities in Greece and Asia. His book is at once an historical chronicle and a chivalric romance.

In this narrative, the tournaments seem the usual rendezvous, the forum of the age. The haughty independence

of the feudal barons, and their proud ambition, display themselves in the very character and first concoction of this chivalrous expedition. Without consulting any sovereign power, without the sanction even of their own prince, on the mere communication of a confidential word from the pope, these adventurous nobles set out on their perilous adventure,—they embark,—they traverse the ocean,—and arrive at Constantinople.

Another characteristic trait of these times is the precocious advance in civilization of the Italian towns, which forms a very striking contrast with the rude courage of these feudal seigneurs. The barons of France were in no want of horses, or of lances, or iron armour, but for transport vessels for their expedition they were obliged to make application to a commercial people,—to the republic of Venice. Arrived at Constantinople, they accomplish their purpose, and replace on his throne the fallen emperor, whose friends and allies they were. But, after some further reflection, they repent of their generosity, and having more deliberately viewed this great city, so splendid and so populous, and having accurately surveyed her magnificent churches and gorgeous palaces, they come to the resolution that it is better to retain this empire in their own hands, than to give it away to another; and they finally seize upon Constantinople for themselves.

Baldwin was now declared emperor. It was he who gained the principal prize. But, however highly gratified all these knights and barons may have felt at having thus elevated one of their number to the empire, they soon became impatient to obtain at least some petty sovereignty for each of themselves. *Geoffrey de Ville-Hardouin*, the writer of the chronicle, after having long served in these wars, receives, for his share of the spoil, the town of *Messinopolis*, in Thessalia. He died there about the year 1213; and his family, connected, by marriage, with the French emperors of Constantinople, continued in the country a long series of years after his decease, and became possessed of the principalities of Corinth and Argos.

Thus, in the beginning of the 13th century, the feudal system of sovereignty was transported from France into the midst of Greece, and many French noblemen and gentlemen obtained grants of lands and castles, by feudal tenure, near to Ville-Hardouin. They were, in fact, a conquering colony, which brought with them all their own national

customs and usages. The young *demoisels* and *varlets* were now sent into Greece for their education, instead of remaining in Picardy and Touraine.

The conquest of the Morea, by *Guillaume de Champlite*, extended the French influence still further; and the writers of these times inform us, that "*le beau parler Francais,—le parler delitable,*" was as common in the Morea as at Paris.

All this forms part of the literary history of these times, where so much activity and enterprise were blended with such extraordinary ignorance and simplicity. If we consult the historical documents of this age, it should seem that all communication between the inhabitants of places at any distance from each other must have been rare and difficult. There were many burgesses to whom, shut up in their narrow streets, the ramparts of their native town seemed the boundaries of the world; they appear, indeed, to have conceived no precise ideas of places and distances. Accordingly, in the beginning of 12th century, we find the monks of *Ferrieres*, in the diocese of *Sens*, were ignorant that there existed a town in Flanders of the name of *Tournay*. A thousand anecdotes of this kind might be cited. A citizen of Paris, when obliged to travel as far as Amiens, made his will before he set out on his journey: so dangerous were the public roads at this time, so daring the robberies of the predatory knights, and so little reliance could be placed on the chivalric oaths of the baronial owners of the castles near the highways, who almost always pillaged the unfortunate travellers!

But to those who attached no value to the quiet enjoyment of the comforts of life, there were no limits to the gratification of their daring ambition. At that time it was not unusual to set out on an expedition for Babylon or Thessalonica without having any precise idea where these places were situated; but twenty or thirty noblemen and gentlemen met together at a tournament, and away they marched, actuated only by the impulse of the enthusiasm of the moment.

The Venetians, who, from their commercial pursuits, had acquired a far superior degree of civilization and general information, always lent their willing aid to all these expeditions: they supplied ships and transport vessels, but took care to make the adventurers pay very dearly for the freight; the latter were therefore obliged to indemnify themselves by military plunder.

Thus it was that these pious pilgrims, who left France with the intention of delivering the holy land from out of the hands of the Infidels, finished by capturing Constantinople for themselves, and pillaging the church of St. Sophia.

After the romances of the Round Table, translated into the French *parlure* by the Anglo-Normans in the middle of the 12th century, the history of *Ville-Hardouin* is, perhaps, the most ancient specimen we have of French prose. On this account alone it must ever excite a very considerable degree of interest: in this chronicle we recognise the French language with more facility than in the rhyming lines of the *Trouveres*. From the vivacity of the style, and the real merit of the narrative, it commands a closer attention, and stimulates a livelier curiosity: he is not merely an historian, but a man who tells you what he has himself actually done or seen, with all that natural truth and *naiveté* of expression with which he did the thing, or saw it performed. His book is the perpetual deposition of an eye-witness. In our days, whenever modern talents endeavour to imitate this species of style, there is always something artificial apparent on the very face of it, even in the happiest attempt. We discover the clever man of the 19th century striving to disguise himself under the simple dress of a narrator of the extraordinary tales of the 13th. But when it is really the man of the 13th century who speaks to us, the charm of truth consists not only in the whole entirety of the narrative, but in each separate word of the language in which it is conveyed; the author himself, his times, and his work, form but one uniform identical whole, which we have continually before our eyes.

On opening the chronicle of *Ville-Hardouin*, we first meet with a holy man, whose name was *Foulcque de Neuilly*, the curate of that place. *Cil Foulcque commença à parler de Dieu par France et par les autres terres.* The apostle of Rome, Pope Innocent III., sends a message to this holy man, and charges him to preach the Crusade. The following year, after a splendid tournament in Champagne, a number of seigneurs take up the cross, and resolve upon an expedition to the holy land against the Infidels; but vessels are wanting for their transport. Six of these nobles, therefore, are deputed to Venice to hire ships for the voyage, and *Ville-Hardouin* himself is one of these envoys. They arrive in Venice, and are favorably received by the doge, *Dandolo*, a wise and courageous old man, of eighty-nine

years of age, who feels the gréatest enthusiasm to support the expedition. We follow Ville-Hardouin into the doge's palace, into his council of state, and afterwards into the general assembly of the people in the chapel of St. Mark, "*Chapelle la plus belle qui soit.*" All these scenes are wonderfully interesting. In the first place, Ville-Hardouin and his associates attend a private council of the doge and principal members of the senate; but afterwards, as Venice was still at that time a republican government, it became necessary humbly to petition the people, *requerir le peuple humblement.* What a spectacle this for the proud feudal barons of France!

It is Geoffrey de Ville-Hardouin, the marshal of Champaign, who thus addresses this populous assembly:

"Seigneurs, les plus hauts et plus puissans barons de France nous ont envoyés à vous crient merci, afin qu'il vous prenne pitié de Jerusalem, qui est dans le servage des Turcs et qu'au nom de Dieu vous veuillez les accompagner pour venger la honte de J. C., et ils vont ont élus, parcequ'ils savent que nulle nation n'est aussi puissante que vous sur mer, et ils nous ont commandé de tomber à vos pieds, et de ne pas nous lever que vous n'ayez octroyé la promesse d'avoir pitié de la terre sainte d'outre mer."—

"Seigneurs, the most high and most powerful barons of France have deputed us to you, and we cry you mercy, that you may take pity on Jerusalem, which is under the slavery of the Turks; and that, in the name of God, you will accompany us thither to avenge the disgrace done to J. C., and they have preferably addressed themselves to you, because they know no nation is so powerful as you are by sea; and they have commanded us to fall down at your feet, and not to rise up until you have given us your promise to have pity on the holy land beyond sea."

Then the six envoys fell down on their knees, all in tears, at which sight the doge and all the assembly cried out all aloud with one voice: "We grant your request,—we grant it:" and there was so loud an acclamation, and "*si grand noise, qu'il semblaient que la terre fondit.*"

Now, certainly, this speech, and the extreme simplicity of the narrative, place the whole of this scene before our eyes in much more lively colours than modern art could have done.

Ville-Hardouin continues his details of the slow prepara-

tions for the voyage. *Thibaut*, count of Champagne, who was to have commanded the expedition, died suddenly: on his death, the command was first offered to the duke of Burgundy, then to the count of *Bar-le-duc*, and finally to the marquis of *Montserrat*. The barons and pilgrims now repaired in crowds, from all parts, to Venice, where the army was to embark; it was then that the venerable old doge, under the weight of his ninety years, declared his determination personally to join the Crusade to the holy land, and to die among the pilgrims of the cross.

At length the armament puts to sea for *Corfou*. All the perils and difficulties of the voyage, as well as the jealousies and divisions among the ambitious chiefs, form a very animated and interesting picture. The historian, although constantly participating in the events he describes, speaks but little of himself, and that little with great candour and circumspection.

“Moi,” says he, “moi bien temoigne, moi Geoffrey, le marechal de Champagne qui cette œuvre dicta.” “I bear witness of it, I, Geoffrey, the marshal of Champain, who dictate this work.”

This precious monument of the early history of France is deserving of our attention in many respects. If we consider the diction, and the peculiar construction of the phrases, we shall discover a close analogy to the *Romanesque*, or *Roman Rustique*, of the south of France; and we particularly notice in this work the observation of many of those grammatical rules which have lately been explained with so much taste and judgment by *M. Reynouard*, in his *History of the Grammar of the Troubadours*. The Latin examinations are likewise very frequent, such as *seignor, tremor, empereor, vos, dolorus, &c.* The uniform suppression of the letter *s* in the oblique cases of the plural number, marks its conformity to the Provençal grammar: the construction of the sentences is, throughout, simple and regular, the expressions short, forcible, and picturesque.

But the great value of this book consists in its historical painting,—in the contrast which it exhibits between the Greeks and the Franks, opposed and united in the same narrative. Nothing can be more singularly striking than his picture of the Greek inhabitants of Constantinople, the petrified ruins of the last decline and fall of the Roman empire receiving among them this young race of Western warriors. *Ville-Hardouin* depicts in the most lively colours



the crafty timidity of the Greek court, constantly involved in plots and intrigues, and the rude and impetuous ambition of the French Crusaders. No sooner is Alexis placed on the throne by the assistance of his Western allies, than he exerts all his efforts to get rid of his dangerous guests, and to induce them to pursue the original purpose of the Crusade; but they are in no hurry to quit their prey. Mutual complaints and protracted negotiations continue until the very moment that war breaks out between those two Christian nations of the Eastern and Western world.

The Greeks burn the ships of the Latin fleet; but a domestic treason within the walls of the imperial palace soon effects the death of Alexis. The Franks now push forward the war with redoubled vigour. Constantinople is at length taken by assault, and given to pillage, on Palm Sunday. The ferocious joy of the conquerors, at finding so much gold and silver, and such immense quantities of precious stones, silk, and ermine, is exquisitely described by the old chronicler. The grave historian here does not fail to recur to his favorite form of expression: "Et bien temoigne, Geoffroi, le marechal de Champagne, à son escient pour verité, que jamais, depuis le commencement de siècles, ne fut tant gagné en une ville."

The Crusading army, before so poor and ill provided, now became the masters of all these heaps of immense riches. "Chacun prit Hôtel, comme il lui plut, et il y en avait assez-ainsi firent la Pâque fleurie, et la grande Pâque après, en cet honneur, et en cette joye que Dieu leur eut données."

But soon afterwards a great part of the booty is ordered to be brought into the common stock at head quarters, under pain of excommunication. The chiefs of the army then proceed to the election of an emperor: and Baldwin, count of Flanders, is chosen in preference to the marquis of Montserrat, who contents himself with becoming king of Thessalonica.

So many and so great events could not have been brought about without frequent debates, in which Ville-Hardouin often delivered his opinion with great prudence and gravity; this, indeed, is one of the characteristics of the book. In it, history now, for the first time, begins to admit political discussion, which the author introduces with much natural force and simplicity: he leads us into the tumultuous council of the Latins, and there we learn by what



specious reasons this diversion of an army from the delivery of Jerusalem, its original destination, to the invasion of a Christian empire, is attempted to be justified.

The establishment of the new empire, the death of Baldwin, the accession of his brother Henry, chosen by the French barons, to succeed him, form altogether a very interesting and diversified narrative, which we only regret does not extend any further. Ville-Hardouin concludes his memoirs with the death of the marquis of Montserrat, in the year 1207; and it is from the Byzantine historians that we must seek for the sequel of this invasion, which placed a foreign dynasty on the throne of Constantinople.

The influence of the Western conquerors was but temporary, and could not prevent, or even delay, for any length of time, the final fall of the Greeks. Constantinople, under her rude masters, still retained her own language and theology, but the Franks imported with them their own chivalric amusements, and their passion for warlike exercises; they gave tournaments in the *Hippodrome*, from whence they excluded the Greeks. The latter, ever servile and adulatory, adopted some of the traditions of their masters: of these we find many curious traces in the Byzantine historians, who, without being less ignorant, are certainly less natural than the writers of the French chronicles.

The old French chivalric romances carried to Constantinople, together with the customs and usages of France, were there taken for authentic histories; and fifty years afterwards, when the French conquest had disappeared, and the Greek empire had begun to spin anew the slender thread of its debile existence, there were several families among the nobility of Constantinople who boasted their descent from the Paladins, *Rowland* and *Renauld*. What a singular illusion, which only demonstrates the powerful influence of these chivalric tales, so conformable to the taste and the adventurous spirit of the times!

We must here terminate our rapid review of a book better suited for studious perusal than for analysis. The historian himself, a principal personage in his history, presents us, in the actions which he narrates, with the reality of that chivalry, the ideal picture of which is painted to us in the romances of the middle ages. Distinguished alike in war and in council, Ville-Hardouin seems never, even in his wildest enterprises, to have forgotten his habitual prudence, good faith, and perseverance.

## ANECDOTES OF THOMAS AP IFAN AP RHYS,

*(Commonly called Twm Ifan Prys.)*

THE CELEBRATED WELSH POET AND REPUTED PROPHET.

[The Editors are indebted to an intelligent gentleman of South Wales,\* for the following very singular and curious paper, and while they acknowledge the obligation, they beg to add that they express no opinion as to the applicability of the prophetic divinations, to the events coupled with them, by their correspondent.]

HE was the son of Ienan ap Rhys, of Blaen Cynllan, in the parish of Llanharan, and was born there; soon afterwards his father went to Pen Hydd, in the parish of Margam,

\* The name of Mr. Edward Williams is so well known to all who are interested in Welsh literature and antiquities, that I shall offer no apology for occupying a few of your pages, in introducing to your notice a manuscript of his in my possession, which I believe has never been brought before the public. It contains a biographical sketch of a man, in great repute in Glamorganshire, as a prophet, and concludes with a copy of an ancient Welsh manuscript (rendered into English by Mr. Edward Williams) purporting to be a prediction by the subject of the memoir.

The modern manuscript, with the copy of the ancient one, (I must use repetition to avoid ambiguity,) have fallen into my hands as the representative of a gentleman to whom it was given by Mr. Edward Williams himself, and who has, on an envelope, added the following remarks of his own: (viz.)

“Prophecy of Thomas ap Ifan ay Rhys, copied by Mr. Edward Williams, from a manuscript given to him by Mr. E—— L——, of P——.

“This manuscript has the appearance of being very old.

“The *writing* is not that of the above-named Thomas, but of another person, who lived about or near his time, whose name is subscribed, and who says it is the prophecy of Thomas ap Ifan ap Rhys.

“This writer seems to have lived in the reign of King James the First.”

Also as follows:

“If T. Ifan Rhys died about the year 1617, (as supposed by Edward Williams) and was one hundred and forty-three years old when he died, he must have been born about the year 1474, in the thirteenth year of Edward the Fourth.”

What has become of this ancient manuscript I know not. It probably remained in the possession of Mr. Edward Williams till his death.

I have suppressed the names of the gentlemen above alluded to, but I will furnish you with them as well as with my own name and address, so that whoever may be desirous of investigating this interesting subject, may have the means of satisfying his curiosity. I shall content myself for the present with observing that they were persons of *undoubted* respectability.

Having been favored by a friend with some ingenious remarks upon this and other predictions of Twm Ifan Rhys, with an attempt to apply them to recent events of the world, I cannot refrain from requesting you to give them also place in your valuable Magazine.

December 1, 1832.

where he lived for some years; this son Thomas was admitted a monk in Margam Abbey, (it appears, from the most authentic accounts, that a monk could not, as a novice, be admitted before he attained the full age of twenty-five years.) The term of the novitiate, if I well remember was one year, at the end of which the person thus under probation was either to leave the monastery or submit to the requisites of the order, the vow of celibacy, &c. It may be fairly supposed that Tom Ifan Prys remained no longer than this term of one year in the monastery, for we find that he was expelled, and, as he says in one of his poems, for telling the truth; he was accused of Lollardism, this was the term applied to the doctrines of Wickliff's followers, who were called Lollards.

It appears that he was confined for his heresy in Kenfigg Castle, from whence he addresses a petition in verse to Sir Matthew Cradock, of Swansea, requesting that he would procure his liberation. This poem is extant, amongst a great number besides, of poetical pieces by him on various subjects, chiefly religious and moral, with a few on lighter subjects; he appears to have been a man of great piety and of rigid morals.

After his liberation from Kenfigg, he went to his father who had then removed to Merthyr Cynon, in the county of Brecknock: how long he remained there is not known; but some years after it appears that he lived on a small farm, in the parish of Llangynwyd, and married, himself an old man, to a young wife. This we find from a poem of his which he wrote to solicit a *cymmorth* (relief) of wheat to sow his grounds, from the farmers of the vale, having been urged to do so by his young wife; he gives an account of the several parishes he rambled through on this occasion, and says, that English was the general language of the inhabitants of Wick, but does not observe the same thing of Lantwit, which he visited, or of any place in the vale; no bad argument in favor of what is traditionally said in Lantwit, that it was in the time of Queen Elizabeth that a number of Flemings settled there, and with them introduced the English language.

About the year 1600, or thence to 1610, he appears to have earned his livelihood by threshing, and dwelling at Tythegston, where most probably he died about the year 1617, at the very great age of one hundred and forty-three,

for amongst his poems we find the following account of his age :

Un Mil, chwech cant yn gywrain  
A phedar blwydd yn gyfain  
Dechreu Tonor, cyfrif teg  
Wyf Gant a deg ar hugain.

One hundred and thirty years old in 1604, and he appears to have lived thirteen years afterwards.

He pretended to be a prophet, and wrote and uttered many things in the mystical language and style of prophecy. Most of those things are obviously applicable to the events of that age wherein he lived, and especially to the reformation from popery, the final events of which could easily have been foreseen by any one possessed of strong natural sagacity, without any other gift of prophecy: there are a few, however, of a more unaccountable cast, and the following taken from a ms. written in the time of Elizabeth, is rather singular, and may possibly induce some to take it into consideration how far human sagacity may be able to penetrate into remote futurity; it is as follows:

*Thus in English.*

- |                                  |   |
|----------------------------------|---|
| 1 Pan ddaw'r Pedwerydd           | 1 When the fourth comes,                        |
| 2 Or unenw bedydd                | 2 Of the same baptismal name                    |
| 3 Yn lle gwasgarydd              | 3 Succeeding in the room of the scatterer       |
| 4 Prydain gerrenydd              | 4 Of the friends of Britain,                    |
| 5 Pan fydd ag nis fydd           | 5 When he shall be, and not be,                 |
| 6 Yn frenin efrydd.              | 6 A crippled King.                              |
| 7 Cynnwrf a ddyfydd              | 7 Commotions will arise (appear)                |
| 8 A byd aflonydd                 | 8 And a perturbed world,                        |
| 9 Gwelir Torfeydd                | 9 Multitudes will be seen                       |
| 10 Or mor bwygilydd              | 10 From one sea to the other,                   |
| 11 A llef lliosydd               | 11 And the cries of multitudes                  |
| 12 Yng nglyw gwlad beunydd       | 12 Daily resounding in the ears of the country; |
| 13 Gwlad Ffrainc dychyn-<br>nydd | 13 The country of France in alliance            |
| 14 A llawer gwledydd             | 14 With many other countries,                   |
| 15 Fal llewod yn rhydd           | 15 Like lions let loose                         |
| 16 Hyd lawr daierydd             | 16 Over the whole earth                         |
| 17 Ag ychydig ffydd              | 17 And but little faith,                        |
| 18 A chynnwrf gwledydd           | 11 And the tumults of countries (agitation)     |
| 19 A bach y cywilydd             | 19 And the shame little                         |
| 20 A mawr gormesydd              | 20 And the oppression great                     |

- |                          |   |
|--------------------------|---|
| 21 A phob angrefydd      | 21 And every irreligion                       |
| 22 Yn daer wynebydd      | 22 Exhibiting an audacious front              |
| 23 Ag ychydig ffydd      | 23 And but little faith,                      |
| 25 A chymmell aerydd     | 24 And the fomenting of wars                  |
| 26 A thresi anhywydd     | 25 And ignorant regulations                   |
| 27 Yn yr holl wledydd    | 27 In all countries,                          |
| 28 A llawer treisydd     | 27 And many a tyrant                          |
| 29 Ni chred ei fedydd    | 28 Not believing his baptism                  |
| 30 A byd heb grefydd     | 29 And a world without religion,              |
| 31 A gwrth ladd dofydd   | 30 And rebellion against the Al-<br>mighty.   |
| 32 A gwywedig gwydd      | 31 And the trees withering                    |
| 33 A thror'r afonydd     | 32 And rivers turned out of their<br>courses, |
| 34 Twf rhyfedd newydd    | 33 Strange and new growth                     |
| 35 Yn ambor mefydd       | 34 In the grass of the fields,                |
| 36 A syrthiaw coedydd    | 35 And the trees falling,                     |
| 37 A Deri gelltydd       | 36 The oaks of the high acclivities           |
| 38 A Gestwng mynydd      | 37 And the lowering of mountains              |
| 39 Hyd le gwastodydd     | 38 To the level of even plains,               |
| 40 Uchelhâu dolydd       | 39 The lifting up of the vales                |
| 41 Cynghlawr a glannydd  | 40 To an equal surface with the<br>hills,     |
| 42 Cadarn yn Nebydd      | 41 The mighty become nobody,                  |
| 43 A gwan yn droedrydd   | 42 The weak with feet at liberty,             |
| 44 A gwaith gwybodydd    | 43 And the operations of know-<br>ledge       |
| 45 Yn haul ysplennydd    | 44 Like the splendour of the sun;             |
| 46 Dwy flynedd y sydd    | 45 Two years there are                        |
| 47 Iaros llwydd          | 46 To wait for the assemblies of<br>armies,   |
| 48 A throi Dinesydd      | 47 And to convert cities                      |
| 49 Yn fân Pentrefydd     | 48 Into small villages,                       |
| 50 Llyfnhâu llawr Elfydd | 49 To level the face of the earth,            |
| 51 A'r gwaith a dderfydd | 50 And the work will be done,                 |
| 52 Duw ai nerth dyfydd   | 51 God will come in all his power,            |
| 53 Ag of a orfydd        | 52 And he will overcome.                      |

*Thomas ab Ifan ab Rhys ai cant.*

*Note [by Mr. E. WILLIAMS.]*

The lines are erroneously numbered in the Welsh, from 25 (which should have been 24) to the end, one too much each line; this being remembered, the Welsh and English lines may be easily compared.

*[Thus far Mr. E. WILLIAMS.]*

The testimony of so celebrated an antiquary as Mr. Edward Williams, to the authenticity of this very extra-

ordinary prediction, and that there were others of "an *unaccountable* cast," is a very valuable document, more especially as the desire he evinces as a philosopher, to attribute them to mere human powers, renders his failure to account for them on those grounds the more remarkable; that a man by mere human powers should be able to predict events to take place, not only in his own days but at different intervals from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century, appears to be absolutely impossible. That such fulfilment of local and family predictions took place even in the last generation, we have had indubitable testimony of most respectable persons, some of whom were nearly related to the author of these remarks.

It would occupy too much space here to particularise these minor predictions, nor is it necessary to do so, their object having been already attained. They have maintained the credit of the prophet during succeeding generations, and have caused the preservation of this most important prediction.

We have seen upon the authority of Mr. E. Williams, that the *early* predictions were directed towards the support of *Protestant* principles, the object of the *last* is a confirmation of the *Christian religion itself*.

Having made these few general remarks, let us proceed to point to the application of the prophecy. To this end the translation of Mr. Edward Williams is here repeated:

- |   |  |            |   |
|---|--|------------|---|
| 1 | When the fourth comes,                     | 1, 2, 3, 4 | The friends of Britain,   |
| 2 | Of the same baptismal<br>name,             |            | <i>in the time of Twm Ifan Prys,</i>  |
| 3 | Succeeding in the room of<br>the scatterer |            | were the Protestants of France<br>(the Huguenots) supported by<br>Queen Elizabeth. The "room,"  |
| 4 | Of the friends of Britain.                 |            | or place of their scatterer was the<br>throne of France. The four that<br>sat upon that throne of the same<br>name, <i>after</i> the time of the pro-<br>phet were four Louis's, the last<br>of whom was Louis XVith. |
| 5 | When he shall be, and not<br>be,           | 5, 6       | A nominal King, but a real<br>prisoner, the power being usurped<br>by the national assembly.  |
| 6 | A <i>crippled</i> King,                    | 7, 8       | Notoriously true.   |
| 7 | Commotions will arise (ap-<br>pear)        |            |   |
| 8 | And a perturbed world.                     |            |   |

- 9 Multitudes will be seen  
 10 From one sea to the other.
- 11 And the cries of multitudes  
 12 Daily resounding in the ears of the country.
- 13 The country of France in alliance  
 14 With many other countries,  
 15 Like lions let loose  
 16 Over the whole earth.  
 17 And but little faith.
- 18 And the tumult of countries (agitation)  
 19 And the shame little  
 20 And the *oppressor* great,  
 21 And every irreligion  
 22 Exhibiting an audacious front,  
 23 And but little faith.
- 24 And the fermenting of wars  
 25 And ignorant regulations.
- 9, 10 Possibly navigation and commerce are here meant, which were wonderfully increased towards the close of the eighteenth century, from what they were in the fifteenth.
- 11, 12 But the word "*multitudes*," which in the 11th line is again used, is not inapplicable to the people of France themselves as having been previously applied to them, as the writer conceives, in *Scripture Prophecies*, a dissertation upon which it is not intended to enter upon here. See it also applied to them by one of their own nation in the note upon the last line.
- 13, 14, 15, 16 The slightest attention to the history of revolutionary France sufficiently proves this.
- 17 Faith decreasing and infidelity rearing itself, even in England, but in France more especially.
- 18, 19, 20, 21, 22 See French History.
- 23 The same thing repeated to call the attention to the great national defection.
- 24 Too obvious to need illustration.
- 25 "*Ignorant*," that is, contrary to true wisdom which is described by Solomon as founded on "the fear of the Lord." In this sense, *all* their regulations were "*ignorant*," but especially those which were levelled at the destruction of all religion, of which the abolition of the sabbath was a striking instance.

- 26 In all countries. 26 Great part of Christendom was infected with French principles.
- 27 And many a tyrant 27, 28 The heads of the successive parties who domineered over revolutionary France.
- 28 Not believing his baptism. 29, 30 Emphatical repetition.
- 29 And a world without religion,
- 30 And rebellion against the Almighty.
- 31 And trees withering 31 "Trees."—The gentry.
- 32 And rivers turned out of their courses. 32 The whole system of things changed.
- 33 Strange and new growth 33, 34 The canaille getting into power.
- 34 In the grass of the fields, 35 The gentry who were seen withering, now fall.
- 35 And the trees falling, 36 The noblesse.
- 36 The oaks of the high acclivities,
- 37 And the lowering of mountains 37 Even sovereign states destroyed
- 38 To the level of even plains, 38 And formed into Republics.
- 39 The lifting up of the vales 39, 40, 41, 42 The same meaning as before, in other words to make it more striking.
- 40 To an equal surface with the hills,
- 41 The mighty become nobody,
- 42 The weak with feet at liberty,
- 43 And the operations of knowledge 43, 44 The arts and sciences improving rapidly and astonishingly.
- 44 Like the splendour of the sun.
- 45 Two years there are 45 From 1812 to 1814.
- 46 To wait for the assemblies of armies, 46 The Emperor Alexander.
- 47 And to convert cities 47, 48 Literally accomplished in Russia by extensive conflagrations.
- 48 Into small villages, 49 To throw down assumed dominion.
- 49 To level the face of the earth.
- 50 And the work will be done, 50 The restoration of the former order of things.
- 51 God will come in all his power 51, 52 "God will come."
- 52 And he will overcome.

This agrees with the description given us in the fiftieth Psalm of the phrase to *come*, where Asaph says, "Our God shall *come* and shall not keep *silence*, a fire shall devour



before him, and it shall be very tempestuous round about him. He shall call to the heavens from above, and to the earth, that he may judge his people. "Gather my saints together unto me, those who have made a *covenant* with me by sacrifice."

Such was the coming of Christ at the destruction of Jerusalem. He did not keep *silence*, the spreading of the Gospel followed the metaphorical fire and tempest. He called to the heavens from above, and to the earth, that he might judge his people, and gather his saints together unto him, agreeably to the description of the coming in the 35th of Isaiah, where it is said, God will *come* with *vengeance* and a *recompense*.

So at the conclusion of the revolutionary war, he came with "Vengeance and a recompense;" vengeance on those who had crucified and put him to an open shame, and a recompense to those who had kept covenant with him. *Fire*, both literal and metaphorical devoured before him, and it was very tempestuous round about him. He called to the heavens and the earth (to men of high and of low degree) at that time when he judged his people, gathering his "*saints*" together to him, (those who had continued in his *covenant*.) He did not keep "silence." The increased preaching of the Gospel followed.

"And he will overcome." That God fought for his "*saints*" and reserved to himself the victory must be known to all who are in any degree acquainted with the power of the Russian campaign of 1812, in which the greater part of Napoleon's grand army, consisting of 680,000 men and 176,850 horses, and composed of a great many different nations, ("the country of France being in alliance with many other countries," lines 13, 14,) miserably perished from *fire*, and cold and hunger. This "*multitude* of men," (lines 9—11) "ever formidable to the enemy, were only overcome by the elements." A lively and touching picture of that terrible overthrow is given by M. Labaume, an officer in that very army, in his narration of that campaign, who ascribes its disastrous results to the vengeance of an offended God. His work is full of most striking passages, of which some idea may be conceived from the few following extracts:

"Je raconte ce que j'ai vu: témoin d'un des plus grands désastres qui aient jamais affligé une nation puissante. \* \* \* Réduit comme tous mes compagnons d'armes, à lutter contre les

derniers besoins ; transi de froid, tourmenté par la faim, en proie à tous les genres de souffrances, incertain, au lever de chaque soleil, si je verrais les derniers rayons du soir, doutant, le soir si je verrais un jour nouveau ; tous mes sentimens, semblaient s'être concentrés dans le désir de vivre pour conserver la mémoire de ce que je voyais ; animé par cet indicible désir, toutes les nuits, assis devant un mauvais feu, sous une température de vingt à vingt-deux degrés au dessous de la glace, entouré de morts et de mourans, je retraçais les événemens de la journée. Le même couteau qui m'avait servi à dépecer du cheval pour me nourrir, était employé à tailler des plumes de corbeau ; un peu de poudre à canon, délayée dans le creux de ma main avec de la neige fondue, me tenait lieu d'encre et d'écritoire. \* \* \* \*

“ Ayant sans cesse devant les yeux le spectacle de cette foule de guerriers, misérablement exterminés dans de lointains déserts, je n'ai été soutenu que par l'idée de rendre hommage à leur constance, à un courage qui ne s'est jamais démenti, enfin, à des exploits d'autant plus héroïques, qu'ils étaient perdus pour la patrie, et semblaient l'être pour la gloire. Heureux si j'ai pu prouver, par cette relation importante, qu'au milieu de tant de désastres, nos braves ont tous été dignes d'eux-mêmes, qu'ils n'ont point manqué à leur ancienne renommée, et que, toujours redoutables à l'ennemi, *ils n'ont été vaincus que par les élémens?*” Preface, pp. i. et seq.

Again in the body of the work,

“ Quel effrayant tableau me présenta, cette multitude d'hommes, accablée de toutes les misères, et contenue dans un marais ! Elle, qui deux mois auparavant, triomphante, *couvrait la moitié de la surface du plus vaste des empires.* Nos soldats, pâles, défaits, mourans de faim et de froid, n'ayant pour se préserver des rigueurs de la saison que des lambeaux de pelisses, ou des peaux de mouton toutes brûlées, se pressaient en gémissant le long de cette rive infortunée.”\*

#### *Translation.*

“ I recount what I have actually seen ; a witness to one of the greatest disasters which ever afflicted a powerful nation. \* \* \* \*  
Reduced, like all my companions in arms, to struggle against the most urgent necessities, benumbed with cold, tormented by hunger, a prey to every species of suffering, uncertain as the sun arose each day whether I should behold his rays when setting, doubting every evening whether I should ever see the morrow ; all my sentiments appeared to be concentrated in the desire of living to preserve the memory of what I saw : animated by this

\* Apprehensive that a portion of our readers may not understand the original, we have ventured to add a translation of the extract from Mons. Labaume's work.—*Editors.*

inexpressible desire, I, every night, seated before a miserable fire, the atmosphere at a temperature of from 20° to 22° below freezing point, surrounded by the dead and the dying, retraced the events of the day. The same knife which had served me to cut off a piece of horse-flesh for nourishment, was employed in making pens of crow-quills; a little gunpowder, mixed with some melted snow, in the hollow of my hand, served me for ink and inkstand. \* \* \*

“Having incessantly before my eyes the sight of that crowd of warriors, who had been miserably exterminated in distant deserts, I was supported only by the idea of paying a tribute of homage to their constancy,—to a courage which had never failed, and, finally to exploits which were so much the more heroic, as that they were lost to their country, and in appearance, to glory.

“Happy shall I be if I have been able to prove, by this important narration, that, surrounded by so many disasters, our brave countrymen always acted in a manner worthy of themselves,—that they have never fallen short of their ancient renown, and that, ever redoubtable to the enemy, *they were overcome by the elements alone.*” Preface, pp. i. et seq.

Again, in the body of the work,

“What a frightful picture was presented to me by that *multitude* of men, overwhelmed by every species of misery, and occupying a marsh! A multitude which, two months previously, *had covered, in triumph, half the surface of the most extensive of empires.* Our soldiers, pale, cast down, dying with hunger and cold, having, to protect them from the rigours of the season, nothing but the rags of their cloaks, or sheep skins, partly destroyed by fire, groaning, crowded along the bank of that unfortunate river.”

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## EPITAPH ON A POET.

*By the late* EDWARD WILLIAMS.

HERE let a *Bard* unenvied rest,  
 Where no dull *critic* dares molest;  
 Escap'd from the familiar curse  
 Of *thread-bare coat* and *empty purse*,  
 From rough *bumbailiff's* threat'ning duns,  
 From stupid *pride's* detested sons,  
 From all those pest'ring ills of life,  
 From worse than all—a *scolding wife*.

## HARMONY.

Air, "*The Delight of the Men of Harlech.*"

HARMONY, from heaven descended,  
First began when Chaos ended ;  
And thro' time and space extended  
Heaven's first decree.

Pleasure's exultation,  
Sorrow's consolation,

Thou'rt the glow

Which poets know

From rich imagination :

The very soul itself refining,  
Harmony and love combining ;  
God and man, and angels joining,  
Hail thee, Harmony !

Music breaths the lover's story,  
Wakes in war the soldier's glory,  
Leads in peace the dance before ye

Merry maidens gay,

Social friends endearing,

Lonely hermits cheering,

Winter's gloom

And summer's bloom

With richest rapture peering :

Oh, spirit, thou to man befriending,  
Past the power of thought extending,  
Countless worlds in order blending

Hail thee, Harmony !

DOVASTON.

CYSONEDD.—Ton, "*Gorhofedd gwyr Harlech.*"

Daeth o nev Gysonedd gwirvodd,

Ar gil tryblith y dechreuodd,

A thrwy ang ac awd estynodd

Cyntav raith y Tad.

Gorhoen pob dywenydd:

Hof ddyddaniad cystudd.

Ti gwres ceirdd,

Hywedus veirdd,

O gyvoeth gwych d'arvelydd :

Ia, yr enaid mewnav teri,

Eilion maws a serch cysoddi,

Duw a dyn ac engyl uni :

Hael cysonedd mad.

Funa alaw rin y cariad,

Dyrch mewn rhyvel vri milwriad,

Pair mewn heddwch lon gorelwad.

Y morwynion syw.

Ti cysonedd tirion,

Llonedd didryvyddion,

Coroni ddull,

Y geuav wyll,

A blodion hav yn hylon :

Yspryd ti i ddyn wyt nodded,

Hwnt i allu bryd amgyfred,

Trevnydd bydoedd, maith, avrived,

Hael cysonedd gwiw.

CAERVALLWCH.

## LLYN COCH HWYAD,—MY LAST BOTTLE.

To him whose piscatory ambition is satisfied with Thames punt-fishing, who derives *sport* from the ignoble nibble of a gudgeon, or the sluggish weight of a hooked-barbel, and whose heart pants for no heartier enjoyment than to be rowed about by a greasy faced porter-swollen waterman, I do not address myself. The muddy flow of gas-tar bilge water, duly flavored with sundry concatenations of animal and vegetable filth, par exemple, dead dogs for the sausage-maker, and fermenting cabbage-stumps (a sauce piquante, ready prepared) for the potage aux legumes of a shilling restaurateur,—with Westminster or Vauxhall-bridge in the “glorious distance,” and wharfs and warehouses on either side,—above, the firmament shrouded in an impenetrable density of yellow vapor—rendering a passing view of blue sky almost a miracle; all these are my utter abomination. How different, and how exhilarating to the mind, at least to my mind, is a visit to an upland lake! there you are, among rocks and clouds, perfectly independent of the world below, indifferent to her bickerings, her crimes, and her jealousies; this feeling alone is fit for an emperor: and then comes the early bright morning, the minnow spinning like lightning; you cannot descry its revolutions, and “the run,” and the captive, burnished with vermilion and gold, springing from the lake, with a shoot full two yards above its surface—nay, dashes and splashes about, until the very *corruch*\* follows his struggles; or the westerly warm breeze rippling at mid-day, fatally destructive to the beautiful trout, inviting the experienced fly-fisher to the pool, whose department of the “gentle art” is more elegant and interesting than any other; these are delightful indeed. But if you are bent upon killing *large quantities* of trout, in a moderately deep hill-lake, use the flue.

In July, two seasons ago, I visited a favorite lake in North Wales, called Llyn Coch Hwyad, (the pool of the Red Duck.) The air was exceedingly cold, and I knew that with the minnow, the worm, or fly, success was hopeless. †

\* A portable wicker boat, of most ancient Celtic origin, still used in Wales and Ireland, and I believe in Scotland, Anglice, *coracle*.

† Though generally quarterly publications abound in learned disquisition, politics in all its branches, and philosophy in its erudite, but frequently abstrusively dry detail, still I think that they should not exclude what is philosophical as well as entertaining; the habits and peculiarities of animals

I therefore set the flue-nets,—no sinecure I assure you, to be blown about on a mountain lake, stormy, with a north wind, cuttingly severe, stinging and benumbing the hands, and half a dozen flues, each forty yards in length, to lay from a rocking coracle, buoyant a sa cork.—This, I repeat, for the information of the uninitiated, is no sinecure. Well, the difficulty being overcome, I retraced my steps to the shepherd's cottage, tired indeed, but hungry, ravenously hungry; no sauce like keen air and hard work! My wallet, containing hunter's beef and brown bread, together with *eau de vie* of the best quality, soon appeared on the oaken table, a feast for any man; but for me, a feast indeed, *Cæna Pontifica, Cæna Aditialis*. Mallen, the shepherd's pretty daughter, was placing several little additions to the meal on the table, and, for a single instant, I inclined my head towards Mallen, when a crash interrupted us both. Heaven and earth! the bottle lay upon the flags, broken in an hundred pieces. The shepherd's dog, "Cource," the shaggy thief, with a spirit of curiosity inseparable from his tribe, had pushed his rough nose into the wallet, and the panacea of my woes, the starved fisherman's elixir, brandy, my only bottle of brandy, to its last drop, streamed on the earth.

Alas, reader, thou wilt not surely smile at my misfortune; pierced through and through by the frosty air, and actually drowsy with fatigue on the hills, many miles from civilized comforts, is indeed no cause for merriment. I have read of

have occupied the attention of the most learned men; it will not therefore, I trust, be considered inappropriate, to introduce here a slight notice of a little bird, not so well known as I think it should be, I allude to the *Totanus Hypoleucus* or sandpiper: by baiting small hooks with worms on the margin of lakes in the summer, any number may be taken; it is not a cruel death, for the little animal is quickly suffocated, and there is no article of food more delicate than the flesh of the sandpiper, after he has sojourned for a short time at an inland lake. This reminds me of the destructiveness of hooks to another class of aquatic fowl. The owner of a large meer, in Shropshire, a few years ago, perceived a rapid diminution in the number of his wild-ducks, the keepers were on the alert, but could not for a long time account for the circumstance. One evening, however, they perceived two men engaged on the banks of the meer, moving with noiseless caution, and the keepers succeeded in arresting them in the very act of laying a very simple, but destructive duck-trap; it consisted of strong twine attached to a baited hook; in the middle of the twine, half a brick was fastened, and *poised* upon the bank; when the duck swallowed the hook, his fluttering drew the brick into the pool, the weight of which dragged the bird's head under water, and his submersion ensued before he could alarm his companions with a single quack.

the privations of war,—of Hannibal and his followers in the Alps,—of the Poles, the suffering Poles, banished by despotism to eternal snows,—God help them, for I *have* had a taste of it myself at Llyn Coch Hwyad, and I *can* pity them. But what is to be done? Here I am, a living iciele. I must get Mallen to make me a roaring turf fire, and I must send Evan to Llanervail, a village five miles off, for whatever the little inn will afford. Let me see, 'tis now three o'clock, Evan will be back before five; pretty good work thou wilt say, reader. But you do not know that wild looking animal Evan, the shepherd, five feet eight, limbs of brass, lightly made too, with a chest that a Bondstreet dandy would give his most bewitching curl for,—ample play for lungs there,—homely living, pure mountain air, and constant exercise, these will enable Evan to bound over the hills *not quite*, but *very nearly*, as fast as the wild sheep. But here comes Evan. “Well, Evan, here I am, thanks to Cource, with neither brandy or cwrw; and you must start off for Llanervail for either one or the other, and lose no time on the road, man.” I had no need, however, for further orders; after all, the fickle goddess befriended me. Old John Getthyn, the smuggler, had lately been visiting the hill, and had dispensed a bountiful supply of Erin's potteen among the shepherds;—quickly and amply were the solids and fluids discussed: oh, glorious potteen, half an hour made me another man! I returned, like “a giant refreshed,” to the flues, where I found nine trout, one more than five pounds weight, battling in the meshes like an otter. Poor fellow, I saved him further trouble; popped him into the coracle, took another modicum of potteen, and thought no more of “My Last Bottle.”

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TRIAD FROM THE WELSH.

*By the late EDWARD WILLIAMS.*

THREE things with contempt have I treated through life,—  
A *soldier* that lives upon rapine and strife;  
A *miser* that coffers detestable gains;  
And *fashion's* dull puppy, that thing without brains.

## COPY OF AN ANCIENT UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT.

*Vol. KKKK, page 207—9, Carte's MSS., Bodleian Library, Oxford.*

(OFFICE AND FUNCTIONS OF THE OLD BARDS.)

THE office and function of the British or Cambrian Bards was to keep and preserve *Tri chof ynys Brydain*, that is, the three records or memorials of Brittain, which otherwise is called the Bruttish antiquitie, which consisteth of three parts, and is called *Tri chof*; for the preservation whereof, when the Bards were graduated at their commencements, they were rewarded with treble reward, one reward for every *cof*, as the ancient Bard, Tudur Aled doth recite of this *Trichof*: and his reward of the same at his commencement and graduation of the royall wedding of Evan ap Davidd ap Ithel Vychan, of Northopp, in Inglefield, in Fflintshire, which he on the *cerd marunad* of the said Ievan ap Davidd Ithel recited thus:

Cyntaf neuadd in graddwyd,  
Vy oror llys f'eryr lluyd;  
Am Dri chof im dyrchafodd  
Yn neithior Nwn a thair rodd.

And soe you may see that he was exalted and graduated at the said wedding for his knowledge in the said *Tri chof*, and was rewarded with three severall rewardes, one for every *cof*. The one of the said three *cof* is the history of the notable arts of the Kings and Princes of this Land of Bruttaen and Cambria. And the second of the said three *cof* is the language of the Brittons, for which the Bards ought to give account for every word and syllable therein, when they are demanded thereof, and to preserve the ancient tongue, and not to intermix it with any forraigne tongue, or to bring any forraigne word amongst it to the prejudice of their owne words, whereby they might be forgotten or extirped.

And the third *cof* was to keepe the genealogies or descents of the nobility, their division of lands and armes; for the descents, armes, and division of lands were but one of the three *cof*. The ancient Bards had a stipend out of every plowland in the countrey for their maintenance, and the said Bards also had a perambulation or a visitation once every three years to the houses of all the gentlemen in the country, which was called *Cylch clera*, for preserving of the said *Tri chof*, at which perambulation they did collect all the memorable things that were done and fell out in every country that concerned their profession to take notice of, and write



it downe; soe that they could not be ignorant of any memorable artes, the death of any great person, his descent, division or portion of landes, armes, and children, in any countrey within their perambulation. At which perambulation the said Bards received three rewards, being a sett and a certain stipend from every gentleman to whose house they were entertained in their perambulation, which stipend or reward was called *clera*. *Cerdd foliant* is the poemes of laude and praise made in the commendation of a gentleman or a gentlewoman in his lifetime. *Cerdd farunad* are mournfull poemes, made in lamentation of a gentleman's death after his decesse. Those men that I call and tearme here by the title of gentleman, is called, in our language, *Gur bonhedic*; and there is noe mann by the law admitted to be called *Gur bonhedic* but he that paternally descendeth from the Kings and Princes of this land of Brittain; for *bonhedic* is as much as *nobilis* in Latin, and the paternall ascent of every gentleman most ascend to royall persons, from whom every gentleman did hold his lands and his armes.

And if a gentleman be soe descended by father and mother, then is he stiled or tituled by the lawe, *bonhedic canhugnawl*, which signifieth a perfect nobleman by father and by mother: and this title *bonhedic* is the first title that a man hath, and remaineth in his blood from his birth to his death; and this title *bonhed* cannot be really given by any man whatsoever to any man, or any that hath it really be deprived of it. All other titles may be taken from man, and may extinguish by his death or other casualties, but this cannot; for he bringeth this title into the world, and is not extinguished by his death, for it remaineth in his blood to his posteritie, soe that he cannot be severed from it.

Common persons of late yeares have taken upon them the title of *bonhed* or *generositie*, but they are not really *bonhedic*, but are soe called or tearmed for fashion-sake, by reason of their wealth, offices, or behaviour, which are but transitory things; and *bonhed* consisteth in no transitory thing, but in a permanent. Soe that hereby you may understand that the gentry of the countrey had a speciall interest in the *Tri cof*; for the historyes were the arts and deedes of their ancestors and kinsmen, and the preservation of the language, armes, descents, and divisions of lands, were their owne proper service, and therefore the stipend paid by them to the Bards was not constituted without good cause thereunto,

nor their entertainments in their perambulation allowed unto them but upon good cause and reason. And all the histories and arts of the Kings and Nobilitie were collected by them, all the battells were recorded by them, and expressly remembered upon the *Cerdd foliant* of such noble persons as had performed the service in field, and upon there *Cerdd farunad*, soe that there could be no mistaking of truth in setting downe histories from three yeares to three yeares: and there was a great punishment inflicted by the law upon the Bards, with long imprisonment, loss of place and dignitie, with great disgrace, if any of them should sett downe for truth but the truth, in any historie all treatie whatsoever.

For no man did treat of any battell, but such as was an eye-witness thereof; for some of the chiefest of the Bards were the marshalls of all battells, and for counsell in the field, and the king's or generall's intilligencers how the battells went on, soe that they could not be ignorant of any passage or things done in the field; they did not write of battells by hearsay a farr of by relation, unlesse it were some suddaine fight or skirmish unexpected, for in all battells of moment they were present; as I shall expresse it at large in another place, and my warrant and authority to prove the same.

Our histories were not written by schoolemasters, that travailed no further for their knowledge then a child's journey from his breakfast to his lesson; nor by any muncke, that journied noe farther then from masse to meat; nor by any prentice, that had noe other education but from shopp to markt; nor by any base person of birth, condicion or calling; but by noble bards, nobly descended barons, and followers to lords and princes. King Arthur, and two of his knights, Sir Tristram and Sir Lambrooke were bards, as testifieth these few verses:

Artur aesdaen a Tristan  
A Lywarc henn cyfar can.

And the *Pencerd*, or *Bard Teylu*, was of soe high a vocation, that he sate at meat next to the *Penteylu* (which is called *princeps familiae*); and had such respect and honour done unto him, that it was the office of the *Penteylu*, being the fourth person of the land, to lay his hand upon his harpe, to hold it him while he did play uppon it a song to the king, in presence of the king, at the festivall times of the yeare, Christmas, Ester, and Whitsontide, to grace him. And the chief bards were very often of the king's counsell;

and the chief bard was to sitt in a *chayre* in the king's house, all festivall dayes, when the king and his family sat in state; and none of the bards, but the chief bard in the land, was admitted then to sitt in a *chaire*. And in figure of that, when the commencement of bards was, for their graduation, their cheifest title was *Pencerd*, and the cheifes of *Pencerd* of all the bardes, had a jewell, in form of a *chaire*, bestowed uppon him uppon his creation or graduation, which he was to fix to his shoulder with a ribond, or such like thing, and then was he called *Bard Cadeiriog*, that is, a chayred bard; and this chayred bard was to sit in a *chayre* in the king's house, or any where else that he came; which was not lawfull to any bard else by vertue of his dignitie of bardshipp, to have in the king's house or court, or claime it any where else as his right, but only the *Bard Cadeiriog*, who had wonne the *chayre* upon disputation openly before the king, at commencement time, or at a royall wedding, when the *Bard Cadeiriog* was dead that formerly enjoyed the said jewell; or else it was yielded unto the cheif bard of knowledge and worth, by the bards without disputation, by reason of his knowne sufficiencie in his profession to surpasse all the rest of the bards; and soe he had it (*pro confesso*,) that he was the chief bard of knowledge in that dominion. But, if any bard whatsoever, challenge to dispute for it, it could not be given, (*pro confesso*,) that he was the chief bard, but he must dispute for it, and accomplish the proverb all that time, *viz.* "winn it and weare it;" for he should not wear it, unlesse he did *winne* it uppon triall, or was yielded unto him by all the residue of the bards, upon confession of preheminent and singular knowledge and worth in him above all the rest; for the dignitie of a bard, amongst the Britains and Cambrians, was a very honourable dignitie, and the bards were very honourable men and of the blood royall, and called the kings and princes by the title of cosins and fellowes, as Bledyn Vard called Lewelyn ap Iorwerth (which the English men doe call Leolinus Magnus), the prince of Cambria, his cozin, in these verses following:

Collais a gerais o gar ag argluyd  
 Erglyu en tramguyd trynguyn anwar  
 Collais chwe teyrn cedym cydfar  
 Chwech eryr cedwyr cadar y darpar  
 Llewelyn ai blant blaengar vrodorion  
 Ae haelion wirion oer eu galar.

That was Lewelyn himself, and David and Gruffyth his

sonns, and Goch, Lewelyn, and David, the three sons of Griffith ap Lewelyn; and soe did Cyndelu, the great Bard or Poet, when he called Maddock ap Meredyth, the Prince of Powis, his lord and fellow, or fellow lord, uppon his poemes made in commendation of the said Maddoc. Thus, *profi prydy*:

Cyfarchaf im ri rad f'obeit  
 Cyfarchaf cyfarchais e canweit;  
 Y profi prydu, (*i. e.* o brifeith,) opieit—eurgerd,  
 Ym argluyd cedyndeit.

And, in like manner, Iolo Goch did challenge his kindred with Ithel ap Robert of Coed y Mynydd, in Tegeingle, uppon his poem made to the said Ithel, wherein he writeth the kindred thus:

Eyd ar un tro clo clod  
 Er un luyt o Ronwyluyd  
 Post Defryd pais dryfruyd  
 An henfeistr gwys yn hanfod  
 Kydwersog kof diweirsalm  
 Vum ag ef yn dolef dalm.

And thus you may understand that the Ancient Bards, in the time of kings and princes, were there kinsmen; and for the next age, after the princes, they were kinne to the nobility of the country, as Iolo Goch, to Ithell ap Robert ap Coed y Mynydd; and Lewelyn Goch ap Meuricke hen, to the noble familie of Nanneu. Neither should any base person, in the times of kings of Brittain and Cambria, presume to study or to enter into the learning or profession of a Bard; but when the law fell, the limitation of the law fell alsoe, and other meane men of birth having good qualities were admitted to study the doctrin of the Bards, and to proceed in their profession to their graduation, but under the title and vocation of *prydiddion*.

After the dissolution of the anncient British government of Cambria, and the reducement thereof under the king of England, in Edward the First his time, who not respecting the honour nor the dignity of the Brittain nation, law anti-quitie, or rights, but endeavoured by all the means he and all his successors could, untill Henry the Seventh's time, to destroy and extinguish both them, their honour, and anti-quitie.

All which time the nobilitie and barons of Cambria did receive such old Bards, after the death of their princes, (as were then being,) into their protection, and encouraged them to take disciples unto them that were fitt and apt to that profession; and gave unto them, after the subversion

of the law, all their stipends, rights, privileges, and entertainments, amongst them, as fully, and as large, as when the law was in force.

And all this, all the great knowledge of the Bards, their credit and worth, is altogether decayed and worn out, soe that at this time they are extinguished amongst us.

And the *Prydyddion* at this time likewise are of noe estimation, for diverse reasons; neither did the Bards write any continuance of the aforesaid Historie att all sithence the law was extinguished by the death of the princes, whose arts they were bound to preserve; so that there is noe history written by the Bards sithence the death of Lewelyn ap Gruffyth ap Lewelyn, the last prince of Cambria; for they had noe princes of their owne to sett forth their arts. And all the worthy arts of the Cambrians, since the death of their princes, and their annexation to the crowne of England, were all assumed by the kings of England, and by the Englishmen, with whom they did serve as subjects to the kings of England: soe that all the accions and deedes of the Cambrians were drowned under the English title, and shadowed by the English baner; and thereby the Englishmen got and assumed to themselves the honour due to the Cambrians, and the reward for their deserts, as Virgill saith:

Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores,  
Sic vos non vobis, &c.

But as for the arts of some of our countrymen, since the time of the reigne of our princes (I will, God willing), another time, and in another place, sett it forth.

And in respect, the language of the Brittain is one of the *Tri chof*, and part of the antiquitie of Brittain; I will write a little concerning the same, for you to understand how to read it perfectly, and understand it rightly, and then I will proceed to the history of the kings of Brittain and Cambria, as I have found it in some of our ancient bookes, one whereof I have sett forth at this time for a foundation of a greater work,\* hereafter to be set forth, which must have his chief dependance upon this booke; and therefore, before I do enter that part of antiquitie which treateth of the arts and deedes of the kings and princes of this land of Brittain and Cambria, I will begin with the foundation of grammer, and treat of some things of the letters and characters, and the true and perfect sound, tone, and accent thereof, that is used in our modern language.

\* The only work contained in this ms. is the present article, which is much to be regretted. •

## APOSTROPHE TO SLEEP.

"SLEEP, gentle sleep,  
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,  
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down  
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?  
 Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,  
 Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,  
 Under the canopies of costly state,  
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody;  
 O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile  
 In loathsome beds; and leavest the kingly couch,  
 A watch-case, or a common larum bell?  
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge;  
 And in the visitation of the winds,  
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
 With deafening clamours in the slippery shrouds,  
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?  
 Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose  
 To the wet sea-boy, in an hour so rude;  
 And, in the calmest and most stillest night,  
 With all appliances and means to boot,  
 Deny it to a king?"—

*Translation.*

Cwsg, hynaws gwsg,  
 Gwar vamaeth anian, pa dychrynais ti,  
 Mal vy amrantau syn ni cheui mwy,  
 Vy mhwyll i vwydaw mewn anghoviant? Cwsg,  
 Pam hytrach y gorweddi ar dy hyd,  
 Mewn lleoedd myglyd, ar weleuach cul,  
 A chylion nos yn siaw iti hun:  
 Noc yn aroglus gelloedd gwych ac eang,  
 Is mw dau costvawr, a sain melawd maws  
 Er dy lonyddu. Ti swrth dduw, paham  
 Gorweddi gyda brwnt mewn fiaidd wal,  
 A gadu glwth breninawl vel pe bai  
 Caes oriawr, neu \* alarm-gloch? A wnei di gloi  
 Llygadau morwr, ban ar hwyllbren chwidr,  
 A siglaw mewn crud rhwth o ddonau braisg  
 Ei venydd a govwyad erchyll, gwynt  
 Yn cipiaw ger eu brig y gwenyg fraw,  
 Eu penau certh yn torchi, ac a thwr  
 Byddarus plith y rhafau llithrig vry  
 Eu crogi, angeu ei hyn defroa wrth  
 Y froch? A elli di, o bleidgar gwsg,  
 Roi saib i hogyn gwlyb y mor ar awr  
 Mor vlin, ac yn y glau, tawelav nos,  
 A phob cyvleusdra genit a phob modd  
 Ynghyd, i vrenin hyn nacau?"

CAFRVALLWCH.

\* From *al*, and *garm*; i. e. a cry of great distress.

## OLION.



*To the Editors of the Cambrian Quarterly.*

GENTLEMEN,

In the *Graphic Historical Illustrator*, edited by Mr. Brayley, vol. i. p. 208, just published, is a wood-engraving, purporting to represent a cromlech, near Newport, Pembrokeshire, called Coeten-Arthur. It is described as "consisting of four upright irregular stones, each about seven feet and a half high, upon three of which rests an immense top stone, eighteen feet in length, and nine feet across in the widest part. At one end it is nearly three feet in thickness. Its mean breadth is about six feet and a half, the narrowest end not being more than four feet in width." The woodcut was executed from a drawing by Dudley Costello, Esq.

Now, on looking into a sketch-book of mine, of the year 1820, I find a very different representation, one in which the top stone appears immense, instead of little larger than the uprights, and the pencil memorandum states the length thirteen feet, the width nine feet, and depth four; that it is at a short distance from Newport, and stands in a field called *Pare y goeten*, supported by only two of the upright stones.

As there exists this discrepancy, I am induced to send you a copy of the sketch, in order that the two may be compared with the original, if there be only one, as is my impression; or that it may be announced in your pages that there are two cromlechs, each of which has been correctly drawn.

I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,

Most truly yours,

SAML. R. MEYRICK, R. H.

## DR. ROBERT RECORDE.

*Extract from a Letter written by Mr. Joseph Morris to Sir Samuel Rush Meyrick, dated Shrewsbury, May 3, 1832.*

IF it would not be unpardonable to notice here one or two subjects which are irrelevant to the matter of your inquiry, I would mention, that I observe with regret, that no correspondent of the Cambrian Quarterly has given an answer to the inquiry of Elvaeliad, (vol. iii. p. 365,) relative to the birth-place and biography of Dr. Recorde, the celebrated mathematician.

Of Dr. Recorde I am not able to give a biography, but assuredly he was a Welshman, a native of Tenby, in Pembroke-shire, being the son of Thomas Recorde, Esq. of that place, by his first wife Rose, daughter of Thomas Jones of Machynlleth, co. Montgomery, and he was grandson of Roger Recorde, Esq. of "Est Wel," in Kent; Richard Recorde, elder brother of the doctor, (of Tenby, too,) had three sons and five daughters, the eldest son (and heir), nephew of course to the doctor, was Robert Recorde, who was living at Tenby in the year 1597. He had at that time four sons and five daughters; his two younger brothers and his five sisters were also then living, and were all of them married.

I take the liberty of mentioning this fact to you, sir, because inquiries of this nature are apt to excite a certain degree of general interest in all those circles under the cognizance of which they come, and, it is to be hoped, that some able correspondent of the Cambrian Quarterly will properly elucidate the subject.

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 ICH DIENE.

*To the Editors of the Cambrian Quarterly.*

GENTLEMEN,

MR. WILLIAMS, in acknowledging and returning the courtly courtesy of the obeisance with which the champion for the Teutonic origin of this motto, according to the refined etiquette of the chivalric ritual enters the lists against him; begs leave to remind Sir Samuel Meyrick that Mr. W. has not presumed *boldly to assert*, but merely to *suggest*, a new interpretation of this device, which might happily reconcile it to a Cambrian derivation.

Unpardonably temerarious indeed would it have been for an esquire, who has not won his spurs, to have ventured boldly to assert any thing on the subject of armorial bearings, in contradiction to the high authority of the stalwart knight of the ancient armour. In truth, Sir Samuel is so completely covered all over



*cap a piè* with "helm and haubecks twisted mail," that he leaves no one assailable part about him open to attack, whilst the keen but highly polished edge of his weapon is irresistible. Mr. Williams, therefore, in token of his discomfiture and defeat, drops the point of his lance and his pen to Sir Samuel, trusting to him, as to a true knight, that he will accept this *amende honorable* for his ransom, and grant him a *sauf conduit* from the tournament.

The very few observations Mr. W. has now to make, are offered rather by way of explanation and to cover his retreat, than with any intention on his part of prolonging so unequal a combat.

In the first place, both Sir Samuel and Mr. W., in honourable warfare, are in duty bound to admit that the construction put upon the motto by our "*tierce partie*," with whom we both of us differ in opinion, by *Peris*, has been recognized by no less authority than that of a German prince, a man of letters, whose work has been stamped by the "Imprimatur" of the venerable *Goëthe*, the first of modern German literati, in the very teeth of all that national prejudice which must have led the Germans to have preferred a Teutonic to a Celtic origin of the motto. The book to which Mr. W. alludes, "Tour in England, Ireland, and France," by a German Prince, is now in everybody's hands, and it is only necessary to refer to page 77 of the first volume of this work, where the *Eich Dyn* of *Peris* is preferred, as the true interpretation, to the *Ich Dien*, which is there considered a corruption. To *Peris* then, at least, are we Welshmen indebted for the honour that, for ever hereafter, it may be presumed a certain number of copies of the Cambrian Quarterly will find their way to the capitals of Berlin and Vienna.

The origin of the French mottoes of our Norman princes, and of those of the House of Orange, both of them closely connected with France, and consequently with her language, is too well known to need any explanation, but that of our Prince of Wales can only be conjectured. Besides, there is great difference between the French devices and that of *Ieh Diene*; that *Dieu et Mon Droit*, and "*Je Maintiendrai*," are "totidem verbis" exclusively French; the words, of which they are respectively composed, form part of no other language than that of France; but the component words of the Prince of Wales's motto are, at this day, and without the change of a single letter, as good Welsh as they are German. In fact, *Ich* and *Dien* appertain in common to the Celtic and the Teutonic, only they imply very different meanings accordingly as they are interpreted in this or that tongue, and whether "I serve," or "Behold destruction!" be the more appropriate motto for a warrior prince is, after all, mere matter of taste.

If, as it is stated, "the effigy on the monument represents the

Black Prince's appearance in war," it should seem, in some sort, an infringement of this testamentary request to place his head *on* a tournament helmet instead of *on* a war helmet; the prince, be it observed, only desiring to have the "visage nue," the face uncovered. And if it was the effigies of his "appearance in war," that the prince particularly wished to have represented on his tomb, one should also have thought that the distinctive badge of his arms of peace "had no business there." Besides, we are told that the plume was common to this prince's father and his brothers. What then was it, if he did not wear this scroll, that distinguished him from them in the battle field?

In answer to the objection that the Welsh interpretation of *Ich Dien* "is so unlike any other motto on record," it may be alleged that we certainly have a number of minatory mottos breathing defiance to the enemy, though none perhaps exactly similar to this. Such, for instance, is the Welsh motto of the Wilkins' family, *Syn ar dy hùn*, "Take care of thyself!" at once threatening and forewarning. Then, of a more modern description, we have *Aut vincere aut mori; Bella! Horrida Bella; "Avance!"* and a great number of the same kind.

Mr. W. is obliged to Sir S. M. for correcting the error in which he had fallen respecting the *Picts*, in supposing them to have been so called from their being *picti*, or painted; although it is an error into which Mr. W. has been led by no less authority than that of Pomponius Mela, of Camden, of almost all our English historians and antiquaries, and also of one of our historical poets of equestrian rank, who tells us,

"The naked Pict, his enemies to scare,  
Paints on his skin the semblance of a bear."

It seems, however, they were called Picts, Gwyddel Fichti, and Pictish;\* not, as has been generally supposed, from their pictorial, but their predatory propensity, a quality which does not seem to entitle them to that character for superior civilization which Sir Samuel vindicates by asserting "they were far more civilized than the Maceatæ and the Caledonians, who, three hundred years before, had painted their faces," since to pilfer and to paint seem equally repugnant to our ideas of refinement.

Here Mr. W. begs leave to submit, with very great deference to Sir Samuel Meyrick, whether this expression of *Eumenius*, "*Caledonum aliorumque Pictorum sylvas*," might not warrant the inference that the Picts and the Caledonians were the same people; or at least that the Caledonians were included in the more general name of Picts.

\* *Pictish*, in the old Caledonian language, signified pilferers or plunderers.

Sir Samuel, in his note on Mr. W.'s expression, "The proud battalions of braggart France," inquires, "*Why, braggart?*" Why, because the French, in all ages, have been disposed to brag a little too much. Mr. W. has not impugned their valour. A nation may be, at the same time, very boastful and very brave; and that this is the case with France can scarcely be denied. Mr. W. is glad, however, to have this opportunity of acknowledging that the French are, in war, a brave and generous enemy, and in peace the most amiable and kind and delightful of friends. But still the Gallic cock is apt to crow a little too much. And to prove this, we have only to open *Ville-Hardouin, Joinville, Froissart, or Monstrelet*. But, without citing their *Fanfornades* before the battles of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, it will be quite sufficient to refer to the following grandiloquous expression, trumpeted forth in one of Bonaparte's general orders during the Peninsular war: "When, after three short months, I shall have driven the leopard into the sea," &c.

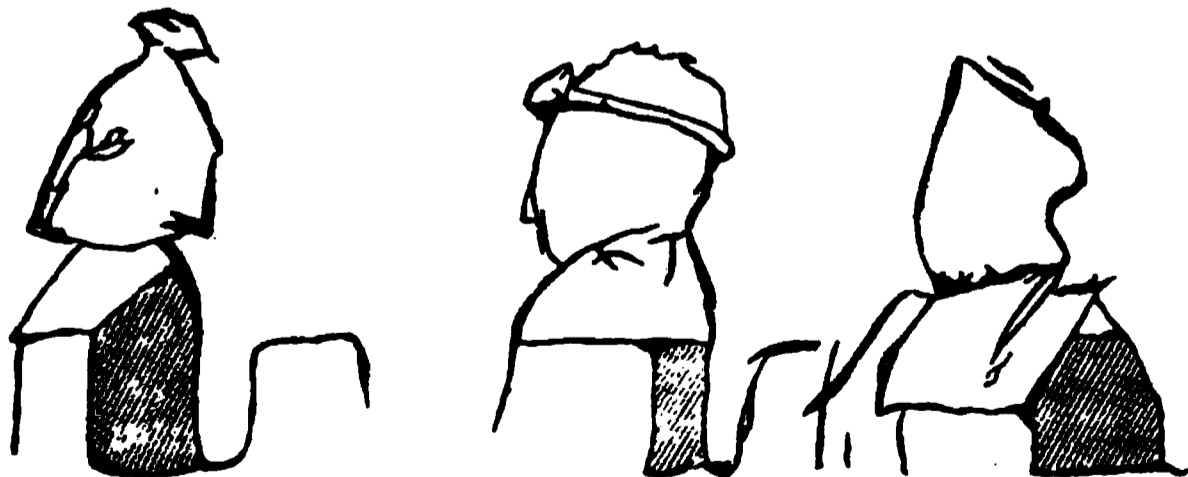
Mr. W., in retiring from the field discomfited, but not dissatisfied, consoles himself with the reflection, and this he speaks seriously, and *badinage* apart, that he has been the means of eliciting, from perhaps the only person capable of affording it, much valuable additional information on a very curious subject, hitherto but little understood by our best antiquaries.

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*To the Editors of the Cambrian Quarterly.*

GENTLEMEN,

As neither Pennant nor his followers (the guide books) have ever noticed, that the battlements of the Eagle Tower, in Caernarvon castle, were all surmounted with busts, perhaps you will not deem the fact unworthy of notice in your valuable miscellany.



Though much mutilated by time and weather, they present a series of armed heads of the time of Edward I. Three of the most perfect, taken from parts not contiguous, are sketched above. Several wear the tournament-helmet, with the indica-

tions of being surmounted by crests like the first of these, on which you may perceive the remains of the cross fleury that ornamented the ocularium or *sight*. Whether any of these crests represented an eagle, which was one of Edward the First's crests, a near inspection can alone determine; but what is shewn, by the *ciceroni*, as an eagle of ancient Roman sculpture, is a shapeless mass of stone that would do as well for any thing else. The second head seems to show the hood of mail, with the ornamental circle upon it; and the third, the cylindrical helmet worn in the time of Henry the Third, but occasionally used in that of Edward the First. I will take this opportunity of observing that the statue of the English monarch, which surmounts the entrance gateway, is by no means in the threatening attitude so hastily asserted by Pennant.

Hoping these remarks may lead those who are on the spot, and have the time and convenience for so doing, to survey these curious relics more accurately,

I remain,

Respectfully yours,

SAMUEL R. MEYRICK.

GOODRICH COURT;  
November 3, 1832.

The only other instances I know of military stone figures on the battlements of castles, are at Chepstow, and in the vile imitation at Alnwick.

*To the Editors of the Cambrian Quarterly.*

GENTLEMEN,

ALL who wish to uphold the Bardic doctrine of *Y gwir en erbyn y byd*, must feel obliged to your anonymous correspondent for telling the truth about the inscription on the cromlêch in Kilkenny; and I only regret that he did not stamp his communication with the mark of authenticity, by signing to it his name. As to myself, I never was in Ireland, but felt bound to take for granted what had been sanctioned by the Irish antiquaries, in such publications as the *Collectanea de Reb. Hibern.* and the *Archæologia*; though I must say, at first sight of the representation, I was a good deal staggered. I have, not very long ago, learnt from my friend, Mr. Croston Croker, that most of the Ogham inscriptions given by General Vallancey were the fabrications of a schoolmaster; and, it was evident to me, that he had mistaken a common Chinese counter for a Cufic coin. These facts showed him so credulous, that I should have hesitated to rely on his engravings had not a similar communication

from another quarter been made to the Society of Antiquaries of England, and published, as I have said above, in their transactions. But, I must say, these tricks, to impose on such persons as are willing to illustrate the antiquities of their country, are far from being creditable to the Irish. I presume that Conid must have got on the top of the cromlêch, and leant over to cut the inscription, for, according to the engravings, it appears from below in the way it has been deciphered. I am sorry to add, that, relying on the presumed accuracy of the representations, it has been copied into the title-page of "The Costume of the original Inhabitants of the Britannic Isles."

I have to regret, likewise, a disposition in some of your Welsh correspondents to derive every English word from the language of the Cymry, as if the Anglo-Saxons were unable to hold any conversation with each other until their collision with the ancient Britons. I will not point out instances, which indeed are too numerous, but observe that this absurd propensity is abundantly the case in the last number of your review.

I think it would be of far more advantage to vindicate their countrymen from the charge of using the word "*her*," when speaking English, as a nominative case. All classes of modern Welshmen talk English grammatically, because they acquire it at school; but a foreign writer is wrong in supposing it a Cambrian idiom to prefix the accusative case to verbs. The truth is, that the natives of Wales, who, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, flocked to the English capital in consequence of the elevation of the Tudor family to the throne, picked up the language from the borderers; and, at this day, the peasantry of the western parts of Shropshire, Herefordshire, Gloucestershire, and Somersetshire, all begin their sentences with *her* or *ur*; and in Herefordshire, say *him* for *he*. It is probable, too, that the alleged pronunciation of C for G, P for B, T for D, &c. may be derived from the same source, no living Cambrian talking thus, though I have not had an opportunity of ascertaining the fact.

I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,

Yours respectfully,

SAML. R. MEYRICK.

GOODRICH COURT;  
Oct. 26, 1832.

*To the Editors of the Cambrian Quarterly.*

GENTLEMEN,

THE following description of the manuscript, containing the *Gododin* of Aneurin, which has been so long missing from the library at Hengwrt, is to be found in *Carte's mss.*, in the Bodleian Library, vol. LLLL. p. 30, under the head of *Bibliotheca Vachaniana*, which is a written catalogue of all the manuscripts belonging to the Hengwrt Library: *Membr.* 14. *Caniad y Gododyn o waith Aneurin Wawdrydd; It. 2. Caniad a elwir Gwarchan Adebou: Gwarchan Cynfelyn a Gwarchan Maelderw: Hen law hen. Gwedi ei gaeadu yn Llundain, Gan Robert Vaughan, Esq. In 8vo. un fod. o dew.*

Should the ms. be still existing, the above account, which is so accurate, cannot fail in assisting to identify it. And, as your highly valuable and deservedly popular magazine is so extensively circulated, perhaps some of your readers will be able to give to the public the desired information; and, also, if the ms. is to be found, whether it would not be advisable to have it printed; or rather to have a *fac simile* taken of it and published? I would, for one, do all in my power in assisting the present possessor, if it turns out, and which I ardently hope is the case, that the manuscript is still to be had, to present to the world so valuable a document.

Your obedient servant,

PENLLYN.

*Oxford; Dec. 1832.*


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[Having forwarded the above inquiries to the Rev. Thomas Price, of Crickhowell, (who possesses a very fine copy of the *Gododin*,) before this number went to press, we are enabled to communicate the following reply.—EDS.]

GENTLEMEN,

ON comparing the ms. of the *Gododin* in my possession with the description forwarded by you, as given by *Carte*, I cannot discover a correspondence sufficiently close to establish its identity with that lost from Hengwrt; nor indeed any particular resemblance, except that they are both on vellum. Instead of being in 8vo., this is what is called the little old quarto; and so far from being an inch thick, it is, when closed by the hand, scarcely more than half an inch; nor does the number, with which it is marked, correspond with that in your description, *i. e.* 14. And, in addition to the *Gododin* and three *Gwarchans*, this contains another of those poems, *i. e.* *Gwarchan Tutwylch*.

As to the time when it was bound, I can form no conjecture.

except from the watermark on the paper fly-leaf, which is very old. It is covered with calf, and sewed upon leathern thongs. The names of *Gwilym Tew* and *David Nanmor*, bards of the fifteenth century, are written in the margin, evidently their respective autographs, with notices that the book was in their possession,\* and as the former of these bards presided at the Gorsedd of Glamorgan, in the year 1460. And as the earliest account I have of the book is, that it was brought from Glamorganshire, there is some presumption that it never was out of South Wales.

It may be remarked, that Lhuyd also gives a description of a somewhat similar ms. at Hêngwrt, but which differs from this in my possession, both in the table of contents and in the autography of the title-page.

Although I am unwilling to admit that this ms. ever belonged to the Hêngwrt library, unless some more satisfactory evidence should be produced than any I have hitherto seen, yet I shall be most ready to attend to the other suggestion of your correspondent, and shall feel much pleasure in seeing the ms. in print, provided it be done with *fac simile* specimens, and in a style worthy of the original.

I remain, Gentlemen,

Yours, &c.

T. PRICE.

\* *Guilim teu bieu y llur hunn yma Amenn  
Nanmor biau hwmn yma.*

Also several other remarks in the same hand.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia*, No. 36. *Lives of eminent British Military Commanders: Robert Lord Clive.* Longman and Co., London.

WITHIN our present limits we do not purpose to furnish our readers with an extended article on the merits or otherwise of the East India question. It will be deemed sufficient, we presume, if, in connexion with a short review of the above memoir, we give a few of our ideas upon the present situation and future prospect of the Indian empire. We derive none of our information from the superannuated ideas of the wealthy nabob, become grey in prejudice, nor from the theoretic systems of the ambitious free traders, who, unfortunately for our country, are gasping under the death-struggle of a once lucrative, but now ruinous, commerce. We hardly need corroborate this assertion, by referring the public to a list of the decayed agency houses, or to a perusal of the company's shipping list, nor to the almost extinct state of many large trades whose business has gradually declined with the failing fortunes of their connexions in the service. All these circumstances will at once convince the unprejudiced mind, that there is some radical existing evil to which the attention of the English government should be directed with the least possible delay. That immense territory, which was formerly the source of affluence to our leading mercantile houses, has of late produced to our English traders misfortune and ruin. The spell hath lost its charm; and why? The answer must be given in the result of the inquiry respecting the renewal of the company's charter. There exists a wide difference of opinion upon this subject among commercial classes, not from a want of experience, but from individual judgment differing upon a complicated question; and, therefore, we say we look to the British legislature for a clear and satisfactory reply. The country is desirous of having this inquiry conducted in the most impartial manner, and the attention of the commercial classes are anxiously depending upon its having some important beneficial effect upon our intercourse with India. We reserve, however, our further remarks upon this subject, and proceed with its connexion in the subject of our review.

“ Robert Clive was born at Styche, in the parish of Moreton Say, in Shropshire, on the 29th of September, 1725. He derived his



descent from an ancient and respectable family, which had held the estate of Styche during many generations, but which never aspired to a station in society more elevated than that of the class of middling gentry; a rank now unhappily extinct. His father, who was originally a second son, and, as such, bred to the law, continued, after he succeeded to the property, to practise as an attorney at Market Drayton. His mother was Rebecca Gaskell, the daughter of Mr. Gaskell, of Manchester; of whom we know nothing further, than that he acquired a moderate competency by fair dealing in trade."

We admire a pedigree (absurd as it may appear to *some* resting upon so substantial and respectable a basis; and we feel a confidence in the youth, whose fortune is dependent upon his own energy, and who evinces a noble and undaunted character in childhood. There are a few anecdotes exemplifying the spirit and resolution of young Clive, all of which are strongly characteristic of enthusiasm and determination. We prefer giving one which we have gathered from the chronicles of a friend who had taken some part in the early adventure of the youthful hero. It appears that, at that roving age when one feels to have a common property, with the rest of God's creatures, in all the trees, hedges, and gate-posts of the adjoining neighbourhood, that young Clive and his companions had received some grievous insult from the landlord of the village alehouse, in the vicinity of his school in Shropshire, on whom, consequently, it became necessary to inflict a decided token of youthful indignation; and on one day, when the weather was deemed propitious for the event, a stream of water, which flowed by the side of the street, was turned off towards the grated cellar of the offending publican, and a dam, composed of mud and clay, formed a bar which conducted to the desired haven. The young engineers had nearly completed their labours, and the desired effect was about to be produced, when the quick eye of Clive saw the muddy mass about to yield to the power of the accumulated current, and, without a moment's consideration, he threw himself along the bank, and formed, in his own mischievous person, a support, until the ire of himself and companions had been avenged by the complete success of their manœuvre. We see, in our mind's eye, the expression of delight, the wild spirit of the youth beaming in his face, and his clothes all besmeared and wet by his roguish, yet resolute, behaviour. We rejoice to witness these tricks, for in them we flatter ourselves our English youth afford a slight crayon of the future man, depict-

ing, by the address and determination, what may be, perhaps, the future history of life.

On the arrival of Mr. Clive in India, we are informed, in despite of his impatience under the restraints of office, that, from the hour of his landing, he became a diligent student, and devoted his attention to the acquirement of languages; but, upon the commencement of hostilities between England and France, a field more congenial to his enterprise and abilities was afforded; and afterwards, in 1747, he received a commission as ensign, with permission to retain his civil appointment. We are anxious to afford, within our limits, (of necessity contracted,) as correct an outline as possible of the talents and character of Mr. Clive, and we therefore subjoin another extract from the memoir.

“ The part taken by Mr. Clive throughout this wretched campaign was necessarily very subordinate; but it is represented on all hands to have been highly to his honour. He was ever the foremost to offer his services where danger appeared to threaten. In the assault of Ariancopang he displayed an extraordinary degree of hardihood and coolness; and the advanced trench at Pondicherry he defended against a party, by whom it was assailed, with singular obstinacy. Yet, even here, he escaped not the calumnious attacks of one who, as the event proved, though bold to commit a moral offence, was wanting even in the animal courage necessary to maintain it. It chanced, on one occasion, when his piquet was warmly engaged, that the ammunition of the men began to run short. Eager to avoid the hazard of failure, Clive, instead of trusting to a non-commissioned officer, hastened himself to a depôt in the rear, and brought up a fresh supply, ere his absence from the line was observed. Of this circumstance, a brother officer took advantage to cast a slur upon his character as a soldier; but the base attempt entirely failed. Clive called his slanderer to account; and the latter was fain, in the end, to resign his commission, in order to avoid a more conspicuous expulsion from a service which he had disgraced.”

We are informed, in another paragraph, that about eighty years back our countrymen, as well as other Europeans, were scattered along the coast of India for the purposes only of trade; and that to M. Dupleix we are indebted for the idea of the establishment of a separate empire.

“ With this view, he began early to engage in the intrigues of the country powers, not, as had hitherto been the case, by supplying this or that nabob with troops and money, in the character of a vassal and tributary, but by throwing the weight of his influence into one or other of the scales, on the balance of which

the Carnatic itself depended. It so happened, however, that while the French were arranging plans, gigantic doubtless in themselves, and tending to a gigantic issue, circumstances led the English into an active commencement of that system by means of which their colossal sovereignty in the east has been established. Of these it will be necessary to give some account; partly because upon them the whole tale of Indian warfare may be said to turn, partly because, in the contest which ensued, Clive took that decided lead in military reputation which he ever afterwards maintained, as much to his country's glory as to his own."

We refer our readers to the work itself for a very clear account of the division of the country, and of the forms of the native governments and the order of succession there then existing, and of the various intrigues by which we, who were once sojourners, have ultimately become possessors of the soil and sovereigns of the territory. Circumstances less favorable, or a leader less vigorous, might have wrested for ever from our possession the continent of India. The following extract refers to the Gallo-Indian army having sought shelter within the peninsula of Seringham.

"It is not easy to conceive how an officer possessed of common experience, could, with an open and friendly country in his rear, commit the grievous error of placing himself in a situation where the means of egress were hazardous, and the opportunities of receiving supplies extremely difficult. Such, however, was the error which M. Law committed; nor did the consequence likely to arise out of it, provided a bold policy were pursued, escape for one moment the penetrating eye of Clive. He hastened to explain himself to Lawrence; his views were admitted to be just; and the brave and high-minded veteran, holding in contempt the paltry feelings to which men, circumstanced as he was, are apt sometimes to give way, adopted without scruple the suggestions of his inferior. Nay, more; while he entered cordially into the plans of Clive, and acknowledged that to him would belong the principal merit of success, he determined to place his adviser in such a situation as that, even in the eyes of the unobservant, his genius might become as conspicuous as it already was to all who saw behind the curtain. In plain language, he resolved, provided no violent opposition was offered elsewhere, to place Clive in command of that portion of the army which, at the conclusion of the conference, it was judged expedient to detach, for the purpose of cutting off all communication between Seringham and Pondicherry." P. 43.

We are unwilling to enter upon the field of dissertation regarding the military genius of Clive, but we feel that we

may compress within a small space some of the leading traits of this extraordinary man's character; a daring determination was united with mental and physical energy; a cool judgment combined with a presence of mind which never deserted him even in extreme peril; a perfect knowledge of the native character, of its subtlety, and of the principles which impelled its action, combined with a thorough confidence in the Europeans under him—without which he dared not have attempted many enterprises which were attended with the most complete success; his civil policy was adapted to the times, the emergencies and the qualities of the people he had to govern; if he winked at speculation or practised it himself, it was a part of the system, and was connived at by the home administration—it was a period of cruelty and of injustice; and if he should be accused of it, or at least of extreme rigor, there is a degree of palliation in the precarious position of the government, and of the necessity under the circumstances of his position, which induced severity; the native character needed compulsion, and the generous qualities of more enlightened nations were rarely met with. Dissimulation and distrust existed on either side, and the fight was not gained by power, but by policy of the subtlest nature. The honour that was done him on his return to his native country was such as his eminent service fully merited, but we value much that noble feeling which required a similar testimony of respect to be awarded to his friend and commander, Major Lawrence: these are traits of the heart's goodness which elevate a man's character equally high even with the most splendid military renown, and, when united, form a picture which posterity will never cease to admire.

The field of action now became changed, and, in 1756, he was chosen the chief of another perilous enterprise, a detail of which had better be given in the author's concise and clear description.

“ On the 15th of July letters reached Madras, containing the most urgent entreaties for support from the authorities at Calcutta. It was then, however, too late; and the armament which set sail, in consequence of that requisition, arrived only to behold how effectually the work of destruction had been accomplished. Nevertheless, the indignation of the English was at least as great as their terror. Clive was hastily summoned from Fort St. David; a council of all the leading men in the colony was held, and, during several weeks it was debated whether an effort should be made to avenge the wrong received, and to re-establish the

colony. At last, after a great deal of hesitation, for which, to say the truth, there was some ground, it was resolved to suspend for the present certain designs, which had latterly been entertained, of superseding, by the presence of a British force at Golcondah, the influence of M. Bussy, and to employ every disposable man and vessel in one great effort to recover Calcutta, and to chastise Surajah Dowlah: Still, however, there remained some points to be settled. A difficulty arose as to the fitness of several candidates to undertake the perilous and important enterprise; but, in the end, the general choice fell upon Colonel Clive, who, with his usual promptitude, accepted without a scruple the commission thus honourably pressed upon him." P. 59.

This expedition was also attended with ultimate success, but not without considerable loss on both sides; and we concur most fully with the historian in the remarks he has made illustrative of the military errors, he considers Colonel Clive to have committed: indeed, we have already stated that we estimate his knowledge and experience as a commander, to be deficient in the tactics necessary for extended field operations.

We are compelled to omit a great portion of very interesting matter relative to this and subsequent campaigns, and hasten to draw our remarks to a close with an extract from a letter, written to a friend, where the project by which we hold our present Indian possessions is detailed in Lord Clive's own account.

"We have at last," says Clive, "arrived at that critical period which I have long foreseen; I mean that period which renders it necessary for us to determine, whether we can or shall take the whole to ourselves. Jaffier Ali Khan is dead, and his natural son is a minor; but I know not yet whether he is declared successor. Sujah Dowlah is beat from his dominion; we are in possession of it; and it is scarcely hyperbole to say, to-morrow the whole Mogul empire is in our power. The inhabitants of the country we know, by long experience, have no attachment to any obligation. Their forces are neither disciplined, commanded, nor paid as ours are. Can it then be doubted, that a large army of Europeans will preserve us sovereigns, not only holding in awe the attempts of any country prince, but, by rendering us so truly formidable, that no French, Dutch, nor other enemy, will presume to molest us? You will, I am sure, imagine with me, that, after the length we have ran, the princes of Indoostan must conclude our views to be boundless; they have seen such instances of our ambition, that they cannot suppose us capable of moderation. The very nabob whom we might support would

be either covetous of our possessions, or jealous of our power. Ambition, fear, avarice, would be daily watching to destroy us; a victory would be but a temporary relief to us; for the dethroning of the first nabob would be followed by the setting up another, who, from the same principles, would, when his treasure admitted of keeping up an army, pursue the very path of his predecessor. We must, indeed, become nabobs ourselves, in fact, if not in name; perhaps totally so without disguise: but on this subject I cannot be certain till my arrival in Bengal." P. 97.

We refer our readers to the closing remarks of this clever biographer, for an able and very correct outline of the components of the character of Lord Clive. We feel these to be identified with the result of our own reading and reflection, and feel undesirous of leaving a subject upon which we have been so greatly interested; we generally receive so much pleasure in the perusal of Mr. Glegg's biographies that we purpose selecting, at a future period, whatever we think adapted to the nature of our work as well as of interest to our readers; we have some little fault to find with the arrangement of the dates, having had frequently to turn over many pages in order to ascertain the chronology, and we see no reason why the margin of each column should not be so usefully appropriated; we merely mention this because we have ourselves been occasionally inconvenienced and we are quite sure that no trouble is usually spared in rendering Dr. Lardner's an instructive and interesting publication.

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**THE JUROR'S GUIDE, or the Spirit of the Jury Laws; pointing out, briefly and intelligibly, the Qualifications, Duties, Powers, and Liabilities, of Jurors in general, whether on Grand Juries, Special Juries, Petty Juries, or Particular Inquests.** By a BARRISTER. 18mo. pp. 140. London; Hurst.

The Act which was passed in the sixth year of his late Majesty, to consolidate and simplify the laws relative to Jurors and Juries, having, among other alterations, increased the number of persons justified to serve throughout England and Wales, the class of individuals now liable to be called on by the sheriff to act in the capacity of juror, is so much more numerous than ever before, that it seems extraordinary a little work like the present, which must have been daily wanted for some years, should now make its first

appearance. The *Act* itself, it may be thought, is so intelligible as to supersede the necessity of further elucidation. Such, however, is very far from the fact; for though, when compared with other statutes, its simplicity must be admitted, yet it is lengthy and involved, full of professional technicalities, and quite unadapted for the general reader; added to which, the whole of the *Jury Law* is of course not comprised within it.

It is the peculiar merit of the unpretending little volume before us which has led to these remarks, that it is at once comprehensive and familiar, bringing into a single focus all the scattered laws bearing on the different kinds of Juries, whether Grand, Petty, Special, or Inquest; and presenting to the uninitiated reader a lucid digest for his use and guidance, the authenticity of which appears unquestionable. Unusual pains have been taken to explain all technical terms, by notes, and an elaborate Index is appended, which cannot fail to be highly acceptable to the generality of those who may consult the work. As this pocket companion is cheaper than the *Act* itself, we need scarcely hesitate to recommend it to all Jurymen throughout the United Kingdom.

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JONES'S VIEWS IN WALES. Nos. 27 to 29.

Since October, three numbers of this elegant little work have appeared, each containing, as usual, four plates. The first is

*Aber-Aeron, Cardiganshire,*

possessing no picturesque features of a high order; but it is not altogether destitute of attraction. The dashing of the sea is drawn in Mr. Gastineau's usual spirited manner, the shipping, if the vessels entering the Aber may be so designated, are exactly what one usually sees in Cardigan bay. The grouping of the figures is also good; and the white gulls sailing in the air reminds us of the land of Davydd ab Gwilym, and of his beautiful lines addressed to that aerial tenant of the ocean. Mr. Gastineau invariably excels in the *minutia* of a drawing.

*New Castle, in Emlyn, Cardiganshire,*

Totally distinct in character from Aber Aeron, and a much more impressive subject. Beautiful objects sometimes arise from the desolation of war, and here we are at least indebted



to Cromwell for a very interesting ruin; in contraposition to thoughts dwelling upon him and his operations, there is a soft and (if we may use the expression) a peaceful shadowing thrown over the rest of the engraving; the smooth pellucid river is very happily done, the foliage and the softening of the distance are also finely engraved. Mr. J. Hinchliffe is the engraver.

*Llamphey Palace, Pembrokeshire.*

We find much to commend also here; that very rural object, the cow, is introduced with effect. We have seen cows portrayed more like donkeys than the supplier of "the meads sweet nectar;" but Bloomfield himself would admire these, so naturally are they engraved. The ruinous ivy-mantled palace is, of course, the chief object, and it is well done, carrying the contemplative beholder back to ages of darkness; but the elegant modern mansion of Mr. Mathias in the distance, brings the mind's-eye to light again. The n tire plate is well executed.

*Pille Priory, Pembrokeshire,*

Is rather a fine relict of ecclesiastical architecture; but we think the plate possesses more of the sublime than exists in the ruin itself. The plate, at least, conveys a moral. What a change: where the chant of the benedict echoing along the ceiling, and the abundance of the refectory existed, nought is seen or heard now save the cawing of the daw, or the rustic operation of the peasantry! Engraved by Mr. W. H. Bond.

*St. Gowan's Chapel, Pembrokeshire.*

This is really beautiful; but what a sad gloomy-minded being the saint must have been, to incarcerate himself among such huge grotesque-shapen rocks, and nothing to look upon except them and the wide—wide sea! Yet is there comfort in the little chapel below. Old Boreas might blow to eternity, and not displace from its humble roof a single tile. The cliffs, the sea, the ships, the chapel, and the birds are very well engraved.

*Sainted Well, at Saint Gowan's.*

We must compliment the artists on their clever delineation of the very curious strata of the rocks in this part of Pembrokeshire, and extraordinary and uncommon as they appear in the engraving, they are quite true to nature.



We have read and heard so much of this well, that we are sure the Meddygon Myddvai themselves dare not have tarried here, for who could compete with St. Gowan in Æsculapian skill; the days of superstition have passed away, and we may look, uninfluenced by her mystic power, upon these broken-veined shattered lime rocks; but the beholder, aided by geological knowledge, cannot view them with wonder and gratification. The two plates are very creditable to Mr. H. Jorden.

*Cardiff Town, Glamorganshire.*

From spray, gleaming lights, and sea-worn rocks, the eye here rests upon the smooth and still; not a ripple agitates the bosom of the river; and the flat meadows and distant town give a tolerable idea of the *rus in urba*; and there stands the old castle, dark in shade, as if frowning at all that poets and historians have sung and said of its past celebrity. Engraved by Mr. S. Lacey.

*Remains of Llandaff Castle, Glamorganshire.*

There is but little scope for pictorial effect from the spot selected for this drawing by the artist. If we remember rightly, the ruins of Llandaff Castle, beyond the gateway, are rather fine; and we do not understand why Mr. Gastineau has given us the present point of view, unless it be to introduce the old cross, now so mutilated as to convey no interest as part of a drawing. Mr. W. Wallis has done justice to the plate.

*Entrance to Swansea Harbour.*

A neat engraving of a pretty town; the water, as usual, is exceedingly natural, dashing and foaming against the pier, and the little vessel, shooting inland on "her canvass wings," very naturally shows that there is a brisk gale springing from the sea.

*Swansea Castle,*

Or rather what has been once a castle, for the present half dozen modern appropriations of the old building are in bad keeping with its former baronial greatness. Our impression is not a good specimen, it is too dark and indistinct. Mr. J. Rogers is the engraver of Swansea Harbour and Castle.

*Lawhaden Castle, Pembrokeshire,*

Is really fine; the lofty gateway and ivied towers are, though battered and ruinous, noble monuments of the pride

long teeth as any four year old wedder in Flint shire. The judges of stock were Mr. M'Gregor, of Eaton, and Mr. Ormiston, of Wynnstay.

In the course of the forenoon, Mr. Robert Jenkins, of Mold, invited a dozen friends to lunch at his house, and placed before each of them a glittering silver cup, the proud trophies of his agricultural skill, and superiority as a breeder of stock, obtained as prizes from the society. His excellent *cwrw da* too, was poured out of a very handsome silver jug, presented to him by that best of landlords, P. D. Cooke, esq. Mr. Jenkins may well be proud of his sideboard.

At the meeting of the committee, before dinner, the propriety of fixing a particular day of the month for the annual meeting, from which there should be no deviation, was discussed, and the suggestion of Lord Mostyn was, we believe, adopted, that the annual meeting should always be held the week after the Holywell races. James Boydell, esq. then read a most gratifying account of the state of the funds, which, he was happy to say, would enable the society to offer additional premiums. He therefore suggested that a premium of 20*l.* should be offered for the best managed farm of, say 150 acres, and a premium of 10*l.* for the second best managed farm of, say 100 acres. A resolution to this effect was adopted, the details, (size of the farms, nature of cultivation, &c.) to be a subject for the future deliberation of the committee.

A letter was read from Sir John Hanmer, bart., the president for this year, apologising for his absence, owing to the necessity of him being in Shrewsbury, for the representation of which borough he has just offered himself a candidate, on the retirement of Mr. Jenkins. The Right Hon. Lord Kenyon was appointed President, and Mr. James Kerfoot, Vice President, for the ensuing year. The name of Sir Richard Puleston, bart., was enrolled as an annual subscriber of 5*l.*; and the Hon. Lloyd Mostyn begged to hand in the name of his brother, the Hon. Thomas Price Lloyd, as an annual subscriber for the same sum.

At five o'clock, upwards of fifty gentlemen sat down to dinner at the Black Lion. The chair (in the absence of Sir John Hanmer) was ably filled by the Right Hon. Lord Mostyn; and the urbanity for which the noble lord is distinguished was never more conspicuous than by the kindness and condescension he displayed during the evening. Mr. Thomas Whitley, of Broncoed, occupied the vice president's chair.

After dinner, Mr. Boydell, the indefatigable secretary, read the list of the successful competitors for the premiums, &c. among whom were the following:

To Sir S. R. Glynne, bart. a silver medal, for the best crop of turnips, of not less than seven acres, as owner and occupier. The Rev. Henry Jones was invested with the medal, as the representative of Sir Stephen. John Dawson, esq. Gronant, a piece of plate or £7 for the best crop of turnips, of not less than seven acres, as tenant and occupier.

There were no competitors for the silver medal for the best crop of turnips, of not less than five acres; nor for the £5 prize for the crop of turnips, of not less than five acres.

Mr. John Williams, Shamber Wen, Cilcen, £3 for the best crop of turnips, of not less than three acres, as tenant. Mr. Thomas Williams, Celyn, £5 for the best field of grass, of not less than seven acres. There was no competitors for the £3 prize for the best field of grass of not less than five acres. Mr. James Kerfoot, Vaenol Bach, £5 for the best summer fallow, of not less than five acres. Mr. Wm. Bloor, Marsh Farm, £5 for the best field of beans, of not less than five acres. Mr. Joseph Profit, Gwespyr, £3 for the best field of beans, of not less than three acres. John Dawson, esq. of

Gronant, £7 for the best three year old bull, as tenant. Mr. Robt. Willian, Pen-y-bont, £5 for the second best three year old bull. Right Hon. Lord Mostyn, as landlord, a silver medal, for the best three year old heifer. John Dawson, esq. Gronant, as tenant, £7 for the best three year old heifer. Mr. J. Roberts, of Mold, £5 for the second best heifer. Mr. Joshua Price, Fron, £5 for the best pen of Leicester theaves. There was no stock of sufficient merit in the estimation of the judges, for the best pen of Southdown theaves. Mr. James Styche, of Tan-llan, £5 for the best boar. Mr. James Styche, of Tan-llan, £5 for the best sow. Mr. Joshua Price, Fron, £5 for the best year old Leicester tup. Mr. Thomas Williams, Celyn, £5 for the best year old Southdown tup. Mr. Bloor, March Farm, £5 for the best three year old cart colt. Mr. Thomas Whitley, Cron Coed, £3 for the second best three year old cart colt.

Mr. Boydell, in announcing the proposed new premiums for the best managed farms, took occasion to say that the noble president elect, Lord Kenyon, had given £8, as his lordship's subscription, to the funds of the society.

The following toasts, prefaced by the noble chairman in his happiest manner, and suitably acknowledged by such of the gentlemen present as were the subjects of some of them, were given during the evening: "The judges of the stock;" "Breeding in all its branches;" "Mr. Boydell, the zealous and indefatigable secretary;" "Mr. Robert Peters, the judge of crops, fallows, &c.;" "The President elect, the Right Hon. Lord Kenyon;" "Mr. James Kerfoot, the Vice President elect;" "Sir Edward Mostyn, Baronet, and better health to him."

Several other appropriate and convivial toasts were given, and the company separated at an early hour.—*Bangor Paper.*

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LLANFECHAN NATIONAL SCHOOL.

The National School at Llanfechan, Montgomeryshire, was opened on the 1st of November. It will be of great service, a gratifying proof that the poor are not insensible of the blessings of education, when the means of obtaining it are placed within their reach. The school is intended for eighty children.

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The foundation stone of a new building for a Parish School at St. David's, Brecknock, has been laid by Lloyd Vaughan Watkins, esq. of Pennoyre.

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The Sixth Anniversary of the Hay Branch Wesleyan Missionary Society was held at the Wesleyan chapel, on Friday evening, the 26th of October. The chair was filled by Colonel Powell, of Hardwick. The various resolutions were moved and seconded by the Rev. Messrs. Blackett, of Swansea; B. Clough, missionary in Ceylon; S. Broadbent, of Hereford, missionary in Africa; F. Beecham, one of the general secretaries of the Parent Society; T. Phillips, Hay; J. Arnett and — Hanscombe, travelling preachers in the Brecon circuit. The speeches delivered by the missionaries and the general secretary were admirable for eloquence, information, and effect. A strong feeling was excited in behalf of Christian missions, and the consequence was a very liberal collection. The Hay Branch has received, during the past year, in donations and subscriptions, upwards of £50.

## SEPOLCHRAL REMAINS.

An urn, containing the remains of some human bones, which had evidently been submitted to the action of fire, and a quantity of ashes, was recently found in the earth by a person digging in the garden of Mr. Lloyd, solicitor, Maentwrog. The urn is of Roman workmanship, about fifteen inches in height and three feet in diameter.—*Bangor paper*.

Charles Morgan, esq. of Ruperra Castle, has given to each of his workmen, thirty-seven in number, from a quarter to half an acre of land, for potatoes. The land is ready worked and manured for planting, and Mr. Morgan allows each man two days for setting, and two days for raising the crop, paying them as usual for their labour. We would say to the wealthy, "Go thou and do likewise."—*Cambrian*.

## THE WELSH HARP.

However astounding it may appear that very difficult and chromatic music may be performed with good effect on the Welsh or triple-stringed harp, yet true it is that Parry, the celebrated blind harper of Wynnstay, and his son, used to perform several of Handel's choruses in the presence of King George III. some fifty years ago. But we can go a great deal farther back, and find that, about the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, flourished a celebrated Welsh harper, named Thomas Pritchard, called by his countrymen Twm Bach (Little Tom;); he died in 1586, and was buried in St. Sepulchre's church, London. In the reign of George II., a Welsh harper, named Powell, used to play before that monarch, and drew such tones from his instrument, that Handell was delighted with his performance, and composed for him several pieces of music, some of which are in the first set of his concertos. Handel also introduced Powell as a performer in his oratorios, in which there are songs with harp obligato, performed by the Cambrian; such as, "Tune your harps," and "Praise the Lord with cheerful voice," in *Esther*; and "Hark! he strikes the golden lyre," in *Alexander Balus*. Let any of our modern English or foreign harpers examine these compositions, particularly, "Praise the Lord," and play it loudly, without a continual jarring of finger, against the strings, if they can! In Wales, there are, even at the present period, several harpers who can play most rapid passages, in thirds and sixes, with both hands, clean and neat; and, notwithstanding all casual flat and sharps are produced by inserting a finger between two strings of the outer row, it is done with uncommon smoothness.—*Hereford Times*.

## POST OFFICE COMMUNICATION BETWEEN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

In the report agreed to by the Select Committee appointed by the House of Commons, to inquire into the Post-office communication between England and Ireland, in reference to the Liverpool line, the Committee observe, "that the London mail is due in Liverpool at 8h. 7m. P. M. and that it frequently arrives at 5h. 16m. P. M. It is suggested that there would be little difficulty in starting the mail so as to arrive in Liverpool before the departure of the packet, and that great accommodation would be afforded to the public, who might calculate on arriving in Dublin in less than thirty-six hours from their leaving London. They also suggest that it would be an accommodation to the Dublin merchants if the packet to Liverpool were despatched at least one hour later than it is at present."—A Liverpool newspaper (*The Times*) remarks, whether any arrangements have been made to

carry this recommendation into effect we have not heard. If not, we think the merchants connected with the trade to Ireland should memorialize the government on the subject without delay. The Committee seem to have a strong leaning towards the Holyhead line, as they observe "that Holyhead has been well selected as the point from which the Post-office packets to Dublin should be despatched, and that it should undoubtedly be considered as the principal line of communication between the two countries, and that no reasonable expense should be spared in rendering it as perfect throughout as possible. The Committee recommend that the improvements on this line which remain to be made should be completed as soon as possible, and that no local interest should be allowed to interfere with them."

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SIR TUDOR VAUGHAN AP GRONO.

In the reign of Edward III. lived Sir Tudor Vaughan ap Grono, descended lineally from Enywfed Vychan, a person as to estate, power, and interest, one of the chief in North Wales. Upon some motive, either of ambition or vanity, he assumed to himself the honour of knighthood, requiring all people to call and style him Sir Tudor ap Grono. King Edward being informed of it, sent for Sir Tudor, and asked him, with what confidence he durst invade his prerogative, by assuming the degree of knighthood without his authority. Sir Tudor replied, that by the laws and constitution of King Arthur he had liberty of taking upon himself that title, in regard he had these three qualifications, which, whoever was endued with, could, by those laws, claim the honour of knighthood: 1st. He was a gentleman; 2d. He had a sufficient estate; 3d. He was valiant and adventurous,—and added, "If my valour be doubted, I throw down my glove, and for due proof of my courage, I am ready to fight with any man, whatever he be." The King approved of his reasons, and confirmed the honour of knighthood. From this Sir Tudor, Henry VII. of England was lineally descended.

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BORDER ANTIQUITIES.

There is in the possession of Mr. Jones, tanner, of Gadlas, in the parish of Ellesmere, a curious shaped key, quite encrusted, which was found whilst ploughing a moated piece of ground near his house. He also has a silver-studded sword, conjectured to have been in his family upwards of 200 years. There stands, also, near the moated piece, a celebrated ancient oak, which our correspondent measured: it is fourteen yards in circumference near the bottom, and has been sixteen before it was chopped away; thirty-two large geese have been securely penned at the bottom.—*Shrewsbury Chronicle*.

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LOCOMOTIVE ENGINES.

The *Perseverance* engine, got up by the Neath Abbey Iron Company, South Wales, and supplied with the assistance of a rack running parallel with the tram plates from Penydaran to the Dowlais Works, has accomplished the amazing task of conveying from the Dowlais Works to the basin of Cardiff Canal, 126½ tons of iron at once, besides the weight of engine, tender, and waggons 50½ tons, making an aggregate of 177 tons. The engine, after waiting several hours for the discharge of the iron, returned to the works with her complement of empty waggons, and ascended the side of the mountain, by means of the rack, with ease, without stopping for steam. This fact is the more remarkable from the road winding in some

places excessively, so that the engine might have been seen to have passed in one place two reverse areas, one of 30½, the other 40 yards radius, at a distance of 146 yards a-head of the last loaded waggon in the train; and from the first nine miles of the road from the basin having an ascent from 1½ to 7½ inches in a chain, and the last two miles 25½ to 48½ inches per chain. Up this last part, the engine works at its usual speed, but drawing its load at 2-5ths of the speed it makes on the other part of the way. It is supposed that the *Perseverance* will take down 200 tons at a time, and convey her empty trams back to the works, when a sufficient number of carriages with springs are prepared.

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WELSH MARBLE.

We have just seen some beautiful chimney-pieces of Anglesey marble, ordered by Mr. Jervis, for his new house in Beaumaris. They are now being finished by Mr. Jones, marble cutter, of Bangor, and to those who conceive that the marble of Wales must be inferior to the foreign, we would recommend a visit to Mr. Jones's workshop, where their own eyes may judge of what can be produced from the Anglesey marble by the hand of industry and talent. These chimney-pieces are of the variegated marble called leopard skin, and for mirror-like polish, and richness and variety of colour, equal any thing ever manufactured from the productions of the Italian quarries. We sincerely hope that in a few years every chimney-piece set up in Wales will be of marble or slate, cut from the Welsh mines, whereby a source of profitable employment must arise for many industrious artists and labourers, and a large saving and benefit to the whole country.—*Bangor Paper.*

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APOTHECARIES' HALL.

Mr. William Jones Rowland, of Anglesey, received his certificate of qualification from the Court of Examiners at Apothecaries' Hall.

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THE RED-LEGGED PARTRIDGE.

This bird has been introduced into the Principality of Wales, the Rev. Mr. Lewes, of Dyffryn, having bred, last year, eight brace under a bantam fowl, adopting the same system of feeding them as that of the pheasant, with ant's eggs, bread and milk, and chopped eggs. They much resemble ours in size and colour, with the exception of the legs and bill which are of vermilion red. They require very steady dogs to be shot with, as they run much like the landrail, and are reluctant to take wing, except when forced to it.

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FEMALE DRUIDS.

That there were female Druids, has been sufficiently authenticated. Mela describes a regular sisterhood, consisting of nine of these austere vestals, who resided on an island in the British Sea, and who pretended to raise tempests by their incantations, to cure all manner of diseases, to transform themselves at will into brute animals, and to predict future events. Toland relates "that there were not only Druidesses, but some even of the highest rank; and princesses themselves were educated by the Druids; for in our own annals we read, that the two daughters of King Logarius, in whose reign Patric preached Christianity, were educated by them; and we have the particulars of a long dispute those young ladies maintained against this new religion, very natural, but very subtle." In the same author we

read of "Gealcossa, a Druidess," who resided near "Gealcossa's Mount, in Inisoen, in the county of Dunegall." "Her name," he adds, "is of the Homerial strain, signifying white-legged. On this hill is her grave; and hard by is her temple, being a sort of diminutive Stone-henge, which many of the old Irish dare not at this day in any way profane. Gealcossa, no doubt, was the superior of a sisterhood of her order; and every such community had in like manner, it seems highly probable, its distinct head. Still, that there was an Archdruidess, enjoying supremacy over the priestesses of the island in general, we admit to be problematical, though there may be nothing to render it altogether unlikely."

APPEARANCE OF A STURGEON IN THE WYE.

On Monday, the 23d of July last, there was caught in the river Wye, in the parish of Boughrood in the county of Radnor, a very fine sturgeon, weighing one hundred and thirty-one pounds, and measuring seven feet and a half in length from the tip of the snout to the end of the tail. The oldest inhabitants of the banks of the Wye never remember this fish coming so high up the river as Boughrood before.

NOMINATION OF SHERIFFS.

*North Wales.*

*Anglesea.*—Charles Henry Evans, of Henblas, esq.; James King, of Presaddfed, esq.; Andrew Burt, of Llwynogan, esq.

*Carnarvonshire.*—David Price Downes, of Hendrerhysgethin, esq.; Richard Jones, of Dinas, esq.; John Morgan, of Carnarvon, esq.

*Merionethshire.*—Sir John Huddart, of Plas-yn-Penrhyn, knt.; George Jonathan Scott, of Peniarth-Ucha, esq.; Jonathan Passingham, of Hendwr, esq.

*Montgomeryshire.*—John Jones, of Deythur, esq.; William Morris, of Pentre Nant, esq.; Robert Peel, of Llandrinio, esq.

*Denbighshire.*—Hugh Maxwell Goodwin, of Mount Alyn, esq.; William Parry Yale, of Plas-yn-Yal, esq.; John Robert Harrison, of Llantisibo Hall, esq.

*Flintshire.*—Sir Edward Mostyn, of Talacre, bart; Edward Morgan, of Golden Grove, esq.; William Thomas Ellis, of Cornish, esq.

*South Wales.*

*Carmarthenshire.*—Thomas Morris, of Green Castle, esq.; David Lewis, of Stradley, esq.; David Jones, of Henllysawr, esq.

*Pembrokeshire.*—John Henry Philipps, of Williamston, esq.; Richard Bowen, of Manarowen, esq.; James Mark Child, of Begelly, esq.

*Cardiganshire.*—Charles Richard Longcroft, of Llanina, esq.; William Owen Brigstoke, of Blaenpant, esq.; John Hughes, of Alltlwyd, esq.

*Glamorganshire.*—Richard Tuberville Tuberville, of Civenney Abbey, esq.; Henry Combe Compton, of Neath Abbey, esq.; Henry John Grant, of Gnoll, esq.

*Breconshire.*—John Lloyd, of Dinas, esq.; William Hibbs Bevan, of Crickhowell, esq.; William Henry West, of Beaufort, esq.

*Radnorshire.*—Walter Wilkins, of Maeslough Castle, esq.; Thomas Baskerville Mynors Baskerville, of Court Clirow, esq.



*Boundaries of the Welsh Boroughs, as settled by the Reform Bill.**(Continued from VOL. IV. page 420.)*

## SOUTH WALES.—COUNTY OF BRECON.

*Brecon.* The old borough of Brecon, and extra-parochial districts of the Castle and Christ's College.

## COUNTY OF CAERMARTHEN.—CAERMARTHAN DISTRICT.

*Caermarthen.* The old borough of Caermarthen.

*Llanelly.* From the point in Wern-y-Goosy Meadow, north-west of the town at which old course of stream, the old borough boundary makes a sharp turn, in a straight line to the southern extremity of the west fence of Cae Mawr Isa field; thence, northward, along the fence of Cae Mawr Isa field to the point, at which the same meets a wall, the western boundary of the furnace garden; thence along the said wall to the point at which the same meets Pen-y-Fai lane; thence along Pen-y-Fai lane to the point at which the same meets Caermarthen road; thence in a straight line to the north-western corner of the garden of Cae Mawr cottage, lately burnt down; thence along the fence dividing the garden of Caer Mawr cottage, and the field Cae Isa from the field Cae-ucha, to the point at which the same meets the fence dividing the field Cae-ucha from the field Cae-bank; thence along the last-mentioned fence to the northern corner of the field Cae-bank; thence in a straight line through the southern extremity of the north-east boundary of the field Cae-bank, across the Tram road, to the old borough boundary; thence, eastward, along the old borough boundary to the point first described.

## COUNTY OF CARDIGAN.—CARDIGAN DISTRICT.

*Aberystwyth.* From the outermost point of the rock Graig-las on the sea coast visible from the point next described, in a straight line to the northern extremity of the stone wall dividing the land called Pant-y-gym from the land called Frôn; thence along the said wall to the point at which the same meets the wall dividing the land Pant-y-gym from the land Frôn-uchaf; thence, eastward, along the boundary of Frôn-uchaf to the turnstile at the south-east corner thereof; thence in a straight line to the mill in the tan-yard near the road leading to Llanbadarn-fawr; thence in a straight line to the wooden dam just above Plas-greig; thence, southward, along the boundary of the old borough to the sea coast; thence along the sea coast to the point first described.

*Adpar.* The old borough of Adpar and hamlet of Emlyn in the parish of Cennarth.

*Cardigan.* The old borough of Cardigan, and Bridgend hamlet and Abbey hamlet in the parish of St. Dogmet, in the county of Pembroke.

*Lampeter.* From the point on the Greithin-brook at which the northern boundary of the Glebe meets the boundary of the old borough, along the north boundary of the Glebe to the point at which the same meets again the boundary of the old borough; thence, northward, along the boundary of the old borough to the point first described.

## COUNTY OF GLAMORGAN.

*Merthyr Tydvil.* From the point, northward, of Merthyr Tydvil at which the northern boundary of the hamlet of Gellydeg meets the river called the Great Taff, northward, along the Great Taff, to the point where the same



is cut by the southern fence of Cilsanos common; thence, eastward, along the fence of Cilsanos common to the point where the same cuts the Brecon road; thence, southward, along the Brecon road to the point where the same meets Vainor road; thence, eastward, along the Vainor road to the point where the same meets the by-road leading to Cefn-coed-y-Cwymner; thence in a straight line to the point where Little Taff would be cut by a straight line drawn from the point last described to the southern mouth of Culvert, on the eastern side of the Little Taff; thence, up the Little Taff, along the boundary of the parish of Merthyr Tydvil, to the point where Cwm Bargoed stream is joined by a little brook from Coli Ravine; thence in a straight line to the north-eastern corner of the stone fence of Pen-dwy-cae Vawr farm; thence along the road passing Pen-dwy-cae Vawr farmhouse to the point where the same meets the Mountain track from Dowlais to the Quaker's yard; thence, southward, along the said track between the farms of Pen-dwy-cae Vach and Pen-dwy-cae Vawr, to the point where such track meets the road running nearly due west by the stone quarry, to Pen-y-rhw Gymra cottage; thence along the last-mentioned road to the point where the same reaches the southern side of Pen-y-rhw Gymra cottage; thence in a straight line to the point where the southern boundary of Troed-y-rhw farm meets the Cardiff road; thence along the southern boundary of Troed-y-rhw farm to the point where the same meets Great Taff; thence in a straight line to the bridge over Cardiff canal called Pont-y-nant Maen; thence, northward, along the Cardiff canal to the point where the same is intersected by Cwmdu brook; thence along Cwmdu brook to its source; thence in a straight line due west to the boundary of the parish of Aberdare; thence, southward, along the boundary of Aberdare to the point where the same meets the boundary of the hamlet of Gellydeg; thence, eastward, along the boundary of Gellydeg to the point first described.

CARDIFF DISTRICT.

*Cardiff.* The old borough of Cardiff; and so much, if any, of either or both of the parishes of St. John and St. Mary as lies without the old borough.

*Cowbridge.* The old borough of Cowbridge.

*Llantrisant.* The old borough of Llantrisant.

SWANSEA DISTRICT.

*Aberavon.* From the point on the south of the town at which the river Avon falls into the sea, northward, along the eastern boundary of the hamlet of Havod y-porth, to that point in the stone fence immediately opposite a small round pool: thence along the said stone fence to the point at which the same meets the lane or path leading to a small cottage; thence along the lane or path to the ford across the brook immediately opposite Margam chapel; thence along the road to Dyffrynucha to the point at which the same meets the rail-road from Tai-bach copper works to Michalston; thence, northward, along the said rail-road to the point at which the same crosses a small stream running into the Avon; thence along the said stream to the point at which the same falls into the Avon; thence in a straight line to the point at which the stream running through Cwm Bychan Ravine falls into the Avon; thence along the last-mentioned stream to the point at which the same meets the boundary of the parish of Baglan; thence, southward, along the boundary of Baglan to the point at which the same meets the boundary of the parish of Aberavon; thence, along the boundary of Aberavon, to the point at which the boundary of the old borough leaves the same; thence

along the boundary of the hamlet of Havod-y-porth; thence, southward, along the boundary of the hamlet of Havod-y-porth, to the point first described.

*Kenfig.* The old borough of Kenfig.

*Loughor.* The old borough of Loughor.

*Neath.* From the point lowest down the river Neath at which the boundary of the old borough leaves the Neath, along the boundary of the old borough, leaving the Neath, to the point at which the Caerfwell ditch joins the Neath; thence along the Caerfwell ditch to the point at which the same meets the lane called Heol-morfa; thence along the lane Hoel-morfa to the point at which the same joins the high road to Merthyr; thence along the high road to Merthyr to the point at which the road to Pontardawey leaves the same; thence along the road to Pontardawey to the point at which the same is joined by a lane called Rheol-y-glow; thence along the lane Rheol-y-glow to the point at which the same meets a brook; thence along the brook to Rheol-wern-fraith lane; thence along Rheol-wern-fraith lane to the point at which the same is cut by a fence forming the north-western boundary of Cae-cadnaw field; thence along the last-mentioned fence to the point at which the same meets the brook running to Nantlyros; thence along the brook running to Nantlyros to the point at which the same joins the canal; thence along the canal to the point at which the same crosses the stream Clydach; thence along the stream Clydach to the point at which the same joins the Neath; thence along the Neath to the point first described.

*Swansea.* From the point at which the northern boundary of the parish of St. John is crossed by the road, the Llangefelach church, northward, along the road to Llangefelach church, to the point at which the same is joined by the lane called Rheol-y-cnap; thence along the lane Rheol-y-cnap, and along the lane a continuation thereof, joining the turnpike road to the Neath opposite Llandwr engine, to the point at which the last-mentioned lane joins the turnpike road to the Neath; thence, northward, along the turnpike road to Neath to the point at which the same is joined, between the Duke's Arms public-house and a blacksmith's shop, by the road leading towards Clas Mont Farm; thence along the last-mentioned road to the point at which the same is met, opposite the lane from Pen-lan, called the Pen lan road, by a track leading to the Well Head; thence along the said track to the point at which the same reaches the Well Head; thence along the stream flowing from the said Well Head to the point at which the said stream falls into the stream called Nant Velin; thence along the stream Nant Velin to the point at which the same crosses the road leading from Morryston into the road from Llangefelach church to the bridge over the river Tawey; thence along the said road from Morryston to the point at which the same joins the road from Llangefelach church to the bridge over the Tawey; thence along the last-mentioned road to the point at which the same reaches the bridge over the Tawey; thence, eastward, along the turnpike road to the Neath to the point at which the same is met near the Star public-house by a lane leading from the southern extremity of the parish of Llansamlet, over Cilfay hill and by Bon-y-maen, to Llansamlet church; thence along the last-mentioned lane to the point at which the same meets the boundary of the hamlet of St. Thomas, near Tregwl; thence, eastward, along the boundary of St. Thomas to the point at which the same meets the boundary of the town and franchise; thence, westward, along the boundary of the town and franchise to the point at which the same meets the boundary of the parish of St. John; thence, westward, along the boundary of the parish of St. John, to the point first described.

COUNTY OF PEMBROKE.—HAVERFORDWEST DISTRICT.

*Fishguard.* From the point at which the low-water mark would be cut by a straight line drawn thereto from the gate of the fort, through the eastern extremity of the southern wall of the fort, in a straight line to the gate of the fort; thence in a straight line to the north-western corner of Parc-y-Morfa meadow; thence along the western fence of Parc-y-Morfa meadow to the south-western corner thereof; thence in a straight line to the highest point of Parc-y-Morfa rock; thence in a straight line to the north-western corner of the fence dividing the Glyn Amel property from the property of Mr. Vaughan; thence, southward, along the said fence of the Glyn Amel property to where the same meets the northern stream of the river Gwaine; thence up the said stream to where the same meets the boundary of the old borough; thence, eastward, along the boundary of the old borough to the point at which the same meets the low-water mark; thence, eastward, along the low-water mark to the point first described.

*Haverfordwest.* From the point which the straight line from St. Thomas's church to the gate at the north-eastern corner of the field called Hill park cuts the boundary of the old borough, along such straight line to the said gate; thence in a straight line to the gate crossing the road leading to the Scotch Well house; thence along the last-mentioned road to where the same reaches the Scotch Well house; thence along the road leading by the Sandpool into the Cardigan road to the north-eastern corner of Sandpool; thence in a straight line to the cottage of P. White; thence in a straight line to the left pier of the weir on the river Cleddy; thence along the Cleddy to where the same would be cut by a straight line from Prendergast church to the gate leading from the lane on the north-east of Little Slade farm into the paddock of Little Slade farm; thence in a straight line to the last-mentioned gate; thence in a straight line to where the boundary of the old borough would be cut by a straight line from the last-mentioned gate to where the Poorfield road (otherwise Jury lane) leaves St. David's road; thence, westward, along the boundary of the old borough to the point first described.

*Narberth.* From the southern end of the turnpike-gate house on the Redstone road, westward, along the fence abutting on the said house, the northern boundary of the field of which G. Harris is tenant, and Mr. T. Eaton landlord, to the north-western corner of the said field; thence in a straight line to the north-eastern corner of the field belonging to G. Devonald, esq., bounded by the turnpike road to Haverfordwest; thence along the private road running from the last-mentioned field to where the said private road meets the road to Haverfordwest; thence in a straight line across the said road to Haverfordwest to where the same is met by the western boundary of the Town Moor; thence, southward, along the western and southern boundary of the Town Moor to the gate of the lane at the south-eastern corner thereof; thence along the said lane to where the same meets the boundary of Narberth church-yard; thence, westward, along the boundary of Narberth church-yard to the south-western corner thereof; thence in a straight line to where the stream from Narberth bridge would be cut by a straight line from the point last described to where the road from the parsonage meets the road from Pembroke; thence up the said stream to where the same is joined by the stream from Narberth mill; thence up the stream flowing from Narberth mill to the south-western corner of the field of which L. Watkins is tenant and Baron Retzen landlord; thence, eastward, along the boundary of the last-mentioned field to where the same meets the southern boundary of the field belonging to Mr. H. Davies, in which there is a turnstile; thence, eastward, along the southern boundary of the said

field of Mr. H. Davies, and the southern and eastern boundary of the adjoining field belonging to G. Phillips, esq. to where the eastern boundary of the said field of G. Phillips, esq., meets the occupation road leading to Blackalder; thence, eastward, along the occupation road to where the same meets the south-eastern boundary of the easternmost of two contiguous fields of which Mrs. Evans is tenant and D. Thomas landlord; thence along the boundary of the last-mentioned field to where the same meets the Carmarthen road; thence in a straight line across the Carmarthen road to the south-eastern corner of the field belonging to J. Lewis; thence along the eastern boundary of J. Lewis's field to where the same cuts the Cardigan road; thence in a straight line across the Cardigan road to the south-western corner of Jesse's Well house; thence in a straight line to where the fence of the grounds attached to the house called Bloomfield's would be cut by a straight line from the point last described to the house called Bloomfield's; thence, westward, along the last-mentioned fence to where the same cuts the Redstone road; thence along the Redstone road to the point first described.

PEMBROKE DISTRICT.

*Milford.* From the point where Prix Pill falls into the sea, along Prix Pill, to where the same is met by a lane coming down by the Cwm, sometimes called Cwm lane; thence along Cwm lane to where the same meets the road from Haverfordwest; thence along the road from Haverfordwest to where the same is met by Priory lane; thence along the Priory lane to where the same meets, on the left, the road sometimes called New road; thence along the New road to where the same meets the lane sometimes called White Lady's lane, leading to a field northward of the brewery, sometimes called Haggart field; thence along White Lady's lane to where the same is cut by a fence of Haggart field; thence, northward, along the fence of Haggart field to the north-western corner thereof; thence in a straight line in the direction of the northern fence of Haggart field to Priory Pill; thence in a straight line to the white warehouse standing at the head of the Rope walk in Hubberstone parish; thence along Spike lane, proceeding from the said white warehouse to where the same meets Conjwick lane; thence along Conjwick lane to where the same meets the lane lately part of Point field; thence along the lane lately part of Point field to where the same ends on the common; thence in a straight line through the western point of the fort to the sea-coast; thence along the sea-coast to the point first described.

*Pembroke.* The parishes of St. Mary and St. Michael, and also the space comprised within the boundary hereafter described (with all parts, if any, of the old borough of Pembroke lying without the said boundary: viz. from the point on the south-western of the town where the brook called Taylor's lake meets the boundary of St. Mary, northward along the said brook to where the same joins the Pill near Quoit's mill; thence along the said Pill to where the same meets the boundary of St. Mary; thence, eastward, along the boundary of St. Mary to the point first described.

*Tenby.* In the liberty of Tenby.

*Wiston.* The old borough of Wiston.

COUNTY OF RADNOR.—RADNOR DISTRICT.

*Cefn Llys.* The old borough of Cefn Llys.

*Knighton.* The old borough of Knighton.

**Knucklas.** The old borough of Knucklas.

**Presteign.** The ancient lordship, manor, and borough of Presteign with such parts, if any, of the township of Presteign, and of the chapelry of the Discoyd, as are without the ancient lordship, &c. of Presteign; and also a space included within the following boundary: viz. from the point on the north of the town at which Norton brook falls into the river Lug, in a straight line to where the road to Wigmore and Ludlow is met by the road to Kinsham village; thence in a straight line to where the right-hand branch of the Clatter brook falls into the Lug; thence along the Lug to the point first described.

**New Radnor.** The old borough of New Radnor.

**Rhadyrgwy.** From the point where the boundary of the old borough would be cut by a straight line from Rhadyr church to the bridge over Gwynllin brook on the new road to Aberystwith, in a straight line to the said bridge; thence along Gwynllin brook to the weir or dam head; thence along the southern bank of the mill dam to where the same is cut by the eastern fence of Gwynllin-lain field; thence, southward, along the eastern fence of Gwynllin-lain field to the gate leading into the yard of the grist mill and woollen manufactory belonging to David Evans; thence along the road crossing the said yard to another gate at the south-eastern corner thereof; thence in a straight line to the north-eastern corner of the farmhouse called Ty-Newydd or New house; thence in a straight line to where the boundary of the old borough would be cut by a straight line from the New house to the bridge over the Wye; thence, southward, along the boundary of the old borough to the point first described.

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#### WELSH IRON TRADE.

The Welsh Iron Trade is improving, but prices are as low as ever. One of the Glamorganshire iron masters has received an order for eight thousand tons of rail road plates.

By the exertions of a few spirited individuals, laudably seconded by the great landed proprietors of Monmouthshire, a prospect is now afforded of an easy communication between Chepstow and Abergaveny. It is proposed to avoid the hills, which have hitherto operated as a barrier between those places, and to open to the public a portion of beautiful country, hitherto unexplored by the traveller, and known only by name. We are informed, that in point of time, Abergaveny will be brought, by means of the projected improvement, an hour and a half nearer to Chepstow.

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#### THE PROGRESS OF THE FINE ARTS IN WALES.

The art of sculpture has been for centuries in the lowest state of degradation throughout Wales, whether for want of men of talent, or the slenderness of encouragement given to sculpture, is unknown; however, it is evident that all productions of any consequence have been the labour of English artists. But, at this enlightened period, when Wales is rendered illustrious for her literary pursuits, the genius of her poets, and the wisdom of her philosophers, a sculptor appears in Brecon, whose superior talent particularly claims the attention of an admiring public. The specimens Mr. Thomas, jun. has already produced exhibit a grandeur of composition, a grace in grouping, and a flow in his draperies, equal to any that has been seen in the Principality. At the present moment sculpture is experiencing

more encouragement, and well it deserves it, for the impulse thereby given in favour of the fine arts has the effect of stimulating our native artists to extraordinary exertions. The superb monument to the memory of the late Rev. Thomas Watkins, of Pennoyre, at the expense of his only surviving son, Lloyd Vaughan Watkins, esq. is another beautiful specimen emanating from the chisel of this distinguished young sculptor. It is not only the first erected in the church of St. Mary's, Brecon, but is decidedly one of the largest in this county. A description of it will give the reader an idea of its extent. The base is occupied by a coat of arms, enriched with flowing foliage; above which is a piece of sculpture in alto relievo, admirably chiselled from life, supported on each side by pillars. The subject consists of a whole-length figure of the deceased, reposing on a mattress, clothed with drapery; in the back grounds are clouds scattered by rays of light, in which his eldest son and youngest daughter are introduced, descending in the character of angels, welcoming their dying father; but what cannot fail to attract our attention, the three figures convey a faithful likeness of the originals, and the attitudes are happily developed to impress the mind of every beholder. Above the cornice is a lofty pyramid, with the inscription on a pedestal surmounted by a massive urn and drapery. This monument was designed and executed by Messrs. Thomas and Son, the performance of which does them infinite credit; but with the most unfeigned admiration of young Thomas's genius, it must be acknowledged that his productions are calculated to reflect lasting honour on the borough of Brecon.—*Hereford Journal.*

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BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

*Births.*

On the 17th of September, at Enjobb house, Radnorshire, the lady of P. R. Mynors, esq. of a daughter.—On the 20th of September, at Plas Brereton, the lady of Henry Turner, esq. of a son.—At Bryngoleu, near Pwllheli, Mrs. W. Williams, of twin sons.—On the 21st of October, at Penarth, the lady of Arnold Burrowes, esq. of a daughter.—On the 11th of October, at Maesmawr, Pool, Montgomeryshire, the lady of Captain Jones, of a son and heir.—On the 30th of October, Mrs. Russom, Twthill, Carnarvon, of a son.—Same day, Mrs. J. P. Wright, Bangor-street, Carnarvon, of a son.—On the 25th of October, Mrs. Roberts, of Tabor, near Tremadoc, of twin daughters.—On the 28th of October, Mrs. Parry, of Tremadoc, of twin daughters.—On the 13th of October, at her residence, Glanydon, Llanfrothen, Mrs. Captain Owen, of a son.—On the 17th of October, at Glanyrafon, the lady of Richard Walmsley Lloyd, esq. of a daughter.—On the 2d of November, at Aberystwyth, the wife of J. R. Haslam, esq. of the Ordnance Survey, of a son and heir.—On the 6th of November, Mrs. Preece, of Bryn Helen, near Carnarvon, of a son.—On the 30th of November, the lady of Walter Wilkins, esq. of Maeslough castle, Radnorshire, of a son.—On the 2d of December, at Tregunter, Brecknockshire, the lady of Major G. Holford, of a daughter.—On the 2d of December, at Gerwyn Vawr, the lady of R. Burton Phillipson, esq. of a son.—In the village of Dropii, in Bessarabia, the wife of a man named Demian Ploson, was lately delivered, in one day, of six daughters, none of whom lived more than a few hours. The mother suffered for some time



afterwards, but is now perfectly recovered. On the 10th of December, the lady of Robert Wynne Williams, esq. Hatton Garden, London, of a son.—On the 19th of December, in Chester, the lady of Wilson Jones, esq. of Gellygynan, of a daughter.

*Marriages.*

On the 19th of September, at Sandhurst, the Rev. George Enoch, of Llanelwith, Radnorshire, to Miss Elizabeth Walker, of Wallsworth Hall, Gloucestershire, and Fern hill Villa, Radnorshire, and only daughter of Mr. C. Walker, of Hay, Breconshire.—On the 15th of September, at Cheltenham, M. N. Guy, esq. of the 5th regiment, to Ann, youngest daughter of the late W. Jones, esq. of Glanbrane, Glamorganshire.—On the 25th of September, at Dolbenmaen, by the Rev. Jeffrey Holland, the Rev. Richard Jones, to Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. Evan Evans, both of the same parish.—On the 11th of Sept., at Llanwenllwyfo church, by the Rev. Evan Hughes, Wm. Lloyd, esq. of Bwlch-y-fen, Anglesey, to Eliza, youngest daughter of Capt. Henry Jones, Llysdulas.—At Merthyr, the Rev. George Thomas, of Ystrad and Llanbradach, Glamorganshire, to Eliza, eldest daughter of Wm. Crawshaw, esq. of Cyfarthfa castle, in the same county.—At Holywell, by the Rev. Edward Oldfield, M.A. John Price, esq. M.A. of Bristol College, to Henrietta Sophia, daughter of John Oldfield, esq. of Farm, near Abergele.—At Beaumaris, T. Holesworth, esq. of Wakefield, Yorkshire, to Miss Jones, daughter of the late Rev. W. Jones, rector of Llanbadric, Anglesey.—At Claines, near Worcester, Mr. Baily, to Eliza, youngest daughter of David Jones, esq. of Pengethley, Cardiganshire.—At St. Matthew's church, Brixton, by the Rev. E. Prodgers, William King, jun. esq. of Sargeant's inn, Fleet street, to Margaret, second daughter of Evan Roberts, esq. of Grove House, Brixton.—At the same church, subsequently, by the Rev. Dr. Doyley, Thomas Wallis, esq. of Tibberton court, Gloucestershire, to Mary Anne, third daughter of Evan Roberts, esq.—On the 25th of September, at Llanbeblig, by the Rev. J. W. Trevor, vicar, the Rev. Howel Hughes, to Charlotte, daughter of Henry Garnet, esq. of Green Park, in the county of Meath.—On the 27th of September, at Kerig-y-druidion, by the Rev. Humphrey Lloyd, vicar of Llanfawr, Merioneth, Robert Kenrick Nicholls, esq. of Ruthin, to Caroline, second daughter of the Rev. John Ellis, rector of Kerig-y-druidion, and one of his Majesty's justices of the peace for the county of Denbigh.—On the 2d of October, Colonel David Owen, of Slow-worm's-nest, and formerly of the 23d regiment, or Royal Welsh Fusileers, to Jane, daughter of the late — Bateman, esq. of Haverfordwest.—On the 4th of October, at Brecknock, Thomas Armstrong, esq. to Mary, daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Williams, of Argoed, Radnorshire.—At Llanllwchaiarn, Cardiganshire, J. Davies, esq. of Gainrefel, to Jane, daughter of O. Richards, esq. of Nantybele.—At Llanyre, Radnorshire, J. Davies, of Blanguinollan, Breconshire, to Ann, second daughter of Evan Davies, esq. of the former place.—On the 15th of October, at Walthamstow, Essex, by the Rev. W. Wilson, Henry Williams, esq. of Knighton, Radnorshire, to Ann, youngest daughter of the late Mr. R. Maynard, of the former place.—On the 17th of October, at St. Philip's church, Birmingham, by the Rev. Charles Craven, A.M. Edward, second son of the Rev. John Ellis, rector of Cerig-y-druidion, to Catherine, eldest daughter of the late Edward Croker, esq. of Lisnabrin House, county of Waterford, Ireland.—At Dixton church, by the Rev. Mr. Davies, Major Marriott, of Soller's Brook, to Miss Griffin, eldest daughter of Madam Griffin, Newton House, near Monmouth.—On the 22d of October, at Old

Radnor, by the Rev. Mr. Mogridge, Mr. William Kemp Raisbeck, Leominster, second son of W. Raisbeck, esq. of Appleby, Westmoreland, to Sarah, youngest daughter of the late Henry Stephens, esq. Presteign.—At Llandysilio, Anglesey, by the Rev. David Gryffyd, Captain Taylor, of Tycoch, to Mrs. Mary Evans, near Menai bridge.—On the 30th of October, at St. Hilary's chapel, Denbigh, by the Rev. Edmund Williams, A.M. vicar of Llangerniw, Richard Myddelton Lloyd, esq. of Wrexham, to Sarah, third daughter of the late John Price, esq. of Denbigh.—At Merthyr, by the Rev. J. Jones, Jeremiah Branson, esq. merchant, of Plymouth, to Rebecca, eldest daughter of William Bryant, esq. of Merthyr.—On the 20th of November, at Clapham church, Surrey, by the Rev. W. Frederick Bayley, prebendary of Canterbury, Edward Rogers, esq. M.P. of Stanage Park, Radnorshire, to Eliza Cassamajor, second daughter of the late Henry Brown, esq. of the Madras Civil Service.—On the 13th of November, at St. John's church, Brecon, by the Rev. Thos. Bevan, A.M., John, son of Thos. Powell, esq. of Trecastle, to Margaret, daughter of the late Rees Price, esq. of Gare, both in the county of Brecon.—On the 20th of November, at St. Mary-lebone church, London, by the Rev. James Donne, M.A. vicar of St. Paul's, Bedford, John Donne, esq. of Powis place, Queen square, second son of the Rev. Jas. Donne, D.D. of Oswestry, to Sophia, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Robert Thomson, LL.D. of Long Stowe Hall, Cambridgeshire.—On the 10th of Nov. at Monmouth, Edwin T. B. K. Carter, esq. Lieut. of the R. M. M., eldest son of Mr. J. Carter, of Clifton, to Louisa, only daughter of Dr. T. Morris, of Chepstow.—On the 16th of November, at the parish church of St. Marylebone, London, the Rev. T. H. Davies, M.A. of the University of Oxford, to Miss Elizabeth M. Hart, daughter of the late Right Hon. Sir Anthony Hart, Lord High Chancellor of Ireland.—On the 7th of November, at Gresford, by the Rev. Bennett Yere Townshend, Captain Mostyn, R.N. of Llewesog, Denbighshire, to Susanna, youngest daughter of the late John Stanislaus Townshend, esq. of Trevalyn, in the same county.—On the 3d of December, at Abbot's Leigh, the Rev. H. S. Lloyd, youngest son of the late F. Lloyd, esq. of Domgay, Montgomeryshire, to Elizabeth, daughter of P. J. Miles, M.P. of Leigh Court, Somerset.—On the 5th of December, at Liverpool, Edward Carreg, esq. coroner of the county of Carnarvon, to Miss Walshew, grand-daughter of the late Rev. Richard Owen, rector of Edern, in the same county.—Lately, Capt. William Davies, of Port Madoc, to Miss Ann Jones, of Cefncoch, Llanfihangel-y-traethau.

### *Deaths.*

The Dowager Marchioness of Bute. Her ladyship, before her marriage with John, first Marquis of Bute, was Miss Frances Coutts, second daughter of the late Mr. Coutts, the wealthy banker, and sister to the Countess Dowager of Guildford and Lady Burdett. Her ladyship's interment took place in the family vault of the Marquis of Bute, at Cardiff Castle.—On the 2d of September, aged 74, Miss Eleanor Davies, of Newtown, Montgomeryshire, deeply regretted.—On the 11th of September, aged 39, Mr. Thomas Price, of the Bryn, Llandyssil.—On the same day, at Clifton, after a long illness, Eliza, eldest daughter of C. C. Clifton, esq. of Tymawr, Breconshire.—On the 17th of September, in Northgate street, Chester, Elizabeth, relict of the late Thomas Richards, esq. Dolgelly, aged 54.—Mrs. Williams, of Ty Gwyrdd, Conway, widow of the late William Williams, esq. of Glanrafon, and his Majesty's Attorney-General for the North Wales Circuit; she lived to the advanced age of 92 years.—On the 20th of September, after a short illness, brought on by a severe cold and over anxiety



at the Eisteddfod, Mr. John Williams, harper, Oswestry, the successful candidate for the silver harp at the Beaumaris Eisteddfod, which was presented to him by their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria.—At Ystrad House, near Lampeter, Mr. J. Herbert, youngest son of the late Wm. Herbert, esq. of Rhiwbren, Cardiganshire.—At her house, at Richmond, in her 79th year, Lady Williams Wynn, relict of the late Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, bart.—At the house of his sister, near Bedford, aged 72, Joseph F. Barham, esq. of Trecwm, Pembrokeshire. He retired from public life about ten years since, having been previously, for nearly forty years, a most efficient member of the House of Commons.—On the 24th of October, at Beaumaris, at the advanced age of 80, Mrs. Lloyd, relict of William Lloyd, esq. of Llwydiarth, in the county of Anglesey.—On the 25th of October, at his seat, Llysmeirchion, near Denbigh, aged 48, the Rev. Robert Chambres Chambres, B.D. vicar of Llanufydd.—On the 16th of October, in the 62d year of his age, Robt. Wynne, esq. of Ty Gwyn, near Ruthin.—Suddenly, at Flintshire, Miss Roberts, of Colomendy, Merionethshire, eldest sister of the Rev. T. G. Roberts, A.M. rector of Llanrwst, and chaplain to the Lord Bishop of St. Asaph.—Rhys, third son of John Lloyd, esq. of Dinas, Breconshire.—On the 22d of October, after a long affliction, aged 34, Alice, wife of Hugh Parry, esq. of Holywell, and second daughter of Thos. Eyton, esq. of Pen-y-palmant, Flintshire.—On the 20th of October, aged 60, after a long and painful illness, borne with extraordinary fortitude and uncomplaining resignation, Richard Pryce, esq. of Gunley, Montgomeryshire. In him his family have to deplore the loss of the most affectionate and best of parents; his acquaintance that of a sincere and valuable friend; and the country an independent, high minded, and truly honourable man.—On the 20th of October, at Rhyddyn, C. B. Trevor Roper, esq. of Plas Teg Park, Flintshire, aged 68.—On the 21st of October, Lieutenant P. Potter of the Flintshire Royal Militia.—On the 7th of October, at Bath, aged 70, Owen Ellis, esq. formerly of Eyton, Denbighshire.—On the 30th of October, on his passage from Howth to Holyhead, Captain Skinner, R.N. commander of his Majesty's packet "the Escape," in the 73d year of his age and the 33d of his servitude in the packet service between Holyhead and Dublin; and, at the same moment, Mr. William Morris, his chief mate, leaving a wife and two children to lament his sudden and untimely end.—On the 3d of October, at Abergavenny, in his 76th year, the Rev. Mr. Morgan; and, on the 17th of October, at Alcester, on her road home from Cheltenham, in her 45th year, Mary Ann, wife of the Rev. T. F. Morgan, and eldest daughter of the Rev. E. Burn.—On the 15th of November, at Glynllifon, Carnarvonshire, in his 31st year, after a protracted and painful illness, the Right Hon. Thomas John Wynn, Baron Newborough. His lordship was born on the 3d of April, 1802, and succeeded his father, Thomas, the late lord, on the 12th of October, 1807. His lordship is succeeded in his title and estates by his only brother, the Hon. Spencer Bulkeley Wynn, who was born on the 23d of May, 1803. The late lord was returned as the representative in parliament for Carnarvonshire in 1826, and in 1830 he was obliged to resign in consequence of ill health. His tenantry always found in him a kind and generous landlord, and his death has bereaved the poor around him of a considerate benefactor.—On the 3d of November, awfully sudden, at his lodgings, Seacombe, in Cheshire, Mr. Joseph William, surgeon, formerly of Ruthin, Denbighshire.—On the 18th of November, the Rev. William Howels, of the Episcopal Chapel, Long Acre, London, aged 54. He was born in the county of Glamorgan, and

by his death, Wales is deprived of one of its noblest ornaments. His genius was sublime, his talents were of the highest order, his intellect of immense grasp; in short, his was a master mind. His Christian philanthropy was unbounded, and of him it might truly be said, "Do William Howels an ill turn, and you make him your friend for ever." In him was united all the masculine energetic mind of the man, with all the exquisitely tender sensibilities of the woman. As a preacher he was perfectly original; every thought, every idea, was peculiarly his own; he would, in a few words, explain truths which might have been expanded into volumes. No error, however subtle, could escape his eagle eye; and each met a full and perfect refutation from his eloquent tongue. His usefulness was great; many were reclaimed by him from vice and folly, and many were comforted and led on in the Christian life under his ministry. His private life was an exemplification of the truths he taught from the pulpit. He was a father in Christ, ordained a preacher, and an apostle, ("I speak the truth in Christ, and lie not;) a teacher of the Gentiles in faith and verity."—On the 18th of November, at Rhos, in the county of Denbigh, Wm. Hughes, late of Faenol, in the 52d year of his age.—On the 2d of November, at Naples, the Right Hon. Noel Hill, Lord Berwick, of Attingham, near Shrewsbury. His lordship's title and estates devolve upon the Hon. W. Hill, formerly member for that borough.—On the 19th of November, in the 68th year of his age, Edward Davies, esq. Castle street, Ruthin.—On the 13th of November, at Cardigan, in the 41st year of his age, Lieutenant Charles Davies, royal navy, youngest son of the late Edward Davies, esq. of Cardigan.—On the 26th of November, after a very short illness, aged 10 years, Louisa Emma, second daughter of Wm. Wynne Sparrow, esq. of Red hill, Beaumaris, Anglesey.—On the 17th of November, aged 32, William Meredith, eldest son of the late John Parry, esq. of Gadden, Denbighshire.—On the 7th of November, Mrs. Pitts, Kyre House, near Tenbury.—On the 2d of December, at his residence, Peterstone court, near Brecon, in his 78th year, the Rev. Thomas Powell, M.A. one of his Majesty's justices of the peace for the counties of Brecon and Glamorgan, a deputy-lieutenant of the former county, and senior alderman of the borough of Swansea.—Lately, Thomas Leathart, esq. of Cloudesley square, Islington.

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PRICES OF SHARES OF CANALS IN WALES.

Brecknock and Abergavenny, 73.10; Glamorganshire, 290; Montgomery, 85; Shrewsbury, 250; Swansea, 190.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

*Closing price 22d December.*—Brazilian Bonds, 47; Chilian, 16; Colombian, 9; ditto, 1824, 10½; Danish, 68.15; Greek, 26; Peruvian, 10.5; Portuguese, 49.10; Prussian, 1818, 99; ditto, 1822, 100; Russian, 1822, 98 15; Spanish, 1821 and 1822, 16; ditto, 1823, 15; Dutch, 41.17.6; French Rentes, 98.25; ditto, 68.50.

ENGLISH FUNDS.

*December 22.*—Bank Stock, 189½; 3 per cent. red. 83½; 3½ per cent. —; 3½ per cent. red. 91½; 4 per cent. 102½; Long Annuities, 16.10.

THE  
CAMBRIAN  
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AND  
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ESSAY

ON

THE ANTIQUE, THE PICTURESQUE, AND THE LITERARY SPIRIT IN WALES.

To her antiquities and her scenery chiefly, Wales is indebted for what degree of celebrity she possesses. To these it is owing that the most strongly marked, the most beautiful, if not the most interesting, historically, of the three sister provinces of Great Britain is not to this day but a certain extent of acres, like the moors of Yorkshire, or fens of Lincolnshire. That she does not possess claims of another kind, especially in her ancient national poetry, I am far from insinuating. On the contrary, although to my great regret not Cambro-British enough in my scholarship to enter into its beauties, I cannot doubt the fact so strongly avowed by the learned in Celtic lore that it is of a very high order. Even through all the disguise of translations, I have enjoyed starts of the *vis vivida animi* bursting out in some of her old poets, which do indeed “stir the heart like the sound of a trumpet.” But my purpose, in the first place, is to consider that taste for the antique and the picturesque which has been instrumental in drawing to our mountains admirers, visitors, and residents; and hence, if in no more exalted a light, must be regarded as a subject of some interest to all Welshmen.

THE TASTE FOR THE ANTIQUE.

There is an old, very false, very prevalent *scandal* against antiquarianism, as a narrow-minded, grubbing, fusty, dusty, ridiculous kind of pursuit or *rage*. An antiquary! What is the image conjured up even in *your* mind, most enlight-

ened reader of the Cambrian Quarterly, at this moment, by that word? Is it not a withered curmudgeon of a man, gloating on a long-buried medal or coin, his face as yellow green with bile and smoke-drying, as that of some old emperor or hero the object of his gaze, with rust, that precious green rust, which is of more price in his estimation than the treasure itself which it has half-eaten up? Ridicule, from the pens of men whose fame has given it wings to fly far and wide, has transmitted to us this caricature of their drolling fancy, as the *vera* effigies of an antiquary. Now, to my mental optics, that word raises objects the most opposite possible to that absurd and grotesque one. Venerable, deeply feeling, grandly thinking men, stand before me. I see Sir Thomas Browne, by a lamp, pondering over his urns, "dug up in a field near Walsingham;" I see the *antiquary* Lord Bacon, and the antiquary Raleigh, and far in the shades behind, the antiquary Pliny the Elder, all busied in exploring the past for their histories of Life and Death, and this World; I see the antiquary Spenser busied with it also, adorning it with the flowers of Parnassus, writing his "Ruins of Time," amongst the grassy Roman bricks and cement of fallen Verulam, down to our last *only* popular antiquary Scott, collecting his ballad antiquities among the dales and antique hamlets of Ettrick Forest. I mean that almost all great men, in the walk of *mental* greatness, have left evidence of this retrospective bent of mind. The past is the poet's own region as truly as the world of imagination. The calling of the true poet is to create; that of the antiquary to *recreate*; the same principle of proud pleasure stimulates both. But the latter enjoys the nobler triumph, inasmuch as to restore objects of curiosity or beauty, which were become, or fast becoming "airy nothings," to give back their places, their names, is a nobler achievement than even to give to "airy nothings a local habitation and a name."

The true antiquary is engaged in a constant strife against the two most terrible powers which besiege man and his works,—time, and oblivion; that time which saps and consumes, and that forgetfulness which buries all which man most vehemently desires to preserve or have held in eternal remembrance. A decisive victory over those enemies, in other words, fame, or immortality, is the very loftiest aspiration of the loftiest minds. The humblest pioneer in an army whose cause is rational and purpose noble, can never be mean or ridiculous as an agent; so neither can the man

engaged in the endeavour, however feeble, to preserve the perishable treasures of past ages. Let us contrast the character imbued with this conservative cast of mind, with that wholly free from it. Two persons come unawares on a castle ruin. One merely gives such casual regard to it as any singular pile, a fantastic modern house for instance, would attract. He is as impatient of a long stay and perambulation of its green skeleton walls and deserted courts, as the other is of his apathy. His companion lingers behind alone; he longs to learn who fought and conquered, and fell, in that fortress of a hundred sieges; he wishes to know the dates of them, the first founder, the last occupant. He descends into the green and damp pit, choked up with stones fallen from the ivy-hung topmost turrets, which was once the dungeon of some dark-minded absolute tyrant; and wishes he could know every captive's name and story whose tears and blood have moistened its floor of rock. This last is an antiquary in spirit; the former a commonplace man, whose mind is engrossed with the present, or a matter-of-fact man. I would ask which of these two persons exhibits a more exalted cast of mind? The one may be employed in some worthy mental pursuit possibly, but neither do I see any thing unworthy, any thing but what commands my respect in the solemn curiosity of the other. But, supposing the minds of both not preoccupied, it is probable that the contemplative man's is of infinitely greater reach, and his heart stirred by feelings far deeper and tenderer than those of the other.

A man of mean intellect gives his day to the world, that is, to his wordly interest, and his nights to forgetfulness; while one of a more exalted range of thought, steals a joy behind the back of day, (if we may use the expression,) which to him involves as deep an interest, though but busied about matters wholly void of self-interest, as the other's less generous, if more prudential, topics of reflection. For what more generous, even if romantic and fantastic, mood of mind can we imagine, than that which ardently employs itself, not with some living great man, powerful to serve or enrich us, not a robed monarch, or his minister of state, but the pale powerless dead; the monarch in his lead and sere-cloth, unveiled, by chance, in his ghastly resurrection after many hundred years' sepulture? If the mind which such discovery touches almost with the grand and startling effect of a supernatural visitation, as if the "buried majesty of Denmark" had actually appeared with the glimpsing moon-

light on its greened panoply, does grow visionary, does catch somewhat of the fine phrenzy of the mad, in their imaginative intensity; it need not excite wonder, nor ought it to tempt ridicule. "This is one ring of the very coat of mail worn in such a great battle by such a renowned prince," says the antiquary. "What then? 'Tis but a rusty hoop after all," says the *anti-antiquary*. And his retort is natural. It is no more to him, for he can no more conceive the deeply abstracted thoughts which hover round that relic in the other's mind, than the woodman, who lays the axe to the oak in the midst of the forest, can see those combinations of picturesque beauty which it helps to form in the eye of some pensive traveller at that moment viewing the orange and green autumnal foliage of its spreading top, forming part of that fine distant forest he sees hanging on the mountain side, and so longs to visit and explore. The mighty maze of ancient time, so dark, yet so picturesque, so inviting to the mind's eye, is that distant forest. To return from this digressive simile, to our imagined opening of a royal tomb; what can be more impressive, more morally sublime than such a rumination? To say—this is the very hand that fought fights which changed the aspects of this our planet, in relation to its grand tenant? this is the skull that girt, as with a citadel, the mind which thought them: or perhaps more delightful to memory,—*thought* a revolution in morals, that humanized whole succeeding ages, altering not only the physical world without, but the intellectual within us, to which all the interest of that physical is subservient? To encounter tangibly, visibly, beings of history or tradition, which have become rather names than things to us, is a surprise founded on the same tender, disinterested, fine feeling, which constitutes the joy of meeting one alive, whom we have believed long since dead. There are feelings, strong as life, or the horror of death, which yet are not to be reasoned on, and produce on man and the world all the effects of the most reasonable passions, which we never stay to question the reason of obeying. The desire of fame, of enduring, when we shall have long ceased to be in the thoughts and respect of beings yet unborn, is of all feelings the wildest, most unreasonable, and has produced the noblest and most important effects, of all feelings common to man's nature. He, therefore, who laughs at the antiquary for highly valuing the smallest genuine relic, has not reason on his side, if he has the laugh, so surely as he may imagine. The principle which gives it value is one no less grand, solemn, and mys-

terious, than the "immortal longings" of this globe's one immortal tenant; and whether the *nucleus* of thought be a spear-head or a cistvaen, half a stone coffin, or a whole battle-field's skeletons exposed from under our feet; one of our castle-ruins, or Tadmor in the Desert; that principle equally exalts all in the eye of the true antiquary.

Wales, remarkably rich in these fine remains, where we cannot travel far without food for such sublime conjecturings, has not yet, I fear, excited in her own sons a spirit of curiosity equal to that which has brought so many English visitors to the scenes of them. There are names of places of a mere stone, or solitary brook, of a shepherd dingle,—“the Stone of the Captive,” the “Poisoned Brook,” the “Hollow of Woe,” which are as indices to human histories, all lost, sealed for ever, except such fragmental index remaining to each. The curiosity these, and many more, excite in some minds is actually tormenting, and almost intense as that involved in the grand secret of our world's infancy, our being's purpose and end, of eternal life or death; all those never-satisfied questions, which, for an answer, must await the sounding of the last trump.

Yet, when some retired meditative scholar among her own natives, presuming that his countrymen, at least, will appreciate some curious discovery he has made, in their very haunts and “daily neighbourhood,” gives publicity to it, it is ten to one that he is met with the “what then?” of my imagined anti-antiquary; when he unfolds the map of their country, shewing the mutations it has undergone, or invites them to a solemn “feast of reason,” in some *carnedd* lain open, full of historical associations,—the invitation often leads thither those less nationally interested; the stranger will inquire the spot, but the native pass it by unsought; and farther, the imputation of being *dry*, will attach to the very vehicle of his valuable hint; the work, whatever it may be, in which he publishes it, without great care in the publisher to duly dilute his sterling ore with, at least, less sterling, or perhaps, even downright alloy.

The justice of this remark Welshmen are at liberty to impugn; especially, seeing that I cannot boast Cambro-British blood in my veins, but only Cambro-British partiality in my heart, I may be deemed unjust to their literary ardours; but the best mode of impugning it, I believe, will be by *proof*, not declamation, nor high-sounding flights of oratory at Eisteddvods; by following the example of our



Scottish neighbours, who, by encouraging enthusiastically the antiquarian spirit of the author of *Waverly*, and the high ambition in exalting the national literature of a Jeffery, have converted *Auld Reekie* into the Modern Athens, (the term is not wholly unmerited,) within the comparatively short period elapsed since the birth of the Edinburgh Review, and the first fame of Scott, when he explored the dales and heaths of Scotland for her metrical and traditionary *antiquities*.

That I may not be suspected of *ultra*-antiquarianism, let me here declare my innocent ignorance of those occult researches which I can value notwithstanding. The only relic in my possession is a very small portion of the internal network or *cancelli* of the os femoris (thigh-bone) of the renowned Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, once protector of the realm, now a crumbling skeleton in fragments, exposed through the battered lead of his outer coffin, and half-buried still in the black dust of his inner one, in a vault of St. Alban's Abbey. All my study of the antique consists in placing now and then, at midnight, this bit of mahogany-coloured dirt, part and parcel of Shakspeare's "Good Duke Humphrey," on my open book full before me. Then viewing it intently by dim fire-light, I feel the full force of association of ideas: his unhappy wife Elinor moves by in her penance-sheet, and taper in hand; his brother "Hal" revels in East Cheap, woos and marries in France; a baby-king—is crowned; the Red Rose and the White factions wage a bloody war, in my studio of some fifteen feet by twelve.

This, I confess, is the enthusiasm of a solitary or melancholy man; and it cannot be denied that the excess of this feeling may betray a professed antiquary into too strong a faith in the kindred taste of readers, it is so natural to believe those labours we delight in, equally delightful to all. And though it ill becomes a people whose country's chief claim to distinction consists in her noble remains, to complain of such "*amabilis insania*" in the devotees to antiquity, still it would not be amiss for Cambrian scholars to take a hint from the great reviver of Scottish ancient lore, and smear the bitter cup (since bitter it must be thought,) of antiquarian, with the honey of more seductive matter.

In opening the volumes of the "author of *Waverly*," under an impression generally received of his profound intimacy with past times and their lost treasures, we are surprised at the slight degree of direct antiquarian research we find there.



The touches by which he revives the picture of feudal manners, or sets before the mind's eye venerable objects, are rather incidental and sketchy than laborious reproductions. Whatever may have been his labours they appear not in the page, but by a light and pleasant interest, blending the past with the present. In the most delightful subjects we may weary by too recondite and unrelaxing a pursuit. We may perhaps compare that of antiquities, unworldly and imbued with such fine philosophic melancholy, to some romantic shady pool in the shadow of ancient rocks, such as Welsh landscapes present, by which we may lie most pleasantly, retreating from the sun and the world, and keep shaping all kinds of beauties, grottos, castles, groves, out of the aquatic masses and fretted stone of its profound and dimly descried floor; but if we will plunge in and dive thither, we stir up sediments that not only confuse our vision but render the whole disgusting.

But besides the excessive spirit of true antiquarianism, there is a sort of superstition in it that forms a very different character—the virtuoso, or pseudo-antiquary,—often confounded with the true, and is the occasion of all the senseless ridicule that has been cast on both indiscriminately. The virtuoso bears no closer relation to the real antiquary than does a fancier of tulips to a lover of nature, and thence of flowers generally, as a beautiful part of her productions and nothing more. The long-buried coin or urn, or half lost inscription, is not, *per se*, of any value to the philosophic explorer of remains, but as a symbol of the past,—a link by which thought may recover its failing hold, and grapple with all the interesting objects coeval with that otherwise worthless trifle. On his mind it has a similar effect to that of a single strain of music on ears exquisitely formed to thrill the heart by its means. The little melody may be but a snatch of some old fuller one, but it conjures up a thousand recollections; it seems to enchant this old working world around them, into a new—a milder one, a sort of fairy world of calm and repose, and a fine forgetfulness. To the virtuoso, on the contrary, the wormy or rusty relic seems to become of itself invested with ideal value, he hoards it as the thing, rather than the type of the thing, worthy of preservation; disregards, while he studies the hieroglyphics on a pyramid, the age it was reared and inscribed to commemorate, like the bigot, who while he hugs a crucifix, forgets the God it was designed to keep in his remembrance. The virtuoso explores his cabinet, the antiquary a departed world, for food for

contemplation. The one is self-possessed and busied about things rare, and prized but for rarity; the other loves to lose himself among the ruins of time: as a philosopher he feels his mortality, and therefore feels a deep interest in those pathetic monuments of decay, the few remains of the features of that departed world. Turning his thoughts within, he finds his own nature already a desolation. All his past loves, aims, and eager hopes, are become antiquities to himself—beyond the power of revival, all his spent hours already in the grave, and his prides—once so towering—as a flat and nameless tomb, now that they exist no more.

Exploring the history of the past and dead, he feels that he is but studying his own nature and reading his own doom, and he grows fond of his solemn contemplation, much on the same principle that a man, declined in the “vale of years,” finds a soothing in the observation of the decline of the year, and loves to walk the autumn-wood ankle deep in its fallen leaves. Without entering into, or even conceiving, however, this deeper feeling of association between man the short-lived—the fleshy grass—the “cut down as a flower”—the “full of misery”—man, in short,—the moral ruin, with nature in her beauty’s decay, and the pride of art in their ruins,—all may cultivate a feeling so little romantic, so plainly rational, as a curiosity about legacies of grandeur and beauty left us by our ancestors, that give such a charm to an *old* country; as also that kindred feeling which attaches to its natural beauties, which I have, perhaps, not fully expressed by the term of a taste for

#### THE PICTURESQUE.

This taste enjoys more popular toleration, at least, than that for the antique. Being supposed to imply taste as a gift of nature, which most are unwilling to be thought deficient in, it has raised a multitude of pretenders, but few devotees. It is difficult to conceive genuine raptures, in the scenic beauty of nature, warming the minds of the same persons who are content to let her spring and summer “waste their sweetness on the desert air,” for any thing they know or regard of her. The stupid doggrel tacked to extravagant caricatures, called the “Tour of Doctor Syntax,” was but a dull satire on the passion for the picturesque. The bitterest satire on it is the biped one, the man of fashion, who having hid himself from the beauty and the glory of those seasons, deep in the hot and reeking brick-forest of London streets, runs down to Wales, or to the lakes, smit with a passion to

see, the fall of the leaf, to enjoy the world's withering, to revel in winter and—the picturesque.

It may seem strange that so many should but pretend to an enjoyment, the reality of which is in every one's reach, with less trouble than the maintaining the pretence of it; a taste which costs nothing in cultivation, requires no study, no high talent, the finest food for which is every where; a common feast spread equally for every one who has eye to see and heart to feel, invitingly spread by day and by night, below and above, in the mild green brilliance of spring-meadows with their flowers, and the milder noon-day blue or intense night-azure of those inaccessible fields, with their pomp of clustering stars which we call the flowers of heaven; a feast which the ploughman and night-watching shepherd may partake with the prince. That the pretence to this taste is so general and the reality so rare, may prove that in a degree it is a gift not an acquirement, but by no means that its cultivation on that account is to be neglected. Every power of mind and of body languishes if unexercised; and my opinion is, that every one born, (provided there is not imbecility of mind,) is born with a susceptibility to nature's beauties, to be developed with other matured faculties, if not prematurely crushed by habits destructive to its exercise. A life of coarse and servile exertion for its very preservation, and one of frivolous dissipation, will equally leave it dormant in the soul, till it utterly dies away within it. Few can be by birth so prone-minded or perverse, as to prefer a fen-light to a moon, a boy's rushlight in his hollowed turnip to a king's palace or a whole city in a grand illumination. Yet we see this miracle of stupidity, not to say unthankfulness to the God of all gifts, daily and nightly, and in men who would be indignant to have their reasoning powers called in question. I see a man of the *beau monde* highly exhilarated by the brilliancy of a ball room, by certain lights of wax or cotton and grease, dangling above his head; and I see him walk home, lighted, not by torch or lamp, but by ten thousand worlds, wonderfully doing the office, and do not see him once lift his head, or his heart, or his hand above in joy or devotion; all his aim being, like one quite sated with those glories of the crowded room, to reach home, and carefully exclude these meaner ones by walls and curtains.

If we reflect at what a terrible cost thousands buy joys, not only inferior to that of the enthusiast in this state, but

deadly,—how the drunkard, the gambler, the ostentatious man, the courtly man, wear out life, gnaw their very hearts—devote their years to slavish cringing, and the endurance of insolences,—all to procure a *sensation* to their existence, which the romantic man (perhaps laughed at for his romance) finds with no greater trouble than opening his eyes,—meets in the next mountain, or mountain-river foaming,—or catches from the sod-roofed and wall-flowered hovel of his daily ride. I say, if we compare the innocence, the quietude, the sweetness of this emotion with so many others so dearly bought, can we despise this taste? Shall we despise it as a dreamy folly, or just smile tolerant of it as a harmless humour in even a full-grown man? There certainly exists a latent contempt for its serious indulgence, however the capacity of being pleased with Nature's beauties may be even matter of pride, and therefore pretension.

For my part, I consider this taste as a branch of education, only second in importance to that for virtue and honour; I desire to foster it in my children, while I am here, for sympathy in my pleasures; and that, when I am no more here, they may partly owe to me a pure, a gratuitous, an exquisite joy. If I cannot bequeath them estates, I leave them at least a sort of *right of pasturage* for the mind, which may almost vie with that all-envied mode of possession by parchment, wax, and seal; nor may it be wholly extravagant to exalt it above title-deeds. An acreless man with this capacity for fine enjoyment, sits him down under an oak in the finest old sunshiny park, by a blue stream conducted through it at vast expense;—he enjoys the shade of the antique patriarchal trees, the sweetness of the nibbled turf, the lulling charm of the caw of rooks round the distant mansion, all which its owner and his fathers have done to produce a delicious resting-place for life—he there reaps the fruit of, under that tree, without any troublous calculation how much of that estate is for ever gone in improving its beauty. Wealth can add nothing to his felicity, and poverty, short of actual suffering, can take nothing from it. The green tree he sits under is as available, *quasi* a green tree, to him, or the wayfaring man, as it can be to its owner. As so many feet of timber, the latter may indeed extract money from its fall, but it must fall or pass away from him to another before he can reap that only superior advantage. One bought with much anxiety, probably, and preserved with greater—danger of enemies, of elements, of flaws in title-deeds, above all of his own ruinous recklessness; to which

the inheritor of great estates is naturally liable from having never known the penalty of waste, nor the dread of poverty. He, on the other hand, who may be said to carry his title-deeds in his soul, holds all he luxuriates in by a tenure perfectly secure,—alienable by death alone, or some peculiar visitation of God, to which the owner by parchment is equally subject, in addition to all those other imminent perils.

His skipping deer, his fine water, his antique woods and rookery, his thousand sheep dotting all the mountain banks, all the wayfaring man sees, all he hears, as agents in his summer pleasure, do, *not* his bidding, but his utmost pleasure unbidden. If this appear a fanciful flight, I can say for myself that I have realized it all in *propria personâ*, while sitting, not in a park, but in scenes more congenial to my taste, on the mountain's side or top, in view of all the riches of the valley below; and since in myself, I cannot doubt that in others, it is quite possible to realise this vast property—in air, earth, water, woods, and skies.

Yes, in carefully fostering, if not sowing, the seed of so enviable a mental fruit in the young bosom, I think we are rearing a future, delicious, secure, and *securing* shelter and shade for the mind, when world-weary and faint, when persecuted by ills, when almost without other resting-place. Experimentally, again I can assert that, in the solitude of mind and soul, disgust of the world, and total estrangement from its hopes and almost its human family, this pleasure will survive and almost atone for all.

Mountaineers, certainly more commonly than others, imbibe, or are born with this fine sixth *sense*, almost worth all the rest. If not lost in the rude hardness of their lives, their habits are calculated to exalt it into the poetry of feeling. The high aerial solitude of the heights where they tend their sheep or cattle, to which the world below hardly sends up a lulling murmur, is congenial to it, and imparts a sort of spirituality, the calm of unearthly exaltation, that refines, almost as effectually as education, the manners of the true "*mountayne men*."

I often have occasion to take a mountain ride by night in company of some plain sensible man, but no "lover of the picturesque." Shut up in a hill-top fog by day, or in darkness by night, I pass very luxuriously the hours which to him are so wearisome, that even a sociable ass that would trot after his horse would be thought some company by him; for he even seeks mine, taciturn and apart as I hold myself

—not in sullenness, but simply because I have got much pleasanter company. They are equally his guests also, but to him they are invisible as spirits. If you ask what is the company, I say, keeps me comfortable, in such gloomy dreary day; I answer, it is the very lonely low farm hovel, of dun olive colour, just distinguishable through the haze, from the vast breadth of russet blank mountain-side on which it stands smoking. There is a melancholy, a wildness in its extreme solitude which makes its dead prospect *live* in the eye of fancy as a pleasure. Now that cottage, as an object for the mind's eye, is utterly invisible to him: or it is the dingy greenness and ghastly clefts opening to a precipice, the depth of the whole mountain, of the grotesque-shaped rocks that look so ruinous, crowning the steep breast of the hill along which we ride under their toppling frowns, as beneath the battlements of a tower after a siege: or it is the voluminous grandeur of that mist which makes it dreary, curling round the heights; or it is that very darkness which so glooms; for as we keep our mountain-terrace road, high above all the lower landscape, to us in the free sky with clearer vision, that darkness which envelopes all below becomes defined, visible; we look down upon a gulf of dense darkness shaped into strange forms by the profound dingles, in whose bottom generally some viewless river goes roaring, and, fighting oak and rock, sends up to our ears a sort of subterranean thunder. But, above all, the finest entertainment is the one solitary, melancholy, earthly star we see twinkle in the midst of a vast breadth of barrier-hill that shews like a mighty black wall, high as the sky—a cottage taper only—and at a great interval of the same black blank, another, as lonely, fixed, melancholy. That is solitude of life *painted* to the eye,—for what a vast space between those two human dwellings on that declivity of moorland! By day we might overlook many human homes lurking under rocks the colour of the olive waste around, and seeming to have heaved their earthen sides out of the sparry sod and still to form part thereof, like a mole-hill; but by those night-lights the number is defined—there are but two on the mountain. It is extremely probable that, on gaining some height, I shall be suddenly uncovered to the majesty of the mountains by their blustering officer, the wind, involuntarily as a Quaker in a court of law;—but away goes my hat, and my wild conductor is dismounted and dispatched in pursuit of the runaway. Here is a picturesque event to beguile the tedium of my way. Anon, a poetic fit follows the poetic situa-

tion, which, keeping one of those solemn little planets of the dark *world*, or moor, full in my eye, I give vent to, in some such unuttered *awdl* as the following :

TO A

MOUNTAIN-HUT'S TAPER.

Lo, on the mountain-bank afar,  
 Yon low lone melancholy star !  
 The darkness makes it look divine,  
 As those which on th' empyrean shrine,  
 Cross but the dingle's depth of night :  
 Behold ! our mimic world of light  
 Shrinks to a cold hill's earthen house !  
 That spark, which glistered glorious,  
 A rush—the Cambrian peasant's torch,  
 Which scarce the night-moth's wing would scorch ;  
 Damp den of poverty and toil,  
 What seemed Creation's peopled isle ;  
 Work of mean hands, of stones and sods,  
 What seemed a mighty orb in God's !

So many a high historic name,  
 Glorified by *our earthly* fame,  
 Throned on our reason's darkness, there  
 Shines like th' unsetting Polar star ;—  
 Pierce but Time's shade, the vanished glory  
 Leaves a mean mortal, foul and gory !  
 Dispensing, as by self-inclined,  
 Blessing or curses undesigned ;  
 As that poor light may lead, or save  
 Men to, or from, the quagmire's grave.

Such the mad mischief of *thy* part,  
 Fool Richard of the " lion heart !"  
 Such, Harry, *thine*, " *he*, wolf of France,"  
 'Scaped in a wicked war by chance,  
 For which e'en Christians dare to adore  
 Thy rash red field of Agincourt !  
 Nor shall e'en Reformation's wing  
 Hide *thee*, all lust and blood, oh, king !  
 Nor *thee*, e'en *thee*, from God's hot ire,  
 \*Gainst whom *Servetus* cried in fire,  
 Apostle of the rights of mind !  
 (Why leave that fatal blot behind?)

\* Vide Life of Calvin, and the fate of the learned Spaniard, Michael Servetus, his friend, who was roasted by a slow fire at Geneva.



For there's another—mightier fame,  
 With judgment, trump, and wing of flame,  
 Who other truer tales shall tell,  
 Till laughter shakes the hollow hell.  
 That *our* mad Fame once crowned with pride  
 A "lion-hearted" homicide ;—  
 This, feather-brained, because his land  
 He bloodied 'gainst a sister land ;—  
 Another—'cause his leprous blood  
 Proved the rank hot-bed of our good ;—  
 Another—pity drop the tear  
 O'er erring zeal, though truth severe  
 Must mourn, thus stained with darkest deed,  
 The champion of her own pure creed.

So far and wide may the picturesque-hunting mind be led a dance by a cottage will-o'-wisp! In the midst of this my quarrel with bloodstained kings, and love of mountain tapers; my reflections upon the madness of the wise, and the persecuting cruelty of all bigots, as exemplified in even one otherwise praiseworthy and whose very bigotry consisted in over zeal against the cruelty of persecution, *alias*, popery, I am suddenly dragged to this world with a cry of, "Stop, Mr. ———bach! my 'fold' be under this here rock's bottom," from my guide, and breaks in on my dreams, startling my muse that flits away heavily like an owl, leaving me to the lowly picturesque of a wild farm-house by midnight, buried among mountains. My chamber, whither after libations of tea I retire, is somewhat porous under foot, allowing my curious eye full survey of the rustic doings below, of a family disturbed, but using the night which is stolen from sleep for every purpose of day, boiling milk for cheeses, &c. A thatch, two feet thick, is seen bristling out beyond my lattice kind of window—the dim vastness of some cone of a mountain, standing defined amidst a chaos of others interolved, just appears through. A ceaseless roar of waters—the hooting of owls, and occasional sleepy squeak of a kite up in the cliff, serenade me very agreeably. I should quite forget the topic I am treating, should I stretch this digression to the waking at early morning in such a situation; to paint the pleasure of seeing from one's bed the gold streaks of sunrise reaching up to the top of the hill's great olive-lined breast, and shewing one of my host's shepherds already abroad in the tender light of dawn trembling into a lovely day, though yet veiled in silver mist. The night scene is alone to my purpose, which, however trifling, is a real tran-



script of pleasures derived from what would to most persons be any thing but a pleasurable occasion—a call from home to a distant house and rough night's lodging, through night, fog, "rare and dense," bog, ford, mountain, dell, with no companion but Nature and the wilder picturesque. If a taste for the varying aspects of Nature can thus render even her repulsion attractive, her melancholy cheerful, to those who have cultivated such taste, I think it will not be disputed that many of the minor ills of life will be alleviated by it, as surely as those incident to "life in Wales," and a professional journey by night.

THE LITERARY SPIRIT IN WALES.

Were we, on entering a mansion, to find it filled with the noblest antique sculptures, paintings, and curious remains of past ages; were its architecture not only of the grandest order, but almost every apartment identified with some event of high historic interest; tapestried and carpeted so as to deaden all harsher sounds than the fall of waters, and murmur of a forest, "imposing silence with a stilly sound;" in short, so hushed, so secluded, so grandly beautiful a home, as seemed formed to lay to rest every "fiercer, fouler passion," and to waken every nobler and gentler, as a fitting guest angelical to be entertained in that earthly paradise,—we should certainly say, "the tenant of this mansion is a man of fine feelings, tastes, and pursuits."

In like manner, on entering a land of landscapes such as Wales, one of sylvan and soft solemnity, of retreats that seem made as gardens for a saint or sage wherein to "meditate at eventide; one of stirring and proud recollections, of a patriot war of many centuries' duration—we should hardly be rash in pronouncing of its people, even if unknown, that they must be a literary people, must, at least, possess a national literature.

The transition from the deep delightful sense of beauty, is so straight and natural to the desire of perpetuating that delight, of keeping a record of rapture, evanescent in its nature, and whose objects are partly subject to decay, that they might almost seem a single emotion of the mind; so that great scenes and great poets (that is, writers of poetic elevation of thought) should be inseparable: as we see some pale green and gold-coloured insects, whose bodies are all delicate transparency, inhabiting a leaf of the very same tints of beauty, as if they were but vivified out-shoots

of their little father-land, of an inch of emerald vegetable silk.

The question arises, should we be mistaken in thus pronouncing on *primâ facie* evidence, and that analogy which seems to subsist between the nature of the soil and its human produce, respecting Wales? I beg to be considered as but delivering the opinion (perhaps formed on insufficient experience) of a single writer, *not* a native, in whatever remarks I may here put forth, and therefore, not in the least degree involving those of the Editors of this work, whatever theirs may be. It is of the nature of modern periodical literature to afford a sort of amicable *arena* for collision of opinions; not the furious fight, but the gay tournament, in which the hearts and minds of those opposed are not arrayed against each other, but only certain points of belief, derived from that variety of aspects under which every object may be viewed. Perhaps the manner in which truth is often elicited, through even the errors of each partisan, being thus brought forth for the cooler judgment of the third party, (the reading public,) is one cause of the vast strides made in public esteem by periodical literature of late years. It was recently asserted, in another periodical\* of wide circulation, that *the Welsh are not a literary people*. That assertion has been combated with much ability in this, but, as it seems to me, with more zeal than the occasion demanded, inasmuch as the charge (if such it be) is one scarcely derogatory to its objects, and, at all events, one which needs only a definite form, to be met by a definite reply.

That the Welsh are *physically* incapacitated for distinction in the Belles Lettres were an idea too absurd to be broached, if not contradicted by their past history, and present vivacity and ardour of mental character,—this, therefore, cannot be intended by the writer. Whether Wales boasts any living native author of lofty merits and celebrity, or does not, is a question of fact easily settled. That she contains, perhaps buries, many fine scholars, and men of modest genius, especially among her clergy, (a class whose range, by the way, is, from the top to the bottom, of intellectual dignity,) is a matter of fact not questionable at all. The only point that can be mooted, then, seems to be whether a spirit of literary enthusiasm is abroad in the whole Principality; such a spirit as animated the Scottish nation to hail and foster the genius of the few persons, who,

\* Fraser's Magazine.

about the beginning of this century, converted the northern capital (before more noted for certain odd characteristics than letters,) into a sort of emporium of literary commerce for all Great Britain? I should certainly, for one, answer, that *it is not*—that it is dormant, or, if awake, it is not of that active, earnest kind which *brings forth* geniuses, which must exist as the precursor of great literary births; just as a rage for military glory in a people presently calls up heroes who would have never been heard of otherwise. But for the impulse given in the direction of warlike glory, to the popular mind, by our revolution and that of France, Napoleon might have been at this day an honest notary in Ajaccio, and Cromwell have laid his bones, without name or fame, in that western world whither he had embarked to proceed, when detained by the monarch whose throne and life he was fated to destroy. The demand in the market precedes the supply of a commodity; the market where fruit is not esteemed, will not be the resort of excellent horticulturists. But of a fruit exotic, or neglected by those whose own soil would produce it if cultured, it is unfair to say, that they who never taste it, *want* the taste for it; for once tried they may relish it highly, and cannot, therefore, be charged with dulness or incapacity of their gustatory organs. So neither can the Welsh be *found guilty* of any mental defect for setting less value on mental luxuries than plainer diet, consistent with the wants and habits of a rural and agricultural people. How it may have happened that literature is not that prevailing resource in Wales—that pride, and that ambition which has long been in Scotland and England,—is another question; but I cannot regard it as other than a misfortune, not a fault, when any country is behind its neighbours in any exalting tastes or pursuits. But, however it may be as to the cause of such lagging behind, its effects must be uniform, in denying that open high-road, with pointing finger-post, and expectant crowds, and visible temple for a goal, which, in the forwarder country, at once directs the young high-mettled genius, looking all about for a fitting race-course, which way he shall run, and what shall be his reward.\*

We may compare a people among whom intellectual, at least literary, greatness is not much in vogue, (among whom genius must yet be indigenous, as well as elsewhere,) to a crowd at a fair, where no athletic exercise happens to be

\* See our note, at the end of this article.—EDRS.

going on at the moment of some brawny visitor's presenting himself, the first of wrestlers perhaps in all the kingdom. Wrestling being in no esteem, and all present occupied about quieter, possibly more useful, exertions of their power, not one knows that such athletic hero has been among them, when he has walked, and gazed, and gone his way. That such distaste for high talent in letters is, however, a certain deprivation, and possible great loss to a community where it exists, I shall venture a few more remarks to prove. But first, *does it exist in Wales?* I invite those who doubt or deny it, to visit the houses of persons moving in the same sphere in Welsh life which those do in English or Scottish society, on whose tables they will almost always find the popular periodicals and many of the recent higher works of the press, and they will assuredly find them not, if the respectable and hospitable owner be not actually ignorant of their very names. Yet who can doubt that, were the lofty place now assigned to letters in the general mind, where high civilization exists, duly impressed on sensible and even educated persons like these, that it would no longer be ranked second, or third, or fourth to wealth, and birth, and a good look, and a carriage? or that the relative merits and (if that were not enough) relative prices of the *Edinburgh Review*, *Quarterly Review*, *New Monthly*, &c., their politics, editors, and circulation, would not soon come to be deemed of some interest; as well as the prices and merits of pigs, and fat cattle, and wool, or as the circuit of a hare before the hounds?—Let me not be misunderstood. If it be imagined that it is the shaft of satire I would here direct, at least it will be evident that, with a child-like innocence, I aim the feathered instead of the barbed end, and tickle instead of piercing; for I am sure this preference of home and homely concerns to literature, will no more be deemed a fault, or its imputation blame, than if I had said that the Welsh prefer their own national dish of flummery to whipped syllabub. My only aim is to awaken that literary spirit which I deem asleep, to shew that it is not incompatible with Welsh life, habits, or interests; in short, that syllabub is *also* no bad thing, although flummery be a better. As to the causes which may have kept Wales behind her neighbours in the love of letters, there may be many, and not one other than honourable to her population. They are not factious, not restless, not would-be dictators, and, above all, not smit with that curse of many populous districts, *philo-legislativeness*, or love of tampering with the

laws and old institutions of their county. Not meddling with these may more than atone for their not meddling with letters, though their humility in the latter may be carried too far.

It seems to me, after much observation, that the middling, and some of the upper classes of the Welsh, are not perfectly acquainted with the present rank which literature holds in the world's mind. If we look at periodical literature alone, the change is indeed vast. Even into this century, what are called magazines were mostly lumbering bundles of crude effusions, where, mixed with a very few clever hints or letters on some subject of science or local curiosity, the staple commodity was a mass of puling novel or romance, spun out through successive numbers, vile poetry, charades, riddles, &c. &c. A surprising fact, when we reflect that, upwards of a hundred years ago, so great a man as Dr. Johnson wrote in one of these vehicles of rubbish for his daily bread, yet failed to redeem the species of veiling all sorts of minds to their proper goal. It was re-vehicle from its degraded, dirty, *omnibus* character, of conserved for the stirring spirit of the present age to seize on this mode of communion with the public, to convey the sentiments of minds more worthy of audience from his august majesty the reading public. Members of parliament now edit magazines, men of all ranks, from the middling to the very highest, expect with pleasure the new crop of thoughts or intelligence, or flights of fancy, which the first day of the month will present; and peers, and their compeers in high life, are proud to write in them, thus tacitly asserting the supremacy of *mind* over every mere human honour conferable by man, while they thus eagerly seek to surmount even the diamonds of the coronet with a sprig of laurel. That this is no more than plain truth, known to the whole reading world of England, will be allowed by every English reader, but I am much mistaken if it be known to what may be called the reading public of Wales. And, if not known, why should it be an opprobrium to a people that they are not a literary people; in other words, that they do still assign to letters as a pursuit, the same low place in their respect, which their forefathers assigned to it? Were it possible for a plain sensible old English yeoman to rise from his grave, or a sleep like that of the Seven Sleepers, only shorter, it is very probable that, as he walked London, his first thought would be to get shaved, seeing beardless chins all round him: the next movement would be to find the shop of a tonsor of the best repute; and, having heard

the names, he would look all about for Sir Astley Cooper's *pole*, or Abernethy's, or Lawrence's, expecting one very gay in the colours of the fillet winding round it, of course, and ready to treat the popular barber-surgeon with all due civility, and no more, provided his razors drew no blood, and they and his taper beard, when done, had the proper cut. Would he deserve ridicule? by no means. Tell him that the surgeon-barber of *his* day is the man of science and elegant accomplishments of *this*, and he will rectify his error. So let the Welsh understand that the "pursuits of literature" are no longer connected with garreteers, starving rhyme-mongers, pocket-book "Emmas" or "Lauras," or book-making by subscription, but with national honour and even interests, and assuredly the *amor patrie* inherent in them, will assign to those pursuits their due place in Welsh estimation. Vices, it is said, are but the fag ends of virtues; at all events, almost every fine quality has its *wrong side*, which is intolerably coarse. The *amor patriæ* has it peculiarly, and degenerates into a selfish, a low, a narrow, instead of a noble and enlarged sentiment, by misdirection. The feeling which makes, of an imaginary line dividing a Welsh county from an English one, a real barrier between persons equally British, living under the same laws, affected by the same interests, is anything rather than true patriotism. Yet, while the lower classes of Welsh avow such feeling, by designating English persons coming among them "*foreigners*," the upper, also, do certainly indulge, if not avow it, by the occasional deviation in favour of such odd topographical claims to respect or patronage, from the golden rule of every upright mind and guide of its wishes, "*detur dignissimo*." That a less competent mechanic is often preferred to a more ingenious one; a less strictly moral clergyman—to an exemplary one; a medical man, of neither science nor practice, a dangerous blockhead,—to one who has had every advantage of both; for no better reason than that the mountains, not science, "claimed him for their own," is a fact notorious to all who know Wales. Let the value of literary distinction be fairly exhibited as even a national object; and the same fervour of nationality which animates a Welshman in the above instances, even to a spirit of martyrdom, as in the last, where it is indulged to the very peril of health, life, and limb,—will surely be enlisted in the cause of advancing his country's pretensions to such distinction.

When a nation is merged in another larger, or more powerful; when it has no longer a distinct government, court, or



enate, it may still claim a distinctive existence through a national literature. Scotland, already alluded to, exemplifies this fact. It is impossible to walk the airy height of that rock on which old Edinburgh stands, under the battlements of her castle, and after climbing some of the dark and dingy alleys or *winds* of the *old* town, once Scotland's only capital, look down across the dry loch, over all the private palaces of the *new*, stretching almost to Leith—all the creation of very recent years, and not be struck with the magnificent results of genius duly fostered by a nation; for to literary, rather than mercantile adventure, is most of that creation attributable. We look in vain for any great source of wealth suddenly opened, any branch of commerce exclusively enjoyed, to account for the rapid elevation of Edinburgh; but we find a remarkable succession of great literary characters, drawing thither the attention of Scotland, of Great Britain, and ultimately of all Europe. As a natural accessory, typographical attended literary excellence, and her printing establishment invited even extra-national genius from distant parts. The Welsh have been noted for pride in pedigree, but that seems nearly extinct; it were a worthy exchange to substitute for it a pride in mental attainments. But Wales might copy Scotland with advantage in her first steps to eminence, in the point of frank admission of those traits in her character which, uncorrected, must for ever keep her behind England, Scotland, and Ireland, in this species of rank. When Smollett became famous, he presently called the attention of the sister country to his pictures of his native land and its sons, and did not spare satire where it was merited. His countrymen were too wise to resent this, for they knew that their foibles they could amend, after proving the means of attracting notice; but that notice, without the aid of his genius working on those materials, they never could attract. They were pleased to be made conspicuous, and built a monument to the memory of their satirist (for such he was occultly,) on the banks of his own Leven.

Another trait perhaps of Welsh character adverse to its exaltation, is that mistaken nationality already noticed. It is time that England and Wales should amalgamate completely, which by no means infers an extinction of the latter's noble tongue, or striking features, or manners of any kind worthy of preservation. The more Wales invites and rejoices in the tide of English manners, that is, *old English* manners, and the very spring-tide of her better literature,

(not her revolutionary press,) through all her mountain retirements, the nearer will Wales approximate to the rural happiness of what England was some sixty years ago. It seems to me that the remote situation of this division of the United Kingdom would admit the enjoyment of English literature, without the alloy of metropolitan corruption, cant, or sedition, would all influential Welshmen of mind enough for the task, try to render fashionable all innocent works of excellence emanating from the press of London, and encourage spirited imitations of them from native pens, for imitative must precede original efforts.

The man too proud of Wales to admit English literary innovation, appears to me like the shortsighted or perverse Egyptian landowner by the Nile, who would, if he could, raise a dyke against its overflow, forgetting that it overwhelms but to fertilize; and he, too indifferent to its honour to welcome or regard native talent exerted in such a cause, like the torpid possessor of a fine but parched meadow, who should let a never-failing spring gush out at his feet, and flow to waste, or to the sea, for want of a little channel, which, at a small expense and trouble, might conduct it over all its arid waste, quickly rendering it not only fragrant and greatly beautiful, but productive.

SENWOD.

*Note.* The writer's pen must be very faithless to his purpose if it conveys an idea derogatory to the national character of the Welsh, as implying an *incapacity* for literature. Indeed, the *self-condemnation* which this case would also imply, would alone correct the false impression. A province or a people has an art or a pursuit which becomes its characteristic; another, some different one—arms, commerce, or letters; yet each may possess full capabilities for, and even partake, the chosen pursuit of its neighbour. Thus, we call the Swiss not a trading people, and the Dutch not a pastoral people, well knowing, notwithstanding, that Switzerland carries on trade, and Holland has its herds and flocks. All that can be said is, that literature does not stand forth so prominent a national feature in Wales, as it has done for some years past in England, in Scotland, in Germany, and in France; and the reason is this,—that, while the peasantry of Wales evince an ardent fondness for literature, perhaps unequalled in Great Britain, her gentry, with a few honourable exceptions, are most culpably indifferent to the acquirement of scientific knowledge.—EDITORS.



## THE FAIR PILGRIM.

*From the Welsh of DAFYDD AP GWILYM, who flourished about 1350.*

BY E. WILLIAMS, THE SELF-TUTORED GLAMORGAN STONE-MASON.

THE charmer of sweet Mona's\* Isle,  
With Death attendant on her smile,  
Intent on pilgrimage divine,  
Speeds to Saint David's holy shrine;  
Too conscious of a sinful mind,  
And hopes she may forgiveness find.

What hast thou done, thrice lovely maid?  
What crimes can to thy charge be laid?  
Didst thou contemn the suppliant poor,  
Drive helpless orphans from thy door,  
Unduteous to thy parents prove,  
Or yield thy charms to lawless love?

No, Morvid, no; thy gentle breast  
Was form'd to pity the distress'd;  
Has ne'er one thought, one feeling known,  
That Virtue could not call her own;  
Nor hast thou caus'd a parent's pain  
'Till quitting now thy native plain.

Yet, lovely nymph, thy way pursue,  
And keep repentance full in view;  
Yield not thy tongue to cold restraint,  
But lay thy soul before the saint;  
Oh! tell him that thy lover dies,  
On Death's cold bed unpitied lies;  
Murder'd by thee, relentless maid,  
And to th' untimely grave convey'd.

Yet ere he's number'd with the dead,  
Ere yet his latest breath is fled,  
Confess, repent, thou cruel fair,  
And hear, for once, a lover's pray'r,  
So may the saint with ear benign,  
Sweet penitent, attend to thine.

Thou soon must over Menai go;  
May ev'ry current softly flow,  
Thy little bark securely glide  
Swift o'er the calm pellucid tide;  
Unruffled be thy gentle breast,

\* Mona, the Isle of Anglesea.

Without one fear to break thy rest,  
Till thou art safely wafted o'er,  
To bold Arvonias\* tow'ring shore!

O! could I guard thy lovely form  
Safe through yon desart of the storm†,  
Where fiercely rage encount'ring gales,  
And whirlwinds rend th' affrighted vales:  
Sons of the tempest, cease to blow,  
Sleep in your cavern'd glens below;  
Ye streams that, with terrific sound,  
Pour from your thousand hills around;  
Cease with rude clamours to dismay  
A gentle pilgrim on her way.

Peace! rude Traeth Mawr‡; no longer urge  
O'er thy wild strand the sweeping surge;  
'Tis Morvid on thy beach appears,  
She dreads thy wrath—she owns her fears;  
O! let the meek repentant maid  
Securely through thy windings wade.

Traeth Bychan,§ check thy dreadful ire,  
And bid thy foamy waves retire;  
Till from thy threat'ning dangers freed,  
My charmer trips the flow'ry mead,  
Then bid again with sullen roar,  
Thy billows lash the sounding shore.

Abermo,|| from thy rocky bay  
Drive each terrific surge away:  
Though sunk beneath thy billows lie  
Proud fanes, that once assail'd the sky.¶

\* Arvonias, Carnarvonshire.

† "Desart of the storm," the Snowdon mountains in Carnarvonshire.

‡ Traeth Mawr (Anglicè, Great Strand,) in Carnarvonshire, noted for its quicksands, and the sudden flowing of its tides; the passage over it is very dangerous, and not to be attempted without a guide, which, however, the pilgrims to St. David's did in those days.

§ Traeth Bychan, (Little Strand), in Merionethshire, a place equally dangerous.

|| Abermo, a dangerous rocky bay in Merionethshire.

¶ "Proud fanes that once assailed the sky." A very large tract of fenny country on this coast, called Cantre'r Gwaelod (i. e. the Lowland Canton), was, about the year 500, overflown by the sea, occasioned by the carelessness of those who kept the flood-gates; as we are informed by Taliesin, the famous bard, in a poem of his still extant. There were, it is said, many large towns, a great number of villages, and palaces of noblemen, in this canton; and amongst them the palace of Gwyddno Garanhir, a petty prince of the country. There were lately (and I believe are still) to be seen in the sands of this bay, large stones with inscriptions on them, the characters Roman, but the language unknown. This disastrous circumstance is recorded by many other ancient Welsh writers.

Dash'd by thy foam, yon vestal braves  
 The dangers of thy bursting waves.  
 O! Cyric,\* see my lovely fair  
 Consign'd to thy paternal care;  
 Rebuke the raging seas, and land  
 My Morvid on yon friendly strand.

Dyssynni,† tame thy furious tide,  
 Fix'd at thy source in peace abide;  
 She comes—O! greet her with a smile,—  
 The charmer of sweet Mona's Isle.  
 So may thy limpid rills around  
 Purl down their dells with soothing sound,  
 Sport on thy bosom, and display  
 Their crystal to the glitt'ring day;  
 Nor shrink from summer's parching sun,  
 Nor, chain'd in ice, forget to run.  
 So may thy verdant marge along  
 Mervinia's‡ bards in raptur'd song  
 Dwell on thy bold majestic scene,  
 Huge hills, vast woods, and vallies green,  
 Where revels thy enchanting stream,  
 The lover's haunt, and poet's theme.

Thou, Dyvi,§ dangerous and deep,  
 On beds of ooze unruffled sleep;  
 O'er thy green wave my Morvid sails;||  
 Conduct her safe, ye gentle gales;  
 Charm'd with her beauties, waft her o'er  
 To fam'd Ceredig's¶ wond'ring shore.

Foamy Rhediol,\*\* rage no more  
 Down thy rocks with echo'd roar;  
 Be silent, Ystwyth,\*\* in thy meads,  
 Glide softly through thy peaceful reeds;  
 Nor bid thy dells rude Aeron\*\* ring,  
 But halt at thy maternal spring;

\* Cyric. The patron saint of the Welsh mariners.

† Dyssynni. A river in Merionethshire, running through a picturesque country.

‡ Mervinia. Merionethshire.

§ Dyvi. A large river, dividing Merionethshire from Cardiganshire.

|| "My Morvid sails." It was usual for those (even females), who went from North Wales on pilgrimages to St. David's, to pass the dangerous strands, and sail over the rough bays, in slight coracles, without any one to guide or assist them; so firmly were they persuaded that their adored saint, as well as Cyric, the ruler of the waves, would protect them in all dangers. See the note on Traeth Mawr.

¶ Ceredig. An ancient prince, from whom Ceredigion (Anglicè, Cardigan,) derives its name.

\*\* Rhediol, Ystwyth, and Aeron, rivers in Cardiganshire.

Hide from the nymph, ye torrents wild,  
 Or wear, like her, an aspect mild ;  
 For her light steps clear all your ways ;  
 O, listen ! 'tis a lover prays !

Now safe beneath serener skies,  
 Where softer beauties charm her eyes,  
 She Teivi's\* verdant region roves,  
 Views flow'ry meads and pensile groves ;  
 Ye lovely scenes, to Morvid's heart  
 Warm thoughts of tenderness impart,  
 Such as in busy tumults roll,  
 When Love's confusion fills the soul.

Her wearied step, with awe profound,  
 Now treads Menevia's † honour'd ground.  
 At David's shrine now, lovely maid,  
 Thy pious orisons are paid :  
 He sees the secrets of thy breast,  
 One sin, one only, stands confess'd,  
 One heinous guilt, that, ruthless, gave  
 Thy hopeless lover to the grave.  
 Thy soften'd bosom now relents,  
 Of all its cruelty repents,  
 Gives to Remorse the fervent sigh,  
 Sweet Pity's tear bedews thine eye ;  
 Now Love lights up its hallow'd fire,  
 Melts all thy heart with chaste desire :  
 Whilst in thy soul new feelings burn,  
 O ! Morvid, to thy bard return :  
 One tender look will cure his pain,  
 Will bid him rise to life again ;  
 A life like that of saints above,  
 Ecstatic joy, and endless love.

\* Teivi. A large river dividing the counties of Cardigan and Pembroke.

† Menevia. In Welsh Mynyw, the ancient city of St. David's, in Pembroke-shire. The pilgrimages to this place were, in those times, esteemed so very meritorious, as to occasion the following proverbial rhyme in Welsh :

Dôs i Rufain unwaith, ag i Fynyw ddwywaith,  
 A'r un elw cryno a gai di yma ac yno.

And in Latin :

Roma semel quantum, bis dat Menevia tantum,

Would haughty popes your senses bubble,  
 And once to Rome your steps entice ;  
 'Tis quite as well, and saves some trouble,  
 Go visit old Saint Taffy twice.

## HISTORICAL NOTICES OF THE CELTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF PROFESSOR MUCHAR, OF GRATZ,  
JANUARY, 1833.

Continued from Vol. IV. p. 11.

FROM the regular manner in which the various settlements of the Celts were divided into large provinces, possessed by a particular clan, and those again separated into smaller departments, according to the statement of ancient authorities, it would appear that they had made considerable advancement in the political knowledge of forming departmental distributions with geographical accuracy; and it is manifest from Livy's account of the emigration, in the reign of Ambigat, that, at a very remote period, distinctions of personal rank were formally recognized. Many authors corroborate him; among others, Athenæus quotes the weighty testimony of Posidonius; for, in his description of the Celtic festivals, he indicates the strict gradations of rank observed by them, by assigning to the partakers of the feast, their proper stations, according to their superiority of birth, or wealth, or warlike merit: *μεσος ο κρατιστος διαφερων των αλλων, η κατα πολημικην ευχερειαν, η κατα το γενος, η κατα πλετον.*" Philarchus confirms this in speaking of the Celtic monarchs. Diodorus mentions Celtic nobility as a distinct class, and of their chieftains, the well-informed Strabo. Silius records the pride they attached to pedigree:

"Ipse tumens atavis, Brenni se stirpe ferebat  
Crixus."

Appian, also, has recorded the weighty influence bestowed by rank among the Celts: As Decimus was traversing the Alps as a fugitive towards Aquileia, he was robbed and made prisoner on the territory of a powerful Celtic chieftain, and inquired to what chief of that nation that part of the country or clan belonged,—"*ηρετο μεν, οτι Κελτων δυναστων το εθνος ειη.*" Cæsar says of the Celts in Gaul, "that there are only two classes of consideration and power, the first were Druids, the second those of equestrian order (equites,) the latter were nobles, the moving element of small states (civitatibus;) they were the princes and leading magistrates in each separate clan, were free both in person and property, and took part in public councils and transactions; among them were certain gradations of rank, the very noble ('longè nobilissimi.')" There is mention also made of free-

men, next in rank (*genere dispari*;) and of gentry, but of inferior station (*humili loco nati*;) and the train of adherents and dependents was in proportion to the rank and wealth of the individual (*ita plurimos circum se clientes habet*.) The nobility were those who possessed the largest extent of land, it was they in council had the power of declaring war, and to them the duty was assigned of protecting the frontiers of their territory; in war, whether against a foreign enemy, or in internal feuds, they all took the field, and this, before Cæsar's arrival in Gaul, occurred yearly. Polybius says that those chiefs were most in repute whose favors had attracted most followers, these were chosen men, and devoted to their lord; between them existed a mutual attachment, he says—“*sodalitatibus colendis maximè studebant*.” Such followers, in the middle ages, were considered as a component part of the family of a powerful baron, and, as among the Celts, were often of noble birth, but reduced to poverty, and attached themselves to a chief, at whose call their service, and even lives were offered. “The principal personages among the Celts,” says Diodorus, “have a select guard composed of indigent nobles, who drive their chariots, or carry their shields.” Pausanias observes more particularly, “each Celtic nobleman is followed in war by two of his dependents on horseback, who are versed in the science of chivalry (*equestrium artium maximè gnari*); while their lord is engaged in fight, they remain at some distance, so that if his horse happen to be killed, they can supply him with another; and, should he himself be slain, the squire takes his place in battle, who is again succeeded by his comrade, in case he be killed or wounded.” Pausanias adds, “he conjectures (*ut mea fort opinio*;) that this plan was adopted in imitation of the Persians; this mode of fighting is, in the language of the Celts, called trimarcisian, for by them a horse is called march (*equum enim Marcam appellat*.)”

Cæsar, in recording a particular fact which fell under his own observation, adds confirmation to the foregoing: “the Celtic commander, Adcantuanus, attempted to make an attack with six hundred men, devoted to his service, called *soldurii*: such men are by their chief allowed the enjoyment of every comfort in their maintenance, and should he be killed in battle, his select followers either expose themselves to a similar fate in war, or subsequently deprive themselves of life, and I have not heard of an instance that

any of these men have refused to sacrifice their lives with their leader." But, in another, he says, "Litovicus, with his adherents, fled, for it is unlawful for the Celts to desert their patron *"etiam in extremâ fortunâ."* Nicolaus Damascenus reports the same of the Celtic king, Adiatomus, with his six hundred followers, which he says are called in their language Silodouni,\* (*εθνος τριτο κελτικον τη πατριω γλωττη Σιλοδουνου, ταυτην εκεινων ενχηνη ποιημενων,*) upon all occasions they remained with their patron, and did not wish to survive his death, and they, in compensation, both in peace and war, enjoyed considerable advantages and privileges from their lord.

Upon some occasions the lower orders of the people appear to have had a voice in the choice of their rulers, for there is a clear distinction made between the general convention, and the assembly of princes and nobles; and it is evident there was a middle class of freemen possessed of hereditary property, and such men, on being reduced in circumstances, attached themselves to the service of a conspicuous chief, as *"clientes."* Cæsar says "the lower orders were not better treated than slaves, they were not admitted to assist at public councils, and when either embarrassed by debts, or oppressive taxes, or through the injustice of the strong, they entered the service of some chief, he regarded them as much his property as his slaves." Diodorus relates also "that there was a class of freemen who were independent of the nobles," and others assert that there were small land-owners, who paid taxes, but many of whom were compelled, by necessity, to acknowledge a dependence on the higher nobility, so that their situation was something similar to that of the Franklins of the middle ages. Polybius, in recording the settlement of the Celts in Italy, says, "at first they held council in secret, composed solely of the leading men, without the intervention of the people (*absque multitudinis consensu*);" he also indicates the existence of a middle class, who were occasionally discontent, and formed conspiracies against the higher (*seditione adversus Duces excitatâ,*) these were probably such as were not reduced to dependence, and continued in possession of their liberty. That class who were born slaves were numerous, but it would also appear there were others who, according to the Celtic institutions, were attached to the soil, and over whom a less rigorous feudal authority was

\* Quære Issel-dyn?



exercised. In military affairs that authority is clearly declared; in civil economy it is somewhat obscure; but it is probable that in this respect the same order of things prevailed among the Celts of Noricum as was established in the middle ages by the Franks in Germany.

Each separate tribe of the Celts formed into their *συστηματα*, was independent of the others, and watched with jealous care the preservation of their rights and liberties, and were united in peace or in war, whether against tribes of their nation, or against a foreign enemy; in places of importance they had magistrates (optimates) chosen from the nobility, they conferred together on the state of affairs of their particular district, or sometimes of federated clans. Strabo says, "their republics were governed by the persons of greatest consideration amongst them, (*Αριστοκρατικαι δῆσαν αι πλειεις των πολιτειων.*) In ancient times, a prince, and military commander were annually elected by the tribe, into which were admitted the common people, (*υπο τῃ πλειθῃ.*) "They have this," he says, "peculiar to such meetings, that, if any one interrupts him who is addressing the assembly, an appointed person walks up to the disturber of the debate, with a drawn dagger, and commands him to be silent; should he repeat the interruption three times, so much of his cloak is cut off with the dagger as to render the garment useless." A president to each separate state was elected by all, but the influence of the priesthood was considerably felt in such elections; they had indeed great weight in all public transactions. The office lasted for the space of one year, and he was invested with the power of life and death; he was a distinct magistrate from the military leader, thus we often read of a king of a Celtic tribe of the *reguli gallorum*, when several clans were united under one head. The Roman triumphs exhibit a king of the Arverni, Betulus; and Polybius mentions the kings Congolitan, Aneroestes, Comontor, and Cavar; and Livy mentions the kings of the Boii, in Italy. There were also among the Celts ancient families of the high nobility among some of the tribes, who for ages were admitted to the throne by hereditary right. Many authors mention lower gradations of magistrates, dispersed among the towns, and even in the villages, who enforced obedience to the laws. Though each tribe was united for its own particular advantage, this salutary principle was often, unfortunately, not observed with respect to the general welfare of neighbouring states of kindred ori-

gin, though we sometimes read, that a common danger, demanding universal resistance, prescribed the prudence of general assemblies of the Celtic chieftains; in such emergencies, indeed, unions were created of all neighbouring states, over which one chief was appointed to command as dictator, from which, however, instances occurred of the oppression of smaller tribes by the stronger, and persons thus elevated, usurping kingly power, (*simili ratione Vercingetorix, Celtilli filius, arvernus, summæ potentiæ adolescens, cujus pater principatum obtinuerat.*)

The tidings of approaching danger were communicated with wonderful rapidity, by fires kindled on the hills, which carried the intelligence from valley to valley, and was quickly reported through every village; in cities, particular regulations were observed on such occasions, established by long usage. A certain symptom of an approaching campaign was discovered in the summoning of an armed council, where each person appeared with his weapons (*armatum consilium,*) and every man capable of bearing arms, must, without delay, under the penalty of death, present himself. The leader of a tribe was, on such occasions, subject to the control of a council, composed of the nobles.

Express mention is made of taxes and tolls in the Celtic states, and all fiscal imposts were regulated with much exactness, the Druids were alone exempt from such demands (*neque tributa cum reliquis pendunt.*)

From princes, nobles, freemen, and populace, the Druids were a distinct class as members of a Celtic state. Strabo says, "among them are three classes which are held in particular honour, bards, soothsayers (*Ουαταις,*) and druids. The bards sing hymns, and are poets; the soothsayers perform the sacrifices, and study (*rerum naturam contemplantur;*) Ammianus Marcellinus calls them Eubages; the druids devote themselves to philosophy, and discourse on morals. Athenæus mentions the bards, or parasites; Diodorus makes similar distinction between the three orders with Strabo, who farther says of the character and powerful influence of the druids, "of their strict justice, there exists the highest opinion among their countrymen: public, as well as private affairs, are submitted to their decision; and they have allayed the tumult of war when armies were already in array. Causes of murder were always committed to their judgment; and it is thought that, when many of them are assembled together, they can confer fertility on the soil."

Cæsar records the great estimation in which Druids were held among the princes of Gaul, and of the formidable power with which they are clothed: "they are the priests; they assist at the public and private sacrifices; they promulgate the dogmas of their religion; it is to them that the education of the young is intrusted, they settle public contests and private strife;\* should any crime, or murder be perpetrated, or any doubt as to heritage or boundary, they are the judges, and pronounce sentence of reward or penalty; whoever denies obedience to it, they excommunicate, which is the severest punishment they can award. The druids are all subject to an arch-druid, who is held in the highest veneration; at his death a successor is elected who is most worthy of the esteem of the others: should several candidates appear, of nearly equal claims, a formal election is resorted to, and even sometimes the competition is decided by an appeal to arms. At a particular season of the year they all assemble near Chartres, in a sacred spot, which is supposed to be the centre of Gaul; to this place a crowd of disputants assemble from all quarters, to await their judgment. The druids are exempt from military service." Chrisostomus says that even crowned heads were subject to the influence of the druids, and could undertake nothing of importance without their concurrence.

The great advantages derived by the druids from their influence in the education of youth, and other very important circumstances, induced many to offer themselves as voluntary candidates to be admitted into their order; others were devoted to it by their parents: the novices are obliged to learn verses by heart, and some even employ twenty years in that occupation, for it is unlawful to commit such to writing, although, in the ordinary affairs of the world, or in transactions which concern individuals, they use, in writing, the Greek alphabet. This regulation is observed in order that their doctrines may not become too commonly known to the vulgar, and that their pupils, through the convenience of referring to books containing them, may not relax the tenacity of their memories. One of their chief dogmas is,—that the soul does not perish, but that after death it migrates into other bodies, which it animates. This belief engenders courage and contempt of death; they are well versed in the course of the heavenly bodies, they

\* Their courts of judicature were held in the open air, and often on conspicuous eminences, or on insulated spots, as Lindisfarn, Malvern (Moel-y-farn, Hill of Judgment,) &c. &c.

are acquainted with the earth's magnitude, and also with natural history; with the power and attributes of the immortal gods:—thus Cæsar; and it appears indeed from the concurrent testimony of ancient writers, that the druids applied themselves deeply to study. Pliny says, that they examined the hidden stores of nature, and the properties of medicinal herbs useful to man and beast, which they administered with magical and superstitious incantations. For complaints of the eyes, they made a preparation of savin, or hedge hyssop, with a snake's egg, or the froth supposed to proceed from snakes' mouths (*similis huic sabinæ herbæ est selago appellata.*) This plant is to be culled by the right hand, and not cut with an iron instrument; the practitioner must be dressed in a white robe, his feet bare, and having made a sacrifice of bread and wine before commencing his operations, he carries the preparation in a new napkin. This was a sovereign remedy against many disorders, but especially those of the eyes. The bards, or minstrels, inflamed the nobles among the Celts to intrepid adventures, through their animated lays, alluding to recent acts of valour of their contemporaries, or commemorating those of their ancestors: they were present at the revelry of the banquet, with the host on its march, at the onset of individual combatants, or the mortal contest of armies; often would they allay the fury of adversaries, or foment the animosities of foemen; they strove to perpetuate ancient manners, and the character of their nation; they were the recorders of extraordinary events, the historians of their country. Diodorus says, “*sunt et apud eos melodiarum poetæ quos appellant Bardos: hi cum organis veluti cum lyrâ cantant hos laudantes, alios vituperantes. Cum quis strenuè in acie pugnavit tum majorum, tum ejus laudes ac virtutes decantant. Poetæ tanti apud eos fiunt ut cum instructâ acie exercitus eductis ensibus jactisque jaculis propinquant non solum amici sed hostes quoque eorum interventu a pugnâ conquiescant, ita apud agrestiores barbaros ira cedit sapientiæ et Mars reveretur Musas.*” Marcellinus says, “*Bardi fortia virorum illustrium facta heroicis composita versibus cum dulcibus lyræ modulis cantitarunt.*” Of the extent of their historical poems, we may judge from what Cæsar assures, that some of the pupils of the druids could recite as many as twenty thousand verses, and Lucan says,—

Vos quoque qui fortes animas belloque peremptas,  
Laudibus in longum Vates demittitis œvum  
Plurima securi fudistis carmina Bardi.

Their histories were all transmitted in verse: they never composed them in prose—*carminibus antiquis quod unum apud illos memoriæ ac annalium genus est.* So very tenacious were they of national character that they preserved it even surrounded by foreign neighbours, as in Galatia, in Asia Minor, whither they were conducted by Lomnor. Strabo, in his description of them, there says, they were three distinct nations of Celts settled there, but speaking the same language, and similar in their habits; of these four divisions were made, over each was appointed a ruler (Tetrarch,) and a commander of the forces (Stratophylax,) and two lieutenants; the council of these twelve tetrarchs, consisted of 300, who were convened in deliberation in a place called Drynameton, (*Δρυναίμετον*,) probably a celtic word corrupted, as usual, by the Greeks; in later times, when the Teutonic race approached them on the Rhine, they maintained their customs intact, but their German neighbours adopted theirs, in many instances, “*tales eos fuisse intelligentis ex Germanorum adhuc durantibus consuetudinibus, confinem habitantes regionem;*” as we before observed that the Gauls were indebted for instruction in agriculture, and in the culture of the vine, to the Phocian colony at Marseilles, so were the Germans on the Rhine taught by the Gauls.

The wearing apparel of the Celtic nation consisted ordinarily of linen, or coarse woollen, (*sagum*;) the outer garment, reaching to the knee, was sometimes partially open in front, sometimes closed, some were worn with loose, and others with tight sleeves; long trowsers, (*αναξυρισχιωνται*,) by some clans worn fitting close, by others the reverse; a tunic, (*χιτωνες*,) some worn hanging loose from the shoulders, and sometimes clasped to the waist by handsome girdles: were there not existing authority of ancient writers which declared that there was a considerable variety of dress occasioned by the gradations in society, which were so marked among the Celts,—and the distances between tribes that occupied so vast a portion of Europe; still, the fact would be naturally conjectured. Those of the higher classes, and such as were invested with public dignities, wore dresses of varied colours, interwoven with gold or silver tissue; such stuffs were peculiar at that period to the nation, and distinguished it from others, “*Qui honores gerunt ii vestes tinctas atque auro variegatas usurpant,—auro virgatæ vestes, manicæque rigeant ex auro; Aurea*

*Cæsaries illis atque aurea vestis,—Virgatis lucent sagulis; sagula virgata, vestes varii coloris ferunt.*” And Pliny mentions “*Vestes scutulis (orbiculis in macularum plagularumque modum pingere) dividere gallia instituit.*”<sup>\*</sup> The lower orders of the people made a cloth of wool and flax, of rough and shaggy exterior, so as to present a formidable appearance, and so strong as often to resist a weapon; but the stuffs worn by those of rank, and by women, were of very fine texture: the Celts were celebrated for dexterity in weaving.

They also wore costly ornaments, chains for the neck, bracelets, rings, and girdles of beautiful workmanship—(*ος χωριος κοσμος Κελτοις*) “*Lactea colla auro innectuntur.*” VIRG.: “*Etenim et manuum articulos et brachia armillis aureis exornant; circa collum insuper grandes torques gestant ex solido auro, et in digitis annulos—nonnulli tunicas aureis et argenteis zonis cingunt.*” There were certain armlets for which the Celts were distinguished, as of a fashion peculiar to them, “*Viriolæ Celticæ dicuntur, viriæ celtibericæ.*” They wore the hair long, its growth was artificially encouraged, it was thrown on the back from the forehead and sides, and confined by combs, and often platted so as to present an extraordinary appearance; according to Diodorus. “*Calamistro capillos inflectunt a fronte illos ad cervicem rejicientes ut satyris aspectu puerisque appareant persimiles capillos arte efficiunt crassiores ut nihil differant ab equorum júbis.*” Some Celtic tribes shaved the beard, others wore it moderately long. The nobles shaved the cheeks, and suffered the beard to grow on the upper lip and the chin. (*Barbam quidem radunt nonnulli nutriunt parcè. Nobiles genas quidam radunt vero adeo sinunt crescere ut operiant corpora quo accidit ut cum edunt repleantur cibo cum vero bibunt velut per canale potus videatur inferri;*) the Celtic women, whose forms are universally extolled by ancient writers, wore a profusion of ornaments. It may be conjectured from some extant coins, especially one of King Balanus, that the men wore hats something similar to such as Mercury is represented with, on gems and vases. The Celts preserved their ancient costume in all their various settlements, and after the Roman conquests. (*Cœcina versicolore sagulo brachias tegmen barbarorum indutus.*) Polybius has left some notices of the

\* In Glamorganshire, peculiar plaids are still worn in different districts.

manners of the Celts, especially of those who penetrated to the North of Italy; he says, "they dwelt in villages not surrounded by walls, their houses contain little furniture, they sleep on hay strewed on the floor, they eat much flesh, they are herdsmen and warriors, they pay little attention to any other arts but these; their mode of life is the most simple possible; they make great efforts to become possessed of gold and cattle, in which their wealth consists." It appears, however, from other testimony, that they must necessarily have been acquainted with other branches of agriculture, besides the rearing of cattle, even at a very early period; for in the time of the earliest migrations recorded of them, it is said, they were unacquainted with the culture of the vine or the olive, but that they prepared a beverage from grain, barley, and oats. "Eo tempore cen vinum de vite noverant neque oleum quale apud nos oleæ ferunt sed vino utebantur ex hordeo aquâ macerato et avena graveolenti proque oleo suilla arvina, antiquata odore et gustu satis acerbo." Other authors speak of the high state of perfection to which they had brought agriculture, especially in the northern provinces, (*agrorum cultu virorum morumque dignatione amplitudine opum nulli provinciarum postferenda;*) not only were the fertile plains and vales, but the sides of the hills, and even rugged eminences cultivated; "*γεωργοι τα πεδια και της αυλωνας της εν ταις Αλπεισιν.*"—This is said of the Allobroges: "*Ventum est ad frequentem cultoribus alium inter montana populum;*"—it is known also that they were careful in manuring their grounds; they raised rye and a light sort of wheat, (*ex generibus tritici levissimum est gallicum*); they had also a mode of preparing grain which was not used elsewhere, (*galliæ quoque suum genus farris dedere quod illic bracem\* vocant:*) of some of the agricultural implements and machinery they appear to have been the inventors: "*Messis ipsius raten varia—Galliarum latifundiis valli prægrandes dentibus in margine infestis duæbus rotis in segetem impelluntur jumento in contrarium juncto.*" Thus it appears that a considerable portion of the Celtic people were devoted to husbandry, the nobles and others of rank abandoned such occupations, and engaged in wars; and preferred perilous expeditions and adventures, as more congenial to their tastes; their wives undertook the management of their wide possessions, which were cultivated either by slaves, prisoners

\* Brâg is the Welsh word for malt.



of war, or those of their own people, who, through insolvency or crime, forfeited their liberties, or by hired labourers. Silius says,

“Cætera femineus peragit labor, addere Sulco  
Semina et impresso tellurem vertere aratro  
Segnè viris quidquid duro Sine Marte gerendum  
Galaici conjux obit irrequieta mariti.”

The Celts had much skill, as being originally a nomade race, in the management of cattle, the principal source of their wealth. Varro in his treatise on Agriculture, says, “non omnis apta natio ad pecuariam quod neque Basculus neque Turdulus idonei, Galli appositissimi, maxime ad jumenta.” Among their stock was particularly conspicuous the numerous herds of swine, of great size and ferocity; they derived considerable revenues from the exportation of the flesh, in a salted or pickled state; they were acquainted with the art of fattening them rapidly, and sent them in great numbers to all parts of Italy; but none dare approach them in the pastures where they fed, excepting the herdsman: “tam copiosi autem sunt celticis pecudum et suum greges ut sagorum, ut salsamentorum copiam non Romæ tantum suppeditent sed et plerisque Italiæ partibus—Sues etiam in agris pernoctant altitudine robore et celeritate præstantes a quibus siquis non adsuevit accidenti non minus quam a lupo est periculi.” Of the tribe of Liguria (Lloigar) particularly it is said, “Vitam re pecuariâ ferè sustentantes et lacte ac hordaceo potu.” The Celts were much addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors, but, as in early ages, they had no vineyards, they used beer and mead: “Quare coacti homines potum sibi ex hordeo comparant quem appellant Zythum.”\* Julian sarcastically says,

“Unde quis es Liber? hic sit mihi Liber amicus?  
Non mihi tu notus, sed puer ille Jovis.  
Ille ut Nectas olet, tu ceu caper, an fera tegens  
*Ex spica genuit Cel.ica, vitis egens?*  
Hinc cerealis eras meliore jure vocandus  
Non Satus ex *Semela* matre sed ex *simila*.”

Wine was therefore imported by them in large quantities through all their settlements; they were so immoderately

\* Sudd is the Welsh for juice: probably cider comes from sidd-a-dwr, juice and water.

fond of it, that they drank it to excess, unmixed with water; and as Diodorus says, in their intoxication, either fell asleep or became furious. The Italian merchants deriving great profits, “*pincernam puerum mercentur pro vini amphora.*” At an early period, however, and long before the Romans invaded their country, they had learnt to cultivate vines. Pliny makes mention of many various sorts of grapes in Gaul, and their mode of culture, and even of the arts practised in adulterating the wine by the admixture of liquors extracted from other plants and herbs, especially the *Nardum Celticum*. As the Celts possessed numerous herds, their food consisted chiefly of flesh, both fresh and salted, which they generally roasted, or broiled on coals; cakes and pastry were in use amongst them from the earliest ages, as Athenæus has recorded in his description of the Celtic banquets: and Strabo says “*Cibus plerumque cum lacte est et omnis generis carnibus maximè suillis,*” pork was dressed in small earthen pots or on spits, “*juxta eos ignes fiunt in queis ollæ sunt et verua plena carnibus.*” They were, according to Pliny, the inventors of hair sieves; to these is to be ascribed the fineness of the flour with which their bread and paste, so celebrated by Athenæus, were made; he speaks of the extraordinary lightness of both, as arising from another invention confined to them of mixing barm\* with the flour—“*frumento in potum resolutò quibus diximus generibus spuma ita concreta pro fermento utuntur; quâ de causa, levior illis, quam cæteris, panis est.*” Generally the Celts sat on the floor at meals on wolf skins; before them was placed a small low table, “*super luporum stratis pellibus;*” the better classes, however, in Strabo’s age, used higher tables, and reclined on couches as the Romans: “*Sedentes in loris cibum capiunt;*” the description of the Celtic feasts taken from Philarchus, and Posidonius, referred to a remote period, when their manners were rough. The nobles gave public banquets on various occasions, to which the most distinguished for rank and wisdom were invited; and strangers, according to their birth or the object of their visit to them; young lads waited on the guests. Posidonius says they sat at low wooden tables; they ate but little bread, but much meat, which they conveyed to their mouths with their hands, from the dish, having first cut it with knives carried in their girdles; fish in considerable quantities was dressed by them with salt, vinegar, and

\* Barm is perhaps from *berwi*, to boil or ferment. Barm is *burym*, in Welsh, from the root *bur*, which signifies *violence*.—ED.

caraway-seed; oil they seldom used: they sat about circular tables, taking their places according to precedence of valour, birth, or opulence; behind the most conspicuous guests stood their shieldbearers, the humbler companions sat at another table; their spoons were of metal or of wood; the attendants served the wine in earthen or silver cups. Wine was drunk pure and copiously; their heads became heated, altercation, defiances, and desperate duels ensued; the foremost in station, after their meals were finished, drank first, from wide and shallow vessels of gold or silver; sometimes out of goblets or long horns, which were passed from one to another: "Consueverunt sumpto cibo ad verborum, prout casus intulit concertationem surgentes ex provocatione certare invicem nulla habita curæ vitæ." The kings and princes occasionally gave public entertainments, at great expense, which lasted several days. Posidonius records such having been given by Luerius (Llyr). Gaul and Philarchus mention that of Ariamnes in Gallatia. From the observations already made with respect to the distinctions in rank, and the separated clanships and possessions, it appears, that among the nobles and freemen each was on his own particular domain the undisputed ruler, and exercised uncontrolled power over his property, his children, and household, whether attached originally to the soil, or had become his by right of conquest. Of their natural dispositions, as to character, it is said they were open and cheerful, free from any propensity to guile or malice: "Natio Celtica ingenio simplici et nulla malignitate devincto;" and Hirtius says of them, "homines aperti minimeque insidiosi." And such was Cæsar's reliance on their fidelity, that he placed unlimited confidence in them in that most important battle against Pompey, for the empire of the world: they were naturally disposed to good, and desirous of improvement, imitating all they perceived to be such; so inquisitively eager for knowledge that they questioned each traveller and foreign merchant, concerning the adventures of his journey, and the remarkable things to be found in other countries, and so much were they excited by these narratives, that they were sometimes stimulated to great efforts in their own land, and to expeditions into others, "facile persuaderi sibi sinunt ut meliora amplectantur—letteris se dedere;" and that they were "genus ad omnia imitanda." Diodorus describes them as quick of apprehension, and ambitious of knowledge: "Ingenio acuti—a doctrina minime alieni." Strabo affirms they had a great partiality towards

the Greeks, (*φιλληνας αποφαινει τας ανθρωπους.*) Posidonius speaks with admiration of their hospitality and constancy in friendship, as does Val. Maximus: "Fidem amicitiae constanter praestandam arbitrabantur." Stobæus relates the strict laws of hospitality observed by them towards strangers: it was considered more criminal to slay a stranger amongst them than one of their own countrymen; for death was the sure punishment for the former offence, and exile for the latter: "Huic exilium illi mors poena statuitur." It is, however, objected to them, that they shewed considerable vanity in boasting; that, in their manner of expressing themselves, they were abrupt, indistinct, and often unintelligible; vaunting their own deeds and detracting from others' merit: "Sermine utuntur brevi et obscuro, ad jactantiam suam dicunt et ad cœterorum contemptum." Mela calls them "Gentes superbas;" but as the Romans had such bitter reason to know how well they defended their liberty, and had felt so deeply the vengeance they took for injuries sustained, they were perhaps inclined to judge harshly of them. With better foundation, however, do Greek and Roman writers ascribe to the Celts the habit of drunkenness; this passion had often proved eminently fatal to great enterprises in which they engaged; with truth, also, were they called superstitious. Mela says, "Gentes superstitiosas;" and Cæsar, "Natio dedita religionibus;" they supposed that the herb vervain and misletoe possessed miraculous virtues, they were used in divination, and were believed to cure diseases and reconcile friends, "febres abigere amicitias conciliare;" nothing could subdue their love of freedom; the intolerance of oppression and the contempt of death early impressed on their minds, are characteristic features; but also, their irascibility and dreadful acts of vengeance in predatory incursions, in which neither age nor sex were spared, especially when their soothsayers predicted that a female was about to produce male offspring: "Non Solum mares necare sed etiam gravidas mulieres occidere quas vates dicebant virilem fœtum ferre." The Celtic women were handsome and well-grown, (*mulieres habent speciosas,—Κελτοι καλλιστας εχονται γυναικας.*) Regular marriages subsisted; and Cæsar says, that on the husband's part, a sum equal to that brought as the wife's portion, was united to it, and bore interest; and that, as well as the principal became the property of the survivor; the husband had the power of life and death over his wife and children. When there was any suspicion that the death of a man of high station had been

violent, and that the wife had been instrumental thereto, the deceased's relations assembled, and instituted rigorous inquiry; if she were discovered to be guilty, a cruel death awaited her, and afterwards she was thrown on the funeral pile. The women had entirely the control over household affairs and education of the children; for Cæsar says, that they differed from all other nations in a custom of retaining their sons under their exclusive care, until they were of an age to go to war, and they would consider it a disgrace to suffer a boy to be seen by his father until he had arrived at those years; the energy of the female character may be judged by the heroic conduct of Camma and Chiomara, in Lesser Asia; they were celebrated for spotless virtue, the marriage bond was held most sacred, to maintain it unimpeached was their glory, (*pudicæ et mariti amantes*,) such importance was attached to connubial fidelity, that a proof was sometimes sought by placing the new-born infant on a shield in a river: "et foetum sic unda probat lectumque jugalem," *κελτοι δε κρινουσι γονον Ρηνοιο ρειθροι.*

The Celts passed much of their time in hunting; of this diversion they were excessively fond in all ages; their extensive forests offered them sufficient objects of sport; the chase presented opportunities of exerting their activity and prowess, and was a type of war to which they were so strongly disposed.

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**FRAGMENT.**

[FROM UNPUBLISHED POETRY, BY S. R. JACKSON.]

MOUBRAY'S banner glances there,  
Chester's garbs are gleaning far,  
And the crest of fiery Clare  
Glitters through the darken'd war.

Windsor in his saddle reels,  
Pembroke feels the spearmen's shock,  
And the blood of Dodingseles  
Curdles on the barren rock.

De la Zouch to earth is borne,  
And the men of Chester flee,  
Lacy's ancient flag is torn —  
Cambrians, on to victory!

## BRITISH NATURAL HISTORY.

## TRINGA LOBATA—THE GREY PHALAROPE.

IN the autumn of 1830 I visited the neighbourhood of Aberystwith. I had despatched my gun and pointers there, and having disposed of the business part of the trip, I accepted the invitation of a friend to partake of the diversion of shooting, at his casual residence on the banks of the river Dovey, about midway between Aberystwith and Machynlleth.

It may perhaps be necessary to describe the situation this gentleman has selected for carrying on operations as an amateur farmer. On the Cardiganshire side of the estuary of the Dovey, a tract of land, consisting of many thousand acres of soil, has, until within a few years, been subject to periodical inundations, which rendered it in a great measure valueless to the proprietors. My friend, in conjunction with several of the surrounding gentry and freeholders, at an expense of more than £10,000, has constructed an embankment, which effectually prevents the overflow of the river, and with meritorious exertions they are annually bringing into productive cultivation large quantities of the reclaimed land; still a considerable part of it is situated so low, and is of so swampy a nature, that it will probably ever remain the breeding place and resort of the wild goose, the hooper, or wild swan, and endless affinities of the duck, as well as other native and migratory fowl. In addition to the embankments, several wide and deep ditches intersect the reclaimed land. Having thus described the situation of my friend's sporting ground, I may now add, that I arrived at his hospitable residence at the close of a beautiful evening, prepared to do justice to a most excellent dinner, procured chiefly from the mountain heather and the pure flowing Dovey, the produce of his own domain, seasoned with the invigorating beverage of Cambria, immortal cwrw, and Oporto's choicest vintage, to my heart's best content, and more than all, an honest and hearty welcome. Having discussed these good things, and partaken of the products of Mocha and Canton, "those cups that cheer but not inebriate," I retired to an early couch, anxious with those anticipations of the morrow's success felt only by the sportsman.

In the early morning, you may imagine me fully equipped, —my dogs eager for the field: my first essay was in pursuit of partridges. Here the reader will pardon a digression, it is to publish a very curious fact in the history of agriculture. The extraordinary, I may say exuberant, richness of the soil, is so great in some parts of this reclaimed land, as to completely destroy the farmer's hopes, by producing an unusual growth of stem, and thereby exhausting the plant so as to produce very light and unproductive ears of grain;\* so rich, indeed, is this vegetable soil, that in order to destroy as much as possible its blanching and hot-bed properties, the experienced cultivator carries large quantities of common river gravel to its surface; yet it will require a long series of similar depreciating layers of stone, in order to adapt the soil to the usual purposes of arable cultivation.

I had three or four hours' excellent diversion, after scattering some fine strong covies, occasionally diversified with shots at snipes and hares; indeed, considering that the ground is unprotected by keepers and game-preservers as in England, it is surprising to observe the abundance and variety found here, and especially as regards the migratory visits of rare and curious specimens of ornithology. An instance of which occurred in following the game on this occasion: it was my fortune to observe a specimen of a bird then unknown to me, swimming along the ditches before spoken of; it required a good deal of caution to approach near enough to shoot with any chance of success, however I succeeded in doing so, by creeping on under cover of a rising ground. I fired, and, with the assistance of old Ranger, I secured the prize. It proved, on further inspection, to be a very fine specimen of the *Tringa Lobata* of Linnæus, and *le Phalarope à festons denticles* of Mons. Buffon; with some corrections I avail myself of the description of this particularly rare bird, given by Bewick, vol. i. p. 133. It is also called the Scallop-toed Sandpiper.

The bill of this bird is nearly an inch long, the upper mandible is of a dusky horn colour, grooved on each side, and flattened near the tip, the under one is orange towards the base. The eyes are placed high in the head; there is a

\* The effect of great quantities of decomposed matter in soil is strikingly exemplified at Waterloo. Six years ago, De Costa, the guide, pointed out to a friend of ours certain parts of the cultivated fields, where numbers of the slain were buried, in those places, though more than ten years had elapsed since their interment, the wheat and oaten straw still vegetated to an enormous size.—EDITORS.



dark patch underneath each, and the same on the hinder part of the head and neck. The shoulder and scapular feathers are of a fine lead colour, edged with white: fore part of the head, throat, neck, and breast, white: the belly is also white, but slightly dashed with pale rust colour: the greater coverts are broadly tipped with white, which forms an oblique bar across the wings, when closed: some of the first and secondary quills are narrowly edged with white: on the middle of the back the feathers are brown, edged with bright rust colour; on the rump there are several feathers of the same colour, but mixed with others of white rufous and lemon. The wings are long, and when closed reach beyond the tail: the primary quills are dusky, the lower part of their inner sides white: tail dusky, edged with ash-colour; legs black. The scalloped membranes on its toes differ from those of the red Phalarope, in being finely serrated on their edges.

This curious and pretty bird is a native of the northern regions of Europe, Asia, and America, and migrates southward in the winter. It has seldom been met with in any part of the British isles. Ray, however, saw one at Brignall, in Yorkshire; and Mr. Pennant mentions one which was shot in the same county. Mr. Tunstall, another, shot at Stavely, in Derbyshire; another was shot near the city of Chester, by Lieutenant Colonel Dalton, of the 4th regiment of Dragoons, on the 14th of October, 1800; and the last by myself in Cardiganshire, the one I have endeavoured to describe.

Highly delighted with my day's sport, having bagged four-and-a-half brace of partridges, three couple of snipes, a leash of hares, and, though last, not least, my little phalarope, I returned to —, where I spent another happy evening, recounting to my friend the hard-earned glories of the day. As no earthly pleasure is without alloy, before concluding, I must in candour admit, the cause of a considerable drawback upon the enjoyment of the day's diversion, it was the knowledge of the existence of numerous reptiles: the adder and viper tribes swarm in the heath; to say nothing of my own precious self, I was in a state of anxiety for the safety of my dogs. If a man love not his faithful dogs he is not a true sportsman, and what is more, I should very much doubt the humane qualities of his heart.

I cannot close this imperfect account of the grey phalarope, without offering, with all brevity, the result of my

thoughts, which must, as I conceive, when applied to all works of nature, arrive at one incontrovertable conclusion, namely, the goodness of Providence; how wisely has the Deity implanted instinct in his creatures! This phalarope is the fifth which is recorded to have been shot in the British Isles. Where could the little wanderer come from? who guided its solitary course over the distant tractless ocean? who could tell it that there was land, perhaps, many thousands of miles over the waters, suitable to its habits and necessities; and sustain it on its course, in the day, over the glittering expanse, or in the moon-lit night, or during the life-destroying hurricane? who *could* do this but the Almighty Maker of it, and us, and of all the world? Surely the wavering and irresolute need no stronger proof of Omnipotence and Mercy than the safe arrival, from distant countries, to our shores, of the delicate but beautiful little phalarope.

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WHEN THE SUN HAS SET.

[FROM S. R. JACKSON'S UNPUBLISHED POEMS.]

WHEN the sun has set,  
And the stars have met,  
And the moon is with them shining;  
When the wind sighs through those locks of jet,  
Round that fair forehead twining—  
I'll come to thee, then think of me,  
Nay droop not that we sever;  
Ere yonder star sinks in the sea  
We meet again, or never.

I'll come to thee, when midnight sleeps  
Upon the mist-clad mountain,  
Ere morn's cold eye its dew-drop weeps,  
At Winefreda's fountain.  
Then think of me, I'll think of thee,  
Nor droop because we sever;  
Ere yonder star sinks in the sea  
We'll meet again, or never.

## THE MABINOGI OF TALIESIN.

## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

IN selecting the romance here submitted to your readers, as a farther specimen of the ancient tales I have it in contemplation to publish, I have been principally swayed by these two considerations ; the bringing forward a tale whose composer or adapter, and the period at which he flourished, are known,—and the elucidation of the era of some poetical pieces, which have been generally ascribed to Taliesin.

In these respects I deem this performance of interest ; for no other work of this description, that has come under my observation, can be appropriated with certainty to any determinate period ; nor can a more satisfactory clue to the reasons for composing poems in the names of celebrated characters be required.

The compiler, Hopkin Thomas Phillip, wrote this piece, about the year 1370. He lived in Morganwg, or Glamorgan ; and his language is an interesting specimen of the Gwentian dialect, and an elegant model for prose composition. I, however, have reason to suspect that some of the poetical parts of this romance have been taken by him from some previous work of the same description, as the style and language would induce us to ascribe them to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries ; and some of them are attributed to Jonas Mynyw, or Jonas of Menevia, who appears to have lived at a period anterior to our author.

That this species of composition prevailed in Wales for many centuries we are well assured ; and we have an appropriate parallel to our present inquiry, in the declared intention of Geofry of Monmouth to embody the vaticinations of Merddin (Merlin) in a romance, which intention he afterwards relinquished, and published them in a poetical form, without the connecting narrative which he previously contemplated.

It is not unlikely some romance based upon the history of Taliesin, similar to the one under consideration, may have been known at the period of the first Norman lords of Glamorgan, and the language, by the lapse of time, may have become too obsolete for the facile comprehension of all classes ; and Hopkin Thomas Phillip may have modernized

the narrative prose, and given the best version of the poetry he could procure. This surmise is strengthened by the very numerous copies we possess of these poetical pieces, some of which greatly differ from each other, apparently taken down from oral delivery of the tale by various reciters, and which could not well occur if the composition was the entire work of a person so late as the conclusion of the fourteenth century. (The Gaelic *sgeulachds*, or scholia, which accompany the old Gaelic poems attributed to Ossian, and described as containing the achievements of Fingal, &c., appear to have been similar in composition to tales of this description.)

Of the narrative part but one version exists, and therefore it requires no observation. Of the poetical portion, I have selected those readings which appeared to be the best, and admitted of the most consistent translation. Many of these poetical compositions have long been known and admired as most happy efforts in the Welsh language; and the author, though unknown, as it is not consistent with probability to attribute them to any person anterior to the twelfth century, nor so late as the close of the fourteenth, must rank high among those gifted men who have been the most successful votaries of the British *awen*, (poetical inspiration.) These pieces, beautiful as they are, we must arrange in their proper rank, reject them as historical documents, and discard them as the genuine compositions of Taliesin, the bard of Urien Reged and Rhun.

The editors of the *Myvyrian Archaiology* were bound to give to the world all the pieces, whatever their origin, which were ascribed to the poets whose works were comprised in that collection, leaving it to the critic to elucidate the various styles, and pronounce upon the authenticity of the productions—this department was not within the scope of their undertaking, but it would afford a highly interesting inquiry, judiciously to investigate our ancient remains, as far as possible ascribe them to their proper era, and discriminate between the materials of sober history and splendid fiction.

With these introductory remarks, I enclose for your pages a translation of the *Mabinogi*, or tale of Taliesin.

IDRISON.

## THE MABINOGI TALE OF TALIESIN.

THERE was a nobleman in former times, of Penllyn, who was called Tegid the Bald, and his patrimony was in the middle of the lake of Tegid;\* and his married wife was called Keridwen,† and of that wife a son was born named Morvran ab Tegid, and a daughter named Creirvyw, who was the fairest damsel in the world, and a brother of theirs was the ugliest person among men, and this was Avagddu.

Then Keridwen, the mother of Avagddu, considered it as not likely that he should have reception among the nobility, from his being so ugly, unless he were endowed with some pre-eminent gifts or sciences; for this was at the commencement of the era of Arthur and the round table.

And thereupon, by having recourse to books of chemistry, she prepared to concoct a cauldron of genius and sciences for her son, so that his reception might be more honourable, on account of his sciences, and his knowledge in respect to the future state of the world.

\* This lake is near the town of Bala, in Meirion.

† The fair procreator: in the bardic mythology, an epithet for the first woman; and she was feigned to be the mother of Morvran ab Tegid, who escaped from the battle of Camlan, owing to his hideous form; and Sandde, of angel aspect, escaped by a way being made from his being taken for an angel; and Glewlwyd of the mighty grasp, escaped, as no foe dared to stand in his way. These three were the representatives of ugliness, beauty, and strength.

GWR BONEDDIG oedd gynt yn Mhenllyn à elwid Tegid Voel, ac ei drevtad oedd yn nghanol Llyn Tegid: ac ei wraig briawd á elwid Ceridwen; ac o'r wraig hòno y ganid mab à elwid Morvran ab Tegid, a merç à elwid Creirvyw, a thecav merç o'r byd oedd hòno, a brawd iddynt hwy oedd y dyn hacrav, sev Avagddu.

Ac yna Ceridwen mam Avagddu á veddyliai nad oedd ev debyg o gael ei gynnwys yn mhlith boneddigion rhag ei hacred, oni byddai arno ryw gampau neu wybodau wrddasawl: canys yn neçreud Arthur ac y bwrdd crwn oedd hyny.

Ar hyny y trevnai hi, trwy gelvyddyd llyvrau feryllt, verwi pair o awen a gwybodau i'w mab, màl y byddai urddaseç ei gymeriad am ei wybodau ac ei gelvyddyd am y byd à ddelai rhag blaen.

So she began to boil the cauldron, the which, after it should be made to boil, could not be suffered to leave off boiling until the end of a year and a day, so that three blessed drops should be obtained through the grace of the spirit. And little Gwion, the son of a yeoman of Llanvair Caereinion, in Powys, was placed by her to attend the cauldron, and a blind man named Morda to keep up the fire under it, with a command not to suffer the boil to break until a year and a day should elapse; and she also, through the books of the astronomers, and by the hours of the planets, being daily collecting of such various herbs as had some peculiar virtue.

And on a certain day, as Keridwen was collecting herbs, and the end of the year drawing near, three drops of the pure water flew out of the cauldron, and lighted upon the finger of little Gwion; and, from its being so hot, at the instant he put those three precious drops into his mouth, and no sooner had he done so, than he obtained a knowledge of every thing that might occur in future; and he was thus forewarned that his principal care must be to avoid the wiles of Keridwen, for her inventive powers were great, and out of extreme fear he fled towards his own country; and the cauldron was broken in two, because the whole of the steel was of a deleterious nature, except those three precious drops, and thus the steeds of Gwyddno Longshank were poisoned by drinking of the water from the brook into which the cauldron ran, and

Yna y daçreuai hi verwi y pair, yr hwn wedi deçreuid ei verwi nid ellid tòri y berw dân ben undydd a blwyddyn, hyd oni gefid tri devnyn gwyrthvawr o rad yr Yshryd. A Gwion baç, mab gwreang o Lanvair Caereinion yn Mhowys à osodes hi i ammodi y pair, a dall á elwid Morda i gynneu y tan dân y pair, á gorçymyn na adawai y berw i dðri hyd pan ddelai undydd a blwyddyn; a hitbau trwy lyvrau seryddiaeth ac wrth oriau y planedau yn llysieua beunydd o bob amryveilion lysiau rhinweddawl.

Ac vâl yr oedd Ceridwen ddiwrnod yn llysieua, ac yn gorçvanu yn agaws i benç y vlwyddyn, y damweiniai neitiaw a disgyn o dri devnyn o'r dwvr rhinweddawl o'r pair àr vys Gwion baç; a rhag eu bryted ev á darewis y devnynau gwerthvawr hyny yn ei ben; ac yn gytrym ag y gwnelai hyny eve á wyddai bob peth à ryddelai rhag llaw: ac eve a adnabu yn hysbys mai mwyav goval oedd iddo ystryw Ceridwen; canys mawr oedd ei gwybodau; a rhag dirvawr ovn eve á foes parth tua ei wlad. Ac y pair á dðres yn ddau hanner; herwydd y dur i gyd oedd wenwynig, eithr y tri devnyn rhinweddawl hyny, màl y gwenwynes veirç Gwyddno Garanhir am yved y dwvr o'r aber y rhedai y pair iddi; ac am hyny y gelwir yr aber o hyny allan Gwenwyn Meirç Gwyddno. Ac àr hyny Cer-

misfortune, and pensively placed him in a pannier on one of his horses, and at the instant he made the horse canter that only trotted before, thus conducting him so softly as if he were sitting in the easiest chair that possibly could be, and thus carrying the boy, composed the verses called "The Consolation of Elphin," with an eulogy, and a prophecy of honourable advancement to him; and the Consolation was the first song made by Taliesin, and which was to console Elphin on the way home as he sorrowed at the loss of the drought of the wear; and above all he was concerned that the fault and misfortune were attributed to him. The Consolation was to this effect:

Fair Elphin cease to lament!  
 Let no one be dissatisfied with  
     his own,  
 To despair will bring no ad-  
     vantage.  
 No man sees what supports  
     him;  
 The prayer of Cynllo will not  
     be in vain;  
 God will not violate his pro-  
     mise.  
 Never in Gwyddno's wear  
 Was there such good luck as  
     this night.

Fair Elphin, dry thy cheeks!  
 Although thou thinkest thou  
     hast no gain,  
 Too much grief will bring  
     thee no good;  
 Nor doubt the miracles of the  
     Almighty:  
 Although I am but little, I  
     am highly gifted.  
 From seas, and from moun-  
     tains,

aw anawd iddo, ac ei cymer-  
 ai yn brudd is ei gil; ac yr  
 awr hōno y perai i'r març ry-  
 gyngu, à duthiai o'r blaen, ac  
 ei arweinai esinwythed â phe  
 eisteddai mewn caderesmwyth-  
 av o'r byd; ac àr ei daith y  
 canai y mab yr englynion Dy-  
 huddiant i Elfin, gyda moliant  
 a darogan derchaviad iddo; ac  
 y dyhuddiant oedd er dyhudd-  
 aw Elfin àr ei daith adrev, o  
 golli tyniad y gored, am ei vod  
 yndristàr y raçaws; agwaethav  
 oedd ganddo weled mai arno  
 ev yr oedd y bai ac yr anawd.  
 Ac y dyhuddiant oedd vâl y  
 canlyna:

Elfin deg, taw a'th wylo!  
 Na çabled neb yr eiddo:  
 Ni wna les drwg obeithio.  
 Ni wyl dyn dim a'i portho;  
 Ni bydd coeg gweddi  
     Cynllo,  
 Ni thyr Duw a'r addawo:  
 Ni çaed yn ngored Wyddno  
 Erioed cystal â heno.

Elfin deg, syç dy ddeurudd!  
 Ni weryd bod yn rhybrudd;  
 Ni wna les gormodd cystudd.  
 Nac ammbau wyrthiau Dov-  
     ydd:  
 Cyd wyv byçan wyv gelvydd.  
 O voroedd, ac o vynydd,  
 Ac o eigion avonydd,  
 Anvona Duw dda i dded-  
     wydd.



And from the depths of rivers,  
God brings wealth to the  
fortunate man.

Elphin of lively qualities,  
Thy resolution is unmanly;  
Thou must not be over sor-  
rowful:

Better to trust in God than  
to forbode ill.

Weak and small as I am,  
On the foaming beach of the  
ocean,

In the day of trouble, I shall  
be

Of more service to thee than  
300 salmon.

Elphin of notable qualities,  
Be not displeased at thy mis-  
fortune;

Although reclined thus weak  
in my bag,

There lies a virtue in my  
tongue.

While I continue thy pro-  
tector

Thou hast not much to fear:  
Remembering the names of  
the Trinity,

None shall be able to harm  
thee.

The foregoing, with various  
other verses were sung by  
Taliesin for the comfort of  
Elphin, during his journey, who,  
on arriving at home, presented  
the contents of the pannier to  
his wife, who nursed the child  
dearly and tenderly.

From that time forward the  
wealth of Elphin increased  
more and more day after day,  
and he obtained the favour and  
love of the king; who, some  
short time afterwards, kept open  
court in Christmas time at the  
castle of Dyganwy, surrounded  
by his lords, both spiritual and

Elfin gynneddvau diddan,  
Anwraidd yw dy amcan,  
Ni raid iti vawr gwynvan,  
Gwell Duw no drwg ddar-  
ogan.

Cyd bwyv eiddil a byçan  
Ar nod garw verw mordy-  
lan,

Mi à wnav yn nydd cyvrðan  
It' well no thriçan maran.

Elfin gynneddvau hynod,  
Na sòr er dy gafaelod,  
Cyd bwyv wàn àr lawr vy  
nghod,

Mae rhinwedd àr vy nhavod,  
Tra byddwyv i'th gyvragod;  
Ni raid it' ddirvawr ovdod;  
Trwy gofa enwau'r Drindod,  
Ni ddiçon neb dy orvod.

Y rhai hyn, gydag amryveil-  
ion englynion ereill á ganai  
Taliesin, er dyddanwç i Elfin,  
ar hyd ei fordd adrev; ac yn  
y mán y rhoddes Elfin ei gaf-  
aeliad i'w wraig briawd, yr  
hon á vagasai y mab yu gu ac  
yn anwyl.

O hyny allan yr amlhäai  
golud Elfin beunydd, ac o gar-  
iad a çymeriad gàn y brenin:  
yr hwn o vewn dogn o amser  
àr ol hyn á oedd yn cynnal  
llys agored o vewn castell  
Dyganwy, àr amser nadolig,  
ag ei holl amllder arglwyddi o  
bob un o'r ddwy radd, ysbryd-

temporal, with a great number of knights and esquires.\*

In this assembly the following conversation took place: "Is there in the whole world a king so powerful as Maelgwn, and so endowed by heaven with spiritual gifts? In the first place, comeliness of person, and urbanity, and strength, besides all the energies of the soul; and along with these gifts, they say, the Father has bestowed upon him one eminent gift that is superior to the others altogether, which is, happiness in having a queen whose form and demeanour, and wisdom, and chastity, are qualities possessed by her in a higher degree than by all the noble ladies in the kingdom."

Besides this subject, they threw out questions amongst themselves, as to who was the bravest of his men; who had the finest and swiftest horses and greyhounds; who had better informed and wiser bards than Maelgwn. These were at the time in great esteem amongst the dignitaries of the kingdom; and at that time none were advanced to the office at present called a herald, except such as were learned men; and not only were they employed in the service of kings and princes, but were required to be well versed in genealogies, armorial bearings, and the deeds of kings and princes, as well in respect to foreign kingdoms as to the

awl, a bydawl, gyda mawr luosogrwydd niver o varçogion ac ysweiniaid.

Yn mhlith y gynnulleidva hon y cyvodes ymddyddan a dywedyd vâl hyn: "A oes yn yr holl vyd vrenin cyvoethoced â Maelgwn, ac á roddid o nev gymaint o voddion ysbrydawl iddo? Yn gyntav, pryd a gwedd ac addwynder a nerth, heblaw cwbl o alluau yr enaid, a çyda y rhoddion hyn yma á ddywedant vod y Tad wedi ei roddi iddo un rodd ragorawl, yr hon hagen à vlaena ár y rhoddion ereill i gyd, sev o vod pryd a gwedd ac ymddygiad a doethineb a diweirdeb yn rhinweddau yr ydoedd ei vrenines yn rhagori ár holl arlwyddesau a merçed boneddigion yr holl deyrnas."

Heblaw hyn y bwriesynt wy ovynion yn mysg eu hunain, pwy ddewraç ei wyr? pwy decaç a buanaç ei veirç ac ei vilçwn? pwy gyvarwyddaç a doethaç ei veirdd no Maelgwn? Y rhai yn yr amser hyn à oeddynt mewn cymeriad mawr yn mhlith ardderçogion y deyrnas: ac yn yr amser yma ni wnaid neb o'r swydd à elwir heddyw yn arwyddiaid oni byddynt wyr dysgedig; ac nid yn unig mewn gwasanaeth breninoedd a thywysogion, namyu bod yn vyvyr ac yn hyvedr ár açau ac arvau a gweithredoedd teyrnolion, yn gysdadl o deyrnasoedd dy-eithr ag o henaviaid y deyrnas hon; yn enwedig o hanes y

\* This was Maelgwn, who reigned over Gwynedd, or Venedotia, from A.D. 517 to A.D. 654.

elders of these kingdoms; and particularly as to the history of the principal nobility. It was necessary also, for all of them to be most ready with their answers in the several languages of Latin, French, Welsh, and English; and, in addition to this, to be great historians, and to be of good memory, and accomplished in poetry, so as readily to compose metrical verses in each of those languages.

And of these there were at the court of Maelgwn, during that festival, as many as four and twenty; and chief over them was one who was called Heinin the Bard.

Thus, after all had extolled the king, and enumerated his virtues, it happened that Elphin should express himself in this manner:

“Truly, no one is able to compete with a king but a king; however, let that be granted, and indeed if he were not a king, I might say that I have a wife equal in respect to personal chastity to any lady that can be found in the kingdom. And besides, I have one bard who is better informed than all the bards of the king. In a little time the king was informed of all the boasting of Elphin by some of his companions, for which the king commanded him to be confined in a strong prison, until he should be enabled to obtain true information in respect to the chastity of his wife, and also in respect to the talents of his bard.”

Then, after Elphin had been placed in a tower of the castle,

dyledogion pènav. Hevyd, yr ydoedd raid i bawb onaddynt vod yn dra pharawd eu hatebion mewn amryveilion ieithiau Lladin, Frangeg, Cymmraeg, a çeisoneg; a çyda hyn, yn hanesyddion mawr, ac yn govaduron da; ac yn gelvydd mewn prydyddiaeth, i vod yn barawd i luniaw englynion mydr yn y sawl ieithau hyny.

Ac o'r cyvrai hyn yr ydoedd-yr wyl hon o vewn llys Maelgwn gymaint â phedwar ar ugaint; ac yn bènnav arnynt oedd yr hwn à oeddid yn ei enwi Heinyn Vardd.

Evelly, yn ol darvod i bawb voliannu y brenin ac ei ddoniau, y dygwyddai i Elfin ddywedyd vâl hyn:

“Yn wir, nid oes neb à alla ymgysdadlu â brenin onid brenin; eithr yn ddiâu, pe na byddai eve vrenin, myvi á ddywedwn vod imi wraig yn gysdal o ddiweirdeb ei çorf ag un arlwyddes à gefir o vewn y deyrnas; a hevyd, y mae i mi un bardd à sv gyvarwyddaç no holl veirdd y brenin. Yn mhen yçydig amser y dangosed i'r brenin gwbl o vocsaç Elfin iddo. Yna y gorçymynai y brenin ei ddodi ev mewn carçar cadarn, hyd onis darvyddai iddo gael gwir wybodaeth o ddiweirdeb ei wraig ev, a gwbodaeth hevyd am ei vardd ev.”

Yna, gwedi doddi Elfin mewn twr o'r castell, a gevyn trym-

with heavy fetters on his legs, which fetters were said to be of silver, on account of his being of royal blood, the account shows that the king employed Rhun, his son, to prove the chastity of the wife of Elphin, which Rhun was one of the most lascivious characters that ever lived; for neither wife nor maiden escaped free from imputation, with whom he obtained but a short space for discourse.

And as Rhun was coming in great haste towards the mansion of Elphin, with full intention to debauch his wife, Taliesin told his mistress what he had long observed, from the conduct of the king in confining his master, and the way that Rhun had come with the design of assailing her chastity; and therefore he advised his mistress to dress one of the maids of the kitchen in her clothes. This the lady gladly complied with unsparingly, by ornamenting her hands with a profusion of the choicest rings in the possession of herself and her husband. In this manner Taliesin directed his mistress to place the maid to sit at the table in her stead to supper, and Taliesin contrived to make her appear like her mistress, and the mistress to be like the maid.

Thus as they were seated in the most sumptuous style at supper, as has been described, Rhun suddenly appeared at the hall of Elphin, and was joyfully ushered in, for all the attendants knew him well; and they

ion àr ei draed; a dywedir mai gevyn arian oeddynt, am ei vod o waed breninawl; yr hwn, megys ag y mae yr hanes yn dangosi y danvonws y brenin Run ei vab i brovi diweirdeb gwraig Elfin: ac un o'r gwyr anllatav yn y byd ydoedd Rhun; canys nid ai na gwraig na morwyn hagen yn ddiogan, o cafai eve enyd i ymddyddan à hi.

Ac vâl yr oedd Rhun yn dawed àr vrys tuag at lys Elfin, o lawn vryd o amcanu halogi ei wraig ev, y dywedai Taliesin wrth ei arlwyddes, trwy hir broves, y modd yr ydoedd y brenin wedi doddi ei arlwydd mewn carçar, ac y modd yr ydoedd Rhun yn cyrcu yno er llygru ei diweirdeb hi; ac am hyn, eve a arçai y gwnelai ei arlwyddes wisgaw un o verçed y gegin yn ei harçenad hi; a hyn a wnai y wraig voneddig yn llawen ac yn ddiamdlawd, trwy drevnu ei dwylaw yn llawn o'r modrwyau goreu à oedd àr ei helw hi ac ei gwr. Ac yn y modd hyn y perai Taliesin y gosodai ei arlwyddes y vorwyn i eistedd àr y bwrdd yn ei hystavell àr ei çwynos, yr hon y peris Taliesin ei gwneyd yn gyfelyb i'w arlwyddes, ac yr arlwyddes yn gyfelyb i'r vorwyn.

Ac vâl yr oeddynt wy brydverthav yn eistedd àr eu cwynos, yn y modd y dywedid, disymmythai Rhun i lys Elfin, y neb à dderbynid i mewn yn llawen; canys pawb o'r gwasanaethwyr ei adwaenynt

quickly introduced him into the room to their mistress, in whose resemblance the maid got up from the supper, and politely welcomed him; and afterwards she again sat to supper, Rhun being seated along with her; and presently he began to joke with obscene expressions with the maid, who studied to preserve the semblance of her mistress: and indeed, the narrative shows that the maid became so inebriated as to begin to fall asleep; and it is also stated that Rhun infused some powders in her drink, which caused her to sleep so soundly, as not at all to feel his cutting her little finger off her hand, on which was a ring with the signet of Elphin, which he had sent as a token of his wife a little while before. In this manner he did whatever he thought proper to the girl; and then he took the finger with the ring round it, as a token for the king of his having succeeded, by showing the manner how he had cut off her finger on leaving her, without her being awaked out of her sleep.

From these reports the king was greatly delighted; and in consequence he sent for his council, to whom he explained the whole of the matter, from beginning to end: also commanding Elphin to be brought from the prison, that he might be reprimanded for his boasting; and thereupon he addressed Elphin in this manner:

“Elphin, be it known to thee, and doubt thou not, that

yn hysbys; ac ár vrys wy ei dygynt ev i'r ystavell at eu harlwyddes, yn rhith yr hony cyvodes y vorwyn i vyny, ac ei croesawai ev yn llawen; ac yn ol hyn hi á eisteddes wrth ei çwynos eilwaith, a Rhun gyda hi; yr hwn á ddeçreuai ymgellwair drwy eiriau godinebus á'r vorwyn, yr hon oedd yn cadw ei hymddygiad ár ddull ei harlwyddes; ac yn wir, dangosa yr hanes syrthiaw o'r vorwyn yn vrwysg gymaint ag iddi ddeçreu cysgu; canys dangosa yr hanes yn mhellaç mai rhyw bylor á roddasai Rhun yn ei diawd à barai iddi hi gysgu gán drymed ag na theimlai hi ev yn tòri ei bys baç oddiwrth ei llaw, am yr hwn yr oedd modrwy insel Elfin, yr hon á anvonasai ev yn arwydd at ei wraig yçydig yn y blaen. Ac yn y modd hwn y gwnai Rhun à weles ev ei vod yn dda ag y verç; a gwedi eve à ddygai y bys ag y vodrwy ámdano yn goelvain at y brenin, ac y dangoses ddarvod iddo ev lygru ei diweirdeb hi, trwy ddangosi y modd y torasai ev ei bys, wrth ymadael, heb ei defroi hi o'i çwsg.

Y çwedlau hyn oeddynt açaws o lawenydd mawr gán y brenin; o herwydd hyny yr anvones ev am ei gynghor, ac iddynt wy y dangoses ev y cyvan o ben-bwy-gilydd yr hanes, trwy beri cyrçu Elfin o'r carçar, ac ei geryddu ev am ei vost; ac ár hyny meddai ev wrth Elfin yn y dull yma:—

“Elfin, bydded hysbys iti, ac na ammheua, nadyw ond

it is but folly for any man in the world to believe a woman in respect to her personal chastity, farther than he may be able to observe her; and that thou mayest ascertain how thy wife broke her marriage vow the very night last past, behold, here is her finger as a proof for thee, with thy signet ring round it, which was cut from her hand in her sleep, by the person that slept with her; so that, as thou mayest not have to boast by saying she had not transgressed in respect to her chastity."

To these words Elphin replied in the following manner: "By thy permission, honourable king, permit me to say, that I am by no means able to deny my ring, for there are many people who can identify it; but, in truth, I solemnly assert that the finger round which it is was never joined to the hand of my wife; for, in certain truth, it has upon it three particular things, not any one of which was ever upon either of the fingers of the hands of my wife, and the first of the three is conclusive, by the leave of your grace, wheresoever my wife may at present be, whether sitting, or standing, or lying down, this ring will not stick even upon her thumb; and you may plainly observe, it must be difficult to force this ring over the joint of the smallest finger of the hand from which this finger was taken; and the second thing is, that my wife has not been on any Saturday, since I have known her, without having her nails pared before going to bed; and, indeed, you can plainly see that the nail of this

gwegi i wr yn y byd goeliaw ei wraig am ddiweirdeb ei corf pellaç noc y gallo ev ei gweled hi: ac megys y byddo diogel iti na bu gywir dy wraig di o barthred ei phriodas y nos neithwyr ddiweddav, gwel dyma ei bys yn arwydd iti, ac dy vodrwy dithau amdano, gwedi ei dori oddiwrth ei llaw gan y neb à orweddodd gyda hi, a hithau yn ei çwsg, mál na byddai vost iti ddywedyd yn erbyn na thorasai hi ei diweirdeb."

Ar hyn yr atebai Elfin yny modd yma: "Cyda yth cenad ti, vrenin enrhydeddus yn wir, nid wyv vi mewn un modd yn gallu gwadu vy modrwy; canys y mae niver o ddynion yn ei hadnabod; eithr mi á nodav yn gadarn na bu y bys y mae hi yn ei gylç ermyoed wrth law vy ngwraig i; canys yn llwyr wir y mae arno dri pheth nodedig, yr hynerioed ni bu yr un o honynt àr un o vysedd dwylaw vy ngwraig; ac y cyntav o'r tri ydyw yn ddiau, pale bynag y mae hi yr awr hon, yn eistedd, ai yn sevyll, ai yn gorwedd, ni sava y vodrwy hon ar ei bawd hi; a gellwg weled yn amlwg vod yn anhawdd gyruy vodrwy hon dros vigwrn y bys lleiav à oedd àr y llaw y tòred y bys hwn oddiwrthi; ac yr ail peth ydyw, yn wir na bu vy ngwraig i un sadwrn er pan adwaenwn hyhi heb orthòri ei hewinedd cyn ei myned i ei gwely; a hawdd gweled na thòred ewin y bys baç hwn er ys mis; ac y trydydd peth ydyw, y llaw y tòred y bys hwn oddiwrthi á dylinodd does

finger has not been cut for a month; and the third thing is this, that the hand from which this finger has been cut has kneeded some dough of rye within the three days prior to this finger being cut off it; and I will confirm it as true to your goodness, that my wife has not kneeded rye dough since she has been a wife to me."

Then the king became extremely angry with Elphin for standing out so stoutly against him on behalf of the chastity of his wife; and on that account the king commanded him the second time to prison, saying that he should not be liberated from thence, until he proved his boasting to be true, as well in respect to the talent of his bard as to the purity of his wife: these were during the time in the palace of Elphin, making merry; and, in the meanwhile, Taliesin informed his mistress how Elphin was in prison on their account; but he desired her to appear cheerful, and explained to her the manner he would go to the court of Maelgwn to liberate his master. Thereupon she inquired by what means he would free his master; and then he replied in this manner:

"A journey will I perform,  
And to the gate I will come;  
The hall I will enter,  
And my song I will sing;  
My speech I will pronounce  
To silence royal bards.  
In presence of their chief,  
I will greet to deride,  
Upon them I will break,  
And Elphin I will free.

rhyg o vewn y tridiau cyn tòri y bys yma oddiwrthi; a mi á gadarnáav i eiç daioni çwi, na thylinodd vy lngwraig i does rhyg er pan ydyw hi yn wraig i mi."

Yna y sòres y brenin yn aruthr wrth Elfin am sevyll yn gadarned yn ei erbyn gyda diweirdeb ei wraig; ac o'r açaws y brenin ei gorçymynai ev i'r carçar eilwaith, trwy ddywedyd na çafai ev ollyngdawd oddiyno, nes iddo brovi ei vocsaç yn wir, yn gystal am gyweirdeb ei vardd ac am gyweirdeb ei wraig: y rhai hyn er hyd yr amser yma á oeddynt yn llys Elfin yn gwn-euthur yn llawen; ac o vewn y pryd y dangosai Taliesin i ei arlwyddes y modd yr ydoedd Elfin mewn carçar o eu haçaws hwynt; eithr erçis eve y byddai ei arlwyddes yn llawen, trwy ddangosi iddi y modd yr elai ev i lys Maelgwn i ryddáu ei arlwydd. Ac yna y govynai hi iddo, pa ddelw y gollyngai eve ei arlwydd yn rhydd; ac yntau á atebai yn y dull yma:

"Pedestrig á wnav,  
Ac i'r porth y deuav,  
Y neuadd á gyrçav,  
Ym cerdd á gauav,  
Ym gwawd á draethav,  
A beirdd gwaharddav.  
Ger bron y pènav,  
Gogyvarç á wnav,  
Arnynt mi dòrav,  
Elfin á ryddâav.



it is but folly for any man in the world to believe a woman in respect to her personal chastity, farther than he may be able to observe her; and that thou mayest ascertain how thy wife broke her marriage vow the very night last past, behold, here is her finger as a proof for thee, with thy signet ring round it, which was cut from her hand in her sleep, by the person that slept with her; so that, as thou mayest not have to boast by saying she had not transgressed in respect to her chastity."

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ounce  
As.  
chief,  
le,  
break,  
all free.

" Pedestrig á wnar,  
Ac i'r porth y deuar,  
Y neuadd á gwaçar,  
Ym cerdd á çamar,  
Ym gward a draçnar,  
A beirdd gwairnar,  
Ger broç y çamar,  
Gogwær a wær,  
Aruær ni çær,  
Elfin a çærær

Should contention arise,  
In presence of the prince,  
With summons to the bards  
For the sweet-flowing song,  
And wizards' posing lore  
And wisdom of Druids.

In the court of the sons of  
the distributor  
Some are who did appear  
Intent on wily schemes,  
By craft and tricking means,  
In pangs of affliction  
To wrong the innocent.  
Let the fools be silent,  
As erst in Badon's fight,—  
With Arthur of liberal ones  
The head, with long red  
blades ;  
Through feats of testy men,  
And a chief with his foes.  
Woe be to them, the fools,  
When revenge comes on them.

I, Taliesin, chief of bards,  
With sapient druids' words,  
Will set kind Elphin free  
From haughty tyrant's bonds.  
To their fell and chilling cry,  
By the act of a surprising  
steed,  
From the far distant North,  
There soon shall be an end.  
Let neither grace nor health  
Be to Maelgwn Gwynedd,  
For this force and this wrong ;  
And be extremes of ills  
And an avenged end  
To Rhun and all his race :  
Short be his course of life,  
Be all his lands laid waste ;  
And long exile be assigned  
To Maelgwn Gwynedd !”

Having spoken thus, Taliesin took leave of his mistress ; and at length he arrived at the court of Maelgwn, who, in royal state, was about entering the hall to

Pan ddel amryson  
Yn ngwydd y teyrnon,  
A gwys i'r beirddion  
Am y gerdd gyson,  
A phwyll dewinion,  
A doeth dderwyddon.

Yn llys meibion dewon  
Mae rhai à rithiason',  
O gyvrwys ddiçellion,  
Ac ystrywgar voddion,  
O ovidiau gloesion,  
Am gamwedd y gwirion.  
Tawent yr ynvydion,  
Mâl pan vu gwaith Baddon,  
Rhag Arthur ben haelion,  
A llavnau hir-goçion ;  
O waith gwyr govwynion  
Gwaith rhi àr ei alon.  
Gwae hwynt yr ynvydion,  
Pan ddelo dialon.

Mi Taliesin ben beirddion,  
A doeth eiriau derwyddon,  
A ollwng Elfin dirion  
O garçar tra-beilç trawsion.  
Eu gorwyrain waedd aredd,  
O weithred gorwydd rhy-  
vedd,  
O vaith bellder y gogledd,  
Hwn á wna arnynt ddiwedd.  
Na bo rad na gwedd  
Ar Vaelgwn Gwynedd,  
Am drais a çamwedd,  
A mawr gywrysedd,  
A dial ddiwedd  
Ar Run a'i tivedd ;  
Bid vyr ei vuçedd,  
A difaith diredd ;  
Bid hir ddivroedd  
Ar Vaelgwn Gwynedd !”

Gwedi gwedyd vâl hyn, Taliesin á gymerai ei genad gàn ei arlwyddes ; ac yn y diwedd y cyrçai lys Maelgwn, y neb oedd yn ei radd vreninawl yn

dinner, in the manner usual with kings and princes, on every high festival in that age. And just as Taliesin had come into the hall, he observed there was room for him in an unfrequented place near where the bards and minstrels were wont to repair to perform their service and devotion to the king, as is still customary in proclaiming largess upon high festivals. So the time was now arrived for the bards or the heralds to proclaim the largess and liberality of the king; and these came towards the place where Taliesin was squatting in a corner, who stretched out his lip after them, and on it he played "blab blab" with his finger; they took not much notice of him in passing, but walked on till they came before the king, to whom they made their obeysance with their bodies, as it was proper for them to do, without uttering a single word, but extending out their lips and mouthing at the king, playing "blab blab" with their fingers and lips, as they had seen the boy doing before, which sight filled the king with wonder and amazement, supposing them to be drunk, owing to a profusion of liquors; therefore he desired one of the lords that ministered at his table to go to them, to request that they would call to mind where they were standing, and how they ought to conduct themselves. This he did with pleasure; but they were not prevailed upon to desist from their folly. On that account, he sent the second and the third time, and ordered them to leave the hall. At length the

myned i eistedd yn y neuadd at ei giniaw, màl yr arverynt vreninoedd a thywysogion ei wneyd àr bob gwyl uçel yn yr oes hòno. Ac yn gytrym ag i Daliesin ddawed i vewn y neuadd y gwelai vàn iddo mewn cornel ddisathr, àr y neilldu y lle y gorvyddai àr y beirdd ac y cler ddawed i wneyd eu gwasanaeth ac eu dyl àr agosion y brenin, megys y mae arverawl eto mewn llysoedd o gyhoeddi helaethiant àr uçel-wyliau. Ac evelly y delai yr amser i veirdd neu arwyddiaid gyrçu i gyhoeddi haelioni a gallu y brenin ac ei nerth; y rhai hyn á ddoynt gèr y gilvaç yr ydoedd Taliesin yn crwciaw ynddi, yr hwn á estynai ei wevl yn eu hol hwynt, gàn çware ag ei vys blerwm blerwm àr ei wevl wrth y sawl ni ddalynt vawr o sulw wrth vyned heibio iddo, eithr cerdded rhagynt oni ddelynt wy gèr bron y brenin, i wneyd iddo eu moes gàn ymgrymu, màl yr oedd iawn iddynt, ond heb ddywedyd un gair, eithr estynu eu gwevlau a mingàmu àr y brenin, trwy çware blerwm blerwm àr eu gwevlau ag eu bysedd, àr y dull y gwelynt wy y baçgen yn ei wneyd yn y blaen; y vath olwg á berai i'r brenin ryveddu a synu ynddo ei hun, o dybu eu bod hwynt wedi meddwi o amllder gwirodau; o herwydd hyny y goryçymynai eve i un o ei arlwyddi yn gwasanaethu iddo vyned atynt ac erçi iddynt alw àr gov ac ystyriaw màn yr oeddynt yn sevyll, a pha à ddyleynt ei wneyd; a hyny á wnelai yr arlwydd yn llawen; eithr nid

king desired one of the 'squires to give a blow to the chief of them, who was called Heinin the Bard; then the 'squire took a broom and struck him on his head so that he fell back on his breech, whence he got up on his knees, and then he besought the king's grace for permission to show him that such inadvertence did not arise from neglect, nor from want of thought, nor from ebriety, but from the power of some spirit that was within the hall; and in addition to this Heinin spoke as follows :

“ Illustrious king, be it known to your grace, it is not from the effect of a profusion of liquors that we are dumb, and seem as drunken men, but through the impulse of a spirit sitting in yonder corner in the form of a child.”

From that spot the king commanded a 'squire to fetch him, and who went into the corner where Taliesin was sitting, and thence brought him into the presence of the king, who asked him what he was, and from whence he came. Then Taliesin answered him satirically, as is seen here.—

oedd gynt iddynt beidiaw ag eu gorwegi; am hyny yr anvones y brenin yr eilwaith ac y drydedd i erçi yr elynt allan; ac yn y diwedd yr erçis ev i un o'r ysweiniaid rod di dŷrnawd i'r pènav onaddynt, y neb à elwid Heinin Vardd; yna y cymerai yr yswain ysgubell ac ei tarawai àr ei ben, màl y syrthiai yn ei eistedd àr ei din; ac yna y cyvodes ev àr ei liniau, ac yr arçai nawdd y brenin ac ei gènad er y dangosai iddo nad ydoedd y gwall hwna arnynt o eisiau gwybod-aeth, nac o veddwawd, namyn o rinwedd rhyw ysbryd à oedd yn y neuadd; ac yn ol hyny dywedai Heinin vâl hyn :

“ O vrenin enrhydeddus, bydded hysbys iti, nad o angerdd cyfeithder gormoddion wirodau yr ydym ni yn vudion heb allu ymddyddan ac vâl dynion mudion, namyn o rinwedd ysbryd sydd yn eistedd yn y gornel acw àr rith dyn baç.”

Gorçymynai y brenin i yswain ei gyrçu ev, ac hwnw á elai at y vàn yr oedd Taliesin yn eistedd, ac ei dygai eve oddiyno at y brenin; a holai y brenin pa beth ev, ac o ba le y daethai. Yntau à atebai àr wawd, màl y gwelir yma.—

*(To be continued.)*

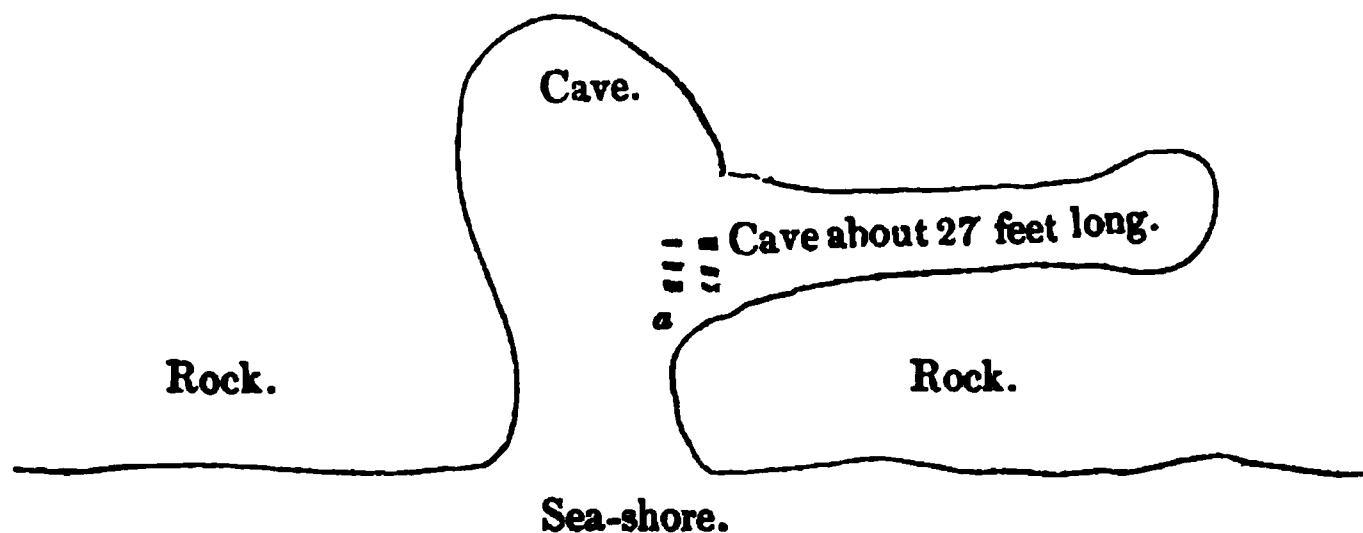
## A WANDER TO OWAIN GLENDWR'S CAVE.

THE treason of Glendwr, if it was treason, is in some degree palliated by the tyranny exercised in oppressing a brave, ardent, and sensitive mind. No man evinced a more unchangeable attachment for his unhappy master Richard II., and no man wreaked his vengeance, for unmerited insult, with more terrible retribution, than did Glendwr upon his designing enemy Grey de Ruthin. These two traits of his character, perhaps, explain the composition of his mind more perfectly than volumes written for its illustration. But it is not my intention, in presenting the Cambrian Quarterly with a mere wander to his cave, to enter upon a history of the hero. An inspection of the Welsh character will disclose a striking national peculiarity. I know not how to describe it, but the lives of Glendwr, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, or Margaret verch Evan,—and I select them from the mass in consequence of their having lived at times remote from each other,—will abundantly illustrate the wild enthusiasm, and pertinacious obstinacy, which appear to me to form the chief features of Cambro-British portraiture.

Impressed with a strong interest for everything connected with the immortal Glendwr, I proposed last spring, during my stay in Merioneddshire, to accompany a friend, for variety of scene, and bracing exercise, to “pedestrianize” our way to Ogov Owain, or Glendwr’s cave. I do not recollect having seen a description of it in any author: Pennant barely alludes to it, as also does Humphreys Parry, in the Cambrian Plutarch; but no one can form an idea, from what they have written, of the form or nature of the retreat.

Ogov Owain is apparently a natural fissure in a rock, about a mile north of the estuary of the river Dysynny, in the parish of Celynyn, in Merioneddshire. Tradition says, that Ednyved ap Aron, a gentleman of consideration, concealed Owain in it, after his military reverses.

The form of the cave is similar to the subjoined outline.



a A large mass of stone concealing the entrance to the narrow cave.

Here, having lit our Promethean lights, doubtless the first that ever illumined Owain's cave, and, fronting the sea, we seated ourselves on some great stones, and proceeded to knock off the neck of a bottle of sherry, and then to drink the health of our noble king, which being done, old Ocean, as if in compliment to his monarch, roared back a gruff approval of the toast: in solemn silence we then filled our horns to the "undying memory of Prince Owain Glendwr," and, as I repeated Shakspeare's well-known lines,\*

" Where is he living, clipp'd in with the sea,  
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,  
Who calls me pupil, or hath read to me?  
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,  
Can trace me in the tedious way of art,  
And hold me pace in deep experiment?  
I can call spirits from the vasty deep"

my subdued voice echoed through the black cave, and it wanted but the licence of poetic imagination to conceive the shades of the warrior and the poet in sanctified communion with us their earthly guests.

There is another place of concealment in the rocks of Carnarvonshire, called Ogov Owain, and the persecuted chieftain is known to have secreted himself at Moel Hebog, near Beddgelert, in the same county. Protracted residence

\* Which by the bye was but a poor excuse for his own countrymen calling Glendwr a romancer, because he and his little band performed what were then supposed to be super-human efforts in war, and for awhile discomfiting the English soldiery, notwithstanding their numbers and discipline.



at any place would have been unwise; and the truth of tradition is well exemplified in the names of caves and passes connected with this extraordinary man: doubtless they were given by his faithful but conquered followers, and they are a more imperishable monument of him and his exploits, than pillars of marble or granite.

Not far from the Merioneddshire cave; there are exceedingly high cliffs, especially to the north of the little village of Llwyn Gwril, and I shall perhaps be allowed to attach to my paper a short story connected with its vicinity. In this romantic country every hill and plain has some tradition, some story of real life, or superstition. I select that of

## HUGO GORONWY.

A century, or rather more than a century, has effected a marked change in many of the habits and customs of the Welsh. Though they continue to be a distinct people, yet some of their most striking peculiarities no longer exist; among the rest, the lasso,\*—which once was universally resorted to, in Wales; for catching the Merlyn, or mountain-pony,—is unknown. This instrument has been repeatedly described by various authors. It is used in Spain, for subduing the fury of the savage bull; in the deserts of Africa the hunter avails himself of the lasso in capturing the great ostrich; and in Canada also the wild bull is tamed with the lasso. Its simplicity of construction, as well as the unerring certainty with which it enables the hunter to overcome the most dangerous and powerful animals, are admirable. It consists of a coiled rope; or in some countries strips of leather, of sufficient length, at the one end of which is a running noose of the required size, well greased, in order to prevent the effects of friction, caused by the struggles of the entrapped animal.

Hugo Goronwy, a farmer, lived in the neighbourhood of Llwyn Gwril, two or three generations ago; the chief part of his wealth he derived from the open uncultivated mountains, the products of enclosed lands were of secondary consideration. It will, no doubt, surprise many persons; when they are told that a century ago not a grain of wheat was grown in Merioneddshire, with the exception, perhaps,

\* Perhaps some of your Celtic friends, or rather those learned in Celtic matters, will give the Welsh name for the lasso. I have searched for it in vain.

of the fertile vale of Edeirnion; turnips and clover were then quite unknown; barley very scarce; of rye and black oats a tolerable quantity were harvested; and potatoes were also grown in the more friable parts of the soil; a great many *conveniences* were obtained by import, but the *wants* of the peasantry were supplied at home. A cursory examination of their condition, as they then existed, might induce an observer to pity their lot; they might appear to him to be suffering under formidable privation, but a nearer view will disclose a different state of things. The Welsh mountaineer had and has an immense superiority over the artisan population of more thickly peopled districts. The former, it is true, labours hard, early and late, exposed to all weathers and seasons; but what is greatly in his favor, is that his *food* is *wholesome*. It is true he does not go to the baker's for adulteration and filth; he has his home-made loaf, dark and heavy in its texture; but it is, every particle, *genuine* corn bread, and as to its want of lightness it cannot greatly signify, for the eater's stomach does not grumble at trifles; nor have these moral people the gin-shop to corrupt them; but they have cow's milk, and bacon, and butter, and cheese, diversified with the piquant flummery,\* and nutritive browas;† and as for luxuries, sometimes partaken of, they have honey and wild fruits from the heather, trout from the lake, and mutton and pork, all excellent of their kind; above all, the Welsh peasant has health and contentment to cheer him on through his humble calling; many hardships he endures, but infinite are the blessings he enjoys; these collectively instil a sound morality into his nature.

Such a man was Hugo Goronwy, possessed of a temper enterprising, vehement, and open-hearted; his pursuits depicted the bias of his mind, though he held the small tilt plough, and handled the other farming tools in their due season, yet the catching of the merlyn, the fox, or even the hare, were more congenial pursuits; and the tumbles and thumps he received, which were accidental to the pony hunter, served but to attach him to the sport; but it is not to be supposed, in so rugged a country as the Merioneddshire coast and its environs, abounding with precipices and morasses, that such were the only casualties. Far

\* Flummery, a decoction of oatmeal, soured by exposure to the sun, and eaten with milk.

† A thick kind of porridge.

worse did it fare with Goronwy. Goronwy had proceeded to the hills, accompanied by two hardy fellows and their greyhounds; these animals are much more muscular and thickset than the lowland dog of that name; they are clothed with rough wiry yellow hair, and eyes so piercing, that I do not know whether all that writers have said of the brilliant vision of the Houri, the antelope, or fiery glare of the basilisk, approaches my idea of the inconceivably bright eye of these dogs. Goronwy mounted upon the swiftest little horse in the county, with the lasso coiled upon his right arm, and his legs armed with hay bands, for protection in close quarters, proceeded to the hills. On the arrival of the party at the mountain's brow, the distant herd of ponies took alarm; sometimes galloping onwards, then suddenly halting, and wheeling round, snuffing up the wind as if in distrust of the intruders, or tearing up the earth with a wild extravagance of action; but the experienced hunters managed, with the assistance of the greyhounds, to cope the wild ponies in a corner of the hills, where perpendicular rocks, rising like walls, prevented their escape. Goronwy had already captured three of the most beautiful little fellows in the world; these he expected to sell for four or five pounds each at the next Bala fair, to him an important sum, and amounting to one fourth of the annual rent he paid for a considerable tract of sheepwalk; but there yet remained another most untameable little creature, whose highly crested mane and tail, and wild eye, and distended nostril, plainly shewed that he was a very Bucephalus of the hills, and determined to preserve his liberty; nor indeed was it safe to attack him in the ordinary way. Many of the three year olds, have been known to break the limbs of their pursuers, and I have heard of a shepherd having been killed by a pony striking him to the ground, and kicking or trampling him to death. Goronwy was therefore determined to give the little hero a chace over the flats of the hills, and so overcome him by fatigue before the lasso was flung; the dogs were unslipped, and off they went swift as the wind, followed by Hugo; the two footmen posted on an eminence; the course was unusually long, but the iron frame of the little Merlyn appeared superior to fatigue. Hugo Goronwy, naturally impatient, became heated in the pursuit, and neglecting to keep the arrangement of the coiled rope clear, he rashly flung the lasso over the head of the wild horse; but at the same moment the other extremity of the cord twisted itself round his body,

and tightening to its extent, the compression became almost insupportable; at last, in spite of every effort to disengage himself, he was dragged from his horse. The affrighted Merlyn, finding himself manacled by the rope, darted off with increased speed, pulling Goronwy over the rocky ground and stunted brushwood. The animal, terrified at so unnatural a spectacle, dashed onward, under the hope of freeing himself from the rope; but the rebounding body of Goronwy still followed: the horse's struggles to free himself were truly frightful. Whether the sufferings of Goronwy were protracted, or whether some friendly rock dashed out his brains at the outset of the struggle, cannot be known; but the wild animal, frenzied and blinded with terror, rushed over the beetling cliff overhanging the sea-shore; and the hunter and the horse were found at the bottom, a disgusting misshapen semblance of what they had been when living.

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EPIGRAM.

*Translated from the Welsh, said to be a Translation from the Italian of BOCCACE; by Dr. JOHN DAVID RHYS, in the time of Queen ELIZABETH.*

## I.

BENEATH the wide-extending skies,  
 How many things we view,  
 That strike our unexpected eyes,  
 With mode entirely *new*!

## II.

Nor *new* I deem what days of yore,  
 Ey'd in its outline faint;  
 But things we never knew before,  
 Or only thought could paint.

## III.

Ye Gods! whilst thus my thoughts pursue,  
 New fancies without end;  
 When shall I see that *wonder new*,  
 An *old* and *faithful* FRIEND!

## DALCLUTHA.

A CELTIC LEGEND OF THE THIRD CENTURY, BY J. FITZGERALD PENNIE.

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“On the Alps

It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,  
Which some did die to look on.”—*Antony and Cleopatra.*

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CAER CONAN, the lofty tower of the King,\* rises on the summit of an immense cone of earth, or rather living rock. It is a circular building, with four great square buttresses, or turrets, that lift their heads far above the connecting battlements of the tower in giant stability, the monument of unknown ages. The lower part of the walls of this time-defying fortress is twenty feet thick, and more than eighty feet in height. Their breadth lessens on the inside several feet, at the basement of every story or chamber of the tower, of which there are two above the lower floor, which is over a deep and dismal dungeon; this, however, is not perceived on the outside of the walls, nor commenced till far above the reach of the batteringram and all the ancient destructive engines of war. These two upper chambers are the state apartments of the king, the stairs which lead to them are within the solid walls, which, also with one of the ponderous turrets, contain two other chambers of lesser dimensions, ornamented with carved pillars, groined arches, and rich mouldings, and lighted by two small windows, commanding the most extensive and beautiful prospects.

The lower part of this castle slopes, with its protecting buttresses, for many feet towards the foundations, in the shape of an artificial mount, greatly adding to its strength and majesty; while a long flight of stone steps, that will not admit of more than two persons ascending together, leads to its lofty entrance; rendering all hostile access to the interior extremely difficult and dangerous. The door is formed of plated iron, and its massy bars are of the same heavy metal.

A deep fosse encircles the hill on which this fortress stands, in which the waters of the Dune reflect, like a pure

\* Theodoric the Goth, after his conquest of Italy, gave to his soldiers lands and benefices as military stipends for services in the field of battle.

mirror, the trees that flourish on its steep banks, and the broad and heavy shadows of *Caer Conan* castle. A narrow bridge of wood leads across this vast moat, which, in times of danger, is entirely removed. In the ample court, surrounded by its rocky rampire, stands the immense hall of shields, the feasting-place of the valiant in war, with numerous booths and tents for the retainers,\* chieftains guards, and slaves of the potent *Ardoc* prince of *Bigantium*. This regal war-dwelling appears to have been built by the ancient Britons, on a superior plan even to that of *Dunheved*,† one of their earliest castles, erected in an eastern style of architecture, learned from the Phœnicians, who formed settlements among them, at least on the western coasts of the island, and instructed them in their arts and sciences and the worship of their gods—if all these, and numerous oriental customs, were not brought with them from the east, which will always remain with us a doubt.

The Castle of *Caer Conan* commands a fine extent of valley scenery, through which the *Dune* pursues its course to the bosom of the ocean; the distant hills are clothed to their summits with forest trees, while rich pastures and thick groves adorn the wide-spread lands below. Such is the tower of *Caer Conan*, or the city of the king; the tombs of whose founders are as unknown as their history.

“Why sighs the Princess *Dalclutha*, when the birds sing so cheerily in the woods around her father’s tower, and all things look so happy in the light of the sun?” said *Utha*, the aged nurse and attendant of the *Bigantian* princess, as she stood by her in the inner chamber of *Caer Conan*.

“How can I forbear to sigh,” answered the princely maiden, “when I am kept like a captive, by my stern father, within these thick-ribbed walls, with no courtiers but rude, unpolished warriors; no attendants but poor ignorant damsels, who have never seen a Roman city; and no amusements but to sport with the fawns in the forest, and gather flowers on the sunny banks of the *Dune*, then fling my garlands on the waters, and watch them floating down the

\* The feudal system, so far from being introduced into this Island by the Normans, was in full force among the ancient Britons. The clanship of the Highlands is a sufficient proof of this, without referring to written authorities. The law of *Gavelkin*, says Whitaker, is an original and natural branch of the feudal system, and long continued a part of the feudal tenures in Wales and Ireland.

† *Launceston* castle, vide “*Munimenta Antiqua*.”

stream, till borne from my sight, like those short-lived pleasures I enjoyed when at the magnificent court of the Emperor Carausius, never, I fear, again to return!"

"Mogontus\* save me!" exclaimed the nurse, "what would the child have? Can any thing be more pleasant than these fields full of fresh flowers, and those shadowy forests, where the pretty dun-coloured fawns are playing like innocent children, and the harts and elks skirmishing with their knotted antlers like armed warriors, while the wild horse tosses his mane like a streaming banner, and the white bulls, with their females, prance about like merry dancers among the cowslips of the valley. Then, haven't you the jovial sports of hawking and hunting?† How charming to view the tercel-gentle and the merlin hovering in the air, and darting about, like shooting stars, after their prey! O, when I was young, nothing was so delightful to me as scampering over mountain, valley, and plain, after the hawk and the hound! Ah, the days that are past! and the joys that I have seen! they may well make *me* to sigh. But for you, in the pride of your youth and beauty—O, by the spirits of the woods, when I was young, I could have leaped over the moon at the sound of the horn, the shout of the hunters, and the cry of the hounds; so giddy and gay!—now, woe worth the hour, I can scarcely jump over a straw."

"I hate those vulgar sports, Utha, that lead me to mingle with savage hunters, base as they are ill-bred, and savage as they are base."

"Then haven't you," returned the nurse, "the pastimes and diversions of the castle? Doth it not please thee to behold the warrior youths perform our Tadogan, or father-games, of running, leaping, swimming, and wrestling? O, in former days it did my heart good to view our gallant young men, with their fine forms, and speckled skins, so beautifully figured over with beasts and birds,‡ blue as the blessed heavens, striving nobly for the prize in their manly

\* An idol or god among the Brigantii.—See *Cambden*.

† "Every chieftain among them (the Britons) maintained a considerable number of birds for the sport. The Thracians and Britons were once the only followers of the sport. It seems to have been universal among the Barons, and to have been followed with spirit."—*Hist. Manch.*

‡ Some readers may perhaps be surprised when we tell them, that so late as A.D. 785, down nearly to the end of the Saxon octarchy, there was a necessity for enacting a law against the barbarous practice of body-painting.

*Wilkin, Concilia, t. 1. p. 150.*



wrestling matches! Ah, how I grieve to think that those charming paintings of the skin, those noble adornments and national badges of a right true Briton are fast getting into disuse, through the effeminate manners and fashions of these hated outlandish Romans! The time will soon come, I foresee, when all our young warriors of rank and power will be as clean-skinned as a new-born infant, and the ghastly smock-faced wretches look like a young swan in its first plumage. O, that I ever should live to see the day when a British warrior looks like a puling girl in her swaddling-bands!—Out on such disgraceful apostacy of ancient customs! say I; the red plague light on the innovators of the manly and noble fashions of our forefathers!”\*

“And I, Utha, reply, Blessed be that generous, polished, enlightened, and noble people, who have humanized the Celtic nations, and before whose exalted refinements such hideous barbarism as thou delight’st to behold is happily fast fading away. Dost thou think, after having once beheld the elegance and amusements of the Roman court, I can endure to look on the wrestlings of rude soldiers?”

“Shade of the spear-armed Boadicia!” exclaimed Utha, “how changed are our princely maidens! Well then, there are the chariot-races in the circ yonder; surely they *must* delight thee. I once contended myself with six of the bravest youths in my day; ay, lady, and won the prize too. I lashed my steeds on with the grace of a British queen, and shouted with the best of them in the circle. O, I shall never forget when the oaken garland was placed on my brows, nor how it set off my fine long glossy curls! Out upon it! I am now as grey as an old wolf of the forest.—But surely, lady, if you dislike your country’s manly games, you must approve of our Barddoniath; when in the hall, beneath your father’s tower, there is such twanging of harps, such songs and choruses, and such rivalry for the prize. Then the light-heeled dances!—Sighing again! shame on you, lady! why you ought to be as merry as the lark yonder, warbling in the clouds, and as frisky as a wanton fawn. O, that I were but young again, to set you an example of cheerful-hearted gaiety!”

“Nay, Utha, all here is gloom and solitude to me. I hate the boisterous games and wild diversions of our barbarous

\* Malmesbury, speaking of the Angles, says, “Picturatis stigmatibus cutem insigniti.”

people. I sigh for the polished amusements, the delightful society, and the enchanting splendors of the imperial palace. When the gallant, the renowned Carausius visited the northern provinces, and kept his court at the gay city of Cataractonium,\* my father, the king of Brigantium, permitted me, for the first time, to quit this dismal prison-tower, in which have I from my birth been immured, and to appear with him in the crowded halls of the imperial conqueror. O, how my heart danced with rapture as I moved in the dazzling circle of gold-clad courtiers, amid the pomp of those never-to-be forgotten scenes, where all was strange and new, and delightful as strange !”

“Ah, well !” quoth Utha, “I sigh for none of the garishness and gaudy revellings of the proud stranger; though, had I been there, I should have attracted, without doubt, no trifling notice and attention. Give me our own brave hall, on a winter’s evening, when the warriors, in their wolf-skins, are jocund and gamesome over their mead-cups, while the bards chant the battle-songs of the good old times, and the young chiefs dance merrily with my lord’s damsels;—I hate the vagaries and vain glory of those foreigners !”

“Ah, nurse! you should have witnessed, as I did, the boundless superiority of the Roman court to ours, and you would no longer rail against that wonderful and charming nation. There the beauties of the south, elegantly attired, move, speak, and look like divinities of other worlds! Possessing such accomplishments, such fascination, such refined sentiments, and such brilliant wit, as threw me into ecstasies!—not wholly without envy, I own, Utha, for I seemed among them as rude, ignorant, and unpolished as a mountain shepherdess.”

“Shame, shame, so to wrong yourself, lady! born of the richest blood in Britain. I warrant me, you shone among them like a beautiful and graceful swan in the midst of a flock of crows. You, who are most skilful on the harp, well versed in the achievements of hawking and fishing; acquainted with the Roman tongue,—not that I consider the

\* The city of Cataractonium, (Catarick,) however now reduced, was a noble city, and necessarily had a great mint for coinage of money for the use of the troops and their provisions, and for religious purposes, which was ever the Roman view in all their actions, as desirous of putting themselves under the divine protection. To Cataractonium our emperor came, to provide against the next year’s expedition, where they struck this famous *trijugate* coin.—MED. LIFE OF CARAUSIUS.

last an accomplishment;—and have not I instructed you in all the ancient legends and tales of your country, and made you, by example and precept, the most fragrant flower of maiden virtue and princely grace in these kingdoms! Talk no more to me, sweet child, of those Romans!”

“Nay, good Utha, thou shouldst have seen and heard the chieftains of the Emperor’s court—O, they were all bewitching enchantment! So elegant! so flattering!—and with such a manly sweetness did they address me, that my ears drank in the honied softness of their adulation like the most melodious music! If such, then, be the court of Carausius in this island, what must be the splendor and charms of the imperial court at Rome, the city of the world! O, it must be filled with gods and goddesses—a very heaven on earth!”

“Ah, silly child!” resumed Utha, “these foreign, varnished, white-faced flatterers, are but wicked wasps; they all have terrible stings: and we are sure to be sadly wounded if we taste too deeply of their poisonous honey.”

“Thou standest not in this danger, surely, gentle nurse!”

“I, indeed!—no, no; I defy all the pale-cheeked varlets in Rome, and their flattery to boot! I never could endure, when young, lovers of such unnatural complexions. Give me the man who is not afraid to show his limbs to the sun and the storm, and whose skin, like his woollen mantle, shines with the beautiful colours of the rainbow!”

“Yet, amidst all the pomp and gaieties of Cataractonium,” continued the princess, “I could never forget, kind nurse, my dear, my own Dunalbion.”

“O, for the love of all the gods!” exclaimed Utha, “do not name that terrible freebooter again! Forget him—cast him off—never, never, see him more! I take shame to myself for listening to thy weeding entreaties to allow of your private meetings in the forest, unknown to my lord the king. Oh, I shudder to think of him! my blood runs cold at the very sound of his name!”

“Art thou beside thyself?” cried Dalclutha. “See him no more! O, that he would come this very day to release me from my dungeon tower, where I mourn like a poor captive bird in the snare of the fowler! Reckless am I to what far distant land we flee, so I can but escape from hence. But, alas! he is the chief of a hostile tribe, who now dwell

beyond the rampart boundaries of Gal-Sever.\* The legions of the emperor guard those mighty bulwarks, and their towers are filled with armed multitudes!—Perchance, then, I may indeed behold him no more!”——

“Why, princess! Lady Dalclutha! is it possible that you, who so much admire the luxurious manners and pomp of the Romans, can any longer love the fierce chief of that wild and ferocious horde of marauders, the Attacotti?”

“Utha, no earthly power can quench this heart’s immortal flame. Although the chief of a fierce tribe of rovers, my Dunalbion is of princely lineage, and possessed of all the noble heroism and refined acquirements of the proudest Roman. He once served in the imperial armies; but, injured by his haughty general, he returned to his brave though wandering nation, who received him with open arms, and proclaimed him their prince and leader. I know that he has vowed eternal hatred to the Romans, and those who favour their dominion. His revenge has been terrible to his enemies; but the victorious arms of Carausius have, since his arrival in this island, driven all the northern tribes beyond the ancient bulwarks of the Romanized Britons. Thou knowest he suffered me to return ransomless and uninjured to my father, when I fell into the hands of some of his plundering bands, as I wandered at eventide on the banks of the Dune; but not till, by repeated declarations of the most devoted passion, he had won my heart to equal love. Nor art thou ignorant how I have oftentimes met him in the forest, where he dwelt alone, and companioned the wild beasts of the chase, to enjoy the happiness of our transient and blissful meeting. War called him from the forest, to join his tribe, and finding it vain to contend with the legions of Carausius, he retired with his followers beyond the towers of Severus. Why comes he not, with all his host, from the hills of the north, like the blast of the whirlwind, dashing down, with the strength of gathered multitudes, those embattled lines which divide us from each other’s arms? The king, my father, is absent, and will not return from the south yet many days—why, Dunalbion! Dunalbion! linger so long thy chariot wheels to bear me hence? Why comes not their brazen clamour

\* The celebrated Roman south wall, built by Agricola, repaired with stone by Adrian, then by Severus, and also, according to Dr. Stukeley, by Carausius.

on the winds? Why hear I not the thunder of thy war-shout around those hated walls?"

"Surely, lady," cried Utha, "you do not mean to fly with this terrific robber! you, whom I have taught by my example and precept to excel in all maidenly prudence, and formed after my own manners, as a pattern to all the king's daughters in the Roman empire! Why, your father, when he returns, in the first transports of his fury, would hack us all piecemeal! I quiver with terror at the thought!"

"Should Dunalbion arrive, thou shalt accompany us in our flight. Once passed Gal-Sever's ramparts, we are secure."

"I accompany you! I become a roamer with those dreadful bloody-minded savages!" cried Utha.

"Why, thou art a lover of our ancient manners, and delightest to behold the savage warrior dyed in rainbow tints. But fondly do I cherish the proud idea of softening and refining their barbarian customs, and, with the aid of my Dunalbion, making them as noble and polite a nation as the Romans themselves."

"O dearest princess," exclaimed the nurse, "on my knees I entreat, I implore you to entertain no such idle dreams, to think no more of that horrible chief! O, I have lately heard such dreadful things of the whole tribe! my soul quakes, and the hair of my head stands upright at the bare recollection!"

"Peace, slanderous tongue! My Dunalbion is in war fierce as the eagle, and dauntless as the lion; but in manners gentle as the fawn that licks the hand of those it loves. In form and mind he is like a goat, and his eye is brighter than the star that flashes through the evening clouds of the west. More stern is he than the mountain elk to his foes, but to his friends mild as the forest dove, when the soft toned music of her silver voice murmurs through the twilight bowers of summer. He is the chief of a brave tribe, who scorn all submission to a foreign yoke. He dwells beyond the Roman pale, and all within it are his enemies; his inroads on the Britons have on him drawn the hatred of those who have felt his vengeance, and dread his power,—they have blackened his name with disgrace."

"Ah! mistaken princess! it is but too true which I have heard; he is"—"What? answer, I command!" interrupted Dalclutha,

“Oh, horrible! I dare not, cannot speak it!”

“I charge thee, tell me,” said the princess. “Were he some dark and evil spirit, roaming o’er the earth to curse mankind,—were his breath the purple plague to blast me, yet should I love him still,—and though his kiss were death, fly with joy to receive it from his lips! Speak, then, or thou wilt drive me mad!”

“Why he is——Oh, dear! sweet princess you will, in deed, go mad with horror, when I tell you—he is——Oh, mighty Tanarus, have mercy on me! I hear his horn! I hear his fearful shout! his voice of thunder! He is here! he is here! what will become of us? I shall die at the very sight of him.”

At that moment, clashing of swords, shouts and yells, rung through the chambers of the tower, and the tramp of armed men was heard ascending the mural stairs which led to the apartment of the princess.

In another moment Dunalbion was at the feet of the beautiful Dalclutha \* \* \* \* \*

The chief of the wandering brigands of the north, having sailed up the mighty Albus, with his ships, and landed his followers, took by surprise, in the absence of king Ardoc, the palace of Caer Conan; and having burnt the interior of the regal tower, and its hall of shields, retreated with the princess Dalclutha, her nurse, and a rich booty of many slaves as the dowry of his bride, to his ships, and embarking, put to sea with a prosperous gale. The emperor Carausius had no fleet at this time in the northern seas, all his galleys being drawn to the shores of the south, and the port of Boloign, waiting to meet and encounter the expected navy of Constantius Chlorus, who was preparing to invade Britain, and wrest the sceptre of the west from the hand of Carausius, so that Dunalbion was in no danger of being captured by the galleys of his powerful enemy.

Proudly did the warrior’s bark tilt aside the blue rolling waters, while its broad sails held friendly dalliance with the freshly-breathing winds, and proudly did that chieftain cast his dark-flashing eye, that beamed with passionate feeling, on his destined bride of beauty, as she stood on the galley-deck, delighted as a bird escaped from his wiry prison, when he flutters his wings in joy and liberty on the boughs of his native forest. As the vessel glided round the promontory of Ocelum, the sun was verging towards the horizon;

the purple clouds, lighted up with fiery gleams, were thickly scattered around the glowing wheels of his golden chariot, and every interval of the firmament was rich with a mosaic of mingled amethyst, sapphire, and carbuncle. The distant shores, with their green-leaved forests, hill-cities,\* and clustered villages, embosomed in glen and dingle; how new and lovely looked they in the eyes of Dalclutha, while the deep blue lines of the eastern moorlands of Elmet and Brigantia rose sublimely in the far off horizon, blending their shadowy tints with the gorgeous colouring of the skies! The white cliffs of Binn-ach-Rhen rising in lofty majesty, with rocky rampart, crumbling tower, and rugged battlement of marble shades and dyes, proudly frowned on the ocean's gentle waves, that now rose, not with rebellious swell, covering in stormy warfare their steep sides with sheets of foam, but sunk with murmured wail at their feet, like a conquered captive suing for compassion at the chariot wheels of the victor. The mountain promontory of Gabrantuici,† stretched far into the liquid fields of azure, embathed its giant forehead in the golden radiance of day's departing orb. The deep appeared like a vast mirror of molten glass, reflecting all the mingled pomp of the rosy heavens, and where the bays and sounds receded in their placid dimness; the waters partook of the shadowy hues of darkly-purple headland, islet, rock, and cape, forming a beautiful picture of such lights and shades, softness and repose, as never received life and spirit from the pencil of a Poelenburg, in his most inspired moments, nor the brilliant tints of a Claude Lorraine equalled in his richest display of a summer sunset. The cries of the soaring sea-fowl that peopled the air, accorded well with the lovely scene, while the softly murmured melody which floated o'er the calm profound, to fancy seemed the music of ocean nymphs amid their coral bowers.

The sweet twilight fell on land and sea, and the now far distant Gabrantuici began to fling a veil of mist around his stern and eagle-haunted brows, and appeared like the guardian spirit of the deep, wrapped in his cloudy might, as Dalclutha, like another Helen, on her voyage to the shores

\* We allude to the mountain fortresses of the ancient Britons. Vide "Munimenta Antiqua."

† Flamborough Head. This promontory is not marked in the map of Ptolemy, I have, therefore, ventured to give it the name of a town or station near it, noted in his geography.



of Ilium, cast her blue eye, rich in its starry lustre, o'er the expansive prospect.

O 'twas an hour in which memory so dearly loves to think on those who are far away, on those whose absence we tenderly regret, when their forms seem to float before us, and their parting words to come on our ears in the plaintive sighs of the passing wind! How fondly then do we wish for their endearing society, to share our pleasure, and partake of our feelings! But the beautiful, the impassioned Dalclutha, sighed for no youthful hunter, reclined, after the chase, by the tomb of other years,—for no brave hero, sleeping on his blood-stained sword beneath the mountain-grave of the mighty; for he, her own Dunalbion, her gallant hunter of the forest wilds, her warrior of a hundred battles, stood by her side; and all her world of joy and hope centered in his delightful and delighting smile of boundless adoration.

Not so felt Utha,—she sighed and moaned below the deck, bewailing her hard fate, which, at her years, had doomed her to be taken from her country, and borne to a strange land, among a savage horde, whose very name made every particle of her blood to thrill with horror. She sighed for the dismantled halls of *Caer Conan*, though she dared not remain behind for fear of the wrath of *King Ardoc*, and could not look on the mighty world of waters, on which the vessel floated, without trembling.

A southern breeze sprung up, and the fleet-winged bark rushed onward, like a proud and beautiful thing of life and spirit. Cape and isle were left far behind, and the full-orbed moon, rising half-veiled, like a bashful virgin, transformed the billows, betwixt the sullen shadows of passing clouds, into long and quivering lines of silver and pearl. Dalclutha reposed in the cabin with her querulous nurse, the night passed swiftly away, and when the radiant eye of morning glanced along the ocean's eastern verge, the shores of *Pictavia* were seen dimly rising o'er the dark blue waters.

Dunalbion, with his ships of plunder, now steered towards the west, and landing far beyond the wall of *Adrian*, arrived about set of sun, with his bride, captives, and treasure, at the foot of the mountain, on which was encamped the chief horde of the fierce and wandering *Attacotti*. Their moveable town was encompassed with a deep and double fosse, and two strong ramparts rising above each

other, having only one entrance to the east, near the steepest part of the hill, which was guarded by lunettes and mounds that intersected and flanked each other, and were raised for bodies of archers to stand on, and gall with cross flights of arrows an assailing foe; while immense bars of wood, and whole trees were placed as gates athwart the narrow avenues. Here also were heaps of great stones piled up, ready to be rolled down in rocky showers, on those who presumed to ascend with hostile step the vast acclivities of this ancient hill fortress, which was now occupied by the wildest and most ferocious of nomadic tribes. From its summit might be seen, far to the south, the celebrated ramparts of Gal-Sever, the noblest monument of Roman art and Roman industry within the limits of the empire, with its towns and towers at regular intervals, stretching o'er mountain, plain, and valley, from sea to sea; now lately repaired, improved, and fortified, by Carausius, with new forts and bulwarks, and well lined with armed watchmen, whose spears the Attacotti could discern, flashing in the evening sunbeams, as they paced to and fro the lofty battlements; and often on the vesper breeze, from southern land, as those wild freebooters listened darkly in their wrath, reclined on the ridge of their own green rampire, came the wail of horn, and trumpet swell, answering each other from tower to tower along the whole line of the immense circumvallation. Then would they utter yells of frantic rage, and shower curses on the impregnable barrier which bounded their moving steps to the barren mountains, and wolf-haunted forests of Caledonia; and prevented their rushing, like famished tigers, o'er all the fertile regions of the south, to plunder and destroy its Romanized inhabitants, for whose wealth in corn and cattle, these marauding brigands of the desert felt an insatiable longing.

As Dunalbion conducted the princess up the narrow and winding path which led to this hill city, followed by his bands, bearing the spoils he had taken, the rampart walls were thronged with ferocious-looking warriors, mingled with their wives and children, to hail their chief's return; and as he approached, an universal shout of joy arose from line to line, borne on the evening winds o'er hill and valley, even to Gal-Sever's guarded towers. The gates or bars at the entrance were flung aside, and all the chiefs and elders, followed by the whole tribe, came forth to meet their triumphant prince and his bride with congratulation and acclaim. The

bagpipes sounded merrily,\* and the fame-proclaiming bard swept his Phœnician harp to the wild and mountain music that oft had rung in the halls of Fingal o'er the warriors feast of shells.

Utha, as she heard the burst of melody and repeated shoutings, and saw the stalwart chieftains in their mantles of many colours, with massy chains of iron, and even gold, round their loins, arms, and ancles, their hair flowing in long and profuse curls over their shoulders, their faces tintured with various dyes, and their naked arms and bosoms ornamented with the figures of beast and bird, began to feel her downcast spirits revived, and softly whispered to Dalclutha—

“ Indeed, my princess, these are fine men, noble-looking warriors. I protest I seem restored to the days of my early youth when I look upon them. What beauty and taste in colours! what a charming style of painting they exhibit! These are none of your milk-white Roman varlets—these are genuine sons of Britain. They bear the delightful marks of their true lineage stamped on their faces, and all their limbs plainly show that they despise the innovations of the hated stranger from beyond the seas. Perchance what I have heard, after all, may be false. No doubt their enemies have wickedly belied them.

At that moment the aged dame lifted up her eyes towards the entrance of the camp, which she now approached, and caught at one glance an appalling view of several ghastly heads, blackened by the sun and winds, and grinning skulls, which these bands of rovers had there set up on poles, as trophies of their might in war, and merciless revenge on their foes in their predatory incursions.† Utha instantly turned pale with fear and horror, and vainly wished herself and the

\* The bagpipe was an ancient Hebrew instrument of music, and, I have no doubt, also a Celtic one. The Romans were acquainted with it, as the image of a Roman soldier playing on it, dug up where now St. Paul's cathedral stands, fully proves.

† The British warriors preserved the bones of their enemies whom they slew; and Strabo says of the Gauls (who were, as he informs us, far more civilized than the Britons, but still very similar in their manners and customs) that when they return from the field of battle they bring with them the heads of their enemies fastened to the necks of their horses, and afterwards place them before the gates of their cities.

This barbarous custom has continued almost down to the present period; witness the heads of traitors fixed on iron spikes over the gates of Temple Bar.

princess once more within the walls of *Caer Conan* tower, under the protection of the king of *Brigantia*. *Dunalbion*, with his bride and *Utha*, entered the hill-city, followed by all his fierce-eyed train of savage warriors, and a numerous throng of strange, wild, and barbarous-looking females and children; the latter being nearly naked, while many of the former were clad in tattered and squalid habiliments, yet not without various ornaments of rings, jewels, beads, and amulets of gold, glass, jet, amber, and pearl. With these, the hood-veiled *Druid*, in his gold wrought vest, of more colours than even the prince himself might wear, his scrip of sacred herbs, his staff, and sullen brow, his long and silvery beard streaming on the mountain winds; and *Bardic* choir, in garments of white, decorated with broad stripes of azure, singing the fame of their chief, formed such a moving pageant of fierce and Indian-like wildness, as now can only be seen in the eternal forests of the *Mississippi*, on the banks of the *Amazon*, or in the remote islands of the eastern ocean.

Passing the outer barrier, the throng proceeded onward into the city, which consisted of huts and tents erected on each side of numerous lanes, or pathways, exceedingly narrow and intersecting each other. In the centre stood a pavilion, composed of several large tents joined together, and forming different apartments; this was the dwelling of the chief, *Dunalbion*, to which he led his betrothed bride. The furniture and adornments of this mountain-king's abode were splendid and noble, and it bore far more the appearance of a Roman general's tent than the rude lodgment of a leader of the wildest and fiercest robber clan that ever sacked a burning colony, or desolated a flourishing province.

The pavilions were lined with *Sidonian* tapestry and purple cloth of gold; the couches were spread with coverings of blue and crimson, wrought with gold and silver flowers, and various suits of refulgent armour, shields and helmets of steel and brass, and glittering banners were tastefully arranged on every side. Instruments of music were lying on the tables, inlaid with pearl and gems, and even gilded rolls of the Greek and Roman authors were mingled here and there with *Tuscan* vases, beautifully painted with oriental flowers, and richly sculptured altars with transparent urns, in which were burning eastern spices and fragrant gums.

*Utha* began to forget the horrid-looking heads and skulls which she had seen at the entrance of the hill-city, and

with them all her dejection and terrors, and became as garrulous as ever. Dalclutha reposed on a couch covered with soft skins ; but Utha, admiring every thing, wandered from tent to tent, determined to see all their treasures, and learn from the slaves what apartment was designed for her in this magnificent tabernacle of the mountains. Dunalbion sat beside the princess, and, taking up a harp, struck a few chords with the gifted hand of a perfect master of harmony ; then flinging the instrument aside, he unrolled a volume, and read to his affianced bride one of the beautiful odes of Horatius, with which the gentle maiden was delighted.\* He had scarcely ended when a fearful shrieking was heard from the inner tent, and in a few moments Utha came running into the apartment of the chief, uttering screams of terror, and exclaiming—“ ’Tis true ! ’tis true ! al ! I have heard of these infernal demons is true !—O, lady, lady, I shall die with horror !” and then fell senseless on the ground.

Dunalbion raised her in his arms, and laid her on a couch, while the princess, wondering at her strange alarms, tenderly endeavoured to restore her to animation. A flourish of music burst suddenly forth from an adjoining tent, and several slaves entered, to inform their lord that the bridal banquet awaited his presence.

“ Come, sweet maiden,” said Dunalbion, “ we must leave thy attendant in the care of these faithful slaves, who will soon restore her to her senses ; while we sit down in state at the banquet, where thou must appear before the chiefs and elders of my tribe, and where thy charms will shed a lustre o’er their dark and savage sternness, and calm the turbulence of their warlike spirits into silent respect and admiration ; even as the lovely moonlight falls on the broad and massy heavings of the yet angry bosom of the ocean, when the storm hath departed, and the voice of the seafaring winds is stilled, by the magic influence of her beauty, into peace.”

Dunalbion led the maiden, smiling in her loveliness, amid the banqueting pavilion. Numerous torchbearers stood in lines along the sides of the tent, and two hundred stern warriors, with visages begrimed with various hues, appeared waiting to receive her. The harps of the bards rang with war-songs of ferocious triumph ; and dancers in wild and uncouth garb began their noisy sports and merri-

\* See Hist. of Manch. vol. i. p. 310.

ment. But who can describe the horrors of the infernal feast, with which these grim and wolf-eyed anthropophagi of the north were eager to glut their accursed appetite? The dishes were filled with the heads and limbs of their wretched captives, prepared in different ways, and with the wasted paps of women, considered by these savage banqueters as the most delicious repast; while, as a mark of the hatred which they bore their enemies, the visage of each warrior was smeared with fresh blood.\*

\* The fact is, that in all ages, let who will assert the contrary, cannibalism among wild and wandering tribes has existed, and *still exists* to the present time.

Among a mass of evidence on this subject, we shall select a few notes:

In the reign of David II. king of Scotland, a man named Christian Cleik, with his wife, subsisted on the flesh of children, whom they caught in traps and devoured. These wretched cannibals were detected, condemned, and burnt. These were Burkites of no modern date.

The horrid banquet which Tosti prepared when he left the court, enraged with his brother Harold for possessing a greater share of the royal favour than himself, was a species of cannibalism. He retired to Hereford, and cutting off the heads and limbs of Harold's servants, placed them in the vessels of wine, mead, ale, pigment, &c., and sent a message to the king, informing him that he would find plenty of salt meat for his fare.—Vide HEN. HUNT. lib. vi. p. 067.

Diaz, who was with Cortes when he besieged Mexico, says the Indian auxiliaries had one means of subsistence more than the Spaniards, for they fed on the bodies of the Mexicans whom they killed in battle; and that when these auxiliaries of Cortes returned to their own country, they carried with them large quantities of the flesh of the Mexicans, salted or dried, as the most acceptable present to their friends, that they might have the pleasure of feeding on the bodies of their enemies at their festivals. Both Diaz and Cortes mention these Indian repasts as being familiar to them.—HIST. AMER.

Dr. Leyden says the Battas of Sumatra eat their own relations.

A class of mendicants, termed Agbrah Punt'h, in Bengal, and other parts of India, practice *anthropophagy*.—See ASIATIC RESEARCHES, vol. x.

The Abbé Raynal says, that the ambition of the Brazilians was to make a great many prisoners, who were slain and eaten with solemnity. During the feast, the old men exhorted the young ones to become intrepid warriors, that they might often procure themselves such an honourable repast, &c.

The Læstrigones were a savage people of Italy, who roasted and ate the companions of Ulysses. The Mysi, a people of Asia, in the vicinity of Troas, killed and ate such prisoners as they took in war.—FLOR. lib. iv. c. 12, and SCHEDIUS DE DIIS GERMANIS, p. 403.

Herodotus, in his description of the Scythians, says that, to the north of a certain desert, there was a nation in his time, called Andropophagi, from their feasting on human flesh.—KERO. MELPHO. lib. iv. See also his account of the Padaivi, or Paday.

Even the Romans are not without examples of these horrid barbarities, for Dio. Cass. asserts that Anthony and his confederates, when they plotted to overthrow the Roman Government, having sacrificed a boy, took an oath,

The princess, at this detested sight of the man-eaters, uttered a shriek of agony and horror, and sunk insensible into the arms of Dunalbion, who instantly bore her from the banquet of death back to the splendid tent-hall, where Utha, restored to life, sat weeping and wringing her hands in the vehemence of grief and despair.

“Ah! sweet lady,” she exclaimed, “you, I perceive, have also seen those horrifying sights, worse than a thousand bloody executions! Sad was the day when you first listened to the betraying tongue of that terrible seducer! Ah, woe is me! that we should have been brought to the infernal abode of these execrable wretches! the wolfish brutes! O what a fool was I to suffer you, my dear, sweet, injured child, to have intercourse with that man-devouring savage in the forest! O, I faint again at the very sight of him! Ah, lady, lady, what will become of us?—she is dead! she is surely dead! O, ye gods, have pity on us!—The sight of your hellish banquets has destroyed the loveliest maiden in all the kingdom of Britain,—and well it may. I shall never be able to swallow another morsel of food while I tarry in these accursed tents: O, I shall be devoured myself, no doubt; and my poor limbs served up in dishes, as tit-bits for these monsters to gormandize; my bones picked clean, and then flung to their dogs! The blue lightnings burn

with horrible solemnity, over his entrails, which the conspirators afterwards devoured.

During a great dearth in the land of Egypt, (in the year 597,) men were compelled to eat each other and their own children.—See the *UNIVERSAL HISTORY OF ELMACIN*, part of which was published by Erpenius, under the title of “*HISTORIA SARACENICA*.”

Strabo, Diodorus, Pomponius Mela, Solinus, and other classic writers, assert that the ancient Irish were devourers of their own species.

St. Jerome says, why do I speak of other nations, when I saw the Scots, who inhabit a considerable part of the Island of Britain, eat human flesh; and when they found in the woods shepherds and swineherds, they cut off the hips of the men and the paps of the women, which they esteemed as the most delicious dainties.

The Canaanites, at their human sacrifices, seem also to have been guilty of this disgusting taste; for we read in the Psalms, “and they ate of the sacrifices of the dead.”

“They sometimes roasted and devoured the flesh of their infant and adult captives. Among the Turks and Saracens the idolators of Europe were rendered more odious by the name and reputation of cannibals. The spies who introduced themselves into the kitchen of Bohemond, were shown several human bodies turning on the spit; and the artful Norman encouraged a report which increased at the same time the abhorrence and the terror of the infidels.”—GIBBON.



them all to a sinder ! I am sure they deserve worse punishment !”

“ Silence !” said Dunalbion sternly, “ thy mistress is reviving.”

“ Ah, better,” continued the nurse, “ that she never should revive ! O, my poor flesh and bones, that ye should come to this at last ! That ever I should be cut up alive for roast meat, or stewed down for pottage in a kettle ! But my injured ghost shall bitterly torment you all ; I will hover over your feasts in a cloud of thunder, snatch my bones from your devouring jaws, and dash all your blood-drenched dishes at your heads !—O, I am quite distraught with rage and horror !”

Dalclutha slowly opened her languid eyes, exclaiming :

“ To what infernal regions have I been conveyed ? O, that dreadful banquet ! I see it still before me—the flesh of my fellow-creatures served up to be devoured at foul and wolfish carousal ! Ah, stand off—touch me not, Dunalbion ! Thou, whom I thought a god, art transformed to a terrific demon of the mountain wilds, who quaffs the blood of babes, and feeds on the flesh of his captives ! Thou art defiled with human gore ! Thou, whom my soul so ardently adored—thou to be a detested cannibal ! O, ’tis past all endurance ! But soon my heart will break—it cannot long support this sudden and dreadful shock—I feel ’tis breaking now ! And soon mayst thou feed on her—thou——ah ! madness flashes across my whirling brain ! Dunalbion, Dunalbion ! has all thy fondness come to this ? Are these, O man of terrors, the joys of our espousal hour ? These banquets of blood and death, the welcoming thou giv’st thy wretched bride ? Draw forth thy sword, plunge it into my tortured bosom, and, in mercy, I impore thee, rid me at once of this hated life !”\*

\* “ A select band of the fairest maidens of China was annually devoted to the rude embraces of the Huns, and the alliance of the haughty *Tanjous* was secured by their marriage with the genuine or adopted daughters of the imperial family, which vainly attempted to escape the sacrilegious pollution. The situation of these unhappy victims is described in the verses of a Chinese princess, who laments that she had been condemned by her parents to distant exile, under a barbarian husband ; she complains that sour milk was her only drink, *raw flesh* her only food, a tent her only palace ; and who expresses, in a strain of pathetic simplicity, the natural wish that she were transformed into a bird, to fly back to her dear country, the object of her tender and perpetual regret.”—GIBBON.

“Tell me, rather, to bury it deep in my own,” replied the chief, “since I am become so hateful to thee by the ancient customs of our warlike tribe. Captives are, by our laws, irrevocably doomed to death, unless released by ransom;—and what is a dead captive more than a dead dog? But since, for this practice of our forefathers, practised by many nations, thou despisest and abhorrest me—me, whom so late thou fondly lovest—I will convey thee and thine attendant in safety back to the shores of thy native country.”

All the gods above be praised for that!” interrupted Utha; “I breathe freely once more; and my poor flesh and bones will be saved this time from the spit and the seething-cauldron.”

“And when I bid thee for ever farewell,” continued Dunalbion; “I solemnly swear by the gods of my forefathers, thou shalt behold me fall on this good sword, and view my heart’s best blood bedew the land of thy birth. Ah! then, perchance, as thou shalt cast back thy lovely eyes on my dying form, thou mayst feel some lingering spark of pity for him thou once so dearly lovedst, thine affianced husband, and e’en bedew his pallid corse with tears of regret, if not of affection. Yet never, cruel maid, shalt thou be forsaken by me; for when the eternal principle within shall mount to join the mighty spirits of my forefathers, who float on the lightning cloud, and dwell entabernacled in the mountain tempest, oft will I descend to visit and hover around thee, as thy guardian genius, to protect thee from every harm. And wilt thou leave me, Dalclutha? for ever leave me? Wilt thou, canst thou see me die, and by my own hand?”

“O, Dunalbion,” answered the princess, “this struggle is dreadful!—How can I tarry here to witness the soul-harrowing banquets of thy cannibal followers? How can I dwell with one who feasts on his fellow-men? That thou shouldst be one of those my blood runs cold to name, overwhelms me with the agony of despair! And yet, can I leave thee? for ever leave thee, and see thee perish by thine own hand?—O, despatch me first. Be merciful, Dunalbion, and strike at once. Pray thou—for the pardon of thy crimes, then let us die together; that, purified from the guilt of thy barbarous tribes, we may mount embracing to the realms of blessedness. It were hopeless desperation to live another day, for never can I here enjoy one moment of happiness or peace again!”

“Then, cruel maid,” cried Dunalbion, drawing his sword, “this instant will I die; for since thou abhorrest me, life cannot longer be endured.”

“O, for the love of mercy!” exclaimed Utha, “put up that frightful weapon and convey us first, as you promised, from these infernal dwellings of men-eaters in safety to our own country, and then you may come back and give up your carcass, as soon as you please, for the benefit of your hungry companions.”

“And wouldst thou die, Dunalbion,” said the princess, “and leave me here a prey to these thy wild and ruthless chiefs?—a trembling bird beneath the talons of the vulture! O, Dunalbion, recall thy wonted tenderness to mind when we wandered together in the forest of *Caer Conan*, when I thought thee the gentlest, truest, fondest of thy sex, whose love for me was measureless as the heavens, and whose faithfulness was eternal as the sun that witnessed our mutual vows. Dunalbion, to thee I kneel for mercy; have some little compassion on her whom thy cruelty has hurled down from the highest pinnacle of hope and happiness to the darkest depths of wretchedness and despair. Cast me not from thy protection; save me, save me, I beseech thee, from falling into the hands of these bloodthirsty men!”

“Dwell here with me,” returned the chief, “and all my conquering sword can win shall be thine. My daily worship shall be devoted to thee, and all my thoughts employed to make thee blest. My love is still the truest, fondest ever felt on earth. I cannot live if thou depart from hence—speak—for life or instant death to me hang on thy pale and trembling lips.”

“Ah, Dunalbion,” sighed the princess, sinking on his bosom, “life without thee were worse a thousand times than death with torture! I will not, cannot, quit thee, stained as thou art with barbarous crimes; no, I will tarry and die in thine arms; for sure it is, if I behold that banquet of blood again, I shall expire with horror!”

“Transporting, glorious maid, now art thou mine indeed! Never shall those lovely eyes be again blasted by such a disgusting scene! Let these glowing kisses speak the fondest admiration of thy truth and constancy, and renew the rosy tints of thy faded cheek. Thou canst not abhor those detested, cannibal feasts, on which our tribe has been wont to regale with high and revengeful delight, uttering yells of

savage triumph o'er the mangled limbs of their enemies, more than I do, Dalclutha, who have revelled and delighted in all the pure refinements and splendid scenes of Roman pomp. Forgive me, sweet princess, it was but to prove to the uttermost thy love for me, that I suffered yon horrid banquet of the dead to be prepared of those unransomed captives, doomed by warriors to fall by the sword, and my chief warriors to assemble again around a board wont to be furnished with such hideous repasts. Never shall those blood-revels of other days be again renewed among us; and though these battle-times compel us, as rovers, to make incursions among the foes by whom we are surrounded on every side, yet by my example and firmness, and the sweet-toned eloquence of thy lips, we will so refine and humanize our wildly-savage tribe of wanderers, that nothing which could offend the sight and ear of the most refined Roman shall, ere long, be seen or heard within the precincts of our warlike camp."

"O, my lord," returned Dalclutha, "I fear this sudden change will overpower my feelings, and I shall now expire in thine arms with joy!"

"Well do I know the trial which thou hast endured has been cruelly severe, and be assured, *my* pangs, Dalclutha, have equalled thine. But among the gay and voluptuous Romans I had been taught to believe that woman's love was neither strong, devoted, nor sincere; and I swore never to wed one to whose constancy I had not first given trial by the strongest and most terrible test. Thou, my own Dalclutha, hast fully proved that woman's love exceeds in height and depth, in changeless devotedness and strength, all other things beneath the sun, and thy bright triumph completes my bliss! Come, dearest maid, the Druid priests wait for us, by the heaven o'er-canopied altar of eternal fire, to join our hands. Thither let us now repair, and other banquet than that of demon-like cannibals shall crown our bridal vows."

"There they go!" said Utha to herself; "Poor silly, silly woman! What coaxing wheedlers these men are! Well, no matter—things have turned out far better than I anticipated; and 'tis some consolation to learn that we are no longer in danger of being roasted like bustards, or stewed down like young fawns into soup, to fill the stomachs of these voracious mountaineers. I do not think I shall now have any great objection to these tented dwellings, for they

are far more sumptuous and beautiful than the cold and dingy walls of Caer Conan castle: and then the warriors too. I like the look of these men far better than those of their smock-faced chief; they are so truly of the fine old British character and appearance. As for he—why the man looks, I declare, like a perfect chit-faced Roman; with his beardless lips, his brow as deadly white as a great pearl, and his cheek with no more colour in it than a wild rose! I wonder where my lady's eyes could have been when she made choice of such a milk-face! I wish his followers would prevail on him to have a couple of sky-blue wolves scarified into his cheeks, and a fine yellow sun emblazoned on his pale forehead, with a few stars round his broad chin; then, indeed, he would look something like a man!—Well, as these warriors are to leave off devouring their own species, they will become quite charming; exactly to my taste, and I positively think, before the night is over, that I shall get rid of all my fears, and give my hand in the dance (for of course we shall dance,) to one of the best painted among them, in honour of my lady's nuptials."

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## THE DEITY.

BY J. CLARE, THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE PEASANT.

ALL Nature owns with one accord  
 The great and universal Lord;  
 The sun proclaims him through the day,  
 The moon when daylight steals away;  
 The very darkness smiles to wear  
 The stars, that show us God is there!  
 On moonlight seas soft gleams the sky,  
 And, God is with us, waves reply.  
 Winds breathe—from God's abode they come;  
 Storms louder own God is their home:  
 And thunders, with yet louder call,  
 Shout God is mightiest over all!—

Till Earth, right loth the proof to miss,  
Echoes triumphantly—He is !  
And vale and mountain make reply—  
God reigns on earth, in air, and sky.  
All Nature owns with one accord  
The great and universal Lord ;  
Insect, and bud, and tree, and flower,  
Bear witness to his wondrous power ;  
And God is with us, all reply,  
Creatures that creep, walk, swim, or fly—  
The first link in the mighty plan  
Alone is still—ungrateful Man.

## Y DUWDAWD.

Cydnebydd Anian o un vryd,  
Cydolig Arglwydd mawr y byd ;  
Ev honai haul trwy gylç y dydd,  
A lloer pan ciliai gwawl i gudd :  
Y gwyll llon wisga ser y nen,  
I ddangaws yno, Duw yn ben : '  
Gwar luçion wybr ar loerwawl don,  
Atebynt, Duw, yn y van hon.  
Anadla gwynt o drigvan Duw ;  
Ystormyd llevynt, mawr Ev yw :  
Taranau hevyd, hwynt mwy ban,  
Gorvloeddient, Duw sydd yn mhob man !  
Rhag pallu prawv, rho dalâr gre  
Vudugoliaethus, bod Eve !  
A bryn, a bro atebynt, gwir,  
Teyrnasa Duw ar aw a thir.  
Cydnebydd Anian o un vryd,  
Cydolig Arglwydd mawr y byd :  
Blaguryn, çwilyn, blodyn, perth,  
Ynt dystion odd ei ryvedd nerth :  
Ei vod, rho pob creadur brawv,  
A lusg, a hed, a gerdd, a nawv —  
Ond un, y priv o honynt—syn !  
Mae ev yn ddystaw—anvad Dyn.

CAERVALLWÇ.

## ON THE ANCIENT MONEY OF BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

BY SIR SAMUEL RUSH MEYRICK.

GENTLEMEN,

ALMOST two years have elapsed since the Cymmrodorian Society proposed as a prize, the royal medal and five guineas for the best essay in English, the subject of which should be "An inquiry into the coinage of the ancient Britons from the earliest period, but more especially from the departure of the Romans to the death of Llewelyn ab Gruffydd." I begin, therefore, to despair of the literary world obtaining any light on this subject. None but a Cambrian who is well versed in the poetry of the latter period can have at his command any probable data for this elucidation; for if such exist at all there can be no doubt but these curious remains of private transactions are the most likely sources from which they might be expected.

By way of encouragement to your countrymen to undertake the investigation, I will trouble you with what has occurred to me on the subject, fairly confessing that I cannot entirely satisfy myself whether the Welsh princes did or did not coin money, though I am strongly inclined to believe they did. The Welsh language is so instructive in its etymons, when treated rationally, that it is a rule I have laid down in all matters connected with Cambria and ancient Britain, to try what information it may afford. When the subject is of the highest antiquity, I examine whether the name of it can by possibility be derived from the Latin, as, if so, I think myself bound, in most cases, to allow that the Britons derived it from the Romans; but if the word appears indigenous, I conceive myself fully entitled to claim it as originally British.

Now, the Welsh word for money is *Arian*, which shews that the pecuniary transactions were in silver; but, as it may be derived from *Argentum*, as many have contended, I will not assert that it is British, however I might be inclined to consider it and *aur* (aurum) to be Celtic words. But although I allow, with Dr. Wotton, that, among the terms for money, *Punt* may be derived from the Roman *Pondus*; *Morc*, from the Anglo-Saxon *Mearc*; *Swlld*, from *Solidus*; *Dimmei*, from *Dimidium*; and *Fyrthing*, from the Anglo-



Saxon Foerthling; yet I cannot concede that *Ceiniawg* comes from *Pecunia*, or *Cuneus*.

In *Ceiniawg*, then, I believe we have an original term, which shews that at one time a piece of metal of a definite form and character circulated among the Britons; and from the word for money implying silver, we know its kind. Now, Dr. Owen Pughe, with far more propriety, derives *Ceiniawg* from the British word *Cain*, bright, fair, or beautiful, evidently from the sparkling appearance of the fresh coined silver.

From what has been said, this point, I think, must be conceded, that on the arrival of the Romans the Britons had money, though it may have been confined to a single denomination of coin; but in order to obtain a clearer insight into the matter, you must pardon the length of this letter, if I attempt to investigate the subject of coinage in a more general manner.

The inconvenience of barter in the transactions of commerce led to the adoption of the precious metals as the representatives of all commodities. At first their relative value was determined only by their weight. This is still the custom in China, where the quantity being agreed upon is cut off and weighed. It is spoken of in Genesis, xxiii. 16; and Varro tells us, that the ancient scales used by the Romans for that purpose were still extant in his time, and preserved in the temple of Saturn. But this method of transacting business was attended with much trouble, and liable to frauds in weight and purity. Hence, some nations decreed that the metals should previously be cut into certain determinate forms and magnitude, stamped with peculiar marks, by which every person might know at first sight the weight, fineness, and value of each piece. Such was the origin of coin, by which money became more current, and commercial transactions were much facilitated.

Coins were much larger at first than afterwards, being used both as weights and money. Thus the Attic *mina* and the Roman *libra* equally signify a weight; and the *στανη* of the Greeks, so called from *weighing*, is decisive on this point. The Jewish *shekel* was also a weight as well as a coin, 3000, according to Arbuthnot, being equal to one *talent*. This is the oldest coin of which we have any mention, for it occurs in Genesis, and exhibits direct evidence against those who date the first coinage of money so low as the time of Croesus or Darius, it being expressly said that "Abraham weighed to Ephron four hundred shekels of silver,

current money with the merchant." It is evident, from many passages in Homer, that *Talentum* originally signified a pair of scales; and was then given as a name to the thing contained, instead of the containing instrument.\*

As sheep and oxen were the principal objects of purchase, the earliest Roman money, Pliny† tells us, was stamped with the figures of these animals, in the time of Servius Tullius. For proof of this practice being of higher antiquity, we can again appeal to the authority of Scripture, for there we are informed that "Jacob bought a parcel of a field for a hundred *pieces of money*;" and the Hebrew word to express this is *Kesitoh*, which, according to the Septuagint, signifies *lambs*.‡ So in the Greek, Syriac, Arabic, and Vulgate; and Buxtorf quotes the Talmud to prove that the *kesita*, in Africa, was money. But Hesychius says direct, that the Athenian money was stamped with an *ox*; and Plutarch tells us, that this money had been struck at Athens by Theseus, before the war of Troy. Hence, one of the names of a Greek coin was  $\beta\alpha\sigma$ , the *ox*. There is preserved in the library here what appears to be one of these pieces of Athenian money; and my friend Chantry, whose judgment in such matters is not to be impugned, says, that it is a very good specimen of art, and its antiquity proved by the relief being on the principle of those in the Elgin marbles, high at the edge and flat in the centre, by which the outline becomes more clearly defined, as such pieces are rare. The weight of this is three ounces, and it is of bronze. Among the Earl of Pembroke's coins and medals, which were published in the year 1746, is a much larger specimen, being about six inches by four, and weighing six pounds and a quarter. There was another in the Museum at St. Genevieve, at Paris, valued at four sous; and Montfaucon has engraved two in his *Antiquité Expliquée*. Yet my friend, the highly accomplished antiquary, Francis Dome, Esq., for whose judgment in such matters I have the highest deference, denies the authenticity of any of these specimens, conceiving them to be only casts from the originals. Yet, in such case, originals of each size must have existed, for the impress is too clear to have been reduced by the modeller to any dimensions he pleased. It is, indeed, in the very best style of Athenian art.

Varro derives *pecunia* from *pecus*; and, we are told, that

\* See Taylor's *Elements of Civil Law*, 4to. p. 488.

† Nat. Hist. l. iii. s. 13. So also Columella, c. 7, in præf.

‡ Gen. xxxiii. 19.

in the year of Rome 300, the consuls Sp. Tarpeius and An. Terminus permitted the magistrates to impose *pecuniary* punishments, provided they did not exceed two *oxen* and thirty *sheep*.\* Of the sheep money none has been found.

The inconvenient size of such pieces for carrying about, occasioned their reduction, when, to ensure the same respect as had been felt for the ancient coin, they were impressed with the effigy of a deity or some religious symbol. Phido, king of Argos, is recorded as the first who presumed to substitute his own name and image for that of the gods, which was considered so great an innovation that Herodotus calls him the most insolent of mortals. This is said to have been ten centuries before Christ.

It is impossible to discover the precise time when money first began to be used in Britain and Ireland, or by whom it was introduced. Both the Phœnicians and Greeks were very well acquainted with its nature and use when they traded with these islands; yet, there is nothing to show that they communicated any knowledge of it to the inhabitants. The people of Gaul could hardly fail to obtain an acquaintance with it from the Greeks of Marseilles; and the Irish, at a later period, may have learnt its utility from the Phœnicians of Spain.

The first direct information we get respecting the Britons is from Cæsar,† who says, (*utuntur aut æreo aut taleis ferreis ad certum pondus examinatis pro nummo*,) “they use, instead of money, pieces of brass or iron plates reduced to a certain exact weight.”

This assigns to them one step beyond the practice of the Chinese. Both Mr. Pegge‡ and Dr. Borlase|| are of opinion that the pieces of brass or rather bronze were not stamped, and in this I myself am strongly inclined to acquiesce. Borlase has engraved some plates of iron with holes in the centre, which he conceives to be those spoken of by Cæsar, without ever reflecting the impossibility, from the humidity of our soil and climate, that they could have so long existed. The truth is, they are plates belonging to brigandine jackets, and probably not older than the time of

\* Collectanea de Reb. Hibern.

† Bel. Gal. l. v. c. 12. In other editions the passage is “*Nummo utuntur parvo et æreo, aut ferreis laminis pro nummo.*”

‡ Essay on the coins of Cunobelin, p. 34. 35.

|| History of Cornwall, p. 266.

Queen Elizabeth, whence others, as he says, were found in the wall of an old tower. But after all, although Cæsar observed that the internal commerce of the country was thus carried on, such exchange partakes somewhat of the character of barter. The ceiniogau or silver pieces were probably withheld from his sight, as it was expected he would demand tribute; and such were what were used in the commercial transactions with Gaul. Indeed we learn from the Triads, that, but shortly before Cæsar's invasion, the country had been almost drained of its coins, owing to the quantity carried away by the army of Caswallawn, when crossing over to the continent he joined the maritime tribes of Gaul against that general. This occasioned it to be called the silver host; for notwithstanding they took gold with them also, if there were some medals, the greater portion of that metal was doubtless in ornaments. If gold was ever found in this island the quantity must have been very small, but most of the lead mines yield an ample portion of silver.

The Britons, therefore, might have coined themselves, having learnt the art from the Gauls, the coining being of the simplest kind, the die being struck only on one side. This operation was performed by the feryllt, and consisted merely in holding a piece of metal on an anvil with a pincers, while a blow was given by a hammer in which the matrix for the impression was cut. A brass coin of Agathorles king of Syria, in the collection here, shows a projection on one side from which the heated metal had been dropped into water, and which served as a hold for the pincers, while it is evident there had been two blows with the hammer, a double impress proving the fact.

Gaul, in the time of Diodorus Siculus had long been famed for the abundance of its gold, and the Gauls for their dexterity in discovering, refining, and working that metal. Indeed this author tells us that they made not only their coins, but rings, chains, and other trinkets of pure gold without alloy.\* Montfaucon has given a plate of gold coins, or perhaps medals, struck by the Gauls. Dr. Borlase has had others engraved, found on Karnbre-hill, which greatly resemble them; many have been found in the isle of Sheppey and in Wales.†

Although Dr. Borlase contends that those he has given,

\* Diod. Sicul. l. v. s. 27.

† Borlase's Antiq. of Cornwall.

retain a style and character of their own, "sufficient to mark them as the property of a distinct people," and therefore British; most antiquaries of the present day are inclined to attribute them to the Gauls. Indeed they seem rather to have been medals used by the Druids of both countries than pieces of money.

But the silver coins much resembling them were, probably, struck in this country, in imitation of those of the Gauls, and of these between seventy and eighty were found in a tump near Banbury camp, in 1783, which is a circular in-trenchment not far from Hameldon hill in Dorsetshire.\* If so, we have here the ceiniogan of the ancient Britons.

The gold medals, like those of the early Greeks, and of most other nations of antiquity, are impressed with religious devices, the symbols of heathen superstition. The portico of a Greek temple was easy to portray, especially as excellent artists abounded in that country; but as the Gaulish designers were incapable of representing the perspective of a circular temple, we must not be surprised that it was expressed by studded circles, serving rather as the ground-plan than the elevation. No. xvi. of the plate of medals exhibited by Borlase, has on it, on one side, a female profile, on which is a laureated diadem, displaying two rows of curls above it, and this figure is clothed in a garment, the folds of which rise up round the neck, close to the ear. The reverse (for some of these are impressed on both sides) has a horse, a circle, balls and crescents. The *horse* has the head of a *bird*, a body bent downwards in the shape of a *boat*, and little groups of *balls* and *leaves* substituted for legs. This grotesque singularity, which may be observed in a variety of specimens exhibited by Borlase, Gibson, and Gough, the Rev. Mr. Davies observes, cannot be wholly ascribed to the rudeness of the designer's art, or to the accidental wandering of an unpractised hand, especially as the profile on the other side is well proportioned, and neither destitute of spirit nor expression. In this favorite figure then, we must view some complex symbol, some representation of a group of ideas which the designer had in contemplation.† We shall find that it has relation to the Helio-arkite superstition of Gaul and Britain. The most prominent subject on these medals, the monstrous horse with the head and

\* Hutchin's Dorset.

† Davies's Mythology of the Druids.

beak of a bird, and the body of a boat or ship, coincides so exactly with the description Taliesin gives of Kêd or Ceridwen, that it can only be referred to her and her mystical establishment.\* Many of the Gaulish specimens given by Montfaucon, which were found between Beauvais and Amiens, represent the hen picking up a grain of corn.† Dr. Borlase, in his antiquities, has given twenty varieties, and one in his "Natural History of Cornwall." Camden has two of gold, one of silver, and one of brass. Mr. Walker has supplied Gibson with others, and Gough has availed himself of all he could copy.

At this place are two gold coins concavo-convex, stamped only on the concave side. The weight of



that on which is the horse with a hen's head, is 92grs.  $\frac{7}{16}$ , its specific gravity 13 07. That which has the hen's head, formed of a lunette, picking up a grain, with other lunettes and dots, weighs 81grs.,  $\frac{1}{8}$ , and its specific gravity 11. 02.

Like the ancient Britons, *cearb*, *cim*, *cios*, all words for *silver*, implied, among the Irish, money in general. *Lethe* and *leathen* were the terms for it when determined by weight, from *leithe* a balance.

*Toice* was an ancient coin, but it is not now known of what metal it was made. The words *cepar screabal*, sometimes used for money, anciently implied tribute; and it seems clear, from the terms *cron vhualte òr*, *cron vhualte airged*, *cron vhualte pras*, i. e. *a mark struck upon gold*, *a mark struck upon silver*, *a mark struck upon brass*, that the Irish borrowed the idea of coins from some other people. They do not appear to have had money at the close of the second century, from the wording of the following law of

\* There is at Goodrich court an Æolipile of ancient Etruscan ware, which has the body and tail of a hen, and the head of a horse.—See an engraving of it by Storer, in the Portfolio.

† See also the transformations described in the Mabinogi of Taliesin, in the present Number, translated by Dr. Owen Pughe.—EDRS.

Magdorn, daughter of Mogha Nuadhád : “the lawful price of the clothing of every woman but the queen, ornaments excepted, whether to be paid in cows, horses, gold, silver, copper, or iron, &c. ;” again, we have, “to be paid by cumals of cows, or by ounces (of metal) in lieu of them.”

The word *cumal*, General Vallancey would translate *camel*, conceiving it to be a coin impressed with the figure of that animal; and thence, imagining that its origin must be eastern, infer that such coins were introduced into Ireland by the Celto-Scythian colony from Spain. The wildness and absurdity of this conjecture, so contrary to all evidence, is too apparent to require serious refutation.

It is true that the Irish, in their piratical expeditions, had become acquainted with Roman coins; and the discovery of two at New Grange, while it proves the fact, suggests that they might have been appropriated to the purpose of offerings to their deities. We cannot, I think, say that the Irish adopted the coinage of money until after the introduction of Christianity. The word *grea-bal*, the term for a penny, literally implies *stamped with the image of a horse*, which seems to refer to the ancient British *ceiniog*; and if so, the Irish would appear to have naturally become acquainted with the general circulating medium of Gaul and Britain, for the words *puingene*, a penny, and *monadh*,\* *money*, are clearly corruptions of the Saxon expressions.

Previously to this time, the gold and silver was certainly disposed of by weight.

It is very difficult to form any idea of the quantity of money that circulated in Britain between the first and second invasion of the Romans. Tacitus describes London as an opulent trading city, inhabited by several wealthy merchants, in less than twenty years after the latter period, which makes it probable that it was rich in money and merchandize before that event. This he says in his *Annals*, and in his *Life of Agricola* he observes that Britain has sufficient quantity of gold and silver amply to reward all the toils and dangers of those who seek its conquest. We have also no less than fifty different coins of Cynvelin, in gold, silver, and copper, which, although in all probability struck by Roman artists, were evidently coined for British circulation.

\* Is not this derived from *munai* of the Welsh, which means money; the root is *mun*, mine, ore, or metal?—EDRS.



But the conquest of this island, commenced by that people in the year 43, occasioned a total change in this respect. No sooner had Claudius and his officers deprived the British princes of their authority, and reduced their territories into the form of a Roman province, than their coin was prohibited by especial edict, and that of the Roman emperors substituted in its place. The result was, that all the native money was either concealed, or melted down to give place to that struck with the effigies of the Cæsars. Hence Gildas is induced to say, "Britain, after it was subdued and rendered tributary to the Romans, ought rather to have been called a Roman than a British island, as all the gold, silver, and copper money in it was stamped with the image of Cæsar. Immense sums of money flowed subsequently into this island, as its merchants contrived to get the balance of trade in their favour; but the two unfortunate expeditions of the usurpers Maximus and Constantine to the continent, in the years 383 and 408, were very injurious to the wealth of the provincial Britons. To prosecute their pretensions to the imperial purple, they carried off great sums of money. Hence the army of the former is called, in the Triads, one of the silver hosts, as it carried with it all (i. e. the far greater part of) the gold and silver out of the country. About the latter period, Zosimus asserts that many of the richest inhabitants, finding no security for their persons or possessions in Britain, converted their estates into money, and retired to the greater security of the continent.

Although the quantity of coin was by these means, and by the gradual but ultimate departure of the Romans, very greatly reduced, and that reduction augmented by the piratical expeditions of the Saxons, Irish, and Picts, yet it should be remembered that the property thus transferred was that of private individuals, and that taken by the government only what was contained in the treasury. But if we allow that the country was considerably drained of its coin, it is but natural to suppose that it felt an influx of wealth from Bretagne by the arrival of Cystennyn Llydaw and his followers. The influence of this event was experienced in succeeding times; for we not only find Gwrthryrn habited "in purple and gold," keeping a court with all the splendor of a Roman Vicarius, but are expressly told that he was attended by about five thousand mercenary troops, and independent of the retainers of the other chiefs; but that "gold had collected these for warfare."\*

\* See Gododin 7th.

Although we may suppose, from the constant intercourse between Britain and Brittany, that the Roman coin continued for a long period to be the current money of the kingdom, yet it is by no means clear what succeeded it. The Britons, in their retreat from the Saxon aggressions, still had in their rear those mountains which had supplied the Romans with great quantities of silver; and which mines, particularly those in Cardiganshire, are very far from being exhausted even at this day; and that they must have worked them, seems almost evident from the occasional demands for tribute. Rhodri Mawr, about the year 877, ordained that the princes of South Wales and Powys should each pay yearly to the sovereign of North Wales the sum of sixty-three pounds, which demand was called *maelged*, (the contribution of produce); but the royal tribute, or *teyrnged*, which was due from Cambria to the imperial crown of London, was ordained in future to be paid by the kings of North Wales. Vaughan of Hêngwrt\* gives another version. He says, "the kings of North Wales were to pay the sixty-three pounds to the crown of London; the princes of Powys four tons of flour, and the princes of South Wales four tons of honey, to the sovereigns of North Wales." This seems the most probable, countenanced as it is by the fact of the mines producing silver being within the jurisdiction of North Wales. From the same cause, we may conclude that the sixty-three pounds were so much weight of that metal. The laws of Hywel dda mention the tribute to the king of London thus, which was paid to Edward the Elder, in the year 922, by his sons: "Sixty-three pounds is the tribute from the king of Aberfraw to the king of London, when he took his kingdom from him; and besides this, except dogs, hawks, and horses, nothing else shall be exacted." The expression in Welsh is *tair a thri ugaint punt*, which, although now used to imply gold coin, was then considered as a weight; whence Dr. Wotton, in his preface to those laws, thus describes: "Libra Wallica ejusdem erat ac Saxonica valoris, ducentis et quadraginta denariis, sive ceiniogau constans." The pound, therefore, equalled two hundred and forty ceiniogau. Again, the Welsh Chronicle, speaking of the Anglo-Saxon King Athelstan in the year 934, says, "and he became possessed of all the kingdom of Wales, and it was made to pay a tribute to him, like the payment of the king of Norway to him. This was three hundred pounds

\* Brit. Antiq. Reviv'd.

of silver, and one hundred pounds of wool, (tri chant punt o arian ac ugein punt o cnu,) and five thousand cows every year." Harold, in 1053, made the Welsh pay tribute, who, in fear, renounced this allegiance to their lawful prince, Grufydd ab Llewelyn.

There is nothing, therefore, conclusive to show whether the Welsh princes actually coined the silver, in what is handed down to us in the details of what composed the exactions levied on them by their successful enemies; and, as no Welsh coins have been found, an inference might be drawn that none were ever struck. Yet such a conclusion would be rather hazardous. In the first place, we find the Welsh pound estimated by so many ceiniogau, which, from what has been before said, was money regularly struck; next, that this computation agreed with that of the Anglo-Saxons, while that people are not supposed to have coined before the seventh century. Then the mode of computing money was nearly the same with both people, perhaps a little more simple with the Welsh. But, above all, from the laws, pages 10, 71, and 217, in Wotton's edition, where the use of money is most clearly demonstrated, as it is directed to be paid or placed in the hands of another, and reserves to the king the right of striking it. As this last is so important, I must cite the passage in Welsh: "Pedwar peth a gynhelis y Brenin yn ei law ei hun heb gyfran i neb o herwydd cyfraith: Cyntav yw, &c." There are four things which the king reserves to himself, no one having any right to share with him; the first is, &c. "Trydydd yw gwneuthur cyfraith neu fath yn ei deyrnas:" the third is the right of making laws, and striking money in his own kingdom. Gwneuthur bath, is "to make coin;" whence arian bath signifies *stamped* (and therefore *current*) money." Bath meaning "impressed with a likeness," and, as it appears to me, though here I speak with all due deference, having some connexion with the word fat, "a smart blow or stroke;" although Dr. Owen Pughe gives to each a distinct derivation.

Thus, then, the Welsh prince had the power of making coin confirmed to him by law, and that he exercised it appears clear from the following notices in the laws themselves: "Supper money, or lodging money, which was paid by the gentry and freeholders for the maintenance of the officers of the court. Money of the equeries, which was paid by the king's tenants in villainage once a

year, to furnish provender for his horses. Money of increase, that is, the addition to what was paid in kind in order to bring two commodities on a par. Naturalization money, claim money, work money, swine money, and shed money.”

That the coin struck was the *ceiniog*, seems implied by the terms *ceiniog gyvraith*, and *ceiniog gesta*; the former being the coin of its full dimensions, and therefore considered of lawful weight and value; the latter the clipped coin, which was considered as having lost one third. Now these distinctions are not made with respect to the *punt*, *swllt*, or *dimai*, the second of which, and the *morc*, seldom occur in documents previous to the Norman conquest of England; and the transfer of money is demonstrated by the following expression from the same source: “*Yr un geiniawg a addug gant*,”—the same *ceiniog* is carried by a hundred.

The laws of *Hywel dda* were compiled about the year 926; and if he coined money, it is fair to conclude that his predecessors had done the same, though it is not possible to say for how many generations back. The clipt coin was probably of earlier date, as that operation would hardly be performed immediately after it issued from the mint; and the people must have been supplied with money, before contributions and fines of it would have been decreed. Yet how comes it that none has ever yet been discovered?

Dr. Wotton says that some individuals and communities are known to have had the power of coining, but that we have never become possessed of any specimens from their mints. Yet these are not like a nation. There is no accounting for it; it is an enigma.

How soon after the arrival of St. Patrick in Ireland coins were struck in that country is not very clear. Keating\* tells us that mints were erected at Armagh and Cashel immediately consequent to that event. Giraldus Cambrensis† is of opinion that gold and silver coins were introduced by the Danes. Probably the truth lies somewhat between the two.

In Harris's edition of Sir James Ware's *Antiquities of*

\* History of Ireland. † Cambrensis eversus, p. 85.

Ireland,\* we have eleven specimens of coin, but of these the first six are evidently of much earlier date than those that follow. On all, except two of the former, are the heads of princes, but on those two the Agnus Dei, with the cross above, seem to be represented.

At Ballylinam, in the Queen's County, in June 1786, a great number of silver Irish coins were found in an urn of earth, twelve of which have been engraved, and attempted to be explained by Mr. Beauford.† They appear to have been struck between the times of the two series given in Mr. Harris's Ware. Mr. Beauford refers them to the ninth century.

The only other notice that I am aware of that regards the the state of coinage in Wales, occurs in the statement of griefs of the men of Penllyn, in the time of Edward I. of England, and of their last prince Llewelyn ab Gruffydd. It shows that the English money was used in this district of Cambria. Cadvan ddu, the servant to the constable of Penllyn, complains of having been condemned by the English for refusing to receive the old money for new.‡

Should the effect of this sketch be to excite emulation among the Welsh scholars to search for what may throw further light on the subject, or others to use greater caution in order to preserve whatever coins may be exhumed in the Principality, my object will be fully answered.

I have the honour to be,

Gentlemen,

Most respectfully yours,

SAM. R. MEYRICK, K. H.

*Goodrich Court, Feb. 25, 1833.*

\* Vol. II. p. 203, pl. iii.

† Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, Vol. I. p. 139.

‡ Warrington's History of Cambria, p. 576.

## SELECTION FROM DAVYDD AB GWILYM.

Rho Duw hael rhadau helynt  
 Gwawr rhiv, Gymru ddigriv gynt !  
 Gorau man, gwinllan y gôst,  
 At vyd o vywyd vuost,  
 Fra vu amser i glera,  
 A dysg yr hên Gymry da.

## TRANSLATION.

Bounteous heaven, to Cymru give,  
 That her ancient rights may live ;  
 As in olden time they shone,  
 Mirth and music all her own ;  
 While along her favor'd land  
*Clera*\* spread her minstrel band,  
 Mingling over music's store,  
 With old Cymru's mountain lore.

\* The triennial circuit of minstrels, anciently ordained by law in Wales.

## THE SECLUDED MINERAL WELLS OF LLANWRTYD.

BY A PHYSICIAN.

THE service performed by a physician for his fee, the rural one, of a sovereign (that degenerate guinea of our evil days, curtailed of its fair proportions, to the serious annoyance of consulting surgeons, &c.) is usually the listening to the details (a little nauseous now and then) of real or fanciful sufferers. There is one pleasant exception to this rule, wherein the patient and doctor exchange parts, to the unspeakable comfort of every male gossip, including myself, who, I confess, would rather talk two hours than listen one. The instance alluded to, is on the occasion of persons, about this time of the year, enquiring about the characters of different wells or watering-places. It has been my blessed lot, (may it soon be again !) occasionally to experience that very pleasant titillation of the right palm produced by the contact of that little yellow body, spite of its degeneracy,—how far more pleasant, if a case of *twins*, of the same in a small delicate *amnion* of glazed paper ! the “value received” for such

votive offering being, I assure thee, invalid reader of the Cambrian Quarterly, little more than such a *tête-a-tête* sketch of the springs in my neighbourhood as I propose to transfer to its pages, for that very small demand on thy purse which the fractional portion of the price of that work may amount to, according to the small proportion of its space I shall have occasion to occupy. For I have always found, on these occasions, that the consultant, having learnt something from his Tour, or Welsh Guide, about the virtues of the waters generally, was quickly satisfied with the first few oracular responses on his "case," delivered with due solemnity befitting the topics of wind in the stomach, heart-burn, not very good appetite, &c. &c.; and listened with most pleasure to the chit-chat about the *kind* of places, if a stranger,—which my local knowledge enabled me to amuse him with, rather than those technical details which every such book supplies, under the head of watering-places. They are mistaken who would reflect on such patients as unreflecting. The influence of localities is great on all natures, but especially on those who form the majority of visitors to such places,—the *nervous*. We must trace the cause of the amendment of health experienced there to something besides the few grains of certain salts, or measure of certain gases, swallowed in each draught of the wonder-working water, quaffed in the intervals of regular meals and exercise, and temperance, and happy leisure, and early hours of rest and rising,—all which go for nothing in the cure, in the partial fancy of the water drinker, who gives the whole credit to the fountain.

Chemistry now does toward the medicinal curative miracles of wells what the dawn of revived learning did long ago to confound those ascribed to the respective saint or patron of each holy well. A few ages ago, groups of groaning, limping, scabby mortals, scratching each other in Christian charity, came dusty and travel-stained to the blessed fount, and there (at least *some* of them) received new life or comfort from the tutelar Genius of the place, whether martyr, as St. Winifred, or heaven-gifted churchman, as St. Beuno; leaving crutch or plaster hung up, like a votive offering of the Pagans, in their temples, as memento of the cure, to act like a *decoy duck*, in bringing many more votaries. But at the time of the exposure of monkish frauds, along with relics, bits of the true cross, blessed nails, and blessed nail-parings of martyrs, or saints, away flew the



fames of those holy waters, with that of other holy water, and "all their mummerly."

Alas for the Fynnon Bendigaed (the Holy Well!) and alas for all and sundry the suttlers, the hucksters, the lodging-letters, the well-watchers, all who lived by the waters, their occupation was gone! Happily each of these springs had its proper nastiness to distinguish it from the more pure element. The natural virtue was now discovered on failure of the supernatural. The imposture of the water was not to be unveiled, whatever the saint's might be. Its fame survived that of its patron. Votaries resorted thither still, with this difference, that the cure which the sufferer before received with all reverence, as from the tutelary guardian of the spring, he was now content to take under the more humble and less poetical form of—a purge.

When Christianity rose on the downfall of Paganism, the founders of our holy religion, as is well known, availed themselves of the fame they found attached to certain temples in drawing the same resort of votaries to the same spot, but for better purpose, by converting them into places of worship, as well as continuing many of the ceremonies and appointed days of the former idolatry, in the service of the new and true faith. Let none then find fault with that policy by which the modern Protestant reformers availed themselves of the saint's attractions, while they abjured his or her worship for ever. Science, and the "Schoolmaster," must now subject the natural virtues of this or that water to the same ordeal of scrutiny to which the miraculous ones were then subjected. "Seeing," says the incredulous invalid, "that I can purchase for a penny, at the next chemist's shop, the precise ingredients which analysis *proves* to alone distinguish the water of Cheltenham or Llandrindod from pure water, why must I take a long journey to drink them ready mixed by the hand of nature, instead of by my own hand?" I know not what can be answered to this, except "make the experiment of each." He will doubtless find his fire-side water-drinking not so effective as his old annual visit to the wells. It will be apparent, then, that something besides the elementary principles of the water, goes to the salutary effect. Of those uncertain somethings, I think local scenery forms no unimportant share to all, but most to that numerous class of invalids just mentioned, the *nervous*. To any one who considers the vast influence exerted on the state of the body's health by mental causes, palpable as it is to his daily observation, it can never seem matter of indifference

in what kind of scene his visit to a watering-place (supposing it his first visit) will fix him for three, or four, or six weeks, into what company it will introduce him, what range of Nature's beauties it will afford to his daily excursion.

It is a serious detriment to the famed of all the wells of Wales, that every Guide Book, or nearly so, is a mere compilation of scraps from preceding works; many of them taken from tours performed early in this century, whence it has happened that we find in many a *new* book, for the use of visitors to Wales, inns named as the "principal" of a town, which have long since degenerated into pot-houses,—places described as almost inaccessible, which have enjoyed these fifteen years excellent roads, &c. &c. This false representation has especially attached to the beautifully situated and valuable springs of Llanwrtyd. From either of the towns of Llandovery, Builth, or Rhagader, the romantic valley and river by which they rise are accessible by a road easy for even carriages.

The discovery of this water, in 1732, was of a far less suspicious nature, for disinterestedness, than those of Llandrindod, by the old "cunning woman, doctress, midwife, and so forth." A respected clergyman, the grandfather of Theophilus Jones, the historian of Brecknockshire, the Rev. Theophilus Evans, vicar of Llangammarch, was the first experimentalist of their virtues, and first subject of cure performed by them. He had been many years a great sufferer by a disease, which externally "nearly amounted to a leprosy," and internally reduced him to extreme weakness, when chance led him along the banks of the most romantic of South Walian rivers, to where there spouted out in its milky softness, from the bosom of a green hill, over a few polished pebbles, the unregarded little *prill* (as the Welsh call it) then known by the ugly name of Y Fynnon Ddrewllyd, "the stinking well," and, from that ill-savour alone, deemed *poisonous*. The unhappy clergyman, wearied out with so loathsome a malady, sat musing on the fatal nature of that innocent looking rivulet, probably wishing that "the Almighty had not fixed his canons" against that sad eternal cure which was so close to his hand, when a frog, which little personage we ought properly to call the first discoverer, as he proved at least its innoxious nature, darted merrily within it, and thus assured the languid gazer on the short sweet sod that surrounds it, that he might drink and live. So he drank and lived—long and well,—a

disinterested evidence of its virtues; nor has the fame of this spring ever suffered those vicissitudes following the changes of fashion, which have attended Llandrindod. Whatever cures have been, or can be effected by the spa of Harrowgate, may confidently be looked for from the water of Llanwrtyd; and have been, ever since the fortunate one of the good vicar (which was effected in the surprisingly short period of two months, though he had been given up as incurable,) gratefully received by numbers of the poor natives, whose confined intercourse, however, could not spread their just fames so far as could the more opulent visitors of Llandrindod in their annual resort thither.

One cause has operated to the limitation of the numbers who seek its effects, which ought to be removed. It is a prevalent idea, that the water is merely a sulphureous one, therefore limited in its effects to diseases wholly external. Though sulphur proves its presence by the smell, and effect on silver, it also *contains a chalybeate and saline impregnation, and magnesia, and the carbonic gas*; thus condensing, in one homogenous fluid (by no means nauseous, notwithstanding its odour,) the chief ingredients that give virtue to the three several springs at Llandrindod. The proportion of active aperient salt is much smaller, therefore requires the assistance of a little Rochelle, Cheltenham, or Epsom salt, and *only that*, to effect whatever can be effected by the Saline Rock, and "blacksmith's" waters of the latter place. Besides this, there is at no great distance, a very good and mild saline spring, near Llangammarch, but two or three years since discovered, the waters of which it were well to have conveyed every morning to Llanwrtyd (it would lose nothing by keeping three days) for the use of the company. The advantage which Llandrindod water can boast, if it be a boast—of its stronger operation,—that of Llanwrtyd at least counterbalances in the remarkably salutary influence it exerts on the kidneys,—an effect the more valuable that it is one of the utmost uncertainty, even from the most noted diuretics of the pharmacopœia. No physician, whatever, can promise, with confidence of fulfilment, that what he administers shall produce such action in those remoter and rebellious organs, the kidneys, which he can almost with certainty predict on the stomach or bowels, by emetics or cathartics. This difficult and doubtful achievement is one of great ease and uniformity to the subtle Naiad of this fount.

But as it is not my purpose to do aught but gossip about the wells of Wales, I find myself relapsing into "the doctor," and hasten to a more pleasing topic with which to conclude the *scenic* virtues of the Llanwrtyd Wells, leaving the medicinal to the reader's consultation with his Welsh Tour, or Guide Book, any one of which will point out to what invalid state generally each water is best adapted. Nor will any philosophic reader smile at my term of scenic virtues, I am persuaded, because he will remember how much the *corpus sanum* relies on the *mens sana* to complete that climax of exquisite existence, the "*mens sana in corpore sano*." And who shall deny that a delightful situation, the utmost peace, grandeur, and beauty which nature can combine in a landscape, must tend greatly to diffuse tranquil and delicious emotions through a mind, to invigorate at once and sooth, in short, lay a foundation of perfect sanity?

*Llan wrth Rhyd*—the church by the ford—a pleasant conjunction! The very name hints of the picturesque and sheltered wildness, inasmuch as our Welsh churches are all antique, and our Welsh rivers all sweetly fringed with wood, and embanked by mountains, and a *ford*, despite the little danger, always brings to the mind images of rural or romantic nature. I should have said, by the bye, all Welsh rivers but the Ithon, a Radnorshire river running near Llandrindod common, but out of view from it. That is, in nearly all its doublings, a singularly ugly sort of a water,—a *naked* river, a perfect indecency *in Wales*; its banks deep and steep, without trees, or mosses, or brambles,—a *canal* of a river.

The *Irvon* is as perfect a contrast to this sort of stream as can be. Many a copious draught have my two boys and myself enjoyed of its shining clear water, (to us far more sovereign a remedy than that of Llandrindod, or any other, being duly assisted by addition of a Chinese herb,) on a summer morning, gipsy fashion, and never without increased admiration of its natural beauties. The approach to the wells from Builth is by an excellent road (that to Llandovery) as far as to the village of Llangammarch. The intervening next two miles or more, are over monotonous moorland, a naked sheepwalk, wearying enough to the eye, but giving all the effect of contrast to the scene, which surprises the traveller on descending a little *pitch*, as we call it, to the wild and small, but truly characteristic village of Llanwrtyd. A rude bridge, a well wooded vale, with the

river Irvon winding away into the defiles of some romantic mountains, embosoming all its course,—cottages of true Welsh character, with piles of peat larger than the houses, with that sort of green cool light which approaching mountains cast over valley landscapes, form that scene. Following the river by a bowered road, he soon stands in front of a somewhat antique-looking mansion, so delightfully close to the cool leafy-shaded pastoral kind of river, that only a walk's breadth intervenes; so that a "brother of the angle" can sit and pursue his sport from the window in a sunny shower. Let the visitor peep in at the handsomely carved wainscots and ceilings of the rooms, and hold his way,—directly he finds on one hand (only parted by trees and leafy underwood) the rocky, brawling, or smoothly flowing reaches of the Irvon, on the other, a fine turfy slope,—a natural grass-plot, where stands the humble rustic temple which guards the spring.

But if he be a lover of nature he will overlook that object, seeing only the truly Alpine recess into which he has suddenly penetrated after traversing a waste. Indeed, I remember no spot in the whole Principality that so imposes its own peace and deep yet soft solemnity on the mind as this. The extent of the vale, at least what seems its whole extent, is not above a mile; for, at that distance, a noble slope on either hand forms a sublime *bwlch*, or Alpine pass, through which the egress is not apparent, the hollow being occupied by a church, so close to a bridge that from this point it seems to stand upon the arch, while a mountainous wood of pines rises so close and so abruptly behind, that by twilight this great mass of foliage gives the idea of black plumes nodding over its solemn grey antiquity as it stretches up quite from the level of the vale to the sky. The mile of valley between is filled with little patches of meadow on each side of the river, aged trees, mossed knolls of rock, and thickets, through which peeps here and there a cottage, grotesque, and green-roofed, and ancient-looking, as a hermitage.

Nothing can be finer, more grand, and more peace-breathing than this short perspective, walled in by the majestic heights, viewed by a fine evening of summer, when the sun has just made a "golden set;"—the last note of the cuckoo has been heard, the first of the owl comes from the woody shade or rock, the smokes of the few cottage-fires bespeak supper-doings and comforts for the tired poor man

within, and all is fast fading and swimming away from sight in the rich but darkening haze, till at last nothing remains distinct but that sable precipice and the square solitary grey body at its base, and one brilliant star come forth over the pine-wood top, near to a crescent moon, both there shining, seated as on a throne above, with that solemn lone and old place of God and prayer, and the dead below, adding its moral sublime of melancholy to that natural, which is alone so impressive.

But supposing it broad day or early evening, and the visitor bent on a ramble, let him proceed. He will find that black and bold barrier admits him through into a defile, which soon (though still jealously) expands into a valley four miles long, the most truly *Welsh* in its character that Wales presents, and as truly pastoral, sweet, and wild at once, as the Alps can reveal to him. Nothing but added height, though the hills here are stupendous, is wanting, and *woden* houses, which I confess to me are less picturesque far than these *old* stone ones, to make him believe himself in Switzerland. His craggy mossy road ('tis not for a carriage, though carriages may proceed there) conducts him so close by the pretty rustic farms, that he walks or rides almost under the weedy eaves of the thatches, and quite in the midst of girls milking cows in the little *fold* or *barton* (Anglicé, farm-yard) of each; the river Irvon, (growing wilder, and full of falls and brawls in that wilder vale,) bending about close on the other hand, giving him variety of front views by its sinuosity, though his way is still in one profound valley. Amused by all varieties of grand or fantastic forms in the mountains on each hand, shutting him in with these hermit homes—their small hay-fields, flocks, cattle, and shy, not rude dwellers—the traveller reaches the end of *this* vale of Irvon. Two small churches in the wild place (Abergwessyn) present themselves on each side of the river, and a “public, or *tavarn*,” a welcome thing in this region. But let the *Saison* reader, the *mere* Saxon, note well the single letter “a” in this last word! or who can foresee his flights of hope and bitterness of disappointment, should he take it for a word of Sassenach, and strut into the humble hostelry of “mine host” (civil and intelligent,) of Pentwyn “public” at Abergwessyn, calling about him, “Waiter! Boots! Ostler!—what the devil”——actually taking it for the *tavern* talked about in the Cambrian Quarterly.

Let him, however, not expect too much, and he shall be "blessed." Now, to whichever hand he pleases to turn from this house, he soon reaches another grandly grotesque vale. To the left, he follows the Irvon, and in less than three miles is in the heart of the mountain solitude; the only specimens, still lingering, of the wild and simple lives of "mountayne men," uninvaded by English manners or people, are there, curious and primitive as they are, full before him. Not a word of English shall he hear, not a habit of English life shall he find; not a sound shall he catch as he wanders, but screams, bleats, and hollow thunder, of kites, flocks, and buried waterfalls of the river at a vast depth beneath him, following the foot of the high wild hills he is traversing—by a very fair rock road notwithstanding.

If he turn to the right, another river, "unknown to fame," the Gnuffiad, with its equally romantic and even more lovely vast valley, begins to accompany him at about a mile's distance; hence he may deviate over a great bank into a parallel vale, descend into its quiet profound; and lo! another nameless river, (nameless to the world,) the Gammarch, there winds its way among antique houses of shepherd farmers, with their little green redemptions from the waste of rock wildness, sweet and flowering along the water's sides.

But there would be no end of describing all the grand excursions which may be made in the course of *even one day*, on a pony, from the wells of Llanwrtyd; excursions, the more interesting for being utterly unknown and unnoticed by all and every writer of Tours and Welsh Guides.

The least known, or unknown, to English persons, of our Welsh rivers, are by far the most worthy of name and acquaintance. The Irvon is probably as little familiar to the summer visitors of Wales as any foreign stream not commercial, yet few routes conduct us through so many charming scenes. Its course is about twenty-five miles, and every mile such as Walton would have deemed worthy of commemoration by a song in its praise. Nowhere could his milkmaid and mother more fittingly have sate milking or chatting, than in the wild yet sweet meadows by its side.

Having named one *Tavarn*, let me not forget that in its



course, and close to its flow, is another which, albeit the roof is thatch, and the whole most truly Cambrian to the eye, is *more* than English to the ear, to the palate, to the empty stomach, and weary limbs; affording a speedy and excellent meal, courteous civility, in the English tongue and manners, a private parlour and good bed; and, I am *told*, excellent *liquors*. I can say no more, they being my aversion. To the malt liquor I can speak with all satisfaction. This is the little road-side hostelry of Tavarn-y-Prydd, which is a trifle out of the way to Llanwrtyd, from the village of Llangammarch, for those arriving from Builth, besides, that the slight deviation exchanges a wild and poor mile or two for a rich river-side ride of that length. The river is easily fordable just opposite the house. Doctor Johnson has lauded inns. My taste is humbler. A downright hedge ale-house has great charms for me; but this word does not exclude humble comforts, such as Goldsmith has given to that of his deserted village. Next to that genuine supreme good of this world, a real *home*, which has "good accommodation for man and *heart*;" the next good thing (though *cum longo intervallo*) is a mock-home; that is, a clean parlour in a little lone "public," by the side of a *mountain road*, with *very* little traffic, where a man may sit two hours over his tea (the *fine hyson* from his own pocket,) smelling the breath of cows; perhaps a honey-suckle, if not too high up the mountains; forgetting himself, not "quite to stone," but to perfect absenteeism from the affairs of busy life; and not a soul in the house come asking "did you ring, Sir?" as I am sure would be the case in an inn; not to mention the plague of that (to me) most odious of apparitions, a male waiter, with his white apron and napkin, who would utter the interested question. Where such inquiry is made in these lowlier "publics," it is not from eagerness to supply you with something fresh to swell the charge, but real attention; and, who would not part with his pleasantest reverie, to answer a kind question put by so pleasant an intruder as a "daughter of mine hostess," perhaps brought up at a boarding-school, and retaining nothing of rustic life in manners but what is amiable? In such *hospitium*, for the restless *mind* at least, there is a sort of oblivion of a man's former self, his hankerings and disappointments. The feeling of being a stranger, without a name to even those who lodge and entertain him, makes a sort of congeniality between the outer and inner man. If he have no tie or sympathy with the world left in his heart, it is a great solace to

have his mind released from it also, as it is in this his vagabond nonentity. If his hunger find relief also, we may say that the *thinking* man and the *omnivorous* man are both agreeably soothed, and nothing but the *feeling* man goes craving, (and pray can the first inn in Bath supply that?) so that the little "public" has truly fulfilled that promise, which ever draws me within the old fashioned portal that bears it, "Good entertainment for man and *beast*;" meaning, no doubt, the grosser mere animal part of man, to which a smoking joint is the most "entertaining of things," far beyond the *Waverley Novels*.

As some atonement for the intrusion of this digression, de ale-houses et "publics," to which the homely comforts experienced at Tarn-y-Prydd have seduced me, let me conclude with something worthier of "physician's" eulogy than such matters; that is, our primary topic, the wells. Far from depreciating generally the attractions, *in toto*, of such places of resort, I highly value them when conjoined with those of nature. There are few Pagan rites that I would more willingly revive were the Roman religion ever to come in fashion again, than that of the *Fontinalia*, on the 13th of October, in honour of the nymphs of wells and fountains, when nosegays were thrown into the water; a matter enough to squabash Llandrindod, at one blow of thought, for where would we find a flower on Llandrindod desert? and where can we *not* find them on the sweet banks of the *Irvon*? Having touched on Roman matters, I recollect a Latin ode that Mr. Theophilus Jones has preserved in his *History of Brecknockshire*—the subject, "*Llanwrtyd*." The thing seemed to me so unworthy of its topic, that sitting one golden evening on the turf by the little font, I tried my hand on the same. Having not pleased even myself, the Latin I shall not obtrude here; but the *burden*, the naked thought, seemed to my fond fancy better than my *Latinity*. I shall try it therefore in an English dress, and leave to better scholars the task of re-translating into Latin, this

#### ODE TO HEALTH.

(WRITTEN AT LLANWRTYD.)

Good angel of ungrateful man,

Who spurns thee, present, with a mad disdain,—

As soon as parted—wild and wan,

(Chased by the fury pain)

Seeks thee the wide world o'er, and cries to thee in vain!

To win thee back, what prayers, what travel-toil,  
Whilst thou, with nature here, art near him all the while!

Fashion's fooled victim, let him toil!

Still dream thou hidest thee on yon mournful moor,  
Where nature never deigned to smile,  
Till she his steps allure

Hither to her, and peace, and thee, for cure;  
Taught to expect it not from thy sole hand,  
But nature's too—her western breathings bland,—  
Her humming bees, her flowers, and ev'n her aspect grand.

Well hast thou chosen here thy seat—

Most blessed of all man's divinities,  
Yea, all in one! with nature great  
Yet gracious; where she lies  
Lulled all night long with mountain melodies;  
And her sweet day steals like a sunny night,  
Listening to waterfalls, so silent, yet so bright!

Thou, life's salvation and life's bliss!

More goddess thou in these blest nooks of earth,  
Such shepherd's paradise as this,  
Where life takes tenfold worth!

Ye happy mountains, happy he whose birth  
And death is in your shade! whose cradle stood  
While leaves sung lullaby, by yonder flood,  
Whose home too by, whose grave beneath, yon mountain wood!

He who resigns the world's poor strife,

Hath found on earth a resurrection, risen  
To his waked mind's more glorious life,  
Winged to forsake its prison.

Stay happy mortal, thus beatified—

(Whoe'er thou art) on this soft green hill's side,—

Hygeia bids thee stay; repose and listen!  
Health leaps before thee in this milky spring;  
Peace, and the peace of God in its low murmuring.

## A WORD TO THE GAËL.

CELEBRATED as the Scottish Gaël have ever been since the light of history dawned on Albion, and interesting as have become the people and the romantic country, from the recent popular and happy delineations of those peculiar manners, and singular but venerable usages, so rapidly disappearing, which characterize the Highlanders, it has long been matter of regret and surprise, that no periodical should exist, to supply the literary wants of so important a part of the empire, and so respectable a portion of the inhabitants of Britain.

That country, the sons of which have spread far and wide the fame of Scotland, where the moral and intellectual character of the people is so conspicuous; that country, we say, ought no longer to remain without a vehicle, in which the patriot can find preserved all important memoranda of his race, and of his father-land; where the fast-fleeting traditions and poetry, and the passing events of his native country, can be faithfully recorded, and transmitted to posterity.

The Teachdaire Gaëlach, the publication of which is unfortunately suspended, promised to supply this desideratum to the Gaël of Albin; but, although very properly conducted in their vernacular tongue, that language rendered it a sealed book to thousands, who, connected by birth or otherwise with the country, desire with avidity to inform themselves of every thing which patriotism and the love of mankind can render interesting.

In Wales, the Cymru portion of the Celtæ, a population of 700,000, maintain no less than eighteen periodicals, seventeen of which are written in the Welsh language! Can Celtic Scotland, with its 400,000, remain without some share in the literature of their common race, of which they form so important and influential a division?\*

When Bonaparte read the inimitable poems of Ossian, impressed with the importance of a study of Celtic, as Mr. Logan

\* It has been ascertained that Scotland, Ireland, or Wales, singly, cannot sustain a periodical *exclusively* devoted to the literature of either one or the other.

informs us, he at once founded a Celtic professorship at Paris.\* Shall the country, says Mr. Logan, which produced the immortal bard continue without a representative in that literature to which she has contributed so sublime an addition; or, possessing abundant stores of the most curious and attractive description, be satisfied without having any depository for those matters so highly valued by every patriot? And let it be clearly understood that matters of antiquity alone are not alluded to; great men and their deeds, whether belonging to the earlier or more recent annals, are here meant; and the more useful improvement in science or art in the present day, should ever be preferred to that which has to boast of age alone, however venerable.

The Celtic Quarterly, as we have before stated, will henceforward be devoted to articles of general Celtic interest. We, the conductors of that work, are particularly anxious to acquire the patronage of the Scottish clans; we earnestly solicit their co-operation. We especially address ourselves to the leading men of the Gaël, whose ardent attachment to the primitive manners, the romantic, oral, and poetical lore, the peculiar music, the singularly impressive language; in short, to every thing which distinguishes the natives of Caledonia, (and where is the country more distinguished?) in the history of nations.

To the non-resident Scot nobility and gentry we would respectfully look for support, believing that, as they necessarily feel proud of their descent from the old Gaël, they take a lively interest in all things which relate to that people and country.

We have already entered into correspondence with the ingenious and learned Mr. Logan, author of "the Scottish Gaël," &c. &c. whose knowledge in every thing that appertains to his country will enable us to meet the wishes of our northern friends; next quarter will produce lucubrations from his pen which we feel assured will be fully worthy of him and the country he represents. Other negotiations are in the course of arrangement with several Gaëlic and Irish literati. It remains to us inexplicable, that, to the present hour, amidst an unprecedented thirst after knowledge, the different branches of the great Celtic family have remained ignorant, in all that relates to each other, beyond the fact of their mere existence.

\* The Welsh are now petitioning for the establishment of a Cambrian professorship at the English Universities.

The fascinating works of Sir W. Scott owe their unbounded popularity to the agreeable admixture of antiquarian and light reading. By this method, he has procured for Scotland a celebrity altogether unprecedented. He has brought pure Celtic historical facts to be universally read, by clothing his data in rich and beautiful language.

It will be our study, on the same plan, in humble imitation of the "great magician of the north," to render the pages of the *Celtic Quarterly* amusing and instructive. It will form a highly original and entertaining miscellany, containing matter of the most important interest on Celtic affairs in general, and will preserve the curious *sgeulachd* of *Clan n' Albin*; legendary lore—floating in oral record, which would otherwise be for ever lost!

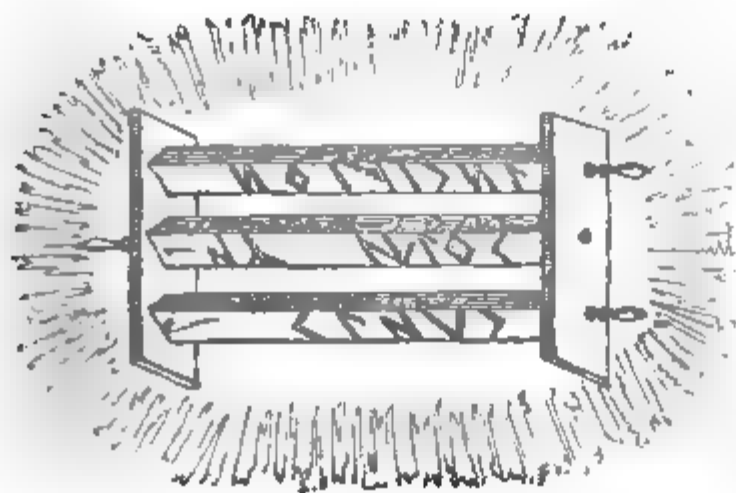
In short, the work will embrace every thing calculated to promote the love of country, to bind good men to their native soil, to unite the *Gäel*, *Cymry*, *Irish*, *Manx*, *Bas Breton*, *Scandinavian*, &c. &c. as grand remaining divisions of a wonderful race, and lead our readers to become real lovers of their race.

In conclusion,—impartiality shall be our motto. The different branches of the renowned people who possessed all Europe, and imparted philosophy to both *Greeks* and *Romans*, shall be fairly treated. We only desire and expect that which the chivalrous *Gäel* allowed to every one—"cothrom na Feinne."\*

\* *Gaëlic* proverb: "The equal combat of the *Fingalians*"—i. e. fair play.

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ANCIENT PYTHENYN, OR WOODEN BOOK OF THE WELSH DRUIDS.



## OLION.

*To the Editors of the Cambrian Quarterly.*

ON THE PRESUMED DIRECTION OF OFFA'S DYKE THROUGH THE  
COUNTY OF HEREFORD.

GENTLEMEN,

FROM Knighton, in the county of Radnor, called by the Welsh, *Trev y clawdd*, or the town on the dyke, the line of Offa's stupendous work has been traced in a very satisfactory manner, but from that point, southward, there are only occasional indications. Strutt\* assigns the whole county of Hereford to the kingdom of Mercia, but the existence of the dyke, with its proper name, between Upperton and Bridge Solers, on the Wye, shows that this cannot be true of much more than one half.

It strikes me, that those who have endeavoured to trace the bearing of this singular remain of antiquity, have undertaken the matter with the same predilections, as would have guided them in the investigation of a Roman road, forgetting that the Romans, making their lines of communication, did so through a conquered country, and therefore would vary as little as possible from the straight direction. Offa, on the contrary, wished to mark the boundary of his kingdom, which, extending much farther west in some places than in others, he could not avoid giving to his work an irregular appearance. Now, I think we have a most rational guide in the celebrated Denbighshire antiquary, Humphrey Llwyd.† He gives us a clue that it is worth while to put to the test, when he tells us that almost all the places on the Mercian side of the dyke "*in ton vel ham finientia habent.*" After taking those spots where this earth work is known, as fixed points, should it be possible to draw a line from one to the other, so that on one side there be Welsh names for places, while on the other they are invariably English, I think the fair inference must be that the original direction is pretty nearly, if not exactly, ascertained.

The most northern point in Herefordshire, where Offa's dyke is known, is in the parish of Leintwardine, a name of Cambrian origin. This is distant from Knighton about eight miles, almost due east; the dyke therefore must have run parallel to the Wye, or that river served as the boundary of Mercia instead. The next certain point is Grimsditch, rather more than a dozen miles nearly due south from Leintwardine. The corrupted Welsh name of Pembridge, (probably once *Penybont*,) shows where the

\* Chronicle of England.

† Comment. Brit. Descrip. 42.



tract must have crossed the river Arrow. From Leintwardine, therefore, to Pembridge, the first place would be Walford, or the ford of the Vallum, and thence, parallel with the stream, having on the Welsh side Upper and Lower Pedwardine, and on the Mercian, Letton; thence to Creekmelyn, a mound on which might have stood one of the watch-towers, and so on through Shobden park to Pembridge, which is exactly due south of Leintwardine.

Grimsditch is about two miles s.s.w. of Pembridge. From this direction it went s.s.e. to Upperton, four miles, as from this point it is seen in great perfection crossing Mansel Gamage to Bridge Solers for a similar distance. The Wye itself next, in all probability, afforded the boundary for a mile and a quarter, making a slight curve, but still keeping the same direction, and just beyond we meet again with an indication of it under the name of Tond-ditch. Hence it probably took a w.s.w. course towards Gorty common, and so on to Walbrook, between Aconbury and Dewchurch, (Eglwys Dduw) and by Hentlas to Altbach, opposite Aramstone, where it again met the Wye. Here the river acted perhaps instead of the dyke, flowing for about a mile in a s.s.w. direction towards Llanfrothen, or it may have crossed the river by Aramstone, to Penalt, and thence by Pennaxton to Hentland, corrupted from Henllan. From this the direction was towards the river Luke, having on the Welsh side Pengethley and Dafarluke, and on the Mercian, Sellach, Peterstow, and Wilson. Continuing the line of the Luke, it would nearly meet the Wye again at Pencreek, or rather Penrŷg. Here I conceive it entered my grounds, and went along what in my oldest title-deeds is called "The Lord's Way," that is, the road used by the owners of Goodrich castle to Pencreek. This road, before I gave a more commodious one in exchange, led from Pencreek, or as it is now called, Pencraig, to the village of the Croose, which has been so named from having been formed about Y Crwys, the Cross-house, still having the remains of the shaft on its roof, where the four gables meet. If this road, which in some parts has more the appearance of a dyke, divided Mercia and Wales, it is not to be wondered at that the farm close on its western side, is still called Bryngwyn. Taking a direction from hence, almost south, either along the road to Huntsholm ferry-house, and allowing the river to be the boundary, to opposite Symond's Yat, or running along Coppet-hill to that point, it here crossed the stream, and having left the county of Hereford, entered through this pass in the rock that of Gloucester. From Symond's Yat, or Gate, the line is nearly due south to Coleford, St. Briavel's,\* and Tiddenham, at all which

\* The Rev. T. D. Fosbrook, of Walford, in this county, has taken some pains to trace it here. See GENT.'S MAG. for last month, et ante.

places Offa's dyke is known, and just beyond the latter place it fell into the Bristol Channel, near the mouth of the Wye.

Should this supposed line induce any of your correspondents, who have the opportunity, to examine whether it be corroborated by traces, names of fields, cottages, or farm-houses, I should be glad to see the result in your pages; and in the mean time remain

Most respectfully yours,

SAML. R. MEYRICK, K. H.

*Goodrich Court; Feb. 8, 1833.*

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GODODIN OF ANEURIN.

*To the Editors of the Cambrian Quarterly.*

GENTLEMEN,

I READ the Rev. Mr. Price's answer to my letter with much pleasure and satisfaction, and I should rejoice to see him well supported and encouraged in his laudable proposal of publishing his ancient ms. according to the plan which he has suggested. I beg leave therefore to say that I will subscribe *two guineas*, by way of commencement, towards promoting so desirable an object as the publication of the GODODIN, and the other poems contained in the ms.; and, if you can prevail on some of our patriotic countrymen in London to form themselves into a committee for the purpose of carrying Mr. Price's proposal into effect, which is the only way that I can suggest as best calculated to give him the support he deserves, I will immediately remit my subscription. If similar committees also were formed in different parts of the Principality, to co-operate with the London committee, the main point, perhaps, would be sooner gained. It is indeed to be hoped that every well-wisher to the ancient literature of Wales will subscribe something towards rescuing from oblivion so ancient a document.

My former letter having been signed PENLLYN, I will now declare my name, by subscribing myself,

Gentlemen,

Your most obedient servant,

JOHN JONES.

*Christ Church, Oxford;  
Feb. 18, 1833.*

P.S.—I cannot well allow this letter to go from my hands without expressing my hearty concurrence in what Sir Samuel MEYRICK has advanced in his letter, which appeared in the last Number of your deservedly popular Magazine, p. 121, in which

he deprecates, and not without good reason, the idle speculation of those who derive, whether right or not, every English word they meet with, from the Welsh language.

J. J.

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MOTTO OF THE ORDER OF THE BATH.—DR. ROBERT  
RECORDE.

*To the Editors of the Cambrian Quarterly.*

GENTLEMEN,

THE successful termination of the discussion on the subject of the Prince of Wales's motto, in favor of PERIS,\* emboldens me to submit to the consideration of your correspondents, in the OLION department, another question of similar interest, regarding the motto which distinguishes the order of the Bath. As the former may now be presumed to be pure Welsh, it will not, I hope, be deemed presumptuous in claiming a Welsh origin to a part of the latter. I have searched in vain in the French vocabularies, for a definite meaning to the word *honi*, and, connecting the first adoption of this motto by the founder of the Tudor dynasty, with his Cambrian origin, I maintain that *honi* is neither more nor less than the simple Welsh pronoun, *hynny*, that, or the same thing; in which case, *hynny soit* would imply, that betide him, *qui mal y pense*. If any proof can be adduced of the word *honi* being used by any French writer, in the sense generally attributed to it in the translation of this motto, I stand corrected.

Allow me to take this opportunity of supplying the deficiency pointed out by Mr. J. MORRIS in your last Number, where he regrets that no answer has been given to the inquiry of ELVAELIAD, respecting the birth-place and biography of Dr. Recorde. The desired information may be had by referring to the first volume of Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*, p. 84, which, in addition to the genealogical notices furnished by Mr. Morris, (the Oxford biographer leaving the Cambrian descent of Dr. Recorde in a state of ambiguity,) will afford ELVAELIAD the particulars required.

UWCHGORFAI.

Jan. 31, 1833.

\* We must be excused inserting further discussion on the subject, although we are not aware of any such termination.—EDITORS.

## LIST OF STORES IN CARNARVON CASTLE.

GENTLEMEN,

If the enclosed inventory of some of the stores found in Carnarvon castle, after the death of Sir John Puleston, (who was chamberlain of North Wales, and governor of this fortress in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI.,) should be thought worthy of a place in your Magazine, may I beg that you will insert it in your next Number.

John Wynn ap Hugh, one of the justices before whom the inventory was taken, was direct ancestor to the Wynns of Glynllifon, now represented by Spencer Bulkeley Wynn, Lord Newborough. Griffith ap Robert Vaughan, the other magistrate, was of Talhenbont (now called Plas-hen) in Evionedd, an estate which still remains in the possession of his descendants.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

W.

*Cricciaeth, Caernarvonshire; March 2, 1833.*Castrü de }  
Kaem'van. }

The trew Inventorie of all Ordin'ne's and such things fownd remayninge in the Castell after the decease of S<sup>r</sup> John Puleston Knight, late constable *viewed*\* and taken the 25<sup>th</sup> day of ffebruary Anno regni Edwardi quint' by vs John wyn ap hugh esquier Shirriffe of the County of Caern', Gruff' ap Rob't vahn, and gruff' Davies esquiers, Justice of the peace in the said Countye, appointed for that thentent and purpose by vertue of a lrē to them directed by the right hon'able S<sup>r</sup> Willm Herbert Lord p'sident in the m'ches of walles beringe Date the 3<sup>d</sup> of ffebruary Anno Supradict' as hereafter ffoloweth.

It'm in primis one Rowsty Cankared Slinge.

It'm on Rowsty Cankared fawcon.

It'm on halfe rowstye kankar'd Slinge.

It'm v gone chambers.

It'm on halfe hake w<sup>th</sup>owt stock.

It'm iij rowstye Cankered hagbutts.

It'm ij rawstie Cankered lyttell gones.

It'm on halfe rowsty Cankared hagbut broken in five pieces.

It'm xi yron bowlts for prison's.

It'm iij man acles.

It'm one hand gone.

It'm ij yron chaynes.

It'm iiij fetters locks.

\* This word is doubtful in MS.

It'm x locks and keys vppon chambers & howses of offices.  
It'm on webbe of Leade of viij foote longe blowen from the  
towr, and on pece of Leade that conveid watter in a gutt  
of the length of iii quarters.

It'm ij bowlts of iron fallen from the gate of the castell.

It'm certen small owld peces of broken leade to the number  
of iij.

*To the Editors of the Cambrian Quarterly.*

GENTLEMEN.

The following inscription, which I have copied for your pages, is, I believe without a parallel in Wales or England, and is eminently worthy of being preserved in your Magazine. The stone lies in the chancel of the church of Aberconwy, in Arvon, and is looked upon as one of the wonders of the place. Notwithstanding this fecundity, the name is now extinct, and there is not one who can trace his descent to this once rich and highly respectable family. The family estates have passed by purchase to the Williams of Plasisav, in this town.

LLEWELYN C. . .

*Aberconwy; Chœvror 1, 1833.*

HERE LYETH Y<sup>o</sup> BODY  
OF NICH<sup>s</sup> HOOKES OF  
CONWAY GE<sup>n</sup>. WHO  
WAS y<sup>o</sup> 4<sup>J</sup><sup>t</sup> child  
OF HIS FATHER W<sup>m</sup>.  
HOOKES ESQ<sup>r</sup>. BY ALICE  
HIS WIFE, AND y<sup>o</sup> FATHER  
OF 27 children, WHO  
DYED y<sup>o</sup> 20<sup>th</sup> DAY OF MARCH  
1637

N.B. THIS STONE WAS REU  
IVED in y<sup>o</sup> year 1720  
Att y<sup>o</sup> charge OF JOHN  
HOOKES ESQ<sup>r</sup>.  
& SINCE BY THO<sup>s</sup>.  
BRADNEY & W. ARCHER ESQ<sup>s</sup>.



## No. XVIII.

Oxford; Sept. 22, 1695.

DEAR S<sup>r</sup>.

I receiv'd your kind letter with the inclosed half crowns, which were more than enough towards the two books. The other two sent at the same time, I have heard nothing of, but what you told me in your former letter. Perhaps your brother has not yet receiv'd Mr. Vaughan's money; but I hope he'll take care to put him in mind of it, which, because he deliver'd it him he may doe more conveniently than I can. I am very sensible of my obligations to Mr. Mostyn and Dr. Foulks, for their generous encouragement of the design I proposed; and wish nothing more, in case it be my fortune to undertake it, than be able to perform it in some measure to the credit and satisfaction of such worthy patrons. I intend to print some short acc<sup>t</sup> of it, on half a sheet; but must first advise with Dr. Edwards, who is expected about a fortnight hence, from his parsonage in Hampshire. Upon further consideration I think it more advisable to propose the antiquities of Wales, &c. as my main aim and designe, than the Natural History, there being so few in our parts acquainted w<sup>th</sup> this latter; and under the umbrage of that, to collect also all the materials I can for a Natural History, which may be publish'd afterwards by myself or some other, in Latin or English, as shall seem most convenient. The gentlemen you mention offer very fairly in promising to take off a book, and I would not have the sallary proposed to any but such as have an esteem for learning, and have also plentiful estates. I could wish, indeed, there were not above twenty concern'd in it, throughout all Wales, for I doe not love to be burthensome to a variety of humours. I have sent you a small token just out of the presse, against Atheism, &c. Be pleased to excuse the binding, for I could get no other.

I am, Dear Veteran,

Y<sup>r</sup>. most affectionat Fr<sup>d</sup>.

And Humble Servant,

EDW. LHWYD.

[No direction or endorsement.]

## No. XIX.

Oxf<sup>d</sup>. Nov<sup>r</sup>. 20, 95.DEAR S<sup>r</sup>.

I have now sent you the paper I mentioned in my last, and would desire to hear from you as soon as you have perus'd it, and shew'd it two or three friends. I suppose Dr. Edwards has also sent some of them to Dr. Wyn, the Chancell<sup>r</sup>; for he told me about a week since, he intended to doe it, by y<sup>e</sup> first conveniency.



Pray acquaint me how you think to dispose of them to the best advantage, and give me all the advice you can concerning y<sup>e</sup> fittest persons to recommend it in your country, and in Montgomeryshire. You have often mention'd Dr. Foulks as one of a generous temper, and very forward to encourage such public designs as he finds reason to approve of. I suppose he would be the fittest person to receive subscriptions in Denbighshire, or at leastwise for a great part of it, but being not acquainted with him, I dare not request so great a favour and trouble. I think to send half a dozen to Mr. Price, of Wrexham, by the interest of Mr. W<sup>m</sup>. Wyn, who I think is well acquainted with him; and these, as I suppose at present, will be enough for your country. If any shall object, that all is lost, if it please God I should dye in the interim, you may assure them I shall make choice of a young man for an amanuensis, who has parts enough to make, at least, as good a naturalist and antiquary as I am in a few years, and that I shall spare no pains to instruct him.

I leave Mr. Roberts to tel you what University news occurs, and I shall onely adde, that I am

Y<sup>r</sup> most affectionat Friend,  
And humble Serv<sup>t</sup>

EDW. LEWYD.

I have sent one of these papers my self to S<sup>r</sup> Robert Owen.

[No direction, but endorsed by  
the Rev<sup>d</sup>. Jno. Lloyd.]

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No. XX.

HON<sup>OR</sup>: S<sup>R</sup>

The many favours you were pleased to show me, when engag'd in the publishing of Camden, have encourag'd me to direct the enclosed to your hands, which contains some proposals for a Geographical Dictionary and Natural History of Wales. Dr. Edwards and some other friends advised me to print it; but what encouragement it will meet with I cannot guesse, especially in these unsetl'd times, when the Public Taxes require good husbandry; tho' tis far from my design to be burthensome to any but those who have good estates, and are of their own free choice (& not merely from the example of their neighbours) disposed to favour y<sup>e</sup> undertaking. There is one very obvious objection, which I have not taken notice of in the paper, because indeed I could not well answer it; and this is, that if it should please God I should dye before either of these books be fitted for the presse, all the encouragement given me would be so much thrown away. In order to provide for such an accident as well as I can,

I shall endeavour to make choice of a young man of some extraordinary parts and industry for an amanuensis, and shall instruct him (as far as I am capable) in the studies of Natural History and Antiquities, that so he may be qualified not onely to assist me in this undertaking, if it please God I should live to goe throw with it, but perhaps to finish it as well or better than myself. If it should happen otherwise. I have already an eye on one whom I think fit for the purpose, and also very desirous for such an employment. But I could wish the college would be so favourable as to choose him into the Foundation, that so he may have some bging to depend upon in regard to these singular studies will never come in his way to preferment, but rather hazard him the reputation of being ignorant in every thing else, as we find it too often happens to men that signalize themselves in any one study. I intend to mention it to Dr. Edwards, who is pleas'd to be very active in promoting this design, and has already, or will, very speedily, send some of these papers to my Lord of Bangor, to Dr. Wyn the Chancellor, and Dr. Owen Wyn at London. Having but lately printed, I have sent but few abroad, and have not yet heard how they are accepted. Onely one letter I rec<sup>d</sup> just now out of Glamorganshire, wherein my friend tells me that as yet he has shew'd it only two gentlemen, viz. S<sup>r</sup> John Aubrey & S<sup>r</sup> Charles Kemeys, and that one of these subscrib'd five pounds, and the other forty shill. This is a beginning much beyond what I expected, but these are persons of the greatest estates; when we come to Brecknocshire and Radnorshire we shall move more slowly. I once intended to determin the sallary to ten pounds a year for each county, & had express'd it so in the paper, but was advis'd by some friends to leave it as 'tis, in regard some counties might well contribute more, and perhaps others not so much; and that the greater encouragement I met with the better I should be enabl'd to employ the assistance of others. But 'tis high time to beg your pardon for this tediousnesse, and to subscribe myself,

Y<sup>r</sup> most obliged humble servant,

EDW. LHWYD.

*Oxford; Nov. 26, 1695.*

I have sent half a dozen of these papers to Ned Humphreys, who, I suppose, will wait on you 'ere he disposes of any of them. Mr. Wood, the antiquary, has been very ill this fortnight, and is thought to be past all recovery.

Since y<sup>e</sup> sealing of this, I rec<sup>d</sup> a letter from one Welborne, who is Steward to y<sup>e</sup> Earl of Peterborough, wherein he offers for sale (either to the University or any private person) a collection of silver and brasse coyns, consisting of 13 hundred pieces, but at so dear a rate, (6<sup>s</sup> one with another,) tho' I know 'tis to no pur-

pose to mention it to y<sup>e</sup> V. Ch<sup>r</sup>, nor indeed would y<sup>e</sup> University buy them at any rate. I suppose 'tis y<sup>e</sup> collection of his master, tho' he only tells me they belong to an ancient gentleman, who is willing to part with them because his sight begins to grow dimme; and adds there's a cabinet to be sold with them, so curious that it was design'd to have been presented to K. James, as a repository for his medals. I have heard Beverland commend Peterborough's coyns as y<sup>e</sup> best collection in England. This I have added because I know not but S<sup>r</sup> Roger may be disposed to purchase such a collection. I suppose for a small gratuity we might have a man of judgment and fidelity to view them, and doubt not but they will abate much of the price he proposes, though he says 30<sup>l<sup>b</sup></sup> a piece have been off<sup>d</sup> for some.

A Letter may be directed to Mr. Rob<sup>t</sup> Welborne, near the E. of Petersb<sup>e</sup> House, by the Horse Ferry in Westminster.

[Directed] For y<sup>e</sup> Hon<sup>d</sup> Richard Mostyn, Esq<sup>r</sup>  
at Penbedw,  
in Flintshire.

*Chester Post.*

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No. XXI.

[THE FOLLOWING HEADING OCCURS HERE IN THE MSS.]

*Extracts out of Letters writ by Mr. Lloyd, of the Museum, to the Rev. Mr. H. Foulks, when Rector of St. George, relating to the Antiquities of Wales.*

*Oxf<sup>d</sup>; Apr. 6, 96.*

Some time this year I shall print a catalogue of my collection of formed stones, with a few observations on such bodies in general. I design to add an asterisk to such as I have plenty of, and to signify in the preface that I would exchange them with any gentleman that has collections of this nature, by which means I expect several gentlemen, being desirous of a collection of this kind, and having nothing to exchange, will be willing to lay out money for them.

I suppose Dr. Blackmore might borrow the heroes you mention out of an old French romance of K. Arthur. S<sup>r</sup> Rhys ap Thomas his monument was showed me at Caermarthen church. His puissance was well expressed by a poet of that time, which (as the vulgar report) had like to have cost him his life: the words are only y Brenin a bràr ynys, end Sydh o ran i S<sup>r</sup> Rys Divism Imperium Cum Jove, &c.

Oxf<sup>d</sup>

Bead-house (which, as Jack Lloyd of Ruthyn tells me, is St. Rob. Owen's etymon of Bettws,) seems as good as either Bed-house or Beatus; but as yet I acquiesce in neither of them, and my objection to Bead-house is, that it is an English name; neither can I apprehend why a chappel should be called a Bead-house any more in Wales than elsewhere. Gelen is probably (tho' I know nothing of the place) the name of brook, but should be called celen, because it has gelenod in it, seems to me not very probable.

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[It will be seen from the following date that the writer had commenced his tour through Wales, for the purpose of collecting materials for his promised History of Wales, all the previous letters being dated at Oxford.]

[ANOTHER EXTRACT.]

*Dogelhey; March 17, 1698.*

I have not yet seen Owen Gwynedds Maengwerth fawr, but shall desire the favour when I go to Bala. Mrs. Pugh of Mathavern was pleased to bestow upon me Tlws Owen Kyveiliog, which is the same with the transparent ombriæ in the Museum, and set in copper; this was formerly called, in South Wales, Glain Kawad, whence Syppyn Kyveiliog.

Lhygae vel glain Kawad weth Telrig i Vaen y Tiboeth.

Dr. Davies's collection of proverbs, with a comment on each, and Latin interpretation, I have seen at Glascoed, where there's an excellent collection of Welsh papers, but not near so many parchment mss. as at Hengwrt, tho' copies of most. I have lately met with an inscription at Towyn of five lines, which by y' form of the letters might have been of the 7<sup>th</sup> or 8<sup>th</sup> century; but, though the letters be very plain, I can make neither Welsh nor Latin of it. We have discovered at Edernion a very curious marble for salt sellers, hafts of knives, &c. &c.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Argyleshire Pronouncing Gaëlic Dictionary; to which is prefixed a concise but most comprehensive Gaëlic Grammar.* By Niel M'Alpine, student in Divinity, &c. Edinburgh, 1832. Pp. 281.

THE Celtic dialects of France, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, do not differ so materially from each other as we might be led to imagine from a cursory glance at their respective orthographies.

The Welsh orthography is plainer, simpler, and more systematical than that of the Irish, Gaelic, or Breton. Next to the Welsh is the modern orthographical system of the Armorican, as submitted to the Celtic academy of France, by Legonidec, author of a Celto-Breton Grammar and Dictionary.

The orthography of the Irish and Erse, instead of assimilating spelling to sound, seems to be entirely dependent on an irregular system of etymological deductions.

The radical initial letters represent their substitutes by adding the letter *h*, according to the following scale of mutations:

Radicals	B	C	D	F	G	M	P	S	T
	Bh and mh	Ch	Dh	Fh	Gh	Mh	Ph	Sh	Th
Pro-nounced	V	χ in Greek.	Y and Gh	F	sometimes like χ	V	F	Sh	H

It would be a useless task for the student to try to acquire a correct pronunciation of the Gaelic, without oral instruction, or the aid of a pronouncing Dictionary; such a book (owing to the patriotic exertions of Mr. Niel M'Alpine) we have now before us, otherwise we should not have imagined that the words *cnaimh*, a bone, and *mna*, woman, were pronounced *kreiv* and *mrra*, or that the double letters *th* and *dh*, at the, forming a considerable portion of the Gaelic orthography, were not sounded as written, the one representing *t*, or *h*, the other *y*, *e*, or *gh*. The vowels, diphthongs, and triphthongs, depart still wider from the ordinary rules of pronunciation observable in the other Celtic dialects.

Owing to the isolated situation of the Highlands of Scotland, we expected that the Celtic tongue was there retained in greater purity than in those countries which have been the scenes of warfare from the earliest period of antiquity; but, after an attentive perusal of Mr. M'Alpine's Gaelic Dictionary, we must confess that our expectations have not been realized.

The following words are extracted from a list of nouns inserted in the 15th page of the Dictionary, as examples in Gaelic:

Diac, *a drake*; boc, *a buck*; MAIDINN, *morning*; obair, *work*; uiln, *an elbow*; mathair, *mother*; prionsa, *prince*; searbhanta, *maid*; BRATHAIR, *brother*; gannra, *gander*; dorus, *a door*, seol, *a sail*; staighir, *a chair*; faighir, *a fair*.

Such words may have crept into the language, but they possess no more claims of being Celtic than Persian.

Allowing for orthographical variations, the sequent nouns, selected from the same page, are pure Welsh:

Duine, *a man*; cu, *a dog*; tarbh, *a bull*; ceare, *a hen*; coileach, *a cock*; buachail, *a herd*; bo, *a cow*; avhain, *river*; muir, *sea*; sàil, *a heel*; cealgair, *hypocrite*; aimsreadair, *weather-glass*; figheadair, (*gweuadyr, w.*) *weaver*; sroin, *a nose*; mòine, *peat-moss*; CATHAIR, *chair*; nathair, *serpent*; còir, *right*; uisge, *water*; bean, *woman*; geadh, *goose*; capull, *mare*; coara, *sheep*, hence corlem in Welsh; uan, *a lamb*; bard, *a poet*.

The article in Gaelic is declined by gender, number, and case, as appears in the following example:

	SINGULAR.		PLURAL.
	Mas.	Fem.	Mas. and Fem.
<i>Nom.</i>	An, am	an á	Na, <i>the</i>
<i>Gen.</i>	An, á	na	Nan, nam, <i>of the</i>
<i>Dat.</i>	An, á	an á	Na, <i>to the</i> .

The cases of nouns are four, the nominative, genitive, dative, and vocative. Grammarians restrict themselves to two declensions, although there are six various modes of forming the genitive case:

	SINGULAR.		PLURAL.
<i>N.</i>	Fear,	<i>a man</i>	Fir, fearibh
<i>G.</i>	Fir,	<i>of a man</i>	Fear, fearaibh
<i>D.</i>	Fhear,	<i>to a man</i>	Fearaibh
<i>V.</i>	Thir,	<i>O man</i>	Fheara, fhearaibh.

*Same Noun with the Article.*

SINGULAR.		PLURAL.	
N.	Am fear	Na fir,	fearaibh
G.	An fhir	Nam fear,	fearaibh
D.	An'n fhear	Na fearaibh,	<i>to the.</i>

The following adjectives in the positive state are the same as in Welsh :

Dall, *blind* ; crom, *bent* ; cam, *crooked* ; trom, *heavy* ; bodhar, *deaf* ; mor, *great* ; fann, (*gwan, w.*) *weak* ; tinne, *tight* ; caol, (*cùl, w.*) *narrow* ; marbh, *dead* ; lleisy, *slothful*.

It has been remarked, that in all cultivated languages the adjectives *good, bad, little*, are irregularly compared. The same rule is applicable to the Gaelic :

Beag, (*bach, w.*) *little* ; lugha, (*llai, w.*) *less*.

Math, (*mad, w.*) *good* ; fearra, *better*, (*goreu, w.*) *best, sup.*  
and *gwell*, *better*.

Ole, *wilce*, miosa,—*bad, worse*.

We insert the personal pronouns in Gaelic and Welsh for the sake of comparison.

SINGULAR.		PLURAL.		
<i>Gaelic.</i>	<i>Welsh.</i>	<i>Gaelic.</i>	<i>Welsh.</i>	
Mi	mi, vj	<i>I</i>	Sin	ni <i>we</i>
Tu	ti	<i>thou</i>	Sibh	chwi <i>ye or you</i>
E, i, si,	E, eve, ev, hi,	<i>he, her.</i>	Iad, siad, eud, soud,	} hwynt, <i>they.</i>

Fein, *self*, in Gaelic is only a corruption of the Welsh word vyhun, compounded of vj and hun, *myself* : mi fhein, *myself* ; thu fhein, *thyself* ; e fein, *himself* : sinne fhein, *ourselves* ; sibh fhein, *yourselves* ; eud fhein, *themselves*. In Welsh, mi vyhun, ti dihun, weihun, &c.

The adjective pronouns are, mo or mu, *my* ; do or du, *thy* ; a, *her or his* : ar, *our* ; chur or ar, *yours* ; an, *their or theirs*.

There is nothing wherein languages more generally agree than in the numbers, but we find the Gaelic more closely connected with the Latin numerals than the Welsh, which agrees with the Greek more intimately than the Latin,—a clear proof of the antiquity of the ancient British.



<i>Greek.</i>	<i>Welsh.</i>	<i>Latin.</i>	<i>Gaelic.</i>
ἓν	Un	Unus	Aon, ah-aon
δύω	Dau or Dou	Duo	Dhà, adha
τρεις	Tri	Tres	Tri
τετταρες	Pedwar	Quatuor	Ceithir
πεντε	Pump	Quinque	Coig
ἕξ	Chwech	Sex	Se, sia
ἑπτα	Saith	Septem	Seachd
ὀκτω	Wyth	Orto	Ochd
ἐννεα	Nau	Novem	Naoidh
δεκα	Deg	Decem	Deich
ἑικοσι	Ugain	Viginti	Fichead
εκατον	Cant	Centum	Ciad, ceud
χιλιας	Mil	Mille	Mile.

There are in Gaelic two conjugations ; the first comprehending all the verbs beginning with consonants, except *f*, or a vowel ; the second, all beginning with *f*, or a vowel. It has (in common with the Welsh, Hebrew, and other oriental languages) but two tenses, the PAST and the FUTURE.

It is worthy of remark, that most of the words that have *gw* for their initials in Welsh, begin in Gaelic with an *f*, as : *gwr*, *w. faer*, *g.* ; *gwàn*, *w. fann*, *g.* ; *Gwydd*, *w. fiodh*, *g.* ; *gwin*, *w. fion*, *g.* ; *gwîn*, *w. fion*, *g.* ; *gwrion*, *w. firion*, *g.* ; *gwraig*, *w. frag*, *g.*, &c.

At a future period, perchance, we may compare the Welsh and Gaelic more accurately. In the mean time, we recommend our readers to peruse Mr. M'Alpine's Pronouncing Dictionary, as a book well adapted to study many words now obsolete in Welsh.

Although we are anxious to give credence to the author in Gaelic criticisms, still we cannot confidently "*swallow*" his opinion under the word "*coig*," where he gravely tells us that the inhabitants of the Islands of Argyle pronounce Gaelic just as Adam spoke it.

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*Scenes in North Wales, with Historical Illustrations, Legends, and Biographical Notices.* By G. N. Wright, A.M. P.A. R.H.A. Embellished with Engravings. Printed for Tegg, Cheapside. 1 vol. 8vo.

THE present year had added another to the list, already large, of guide books, peregrinations, legends, landscapes,

&c. &c., of and concerning our own beautiful Wales. We say guide books, because, although the work before us does not comprehend routes for the observance of the uninitiated, yet it certainly is intended to be a pocket companion to the tourist. It is embellished with thirty-six engravings, exceedingly small, but many of them well executed. The price of the whole is 4s. 6d.; and, even in this age of cheap literature, we cannot imagine in what way the proprietor intends reimbursing his expenses, much more to gain by the speculation. It cannot be expected that much original matter will be found in such a work; it consists of selections from commonly received authorities, clothed in the editor's own words, and most, if not all, of the plates are reduced copies; but that he is capable of rendering his own ideas in fine language admits not of a doubt. We give one short specimen. In his preface, he says, "The great deeds of Leonidas were done amidst the rocks and glens. Switzerland displays her hatred of tyranny in an undying affection for the memory of Tell; while, from the chivalrous exploits of Glendwr, brandishing high the torch of liberty, a stream of light has issued, that seems to have poured its rays into the deepest recesses of his native glens." We have seen something very like this, in reference to the same subject, but we have reason to think that the imagery is not borrowed; and we therefore give Mr. Wright that credit for originality which it would be unjust to withhold. But this volume is not free from imperfections: the best authorities have not been consulted; the typographical errors shall not here come under our notice, knowing the many difficulties an editor has to contend against, especially in matters of Cambrian interest; but there are several points, historically important, here wrongly given, for which there can be no excuse. The French also is imperfect; for example, in page 10, a very stupid error occurs, we are told something about, "the coup dé œil enjoyed from the Marine parade."

In page 16, the summit of Snowdon is termed "the loftiest pinnacle in ancient Britain." We cannot admit that Scotland was not part of ancient Britain. The Cymry, Lloygrians, and Caledonians, were *all* originally Gauls, and Albin was as much a part of Britain as London or Mona; two or three mountains in the Highlands are higher than Snowdon. The above assertion is calculated to mislead the juvenile reader, and there is no excuse for so palpable an error. In the very next page, the editor speaks of "the British Simplon, through the *flinty* rocks of Ogwen;" surely he

cannot mean *flinty* in a figurative sense, and we have no such formation in North Wales, excepting (and that very rarely) small conglomerated knots. In what school of geology has our author studied? In page 21, we are again favored with a little startling information regarding Snowdonia: "This is the highest of the North Cambrian chain, and *still supposed the loftiest hill in Great Britain!!*" In page 31, the author assures us that Owain Glendwr "*was entombed at Monington, in Herefordshire.*" In two lines, he has taken upon himself to solve that which has been an object of fruitless investigation by our best antiquaries. We believe there is not an atom of proof that Glendwr was buried at Monington. We know that there is in the British Museum a m.s., stating, that the *supposed* body of Glendwr was discovered at Monington, upon rebuilding the Church, in the year 1680; that it was entire, and of "goodly stature." Our Welsh scholars have been unable to fling the smallest ray of light upon the subject; and different places are said to have been the depository of Glendwr's ashes, with just as much proof in their favour as Monington. Had the author said that Glendwr was probably buried *somewhere* in Herefordshire, he would have been supported, at least, by very vague and uncertain testimony. We must express to Englishmen that it is of much consequence to us to preserve our history correctly: had Edward Plantagenet, *their king*, and *our conqueror*, been confounded with uncertainty in any assumption relating to him, in life or death, we should have deeply regretted the event; and we must be equally tenacious in all that regards those immortal warriors, who, with their followers, were the last struggling remnant of what once were "a great and glorious nation."

We cannot pursue our investigation further; sufficient has been shown that material errors occur in the "Historical Illustrations." But it is our duty as well as our inclination to add, that the engravings are worth the price of the whole volume.

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*The Juvenilia. No. 3. 1833.*

Any work intended for the well-directing of children's minds, which moves their little hearts towards good, and leads them from bad, is worthy of high commendation; and, as an instrument of this kind, we have perused the third Number of 'the Juvenilia' with considerable pleasure. The article 'On the Necessity of a Liberal Education,' must have an

exceedingly good effect upon the feelings of children, because it will impress upon them the necessity of study. The lines 'To a Youthful Friend,' are valuable in their tendency, for they may embue the young with feelings of mutual esteem, but they are not adapted for children. The 'Child of Misfortune' is exceedingly simple and pathetic, and will surely impress the uncontaminated heart with pity for hapless innocence ; we therefore extract it.

#### CHILD OF MISFORTUNE.

Child of misfortune ! obscure is thy birth,  
 And strange are the hands that supply thee ;  
 The world is thy home ; and innocent mirth  
 Already fate seems to deny thee.

Child of misfortune ! thou knows't not the grave  
 Where thy mother took refuge from sorrow ;  
 Her bier is the ocean, and wild winds rave  
 O'er the spot, so untroubled to-morrow.

Child of misfortune ! thy wailings were loud,  
 When exposed to the merciless weather ;  
 A blanket (thy covering) was used as a shroud,  
 And thy limbs were tied closely together.

Child of misfortune ! thy bed was a stone,  
 A step served the place of a pillow ;  
 The friends who should nurse thee were few and unknown,  
 And thy parent sunk deep in the billow.

Child of misfortune ! thy last hour is nigh,  
 And a death without terrors flits o'er thee,  
 No kindred preserver will hear the last sigh  
 Ere the spirit rejoins her that bore thee.

J. Q.

There are other articles in the 'Juvenilia' to which we decidedly object ; a work which takes for its motto 'the lisp of children and their earliest words,' displays either bad taste, or paucity of materiel, in giving epitaphs in Latin, Dr. Lettsom's prescriptions in English, French jokes, or Curran's puns. Before we take leave of this little work, we shall select another specimen of poetry, not because we see much to praise in the lines, but because the theme is a Celtic one.

THE WELSH BARD.

“ Bring my harp from the willow, where long it has hung,  
While our deeds are forgotten, our praises unsung,  
Wake again to our senses thy sweet songs of yore,  
When in peace we reposed, and the battle was o'er.”

Thus the Welsh chieftain spoke, as his warriors stood round :  
He thought of an hour that his heart bade rebound,  
The hour, ere yet forced from his home by the foe,  
When he drank in with joy, what he now heard with woe.

“ Friends of my heart, friends of my soul,  
Thou chieftain of my lonely hall,  
Hear and believe me as you love  
Your homes, your friends, your heav'n above.”  
The poet raised his beaming eye  
As if to view the beauteous sky ;  
A tear bedew'd it as it fell  
Upon the earth : again the swell  
Of music echoed from the chords  
As, hanging o'er his harp, these words  
Infused new courage in the fallen band,  
And many a sword was grasp'd by many a hand.  
—Do ye ask the bard to sing  
The Foeman's praise ? to touch the string  
That ne'er on such a theme should sound ?  
To a softer lay it must now rebound,  
To a song of love and lady fair :—  
We must forget what once we were ;  
We must forget the mace to wield,  
And learn a sterner art—to yield.  
See ye proud Edward's banner float  
O'er every castle—every moat  
That you were glad to call your own,  
And are content to sit and moan  
Your fate, whilst there's an arm to fight  
In your country's cause—your country's right ;  
Seize, seize the buckler, point the spear,  
And teach the foe yet once again to fear.”

W. H. W.

With such improvements as we have suggested, we think it probable the 'Juvenilia' may receive a fair share of public patronage.

**MUSIC.**—THE ROSE OF LLAN MEILEN, *adapted to a popular Welsh Air, arranged for the Piano-Forte.* H. Davies, Cheltenham.

On the merits of this air, Glan Meddwdod Mwyn, (good-humoured and merry,) we have nothing to observe, excepting that it has withstood the criticism of the ablest professors, and its melody has ever been considered exceedingly fine. Of the new words, it is our opinion that they are sweet and plaintive. The author of "The Rose of Llan Meilen," we are sure, could have no desire to see us involved in disputes with contemporary reviewers, especially when their criticisms become ridiculous; but we may inform him that this beautiful tune has been hacked and torn to pieces by a Saturday's journal, professing to have exclusive information upon all matters of court and ton. However, the Welsh air of Glan Meddwdod Mwyn, seems to have rather puzzled our little friend, for he reviewed it *as a new air*; though, indeed, the absurdity of the error well suits a *fashionable* news-purveyor, for "*more hominum evenit.*"

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*South-East View of the Newtown Public Rooms, from the Design of Thomas Penson, Esq., drawn on Stone.* Thomas Newtown, Montgomeryshire.

This is a building worthy of the fast rising emporium of North Wales manufacture, and a splendid addition to the town, which can readily afford such an ornament, for it is necessarily possessed of those nuisances usually attached to mercantile places, namely,—squalidness and filth in superabundance. By the bye, in connexion with these public rooms, there has been a strong feeling of jealousy existing between the inhabitants of Welsh Pool and Newtown. The good folks of both may feel assured that their best and common interest is to proceed with feelings of kindness and good will towards each other; let them recollect that *all North Wales* does not, at present, manufacture as much flannel as many English houses do singly; and that the Welsh flannel trade, if *properly* conducted, is, according to the testimony of commercial men, a very improvable one. Let our manufacturers look to India, and to the *Army Lace Trade*, for additional employment of their machines, and, above all, let the competitors of Newtown and Welsh Pool recollect that, in its best sense, namely, commercial exertion, "union is strength," that they should be as one establishment, and that "if a house be divided against itself, it cannot stand." By offering our very humble advice upon

this important subject, we had momentarily forgotten to pass our judgment upon the drawing. It is executed in a superior way, it is bold and distinct, which is generally the grand defect of lithographic performances, and the elevation and fore-shortening correctly given. Messrs. Wehnert, G. Scharf, and C. Hullmandel, are the artists.

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LITERARY NOTICES.

*Efanglydd*—Contents: Life of John Huss; Letters of the Rev. Wm. Jones; Liberty of Great Britain; on Sabbath Festivities.

*Gwyliedydd*—On the Ash Tree; Service Tree; a Vision of the Welsh; Dr. Adam Clarke, on the Established Church; Savings' Banks; Ceubren yr Ellyll, or the Oak of Namau.

*Gwladgarvor*—The Utility of Knowledge; Astronomy, the "Sun," &c.; Canaan, with a Map; Natural History; Biography; Divinity; Geography; Physiological History; Rhetoric.

*Seren Gomer*—Letter from America; Rev. J. Davies' Address, &c.

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In a few days will be published, "*Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of the Rev. William Lavers,*" late of Honiton. By I. S. ELLIOTT. With a Portrait.

"*An Historical Sketch of the Baptist Denomination,*" presenting a view of its rise, progress, and present state, in all parts of the world; to which is added, an "Alphabetical List of Baptist Churches in England," with dates of their formation, and names of pastors. By CHARLES THOMPSON. In one vol.

Lately published, "*A Poetical Guide to the Isle of Man.*"

To be dedicated, by permission, to the Highland Society of London, and published in twelve Parts, royal 8vo. embellished with accurate specimens of the various Clan and Family Tartans, engravings of the Badges, and numerous interesting vignettes, "*The History of the Scottish Clans;*" being an account of the origin of the principal tribes, and their followers; a relation of the most remarkable events with which they were connected, and biographical notices of the most celebrated individuals of each name; with the genealogies, titles, armorial bearings, and other particularities of the different chiefs and heads of houses. By JAMES LOGAN, F.S.A. Scot., author of "*The Scottish Gael.*"

To be published by the 20th of April, in 4to. "*A History of the Island of Anglesey,*" being the Essay which obtained the First Prize at the Beaumaris Eisteddfod, August, 1832, dedicated by permission to H. R. H. the Princess Victoria. By Miss ANGHARAD LLWYD. Containing a history of the princes of Wales, their Courts and Customs, derived from authentic MSS. never before published; added to which, are given the proceeding of the Beaumaris Eisteddfod.



## LONDON AND PROVINCIAL NEWS.

*Saint David's Day.*

LONDON.

ON the first ultimo, the most honourable and loyal Society of Ancient Britons attended divine service, at the church of St. Martin's in the Fields, when the service of the day was performed in the Welsh language, by the honorary chaplain to the Society, (the Rev. Thomas Alban, of Llandrillo, in Meirion,) and a sermon was afterwards delivered by the Lord Bishop of Llandav. His lordship's discourse was remarkable for two things: eloquence and sound divinity, displayed in an appeal to the supporters of the Welsh Charity School, and afterwards for a most touching and affectionate address to the children. We regret but one circumstance, and that is, the *general absenteeism* of the influential patrons of the institution from the church, on this occasion. Lord Kenyon and his friends were there, but we did not see many others: we are the more anxious on this subject, because *we know* that the charity has suffered in consequence of such non-attendance: the example is followed by all classes. This we very respectfully suggest should not occur, where the object is the prosperity of an institution having such peculiar claims upon our sympathy, as that established for the offspring of our poor, industrious, but otherwise friendless countrymen in London. At the same time, while we here feel it a duty to declare our opinion, it is also an impetive and a more gratifying one to observe, that although the conflicting opinions nursed by political feeling, have produced, among all associations of men, differences, and, in some instances, positive acrimony and ill-will, yet we state as a fact *within our own knowledge*, that the liberal subscriptions of the leading Welshmen in London, both of the *North* and the *South*, to our national charity, notwithstanding the formidable pecuniary calls which are made upon them in five hundred other quarters, have tended greatly to attach their poorer countrymen, resident in the metropolis, to them; this is a result ever devoutly to be prayed for. In reference to our previous observation, we ask, could there under heaven be a more interesting spectacle than to see the great and influential in solemn assembly, join with the poor objects of their charity? we answer, no; even royalty itself would add a brighter gem to its diadem than power or riches could give: we therefore trust that next year it will be publicly announced, that it is the intention of the nobility and patrons of the Welsh School to give their attendance at church on St. David's day.

Shortly after 6 o'clock, a large company sat down to dinner in the Freemason's Hall, the right honourable Lord Mostyn in the chair, supported by Sir W. W. Wynn, the honourable Rice Trevor, the Lord Bishop of St. Asaph, the Lord Bishop of St. David's, &c.

Upon the removal of the cloth, "Non nobis Domini" was sung with very fine effect, by Messrs. Bellamy, Collyer, J. Smith, Fitzwilliam, Parry, and Parry jun.; the company having resumed their seats, the noble chairman gave, "His most gracious Majesty, the munificent patron of the Welsh charity," with three times three: we saw more than one Saxon face in astonishment at the loudness and duration of the applause which followed this announcement. Nothing can differ more from the measured regularity of an English cheer, than the quick and wild irregularity of a Welshman's voice; the latter has a musical ear, but he thinks more of individual exertion than of keeping time

with his fellows. The name of William the Fourth was never received more affectionately than on the 1st of last March. Song, "God save the King!" chorus by the band, Welsh harp, and the whole company. "Her Majesty the Queen," three times three: our Queen's name was received as it ever ought to be, when toasted, as a bright example of illustrious worth and domestic amiability and virtue. The noble president announced that it was his intention to propose the healths of two members of the royal family, who had unusual claims upon the attention of his auditory, "their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria;" the cries of "huzza," "bravo," and cheering, prevented our hearing the conclusion of his lordship's address; the noise was tremendous; this Babel of uproar, as last year, (when the same toast was given,) literally drowned the sound of the military band. We hope to attend many many years, on St. Taffy's day, at the Freemason's, to see (not hear) the utmost efforts to be heard of trumpets and trombones again drowned by Welshmen's voices. The Duchess of Kent sent, on our last anniversary, the sum of £50 to the Welsh charity, and another £50 this year. Let it be recollected, that subscriptions often are drawn forth (when there is no reasonable claim,) from custom or etiquette, but this is a voluntary donation. His Majesty's noble subscription has hitherto been received as a boon from the reigning family; but the Duchess of Kent, it appears, does not rest satisfied with that, and presents £50 each to the Welsh, Scots, and Irish charities, besides dispensing her bounty in numberless other channels, which we here have no business to advert to: we can answer for our Celtic neighbours, as for our own countrymen, that our gratitude to her is most deeply engraven upon our hearts. Toasts, "The Army and Navy," three times three; followed by "Rule Britannia." "The Principality of Wales," three times three; we need not say this toast was properly received. Song, "Dear father-land," (written by R. F. Williams.) The song is so pretty, that we extract it from the programme of the day's proceeding.

*Air "The Rising of the Lark."*

- "Bright glows the golden dawn  
When sunbeams gem the dewy lawn  
    With diamond-sparkling showers;  
Sweet breathes the balmy breeze  
That plays among the forest trees,  
    And fans the fragrant flow'rs:  
But brighter beams the sun can fling  
    O'er one lov'd spot alone;  
And sweeter breathes the zephyr's wing  
    On flow'rs that I have known:  
For thou more prized than all must be,  
    Dear father-land to me!
- "Loud strike the tuneful string,  
Let harps in gladd'ning music ring  
    And joyful sounds prolong:  
Soft sweep the chords again,  
While voices join the magic strain  
    With melody and song!  
Let bards to thee shout far and near  
    High songs and stirring lays;  
While music fills th'enraptur'd ear  
    With sweet and joyful praise:  
For thou more prized than all must be,  
    Dear father-land to me!"

The chairman announced the arrival of the children; they were then introduced, and paraded round the room; they were encored in an ode, accompanied on the harp by little Hughes, the infant lyrist; their healthy appearance elicited general approbation. Here we cannot abstain from noticing a circumstance which must be especially gratifying to every patron of the institution, and to all Welshmen: it was mentioned by the noble chairman, that not a single death had occurred among the children, during the late visitation of cholera in London; this is the more extraordinary, because their connexions are very poor people, who necessarily could not, in narrow and dark alleys, guard against the effects of contamination so well as their richer brethren; this reflects the highest credit upon Mr. David Lewis, the surgeon. The company were also informed that not a *single child was then in disgrace for negligence in school, or bad conduct.* Colonel Wood, the treasurer, afterwards read the report of subscriptions, which were very liberal; and, notwithstanding former losses, it appears the charity is in a prosperous state. We regret that we cannot particularise the different sums, for we have received no statement from the secretary, although, in conformity with the request of many correspondents, we applied for one; in consequence of which omission we have great difficulty in presenting our readers with any thing like a tolerable statement of the day's proceedings: we especially regret the circumstance, for the sake of a charity surpassed by no other school in the metropolis for its excellence of arrangement and operation.\* Many other toasts were drank, and some of the "Hearts of Oak" remained until a late hour.

## AT CONWAY.

On Friday, the 1st instant, the members of the Conway Friendly Society assembled to celebrate the seventh anniversary of their meeting on *Gwyl Dewi Sant*; and, preceded by their banner, a band of music, and the trustees of the society, moved on to Rose Hill, the residence of their worthy vicar, the Rev. John Owen, but, owing to his lady's state of health, were deterred from paying their usual tribute of respect, and deprived of the honour of seeing the rev. gentleman join in the procession. They then marched on to Castle street, to Mrs. Owen's, (who, with the Misses Owen, her daughters, has for years adorned the list of their honorary members,) where they halted, and the band having played some of our national airs, gave demonstrations of the most lively sense of gratitude, in the most loud and reiterated cheers. From thence they moved on to Mr. John Jones's, one of their trustees and honorary members, where, the band having played "*Yr hen amser gynt*," &c. they manifested the same heartfelt gratitude in long and deafening cheers; and from thence proceeded to church, where, the service of the day being read by the Rev. J. Owen, a most affecting discourse, suited to the occasion, was delivered by the Rev. Griffith Williams, Llansaintfraid. From church they marched to Castle street, where they were divided into companies, and proceeded to the several houses appointed, at which they enjoyed a good and substantial dinner, their quantum sufficit of *cwrw da*, and returned to their homes, heartily pleased with themselves and the enjoyment of the day. We feel proud of the task of giving publicity to the following list of honorary members belonging to the above society; viz. Sir David Erskine, Bart; Rev. John Owen; Major Burrows; Major Howard; J. C. Jones, Esq. Bryn Eisteddfod; T. Lloyd, Esq. Marle; Rev. T. Alban, Llandrillo; H. Pringle, Esq. Bodlondob; Mr. John Jones, Conway; Lady Erskine; Mrs. Owen, Castle street: Miss Owen, ditto; Miss M. Owen, ditto; Miss Howard; Mrs. Chambres Jones, Bryn Eisteddfod; and Miss D. Ellis, Dyffryn.—*Bangor Paper.*

\* Since the above was written, the secretary has communicated to us, that great pressure of business prevented his furnishing us with the accounts. We hope to present them next Quarter.

## CHESTER.

The anniversary of this day was celebrated on the 1st ult., by the members of the Chester Cambrian Society, and well-wishers of that institution, dining together at Mr. Pembrey's, the Hop-pole Inn, where the large detached room was most tastefully fitted up for their reception, with a rare combination of Paphian bowers and heraldic decorations; the latter (the coats armorial of the noble families of the neighbourhood) painted and arranged by the skilful hands of Mr. S. Brown, who if he does not hold the rank of Carter King-at-arms of the county palatine, certainly deserves so to do. As a mark of respect to the worthy host and hostess, who spared neither trouble or expense on this occasion, no less than 179 tickets were taken; but, owing to various causes, not more than between 60 and 70 gentlemen sat down to dinner. The Hon. Edward Mostyn Lloyd Mostyn, M.P. presided, supported on his right by Richard Puleston, Esq., Vincent Corbett, Esq., John Dymock, Esq.,—O'Brien, Esq., R. Brittain, Esq.; and on his left by C. Morrall, Esq., J. Finchett Maddock, Esq., R. J. Mostyn, Esq., Rev. T. M. Davies, and Thomas Finchett Maddock, Esq. Mr. Thomas Whitley, at the especial request of the chairman, occupied the vice president's chair, in the unavoidable absence of Robert Middleton Biddulph, Esq. M. P. The usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given, including, of course, the standing toast of the day. "*Anvarwol goffadwriaeth Dewi Sant*" (the immortal memory of Saint David,) and several convivial and complimentary ones also in the course of the evening. The hilarity of the meeting was also considerably increased by Penillion singing, accompanied by the harp; by one or two exquisite melodies, warbled with peculiar taste and skill, by Captain Puleston; and by the favourite song, "*Oh, let the kind Minstrel,*" which was given in his best style, by Mr. Edward Parry. In the course of the evening, a well-merited tribute of respect was paid to the noble and patriotic father of the hon. chairman (Lord Mostyn), who was at that time presiding at the meeting of the ancient Britons in the metropolis. Major Morrall also eulogized the services of the Rev. Evan Evans, the chaplain of the institution. Captain Puleston presented small donations from two ladies; and Mr. E. Parry, the secretary, gave a very favourable account of the state of the funds of the Chester Cambrian Society, which combines, with the annual celebration of St. David's Day, the laudable object of providing the means of religious instruction for the poorer natives of the Principality resident in Chester, by enabling them to hear the word of God in their native language.—*Chester Chron.*

## LIVERPOOL.

The children of the Welsh Charity School assembled in the school-room in Russell-street, Liverpool, and, accompanied by a great number of the friends of the institution, proceeded to St. David's church, where service was read in Welsh by the curate, the Rev. Evan Jones, of St. David's College, Cardiganshire, and an appropriate Welsh sermon was preached by the minister, the Rev. R. Davies, from St. John, v. 14, "Behold thou art made whole, sin no more, lest a worse thing happen unto you." After church, an interesting examination of the children of the schools took place in the school-room, in the presence of the friends of the charity and the parents of the children. The proficiency of the boys and girls in reading, writing, and scripture instruction, afforded much satisfaction. In the evening the directors and friends dined together at the Adelphi Hotel. The dinner and wines were excellent. During the evening the president, stewards, and secretary of that very respectable association, the Cambrian Friendly Society, presented their annual donation of £10, in aid of the funds of the Welsh Charity School, which was gratefully acknowledged by the company. Respectful and cordial ex-

pressions of gratitude were made to the subscribers and supporters of the School. An announcement was made that the treasurer had received the amount of £300 in the three per cent. consols (free of duty,) being a bequest from the late benevolent Mrs. Brown, of Thurstaston Hall, Cheshire; and the health of John Owen, Esq. the residuary legatee of the deceased lady, was most cordially drunk, with many thanks to him for the kind interest he had uniformly shewn towards the Welsh Charity School. This bequest has occurred very opportunely, as a heavy debt was incurred in consequence of the necessity of effecting extensive repairs in the school.

At Holywell, and several other places throughout the Principality, due honour was done to the day.—*Bangor Paper.*

#### BIRMINGHAM ST. DAVID'S SOCIETY.

The ninth anniversary of this society was celebrated on the 1st of March, at Dee's Royal Hotel; the chair was taken by the right hon. the Earl of Plymouth, who was attended by Edward Lloyd Williams, Esq., James Taylor, Esq., Frederic Jedsom, Esq., the Rev. Dr. Booker, and a numerous party of clergy and gentlemen connected with the institution. The benevolent president was welcomed with those cordial feelings of respect and pleasure, due to his philanthropy and liberal patronage of the Welsh Charity School, and wore a leek presented to him by the Cambrian ladies of the St. David's Society, who were proud to identify, in the warm friend of the poor and the ignorant, a lineal descendant from *Britain's native princes*. In the course of the evening, the children of the St. David's School were received by the noble president and gentlemen assembled, with much kind consideration, this heightened the interest of an evening devoted to charitable and patriotic feeling. Previously to the dinner, the annual report of the secretaries (the Rev. B. Howells of Hughly, and Mr. Edward Tilsley Moore,) having been read, it appeared, that from deaths and other causes, the income of the institution, during the last year, had been considerably diminished, while the applications for admission into the school were numerous and urgent: already have the blessings of this excellent charity been secured to the *orphan children* of cholera victims; and, contemplating a numerous Welsh population (not entitled to parochial aid) now drawn from various parts of the Principality, to the coal and iron works of the neighbouring districts, so rapidly and fatally visited by disease, it is earnestly to be wished, that all persons connected with those works would zealously promote such an increase of annual subscriptions to the St. David's School, as might render it a home to the fatherless and the destitute,—a refuge from ignorance and vice.

The Birmingham *Cymmrodorion* Society also celebrated St. David's day in the true spirit of Cambria's children,

“ For strong is the bent of the mountain-born flock,  
As the eagle on wing for Eryri's old rock.”

*Penillion* were sung in amicable rivalry to the spirit-stirring strains of the harp, and the native *awen* flowed freely, inspired by *Hên Cymru* and *Côrwrdda*. After dinner, the members of the *Cymmrodorion* (who are of the working classes,) collected, in small contributions, their annual subscription to the St. David's school, and were enabled to double their former sum. It is hoped that such exertions of honest pride to extend the benefits of moral culture to their poor brethren, may be followed in other commercial districts, and tend to preserve the national character of a people, with whose peasantry it was eloquently observed, “ Justice had sometimes to adjust her balance, but seldom to exercise her sword,—a peasantry who loved their God, and honored their king.”

CHELTENHAM, MARCH 1ST.

This day, which, as most of our readers well know, is dedicated to the honour of the patron saint of the Principality, has been for some years past celebrated by the Cambro-Britons of Cheltenham, with all that hilarity and good-fellowship for which the descendants of the Tudors and Cadwalladers of old have long been renowned. The ebullition of nationality which manifests itself upon such occasions is exceedingly grateful to the mind; and though ourselves, in a great degree, unmoved by those chords of sympathy which vibrated in the hearts of many present, we cannot be strangers to the fact of their existence, or refrain from participating in those pleasures which are capable of communicating so much happiness to those around us. The Welshman has always been famed for ardent attachment to his native land, and anything which serves to recall its existence to his mind,—

“ Like the rude torrent and the whirlwind’s roar,  
But binds him to his native mountains more.”

As, however, we do not intend becoming essayists, we shall proceed briefly to chronicle the events of the day, or rather of the evening—for though the flag was hoisted upon the Rotunda, and the bells of St. Mary’s rung three merry peals in compliment to the occasion, yet it is the National Concert which more particularly demands our attention as public journalists. Before seven o’clock those persons who had been fortunate enough to secure tickets, assembled in the Rotunda; and by half-past that noble saloon was completely filled with as elegant and as fashionable a company as we ever recollect witnessing. We were well pleased to observe St. David’s badge so very generally worn by the gentlemen; nor could we help noticing the taste and ingenuity displayed by the fair belles of the mountain land, in adopting the silver leek as their chosen ornament of dress. We observed at least fifty ladies who wore this device.

The performance of the evening was commenced by Mr. Parry’s spirited overture to “A Trip to Wales,” which was performed in a manner reflecting the highest credit on the gentlemen composing the orchestra, and upon Mr. Woodward, our very respected townsman, and organist at the parish church, who presided at the piano. The overture was followed by the glee and chorus of “Cambria’s Holiday,” and “The Rose of Llan Meilan,” the chief favorite of last year’s concert. We regret, however, to be compelled to add, that it was by no means so well sung upon the present occasion. The popular duet of “*Hob y deri dando*,” and Mr. Wiffen’s splendid song, “I crossed in its beauty thy Dee’s Druid water,” were both loudly encored. The other favourite songs were “Ellen dear,” which was very sweetly sung by Mr. Leonard, and deservedly encored; “The Poet’s Bride,” a ballad adapted to the old Welsh air of the “Britons;” and “Adieu to dear Cambria,” which was sung with great taste and feeling by Miss Powis. This young lady, a pupil of Mr. Uglows, who we now observe is numbered among our professors, has of late very much improved in her voice, as well as in her style of singing, and will doubtless be ere long a great favourite. Two of the glees “The False Knight,” and “Mountain Fires,” though harmonised for the present concert by Mr. Parry, did not please us so well as our old favourites, “The Death of Llewelyn,” and “Sons of the Fair Isle,” the compositions of the same gifted musician. A flute fantasia on the “Rising of the Lark,” and other Welsh airs, by Mr. P. Davies, and a violin fantasia, on “*Ar hyd y Nos*,” by Mr. Uglow, were both beautifully performed, and proved each gentleman to be a perfect master of his instrument. The song of “St. David’s Day,” ably sung by Mr. Bishop, and chorused by the company, had a truly novel and exhilarating effect, and was loudly encored.



We feel assured that "St. David's Day" will become an especial favourite with the sons of the mountain-land, and we have therefore great pleasure in presenting it entire to our readers, it having been written purposely for the present occasion.

SONG AND CHORUS.—ST. DAVID'S DAY.

BY H. PENDEW.

WHEN King Cadwallon, famed of old,  
'Mid tumults and alarms,  
With dauntless heart and courage bold,  
Led on the British arms ;  
He bade his men ne'er fret and grieve,  
Nor doubt the coming fray,  
For well he knew it was the eve  
Of great St. David's Day.

What, though the proud invader's host  
Outnumber'd far his own,  
They fought not—this the Briton's boast—  
For country, king, and throne !  
And when, at morning's early light,  
They mark'd his brave display,  
They trembled for the coming fight  
Upon St. David's Day.

The Saxons, in the wild distress  
Of this their hour of need,  
Disguised them in the British dress,  
The hero to mislead :  
But soon the Welshman's eager ken,  
Perceived their craven play,  
And gave a leek to all his men  
Upon St. David's Day.

"Behold !" the gallant monarch cried,  
"A trophy bright and green,  
And let it for our battle guide  
In every helm be seen !  
That when we meet, as meet we must,  
The Saxons' proud array,  
We all may know in whom to trust  
Upon St. David's Day."

Anon arose the battle shout,  
The crash of spear and bow ;  
But aye the green leek\* pointed out  
The Welshman from his foe !

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\* The real origin of wearing the leek upon the 1st of March is involved in considerable obscurity. The above song, however, embodies the most commonly received tradition on the subject. The hero here referred to is supposed to have been Cadwallon, the son of Cadvan, who in the year 630 assumed the title of King of the Britons, and for a period of thirty years successfully waged war against the Saxons in the "north countrie." He is said to have been triumphant in fourteen great battles and sixty skirmishes. In which of these it was that he had recourse to the stratagem referred to in the song, cannot be even surmised.—For a brief account of Cadwallon's achievements, see Turner's History of the Anglo Saxons, vol. i. p. 318.



The Saxons made a stout defence,  
 But fled at length away,  
 And conquest crown'd the British prince  
 Upon St. David's Day.

We'll cherish still that field of fame,  
 Whate'er may be our lot,  
 Which, long as Wallia hath a name,  
 Shall never be forgot;  
 And braver badge we ne'er will seek,  
 Whatever others may,  
 But still be proud to wear the leek  
 Upon St. David's Day.

We have reserved for our closing remarks a notice of "The Norman Horse Shoe," a poem written by Sir Walter Scott, and adapted to the fine old Welsh air of the "War Song of the Men of Glamorgan," which was appropriately selected to open the second act of the concert. This beautiful piece had been harmonised and arranged for four voices, and a chorus, with full orchestral accompaniments, by J. Goss, Esq. Professor of Harmony at the Royal Academy of Music; and we congratulate that gentleman upon the complete success which has attended his effort to infuse the "soul of ancient song" into his performance. For even we, Saxons as we are, felt our feelings carried back involuntarily to those spirit-stirring times described by the poet—

"When Clare's red banner, floating wide,  
 Roll'd down the stream to Severn's tide!"

The concert concluded as usual with "God save the King," and the company separated, all of them, we feel assured, delighted with the treat which the patriotism and nationality of a few spirited Cambrians had catered for them upon the occasion, and which we hope they may live long to repeat upon many St. David's days yet to come.—*Cheltenham Chronicle.*

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ECCLESIASTICAL.

*Diocese of Bangor.*—On the 25th of January last, upon the nomination of the Rev. Hugh Price, M.A. the Lord Bishop of the Diocese was pleased to license, by commission, the Rev. T. B. L. Browne, B. A. Scholar of Jesus College, Oxford, to the Curacy of Llaugelynin, Caernarvonshire.—Commissary the Rev. John Owen, M.A.

The Rev. Evan Owen Hughes, Clerk, M.A. late curate of Llanidan, in the county of Anglesey, has been instituted by the Rev. Henry Rowlands, (Commissary for that purpose appointed by the Lord Bishop of this diocese) to the vicarage of Llanbadrig, in the said county, vacant by the death of the Rev. John Ellis, Clerk, the last incumbent. Patron, the King.

The Rev. John Prichard, A. M. to the perpetual Curacy of Llanfihangel Ysgeifiog and Llanffinan, in the said county; void by the cession of the Rev. William Warren, A. M. Patron, Very Rev. the Dean of Bangor.

The Rev. Hugh Thomas, A. M. to the perpetual Curacy of Llanfrothen, Merionethshire. Patron, Sir Robert William E. S. Vaughan, Bart. M. P.; and also to that of Llanelltyd, in the said county. Patron, Griffith ap Howell Vaughan, Esq.; both void by the cession of the Rev. Hugh Prichard, A. B.

The Rev. J. Temple, M.A. of Lane End, has been presented to the living of Plemshall, near Chester, by the Earl of Bradford, vacant by the death of the Hon. and Rev. George Bridgeman.

The Lord Bishop of St. David's has been pleased to license by Commission the Rev. David Williams, of Cwmdû, in the county of Brecon, to the perpetual Curacy of Cilcwm, Caermarthenshire, upon the presentation of Thynne Howe Gwynne, Esq.—Commissary, Rev. D. A. Williams.

The Rev. David Williams, Clerk, A.M. curate of Clynnog, has been instituted by the Rev. J. W. Trevor, (as Commissary for that purpose appointed by the Lord Bishop of the diocese,) to the Rectory of Meylltyrne, in the chapelry of Bottwnog, vacant by the death of the Rev. John Jones, clerk, the last incumbent.

The Rev. Wm. Sutcliffe, B.A. curate of Congleton, has been licensed to the perpetual Curacy of Bosley, near Macclesfield, by the Lord Bishop of Chester. Patron, Rev. J. B. Brown, Vicar of Prestbury.

The Rev. John William Trevor, clerk, A.M. vicar of Carnarvon, and one of the examining chaplains of the Lord Bishop of the diocese, has been collated and installed to the Treasurership of Bangor Cathedral, vacant by the death of the Rev. Thos. Ellis, clerk. Patron, the said Lord Bishop.

The Rev. John Jones, B. D. P. curate of Holyhead, and Welsh examining chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Bangor, was collated to the Rectory of Llanfachrath, Anglesey. Patron, the Lord Bishop of Bangor.—Commissary, the Rev. H. Wynne Jones, Treiorwerth.

The Lord Bishop of Bangor has been pleased to admit Mr. Edward Griffith Powell, a Proctor of the Ecclesiastical Court of Bangor.

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WESLEYAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The income of this society, ending December 31, 1832, is ascertained to exceed £47,000.

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CHURCH REFORM.

The humble Petition of the members of the Gwynedigion Society, and other natives of Wales, resident in London, to the Commons of Great Britain, in Parliament assembled.

Sheweth,—

That your petitioners view with regret the unpopularity of the Established Church in the Principality of Wales, emanating from a want of attachment to the dignified clergy, who are strangers, and totally unacquainted with the language of the people.

That your petitioners beg to state, the Welsh or ancient British is the only language understood and spoken by at least nine tenths of the population of Wales.

That the religious ceremonies of confirming children, and consecrating churches, whilst performed in an unknown tongue, only serve to render religion ridiculous in the eyes of the majority of the people.

That your petitioners duly appreciate the merits of the present prelates, while they deplore for the interests of the Established Church and religion in Wales, that, since the accession of the House of Hanover to the throne of these realms, there has not been one bishop appointed to the Welsh dioceses, acquainted with the language of the country.

That your petitioners humbly conceive that the appointment of a Welsh professorship in the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, (thereby affording to such as were likely to be officially engaged in the Principality, an opportunity of acquiring a proficiency in the language of the country,) would

greatly tend to allay the prejudice so universally felt against the Established Church in Wales.

That your petitioners, from their intimate knowledge of the feelings of their countrymen, (and from the sentiments unanimously expressed in the numerous periodicals, published and disseminated throughout the Principality,) humbly represent to your honorable house the expediency of a regulation to render it imperative on the expounders of their religion and their laws, to make themselves acquainted with the language of the people amongst whom they officiate.

That your petitioners hope that these subjects will be taken into consideration, and that such reform and alterations will take place as may seem meet to your honourable house.

And your petitioners, &c.

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*Eilun o Ddeiseb Cymry yn Nghaerludd, cylch ei chyvloynaw at y Senedd.*

At Gyfredinion aurhydeddus y Gyvdeirnas yn y senedd yn gynnulledig,  
Deiseb ostyngedig y Cymry isenwawl trigiannawl yn Nghaerludd.

A vynega,—

Bod eich deisebwyr, ynghyd ag eu cydwladwyr yn gyfredin, yn nodedig am eu goddevedd, ac eu hymddygiad gweddaidd tra dygynt eu rhan o vaich y wladwriaeth.

Y cyvriva eich deisebwyr eu hunain vel tystion yn ymddangaws ger bron "UCHEL LYS Y SENEDD" i draethu gwiredau diammheuawl, a wasga gyda chaledi neilltuawl ar y dywysogaeth, a hyderynt ar uniondeb a doethineb y llys uchel hwnw, i ystyried eu gweddi, a symud gormedd eu cwyn, er eu gosodi yn gydradd ag eu cyvddeiliaid y saeson.

Y gobeithia eich deisebwyr yn ddivrivawl na oddeva Senedd ddywigiedig idd ein heg wys wladawl barhau yn vaich ar y dywysogaeth, ond bydd idd chie ty anrhydeddus ddarparu moddion, er ei gwneyd yn oferyn dysgeidiaeth crevyddawl, trwy vyny bod ei hurddolion ac ei llenwyr, y rhai a gynnelir ar draul y llywodraeth, yn gymwys i weini yn yr iaith Gymraeg, unig iaith y bobl.

Deisyva eich deisebwyr yn ostyngedig ar vod yr un cymhwysderau, yn ovynawl yn yr holl varnwyr, heddyngnaid, a swyddogion gwladawl ereill yn y dywysogaeth: a chan vod Cymry nodedig yn mhlith ysgolorion yr oes, a chan y bernir yn anheggorawl, gael gwddorion ieithodd ereill, ervynia eich deisebwyr ar eich ty anrhydeddus gyvlawni y weithred gyviawn hon i ddeiliaid fyddlawn, trwy ovalu pennodi gwyddoriaeth gymmreig yn ein priv athrovau.

*Translation.*

To the honorable the Commons of the United Kingdom in Parliament assembled; the humble Petition of the under-signed Welshmen, resident in London,

Sheweth,—

That your petitioners, in common with their fellow-countrymen, while they have borne their share of the burdens of the country, have always been noted for their patience and orderly demeanour.

That your petitioners consider themselves as witnesses who appear before the "HIGH COURT OF PARLIAMENT," to state indisputable matters of fact, which bear with peculiar hardship upon the Principality, and they rely on the justice and wisdom of that high court to respect their prayer, and remove the grievance under which they labour, so as to place them on an equality with their English fellow-subjects.

That your petitioners seriously hope, that a reformed parliament will not allow our national church to remain a mere burden upon the Principality; but that your honourable house will provide means to render it an instrument of religious instruction, by requiring that its dignitaries and clergy, supported at the public expense, should be qualified to officiate in the Welsh language, the only language of the people.

That your petitioners humbly pray, the same qualification may be required of all judges, magistrates, and other public functionaries in Wales: and while there are *Welshmen* distinguished amongst the scholars of the age, and professors of other languages are deemed indispensable, your petitioners pray your honourable house to secure the attainment of this act of justice to a loyal people, by providing for the appointment of a Welsh professorship in each of our universities.

*To the honorable the Commons of Great Britain and Ireland, in Parliament assembled.*

The humble Petition of the under-signed residents in the city of Chester and its vicinity, being friendly to the Established Church, and connected with the Principality of Wales,

Sheweth,

That your petitioners are attached to the principles of the Church of England by education and conviction.

That they are nevertheless deeply impressed with a sense of the urgent necessity of applying a timely reform to those abuses which deform her system of administration.

That they beg respectfully to call the attention of your honourable house to those peculiar and aggravated grievances which impair the efficiency of the Church establishment in Wales, persuaded that in so doing they are embracing the best course that is open to them of evincing, at the present crisis, the sincerity of their regard for the interest of the Welsh people, and of the Church as an institution.

That it is unquestionable that every one of those prelates, who at present preside over the dioceses of Wales, are destitute of all knowledge of the language of the Welsh people.

That their ministerial labours, and the rite of confirmation, have consequently been long performed in a language unintelligible to the great majority of the inhabitants of that country; and many English clergymen, ignorant of the Welsh language, have been promoted to parishes in which that dialect exclusively prevails, though the twenty-fourth Article of the Church of England declares, that the celebration of the rites of religion, in a language not understood by the people, is a practice repugnant alike to the usages of the primitive church, and the spirit of the sacred scriptures.

That your petitioners humbly yet earnestly express their conviction, that the mode in which the Welsh bishoprics have been long filled, is not only a breach of a fundamental principle of the Church of England, but the leading cause of that inefficient course of administration which has so long prevailed in the Church in Wales, and which has had the effect of attaching to the principles of dissent, a larger portion of the people of the Principality than of any other district in the United Kingdom.

That a great portion of the richest livings in North Wales are in the hands of individuals who are absentees from the Principality, while, on the other hand, many of the most populous and extensive districts are left to the care of curates, who are hardly provided with the necessary means of subsistence.

That many of the wealthiest parishes in North and South Wales are appropriated to bishoprics and sinecures in remote parts of England, an appropri-

ation of the resources of the Principality which your petitioners cannot but regard as anomalous, inexpedient, and unjust, detrimental to the cause, and inconsistent with the spirit of religion.

That your petitioners are of opinion, that the revenues of the Sees of Bangor and St. Asaph are more than adequate to the duties which are attached to those bishoprics, and, in this opinion, they are confirmed by the reflection that more than one half of the wealth of those Sees arises from benefices which have been added to them, either by Acts of Parliament, or the pernicious system of Commendams from the Crown.

That as a striking proof of the extent and magnitude of the abuses in the Church in Wales, your petitioners may advert to the appalling fact, that a larger portion of the tithes of North Wales is at present absorbed in the repair of cathedrals—in the support of colleges and bishoprics in England—by the bishops of Wales and their relatives—and by incumbents, who are either absent from their benefices, or unacquainted with the language of their flocks, than is enjoyed by the whole body of the working parochial clergy.

That your petitioners humbly submit that the evils adverted to afford an unanswerable proof that an immediate inquiry into the present state of the church in Wales is demanded alike by justice, religion, and the interests of the people of that country.

Your petitioners therefore humbly pray your honorable house,—That no individual who is unacquainted with the Welsh language, may be henceforward instituted to a bishopric in Wales; that all those parishes which are at present attached to bishoprics and sinecures in England may, on the expiration of existing interests, cease to be applied to purposes unconnected with the Principality of Wales; that some security may be provided for the residence of incumbents, and the incomes of the clergy may be more strictly proportioned to the responsibilities with which they may be burdened, and the duties they may be called upon to perform.

And your petitioners, as in duty bound, shall ever pray.

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TESTIMONIAL OF REGARD TO THE REV. JOHN BLACKWELL.

We are *compelled*, in consequence of the lengthened accounts of last St. David's anniversary, to greatly abridge the communication sent us of the testimonial of regard presented to Mr. Blackwell; but by so placing the matter on record, we trust we are fulfilling the wishes of both the donors and receiver. A large meeting of the friends of the Rev. gentlemen and parishioners of Holywell having subscribed for the purpose of presenting the Rev. John Blackwell, B.A., late curate of that place, with some suitable memorial of their regard and esteem, for the exemplary discharge of his sacred duties while curate—sembled last month, at the White Horse Inn, at a public breakfast, when a splendid tea service, consisting of coffee pot, tea pot, sugar basin, cream ewer, tea spoons and tongs, and two salvers were presented to him in the presence of the following ladies and gentlemen:—

R. J. Mostyn, esq. and Mrs. Mostyn, Calcott Hall; Mrs. Williamson, Greenfield; Mrs. Addison; Mrs. Brighthouse; Mrs. Doctor Williams; Mrs. Unsworth; Mrs. Skelton; Miss Whitley; Miss Cooke; Miss Mostyn; Miss Williamson; Miss Littlewood; Miss Forest: Rev. J. Jones, B. D. vicar of Holywell; Rev. H. Jones, vicar of Northop; Rev. C. B. Clough, vicar of Mold; Mr. Williamson; Mr. Addison; Mr. C. Oldfield; Mr. Harrison, spirit-merchant; Mr. Harrison, Saithelwyd; Mr. Williams, surgeon; Mr. C. Simon, Mr. Meredith Vickers; Mr. Benj. Harrison; Mr. W. Skelton; Mr. H. Hughes; Mr. Jones Edwards; Mr. Brighthouse; Mr. Edisbury; Mr. Humphrey Roberts; Mr. Littlewood; Mr. W. P. Jones; Mr. W.

Williamson; Mr. G. Williamson; Mr. Croft; Masters Unsworth; &c. &c. One of the Salvers bore the following inscription:

**A TEA SERVICE,  
Consisting of Tea Pot, Coffee Pot, Sugar Basin, and Cream Ewer,  
together with this and a corresponding Salver,  
WAS PRESENTED TO  
THE REV. JOHN BLACKWELL, B. A.**

**CURATE OF HOLYWELL,**

By a number of his affectionate parishioners and friends, as a small token of their gratitude and esteem for his character as a friend and a minister of the gospel; and gratitude for the zealous, conscientious, and truly pious manner in which he discharged his duties during four years' residence in this parish.

*Holywell, 36th Feb. 1833.*

After the company had done justice to the sumptuous entertainment provided by the committee of management, Mr. Mostyn, the chairman, then presented the service, accompanied by an exceedingly good address, which did full justice to his own feelings, as also those of the entire meeting, justly eulogising the many good qualities of Mr. Blackwell, and their extreme regret at losing him from their parish.

Those who have ever heard Mr. Blackwell, need only be told, that he dwelt with his usual ability in describing his sensations on receiving so splendid and gratifying a testimonial of their regard. Mr. Blackwell is a man possessing extreme vigor and originality of mind, and we do not think he ever spoke better, beautiful as were many of his former addresses at Eisteddvods, &c. We very much regret we cannot dwell upon this interesting subject. Several gentlemen addressed the meeting, and the best feelings of the heart were called forth in all.

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**TESTIMONIAL TO MR. JOHN PARRY.**

The members of the Royal Society of Musicians having voted a piece of plate to Mr. Parry, the composer, as a reward for his exertions in promoting the interests of the institution, the ceremony of presentation took place at the Freemason's Tavern, last February, when the committee and a few musical friends dined. Mr. Horsley in the chair, and Mr. Calkin, vice president.

The testimonial consisted of a very elegantly chased silver coffee-pot and a massive sugar bowl, with rich and finely executed serpent handles, manufactured by Mr. Ellis, of John street, with the following inscription:

“Presented by the members of the Royal Society of Musicians to Mr. John Parry, honorary treasurer, in testimony of their regard for him, and of the high sense they entertain of his unwearied and valuable services in behalf of the institution.—Jan. 1833.

Mr. Horsley addressed Mr. Parry in a very eloquent manner, and in such terms as could not but be highly flattering to his feelings. Among other encomiums paid was, that Mr. Parry had been the means of adding to the funds of the society upwards of £60 per annum for the last twelve years.

The following gentlemen were present: Mr. Horsley, Sir G. Smart, Messrs. G. B. Cramer, Moschelles, Hawes, T. Cooke, Harley, Lyon Mackintosh, Sherrington, Anderson, Calkin, Simcock, Weippert, Fitzwilliam, Parry, jun. and a few private friends. A variety of glees, &c. were sung in the course of the evening, and some excellent comic songs by Harley, T. Cooke, and Fitzwilliam. Mochelles delighted the company by a masterly extemporaneous performance on the piano-forte.

APPOINTMENT OF SHERIFFS.

North Wales.

*Carnarvonshire*.—D. P. Downes, of Hendrerhysgethin, esq.

*Anglesey*.—C. H. Evans, of Henblas, esq.

*Merionethshire*.—G. J. Scott, of Peniarthucha, esq.

*Denbighshire*.—W. P. Yale, of Plas-yn-Yale, esq.

*Flintshire*.—W. T. Ellis, of Cornist, esq.

*Montgomeryshire*.—J. Jones, of Deythur, esq.

South Wales.

*Glamorganshire*.—R. T. Tuberville, of Ewenny-abbey, esq.

*Carmarthenshire*.—D. Lewis, of Stradey, esq.

*Pembrokeshire*.—J. H. Phillips, of Williamston, esq.

*Cardiganshire*.—W. O. Brigstocke, of Blaenpant, esq.

*Breconshire*.—W. H. West, of Beaufort, esq.

*Radnorshire*.—W. Wilkins, of Maeslough castle, esq.

The Borders.

*Monmouthshire*.—W. Vaughan, of Courtfield, esq.

*Shropshire*.—W. Moseley, of Buildwas, esq.

ST. DAVID'S COLLEGE.

The following prizes have lately been awarded at St. David's College, for the year 1832.

1. For the best Latin Essay on the following subject: "Non igitur parum refert, sed permultum, utrum sic, an sic à pueris assuescamus: immo vero totum in eo positum est." *Arist. Ethic. lib. 2, c. 1, ad fin.* a prize of ten pounds—William Collins Colton.

2. For the best Welsh Essay on the following subject: "Y Breinteanu yr ydys yn eu mwynbau o herwydd y Diwygiad Crefyddol (Reformation) ym Mhrydain;" a prize of ten pounds—George Howell.

3. For the best English Essay on the following subject: "Inter omnes quas unquam novit Orbis, cultus Dei, hac nostra qua gloriamur Christiana, et qua in mediis ærumnis beati sumus, nulla est quod ad historiam certior, quod ad mysteria sublimior, quod ad præcepta purior et perfectior, quod ad ritus denique et cultum gravi simplicitate venerabilior." Leighton; a prize of ten pounds—Benjamin Morgan, (now curate of Pembryn.)

4. For the best classical examination; a prize of ten pounds—Philip Soulbien Desprez.

5. For the best Hebrew examination; a prize of ten pounds—Rees Williams.

6. For the best Euclid examination—John Hughes.

EARTHQUAKE.

Three shocks of earthquake have been distinctly felt at Swansea, and its neighbourhood, during last quarter. That on a Sunday is described as considerably stronger than those experienced on the preceding days, and is declared by officers who have served in various parts of the globe, to be equal in violence to any they ever felt. The latter shock was experienced in various parts of the Principality, and gave rise to a good deal of alarm and apprehension.

LONGEVITY.

The following is a list of old people upwards of 80 years of age, now living, and belonging to the parish of Llanfachreth, Merionethshire:—Gwen Williams, Cae Howel, 92; Jane Edmund, Cwmheisin, 91; Catherine



Richards, Maesgwyn, 89; Hugh Williams, Tan y foel, 88; Jane, his wife, 80; Robert Edmund, Tyn y simdda, 86; Catherine, his wife, 87; Evan Edward, Tycerrig, 86; Evan Lloyd, Glasdir, 86; Elizabeth Jones, Tynchaf, 86; John Edwards, Llan, 84; Mary Rice, Tyn y wilyn, 84; Robert Edward, Cae yr hwyaid, 84; Margaret Roberts, Tyn y buarth, 83; John Ellis, Felin Newydd, 83; Robert Edward, Llan, 82; Ellis Jones, Caerhydwydd, 82; William Rice, Turnpike-gate, 82; Mary, his wife, 81; John Williams, Tyn-y-mynydd, 81; Reynallt William, Cae Howel, 81; Margaret Jones, Tynewydd, 81; Lowri William, Caerhydwydd, 80; Thomas Williams, Cae Glas, 80; David Jones, Hafod-y-geifr, 80; Jonat, his wife, 80; John Davies, Buarthre, 80. The population of the above parish does not exceed 900, which number, when divided by 27, the number of aged persons enumerated in the foregoing list, gives the result, that in Llanfachreth, one person out of 33 lives to the age of 80, or upwards. This affords a strong proof of the salubrity of the air of the Principality, and should operate strongly in inducing the wealthy of England and Ireland to pass their summer months in Wales, instead of resorting to the Continent.

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BUILTH.

The inhabitants of Builth, Breconshire, complain of the operation of the Reform Bill with reference to the Hundred of Builth, and have come to the resolution of addressing Lord John Russell on the subject. The specified nature of their complaint is, "that when a contest occurs for the election of a county member, in that county the poll is solely confined to the town of Brecon, although the town of Builth is seventeen miles, and the extremity of the hundred full thirty miles from Brecon; while it is provided by the Bill that no person is required to travel more than fifteen miles for the purpose of giving his vote, which is less than the distance of the extremities of the county in almost every direction from Brecon, but in none so great as in Builth hundred. Radnorshire, the adjoining county, which is not more than half the extent, and contains about half the number of inhabitants, has seven places appointed for taking the poll; and all the neighbouring counties enjoy the same privilege in a greater or less degree."

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BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

*Births.*

At Eaton Hall, near Chester, the Marchioness of Westminster, of a son.—The lady of Mr. Swan, Surgeon, of Cowbridge, of a son.—Mrs. Roberts, Port Madoc, of a daughter.—Mrs. Thomas Henry Evans, of Palace Street, Carnarvon, of a son.—At Beaumaris, the lady of the Rev. H. D. Owen, Head Master of the Grammar School, of a son.—The lady of Charles Henry Evans, Esq. of Henblas, Anglesey, of a son.—At Baraset, Bengal, the lady of the Rev. R. H. Mytton, of Garth, Montgomeryshire, of a son and heir.—At Boulston, near Haverford-west, the lady of R. I. Ackland, esq. of a son.—The lady of the Rev. Thomas Salway, Vicar of Oswestry, of a son.—At Churchstoke Parsonage, Montgomeryshire, the lady of the Rev. R. Amber, of a daughter.—At Tanyrallt, near Bangor, the lady of Jno. Williams Ellis, esq. of a son.—At Aberystwith, the Lady of Alfred Stephens, esq. of a son. At Cantreff, Breconshire, the lady of the Rev. John Thos. Powell, of a daughter.—At Bangor, the lady of Thomas Griffiths, esq. M.R.C.S. of a son.—At Perthyerfyn, Holywell, Mrs. Copner Oldfield, of a son.

*Marriages.*

At St. Michael's Church, Chester, by the Rev. J. Eaton, the Rev. E. O. Hughes, of Brynllwyd, Anglesey, to Miss Charlotte Jones, of Chester.—At Berriew, John Rainer, esq. of Reading, to Harriette, eldest daughter of the Rev. J. Jones, of Brithdir Hall, Montgomeryshire.—At Swansea, by the Rev. Wm. Hewson, D.D. the Rev. Thos. Bowen, curate of that church, to Ellen Rosa, second daughter of Richard Morgan, esq. of Swansea.—At Ruthin, by the Rev. Francis Owen, Mr. Henry Davies, Wrexham, to Margaret, daughter of the late Rev. Edward Davies, head master of Llanrwst Grammar School.—At Abergwessin, Brecknockshire, the Rev. Millingchamp Davies, A.M. Rector of Trevilan, Cardiganshire, to Miss Sarah Mainwaring, of St. John street, Chester.—At Llanbadarnfawr, by the Rev. John Hughes, the Rev. Benjamin Rees, to Mrs. Williams, Marine Terrace, Aberystwith.—At Llechgwenfarwidd, by the Rev. Hugh Wynne Jones, William Walthew, esq. of Holyhead, to Eliza, eldest daughter of the late Owen Jones, esq. of Lligwy, Anglesey.—At Chester, Mr. J. Williams, of Llandilofawr, Carmarthenshire, to Miss Elizabeth Williams, niece of the late R. Maddox, esq. of Richmond Hill, near Carnarvon.—At Bristol, Henry Ravenhill Granger, esq. of Stourbridge, to Henrietta Sophia, only daughter of H. Withers, esq. and niece of the late Sir Charles Trubshaw Withers, of Cowen Park, Radnorshire, and Dripsale, Worcestershire.—At Aberporth, Cardiganshire, Jenkin Beynon, esq. of Pennar, Cardiganshire, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of the Rev. T. Thomas.—At Mold, by the Rev. Charles Butler Clough, Edward Whitley, esq. of Bryncoed, to Catharine, eldest daughter of Mr. Edward Griffith, of Rhydgaled, near the former place.—At Ysceifiog, by the Rev. Mr. L. Lloyd, rector of Nannerch, Thos. Marshall Griffith, esq. of Ash Grove, in the county of Salop, to Eliza, daughter of the Rev. William Williams, Rector of Ysceifiog, and one of the Canons of St. Asaph Cathedral.—At St. George's church, Dublin, by the Rev. Charles Vignolis, Chaplain to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, Robert Griffith Williams, of the Friars, in the county of Anglesey, Bart., to Marianne, third daughter of Piers Gale, esq. of Mountjoy square, Dublin. There were present at the ceremony Lady Somerville and Mrs. Caulfield, sisters of the bride, Sir Henry and Lady Meredyth, Lady De Bath, Mrs. Mead Hobson, and the Misses Webster, Mr. Mrs. and Miss French, Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey, Major Slade, Captains Paget, Vaughan, Clements, and Geale, Messrs. Hume, Armit, Brooke, &c. &c.—At Llangoed church, by the Rev. Thomas Williams, Francis H. Redding, esq. of Beaumaris, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Thomas Jones, esq. of Cromlech, in the county of Anglesey.—At Holyhead, by the Rev. John Jones, B.D., H. W. Mulvany, esq. of Dublin, Barrister at Law, to Ann, eldest daughter of Captain Judd, R.N., of Holyhead.—George Anderson, esq. of Islington, to Ann, eldest daughter of Thomas Jones, esq. of White House, Builth, Breconshire.—At Baschurch, Edward Boodle, of Winston, youngest son of the late Wm. Boodle, esq. of Clay House, Flintshire, to Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. John Pickstock, of Baschurch.—At Llanerchymedd, Anglesey, by the Rev. J. Griffith, M.A., Humphrey Jones Evans, esq. to Anne, second daughter of the late Rev. J. Richards, Clerk.

*Deaths.*

At Beaumaris, in the 75th year of his age, James Harris, esq.—At the advanced age of 82, Mrs. Owen, relict of the late Rev. Rd. Owen, Rector of Edern Carnarvonshire.—Thomas Twiston, esq. of Denbigh, aged 85.—At Holyhead, Mrs. Walthew, mother of Mr. Walthew, Surgeon, of Holyhead.—

At Boulogne, Sir Jere Homfray, formerly of Llandaff House, elder brother of the late Samuel Homfray, esq. of Penydarran, Glamorganshire, of which county he was a deputy-lieutenant, and a magistrate, and served the office of high sheriff in the year 1809.—In Chester, aged 15, John Owen, eldest son of Sir John Salusbury.—Edward Hughes, esq., son of the Rev. Richard Hughes, of Stourbridge, Worcestershire, and formerly of Gogarth, Merionethshire.—In Mill street, Aberdare, Cardigan, aged 68, the Rev. Thomas Evans, Unitarian Minister. He was the first Unitarian preacher, and the founder of most of the congregations of that sect in South Wales. He was a flannel weaver, and continued to exercise that occupation till within a few weeks of his death. In former years he had been in correspondence with Dr. Priestley, Dr. Price, Rev. Mr. Lindsay, Dr. Jebb, the Duke of Grafton, Dr. Franklin, and other persons of celebrity. He had suffered under the Pitt administration for his political opinions, being tried and convicted, (on the false testimony of an infamous neighbour, that he had sung the Marseillois Hymn,) he was sentenced, by the late Judge Harding, to two years' imprisonment in Carmarthen gaol.—At Ruthin, in the 74th year of his age, John Jones, esq., clerk of the peace for the county of Denbigh; a person universally beloved and respected for his benevolent and amiable disposition.—At his house in Russel-square, London, Mr. Alderman Waithman, one of the representatives of the city of London. The deceased was a native of a village near Wrexham, and born of parents of virtuous character, but in humble life. Losing his father when an infant, and his mother marrying again, he was adopted by an uncle, a respectable linen-draper in Bath, and put to the school of one Moore, a very ingenious man, the economy of whose school led all his pupils to acquire habits of public and extemporaneous speaking. Mr. Waithman was afterwards taken into the business of his uncle, and subsequently obtained employment in the same line at Reading and in London. At an early age, he married, and opened a shop at the south end of Fleet-market, whence his activity, crowned with success, enabled him to enter upon the capital premises at the corner of Bridge-street and Fleet-street, where, in multiplied transactions, he always honoured the high character of a London citizen and tradesman. The questionable morality of the war against France, and the great social mischiefs which it occasioned, led him, in the year 1794, to submit a series of resolutions against the war, and in favour of parliamentary reform, to a numerous common-hall; and, on this occasion, he displayed those powers of eloquence which baffled prejudice, and defeated an opposition which had been organized by all the influence of the Pitt administration. This spirited measure, which was the first attempt to expose the delusion under which the war had been commenced, laid the foundation of his popularity and fame. He was soon after elected into the common-council, where, for several years, he was at the head of a small minority, till his perseverance and the gradual effect of annual elections, converted his minority into a majority, and for many years his mind and his principles, not his power or his undue influence, governed the measures of that assembly. The deceased Alderman was at one period of his political life subjected to various libels. At a public meeting formerly held at Wrexham, Sir W. W. Wynn, with much generosity and right feeling, denied the charges against Mr. Waithman's character, which his enemies had raised against him for base purposes. Mr. Waithman has been four times elected M. P. for London.—At Trewylan Hall, the Rev. T. J. Davies, thirty years a magistrate for the county of Montgomery.—At Tan'rallt, aged 82, the Rev. Thomas Ellis, treasurer of Bangor cathedral, and rector of Llanfachreth, Anglesey.—At Aberanthen, Cardiganshire, John Enoch, esq.

many years captain in and paymaster of the Royal Cardigan Militia.—At Gellydowyll, Harriet, wife of Wm. Brigstocke, esq. of Blaenbant, Cardiganshire, and third daughter of the late Sir W. Mansel, bart. of Iscoed, Carmarthenshire.—At Aberystwith, Miss Jane Nanney, daughter of the late Rev. Robert Nanney, of Llwyn, near Dolgelley.—Aged 60, the Rev. Richard Jones, late of Wern, Llanfrothen. He had been for 35 years an indefatigable minister among the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists. His exemplary conduct as a religious professor and a preacher was an honour to himself and the connexion to which he belonged. At Beaumaris, in her 84th year, Jane, relict of Thomas Jones, esq. of Summer Hill. She was daughter to the late William Morris, esq. of Llanfugail, in the county of Anglesey, and niece to the two celebrated characters, Lewis and Richard Morris; the former remarkable as a Welsh antiquary, hydrographer, and poet, the latter as having superintended the printing of the Welsh Bible.—At Pwllhele, much respected, John Jones, aged 66, brother of Mrs. Hughes, of the Goat hotel, Carnarvon, and of Richard Jones, esq., Morden Lodge, Surrey.—At New Orleans, of the cholera morbus, in the 23d year of his age, Charles, eldest son of Mr. R. Saunderson, Bala, Merionethshire, and publisher of a Welsh monthly periodical, called “The Gwyllydydd.”—At Galltraeth, Lley, of a paralytic attack, the Rev. Robert Ambrose, Baptist Minister, in the 50th year of his age. It is melancholy to add, that his brother, William, whilst on his way to the funeral, had a similar visitation after he had proceeded from Bangor about a mile, he lingered for a short time, when he expired.—At Garthllwyd, near Llanfair, Montgomeryshire, in her 91st year, Mrs. E. Lloyd.—At Tanyrallt, Cardiganshire, aged 25, Mr. Reuben Davies, known amongst the bards by the name of “Prydydd y Coed.”—At the advanced age of 103 years, John Harding, one of the members of the True Blue Beneficial Society, in Chester; who has received from three to four hundred pounds out of the society’s funds.—At Ruthin, aged 69 years, the Rev. John Jones, M.A. rector of Bottwnog.—In his 80th year, Owen Owen, of Beaumaris, formerly surgeon to his Majesty’s 6th regiment of foot, and latterly on half-pay of the late 20th dragoons.—At Beaumaris, Mrs. Martin, relict of the late George Martin, esq. of Stockport, and third sister of Sir William Bulkeley Hughes, of Plas coch, Anglesey.—In Great Titchfield-street, London, Edward Young, esq. aged 55, formerly of Beaumaris.—In the full possession of her faculties, at Corwen, Merionethshire, Mrs. Mary Edwards, aged 103.—At Bryn Edwin, in the county of Flint, after a few days’ illness, Edward Lewis, esq. in the 67th year of his age.—Aged 73, the Rev. John Ellis, vicar of Llanbadrig, Anglesey.—Emily, infant daughter of T. B. Haslam, esq. of Castle square, Carnarvon.—At Erw Bran, parish of Llanddeiniolen, aged 90 years and a day, Ellen Jones. She was married in the year 1763, and her husband survives her.—At Beddgelert, at an advanced age, Mr. William Roberts, surgeon.—Francis John Wollaston, eldest son of the Rev. J. W. Trevor, vicar of Carnarvon, aged 9 years.—Lately, Mrs. Jones, wife of Mr. E. Jones, wine-merchant, of Aberystwith.—At Aberystwith, aged 62, Thomas Marriott, esq.—Aged 84, near Llanymynech, the ingenious, cheerful, and benevolent Mr. Robert Baugh; well known and valued as the accurate and perspicuous engraver of the great and small maps of North Wales, published by the late John Evans, esq., and of his own great map of Shropshire, together with the vignettes that adorn those elaborate works. The sensitive affections of mind and heart in this truly good man were at all times singularly alive to the playful and pathetic, and with such rapid alternations, that the writer of this short and transient tribute has seen him both laugh and weep in the same moment, at passages of Shakspeare, when read by their

now venerable friend, the amiable and elegant poet, Dr. Evans. He loved music in the depth of his soul most cordially: and to him the rich and varied tones of an organ were prelibations of heaven. He rarely ever omitted his sincere and really pious doctrines of gratitude in the village church, where he presided over the psalmody, which he enthusiastically accompanied on the bassoon. With happiness and length of days, heaven never blessed a kinder creature. Travellers have frequently expressed surprise at the excellence of the prints and maps at the village inns of Llanyynych, and still greater when informed that they were all selected by the taste, and many etched and engraved by the ingenious talents of the parish clerk, the unassuming and merry-hearted Robert Baugh.—Aged 70, much lamented by his friends, Wm. Owen, esq. of Upper Glandulas, Montgomeryshire.—At Glanfyrnwy, Oswestry, Harriet, second daughter of Thos. Brown, esq. of Brynlythrig, near St. Asaph.—At Tredegar Iron Works, after a few hours' illness of cholera, Mr. R. Stephen, father of the Rev. D. R. Stephen, of Swansea.—At Cwmwysc, Breconshire, (the residence of her brother, Howell Powell, esq.) in her 45th year, Sarah, wife of the Rev. Watkin Edwards, Incumbent of Monk-nash.—Lately, in the 63d year of his age, Evan Symmons, esq. of Lantwit Major, Glamorganshire. He was much devoted to the chase, and kept the oldest and best pack of fox hounds in the county; and it was his highest satisfaction to make them a source of pleasure to the farmers and peasantry of his neighbourhood.—Ambrose Nickson Boodle, aged 31, sixth son of the late William Boodle, esq. of Llai House, Flintshire.

## PRICES OF CANAL SHARES, AND FOREIGN AND ENGLISH FUNDS.

### CANALS IN WALES.

Brecknock and Abergavenny, 75*l.*; Glamorganshire, 290*l.*; Monmouthshire, 195*l.*; Montgomery, 85*l.*; Shrewsbury, 255*l.*; Swansea, 200*l.*

### FOREIGN FUNDS.

*Closing price, March 23.*—Austrian Bonds, 95½; Belgian, 88; Brazilian, 63; Buenos Ayres, 25; Chilian, 23; Columbian, 16; ditto 1824, 18½; Danish, 74; Greek, 39; Mexican 5 per cent. 31½, ditto 6 per cent. 37½; Peruvian, 16½; Portuguese, 51½; Prussian, 104; ditto 1822, 103½; Russian, 103½; Spanish, 20; ditto 1823, 18½; Dutch, 47½; French Rentes, 5 per cent. 102; ditto. 3 per cent. 78.

### ENGLISH FUNDS.

Bank Stock, shut; 3 per cent. Consols, 87½; New 3½ per cent. 95; New 4 per cent. shut.

CHARLES EDMONDS, Broker, Change Alley, Cornhill.

### ERRATA.

- Page 72, line 20, for "grey stone lies," read "grew stone by."  
 „ 72, „ 35, wrongly pointed.  
 „ 74, „ 14, for "spray," read "dash amid the fray."  
 „ 74, „ 15, for "this magic banner," read "thy magic banner."  
 „ 74, „ 27, for "witching," read "her spells of witchery."  
 „ 75, „ 7, for "thy sunburnt forehead, genius binds," read "that round thy sunbright forehead, genius, binds."  
 „ 95, „ 18 of English translation, for "tumults," read "tumult."  
 „ 95, „ 20 of ditto, for "oppression," read "oppressor."  
 „ 97, 100, 46 of ditto, for "assemblies," read "assembler."  
 „ 97, „ 47 of Welsh, for "Iaros llwydd," read "I aros llüydd."  
 „ 101, „ 18 from bottom, for "power," read "horrors."

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ON THE ALLEGED BARBARITY OF THE CELTS, AND  
THE IMPUTED INDOLENCE OF THE GAEL.

“THE Celts were of all savages the most deficient in understanding.” They have been represented as “totally unable to raise themselves in the scale of society.” “From every argument of ancient authority, and of their manners recorded by successive authors, and existing even to this day, the ancient Celts must have been mere savages;” and if any one has the least doubt of the truth of these assertions, they have only to take the advice of the author\* of the quotations, and view the people as they are to be seen in their cottages in Wales, Ireland, and Scotland!

The above, it is true, are the expressions of one who was the bitterest and most violent of anti-Celts; but there are not wanting many disciples, otherwise well informed, who have reiterated the sentiments of this arch-contemner of the Gaël, and who continue to speak of them as a people who are only beginning, in consequence of their blood becoming refined by Saxon intermixture, to relish the first stage of advancement from the state of rude and independent savages! The inferiority of this race is said to be constitutional; it is transmitted from their ancestors, and the attempt is vain to endeavour, of themselves, to surmount their natural disadvantages. That the ancient Celtæ, in Gaul or Britain, whose vices their descendants in Scotland are so confidently said to inherit, and whose rude and repulsive manners they adhere to with “a dogged obstinacy, which prevents their civilization,” were not so deficient in mental ability, is admitted by Aristotle and Diogenes Lær-

\* Pinkerton’s Enquiry into the History of Scotland.



tius, who acknowledge that their boasted philosophy was derived from that people, and not imparted to them; and Cæsar, Marcellinus, Diodorus, Pliny, &c. bear testimony to their high advancement in knowledge.

A modern writer thus expresses himself:—"I am tired of always hearing the Romans quoted when the commencement of our civilization is spoken of, while nothing is said of our obligations to the Celts! It was not the Latins, it was the Gauls, who were our first instructors."\*

A list of some of the useful inventions for which the Romans and Greeks were indebted to these "radical savages," not to mention their military proficiency and the profound depth of Druidic learning, will tend to shew the appellation harsh and unmerited. Chain-mail, flock-beds, soap, the tinning of culinary vessels, and lacquering of harness and other ornaments; the brewing of malt liquor, the beautiful manufacture and dyeing of cloth, a most ingenious mechanism for reaping their fields, and, we presume, corn mills, &c.† were some of the Gaulish proofs of civilization which excited the attention of the refined and luxurious Romans.

Of the moral virtues of the Celts we have abundant testimony in the writings of the ancients, who cannot be accused of flattering those whom they branded with the title of barbarians. All who have occasion to speak of them agree as to their piety,‡ and the people who are remarkable for that feeling are always distinguished by the practice of virtue.

Nicolas Damascenus gives them high praise for the veneration they paid to old age, the dutiful respect which they shewed to their parents, and the brotherly affection which pervaded all ranks.§ Their open-heartedness and sincerity, their docility and ingenuity, were conspicuous. The British tribes were especially remarkable for their faithfulness and integrity, and for the facility with which they could conform to the usages of their politic conquerors.

The signal punishments which Diodorus tells us were inflicted on those guilty of high crimes, evinces the detestation in which they were held. The mulct or ransom allowed for lesser offences, the observant Tacitus found "wholesome to the commonwealth;" and of his favourites, the

\* Julius Leichtlen.

† "Scottish Gael," and authorities there given.

‡ Fauchet.

§ Apud Stobæum Serm. 37, p. 118. H.



Germanni, he exclaims, "more powerful with them are good manners than with other people are good laws: nobody makes vices subject of mirth."

The lofty notions of honour which imbued the minds of the ancient Celts, and urged them to deeds of admirable heroism and striking generosity, is a proof of elevation of mind and refinement of sentiment. The influence of the noble feelings inspired and upheld by the spirit-stirring effusions of the venerated and deep-versed Bards, is prominently displayed in the history of both Gaël and Cymry.

Their chivalrous feelings are indicated by proverbs, the repetition of which instilled respect for virtue in the minds of youth; and the generous feelings of a warrior were implanted, while the ferocity of a barbarian was subdued;\* "Cha n'eil fealladh ann, is mo, no'n gealladh gun a cho-ghealladh." There is no greater deception than a promise without performance. "Cha'n fhuilling an onair caramh." Honour will not bear patching. And "Gwell angau na chywilydd." Better death than shame: say the Welsh.

A virtue for which the Celtæ were proverbial was hospitality. In the old Gaelic there is but one word for a brave man and a good man, and but one for a landed gentleman and a hospitable person. "A happy state of society," says the learned Dr. M'Pherson, "when the generous and martial virtues are the only themes."

The morality of the Celtic inhabitants of Britain is indisputably evinced by the peace and happiness in which they live, under disadvantages which are in some cases deplorably great. The modern Highlanders "are no less sober than generally correct and exemplary in their moral conduct," an assertion not to be denied. That the Gaëlic population of Scotland is "the smallest portion of the Celtic race, but decidedly the most susceptible of improvement,"† may be also true; but that the means of substantial improvement have been ever afforded them, admits of great doubt. To be sure, the "barbarous and Ethnic" inhabitants have not been lately so harshly used as they were in former ages, when James VI. advised his officers to "danton the overlords and chiefs" by a strict enforcement of his unjust and cruel

\* "Na seachinn an iorguill, 'sna h iarr i:." Never seek for the battle, nor shun it when it comes.—FION MAC COUL.

† "Scotsman," 12th Jan. 1828.

laws, and to "root out the stubborn and barbarous sort in the Isles."\*

The humane and wise proposal of the celebrated Fletcher of Saltoun, for transporting the whole population and re-colonizing the country, has not indeed been seriously entertained, but a system has been in some parts pursued, which has partially accomplished the first part of that legislator's design.

The wild and savage Celts did not appear in so forbidding a character to an Englishman who lived among them one hundred years ago, and who, as an officer in the service of government, when taking measures to coerce the inhabitants, appeared in a character by no means calculated to procure him much civility. He says, "I never had the least reason to complain of the behaviour towards me of any of the ordinary Highlanders; but it wants a great deal that I could say as much of the Englishmen or lowland Scots."†

Their scrupulous honesty he found in the restoration of a plaiden horse-cloth, which was dropped or stolen: it was sent after him a great distance to Fort William; and their industrious and managing habits he repeatedly noticed. "Nothing," he elsewhere says, "can be more unjust than the notion that the Highlanders are an indolent lazy people;" an opinion which must have been forced on him by witnessing their diligence and exertion.

Those who contemn the Highland character affect to believe that its amelioration is produced by Saxon intermixture; but we are of opinion that no moral improvement has arisen from that cause. The author of a "Journey through Scotland" in 1729, whose business was chiefly with the Highland gentlemen, gives the praise of superior polish to the northern Scots. "By north Tay the inhabitants are more courteous, familiar and affable, than in the southern parts, and seem to be another people." Dr. Johnson might be quoted to the same purpose; and many modern writers have confessed the superiority of the Highland character in certain points, compared with their Low country neighbours, and its deterioration by intermixture. A learned author, who resided some time in the Highlands, where he carried "prejudices which nothing but the conviction arising from observation and experience could remove,"

\* Hist. of Prince Henry.

† Letters from a Gentleman in the North of Scotland.

returned with his opinions respecting the people quite changed.\*

That the Highlanders are indolent and averse to labour, so repeatedly asserted, is here denied. If we take into consideration their circumstances, and the nature of the country they inhabit, we shall be disposed not only to acquit them of laziness, but to award them the praise of active and well-directed industry. The Highlander lives in a country peculiarly unpropitious to the agriculturist. The rigour and variableness of the climate, and general sterility of the soil, are disadvantages which no human industry can obviate; and in the article of grain the Highland districts were never known to maintain themselves.† This, however, is not owing to an indifference for agriculture. The country is best adapted for pasturage; and to this the people pay their chief attention, having it always in their power to supply themselves with grain from the country, which again receives cattle from the mountains.

That agriculture is less attended to than its importance appears to demand, cannot be charged on the farmer as a proof of indolence. He acts with most prudence in declining to raise much corn, when he may lose the whole;‡ but the mountain spots, where he raises his scanty supply, are tilled and brought into cultivation with the most praiseworthy exertion. He has the labour of cultivation, however small, to perform; some months are consumed in providing fuel, &c. for winter, and the necessary attention to the cattle certainly leave him little time for indulging his sloth in summer. If the winter, when he cannot with safety venture even far from home, be “spent in comparative inactivity, it is” says Skene Keith, “(involuntary) ease, accompanied with poverty and privation, but under which they are contented, and even cheerful.”§

Their awkward modes of performing their farming operations have been adduced as shewing their obstinate adherence to old customs, and aversion to activity and enter-

\* Dr. Jamieson.

† Sutherland Agric. Report, &c.

‡ We have seen even in the Low country a field of corn reaped when the snow lay on the ground, and the produce of one and a half acre was only about 1 peck!!

§ Agric. Report for Aberdeen; where it is observed, that “the economy of the Highlander is almost equal to his hospitality.”

prise. The venerable Sir John Sinclair, whose long attention to agriculture renders him an unexceptionable authority, has recommended some of their implements for adoption by the Lowlanders; and an intelligent gentleman from England, who lived among them when much more rude than in our days, observes, "their methods are too well suited to their own circumstances, and those of the country, to be easily amended by those who undertake to deride them." A late Essayist, who brings forward this writer as bearing testimony to Highland laziness and disinclination to labour, is yet forced to admit, from the same authority, that the people have no objection to labour, if they can see a prospect of any reward!

Mankind is not indeed naturally desirous of labour. There must be a stimulus for exertion; but, because the Highlander, who manages to live comfortably where others could not exist, does not do a great deal more than is kindly recommended to him, he is charged with an aversion to work!

That neither his alleged "pride," nor "want of energy" and "disregard of comfort," prevents him from pursuing the habits of industry, and undergoing great toil, is easy of proof. It is well known that the Highland labourers in the Low country are engaged in the most severe employments, which they go through with an abstemiousness quite astonishing; and the words of the intelligent Dr. Knox, in his "View of the Highlands," may be here quoted. "They are a hardy, brave race of men, equally qualified for the domestic, the naval, and military line." Till the days of Chatham, he proceeds, "the intrinsic value of the Highlanders, like the diamond in the mine, remained in obscurity; some obstructions removed, they shone forth at once a *tractable*, useful people, who might one day prove a considerable acquisition to the commerce, as well as the internal strength of Britain." Describing the sufferings of those who, living on the coast, are forced to try the herring fishing as a means of counterbalancing the precariousness of their other sources of subsistence, he draws a touching picture of the miseries to which the poorer tenants are subjected. A better system, however, is now pursued, and landlords have found that it is their policy to be more indulgent to the deserving.—The young men who find no work at home, go southwards from the north Highlands in spring, and engage in all sorts of labour, returning with

the few pounds they have hardly earned, to increase the necessaries and comforts of their paternal cottage.

The women, in like manner, go to the harvest, and are often accompanied by the men; and both, in the words of an intelligent communicant to the Board of Agriculture, "are remarked for their docility, assiduity, and indefatigable execution of all manner of work." Bands of those light-hearted, labour-seeking peasants, may be seen descending from the mountains, cheerfully following a piper, who inspirits the party by the wild strains of their native vales.

What has been done to change the condition of the "poor Celt," and to induce him to "think less highly of himself," and embrace "the arts of peace," in which he is so far behind? The extension of commerce and introduction of manufactures are declared to be, in the present state of things, impracticable; and how is the industry of the Highlander to be stimulated, or that ignorance and wretchedness, dirtiness and discomfort, which have so confidently been imputed to them, to be removed?

It is no blame of the Highland tenant that his case should be so miserable. The rash experiments that have been tried with him, and the injudicious attempts to diffuse knowledge, and impress on him a sense of his inferiority in point of civilization, have had the worst effect. Villages have been formed, and the Highlanders have been invited to settle there; but scarcely any of them flourish, and the advantages given by the proprietors have been generally accepted by the loose and worthless.

The Caledonian canal, which has cost the country so much, was ostensibly carried on for the benefit of the Highlanders, for whom, it was said, it afforded plenty of work; but very few natives were engaged on it. Those who were employed were chiefly Irish, or people from the south. A good many Welsh were also engaged; and we know a Cambrian, who now lives in the north, on a fortune which his industry at this labour enabled him to accumulate.

Manufactures, the materials for which the country produces in plenty, are neglected. No efficient encouragement has been given to the fishing, and the alteration in the duty on barilla has destroyed the kelp trade.

With all the disadvantages, however, under which the

Highlanders labour, they have not yet become burdensome to their neighbours. They have an honest pride, which impels them to undergo incredible privations, nay, "the most excruciating misery and the verge of starvation, rather than beg." Do the poor descend to the Low country as paupers? No; but the beggars in the Highlands, allured by the hospitality of the people, are chiefly Lowlanders, and they are neither few nor unimportunate.

Idle as the life of the Highlanders is said to be, they contrive to make all their agricultural implements and most of their dairy utensils; and not only provide themselves with blankets, linen, shoes, stockings, tartan cloth, kersey, carpets, &c. but dispose of considerable quantities to their neighbours.

It is unjust to allege that, when they have emigrated to a more abundant country, they are less prosperous than others. The fact is the reverse. All who have observed the effects of emigration, were struck with the comfortable situation of the Gaël, who, by good management and adaptation of themselves to circumstances, contrive to settle even more happily than they were in their native glens; and no one will assert they shew any inferiority in England, or any where else where they may be established.

The policy of preserving the population of a country that has proved the main naval and military strength of the empire, is in a great measure overlooked; yet every unprejudiced landed proprietor of the Highlands will confess, that if measures of actual severity are not used, the tenants will pay cheerfully, even a rack-rent, rather than quit their father-land; and will contentedly labour in farms which no other people would undertake to cultivate.

Of the literary capacity of the Gaël, and their desire of knowledge, we shall take a future opportunity of saying something. Their military services it may not be so necessary to expatiate upon. The assertion that the victories of the Highlanders have been more honourable to themselves than of advantage to the state, can be easily refuted.

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*To the Editors of the Cambrian and Caledonian Quarterly.*

GENTLEMEN,

LOOKING over some letters a few days ago, I laid my hand on the copy of one, dated "Kidwelly, 6th August, 1809," which I received, during a short residence in Caermarthen-shire, from my friend, the late Thomas Parker, Esq., of the Priory, in that town, in consequence of my having desired him to visit those ancient Roman mine-works in the parish of Caeo, termed *Gogovan caves*. These appear within a very picturesque cove, in the rocks near Pympsaint, now a public-house. The name of Pympsaint, *the five saints*, is given from a stone lying near the entrance of the cove, in which are as many concave excavations, perhaps to act as basins for washing the ore, but now said to be the impressions of the heads of those holy personages. The water used in these works was brought from a place called Pwll Ufern, *Hell's pool*, which is at some considerable distance to the west.

"IN consequence of your desire, my dear sir, I venture to commit to paper the general thoughts which occurred to me during my hasty visit to the singular and interesting excavations at Pympsaint.

"I ascended the hill from the public-house on the left hand side of the turnpike road, leading from Llandovery, through Pympsaint, to Lampeter, taking the landlord with me as a guide, having first directed him to provide a lantern and a sufficient quantity of candles to explore the underground works. Six or seven village youths, who, the day being Sunday, were at hand, seemed well pleased in the permission to attend us.

"The face of the mountain, as I approached it, bore the appearance of considerable workings having been carried on, at some remote period, from the number of hillocks of waste, or miner's deads, which covered the surface of the ground, and which, being grown over with sod, at the same time that they bespoke the antiquity of the work, deprived me of the opportunity of discovering, amongst the refuse, the nature of the mineral sought after; and the day forbade me the assistance of a labourer to open the banks. I was first conducted by my guide to the great level which opens on the side of the hill towards the south or south-west, and



keeps a straight line northward. At the tail of the level there was a good deal of water to wade through, occasioned by an obstruction at the entrance, which held back the top drainage; but when I got about twenty yards into the level, the bottom was perfectly dry, and, it having been fair weather for some days, no water percolated through the top, which rendered it not unpleasant to walk in. The level is of considerable width, and of a sufficient height to stand upright with your hat on; but the actual dimensions, the haste of my excursion, and other circumstances, prevented my ascertaining, as they also did the run or length of the level, yet I should suppose the latter to be about 200 yards. You cannot but admire the perfection with which the level has been made. The walls are perfectly straight, with a slightly arched roof; and, passing through a hard slaty country, and having been well chiseled, it may be likened to a work of excellent masonry. In passing up the level I observed a strong course of opaque quartz to cross it; but, as there was no driving on this course, I conclude the level was not drove in search of minerals, but to some known object, the quartz being of the same nature as that which was afterwards worked upon.

“ At the north end of the level considerable workings have been carried on eastward and westward, forming caverns of great magnitude and height; but these workings having followed the run of the strata of the slaty country, no correct conclusion can be formed, from their present appearance, of the state in which the ancient miners left the work; for they have at times continued falling in from the roof, and make that the bottom now which was formerly at the top; and this opinion is somewhat confirmed by the mouth of the cavern, which presented itself in the extreme eastern corner, and appeared to descend much lower than the ground on which I stood,—but the entrance was so low and dirty, and discovering that the landlord had only brought snuffs instead of whole candles, and that a little delay would put us into the dark, I declined any attempt to explore it, though I believe the fact would have turned out that the workings had formerly been considerably lower than the bottom of the level, and have since been filled up by the mouldering in of the roof, whilst in this lower cavern, from some cause or other, the top has not equally given way, so that the bottom remains consequently deeper, and the roof lower, than in the outward cavern.

“ I sought, with as much attention as time and expiring lights would allow me, to discover the nature of the mineral inquired after, but I could find no speck of ore, nor other clue to guide to a conclusion. In the south-eastern fore-breast, some person, at no great distance of time, appears to have made a small trial upon a course of hard opaque quartz, which there presents itself; but it proved barren, and void of a glimmer of metal, or even sulphur, to raise a miner’s hope.

“ Had all my companions possessed lights, or the means by which they could reach the mouth of the level, I apprehend I should have found myself deserted, and speedily left alone, so powerfully did the discovery of the marks of a pattering on the floor of the innermost part of the cavern act on the sensibility of the Welsh superstition.

“ No sooner had the youth who made the discovery mentioned the circumstance, than the buzzing hum which before prevailed was instantly hushed into a solemn silence, and, as no person present could tell when any female had ventured into this subterraneous place, the conclusion seemed to be that the marks were supernatural, and such was the effect of this imagination, that, until we turned back again, and got into the rays of light, the hilarity of the youths was evidently restrained by the influence of superstition.

“ On quitting the great level, I ascended the higher part of the hill, to some considerable caverns which appear to have been wrought in the same way upon the breast of the mountain, only without a level, as the underground work I had just quitted. The rock, or country, was of the same hard slaty nature, and the lode, on which I suppose the drivings were made, was of the same unfavorable kind of opaque yellow and brown quartz, in some places extending itself to a breadth of more than five yards; but even to this width the old miners did not confine themselves, for they broke the ground considerably on each side, disclosing other lodes, or veins, of the like hard and unprofitable quartz.

“ On the summit of the mountain is a long and deep ravine, which pursues the course of the lode in the great level, and resembles what they term in Cornwall the Roman, or old men’s workings; but this is also overgrown with sod, and, circumstanced as I was, afforded me no opportunity of gathering any opinion, without the aid of conjecture.

“It would be worth while, as an object of curiosity, to shode or cut small pits in the bottom, across this ravine, down to the solid; and which, as the ground is loose, would be attended with but little expense, in the hire of a few day-labourers, with their ordinary trenching tools; and there is good reason to expect that, either in the wasting, or in the solid, some satisfactory discovery would be made of the mineral substance in pursuit of which the ravine was first made.

“After a most diligent inquiry of near two hours, without discovering any satisfactory appearance of ore, I at length found a few bits of galena, or lead mineralized by sulphur, of the size of a large hazel-nut each, in one of the great caverns, imbedded in the quartz; and I afterwards observed in several other places, what I considered to be bits of galena decomposed and converted into white lead. These small bits of galena had no connexion with each other by a string or vein, but were imbedded in the quartz, surrounded by a softish saponaceous substance, like to the slate of the country if decomposed, and may be termed kernels, or small kidneys of ore. The shale, or slate, in some places contains much sulphur, which appears in the fracture of a metallic lustre, as fine as dust, and forms a principal ingredient in the stone; whilst, in other places, the sulphur appears in the shale in the figure of a rhomb, as crystalized mundic.

“At present there is little or no water near the work, but upon my expressing surprise at the want of top-water, my guide told me there were the remains of an ancient water-course at a little distance, which tradition related was for the purpose of conveying water to the mines from a distance of several miles up the country, nearly as far as Lord Cawdor’s lead mine, but the communication had for many ages been broken, and the old water-course was dry.

“In contemplating a work of this magnitude, which affords so little internal evidence of the object for which it was carried on, the mind is naturally inclined to wander, and to receive the traditionary stories of the country people, that the Romans got here both gold and silver; but which, from any thing I observed, stands without the slightest authority, though it is possible the brassy lustre of the sulphur may, with the uninformed, have given rise to the opinion as to the former metal; and, as all lead ores are supposed to contain some silver, so, notwithstanding galena is considered to

carry the least of the lead ores, the tradition of their getting the latter metal may be accounted for. Lead, I incline to think, was the substance sought after, but from the unconnected irregularity of the works, one part having scarce any reference to another, it must be considered as a bunching mine, which in some degree accounts for the wideness of the excavations, and that, so soon as one bunch or mass of ore was cleared away, they broke the ground in all directions in pursuit of another, finding no string or metallic leader, as in more regular mines, to guide their course.

“Whatever may have been the substance sought after, the extent of the workings bespeak their having been carried on by a powerful as well as skilful people, for the level is a superior work of art; and so may be considered the leading the water from so considerable a distance; and the Roman name seems in early days the best to answer that description; the custom of employing their soldiery in useful works during the periods of peace, or, what seems as likely, the putting their prisoners of war, or the subjugated inhabitants of the country, to such works of heavy labour, may be made to account for that wild extent of excavation, which, according to the modern method of mining, appears a waste of labour and money, and to be greatly unnecessary. The almost total absence of ore, or metal, induces the opinion that the mine was abandoned, from being unproductive, or worked out; but, if the tradition of its having been a Roman work is entitled to credit, the circumstance under which the people of that nation left the island, and the character of the invading people who afterwards overrun the country, and its wretched inhabitants, raised different ideas of the state in which it may have been left. Fifty years after it was abandoned by the Romans would fill up the bottom of the ravine with the falling in of the wasting by the weather and winter floods, while the roof and floorings of the excavations would, in the like time, be so materially altered as to leave but little trace for the inquiring eye to form any satisfactory conjecture; and if perchance a lump of ore protruded itself, it would be a chance indeed, if, during the long period of time that has elapsed since the Romans wholly abandoned this country, some person, conscious of its value, did not remove it, and such circumstance, equally with the workings, be now entirely lost in oblivion.

“Although to a set of mining adventurers I must confess the work appears to me to afford no flattering prospects of success, yet, if I was the owner of the land, I would consider it a duty to myself and family, to make some trials to ascertain what all the workings had been about, and the result of which, if unsuccessful, I would record in some manifest way, to save my descendants from again engaging in unnecessary expense; while, if it proved successful, the event would speak for itself.

“With this view, besides shodding the mine, as I have already noticed, I would spend a few blasts of gunpowder in some of the most prominent caverns, and, as the country seems of a nature to split well, a good deal of ground might be broken down at a moderate expense; but, as Welsh gentlemen have not the reputation of readiness to engage in works of inquiry, whatever may be their tendency to remote improvement, it is possible the present owner may not feel the same sentiment with me; yet, if the attendant expense should be his only objection, I have no doubt he will find as much manure in the different caverns, from the droppings of the sheep, who have retired there from the sun and weather for ages, as will, if properly treated, by the increase of the first crop, defray the whole expense of any reasonable trial in proving his mine.

“One of my companions mentioned that a London company had, about twenty years past, set some men on to make a trial; but such was their skill, that they drove a shallow level through into one of the old open workings, and then, with chagrin at their folly, gave up the work. An old gentleman was also said, some years back, to have paid a good deal of attention to this place, and to have made several small trials, and which I apprehend to have been those which I discovered in some of the forebreasts: this is not the way I would advise the mine to be tried, but rather to relinquish the forebreasts, and try more at large by the force of powder.

“Thus, my dear sir, have I hastily put upon paper my scattered thoughts, equally hastily formed, and from which, if any part affords you amusement or information, I shall derive much gratification; but, as they are chiefly formed from recollection, and are now upon paper, without a copy, I shall be obliged if, when you have done with them, and they become no more than waste paper, you will favor me

with their return, as in that case I shall put them up with some memoranda of

My dear sir,

Your obliged and obedient,

To Sir Samuel Rush Meyrick,  
*Llansant.*

THOMAS PARKER.

THE owner of this property is the possessor of Dolecothy. Should you conceive the above letter suitable to your publication, it is much at your service.

Yours respectfully,

SAML. R. MEYRICK, K. H.

*Goodrich Court; May 7, 1833.*

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S O N N E T,

*To the Memory of my Mother, who died August 20, 1770;*

BY E. WILLIAMS, THE STONEMASON.

SINCE first I mourn'd thee number'd with the dead,  
I've known distress in ev'ry woful form,  
Through twice ten years—and o'er my batter'd head  
With fellest rage has blown the wint'ry storm.  
Oh, my *lost mother!*—still I weep for thee—  
Safe in thy care I pass'd through feeble youth;  
Unschool'd beside, I, tutor'd at thy knee,  
Caught from thy lips the sacred lore of truth.  
Heav'n, in thy looks, beam'd on my tender mind,  
Till dawn'd the Muse—in thoughts by thee refin'd,  
How kindled through my soul her purest flame!  
Whilst Memory the briny tear supplies,  
In anguish, pointing to supernal skies,  
I teach my lisping babes to *bless thy name!*

## THE CLANSMAN'S TALE;

*A Fragment.*

## CHAPTER I.

COURTEOUS reader! Were you ever regularly jaded, and half famished in a Highland shealing, after a hard day's unsuccessful deer-stalking; wherein you have been alternately wet, dry, cool, and hot, in so many hours, to no purpose? If you have, you will know how crusty a sportsman is, after such ill-luck; while, perhaps, to add to your mishap, no refreshment is to be had! the *usquebaugh*\* is run out! and your present habitation does not even afford a mouthful of braxy† mutton! Well for you is it then, as you stretch your tired limbs, if your gillie‡ proves a conversable personage; better still, if he is old and garulous. From such a one the following materials have been collected, albeit we have taken the liberty of weaving his narrative into a more detailed form than what he gave it in.

Along the face of that bleak and ragged moorland which spreads away westward from the field of Culloden towards the mountains overlooking Loch Ness, are scattered various little hamlets, or, as they are denominated in local phraseology, "towns." They are each composed of three or four turf huts, grouped together without any attempt at regularity of form, and overshadowed, in some instances, by an ash, or a few fir trees. Across the ledge of country, deep fissures disclose the beds of round white stone, over which the brawling burns descend to the plains below, when swelled with the rains which flood the upper strath; their appearance in the summer months, when the course is dry, or the water at best but a silver rill, bearing no inapt resemblance to the effects of an earthquake on a parched and arid soil. It was from one of these cabins, yet standing, that, on the morning of the eventful 16th April, 1746, Dugal Cassindonich proceeded, out of motives of combined curiosity and interest, to watch the movements of the hostile armies. The awful crisis which had brought war so near to their doors, roused

\* For the benefit of our Welsh readers we shall take the liberty of explaining the terms that are not likely to be generally known in the Principality.—Whisky, *uisge beatha*, the water of life; *Wysg y byw*, the stream of life; *Ysgwy bach*, the dear liquid; *Gweisgi*, brisk, lively.—EDITORS.

† A disease peculiar to sheep.

‡ Servant.



others besides this humble herdboy from their rest; and the various eminences commanding a view of the slope of the hill-ground above Culloden House, were covered with anxious spectators. The morning was one of gloomy and portentous aspect, as if nature herself had been forewarned that the awful veil of futurity was to be rent aside. A grey, cold haze swept along the horizon, which, accompanied by sharp sleet and snow, obscured the line of vision; whilst the wind, echoing in intermitting blasts down the glens of the river Nairn, reverberated that melancholy whistle so powerfully affecting to the mind in Alpine solitudes. But the firing began, and its effect was to clear away for a space the denseness of an atmosphere that hid the combatants from each other's view. Boom on boom came with the hollow burst of the cannon, intermingled with the sharper roll of musketry; and the columns stood out for a moment to the sight, and were again lost in the obscurity of smoke, which ever and anon was illumined by the red glare of the flash preceding the discharge. Lines of living beings rolled on or receded, according as fortune aided or repulsed their efforts; but the darkness dispersing, a body of Highlanders were observed to rush forward with loud shouts and war-cries, whilst the pibroch swelled its maddening notes to the utmost, and instantly to close with the array opposed to them. Ere almost the eye could tell the result, a crowd of fugitive mountaineers swept by the mound whence Cassindonich viewed the battle-field, and hurried him into the *melée*; so rapid had been the fate of that desperate and final charge made by the insurgents on the front of the royal army. Borne along without the power of resistance, it was sometime ere he could disentangle himself from the mob; and when Cassindonich did so, it was to find himself on the brink of one of those rapid torrents, which we have described as intersecting the whole slope of this district. Into it the wretched group rushed to lave their parched lips, some wallowing to the chin, others sinking on the verge ere the grateful liquor touched their tongue, whilst not a few fell to rise no more, the blood oozing from their mangled limbs, and purpling the water. A party of about twenty wearied Highlanders hurried hard after the first flyers, fast followed by as many dragoons. One of the foremost, who appeared wounded, was of gigantic height. "Spare that noble fellow!" shouted an officer. "Down with the rebel!" was the savage retort, from a thickset, round-faced, vulgar-looking personage, in a blue surtout, in rear of the party;

and the mandate was obeyed. "Revenge for Bean More!" burst from every tongue of his opponents. "Stand here, and die like men!" and they flourished their claymores at the dragoons, who, intimidated by their stern, determined aspect, wheeled instantly about. The hunted warriors then reached the brook; but who can describe Cassindonich's horror when the first who ran past him was his foster-brother, Allan Mac Lea, or, as he was ordinarily designated by his patronymic, Allan-vich\*-Neil, the only son of a powerful chieftain in the braes of Glenmoriston. "All is lost, Dugal,— "the race of Mhic Leadies," faintly murmured the unhappy warrior, as he sunk on the attached youth's neck. Exhausted nature seemed about to close; for, without any food for four and twenty hours, except a wretched piece of oatmeal cake, Vich-Neil had sustained the dangers of the march to Nairn, and the combat of the 16th, wherein he was wounded. Cassindonich lifted the precious remains of all he held dear; he bore the now inanimate corpse, as he thought, to his father's hut, wrapped it in his best plaid, and strewed it with fern. Whether from the weight of all his covering, or the motion of the previous shaking, the corpse seemed to Cassindonich's anxious gaze to manifest some tremulous signs of life. He instantly disengaged his rough counterpane, washed the forehead and lips, and applied to the latter, the then, as now, universal nostrum of Highland pharmacy, some pure usquebaugh, and happily, with effect. But his patient being unable to rise, he examined his wounds, which were in the sword-arm, bound them as well as he could, and in the dead of night again took up his burden, assisted and relieved from time to time by his father. The moon had sunk; yet deep knowledge of the country enabled him to steer clear of the swamps and peat-bogs, and still more dangerous water-courses, concealed below the long wiry grass; and, long ere daylight broke, Allan-vich-Neil was safe under the roof of a faithful and devoted friend of his father's, in the wild recesses of Strath-arkaig.

Such is a slight sketch of what befel many a gallant man on that fatal day which closed Charles's hopes, and the views of the Stuart dynasty for ever! But it is not our business to ape the historian. We are here to show individual fortunes out of a thousand; and these narrated by one, himself the frail connecting link of past and present time.

Cassindonich entered Inverness the morning after the

\* Mhic, pronounced vic, grandson.

action. He brought a parcel of sticks on his back for sale as fire-wood, and thereby prevented suspicion as to the motives of his visit. The streets were crowded with military; a body of troops lined either side of the main one, leading to the bridge (over which many rebels had escaped), which was strewed with dead bodies in the Highland costume, whilst loaded cannon pointed toward that egress, and artillerymen stood beside them with lighted matches; numbers of corpses floated by the banks of the river, where they had been shot, in their attempts to make the opposite shore. On the plainstones about the cross, where the houses recede into a sort of open space, around the *Clach na cuddin*, or Palladium stone of the burgh, a scuffle of no trivial moment had not long before occurred, between the English and Scottish regiments, touching the body of an unfortunate cadet of the name of Forbes, yet dangling from the gibbet, who had joined the Chevalier. It was allayed with difficulty. Wandering down the cross street, in which now stand the principal hotels, Cassindonich at once comprehended that some personage of rank had taken up his residence there, from two centinels pacing in front of a narrow alley or porch, giving access to a house of indifferent size. A bustle of officers and menials before it, announced the approach of the inmate. He came forth, leaning his right arm (in the fingers of which hand he held a gold-headed cane or rattan,) on the shoulder of an aid-de-camp, a thin, pale-faced, thoughtful looking young man, who was no other than the afterwards immortal *Wolfe*. There was nothing peculiarly characteristic in the costume of the former to distinguish him from the other general officers, except that he wore a blue coat with red collar, while theirs was entirely red. His hair was dressed *en queue*, and powdered; his lower extremities were cased in white leather and large boots. A plump, red, round-visaged, unmeaning countenance, with an obliquity of vision, completed the intellectual portion of the picture. As he cast his visual organs around, the escort closed; and he marched towards the Tolbooth, which was situated at the top of the street, at the junction of the approach to the bridge. It was built of a dull red stone, and surmounted by an ill-formed round belfry or steeple, somewhat off the perpendicular, owing to the yielding nature of the boggy ground on which it stood. Here the guards saluted; the iron-girt door creaked upon its hinges; and, entering the grated lobby, his Royal Highness, for it was the Duke of Cumberland, holding by

the balustrade, mounted the mutilated and well-worn steps, with his council of war. With no slight labour they reached the ill-vented, low-roofed stone cell, containing but one small window, strongly staunchioned, and a mean gallery near the ceiling, which constituted the court-room. Here, till the erection of a new jail, in 1787, criminals and debtors were indiscriminately huddled together; being forced, when the circuit courts were held, into an adjoining dungeon, whilst the great apartment itself received the purifying essences of vinegar, soap, and water. Candles were already burning, for the light of day could be hardly said to enter. Six officers, besides the duke, sat at the dingy table, on which were spread a map, military plans, reports, and letters. The discussion was brief but serious: his Grace demanded immediate powers to exterminate the seeds of rebellion, and to terrify the insurgents into submission, by the death of all the wounded on the field of battle. The generous Wolfe alone resisted such arbitrary requests. His commission, he said, was at his royal highness's pleasure, but not his honour. His arguments were fruitless; and a captain and fifty men were ordered to march directly to the scene of the late combat, and search for rebels; whilst a party were at the same time despatched to Culloden House, with injunctions that they should bear in mind that the orders of the rebels on the day previous had been to refuse quarter.\*

It requires no stretch of fancy to depict the horrors of a battle-field; the images of death and desolation speak sufficiently plain to the dullest comprehension. But, when to the usual concomitants of the dying and the dead—of the maimed, lacerated, and thirsty objects, who writhe in all the agony of unquenchable fire, vainly imploring but the smallest drop of water—we add, the brute passions excited and allowed vent in civil warfare, and the total absence of those sympathies which in modern times have cast a shade over the grosser features of the soldier's trade, the mind sickens at the ghastly prospect. *Here* these viler features of our nature were goaded into the keenest action. The military were urged on to retaliation by reminiscences of what their own fate would have been, had the day gone against them. It was a merit, they were assured, to put an end to such traitors and savages as lay around them; and the sense of superiority, acting like the taste of flesh on

\* This has been asserted, but we believe never proved.—EDRS.

the blood-hound, rendered them impatient for the butchery. They were not long withheld: roaming over the heath, they not only despatched those wretches who still survived, but wantonly indulged their mad rage upon the inanimate corpses of the slain. The cottages around were pilfered and set fire to; the inmates, if found, wantonly abused, forced back into the flames, and then slaughtered. Such of the prisoners as could be made to move were set up in droves, as marks for the skill of the ribald ruffians in ball practice. In the court-yard of the adjoining mansion, a number of wounded officers had huddled together; these were shot at, till that appearing too slow a method for their exit, their executioners fell upon them with swords and bayonets. Parties of light horse scoured the plain, exhibiting livelier proofs of zeal and valour than they had shewn the day before, when the cold hands which grasped the neglected broadswords waved them over their now shattered forms. Such persons as had come to render the last duties to the dead, or to weep over a friend or relation, paid dearly for their temerity. No distinction was made between them and the wounded partisans of an unfortunate cause; and we ourselves remember being many years ago told by an aged peasant, whose bones are now in all likelihood sleeping with his father's, on this very moor, that he himself was fired at when crossing a dyke, with the boyish intention of inspecting the scene of action.

But it is time to turn from this painful theme. Cassin-donich regained his pastoral home that same evening unmolested. He cautiously avoided the main road which led from the town, since it was patrolled by parties of dragoons, and taking a diversion to the right, which wound by foot-paths towards the mountains, achieved his purpose in safety. But as he climbed the ascending slope which rises from the vale of the Ness in an easy and gradual progression, he could hear the hoarse challenge of the sentinels, and the muffled roll of the drum, as some prisoner was brought in for execution.

## CHAPTER II.

During the night of the 16th, numerous stragglers from the defeated army passed the mansion in which young Allan-Mac-Lea, or Allan-Vich-Neil, as we shall either way style him, had been deposited by the care of Dugal Cassin-donich. Some stopped for an instant, to break the sad tale of their misfortunes; others hurried on, without inter-

changing any salutation with the anxious domestics, who sought for information. But, from what fell, it soon began to be whispered that the prince himself was at no great distance. In a moment the rumour spread, and Hamish Gruochar, the old piper, who for years had never wandered from his settle in the antiquated hall, (whereon, be it spoken, he dozed out, hour by hour, the greater portion of the twenty-four), save to pace before its windows, and pipe the welcome summons to dinner, or, in extraordinary fits of exertion, to descend the green brae on which the house stood, to the river beneath, and exert his talents, in adding a trout or grilse to the luxuries of the table, exhibited symptoms of the general animation. Hamish bustled about with all the imbecile hurry of age. "Och! hone, och! hone," he exclaimed, "but it's her nain sell will be gaun to see her true and royal lord;" and he arose from his well worn resting spot, and grasped in his trembling hands an oak, horn-headed staff, which stood beside him. His voice, and the echo of the servants' footsteps, as they shuffled along the stone floor, mingling with the audible whisperings from without, brought the master himself into the hall, over which the dying embers of a huge peat fire still shed a partial light. "How now, Hamish! what in the name of wonder has roused you at this unseemly hour from your rest? Why, the grey tint of morn has not yet streaked the east, and here are you babbling, as if the ghost of Red Murdoch of the Cairnflat had risen on your sight, to scare your bewildered conscience; or Dundee were alive again, to put in requisition the lungs which blew for him at Killi-crankie." "Ah, Coirshugle! God save you! but Hamish could then blow to some purpose; he's now auld and useless; yet the spirit will rise when the chord is struck; and where's the clansman can sit idle when ta prince must need his arm?"

"The prince! why, where is he?"

"Her nainsel canna weel say; but ta lads wha hae just gone by hae been dropping word that she's nae far aff amang ta hills, and Hamish would fain be moving too, to glad her auld een with ta blessed sight ere ta close for ever."

"Pho! nonsense, Hamish, keep at home. Younger eyes and younger arms than yours will be needed, if such indeed be the case."

Baffled, but not convinced, Hamish continued to mutter something between his teeth, of which, the words "prince," "duty," "nae doubt, petter shudge," spluttered out in ill-jointed association, when his master led the old man back to his bed, and his repose. Taking down a small lamp from a side shelf, he blew an expiring peat into a flame, and thrust the wick into it; then mounting to his wounded guest's chamber, communicated to Vich-Neil the intelligence he had just learnt. Faint as he was, young Allan petitioned hard to be allowed to join his rallying comrades; but Mac Tosach, of Coirshugle, was a man of too much humanity to entertain such a proposal; and, moreover, motives of prudence lent their aid to repress the youth's purpose. With a bias, engendered both by education and affection for the exiled family, Coirshugle had been deterred by the advice of some neighbours of consequence (for whose sagacity and discernment he had a high respect), from hastily committing himself with the ruling powers; and, by a cautious demeanour, he had hitherto avoided any steps which could lead his loyalty into question. It was not therefore to be expected, that, to the risk of sheltering a defeated partisan, he was to incur the additional danger, or be guilty of the folly of joining a sinking cause. Before venturing on the hazardous experiment of aiding the prince, he mentally determined to be himself, if possible, an eye-witness to the resolutions adopted under present circumstances; and to enable him to do so with the less risk, and as a free agent, he resolved to set out alone. Beseeching Vich-Neil therefore to keep close to his apartment till his return, and strictly charging the herdboyc, and a stout, bare-legged, red-cheeked damsel, who performed the double offices of housemaid and custodier of the dairy, not to wander over the threshold, and to preserve due caution in communicating with straggling visitors, Coirshugle bent his steps down the glen. He was attended by one of those noble staghounds then ordinarily domesticated in every highland gentleman's family. Luath was of the true breed, of a yellow, or somewhat fawn colour, with long wiry, bristly, hard hair. He followed close at the heels of his master, who was habited in the full highland costume, and armed to the teeth. In his right hand he held a pole, not unlike that used by the chamois-hunters in the Alps, to assist him through the unequal treadings of the spongy moss. His course was at first to the south of his own mansion, but



afterwards altered more to the west. As he had diverged for this movement, he fancied he heard footsteps across the moor, nor was he mistaken; the crispy creaking noise of a person walking through moist boggy ground was distinctly audible, and approaching so close, as to make a rencontre in the narrow pass unavoidable. He was likewise in his turn discovered, and "Stand!" echoed from both sides of the gully at once. It was not quite dark, but yet of that gloomy uncertain haze which precedes daylight, and is even more distressing than the absolute pitch of night. For a moment either party remained stationary; but impatience getting the better of fear, they mutually advanced. At the sound of their next words they recognised each other, in spite of the gloom. "Coirshugle!" "Glentairney!" burst from their lips. "Whither bound?" exclaimed the last. "To learn the fate of friends." "Enough; our errand is the same: but let us speak lower; there are those abroad, whose ears, if they discovered what our tongues may reveal, would quickly ensure us the speedy honour of advancement to Abraham's bosom, by an order of knighthood I am nowise ambitious of thanking St. John for."

The friends now closed, and walked along the dell together. Glentairney (for we will assume the liberty of Scottish parlance, to omit the surname, and use the *nomme de terre*,) was the first to break silence. "And are you, Coirshugle, a wanderer from your fair domains, in consequence of Murray's rashness?" "Of Murray's rashness! I comprehend you not. Speak clearly." "Clearly! Was yesterday so dim? Surely you cannot misunderstand me? In plain language, were you not at Drummosie-moor?"

"I see to what you allude. I was not there: reasons I cannot explain just now prevented me." He was ashamed to admit so, but the game he was pursuing warranted some finesse. "Deeply do I regret this sad mishap; but there are yet, I hope, full numerous stout hearts and able hands to retrieve this shock!"

"There are, there are!" exclaimed Glentairney; "but it little matters: a good cause is soon lost when honest men play the fool, and knaves pull the strings. Why, man, ar't so dull? Doesn't see that we miserable asses bear the burden of the weight, whilst the sweets are to be culled by nobler game? For what have we been toiling, but to ensure the gains to some of our hopeful sister kingdom's adventurers; some of our Hibernian plants of the sod, or cadets of St. James's

picquet? And, forsooth, because these potato-grinders, or the frog-devouring monsieurs of our most Christian ally, do not choose to stand a campaign in our wild country, we poor devils are to see it cut up root and branch! A word in your ear. I don't believe the leader himself is sound at the core: He who plays at bowls must expect rubbers; and I verily believe he is heartily sick of the desperate game he has been staking. You start; but I say it seriously, that if time and opportunity occur, we shall be left to shift for ourselves."

"Good God! Glentairney," said Coirshugle, "is it possible that he will desert so many loyal spirits, who have risked their all for him and his? And, entertaining the sentiments you do, was it for such an one that you buckled on the armour of your forefathers?"

"For *him*?" shouted Glentairney, in a tone of the most contemptuous laughter: "for *him*, the faint-livered sensualist, who rioted in the arms of his voluptuous Cameron, whilst the cares of a kingdom were forgotten! No; revenge was *my* motive for mounting the white cockade. Had that passion not engrossed my breast, I know not but Cumberland might this day have classed me among the most devoted adherents of the black emblem of Hanover. So that I was free to roam lord of my own heath and field, little would Glentairney reckon whether the latter's horse or Stuart's rose fluttered on the banner of Scotland's king."

"But, explain, my friend, I pray you," rejoined Coirshugle, "how, in a quarrel so uncongenial to your feelings, revenge could goad you on to aid that side you despise the most." "Listen then," said Hutcheon Roy mac Vaister Ihic man of Glentairney; "'twas love which first awoke the scorching flame which now devours me: love, which severed the bonds of an attached friendship, and rendered me what I am—a midnight vagrant, a proscribed outcast. You knew Alister Gordon of Slochmaddery? He had an only daughter, the young, the blue-eyed Alice. We had been reared together in early childhood; she was my first and only object of affection; my dream by night, my light and sun by day. She lived only for me; and even the rude heaths which encompassed her father's dwelling seemed to teem with beauty, since they could boast of this one lovely flower. Thus had I lived, every day visiting Alice, and each visit disclosing fresher charms of her mind and person, till time opened to me the succession of my father's house. I then made proposals of marriage, and was accepted; but,

shortly before the appointed nuptials, chance led me to Slochmaddery, on a hunting excursion, in the company of Evan Ross, son to him who perished in the great speat in Glenmurchy, in the fifteen. We had that morning joined the *Tinchel*,\* which hemmed in the noblest deer of the corrie in Shealarsbeg. Evan's father and mine had been close friends, and we continued the alliance; but I had kept the object of my love a secret. Slochmaddery received us kindly; and Alice too; I was vexed to see her attentions were no less bestowed on Evan than on me; but I scouted the base feeling of jealousy, which for the first time entered into my bosom. The song and the quaigh† went round: Alice tuned her clairschoe, and it was late before we retired to rest. That night was the last happy one I spent. Alice and my comrade proved faithless to their unsuspecting friend. By what arts he contrived to supplant my love, I could never learn; but I surprised them together the following morning. I accused him of treachery, I loaded him with all that vituperation acting on a wounded and sensitive spirit could devise, and goading him on by reiterated insult, I followed up my language with a blow which made him reel. With a sense of mingled anguish and shame, he laid his hand on his broadsword, and I was nothing loth to follow his example. We commenced a furious onset, regardless of the shrieks of Alice; but, before blood was drawn, old Gordon burst upon us, and knocked up our weapons. I left his presence on the instant, the big drops standing on my brow, and the deep undying cancer of revenge gnawing on my mind; I swore an eternal hatred to my rival, and I have kept my word. I have tracked his footsteps, marked his actions, and even nearly shot him in the arms of his wife—of my once adored Alice. The rebellion broke out; Ross joined an independent company levied by government, and that step was enough to rule my conduct; I threw myself into the ranks of the insurgents; I cast away all thought, all consideration: my only wish, my only object was to meet him who had thus blasted all my visions of delight, and to gaze upon his dying agonies under my exulting grasp, were that moment of triumph even to be followed by my own dissolution! That thought still animates me, and supports me to endure fresh dangers, even at a period when all appears lost. But see! our walk is nearly terminated, for I think I can discern, through the dim plaid of morn, the out-

\* Timchioll—a circuit, the ancient mode of hunting.

† Cuach, a drinking-cup.

line of the habitation where I guess him to be temporarily sheltered, of whom we have spoken."

"You mean that low-roofed house beside the pine forest, with the loch in front?" responded Coirshugle, "for thither my own conjectures pointed as the likeliest quarter for concealment."

"The same; yet, stay, we must advance with caution."

They did so; and Coirshugle, much as his interest was excited, could not help shuddering to think he was the companion of one who had proclaimed alike his utter heartlessness to the cause in which he had embarked, and avowed the murderous intent which buoyed him on to continue in it. After a pause, he pointed out to Glentairney's notice a round peak, at some distance beyond them, on which the outline of human figures could be made out. "They must be friends, for on that side it is impossible that the red soldiers could have mustered without passing by the house. And, look! all is quiet there: now too their tartans may be seen waving in the breeze! That ridge should be well known to me," continued Glentairney, "for there lives Finion of the Rock the grey-headed seer, whose visions animate me in the restless pursuit of my foe. In the murky blackness of the midnight hour he has unrolled the mystic thread which coils around my fate; and I have seen the phantomed form of Ross pass before these straining eyeballs, and dissolve into dust before a brand which bore the impress of my line on its bared blade. You smile! but are you, Mac Tosach, so degenerate a son of the mountains, as to disclaim the prophetic powers of the *Taishatrin*?" \*

"And if I were, I should make but feeble impression on such an enthusiastic devotee to the cabalistic science as you are."

"Enthusiastic, am I? But will your cold-blooded philosophy deny that such things are, Coirshugle? Is it but the teeming fancy of mental weakness that has harrowed up the faculties of the seer, as, with dilated vision and sightless eyeballs, he gazes in stupid trance on vacant space? or think you that the omened spectre, which announces that a son is cut off from our clan, is but the creature of the brain? Can Loch-an-eilan's crimsoned goblet,—Can Glenmore or Cairngorm's ghastly shade, be indeed of no other class than

\* *Taidhsearachd*, pronounced *Tashearachk*: the faculty of second-sight.

this airy tribe? But, come, we will talk of this hereafter; for the present, we must deal with flesh and blood."

They were now on the small lawn extending from the house to the lake. Whether out of respect for its inmate, or from whatever cause, the stragglers, whom the two friends had seen, kept at a distance on the heights. A solitary armed highlander was the only being they encountered, and he paced to and fro as sentinel. The new visitors approached the door, informing the guard that they had tidings of importance; but being apprised that the entrance had been barred, they with little difficulty raised up a sashed window which looked down upon the water, and were speedily within a moderate-sized dining room. On a table in the centre lay the relics of the previous night's feast. Nearly opposite to the window, a door ajar, afforded the prospect of an inner apartment, wherein, upon a camp-bed, reclined a young man, who appeared to have fallen asleep, partially undressed. He wore tartan trews, of a bright-red pattern, richly laced with silver edging, to which his coat formed an extraordinary contrast, being black, and of very indifferent materials. His stock was off, and at his head lay a silver-hilted claymore. A splendidly embossed target, a pair of pistols, and highland purse, loaded a small shelf beside the couch. Whilst Coirshugle and Glentairney scanned these particulars, the youth, rolling on his side in a semidozing attitude, yawned out, "Spence! Spence!" but no one answering, he repeated his commands in a louder tone, upon which, an elderly personage, having the appearance of a gentleman, till then unobserved, came forward, and asked if his highness called? The visitors immediately perceived that they had intruded on the privacy of Prince Charles himself. As they made a movement to retire, they heard him say, "I wanted Spence; send him hither directly." "Your highness," was the reply, "has surely heard that he, poor fellow, was——"

"Was killed yesterday; true, I had nearly forgotten, that faithful follower was shot as he held my horse to bear me from the fatal field which made shipwreck of my fortunes. Leave me for a few moments to myself; but ho! what figures are these? Treachery!" and he sprang into the outer room.

"No traitors are here, my prince," said Glentairney, bending with affected humility, "but devoted adherents to your cause, who come again to proffer their services."

“ Ah! Glentairney! right welcome! Glad, indeed, am I to see there still are friends who have not sunk under my evil star. But who is your companion?”

Glentairney mentioned him; and the prince bestowed on him a cold formal bow. He knew Coirshugle had refused to join him when success smiled on his arms; and his visit on the present occasion bore something in it like ungenerous triumph. “ Your highness judges me too harshly,” said the chieftain, piqued at the uncourteous manner of his reception. “ Confidence is not due, sir,” was the reply, “ where faith has been untried;” and he turned upon his heel to leave the apartment, when his movement was impeded by the entrance of a fresh visitor.

He was a tall man, in the vale of years; and one who, although evidently suffering under the pangs of bodily pain, retained all the physical energies of mind unimpaired, as might be at once guessed from the brilliant eye, when excited in debate, and the dry sarcastic smile which played around his lips, and partially distended his nostrils, giving evidence of the hollow, artful spirit which beat within. He had a large mouth and short nose; but the general aspect of his features might have been called handsome, had they not been disfigured by the contracted and lynx-like expression of the eyes; the result, partly of short sight, and partly of a habit indicative of mental soliloquy. As to attire, it partook of nothing highland. On the contrary, it was the ordinary dress costume of an English gentleman of the day: a low-necked blue coat, with broad flaps over the skirts, gold buttons, and immense button-holes; wide cuffs, disclosing handsome ruffled wristbands; figured silk vest and blue breeches, silk stockings, shoes and buckles. His naturally bulky form was greatly increased by a number of under-garments; and he wore a full flaxen wig, disposed a good deal into curl, which nearly covered his very small forehead. As he advanced, with an air strangely partaking of the adulation of the courtier and the solemn dignity of a feudal chief, and mincing an address, in which the French and English languages were equally prominent, from a custom acquired by long foreign residence, Glentairney and Coirshugle recognised the celebrated Simon Lord Lovat.

“ Bon jour, mon prince! que le ciel vous garde,” were the first words of the old nobleman. “ Glentairney too! I am your most devoted servant; beshrew me, but the mountain air is keen, and I quaff my ‘*morning*’ to the health of

our excellent host." He filled out a small glass of bitters, and drank it out. His host, the head of a small tribe under his lordship's sway, made a profound obeisance. "Welcome my lord to Charles Stuart," said the prince, "though he can neither now be grateful to his friends, nor hurtful to his foes."

"Say not so, my prince! while Lovat's arm and Lovat's clan can serve you: 'le beau temps viendra encore.'"

"Jamais, mon ami! the curse of our house is on my head, and the pale star of our line is twinkling its last beams."

"Que le mot est mal-apropos! most royal prince, be of better heart. I protest it was the greatest grief of my life that my many infirmities denied me the satisfaction of following your triumphant progress in the south; but what signifies it that the arm is now withered which wielded the claymore against Mackay? there is my son—the darling of my hopes, and the choicest spirits of my name, shall battle for your rights as faithfully as did *Macshimi*\* for your sire and grandsire."

"The proposal had been better timed," interrupted Glentairney, "if made earlier, my lord."

"And have not my clansmen," quickly retorted his lordship, turning on the speaker, "been foremost in the *melée* for their most glorious king? Who dares question *Macshimi's* zeal in the right cause?"

"Aye, my lord; the good master did lead some few hundreds on to Stirling: but why lagged the voice which could at the outset have called a myriad into war?"

"I am not aware that it is to you I am to render an account of my actions, Glentairney," replied he in a fierce tone, which, modulating as he turned to the chief personage, sunk into a low whine, "I never would have believed, mon adorable prince, that Lovat's allegiance could have been called in question, even if all the devils in hell had risen to make the charge. On scait partout, with what singular devotedness I have linked myself to your fortunes, and equipped a regiment of my tribe; and I must be bold to aver that prettier men never trod on heather."

"For shame, gentlemen," said Charles, "give up this taunting; to you both am I much beholden, and we must

\* Son of Simon, the patronymic of Fraser of Lovat.



not give our enemies the additional triumph of knowing we have internal dissensions. Reach me the shell; I will at least have the satisfaction of drinking to your better temper, and a deoch-an-dorus, early though it be, to our happy parting, perhaps for ever."

He sighed, as a large and variegated coloured shell, bound with silver and filled with brandy, was presented to the master of the house; for whisky was rarely touched at this period by people of quality. "I drink to the memory of the departed; and that our living friends, when next they meet, may do so under happier destinies."

All present bowed their heads, and for an instant kept a mournful silence. It was broken in upon by their host; "and wherefore, my liege, thus despond? Must one reverse unsettle nerves which dared a kingdom, with but seven followers?"

"He speaks truly," exclaimed the whole party, struck by the force of the remark.

"Alas, my friends, hope was then young: I threw myself on the loyalty of a generous race, and was not mistaken; but the same tide which rose me on its swell to victory, but bears me the more rapidly on its ebb to disgrace."

"Too quickly judged, please your highness," said Glentairney; "resources still are yours; retire to the interior, and the German is but a nominal victor."

"And, might Lovat counsel," interrupted the old chief, "his glens and hills may, sans gasconade, laugh the sidier roy\* to scorn, et son veritable chevalier will then see with what pleasure old Macshimi will venture his bones in his service, albeit depressed by pains and woes unspeakable."

"Whilst he swears to Loudon, and the President, he is the most outrageous of whigs, and the most unhappy parent of a disloyal, disobedient son," whispered Glentairney to Coirshugle; "but may the saddle ever light on the right horse, win who may."

"And on what resources am I again to enter the lists?" said the prince; "Is not our army dispersed and scattered, wandering in petty hordes without a leader; useless to themselves, and harmless to the enemy?"

"Reverse the case, my prince: once more be their head;

\* Saighdeur ruadh, red soldiers:—the king's troops.

and these scattered hordes will become a formidable host," said Fraser, their landlord.

"But who will answer for their will to do so? Have I not seen matchless advantages escape my grasp ere now, by that roving spirit which induces desertion at the brush of action, and thereby renders victory itself little better than defeat?"

"Call it not desertion, your highness; but attribute this retirement of your men to the strong yearning for their rude homes, and a blameless pride of there exhibiting such plunder as their valour had secured."

"Be it so! the die seems cast."

"Cast!" uttered Lovat and Glentairney alike; the one stung by the reflection that his *all* depended upon a desperate hazard in the part he had, at such a late period, had forced upon him by the confused jugglery of his politics, and the other maddened by the prospect of repose, which barred his eager visions of revenge on Ross.

"Cast!" Are not Lochiel, Barisdale, Cluny, Glenbuckett, Clanranald, and other chieftains, yet in arms?"

"Hemmed in by Cumberland's victorious troops, what can their desultory warfare avail?" said Charles.

"Much," replied Lovat; "and, since he has ventured into our rude land, tant puis pour lui, it will go hard, if we, who have bearded the whole array of England, in their own plains, cannot easily keep our ground, when the strife is on our native heath; and the alternative—freedom, or a scaffold."

"But where is Murray?" inquired Charles.

"Where, in all likelihood, his Atholian counsels have all along tended—with Cumberland, I dare be bound," replied Lovat.

"Fie, my lord! you do him wrong; Murray may have erred in judgment, but he is no traitor."

"May the event prove so! but the family of Athol cannot behold with indifference that *Macshimi's* counsels should reach his prince's ear."

Charles had unwittingly struck a chord which recalled to Lovat's memory a deep-dyed passage of his early career; but he quickly regained his wonted composure, as he said, "Forth then, mon prince, encore au combat! and we shall

yet drink "confusion to the white horse," as on your banner flits on high the inspiring words "tandem triumphans."\*

"Nay, my lord, it must not be. How many a houseless head now reproaches that airy dream which led me to battle for a father's right! and neither God nor man could forgive the crime, were we recklessly to demand fresh sacrifices."

"Your royal highness will at least, before abandoning a struggle, wherein we have gaged our safety and our honour, permit us to learn if fortune leaves no other course?" said Glentairney.

The prince yielded a reluctant consent, and agreed to wait the result of the scouts' inquiries as to the posture of the rebel chiefs, in a retreat, which his host could depend on, further removed into the mountains. As he rose to depart, he cast his eye on his Highland truis. "I had half forgotten my purpose," said he, as he retired for an instant, to complete the disguise which he had but partially assumed, when fatigue and sleep had overcome him, on the previous evening. When he returned, all emblems of his rank were wanting. He wore a peasant's small bonnet; his wig had been laid aside; over his coat, which was an old black one, as we have mentioned, was wound a shepherd's plaid; and, partially concealed by its folds, his broadsword crossed his breast. It was the only weapon he bore. A pair of rough blue trousers of country manufacture completed his costume; "Farewell, my friends," were his words, as he cordially embraced Lord Lovat, and paid his adieus to the rest: "farewell; into your hands I commit these pledges;" delivering at the same time to his lordship's clansman, under whose roof they now were, his arms, uniform, and orders: "the day may come, when I may reclaim these from you, on the throne of Great Britain." He crossed the threshold, and followed the boy who had been engaged to guide him down the glen.

## CHAPTER III.

Coirshugle, on the breaking up of the conclave, turned his steps towards his own house. What he had seen and heard convinced him of the truth of Mac Vaister's surmise, that the prince was solely bent, in the present posture

\* This is generally believed, but we have been informed by those whose fathers saw it unfurled at Glenfinan, that it bore no such motto.—EDRS.

of his affairs, on self-preservation; and that the struggle, however prolonged by the partial resistance of the clans still unconquered, must in the sequel prove unavailing, from want of union, and a settled course of action. His object now was to ensure the safety of his young guest, Allan-Mac-Lea; but the enterprise was one of difficulty, indeed of danger.

“Well, Anie! and how does your patient? Have you observed my directions in my absence?” asked Coirshugle, as the door was opened to him, by his rosy-cheeked, bare-footed housekeeper.

“Troth, and please your honour,” replied she, “Vich Neil is sound asleep; but there has been mikle ado sine ye left this. The sidier roy has been here, and asked for you, and would na be satisfied, though I told them the laird was gane after some cows, which had been lifted by reevers of Duncan Schaw’s gang from ayont the meikle fort to the westward.” “And ta limmers,” said old Hamish Gruschar, who took up the strain, “tammed me for an auld pellow-blower, and would be after calling Coirshugle hersel na petter than a papish rebel. Och hone! och hone! put I have seen ta day tese dogs were petter at using their heels than arguing wi’ their tongue.”

“But did they go no further in their violence?”

“Barring their stealing of the bannocks on the girdle in the ha’, I know no other damage they have done,” replied the maid.

“Did they suspect any one to be secreted here?”

“Ta Teil kens,” answered Hamish, “for, after asking for your honour, they seemed too blythe to fill their ugly wames, to attend to mikle else.”

“And their number?”

“Some ten or a dozen,” said Anie, “but they dropped as much as that comrades were not far distant.”

“Could you gather whither their steps tended?” asked Coirshugle.

“To cross the hill to Craggynaan, I think,” replied the girl, “for their leader inquired if one Græme stopped not hereabouts?”

“My good brave friend of Balinbrek! here is indeed mishap, for I know him too well not to guess he has been

at Drum Mossie Moor. I must see to this ; but first to my guest."

He ascended the stair which led to Allan's sleeping room, and found him in a deep slumber. The intense fatigue which he had undergone for the last two days prolonged his repose till a late hour ; and, anxious as Coirshugle was to learn the fate of his neighbour Græme of Balinbrek, he could not find it in his heart to do so, while Vich Neil remained in an uncertain state. Meanwhile, the aged piper Hamish, conceiving that his master would feel the edge of a hungry stomach, for the breakfast-hour was more than elapsed, and with a view of repairing the damage in the store of vivres caused by the gormandizing soldiery, made the prodigious exertion of shouldering his rod, and repairing to the river, to see what luck might await his skill. But Hamish, whose dormitory habits appeared to be but the more keenly acted on by this unusual labour, soon yielded to the kindly lassitude stealing over him, and sank into a profound doze, just as a capital trout took his bait. By a fierce struggle the fish broke away, and Hamish awoke to the conviction that he had lost his hook, and his master his expected treat.

We must now follow the movements of the military who had visited Coirshugle's residence of Lagraine. On quitting it, they fell in with the herdboy, who they compelled to guide them to Craggynaan, the name of Græme of Balinbrek's mansion-house. But their purpose had been anticipated, for the inmates were all fled, and an old woman was the sole living being about the premises. Her they interrogated sharply ; but, either from ignorance of the English language, or a dogged faithfulness of attachment, her answers as to the route taken by her master were totally unsatisfactory. "I'll tell thee what, my ould one," said a soldier, "if thee doesn't speak out, I'll use rougher means to make thy Scotch tongue go ; here Bill, lend a hand to this saucy jade ;" and with that, he and a rough-looking fellow of a comrade lifted the poor woman in their arms, and were in the act of placing her over the huge pile of wood which burnt in the room. "Harm but a hair of her head on your life, Jack Slashery," cried the sergeant in command ; "release her, or I'll run my spontoon through your body."

"Why, how now, master sergeant," replied the first speaker, "we are turned wondrous merciful to-day ; but,

look you to it; Captain Price shall be informed, if I am stopped this way in executing my duty."

"Neither Captain Price, nor any officer, could suppose it to be your duty to torture a wretched creature like that: Let her go; don't you see she don't understand our lingo; and, by my faith! she is half dead with fright already."

With some difficulty the humane sergeant procured her release; but as she still persisted in refusing to answer their questions, the soldiers proceeded to make their own investigations. After rummaging every closet and cranny of the house, they roamed over the adjoining glen and wood, peered into the bothies\* of the tenantry, fired ball at the hollow trees, and left no means untried to secure their victim; but their search was fruitless, and the different parties into which they split mustered again in front of the mansion-house. "Fore Gad! the old traitor has broken covert, and the chace is at fault," said Jack Slashery, "but if I coomes up wi' him, we'll see if a Lancashire eye can't pull down Highland game." "True enough," replied the sergeant, "he has fled; so we may be moving, and report progress to the colonel, who can't be far off." Saying this, he gave the word "forward!" and the party proceeded in a contrary direction to that they had followed to Crag-gynaan.

It was evening before Allan Vich Neil awoke: when he did so, he was surprised to find an almost complete restoration of strength; for his weakness had proceeded more from loss of blood, and want of food, than any serious injury; and now that, by the care of Dugal Casindonich, his wounds were in a fair way of recovery, he required but rest to perfect a cure. This his kind host insisted on his taking; nor could his urgent entreaties to be gone, on learning the probable danger of Balinbrek, weaken the former's resolution.

The evening was passed in sorrowful reflexions on the bloody check given to an enterprise so successfully begun; on the dissolution of those schemes of personal aggrandisement so fondly entertained by numbers of the adventurer's followers; and the fatal consequences to a devoted country now the prey of a licentious and infuriated soldiery. Time grew apace; till it became fit for both guest and host to seek their pillow. Ere they did so, Coirshugle, who was a widower and childless, called for the little maid who re-

\* Booths: the British bôd, pronounced bode.

gulated his domestic concerns, and old Hamish; the latter being roused with difficulty from his ordinary dormitory state of existence. "Hamish," said he, "pipe the farewell composed on my grandfather's leaving Lagraine, at the rising for King Charles, in 1650. It soothes my mind when troubled; and, Heaven knows! most deeply am I so at present for friends and country. "Cumhadh Mac Tosach."

Hamish complied, and poured forth a wild, shrieking air; at one time plaintively simple, and anon rolling in unearthly rapidity of measure. When his task was ended, his master called to the girl, "Reach me the posset-horn:"\* and she handed him a huge ewe-horn, from which, at the period we speak of, it was customary in many families to quaff a draught of some hot spiced liquor before retiring to the bed-chamber, and therefore designated the repose draught. It was presented to Vich Neil, who, after a slight pressure to his lips, passed it to his host. He drained it out, and both retired to rest.

At an early hour on the 18th, Coirshugle and Vich Neil quitted Lagraine. The latter was still somewhat weak, and at times relied on his friend for support; but, as they advanced, the bracing quality of the mountain air soon effected its invigorating charms on the constitution of the invalid. "How glorious is this solitude!" cried the young soldier, as he gazed on the vast heaths around them: "how spirit-stirring are the sensations which now possess me, as I seem to tread, the lord of this boundless landscape!"

And who, in traversing the lone solitude of mountain scenery, and suddenly emerging on the expanse of some secluded lake, has not experienced that indescribable emotion of tenderness and melancholy, which at such periods takes possession of the heart? It seems as if, by some sympathetic cord, our affections were then linked to the mysterious Being of Creation, and as if we were experiencing a glimpse of those blissful visions which shall be revealed to us when the clog of mortality is cast aside, and the soul bursts into its own bright radiance of existence! At such moments thoughts flicker past us which embody time and eternity in their compass, and answer the yearning craving of the brain into futurity,—that *this* is not the closing scene of man.

\* May there not be some analogous origin regarding this ancient appendage of the Highlanders and the Hirlas horn of the Welsh?—EDRS.



Wandering in such pensive musings down a silent glade, or loitering with wistful step by the clear waters of a placid stream, has the young mind first imbibed the seeds of passion, and drawn from its own breast, by the sweet concord which pervades created space, the knowledge that it loved. Most truly has the eloquent authoress of "Corinne" said, "Il faut l'amour, ou la religion, pour goûter la nature." And if there be a power which exercises its control over human actions, what one more soothing or pure than the fragrant calm breathing upon, and from, the rocks, and woods, and vales of infancy? *There* all is peace and blessed repose; *there* may the fond word and breathless vow be uttered in fittest and holiest prayer; and to those scenes do we often look back, in the dark passage of after-life, with all the cheering emotion experienced in the presence of an old and attached friend.

Such delight was felt by Allan Vich Neil, as with lagging pace he toiled up the ascent whence the prospect opened over the glen of Dalroy. There was the house round which he had so often played, "a happy child!" There was the blue river, and there the hazel bower, where he had first owned the sway of Barbara Græme. As he gazed on these loved objects, thick brooding fancies mingled with his happiness; sad proof how blended with pain are the sweetest moments of our life! He and Coirshugle descended with rapid steps to the holm beneath, and knocked at the door. It was cautiously opened by an old crone, the same who had been so roughly used by the military; who informed him, in answer to his eager inquiries, that Barbara and her father were both absent; that soldiers had searched the house the day before, for the latter; and that a price had been set upon his head as a proscribed rebel. This intelligence went like so many daggers to the heart of Allan. To find them out, and to share their fate, was his immediate resolve; and, by dint of solicitation, he finally prevailed on the aged Cailaich to guide them to the place of their concealment. It lay in a chasm of an impending rock, on the brink of the river, some hundred yards from the house, of which it commanded a view, and was hid from sight by a thick wood of alder trees and weeping birch. A narrow footpath, imperious to any eye but one acquainted with its route, wound up the margin of the hill, and terminated abruptly in face of the cave. To enter it, a single tree served as a bridge, and it was carefully deposited within the rude asylum. Allan, Coirshugle, and their guide, reached the spot, but

not unperceived. "Who passes?" asked a loud voice, as they had nearly attained the upper ledge of the opposing barrier to the cave. "Ta freend of ta Græme, ta honored Vich Neil," replied the octogenarian guide. A joyful shout rent the air. It was Barbara's. The rude drawbridge was thrust out; and in a moment the lovers were clasped in each other's arms.

## CHAPTER IV.

Barbara Græme was at that period of life when the spareness of the girlish form begins to be rounded off into the ampler swell of woman's; and, without pretensions to be thought critically beautiful, was such a one as no eye could look upon with indifference. Her robe was of silk of the pattern of her clan; and the modest snood of white, of similar stuff to her gown, braided up her auburn hair. She had lost her mother about a year previous to the period we speak of; and it had been to her a truly serious loss, for she was a lady eminently qualified to direct the formation of her daughter's mind, having a naturally fine taste, greatly improved by a judicious education, under the eye of a venerable female relative, in the north of France. Indeed, the wives of many of the chieftains of the last rebellion had received their early instruction in that country; their fathers having emigrated thither, after their defeat, in the previous insurrection of 1715; and hence the tone of polish and address displayed in the carriage of those beauties of the last age, which won its way to the heart of even the great lexicographer himself, when he visited the Highlands.

When the first burst of joy had passed, Allan was the foremost to speak. "And is it thus I find thee, Barbara! What a contrast to our last meeting, at your kinsman's, at Lochmaree; when you danced on the bonny green knowe, as we kept holiday for the birth of Inchvannon's younger heir!" "Ah! those were happy days!" replied the maid; though a blush suffused her face, as she remembered that she had then uttered the faint affirmative which gave away her heart. "But what do I see? you are wounded," she said, as she looked on the sling in which his arm rested. "A mere scratch, love! nay, be not so fainthearted, it is almost healed already."

"And nobly won, my gallant boy," said Ballinbrek, who now came forward from the further end of the cave, where he and Coirshugle had been engaged in low and earnest

conversation, "prouder may you be of that scar than nobles of their coronets."

The youth bowed as he replied, "and for such commendation, and in such a cause, I would not be loth to risk its fellow."

"Bravely uttered, and may the fates soon accord the wish!"

But Coirshugle now proceeded to show the improbability of the highlanders ever regaining their temporary master. His arguments were unavailing. "Talk not to me of such prudential councils," said Vich Neil; "let us yet forth, my friend," turning to Baliabrek, "and verify your house's boast—'never forget!'"

"A pretty vaunt, my youthful Mars! but are you sages bent on sallying forth like a couple of goose-headed knight-errants, to run your heads into the lion's mouth? Nay, be reasonable; if you will persist in this mad folly, at all events, reflect on her defenceless condition who is so dear to you both."

This was a consideration which, in their high-flown enthusiasm, had been overlooked; but Barbara herself raised an unexpected obstacle: she positively refused, on any account, to part from her father; and it required their united entreaties and reasoning to convince her that her presence could only in any event be embarrassing to him, and dangerous to herself. It was agreed, therefore, that no time should be lost in removing her to the residence of Allan Mac Lea's father, in the braes of Glenmoriston.

While the party within the cave thus deliberated, Dugald Cassindonich was afoot to gain tidings of his foster-brother at Lagraine. His astonishment was great on arriving there, to learn that he and Coirshugle had at an early hour set out for Craggynaan. Determined at all hazards on seeing him whose life was as dear to him as his own, for fosterage beget the most devoted attachment, Dugald proceeded on his way. As the evening began to wane, in turning a rock, he came suddenly on a party of military cooking their homely meal. To have shewn irresolution would have argued unfavorably, and he therefore boldly followed the narrow track which led past the soldiers. They immediately ordered him to stand, but his youthful frank appearance, and the candour with which he replied to their queries, at once disarmed any suspicion of his being a spy. With the shrewdness characteristic of his countrymen, it occurred to him

that he might pick up information from these men which might prove serviceable to Allan Vich Neil; and he accordingly prolonged the dialogue, by apparently random but acute interrogatories respecting the motions of the royal troops. From these he gathered, that detachments were scouring the country in all directions; and that military law was enforced with relentless rigour. Some hundreds of clansmen, deluded by the specious promises of pardon and safety held out to them, on consideration of yielding up their arms, had entered Inverness, and complied with these terms, but were instantly seized upon as prisoners, in violation of all good faith, and condemned to be sent to the plantations. Yet the soldiers admitted it was beyond doubt true that certain of the western tribes were still making head; and that strong corps would speedily march for the wilds of Straithglass and Glenstrathfarrar, where it was believed old Lovat had built himself a hiding-place in the isle of Muily, and had a boat constructed to carry him off, in case of attack.

Carefully mastering these particulars, Dugald hastened to make up the moments he had lost; leaving the soldiers impressed with the belief he was going to visit a poor sick relation. His task was by no means an easy one; the length of time already spent upon it, betokened the many weary miles he had left behind; and he sighed sorely for repose, when the house of Craggynaan rose in view. How great was his mortification to find his repeated calls and beatings (*Scotticè chappings*), at the door, (for as yet bells and knockers were unknown in the hills,) totally unanswered. He went to the neighbouring huts to make inquiries for Balinbrek and his foster-brother; but the peasants shook their heads in mysterious silence, or gave vague and unsatisfactory replies. Maddened with disappointment, the poor boy struck his breast, and uttered the most doleful cries. He accused himself of being accessory to the capture or death of Vich Neil, by having brought him to Strath-arkaig; for his disturbed imagination pictured that he had thereby fallen into the enemy's hands. As he wandered in this distracted state, his attention was arrested by a clear low whistle. He cautiously ventured to approach the quarter whence it proceeded, and, favored by the increasing gloom, did so unobserved. It was repeated, but unanswered, and whether intended for a signal to himself, or not, he could not divine; till, on groping a little onwards in the wood, towards the sound, his arm was suddenly grasped by

a firm and bony hand. The motion was so sudden as what from fear and surprise combined to deprive him of breath. "Dugal, be not alarmed! your friend is near," said Coirshugle; for it was he, who, having left the retreat overhead, to muster intelligence as to the practicability of removing to Glenmoriston, had observed the lad's movements. "What tidings, Dugal?" Much, please you, Coirshugle; much, both good and bad: but where's Vich Neil?"

"You shall see him directly;" and the chieftain led the way to the cave. Having made the appointed signal, he crossed over the nerve-trying barrier, followed by Cassindonich. "I bring you your faithful Dugal," said he to Allan Vich Neil, as the latter advanced to raise the boy from the bending posture, which, in his great devotedness of respect, he had assumed;\* and to bestow a salute on the cheek, as was then the practice among intimate *male* friends in the north, and still is in Italy. "My preserver, how shall I ever thank you? But here is one who shall do it for me," said Vich Neil, as he led his foster-brother to Barbara Græme.

#### CHAPTER V.

The news brought by Dugald Cassindonich determined the party to lose no time in crossing to Glenmoriston. To prepare them for the fatigues of the journey, Dugal, so soon as night had fairly set in, was despatched to the house of Craggynaan, along with the old woman, for the purpose of carrying back such provisions as she could most readily get together. These being stowed in a creel, or hamper of wicker-work, and slung across his back, the signal was given for departure. Coirshugle was the first to cross the ledge of wood; Vich Neil followed; next Barbara Græme, then her father, and Dugal brought up the rear. It was earnestly pleaded by Vich Neil that some time should be spent in endeavouring to form a litter of the boughs of the birch-trees, for his beloved; but she herself overruled the proposal, by pointing out the necessity of despatch, if they wished to avoid the military roaming about; and she declared her perfect ability to endure the toil of the march to the cove, where they knew they might depend upon a friendly boat, to cross the lake. How many deep and

\* This token of inferiority was certainly never shown by the old Highlanders.

anxious thoughts then possessed the minds of the fugitives, as they turned their backs on that hospitable home where they had so often indulged in the joys of social existence! Yet, amidst the mental and bodily anguish of that hour, there were moments, to two individuals at least, fraught with delicious transport. As Allan walked beside Barbara, he had innumerable opportunities of assisting her over the rocks and mossy water-courses; whilst she, in all the innocence of a pure and ingenuous attachment, rejoiced in the thought she was pacing by his side from whom her heart had no disguise.

After an undisturbed walk of several miles, the travellers emerged from a narrow and precipitous defile upon tableland of wild and savage character, to which the sombre coldness of the morning air lent additional horror. They knew, by the echoing roar of a mountain torrent forcing its boiling foam over high rocks, which terminated on their left, that they were now approaching the margin of the great lake over which they proposed to sail. To prevent surprise, it was agreed that Coirshugle should descend to the point where the waters of the stream united with the loch, whilst the rest awaited his return in a deep fissure of the bank on which they stood. The tangled covert and impervious wood which fringed the margin of the river, enabled him to grope his way along the hazardous descent, without risk of being seen, even if scouts were abroad; and he passed in front of the greensward, which, gently swelling upwards from the rippling waves, receded into a flat background, closed in by mountains of surprising beauty and grandeur. A stone house of two stories, then somewhat rare even among the better ranks, embosomed amid trees, graced the centre of the landscape; but Coirshugle was especially careful to avoid it, although its owner held the same political sentiments with Græme and Vich Neil. In a little bay, formed by the junction of the river and the lake, he happily found, as he had hoped for, the pleasure-skiff of the proprietor of the domain, and hastened without delay to guide his comrades to the spot. They listened for his return with feverish anxiety, and lost no time in following his track; though all the care of Vich Neil could not prevent Barbara's tender form from suffering by the heather roots beneath, and the spreading branches above her path. Anxious as he was to save her from this distress, intenser still was his agony on her firmness giving way, as Coirshugle

advancing to unmoor the boat, suddenly exclaimed, it was gone! The consequences of discovery, the sense of fatigue, were forgotten: her father, lover, and Coirshugle, alternately exerted their almost maddened endeavours to restore her, which a copious sprinkling of the cold water of the lake at last effected. Dugal Cassindonich meanwhile had not been inactive; for, rightly judging from his own experience, that the tackling would be no better than an indifferent rope, and a round stone attached to it by way of anchor, he conjectured that the vessel had only drifted a little lower down the strand; and such proved the case. Wading therefore into the water, he triumphantly brought back his capture to the cove, where Barbara, now reanimated to exertion, stood with her friends. Not a moment was lost in putting off from land; and, scarcely had they done so, than some one, roused by the splash of the oars, challenged in the king's name. "Lay down, for heaven's sake!" said Vichneil to Barbara, as he almost dragged her to the bottom of the boat; "and do you, my brave companions, pull strongly, and united, into the bosom of the loch." The deep lunge of the propelling prow showed how well he had been obeyed, for the words were but barely uttered, when a ball cut the water at the keel. "Again, again, and the obscurity of the dawn places us beyond sight," spoke the same voice. Further and further each stroke took them from the receding coast; but the musket-shots still told along the surface, though happily, harmlessly. Barbara thought she could have braved the terrors of a campaign with her father and her lover; but she owned the weakness of woman, as, pale, trembling, and crouching on the rough boards, she listened, in agony, to the drooping fire. She was destined to further trials. The sullen growl of distant thunder, and the big drops of rain which followed from a dark canopy of cloud, that, in an instant as it were, enveloped them in total darkness, indicated the approach of one of those sudden storms so common in the mountains. With a gust, which had wellnigh capsized the little bark, a fearful tornado swept from the gullies along the lake, and a torrent, of irresistible power, fell from the heavens. Another blast, and the elemental war was terminated! The air became as calm as it had been disturbed; but Barbara shivered in every pore. Her father hastened to reassure her: "Cheer up, my dearest child; lo! the gorgeous blaze of fire which lights up Glenmoriston's needled pile!" and he pointed to the saffron tinge of light wantoning along those heather-



erected hills. "Once more we'll hail the sight of freemen, and laugh to scorn the base-born slaves who think to trample on Scotland's rights. But what is this? the pibroch's strains! Ah, how they glad my ear, as they come mellowed in their wild luxuriance of sound down yonder fairy strath."

As they reached the shore, our party found that the music had proceeded from a numerous band of peasants, of both sexes, about to celebrate that most stirring ceremony of good old days—a Highland country wedding. They were marshalling around the bridegroom, a handsome young mountaineer, the son of a respectable tacksman, whose clean turned limbs well became the gay kilt he wore. A sporran of badger-skin surmounted it, and he carried his belted plaid in the peaceful attitude, which distinguished it from the war form. A dirk, with a handle of yew curiously carved, and terminating in three points at the top, was his only weapon. A number of knots of blue ribbon, the true lover's colour, graced his breast and the shoulder of the plaid. "True son of Slioch-nan-Mac-Lea," (race of Maclea,) exclaimed the Highlanders, so soon as they had scanned the visages of the wanderers; "Allan Vich Neil, protector of the feeble, welcome from the land of the stranger; failteh gui:"\* and they rent the air with their shouts, and threw their bonnets up on high. "And give your welcome too, my friends, to this my honoured guest, the brave Balinbrek, and his gem of Craggynaan; to my worthy laird of Coirshugle." The delighted mountaineers showed no delay in proving to their young chief how much he was beloved.

Cassindonich had already mixed with old comrades and adopted clansmen. "A bridal, I perceive," said Balinbrek; "but where is the bride?" "At Castle-na-mannoch, where serves our honored head," replied an aged peasant.

"A word with you Balinbrek, and you Coirshugle," said Vich Neil, as he beckoned them aside; "for pity's sake, repress all tidings of Drum Mossie Moor; these poor people are as yet ignorant of that bloody day which saw good eight score of their line bite the dust. Let them enjoy this brief respite from woe."

"But Dugal, he may have whispered tales already?"

\* *Failte dhuibh*; plural, "Hail to you reverentially," according to Gaelic idiom, there being none of the usual English titles of honour known in that language.—EDRS.

was the mutual response. "Not he, by my word: here, meetal (an expression of endearment) Dugal;" and he held up his finger, to command attention. The boy bowed. "He comprehends me; no fear of glib tongue from him. To amuse my father, it must be understood, I am here on leave of absence from the army; you will carry me through, if difficulties arise. And now, my friends to the *infer*\* of the new bride," said he, as he turned to the rustic revellers. The procession was instantly formed; the newly-arrived *Duinné-uassels*, and their fair companion, marshalled in front; the bridegroom occupied a centre position, guarded on either side by his best man; whilst a group of all sizes and ages brought up the rear, singing, laughing, and every now and then discharging pistols and muskets.

Although it was only two miles distance to Castle-nannoch, the sun was somewhat high in the heavens before they reached it; an appearance of haste being accounted indecorous. The mansion was very different indeed from what its sounding title seemed to promise. It was a long, straggling, stone building, flanked at one end by a round peel or tower, and rising in the centre into a huge angular pile of masonry, resembling somewhat distantly, but by no means in breadth, a modern chimney. This cumbersome pile abutted somewhat from the roof; and was, as well as it, covered with a grey-coloured stone, mouldy in many places from age. The principal entrance was by the tower. On either side of this more dignified habitation, extended a single storied thatched edifice, no inapt representative of a good barn; and the court in the centre, from which no rude hand had lifted the native turf, was patrolled by two or three snarling curs, and some domestic fowls. A few turf bothies were scattered up and down the glen; one of pastoral sweetness, tinged with the brightest green. From a corner of the principal house, ran a wall of loose stones, enclosing an area of perhaps half an acre; which received the imposing name of a garden, though nothing but a few gooseberry bushes could warrant its claim to that title, whilst the walks and beds were overrun with thistles and other weeds; out of which a cabbage stalk here and there reared its head. A belt of fir plantation wound round a small hill, in rear of the premises. One very large and venerable ash waved over the door; from which depended a massy iron chain collar, used like the juggs and pillory, as a punishment for

\* The ceremonial of betrothment.

refractory spirits, or those accounted such, when the laird's temper was pleased to vent itself on his vassals. To complete the picture, it will only be necessary to make mention of the stripes of arable land lying at the end of the glen, where a peasant might be seen (in the proper season) following a simple wooden plough, slowly dragged by a diminutive garron, or native horse; and the singularly diversified position of the crops of grain, lying in every possible contrast to each other, like men on a draft-board and totally unprotected by any hedge, or line of demarcation whatever.

A discharge of musketry, and hearty cheers from a group of Highlanders in front of the castle, welcomed the bridegroom and train. From the body thus drawn up, a hale old gentleman stepped forth, struck with the superior mien of the persons in advance; being lame, from a hurt received in early youth, he leaned on a little boy or page, for support. As he recognised his son and his guests, he warmly greeted each in succession.

"Sweet maid, we are indeed indebted for this unexpected pleasure," said Neil Mac Lea, as he took the hand of Barbara Græme. "I see how Allan plays truant from his military duties. Well, my friends, you will not refuse your countenance to the nuptials of an adopted daughter, the faithful handmaid, during her life, of my beloved Florence. Her father Ivanhre's luckless fate you doubtless know? Lads, to the other side of the house, if you would steal the bride."

As he said this, a party of young clansmen ran off to put in execution a playful frolic, then everywhere permitted, of making away with the bride, when insecurely guarded by her female attendants, into whose custody she could only, in such an event, be restored, by paying the penalty of a kiss to her captors. But, upon the present occasion, the lynx eyes of the good dame of Castle-na-mannoch kept the young helpmates of the bride in full activity. The feet washing, the scramble for the ring dropped into the simmering water at the same moment, and the innocent mirth which these gave rise to, were past, and the invaders found everything in due order, and the happy fair one only thinking of the signal to proceed to the hall, where the clergyman waited her arrival. As she rose for this purpose, the youthful *cortege* burst forth into a wild song of congratulation.

## THE BRIDAL.

Oh! busk ye the bride! the snood let her wear  
 To grace for the last time her dark raven hair;  
 For Conan has come, to bear o'er the lea  
 Our Mary, the boast of green Ivanhre.

Oh! busk ye the bride! a brighter ne'er shone,  
 The daughters of Clan-Lea's rude straths among;  
 Nor stepp'd there a gallant truer and gay  
 Than Conan, brave son of old Glenmaskay.

Then blest be their wedding, blest be the hour,  
 When breathings of love two young hearts outpour;  
 May future bards tell of bridal to be,  
 As Mary's, the boast of green Ivanhre!

The words died away, as they reached the appointed place for celebrating the espousals. Along either side of the hall stood the magnates of the clan, if we may be allowed so to speak, and where the door opened, beyond, upon the green, a motley array of the commoners. The clergyman was an impressive and middle-aged man, with a mild yet serious countenance; habited in a garb, at once indicative of the divine and mountaineer; for whilst a black coat and bands gave proof of the former, a dark-grey plaid loosely thrown over his shoulder, and a dirk stuck in his side-belt, betokened the semi-military habits of the latter. He called upon the affianced couple to stand forth, and as they did so, a dias or covering, formed of plaids extended lengthwise, was held over them by the bride's-maids, and bridegroom's best men. The solemnity was gone through, the maiden-kiss snatched by the husband, and the echo of musketry renewed; whilst brandy, French wines, and ale, (the latter a then universal beverage,) flew around the company. Again the whole party mustered, to escort the young bride down the glen to her future house; a walk, march, or run—it might appropriately be called either, as the performers could accomplish, redolent of joy, innocence, and glee. Arrived at the green before her new home, some of the youngsters performed the sword-dance, or, as it is ordinarily known, the step of *Gillie-callum*, jumping with singular skill, in measured time, across two transverse naked broad-swords. Next followed, what our antiquarian readers must well know was practised of yore, the kissing-dance. Nor let any modest eye imagine, that in stating this picture of departed manners, we would raise a blush

on the cheek of innocence. Our virtuous fair need not shrink at being told that their grandmothers accorded, without any prudish pride, the chaste salute, which repaid, as the now cold finger-tipped touch of recognition does, the attention of their beaux. "The march of intellect" has abated such soft reminiscences, but the moralist may question if for the better?

"Come, my old dame," cried Niel Mhic Lea, "let you and I give example to these laggard heels of clansmen of the good old times before them, and cheer them on their duty," as he turned his aged helpmate into the ring.

"Nay, my host," said Coirshugle, "you must yield to me the honour of leading the mistress of our revels." "The Mhic Lea's roof-tree!" shouted he to the musicians, whilst he handed the worthy lady forth. Loud cheers responded, as young Mhic Lea rose with Barbara Græme to join the dance. Meantime the night wore on, and still saw the happy band unseparated. At last the elders dropped off, and returned to Castle-na-mannoch, and the field was left to the young. The undressing of the bride, to facilitate which ceremony the love-knots of her dress had, according to Highland fashion, been carelessly tied; the throwing of the stocking, and the drinking of the hot cup by the married pair, were finally got through; the bridal-chamber, (which then served the purpose of a drawing-room, as indeed the best bedroom continued to do for years, after this period, in the Highlands,) was cleared, and the healths from without became deep, loud, and boisterous. A few wiser, or less strong-headed toppers, staggered to their apartment, where they lay, promiscuously huddled together, on the naked floor,—

"Consigned to heaven their joys and woes,  
And sunk in undisturbed repose."

But the jollity was not confined to the upper ranks; the clansmen enjoyed their full share, though their thoughts often reverted to such of their friends as had marched to reinforce the prince's army. "Can you tell me," said one of them to an old demure-looking creature, accounted the sage of the tribe, "what all ta splutter of ta muster of our lads was about?" "Teil kens," replied the oracle, "but ta say that ta Mhic-Lea and ta King Sheorge hae casten out, and so ar gann to war, and toutless ta Mhic-Lea is in to right." With this sapient reply the circle was perfectly satisfied.

## CHAPTER VI.

The inmates of Castlenamannoch, and at the young tacksmen's, were as yet buried in sleep, or rubbing their bloodshot eyes and aching foreheads, when a man, spent with fatigue and fear, burst on the half-dreaming inmates. "The sidier roy is at your gates; arm, arm, or all is lost!" The chieftain himself was the first to spring to his feet. "sidier roy, did you say? then, by my faith, he shall be well met. What ho! Aulay of Drumquhsall, look that *A'chuthag* (the cuckoo), be well primed," and he cried to a warder, stationed on the bartizan, in charge of a singular piece of ordnance known under the soubriquet in question. Aulay gave the duteous response; when Allan Vich Neil, who had heard his father's voice, rushed from his sleeping-place, to ask the tidings?

"Tidings of woe; my son, our habitation is beset." Seeing the posture of affairs, the young laird then ran over, with a beating heart, the tale of their misfortunes. "My brave followers," exclaimed the old man, when the sad narration was finished, "what shall I say to soothe their aged parents' woe?"

"Say? Rouse them to revenge; send forth the fiery cross; bid the living remember those who are no more, and, like them, let them die to defend their country, not live, to deplore her woe. This determination is my only consolation for having survived Drumquhsall's terrors."

The father with a Roman sternness shook his son's hand. He said nothing; but there passed along his features one of those glances which tell more forcibly than words the mental happiness of the auditor.

"Leave the consolation of your tribe to me, since I have been their destroyer, and am doomed to be the malediction of my race. Did you not bid the '*A'chuthag*' be prepared? Woe is me! She herself now answers! That fatal sound bears death to him or her who hears her omened voice before he eats or drinks. Where is our bride of Ivanhre, and her young mate?"

"Down the glen, at their own house; but what sickens you?"

"Another blow! now is thy wretched son indeed of evil eye to his clan. They cannot have ate or drank, for the sun is scarce risen, and you know the motto, 'The cuckoo has fouled them;' consequent on such a chance is death."

"Away with such phantasies! arouse, thee boy!" but the words were scarcely escaped his lips, when a crowd of women rushed up the court-yard, singing and crying in the most doleful screams, the *coronach*, or lamentation. The chief and his son knew, by this token, the sad tidings had gone forth. "Weep not," said the latter, "revenge to-day, mourning to-morrow! They advance; hark! the pipes!"

"Your alarm is vain," uttered a person, as yet unobserved; "they are friends whom your guardsman observed, not foes, and they are rallying for a second trial yet."

"I told you so, Coirshugle," cried Balinbrek and Vich Neil, exultingly; "I told you the white cross should wave again."

"And if so, where is your faithful emissary in whom you trust? Where is Hutcheon Roy, Mac Vaister, Vich Ian of Glentairney? Does he lag?"

"He lies who says so!" uttered the fierce mountaineer, as he strode into the circle, to the astonishment of even Vich Neil and Balinbrek. "He lies who holds Mac Vaister's honour in default." "I said it not in dishonour;" and Glentairney grasped Mac Tosach's hand. The latter returned the grasp: "Enough, our gallant fellows are mustering for Mortlaig, in the isle of Morar; but will you not greet the strangers?"

In an instant Vich Neil and Balinbrek went to them. They were a fine body of men belonging to a neighbouring clan, whom Glentairney had encountered on their way to the Low Country, to swell the ranks of the insurgents, now necessarily compelled to turn their faces westward, in consequence of the rueful intelligence which he had communicated. A council was speedily formed, and the measures of the leaders taken. These were, in substance, to march with such men as yet remained in the glen, and their new friends, for the appointed rendezvous in Morar. The mustering place was appointed, the burning symbol despatched, and, in an incredibly brief space of time, Mhic Lea saw his faithful followers arrayed for battle. Paramount to all other duty was the obedience of vassal to his lord; and sorely was it proved on the present occasion, when imperious honour tore the young bridegroom of yesterday from his weeping spouse, to swell their number. "You shall be my henchman,\* Conan," said Allan Vich Neil, anxious to work on the pride of his clansman, and do him honour in the

\* Page, or attendant.



sight of his comrades, as some compensation for his severely tried fidelity. The youth cocked his blue bonnet with a smarter air, showered a torrent of kisses on his bride, drew his hand across his eyes, and trod on with a determined step. "Lamh threin 'sghch cás!" (strong arm in every trial,) cried his chief, as he turned towards the piper: "strike up! thogail nam bo," (we come through the drift to drive the prey;) and the column was instantly in motion.

With the adventurous band went all but the aged chieftain of the valley, and Mac Tosach of Coirshugle. His age excused the first; his own feelings deterred the latter, who returned to Stratharkaig. "If at least," thought he, "I cannot prevail on those who are dear to me from rushing blindly into danger, I may so time my motions, as to be prepared to succour, if I cannot guide."

As is now well known, the clans never made head again. The meeting at Mortlaig, and the more important gathering at Ruthven of Badenoch, came to nothing. What was the fate of the actors in the old clansman's narrative we cannot say; for the morning after he told it, our party broke up their quarters, and we never saw him more. But an antiquarian friend, in going through some musty papers of a Highland relative, found some rude verses of old Græme of Balinbrek, which indicated that he had gone abroad, and that the *maladie du pays* had seized him; since he therein personates an aged minstrel sighing for his distant Hebridean home. "Done at y<sup>e</sup>. Hague, Sept<sup>r</sup>. 1748, midnight, J. G." is the finale to this lugubrious composition, which is as follows:

#### SONG OF THE BARD.

Where shall the exile look for rest,  
Or find his lost repose,—  
Far from his island of the West,  
Beset by cruel foes?

That land beloved, for ever dear,  
His eyes no more shall see;  
Nor rise to glad, his sight to cheer,  
The mountains of *Tiree*.

But as at even o'er the deep  
The sullen breakers roar,  
He'll sit him by the beetling cliff,  
And dream of home once more.

The heath he roam'd in sprightly youth,  
The green dell's mossy shade;  
The maid he sought with ardent truth,  
And love's fond votary made,—

Rise on his mind, as fancy's spell  
Controls the treach'rous hour;  
Whilst festive boards, and massy shell,  
Exert their gladdening power.

Land of his home! you melt again  
In visions brightly new;  
Sweep o'er his brain your mimic train  
Of streams and mountains blue.

He hears, he hears, the wood-notes wild  
Of Scotia's accents roll;  
Those notes, which o'er him, as a child,  
Enforc'd their soft control.

His country needs!—her banners fly,—  
Her cross still bright and true;  
“To arms! to arms!” her warriors cry,  
“Our foes shall dearly rue.”

But see! he sinks,—the chord is wove,  
The vision's bright and fair;  
In vain the exile's heart has strove  
'Gainst image of despair.

J. A.

---

IRISH INVOCATION.

“A crú na ccéimenn ccombáide!  
Fréigid búr ttrom—suan gan an,  
Ceimid lom-luad bur lebar.”

Race of the affectionate generations! rouse from your deep slumber without delay; earnestly apply yourselves to the publication of your literature.

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## THE MABINOGI OF TALIESIN.

*(Continued from the Cambrian Quarterly for April.)*

### NOTICES OF THE POWERS OF THE BARD.

IN water there is a quality endowed with a blessing; on God it is most just to meditate aright; to God it is proper to supplicate with seriousness, since no obstacle can there be to obtain a reward from him.

Three times have I been born, I know by meditation; it were miserable for a person not to come and obtain all the sciences of the world, collected together in my breast, for I know what has been, what in future will occur.

I will supplicate my Lord that I get a refuge in him, a regard I may obtain in his grace; the Son of Mary is my trust, great in him is my delight, for in him is the world continually upholden.

God has been to instruct me and to raise my expectation, the true Creator of heaven, who affords me protection; it is rightly intended that the saints should daily pray, for God, the renovator, will bring them to him.

### A CHALLENGE TO THE BARDS OF MAELGON.

Is it not natural to be excited by the allurements of praise;

### SYNIADAU A'R DDONIAU Y BARDD.

AR ddwvr mae cyvlwrw can  
vendigaw;  
ar duw mae iawnav iawn syn-  
wyrw,  
ar duw mae cyviawn gwedd-  
iaw yn brudd,  
can ni ellir lludd cael budd  
iwrthaw.

Tair gwaith ym ganed, gwn  
vyvyriaw;  
truan oedd i ddyn na ddoai  
i geisiaw  
holl gelvyddyddau byd yn bydd-  
inaw i'm bru,  
cans gwn a vu, a vydd rhag-  
llaw.

Cyvarçav ym Nav nawdd i'm  
gantaw,  
cyvarçwel ym del dawn o'i  
eiddaw;  
ym crair yw Mab Mair, mawr  
arnav vy mryd,  
cans delir y byd bob awr  
iwrthaw.

Bu Duw i'm dysgu a'm dys-  
gwyliaw,  
gwir Greawdyr nev nawdd i'm  
gantaw:  
cywraint yw i'r saint weddiaw  
beunydd,  
cans Duw Dovydd eu dwg  
ataw.

### HER I VEIRDD MAELGWN.

Neud gognawd gyru  
a gwawd ddyvyru;

by the belief in a narrative,  
as to what the world has been?  
as to who is accomplished to sing  
before the throne of Jesus,  
in the presence of the three hosts,  
when He shall be judging?  
what minstrel will sing  
when Cynan shall be called  
to a summoned chair,  
in the presence of Cadwalader,  
when there shall be a natural end  
to Cynan son of Bran?

If you be primary bards  
to the master of sciences,  
declare ye mysteries  
that relate to the inhabitants of  
the world:

there is a noxious creature,  
from the rampart of Satanas,  
which has overcome all  
between the deep and the shallow;  
equally wide are his jaws  
as the mountains of the Alps;  
him death will not subdue,  
nor hand or blades;  
there is the load of nine hun-  
dred waggons

in the hair of his two paws;  
there is in his head an eye  
green as the limpid sheet of  
icicle;

three springs arise  
in the nape of his neck;  
sea-roughs thereon  
swim through it;  
there was the dissolution of the  
oxen

of Deivrdonwy the water-gifted.  
The names of the three springs  
from the midst of the ocean;  
one generating brine  
which is from the Corini,  
to replenish the flood,  
over seas disappearing;  
the second without injury  
it will fall on us,  
when there is rain abroad,  
through the whelming sky;

a thraethawd gredu,  
pa vyd à ddyvu?  
pwy á wyr canu  
gèr bron yr Iesu,  
yn ngwydd y tri llu,  
pan vydd yn barnu?  
pa gerddawr á gan,  
pan alwer Cynan  
I ddyvyn gader,  
gèr bron Cadwalader,  
pan vydd tranc anian  
ar Cynan ab Bran?

Os yç briv veirddion  
I rwyv celvyddon,  
treuthwç orçuddion  
O vundi maon:

y mae pryv atgas,  
O gaer Satanas,  
a oresgynas  
cyvrwng dwvn a bas;  
Cylvled ei enau  
a mynydd Mynnau;  
nis gorvydd angau  
na llaw na llavnau;  
mae llwyth naw cant men

yn rhawn dwy bawen;  
llygad yn ei ben  
gwyRDD vâl glas iaen;

tair fynnon y sydd  
yn ei wegilydd;  
mor-vryçed arno  
a noviant drwyddo;  
bu laith bualawn

Deivrdonwy dyvr-ddawn.  
Henw y tair fynnon  
o ganol eigion:  
un llwydd heli  
pan yw Corini,  
I edryd lliant  
dros voroedd divant;  
yr ail yn ddi nam  
a ddygwydd arnam,  
pan yw gwllaw allan,  
drwy awyr dylan;

the third will appear  
through the mountain veins,  
like a flinty banquet,  
the work of the King of kings.

A most strange creature will  
come  
from the sea marsh of Rhianedd,  
as a punishment of iniquity  
on Maelgwn Gwynedd;  
his hair, his teeth,  
and his eyes being as gold;  
and this will bring destruction  
upon Maelgwn Gwynedd.

It is I who am a diviner  
and a leading bard,  
who know every passage  
of the cave of silence;  
I shall liberate Elphin  
from the belly of the stony tower;  
I am Taliesin,  
chief of the bards of the west,  
who will loosen Elphin  
out of the golden fetter.

AGAIN TO THE BARDS OF  
MAELGWN.

Thou retained bard above,  
thou retained bard below,  
there is not a spot that is known  
under the sun and in its round;  
neither is it known to you  
what is told by tongues;  
nor what is stated as certain  
between your truth and false-  
hood;  
you who are puny bards, coun-  
try crows,  
you hardly escape flying away.  
The bard who cannot silence me,  
may he not experience silence  
until he goes to be covered  
by earth and gravel.  
He who listens to me,  
may he be loved by the Son of  
God.

Elphin the son of Gwyddno  
is in the land of Arthro,

trydedd á ddarwedd  
drwy wythi mynyddedd,  
màl callestrig wledd,  
o waith Rex rexedd.

E ddaw pryv rhyvedd  
o vorva Rhianedd,  
I ddial enwiredd  
ar Vaelgwn Gwynedd;  
ei vlew, ei ddannedd,  
a'i lygaid yn eurwedd;  
a hwn gwna ddiwedd  
ar Vaelgwn Gwynedd.

Myvi sy ddewin  
a bardd-cyfredin,  
a wn bob gorsin  
gogov gorthewin:  
rhyddâav vi Elfin  
o vòl twr meinin;  
mi wyv Taliesin,  
pen beirdd gorllewin,  
a ollwng Elfin  
o hual eurin.

ETO I VEIRDD MAELGWN.

Gosgordd vardd uoç,  
gosgordd vardd isod,  
nid ces vàn wybod  
dàn huan a rhod;  
ni wyddoç çwithau  
pa draeth tavodau,  
na dosbarth diau  
rhwng eiç gwir a gau;  
beirdd byçain, brain'bro,  
braidd nad ewç àr fo.  
Bardd na'm gostego,  
gosteg nis cafo  
nes el mewn gortho  
o ddaiar a gro,  
sawl à'm gwrandawo,  
mab Duw a'i caro.

Elfin ab Gwyddno,  
sy'n naiar Arthro,

under thirteen locks,  
for praising his teacher.  
It is I who am Taliesin,  
chief of the bards of the west,  
who knows every outlet  
of the cave of silence,  
who will loosen Elphin  
from his golden fetter.

tàn dri-àr-ddeg clo,  
am ganmawl athro :  
myvi wyv Taliesin,  
pen beirdd gorllewin,  
a wn bob gorsin  
gogov gorthewin  
a ollwng Elfin  
o'i hual eurin.

THE CASUALTIES OF THE BARD.

DAMWEINION Y BARDD.

First, I have been formed a  
comely person,  
in the court of Ceridwen I have  
done penance;  
though little I was seen, placidly  
received,  
I was great on the floor of the  
place to where I was led ;  
I have been a prized defence,  
the sweet muse the cause,  
and by law without speech I  
have been liberated  
by a smiling black old hag, when  
irritated  
dreadful her claim when pur-  
sued :

Cyntav ym lluniwyd àr lun  
dyn glwys ;  
yn llys Ceridwen ym pen-  
ydwys ;  
cyd baç ym gwelid, gwyl vy  
nghynnwys,  
oeddwn vawr uç llawr llàn ym  
tywys ;  
prid bum parwyden per awen  
parwys,  
ac o gyvraith heb iaith ym  
rhyddâwys  
hen widdon dduion, pan lidi-  
wys  
engiriawl ei hawl pan hwyli-  
wys :

I have fled with vigour,  
I have fled as a frog,  
I have fled in the semblance of  
a crow, scarcely finding rest ;  
I have fled vehemently,  
I have fled as a chain,  
I have fled as a roe  
into an entangled thicket ;  
I have fled as a wolf cub,  
I have fled as a wolf in a wil-  
derness,  
I have fled as a thrush  
of portending language ;  
I have fled as a fox,  
used to concurrent bounds of  
quirks ;  
I have fled as a martin,  
which did not avail :  
I have fled as a squirrel, that  
vainly hides,

foais yn gadarn,  
foais yn llyfan,  
foais yn rhith bran  
braidd orphowys ;  
foais yn derwyn,  
foais yn gadwyn,  
foais yn iyrçwyn,  
mewn llwyn llyçwys ;  
foais yn vleiddyn,  
foais vleiddawr yn nifaith,

foais yn vronvraith,  
cyviaith coelwys ;  
foais yn gadno,  
cydnaid ystumiau,

foais yn velau,  
mâl na thyciwys :  
foais yn wiwair, ni çynnydd  
celwys,

I have fled as a stag's antler, of  
 ruddy course,  
 I have fled as iron in a glowing  
 fire,  
 I have fled as a spear-head, of  
 woe to such as has a wish  
 for it;  
 I have fled as a fierce bull bit-  
 terly fighting,  
 I have fled as a bristly boar seen  
 in a ravine,  
 I have fled as a white grain of  
 pure wheat,  
 on the skirt of a hempen sheet  
 entangled,  
 that seemed of the size of a  
 mare's foal,  
 that is filling like a ship on the  
 waters;  
 into a dark leathern bag I was  
 thrown,  
 and on a boundless sea I was  
 sent adrift;  
 which was to me an omen of  
 being tenderly nursed, and  
 the Lord of heaven then set  
 me at liberty.

THE BARD DECLARES HIS  
 HISTORY.

Primary chief bard  
 am I to Elphin,  
 and my original country  
 is the region of the summer stars;  
 Joannes the diviner  
 called me Merddin,  
 at length every king  
 will call me Taliesin.

I was with my Lord  
 in the highest sphere,  
 on the fall of Lucifer  
 into the depth of hell;  
 I have borne a banner  
 before Alexander;  
 I know the names of the stars  
 of the north and the south.  
 I have been on the galaxy

foais yn gern hydd, rhudd ym  
 rhwyvwys,  
 foais yn haiarn mewn tan  
 tywys,  
 foais yn ben gwaew, gwae ei  
 puçwys;

foais yn darw taer çwerw ym-  
 laddwys,  
 foais yn vaedd gwryç mewn  
 rhyç rhithwys,  
 foais yn ronyn gwyn gwenith  
 glwys;  
 ar ael llen carthen ym car-  
 vaglwys;  
 cymaint oedd eigweledâ çyveb  
 rhewys,  
 a yw yn llenwi val llong ar  
 ddyvrwys;  
 mewn boly tywyll lle ym ty-  
 walltwys,  
 ac mewn mor dylan ym dy-  
 çwelwys;  
 bu goelvain im'pan ym cain  
 vagwys,  
 Arglwydd nev yn rhydd ym  
 rhyddygwys.

Y BARDD YN MYNEGU EI  
 HANES.

Prif vardd cysevin  
 wyv vi i Elfin,  
 a'm gwlad gynnevin  
 yw bro ser hevin;  
 Ioannes ddewin  
 ym gelwis Merddin,  
 bellaç pob brenin  
 ym geilw Taliesin.

Bum gyda vy Ner  
 yn ngoruçelder,  
 ar gwymp Lucifer  
 I ufern ddyvnder;  
 bum yn dwyn baner  
 rhag Alexander;  
 mi wn enwau ser  
 gogledd ac awster.  
 Bum yn nghaer Gwdion



at the throne of the Distributor ;  
I was in Canaan  
when Absalom was slain ;  
I conveyed the divine Spirit  
to the level of the vale of Hebron ;  
I was in the court of Don\*  
before the birth of Gwdion.

I was instructor  
to Eli and Enoc ;  
I was at the place of the cruci-  
fixion

of the merciful Son of God ;  
I have been loquacious  
prior to being gifted with speech ;  
I have been winged by the  
genius of the splendid crosier ;  
I have been for three periods  
in the court of Arianrod ; †  
I have been the chief director  
of the work of the tower of  
Nimrod ;

I am a wonder  
whose origin is not known.

I have been in the ark,  
with Noah and Alpha ;  
I have seen the destruction of  
Sodom and Gomorra ;  
I was in Africa  
before the foundation of Rome ;  
I am now come here  
to the remains of Troia.

I have been with my Lord  
in the manger of the ass ;  
I strengthened Moses  
through the water of Jordan ;  
I have been in the firmament  
with Mary Magdalene ;  
I have suffered hunger  
for the Son of the Virgin.  
I have obtained the muse  
from the cauldron of Ceridwen ;  
I have been bard of the harp  
to Leon of Lochlin.

gàn orsedd Deon ;  
bum mi yn Nghanon  
pan las Absalon ;  
mi dygum Huon  
I lawr glyn Hebron ;  
bum mi yn llys Don,  
cyn geni Gwdion.  
bum mi baderog  
Eli ac Enog ;  
bum mi àr vàn crog

mab Duw trugarog ;  
bum mi lavarog  
cyn bod tavodog ;  
bum mi adeiniog  
awen ceinvaglog ;  
bum mi dri çyvnod  
yn llys Arianrod ;  
bum mi ben ciwdod  
ar waith twr Nimrod ;

mi wyv ryveddod,  
ni wyddis vy hanvod.

Bum mi yn arca,  
gàn Noah ac Alpha ;  
mi gwelais ddiva  
Sodom a Gomorra ;  
bum yn Africa  
cyn seiliad Roma ;  
mi daethym yma  
at weddillion Troia.

Bum gyda vy Rhen  
yn mhreseb asen ;  
mi nerthais Moesen  
drwy ddwvr Iorddonen ;  
bum àr yr wybren  
gyda Mair Vadlen ;  
mi cevais newyn  
am Vab y Vorwyn.  
Mi cevais awen  
o bair Ceridwen ;  
bum mi vardd telyn  
I Leon Llyçlyn ;

\* *Llys Don* is the bardic appellation of the constellation Cassiopeia ; and so *Cær Gwdion* is the galaxy.

† The constellation called the northern crown, literally the *court of the silver circle*.

I have been on the White Hill,  
 in the court of Cynvelyn,  
 in stocks and fetters  
 for a day and a year.  
 I have been a teacher  
 to the whole universe;  
 I shall be until the day of doom  
 on the face of the earth;  
 my body it will not be known  
 whether flesh or fish.  
 I have been in an easy chair  
 above the ecliptic,  
 and this revolves  
 between three elements;  
 then I was for nine months  
 in the womb of the hag Cerid-  
 wen;  
 I was originally little Gwion,  
 and at length I am Taliesin.

When this composition was made known to the king and his nobles, they became greatly surprised; for they heard not from the mouth of a boy so little any thing that could be compared to this song. And when his majesty knew that its author was the bard of Elphin, he ordered Heinin, his chief and wisest bard, to bring an answer to Taliesin, and to contend with him. But he, on coming forward, could only play blab blab with his lip; and, when the four and twenty other bards were sent for, they did the same thing, and they could not do otherwise. Thereupon Maelgwn asked Taliesin what might be his errand there; and so the other answered in verse in this manner:

Puny bards, I am trying  
 to secure the prize, if I can;  
 by a gentle prophetic strain  
 I am endeavouring to retrieve

bum yn y Gwynvryn,  
 yn llys Cynvelyn,  
 mewn cyf a gevyn,  
 un-dydd-a-blwyddyn.  
 Mi á vum dysgawd  
 yr holl vedysawd;  
 byddav hyd ddydd brawd  
 ar hyd daiarawd;  
 ni wyddis vy nghnawd;  
 ai cig ai pysgawd.  
 Bum yn nghadair vlydd,  
 goruwç caer sidydd,  
 hon yn troi y sydd  
 cyvrwng tri elvydd;  
 bum naw mis haiaç  
 yn nghroth Ceridwen wraç;  
 bum gynt Wion baç,  
 Taliesin bellaç.

Pan wybu y brenin ac ei urddasolion y gwawd hwn, synu yn vawr á wnaent; ac ni çlywynt o ben baçgen ei vyçaned à ellid ei debygu i'r gan hon. A phan wybu y brenin mai bardd Elfin oedd eve, arçai àr Heinin, ei vardd penav a doethav, ddawed ag ateb i Daliesin, ac ymorçestu ag ev. Ond pan ddaethai yno, nis gallai amgen no çware blerwm àr ei wevl; a phan anvoned am y pedwar-ar-ugain beirdd ereill, yr un peth á wnaent, ac nis gellynt amgen. Yna y govynai Maelgwn i Daliesin pa ydoedd ei neges yno; ac yr atebai yntau àr wawd val hyn:

Culveirdd, ceisiaw yr wyv  
 cadw y gamp neus gallwyv;  
 darogan dawelwyv  
 ei rygeisiaw yr wyv

the loss I may have suffered ;  
complete the attempt, I hope,  
since Elphin endures trouble  
in the fortress of Teganwy.\*  
His confinement may not be  
over much,  
strengthened by my muse I am  
powerful ;  
mighty on my part is what I seek ;  
for, three hundred songs and  
more,  
are combined in the spell I sing.  
There ought not to stand where  
I am  
neither stone and neither ring ;  
that there ought not to be about  
me  
not any bard who may not know  
that Elphin son of Gwyddno  
is in the land of Artro,†  
secured by thirteen locks,  
for praising his instructor :  
and then I Taliesin,  
chief of the bards of the west,  
shall loosen Elphin  
out of a golden fetter.

As Taliesin was thus reciting  
his composition at the gate,  
there arose such a storm of  
wind, that the king and all  
his nobles thought the castle  
would fall on their heads ; and  
thereupon the king ordered El-  
phin to be hastily brought out  
of prison, and that he might be  
placed before Taliesin ; and im-  
mediately it is said that Tali-  
esin sang a song, so that the  
fetters opened from about the  
legs of Elphin.

After this he sang a prelude,  
that is called the master-piece  
of the bards, as it follows here.

\* The ruins of the fort of *Teganwy* : there are still some remains of it on the northern side of the estuary of the Conwy river.

† A small estuary, two miles south of Harlech, in Meirion.

y golled à gafwyv ;  
cwbl geisydd rhygoelwyv,  
neud Elfin yn nghystwy  
sydd o gaer Teganwy.  
Arno na ddoded rwy,  
cadr vy ngorawen wyv,  
cadarn ym à geiswyv ;  
sev tri-çant cerdd a mwy  
yw y a wawd à ganwyv  
nis dyl sav lle ydd wyv  
na maen ac na modrwy ;  
na bydd i vy nghylçwy  
nebun bardd nas gwypo  
mai Elfin ab Gwyddno  
sydd yn naiar Artro,  
tân dri-âr-ddeg clo,  
am gannmawl ei athro :  
a minnau Taliesin,  
pen beirdd y gorllewin,  
a ollyngav Elfin  
o hual gorewien.

Mâl ydd oedd Taliesin evelly  
yn canu ei gerdd, am y porth,  
y cyvodes çwyth o wynt aruthr  
onis tybiasynt y brenin ac ei  
holl urddasolion y syrthiai y  
gaer am eu penau ; ac yna y  
brenin à beris gyrçu Elfin àr  
vrys o garçar, ac ei osodi ev  
ger bron Taliesin ; ac yn y lle  
y dywedir i Daliesin ganu  
cerdd nes agori y gevyn od-  
diam draed Elfin.

Yn ol hyn y canai eve osteg,  
yr hon á elwir gorçest y beirdd,  
mâl y mae yma :

What was the first man  
made by the God of heaven ;  
what the fairest flattering speech  
that was prepared by Jeuav ;  
what meat, what drink,  
what roof his shelter ;  
what the first impression  
of his primary thinking ;  
what became his clothing ;  
who carried on a disguise,  
owing to the wiles of the country,  
in the beginning ?

Wherefore should a stone be  
hard,  
why should a thorn be sharp-  
pointed ;  
who is hard like a flint,  
who is salt like brine ;  
who sweet like honey ;  
who rides on the gale ;  
why ridged should be the nose ;  
why should a wheel be round ;  
why should the tongue be gifted  
with speech  
rather than another member ?  
if thy bards, Heinin, be compe-  
tent,  
let them reply to me, Taliesin.

After that he sang this prelude,  
which is called the Castigation  
of the Bards.

If thou art a bard completely  
imbued  
with genius not to be controlled,  
be thou not untractable  
within the court of thy king ;  
until thy rigmarole shall be  
known,  
be thou silent Heinin  
as to the name of thy verse,  
and the name of thy vaunting ;  
and as to the name of thy grand-  
sire  
prior to his being baptized.  
Avaunt, ye bards above,  
avaunt, ye bards below !  
My beloved is below,

Pa y dyn cyntav  
a orug Duw Nav ;  
pa weniaith decav  
a drevnai Ieuav ;  
pa vwyd, pa ddiawd,  
pa do ei wasgawd ;  
pa cyntav anawd  
ei briv vyvyrdawd ;  
pa aeth ei ddrillad ;  
pwy á ddug ymwad,  
o ystrywiad gwlad,  
yn y deçreudad.

Paham mae caled maen,  
paham mae blaenllym draen ;  
pwy galed vâl malen,  
pwy yn hallt vâl halen ;  
pwy yn velys vâl mel ;  
pwy á verçyg yr awel ;  
paham y mae cevnawg trwyn ;  
paham y mae cron olwyn ;  
paham y traetha tavawd,

amgen nog arall aelawd :  
o medrant dy veirdd, Heinin,  
atebent i mi Taliesin.

Gwedi hyny canai eve yr  
osteg hon, à elwir Cystwy y  
Beirdd.

Os wyt vardd cyvrisgin  
o awen ddysgethrin,  
na vydd di ddysgethrin  
o vewn llys dy vrenin ;  
oni wyper dy rimin,  
gorthawa di Heinin  
a henw dy rimiad,  
a henw dy ramiad ;  
a henw dy dalaith.

ac iawn henw dy iaith,  
Gosgo, veirdd uçod,  
gosgo, veirdd isod !  
Vy anwyl sydd isod,

in the fetter of Arianrod.  
It is certain you know not  
how to understand the song I  
utter,  
nor clearly how to discriminate  
between the truth and what is  
false;

puny bards, crows of the district,  
why do you not take to flight?  
A bard that will not silence me,  
silence may he not obtain,  
till he goes to be covered  
under gravel and pebbles:  
such as shall listen to me,  
may heaven listen to him!

In addition to this, Taliesin  
sang the prelude inserted here,  
that is called the Gall of the  
Bards, in the presence of the  
bards of Maelgwn collected to-  
gether.

Minstrels persevere in their false  
custom,  
immoral ditties are their delight;

vain and tasteless praise they  
recite;  
falsehood at all times do they  
utter;  
innocent persons they ridicule;

married women, by their flattery,  
through mischievous intent they  
deceive;

the pure white virgins of Mary  
they corrupt;  
those who believe them they bring  
to shame;

they cause uneasiness to moral  
men,  
as they pass their lives away in  
vanity;

at night they get drunk, they  
sleep the day;  
in idleness without work they  
feed themselves;

tàn hual Arianrod.  
Ni wyddoç yn ddiau  
ddeall can y min mau,

na dosbarth sy glau  
rhwng y gwir a gau;

beirdd byçain, brain bro,  
py nad ewç àr fo?  
Bardd na'm gostego,  
gosteg nis cafo,  
nes el mewn gortho,  
tàn raian a gro:  
sawl a'm gwrاندawo,  
gwrاندawed nev vo!

O ganlyniad i hyn y canai  
Taliesin yr osteg hon à elwir  
Bustl y Beirdd, yn ngwydd  
beirdd Maelgwn i gyd.

Cler eu cam arver á arverant,

cathlau anneddvawl vydd eu  
moliant;

lod orwag ddivlas á ddat-  
ganant;  
celwydd bob amser á ddywed-  
ant;

gwirionion ddynion á ddyval-  
ant;

priodawl wreigedd, wrth eu  
moliant,

trwy veddwl drygbwyll á vawr  
dwyllant;

morwynion gwynion Mair  
halogant;

a goeliont iddynt á gywilydd-  
iant;

deddvolion ddynion á dram-  
gwyddant,

mewn overedd eu hoes á  
dreuliant;

y nos y meddwant, dydd y  
cysgant;

mewn diogi heb waith ym-  
borthant;

at courts they inquire after  
feasts ;  
every senseless word they bring  
forward ;  
every deadly sin they praise ;

every vile course of life they lead ;

concerning the days of death  
they think not ;  
neither lodging nor charity do  
they give ;  
and from no sensuality do they  
refrain,

indulging in victuals to excess.  
The birds do fly, the fish do swim,

the bees collect honey, worms  
do crawl,  
every thing travails to obtain its  
food,  
except minstrels and useless  
idlers.

I deride nor learning, nor min-  
strelsy ;

for they are given by heaven to  
lighten thought.

Be silent, then, ye unlucky  
rhyming bards,  
for you cannot judge between  
truth and falsehood.

If you be primary bards formed  
by heaven,  
tell your king what his fate will  
be.

After Taliesin had delivered  
his lord out of prison, and as-  
serted the chastity of his mis-  
tress, and silenced the bards, so  
that not any one of them dared  
to utter a single word, he re-  
quested of Elphin, that he would  
make a wager with the king of  
his possessing a horse swifter  
than all the horses of his ma-  
jesty ; and this was done by  
Elphin ; and the day, the time,  
and the place were fixed upon ;

llysoedd a gwleddoedd ym-  
ovynant ;

pob geiriau dibwyll á grybwyll-  
ant ;

pob peçawd marwawl á gan-  
molant,

pob salwedd vuçedd á arwedd-  
ant ;

am ddyddiau angau nis pryd-  
erant ;

llety a çardawd byth ni rodd-  
ant ;

a phob glythineb nis arbedant,

gormodau o vwydau á vwytaant  
Adar á hedant, pysgod á  
noviant,

gwenny á velant, pryved  
ymlusgant,

pob beth á ymdaith er cael ei  
borthiant,

ond cler a diogion divwyniant.

Ni çablav na dysg, na çerdd-  
oriaeth ;

canys nev eu rhoes gloes  
argyllaeth.

Tewç çwi bosv eirddion an-  
hylwydd,

ni wyddoç varnu gwir a  
çelwydd.

Od yç briv-veird fydd o waith  
Dovydd,

gwedwç i'ç brenin pa ei dram-  
gwydd.

Yn ol darvod i Daliesin  
dynu ei arglwydd yn rhydd o  
garçar, a gwiriaw diweirdeb ei  
arglwyddes, a gostegu ybeirdd,  
hyd na lyvasai neb o honynt  
wedyd un gair, eve á erçis i  
Elfin wneyd cyngwystl ag y  
brenin, bod iddo ev un març  
buanaç no troll veirç ei vawr-  
hydi ; a hyn á wnelai Elfin ;  
ac y dydd, yr amser, ac y lle

and the spot is to this day called Morva Rhianedd, or sea-marsh of the Maidens.\* So the king and his retinue came there, with twenty-four horses, the swiftest that were in his possession. And on the spot, after a long examination, the course was marked out, and the horses were appointed to run. To that place likewise came Taliesin, bringing with him twenty-four holly rods, made black by charring, and which he ordered the boy who rode the horse of his master to put in his girdle, with giving him directions to let all the horses of the king go before him; and as he could overtake them, each one after the other, he was to take one of the rods, and to give a stroke across the crupper of the horse; and after that he was to take another rod; and thus he did in like manner to all the horses, as he could overtake them, giving a strict command to the rider to watch carefully on what spot the horse might fall, and so put his cap down in that spot. All this was accomplished by the boy, as well in giving a stroke to each one of the king's horses, and of putting his cap down on the spot where the horse fell; and to the place Taliesin brought his master, after his horse had won the ace, and he ordered Elphin to put men at work to dig a pit. In this spot, after they had dug out the earth to a considerable depth, they found a large cauldron, which was full of gold, and at the time Taliesin said,

“ Elphin, this is as payment

à noodid; ac y vàn á elwir hyd heddyw Morva Rhianedd. Yno y doynt y brenin ac ei osgordd á phedwar-ár-ugain o veirç, y buanav à oeddynt àr ei helw. Ac yn y vàn, yn ol hir broves, y nodid yr yrva, ac y gosodid y meirç i redeg. Yno hevyd y deuai Taliesin, a çanddo bedair-ár-ugain o wiail celyn, à ologid yn dduon; y rhai á beris eve i'r baçgen à varçogai varç ei arlwydd eu dodi dân ei wregys, trwy rod-di gorçymyn arno àr ollwng holl veirç y brenin o ei vlaen; ac megys y cavai eve eu goddiwes wynt, pob un yn ol ei gilydd, cymerai un o'r gwiallar hoddai wialenawd àr draws pedrain y març, ac yn ol hyny gollwng y wialen hòno i lawr; ac yna cymerai wialen arall; a gwnai yr un modd am bob un o'r meirç, megys ag y cafi eve eu goddiwes, trwy rod-di gorçymyn caeth àr y marcawg o wylled yn ddiesceulus pa vàn y cwypiai y març, a bwrw ei gap i'r llawr yn y màn hwnw. Hyn oll á gyvlawnai y baçgen, yn gystal am rod-di gwialenawd i bob un o veirç y brenin, ac o vwrw ei gap i lawr yn y màn y cwypiai y març; ac i'r lle y dygai Taliesin ei arlwydd, yn ol i'w varç ev ennill yr yrva, ac y peris i Elfin osodi gwyr àr waith i gloddiaw pwll. Yn y màn, gwedi iddynt gloddiaw y ddaiar i ddogn o ddyvnder, y cefynt wy bair mawr yn llawn o aur; ac yn yr amser y gwedai Taliesin,

“ Elfin, gwela dyma iti dal

\* This is about three miles from Conwy, on the coast towards Abergeleu.



and reward for bringing me out of the wear, and for nursing me from that time to this day.”

On the spot where what is spoken of above was performed there is a pool of water, which is called to this day, the pool cauldron.

After that the king ordered Taliesin to be brought before him: and of him he asked for information concerning the beginning of the human race; and thereupon Taliesin composed the prelude, which at this day is called one of the four canons of song, and it begins thus:

The Almighty made,  
down the Hebron vale,  
with his plastic hands,  
Adam's fair form;  
And five hundred years,  
void of any help,  
there remained and lay  
without a soul.

He again did form,  
in calm paradise,  
from a left-side rib,  
bliss-throbbing Eve.

Seven hours they were  
the orchard keeping,  
till Satan brought strife,  
With wiles from hell.

Thence they were driven,  
cold and shivering,  
to gain their living,  
into this world.

To bring forth with pain  
their sons and daughters,  
to have possession  
of Asia's land.

To Adam and his mate  
was given a spade,  
to break up the soil,  
thus to get bread,

a gobrwy am vy nwyn allan  
o'r gored, ac am vy magu er  
hyny hyd heddyw.

Yn y van y gwnelid hyny à  
vynegir amdano uod y mae  
llyn o ddwvr, à elwir er hyny  
hyd heddyw, y pyllbair.

Ar ol hyny y perai y brenin  
ddwyn Taliesin ger ei vron: ac  
iddo y govynai eve gyvar-  
wyddyd am ddecreuad cenedl  
dyn; ac yna y gwnei Taliesin  
yr osteg à ddilyna yma, yr  
hon à elwir heddyw un o bedair  
colovn cerdd, ac à ddecreua  
val hyn:

E wnelai Panton,  
ar lawr glyn Ebron,  
a'i ddwylaw gwynion,  
gwiw-lun Adda;  
A phump cant mlynedd,  
yn ddi amgeledd,  
bu ev yn gorwedd,  
heb anima.

E á wnai eilwys,  
yn llys paradwys,  
o asen aswys,  
iesin Eva.

Seithawr y buan'  
yn cadw y berllan,  
cyn cyvrddan Satan,  
sut tartara.

Oddiyno gyrwyd,  
trwy ryn ac anwyd,  
i ennill bywyd,  
i'r byd yma.

I ddwyn drwy ludded  
veibion a merced,  
i gael govuned  
ar dir Asia.

I Adda a'i gymhar  
y rhoid rhaw balar,  
i dori daiar,  
er cael bara.

An angelic hand,  
from the High Father,  
brought seed for growing  
That Eve might sow;

The wheat pure and white,  
summer tilth to sow,  
every man to feed,  
till great yule feast.

But she then did hide  
of the gift a tenth,  
and all did not sow  
of what was dug.

In the place thus sown  
filched was the seed,  
as Daniel the seer  
doth prophesy.

Black rye then was found,  
and not pure wheat grain,  
to show the mischief  
thus of thieving

The wheat rich in grain  
and red flowing wine  
Christ's pure body make,  
Son of Alpha.

The wafer is flesh,  
the wine is spilt blood,  
the Trinity's words,  
sanctify them.

The concealed books  
from Emmanuel's hand  
were brought by Raphael  
as Adam's gift,

When in his old age,  
to his chin immersed  
in Jordan's water,  
keeping a fast.

Twice five, ten and eight,  
she was self-bearing,  
the mixed burden  
of man-woman.

And once, not hidden,  
she brought forth Abel,  
and Cain the forlorn,  
the homicide.

Engylawl gènad,  
gàn yr Uçeldad,  
a ddug had tyviad  
hyd at Eva;

Y gwenith claerwyn,  
er hau havaryn,  
i borthi pob dyn,  
hyd wyl magna.

Hithau darguddiodd  
ddegved ràn y rhodd  
hyd na lwyr hauodd  
yr holl balva.

Yn mán yr hauwyd,  
yr had á gelcwyd,  
medd Daniel brofwyd,  
a brofwyda.

Rhyg du á gafad,  
yn lle gwenithad,  
er dangaws avrad  
ar ladrata.

O wenith gwiw-vaint  
a gwin rhudd rwydd-vraint  
y gwnair corf cywraint,  
Crist vab Alpha.

Yr avrllad yw cnawd,  
y gwin yw gwaedrawd,  
a geiriau'r Drindawd  
eu cysegra.

Y llyvrau dirgel  
o law Emmanuel  
a ddygai Raphael,  
rhodd i Adda,

Pan ydoedd yn hen,  
hyd tros ei ddwyen  
yn nwvr Iorddonen,  
yn dirwesta,

Dau bump, deg ac wyth,  
bu hi yn ymlwyth  
yn arwain mysg-lwyth  
mascl-fœmina.

Ac unwaith, heb gel,  
ymddygai Abel,  
a Çain ddiymwel,  
homicida.

Twelve spotless virgins,  
and of angels four,  
did Eleison send  
    To Eve's abode.

To show aid should come  
against all trouble,  
when no safety came  
    to them by strife.

Extreme were the cares  
which affected men,  
before they had signs  
    that mercies came.

Lest dire ills came on,  
Moses did obtain  
the aid of the three  
    most special rods.

Salmon did obtain,  
in Babel's tower,  
all the sciences  
    of Asia land.

So did I obtain,  
in my bardic books,  
all the sciences  
    in Europe known.

Oh! what misery,  
through extreme of woe,  
prophecy will show  
    on Troia's race!

Their course, their bearing,  
their permitted way,  
and their fate I know,  
    unto the end.

A coiling serpent,  
proud and merciless,  
on her golden wings,  
    from Germany.

she will overrun  
England and Scotland,  
from the Llyçlyn shore  
    to the Severn.

Deuddeg gweryddon,  
pedwar engylion,  
anvones Eleison  
    i lys Eva.

Er dangaws cannerth  
rhag pob rhyw draferth,  
pan oedd anghyvnerth  
    er pugnata.

Dirvawr ovalon  
a oedd àr ddynion,  
cyn cael arwyddion  
    misericordia.

E gavas Moesen,  
rhag dirvawr angen  
nerth y tair gwialen  
    enwedica'.

E gavas Salmon,  
yn nhwr Babilon,  
holl gelvyddydon  
    gwlad yr Asia.

Neur gevais innau,  
yn vy mardd lyvrau,  
Holl gelvyddydau  
    gwlad Europa.

Oço! mòr druan,  
trwy ddirvawr gwynvan,  
daw y darogan  
    i lin Troia!

Gwn vi eu cerdded,  
eu tro, eu trwydded,  
eu twng, eu tynged,  
    hyd ultima.

Sarfes gadwynawg,  
valç, annhrugarawg,  
ar esgyll eurawg,  
    o Sermania,

Hòno goresgyn  
Holl Loegr a Phrydyn,  
o lán mor Llyçlyn  
    hyd Sabrina.

Then will the Brython\*  
be as prisoners,  
by strangers swayed,  
from Saxony.

Their Lord they will praise,  
their speech they will keep,  
their land they will lose,  
but wild Walia.

Till some change shall come,  
after long penance,  
when equally rife  
the two crimes come.

Britons then shall have  
their land and their crown,  
and the stranger swarm  
shall disappear.

All the angel's words,  
as to peace and war,  
will be fulfilled  
to Troia's race.

Taliesin afterwards recited various predictions, in verse, to the king, as to the future events in the world, which are given in the collection entitled the Primitive Bards.

Out of the book of Iolo Morganwg, being the collection of Hopkin T. Phylip of Glamorgan; made about A. D. 1370.

As the "various predictions" alluded to above contain no particulars of the history of Taliesin himself, his MABINOGI may properly terminate here.

It may be an useful illustration to point out where the principal scenes of this Mabinogi were acted; and this we are enabled to do from their names being still preserved by tradition, in the localities where they occurred.

There is a lake called *Llyn Pair*, or pool of the cauldron, about three miles from Towyn, on the old Maçynllaith road through the mountains; the outlet of this lake is among large

\* In a general sense, the people of the east of Scotland, Brittany, and England, to as far as Mercia, and a line thence to the eastern coasts, and all originally a second shoal of adventurers from about the Elbe and contiguous parts of Germany, where remains of them still exist, under the name of Wendi, and from Denmark, the Cimbric peninsula.

Yna ant Brython,  
vâl carçarorion,  
ar vrait alltudion,  
o Saxonia.

Eu Ner á volant,  
eu hiaith á gadwant,  
eu tir á gollant,  
Ond gwyllt Walia.

Onis del rhyw vyd,  
yn ol hir benyd,  
pan yw gogyhyd  
y ddau draha.

Yna câant Brython  
eu tir a'u coron,  
yr haid estronion  
a ddivlanna.

Geiriau yr angel,  
am hedd a rhyvel,  
byddant ddiogel  
i lin Troia.

"Ar ol hyny y datganai Taliesin amryveilion ddaroganau idd y brenin, o vyd à ddelai àr ol, màl y canlynant yn y casgliad à elwir y Cynveirdd."

"O lyvr Iolo Morganwg, sev casgliad Hopcin Thomas Phylip o Vorganwg; o gylç, A. D. 1370."

rocks, and the stream falls into a black pool below, and thence runs into the sea by *Bottalog*; and where it runs through the low ground, it abounds with the water hemlock. In the *Mabinogi* the name of the river is *Gwenwyn meirç Gwyddno*, the poison of *Gwyddno's* horses, though its present name is *Avon Llyn y Pair*. About a mile from this lake there is a farm retaining the name of *Gwydd Gwion*, or *Gwion* wood, from a personage so called in the tale. Three or four miles in the sea, between the outlets of the rivers *Ystwyth* and *Teivi*, are the remains of the fort of *Gwyddno*, the father of *Elphin*, and is well known to the people on the neighbouring coast. In the summer of 1770, I sailed over the ruins, in a very calm day, and thus for about three minutes, I had a clear view of them, appearing about twelve feet below the surface of the water; and many of the stones seemed to be large slabs, and lying in confusion on the heap.

June 1, 1833.

IDRISON.

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YMSON AR VYW A MARW.

I vod, neu ddivod, dyna yw y ddadl:—  
 Ai mygrach goddev teivl a saethau fawd  
 Gorvrythawl: neu arvogi erbyn mor  
 O ovid, a thrwy wrth, ei drechu?—marw,—  
 Cysgu,—dim mwy:—a gwedyd y gwna cwsg  
 Ddiweddu cur y galon, ac y mil  
 O iasau gnaws a etivedda cnawd,  
 Sydd wyndawd tra dymunawl. Marw;—cysgu:—  
 Cysgu! osyd breuddwydiaw; dyna y pwnc:  
 Can yn nghwsg angeu py vreuddwydion ddaw,  
 Ar ol dyosgi hwn angeuawl gylch,  
 A bera ini bwyllaw: dyna yr  
 Ystyriaeth a wna ing o oes mor hir;  
 Gan pwy oddevai chwipiau amser ac  
 Ei watwar, cam y treisydd, sâr y balch,  
 Govidiau dirmygedig hofaint, oed  
 Y gyvraith, traha swydd, a theirv y ga  
 Goddevus haeddiant gan yr anwiw, pan  
 Y gall eu hepgor a bidogyn noeth?  
 Dwyn beichiau pwy a wna, i rymian ac  
 I chwysu dân oes vlin: pe na bai swyd  
 O rywbeth gwedi tranc,—y ddirgel wlad,  
 O fin yr hon ni atchwel teithwr un,—  
 A feigia yr ewyllus; ac ein gwna  
 Yn hytrach oddev y govidion sydd,

Na rhuthraw at ddyethrion rai! mal hyn  
Cydwybawd ein diwra oll: mal hyn  
Cysevin orne bwriad llwyr lesgäa  
Trwy welwedd bryd: a dwys anturion, o  
Berthynas hyn, eu rhediant aynt ar wyr,  
Gan golli enw gweithred.

CAERVALLWCH.

SOLILOQUY ON LIFE AND DEATH.

To be, or not to be, that is the question :  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And, by opposing, end them ? To die,—to sleep,—  
No more ;—and by a sleep, to say we end  
The heartach, and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. To die ;—to sleep ;—  
To sleep ? perchance to dream ; ay, there's the rub ;  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause : there's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long a life :  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin ? Who would fardels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life ;  
But that the dread of something after death,—  
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn  
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will ;  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
Than fly to others that we know not of !  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;  
And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
With this regard, their currents turn awry  
And lose the name of action.

SHAKSPEARE'S *Hamlet*.

## THE BROTHERS OF BALTOMAN.

THE following narrative is not a mere fabrication. The chief incidents actually occurred some time ago, and the precarious and disreputable profession which two moral and well-educated young men were induced to adopt, was unfortunately that which many were tempted to engage in, when the Highland farmer, who had no market to which he could convey his grain, was prevented from legally converting it into spirits. The evil is fortunately now in a great measure removed.

Two brothers, Duncan and Allan Grant, were sons of a respectable *duine-ual*, or gentleman farmer, in Strathspey, the proper country of their ancient clan. In this beautiful district they continued to reside with their father and an only sister, happy, contented with the competence which they possessed, and much respected in that part of the country, until Duncan, the elder, had reached the age of thirty, when the scene of happiness at Baltoman\* was destined soon to close. Disappointment in some droving speculations produced an alteration of circumstances, and the new mode of civilizing the Highlanders, and ameliorating their condition, by introducing lowland farmers and sheep stock exclusively, and dispossessing the ancient occupiers of land, brought final ruin on this worthy family.

The goodman of Baltoman's punctuality in business transactions had been exemplary. He had lived threescore and ten years on the lands which his ancestors had for ages enjoyed as a sort of "kindly tenants," at a trifling rent; but, unable to keep pace with the improvements which were introduced, and averse from changes to which he could ill accommodate himself, and which brought a heavy and immediate increase of rent, his difficulties accumulated, until at last, obliged to give up, or rather ejected from his farm, and reduced to poverty, old Duncan of Baltoman soon left a world, to him changed and cheerless.

The daughter, Shela, a highland beauty, with her long flowing ringlets of yellow, who was the admiration of the young men of the strath, and had been looked on as the intended of a neighbouring laird, was now compelled to offer her service to the more fortunate, but not more de-

\* The town, *i. e.* house with attendant cottages, on the hillock.



servant of a better fate than poor Shela. Several of the neighbours would indeed have gladly received her as an inmate and companion, but the maiden's pride rejected the friendly offer, and she made her way to Glasgow, where she could earn her bread among those to whom her melancholy history was unknown.

The two brothers, who were much attached to each other, sharing the same pride as their sister, left the neighbourhood which had witnessed their former prosperity, and retired to a remote, rugged, and almost inaccessible glen, or rather ravine, where, with their small remaining means they determined to commence the distillation of Uisgebay. In this dangerous and illicit trade they were assisted by Gorimil,\* an interesting young woman of good family, who, left an orphan, had been brought up at Baltoman; and who, being foster-sister to the younger Grant, not more from a strong attachment to him, which was reciprocal, than from a generous and grateful endeavour to alleviate the hardships of their adversity, resolved to follow the sons of her benefactor to their secluded retreat, and share their toilsome and precarious labours.

That this young female should volunteer to keep house for two smugglers under such circumstances, is not, in a Highland damsel, any indication of a want of delicacy. That she should do so without reproach, may appear strange to the more civilized and scrupulous inhabitants of the South; but, among the unsophisticated Gaël, her conduct was rather admired for its principle; and her honour was as unsullied as if the establishment had been as numerous as in the house of her chief. Besides, she was betrothed to Allan, and the rectitude of Highland morals is, or rather perhaps was, undeniable.

In this wild seclusion the brothers assiduously pursued their harassing occupation for, seldom as the gauger could venture on his duty among the tenants of the hills, the smuggler was not altogether secure, for the rider, or mounted exciseman, occasionally penetrated into the gloomy fastnesses of the Grampians, and, with proper assistance, he often secured both the persons and property of these fearless defrauders of the revenue, whose sequestered bothies he sometimes surprised, notwithstanding the prompt warning, when the obnoxious visitor made his appearance at the opening of the strath, by a white sheet successively displayed from the different house-tops along the glen, with a celerity

\* Blue-eyed.

rivalling the fiery cross of the olden time. The vigilance which the smuggler was obliged to exert at home, was not the most arduous part of his work. Conveying the produce of his still down to the low country, or through the hills to the south, was attended with great personal risk and fatigue, the expeditions being conducted during the night, and by unfrequented tracts. Not only were those illegal traders exposed to casual encounter with the excisemen, but suffered much from the treachery of those who were unavoidably engaged in the transfer of the whisky to the custody of the purchasers. Such unprincipled characters were liberally paid by the Highlander, and accepted a handsome reward for the betrayal of their unsuspecting employer.

The Grants carried on their arduous trade for some years with various success. On the whole they were prosperous; their greatest misfortune being a large seizure, made as they were crossing the hills of Glenshee to Perth. Not only was the whisky on this occasion captured, but horses and carts also fell into the hands of the officers, who had the assistance of a few regular soldiers. Notwithstanding the disproportion of force and badness of the cause, yet did the Highlanders, five in number, venture to contend for the defence of their property; and did not abandon the hope of rescue until Allan had by a shot got his arm disabled. The three carts in advance were taken; a fourth had dropped behind; and, on observing the attack, its driver turned the horse's head, and applying a stout cudgel to its back, the animal started off in a retrograde direction, and quickly bore its load out of reach of the enemy, while the owner hastened to join his companions in the fray with their foes.

It happened at last that a vagrant beggar from the Lowlands, casually straying through the hills, came to the hut of the smugglers, and from them experienced the frank hospitality which characterizes so especially the sons of the Gaël. He was entertained for the night, and was even conducted across the unfrequented hills by one of his hosts, whose curiosity to learn the news of the South was amply gratified by the loquacious mendicant, who, like many others, adopted the profession more from an idle, lazy habit, which was much encouraged by the inconsiderate charity of the Highlanders, than from want. He was one of those who were denounced in old Scottish law as "masterful sorners."

A short time after this unlucky visit, the secluded bothy

was approached early one morning by two excisemen, a constable, and the treacherous and ungrateful vagabond, who had become informer, and acted as guide to the party. Luath, the faithful dog, alarmed the inmates of the lonely cottage, who too soon discovered the cause of the unseasonable interruption. The door and the two small apertures for *winocs*\* were guarded, while the gauger demanded admittance in the king's name, and peaceable surrender. No answer was returned, and the door was burst open. The Grants rushed forward, oversetting the exciseman; and Allan, felling to the ground the constable and beggar, who tried to secure him, fled to the hill. A shot from the assistant officer took no effect, and the agility of the fugitive quickly effected his safe retreat.

Duncan was prevented from getting out by the door, but he quickly effected his escape by the *lum*, or wide opening for the emission of smoke, and was soon also out of sight, in the recesses of the mountain.

The humble dwelling was now in possession of the king's officers, and it being impracticable to carry off the apparatus, it was destroyed, the malt and barley being thrown, as usual, into the neighbouring torrent; and the party having regaled themselves on the venison and oatcake, which they found in the cottage, washed down with some of the excellent whisky they had secured, soon left the dwelling, as the hostile cathern of old were wont to do in their predatory forays.

Gorimil, who got away unmolested during the confusion, remained at some distance during the spoliation of the cottage, and returning on the departure of the officers, lighted her fire, and awaited the return of her masters. In the evening they ventured to revisit the shealing, but they could no longer sojourn in Benfallach. They privately left the country, and with what money they could collect they proceeded to the lowlands, and settled themselves in a sequestered cottage on the bank of the Doveran, near an ancient borough, formerly of some note.

The faithful Gorimil still followed the fortunes of the refugees, and, to better their condition, the manufacture of a small drop of whisky was again resorted to.

In their new abode it was extremely difficult long to avoid detection; and among the native inhabitants, who were par-

\* Windows.

ticularly inimical to the settlement of strangers in their bounds, they found no friendly disposition.

They had not disposed of more than the product of one "brewst," before a complete seizure of their little remaining stock was made, and themselves, after an obstinate resistance, escaped with great difficulty. When the strictness of search abated, the unhappy young men returned to the cottage, where they lurked unmolested for some days, and even went into the village to purchase some necessaries. It was however remarked that they had provided themselves with a considerable quantity of powder and shot; and the inhabitants, who had recently seen 900 of their clansmen from Strathspey voluntarily march down burning in wrath to Elgin, to protect from outrage Lady Grant, and revenge on an electioneering mob insults which had been offered to their chief, became greatly alarmed, and verily were persuaded that the Grants meant to burn and sack the town. The people incontinently took arms, and stood to their immediate defence. The men capable of taking the field were therefore called out, and the Baron Baillie, on his grey yad, assuming the command, led them on with what arms they could provide, and before midnight the formidable array approached the solitary cottage, to surprise and lead captive the bloody-minded outlaws.

They were again warned of their danger by the same faithful animal, which had given the timely alarm at Benfallach, and, habitually vigilant, they were prepared to fly. Too late however to avoid observation, they were closely followed, and the moonbeams favoured the pursuit of their numerous assailants. Duncan, hoping to check the advance, fired on the foremost, but before he could reload he was overtaken and surrounded; the muscular evolutions which he performed with his firelock kept his foes at bay for a short time, but were quite insufficient, without assistance, to prevent his capture. Gorimil, who had followed at some distance, seeing the critical situation of Duncan, called out earnestly for his brother to come to the rescue. "Nach fhiach beatha, do bhrathar pairt de d'fhuil?" "Will you save your own blood, and let your brother die?" exclaimed the maiden; and the appeal instantly arrested the onward flight of Allan, and he ran forward shouting, "For Gorimil and for Duncan!"

Their opponents hearing the wild and unintelligible exclamations, and thinking that they were signals for assist-

ance from concealed adherents, hesitated for a moment, which the Grants improved, by bounding off like the mountain-deer. As quickly were they pursued; but superior fleetness enabled them to gain ground, and both would have made their escape, but, unfortunately, Allan, in attempting to clear the deep tract of a mountain-stream, fell short, and striking the hard rock with his bare knees, fell to the ground, unable to resume his flight. Soon were the villagers at the spot, and one in advance, thirsting for blood, and anxious, no doubt, to gain credit for the seizure of the outlaw, barbarously ran a rusty bayonet into the side of the prostrate and defenceless Highlander. Duncan reached the Doveran, over which he swam, and escaped. Allan was conveyed with exultation to the prison of the village, and was, when the state of his wound permitted, handcuffed, mounted on a horse, with his feet tied under the belly, and marched to the jail of Aberdeen under a proper guard. The escort proceeded with due regularity until it reached a wild part of the country near the river Don, eleven miles from their destination, when Grant, who had contrived to disengage his legs, suddenly sprang from his horse, and, shackled as he was, bounded away with the speed of a greyhound. From the swiftness with which he ran the chase seemed hopeless, but, after proceeding about five miles, some labourers in a field near which he passed, observing the pursuit, intercepted the fugitive, and again consigned him to the guard.

Poor Allan was at length safely lodged in the tolbooth of Aberdeen, to await his trial by the Lords of Justiciary, for contravening the excise laws, and aggravated deforcement; and the period for his certain condemnation rapidly approached. It was, however, one morning discovered that the dexterous smuggler had broke from confinement; but how he eluded the observation of the jailers and regained his freedom, in defiance of the strongest bolts and bars, could not be truly made out. It appeared that the devoted Goramil, who had followed her beloved Allan, had contrived to provide him with instruments, by the help of which and main strength, he had delivered himself from his own solitary cell, and entered, disguised as a female, another, which, being occupied by debtors was favourable to his purpose. Here he could escape immediate detection; and, as it was visited by the jailer before proceeding to the more solitary dungeons, the prisoner was able to pass out before the warder discovered his escape. Whichever way his libera-

tion was procured, he fled with the faithful Gorimil to the western Isles, whence a passage was taken, in a vessel bound to America with a numerous body of their expatriated countrymen. The ship was preparing to sail by the evening tide; and Allan, who had been ashore, was returning, with several others, when one of those sudden squalls, so frequent and dangerous in the deep indented salt-water lakes of the highlands, swept from the mountains; and upset the boat! Ill-fated Grant was lost; and the distracted Gorimil was only by force prevented from dashing herself into the watery bed which enwrapt her Allan in the oozy depths of Loch Cailart.

The ship weighed anchor and stood to sea, and the disconsolate and wildly raving Gorimil was borne on her way to a country in which she had fondly hoped to end her life with the darling of her heart. Providence had otherwise ordained; and she now only desired to join the society of her betrothed in heaven. The pleasing belief that she should soon be permitted to meet him in the blissful regions of eternal joy, hastened the consummation of her ardent wishes. Consumed by the intensity of her feelings, she sank rapidly, and confidently stated that her body would be consigned to that element which contained the corse of her beloved Allan. Her only satisfaction appeared to be when, placed on deck, she gazed alternately on the ocean and on the sky. A beam of silent joy would overspread her pallid cheek, as stedfastly she fixed her eyes on the clouds sweeping along with the Atlantic breeze. With that ancient belief, not altogether extinguished among the Gaël, she fancied she beheld the athletic but aërial form of Allan; and she dreamed that he nightly entreated her to join him. Her frame at last gave way, and long ere the vessel reached her destined port, the hapless female closed her eyes on a world to which she had no longer any tie.

It is to be added to this mournful recital, that the elder brother and sister had taken their passage for the New World in the same vessel. Thus was the joy of so unexpected a meeting suddenly changed to grief; but, with a feeling peculiar to those people, they firmly believed, as did their companions, that the Almighty had chosen to remove a faithful pair to happiness, who would otherwise in this life have tasted more deeply than heretofore of bitter calamity.

ALPIN.

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## NATURAL HISTORY.

## THE HOG-BACKED TROUT OF PLINLIMMON.

It is not merely a sensation of pleasure which is imparted by a Spring visit to a mountainous region : such a scene is, I conceive, far better adapted than any other, for inspiring the contemplative mind with those passions which great and excellent men in all ages have endeavoured to teach the mass—the lesser intellectual. A scene of common rustic industry or beauty is indeed instrumental in framing the heart to a contented and grateful mood ; the recollection of flocks, smooth rivers, hanging woods, snug white cottages, a healthy peasantry ; nay, the very twittering of the swallow on a house-top, or the distant bustle of a rookery, are deeply impressed upon our nature, unquestionably beneficially impressed, and leave behind at least an approach to purity of thought and of will. But these, charming as they are, must yield in *extent of result* to the first, and every little object in the grand whole has its own peculiar value. The mountain sheep are much more unapproachable than the fat heavy animals of the vallies, and their wild countenances, betokening extreme timidity, attaches to them a greater interest than to the other. The sweet tints of the heath-flowers, the blue-bell, with other endless varieties ; and, in the more sheltered nooks of the hills, the white fox-glove, certainly possess a more attractive simplicity than the gaudy hues of a village garden, and their fragrance is surpassingly fine. The hum of myriads of industrious bees, seeking the aroma of the heath, presents an interesting contrast to mountain solitude.

As regards the sublime, there can be no comparison. The opening of day over mountains cannot be described, but the recollection of it will remain with life : the notes of the morning lark are louder and clearer among the hills than elsewhere. I never there heard the lark without calling to my mind David ab Gwylim's beautiful address, where he invokes the lark :



“ Oh! wilt thou climb yon heav’ns for me,  
 Yon rampart’s starry height,  
 Thou interlude of melody  
 ’Twixt darkness and the light;  
 And seek, with heav’n’s first dawn upon thy crest,  
 My-lady love, the moonbeam of the west?

“ No woodland caroller art thou;  
 Far from the archer’s eye,  
 Thy course is o’er the mountain’s brow,  
 Thy music in the sky:  
 Then fearless float thy path of cloud along,  
 Thou earthly denizen of angel song.”\*

The lark springs from the heath before the greyness of morning has reached the earth, but high up in the air the little chorister’s wing becomes first silvered by the sun’s rays, when all is night below. How beautifully has David described this in his invocation!

A seat on the brink of some monstrous rock is indescribably humiliating to the pigmy who has placed himself there, and must therefore necessarily chasten his thoughts; and this is one of innumerable causes, all tending, in alpine districts, to produce the same effect: every torrent suggests the idea of *unlimited* power of propulsion for mechanical purposes, and, consequently, a train of useful reflection is brought on.

The close of a day among mountains is equally impressive as the opening of morning. For such a time, I would select the margin of a hill-lake, as the sun retires from the gorgeous scene, the stealthy approach of night veiling surrounding objects, until the outlines of western mountains only are visible. The lone observer is probably, at such a season, recalled from his inmost reflections by the sudden and peculiar moaning of the snipe, seeking her nest, on some little island or tuft of rushes; and, as the view becomes lost in blackness, or the stars break forth in their mild splendor, the weeping curlew is heard increasing her lament, until the echoes are received again and again among the rocks, and gradually dying away and lowering by half notes in scale, until all is quiet, save little gusts of wind kissing the

\* I venture to think this Invocation to the Lark one of the most beautiful and poetic pieces of imagery ever conceived by man, and its English translation, by MAELOG, has always been considered very fine. For the entire piece, see *Cambrian Quarterly*, vol. 1, p. 15.

lake, or perhaps some great trout flouncing out of the water at night-moths. Such solitudes and retirement, the writer of these few remarks nearly every year enjoys for a few days, and they more than repay each toil or disquietude; every object tends to harmonise the heart, to strengthen the best feelings it is capable of experiencing: there nature is on a scale of immensity, the mind is drawn to contemplation distinct from self-importance, and self dwindles into its just proportion of weakness and dependence.

It has been on such occasions that I have at various times made a few observations relating to the natural history of Wales, which, I trust, are not wholly without their value. The minutest object in nature is of itself an endless source of wonder, and, among them all, I do not think there are any more so than an examination of the peculiarities and habits of animals. Of the specimen I propose introducing into the present number of the Cambrian and Caledonian Quarterly, I can say but little, except describing its form, the country in which it is found, as well as a few circumstances which may, in some degree, account for its novel formation.



The hog-backed trout of Plinlimmon, as far as I am enabled to collect, has never been described by naturalists, nor have I ever met with it in any water excepting Bygeilyn, (Bugail Llyn, Shepherd's-pool,) which is a small lake in the hundred of Cyveiliog, and parish of Penegos,

Montgomeryshire. Bygeilyn is situated about one third up the Plinlimmon mountains, on the Machynllaith or western side. The lake is celebrated for its admirably flavored trout, which have been known to arrive at the weight of fourteen pounds, but it is now so shamefully poached during the spawning season, when the fish are ascending a small stream which empties itself in the lake, that for several years I have never met with one more than two pounds weight. The hog-backed fish are rarely met with. I have caught four or five; they were uniformly of the same size, which is so contemptible, as apparently to escape the observation of anglers, at least I presume so, for I have never found any individual who could give an account of the fish. Not one of these were taken with a fly, but by worm, *at bottom*. The first I caught immediately attracted my notice, but I conceived it to be some deformed or abortive creature, and I returned it to the water; others I had no means of saving from decomposition: the last was taken on the 28th of May, which I was enabled to preserve.\* It is certainly a most singular specimen of the abdominal tribe: the head is small, the body brilliantly marked, as the *Salmo Fabrio*, or common river-trout, from which it differs in nothing, excepting the high hogged back, and large stomach. Its length is nearly four inches; depth from back to stomach two inches; and weighed, when taken out of the water two and a half ounces, which, as I before stated, appears to be uniformly their full growth. I also ascertained that the original of the subjoined specimen has no spawn in the stomach.

I have already had occasion, in the *Cambrian Quarterly*, (vol. 1, p. 451,) to speak of Bygeilyn; and, as it is necessary to remark upon the nature of the lake, in endeavouring to account for the singular formation of this fish, I shall quote from my former communication.

#### SHEPHERD'S POOL.

“There is a circumstance respecting the *Bygeilyn*, (shepherd's-pool,) contrary to the general laws of nature: twenty years ago there were no fish in it. A writer has observed, that all bodies of water produce fish; some of the Alpine lakes, situated amid almost inaccessible glaciers, have invariably been found to contain trout; and he sensibly adds,

\* The fish is to be seen preserved in alcohol at our publication-office, in London.—EDRS.

that no doubt the spawn was originally carried up through the agency of birds; which fact I am prepared to support, having myself shot a wild mallard, in the bill of which I found the ova of fish.

“About twenty years ago, some gentlemen were grousing on Pumlumon;\* the conversation turned upon the peculiarity of *Bygeilyn* being destitute of the finny race, and the possibility of stocking it from a neighbouring rivulet: a staff-net was procured, and some dozens of small trout, caught in the river Rheidol, were turned into the lake. At that time myriads of horseleeches swarmed in its water. Some of the trout, when placed in the pool, lay upon their sides faint and exhausted. Strange as it may appear, the rapacious leeches attached themselves to the sick fish, and actually devoured them. Others of the trout were vigorous; these, and their progeny, have enforced the *lex talionis* with a vengeance, and not a leech is now to be seen. The late Captain Jones, R.N. of Machynllaith, and another gentleman now living, were the parties alluded to.

“It will probably be asked, why this singularity occurs in the natural history of *Bygeilyn*? I have sought every information on the subject; and, after some labour and a good deal of observation, venture to place my theory for the opinions of the scientific, respecting the former non-existence of fish, and of their rapid increase since.

“It is well known, that mineral solution is detrimental to fish; and the extensive lead-mines in this district certainly impregnated the lake with its poisonous quality: very likely portions of mineral exist at the bottom. But how do fish live and breed there now? The hurricanes on these hills I have before shortly described: between the turbary soil, *now* the eastern extremity of the pool, and its *former* eastern shore, there ran a ridge of disjointed soft stony lamina, acting as a dam between the pool and spongy soil; the broken stratum of which is still to be seen on the opposite margins. The water, urged by the westerly storms with an impetus impossible to describe, has at last cut through this calcareous lamina; a great portion of the turbary has necessarily been decomposed, and a thick deposit of black earth has gradually spread itself over the entire bottom, excepting the western margin, which is equally well protected by a crustaceous covering of fine pebbles, hard as the cemented floor of a malt-house; this is clearly

\* Generally spelt Plinlimmon, but Pumlumon is more correct.

## THE LEGEND OF GELERT'S GRAVE.

*Selected from unpublished Stories from the History of Wales.*

THE heavy clouds which through the night  
 Have hung on Snowdon's head,  
 Are changing now to fleecy white,  
 Now blushing rosy red ;  
 The streaming lake, the dusky sea,  
 Sleep on in morn's serenity.

What breaks the silence on the hill ?  
 What wakes the starting hare ?  
 The rustling copse, the splashing rill,  
 The pack's release declare ;  
 O'er heath and moss, through moor and brake,  
 Their deep-mouth'd tones the echoes wake.

Llewelyn, on his fiery steed,  
 Calls to him every hound ;  
 And all obey the call with speed,  
 Save one, which ne'er was found  
 Till now neglectfully to scorn  
 Llewelyn's voice, Llewelyn's horn.

" Ah ! where is faithful Gelert gone,  
 The fleetest of his race ?  
 The high-prized gift of royal John,  
 The leader of the chace ;  
 So bold, so stanch, so keenly true."  
 Again his horn the monarch blew.

But Gelert came not. " Oh ! away,  
 While yet the dews are sheen ;  
 We'll track the deer ere shines the day,  
 Through *Glaslyn's*\* valley green.  
 On, on ! ere *Wyddfa's*† peak is won,  
 Our eye shall greet the rising sun."

Loud crack'd the whip, the shrill horn blew,  
 The eager steeds are champing ;  
 The yelping dogs, the wild halloo  
 Of footmen stoutly tramping,  
 Awaken Nature from her dream,  
 The raven's croak, the eagle's scream.

\* The river Glaslyn, which runs through Beddgelert, rises in the lake upon Snowdon, called *Glaslyn*, or *Blue Lake*.

† *Y Wyddfa*, or *The Conspicuous*, is the name of the highest peak of Snowdon.

From bracken couch up springs the deer ;  
Behold him stand to listen,  
Shake his wet flanks, his antlers rear,  
Which yet with dew-drops glisten.  
Then bounding o'er the hills afar,  
Vanish like meteoric star.

Meantime, with noses to the ground,  
In silence through the glen ;  
The pack move on, the leading hound  
Now marks the scent, and then  
Gives tongue. Now bursts the joyous cry !  
The hunter's glorious minstrelsy !

Along Snowdonia's gentler sweep,  
Awhile at ease they run ;  
Now clamber up the rugged steep,  
Just kindling in the sun ;  
And now they dash into the hollow,  
Where neither horse nor man can follow.

Again rejoined, the lengthen'd train  
Like magic-lantern pass,  
In momentary shadowy chain,  
O'er thy blue lake, Llynglas.  
With nostrils wide, nerve, joint, and sinew strained,  
Panting with toil, the high *red ridge*\* is gained.

Here on the dizzy height they pause,  
To catch the fresh-blown air,  
Terrific nature overawes  
The boldest rider there.  
From either hand a pebble hurl'd,  
Would plunge into a lower world.

“ 'Tis but another step to dare  
Eryri's\* loftiest peak !  
Press on, my steed, the hounds are there !”  
So did the chieftain speak.  
His well-tried charger soon the point has won.  
Llewelyn waves his cap—the chase is done.

For, far below, his piercing eye  
Descries a mangled heap  
Of broken limbs, still quivering, lie :  
At one tremendous leap

\* The *Red Ridge* is a narrow terrace between the two highest peaks.

† *Craig Eryri*, the *Eagle Crag*, the name for Snowdon.

The stag had dash'd through air with fearless bound,  
 And thus a death more merciful had found,  
 Than spearman's murderous lance, or tooth of madden'd  
 hound.

Now slowly onward wend the weary train  
 Dismounted, on the arm the loosen'd rein.  
 In mute amaze they view the grand expanse  
 Of land and ocean. There a distant glance  
 Of Erin's Isle—of Cumbria's pale blue mountains,  
 Nearer, the Isle of Mona. Here the fountains  
 Springing through peat-moss, or in torrents gushing,  
 Widening to rivers, and to ocean rushing.  
 "How oft these deep ravines and mountains hoary  
 Have check'd the Saxon's pride and echoed Cambria's  
 glory!

E'en the fierce Roman, the exulting foe,  
 Who "came, and saw, and conquer'd," at a blow;  
 Whose matchless discipline and powerful legions  
 Had tamed the higher Alps of Southern regions,  
 Found in Snowdonia's well-defended right,  
 Impenetrable strength that foiled his might.  
 Behold! that peak, crown'd with a heap of stones,  
*Carnedd Llewelyn.* There are laid the bones  
 Of that dread champion, who with strength sublime,  
 Had killed so many giants in his time,  
 That of their beards he made a vesture hoary."

Thus they beguiled the way with ancient story,  
 Unheeding that their prince had onward stole  
 For scenes and joys far dearer to his soul.  
 Oh! there is not on earth so transcendent a pleasure,  
 As a parent's return to his dear infant treasure,  
 The guileless endearments of childhood are worth  
 All the pearls of the ocean or gems of the earth;  
 The innocent confidence, playful caresses,  
 They twine through the heart to its inmost recesses.  
 Then the wife's welcome home with the smile of affection,  
 That seeks in one bosom her safest protection;  
 Be the dwelling a hut, or a glittering dome,  
 These blessings alone make an Eden of home.

Such was Llewelyn's Paradise, all in a nook  
 Of emerald green, shelter'd by woods; the brook  
 Which long had push'd through rocks and tangled weeds,  
 Here wander'd pleasantly through verdant meads.  
 Courting the gaze of overhanging flowers,  
 Or glittering through the summer's waving bowers.  
 A fairy ring of gentle hills inclosed  
 This happy vale, where Love and Peace reposed.



Perpetual calm is not for mortal man !

His bark is launch'd upon a stormy sea ;  
And if with rainbow promise he began,  
The shower will follow, and the sunshine flee.  
The hand of woe has mixed our cup of glee ;  
And while with joy we view the sparkling tip,  
The fiend is mocking our hilarity,  
And waits the hour to dash it from the lip ;  
*Grief* we may deeply drink, but *Pleasure* only sip.

Swift as the wind Llewelyn's courser flies,  
And safe his master to his home has brought ;  
The chieftain lifts the latch, and forward hies  
To kiss the infant of his tender thought.  
'Twas ever thus the nursery first he sought ;  
And, though fatigued with toil of war or chase,  
Or summer's heat, or winter's cold, he caught  
From wife and children's smile and lov'd embrace,  
New life, that gave his soul refreshing resting-place.

His features all with glowing rapture bright,  
Parental transport kindling in his eye ;  
His buoyant spirit dancing with delight,  
He gently opes the door his babe to spy.—  
But horror chills his frame,—pale agony  
Makes to its source the curdling blood rebound,  
When overturn'd he sees the cradle lie,  
The clothes in loose confusion scatter'd round,  
And with his jaws all gore beholds his favorite hound

“ Gelert ! hast thou devour'd my child ? ”  
The frantic father cried ;  
Then drew his sword with anger wild,  
And plung'd it in his side.

The faithful creature as he fell,  
Lick'd his old master's feet ;  
His heavy groans, his dying yell,  
Rang through the whole retreat.

But what is that soul-thrilling noise,  
That shrill awak'ning cry,  
Like spirit from the dead ?—a voice  
That tells of bliss gone by !

Yet, hush !—again—it is my boy !  
Where art thou, cherub ?—where ?  
He moves—he lives !—What joy ! what joy !  
My lost one, art thou there ?

*Legend of Gelert's Grave.*

There, where the clothes were lightly thrown,  
 In slumber unmolested,  
 Till waked by Gelert's dying groan,  
 The little babe had rested.

Llewelyn's first high transport o'er,  
 He search'd with anxious care  
 The blood-stained heaps that strew'd the floor,  
 To find if aught were there

That could unveil the mystery;  
 When lo! beneath the bed,  
 With fangs still grinning horribly,  
 A hideous wolf lay dead.

"Ah! faithful dog! too late I see  
 The tale of bloody strife.  
 Thy courage, thy fidelity,  
 Have saved my darling's life.

And thine I've sacrificed in rage  
 That fired my soul to madness.  
 Time may roll on—'twill ne'er assuage  
 This heart's remorseful sadness.

A pious monument\* I'll rear  
 In mem'ry of the brave;  
 And passers-by will drop a tear  
 On faithful Gelert's grave.†

[The extensive prevalence of this little tale is astonishing. It is to be found under various modifications in many works and languages. In the story of "*The Seven Wise Masters*," under the title of "*The Knight and the Greyhound*;" as well as in the English *Gesta Romanorum*; also in the *Centi Novelli*; in the *Turkish Tales*, *Persian Tales*, &c. &c.]

NOTE.—This story is applied to Llewelyn, but I consider it an ancient piece of mythology; for Sir William Jones, in his *Institutes of Menu*, gives it almost in the very words, from old Persian traditions.

\* Llewelyn is said to have founded a monastery near the spot, as a tribute of gratitude to Divine Providence, and to have built a church over Gelert's grave.

† A village now stands near the spot, bearing the name of Beddgelert, or Gelert's Grave.

*To the Editors of the Cambrian and Caledonian Quarterly Magazine.*

GENTLEMEN,

IN ruminating on the lamented decease of my dear friend, the Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke, among various recollections of that great man, and the intercourse I have had with him, it is very natural for me to recall what has passed between us on the subject of Cambrian literature. Towards the commencement of the present century, while engaged in pursuing my itinerant labours in North Wales, I was desired to visit our countrymen in Liverpool and in Manchester, who wanted religious instruction through the medium of their mother-tongue. Mr. Adam Clarke was then resident, first in the former and then in the latter place, and I soon found that he took a very warm interest in what related to our poor countrymen; and, he observed, it was treating them worse than negroes, not to afford them the benefit of religious instruction in their own language. He encouraged me to resume those classical studies which I had for some time laid aside; and asked me also various questions as to the structure of our ancient tongue, and lamented his not being acquainted with it. He much admired the religious fervour of our countrymen, and was greatly pleased with the account I gave him of the excellency of the Welsh biblical version. He showed me Mr. Edw. Llwyd's "Archæologia Britannica," and, speaking of the author, his expressions were, "that man was the prince of you all:" but I afterwards told my learned friend, that great as was Mr. E. Llwyd in some respects, he was not the first of Cambrian scholars. Dr. Clarke was among the first promoters of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and he became thereby acquainted with the Rev. Thomas Charles and Mr. Wm. Owen (Dr. Owen Pughe,) and was very friendly to that part of the society's labours which had regard to the Principality, making particular inquiry as to the best edition of the Welsh Bible; and he had a good deal of communication with the gentleman who superintended the Welsh press for the society. One day, when at his house, the doctor made several inquiries of me respecting Mr. Charles; I told him that I considered Mr. C. to be a person of considerable learning and talent. The doctor then said that he understood him to be the author of a Dictionary of the Bible in the Welsh language, and made inquiry, in his familiar

manner, as to the merits of the work, and my reply was, "that I knew not of any work in the English language equal to it." The doctor did not hesitate to receive the encomium I gave the work of my learned countryman, nor was offended with the spirit of his Cambrian friend. He further told me that Mr. Charles wished to make use of his works (as I conceived), in carrying on a second edition of his Dictionary, but Mr. C. did not live to see the completion of Dr. Clarke's Commentary, nor to superintend the second edition of his own work, which has been so well supported by his countrymen.

It was about this time, in the year 1809, I contemplated paying particular attention to our national antiquities, in which project my deceased friend gave me every encouragement; but soon afterwards, it being proposed to me to engage in the mission then talked of to Ceylon, my mind was so occupied that my literary project was for the time abandoned, until my friend, Dr. Townley, stirred up the embers, from which at length sprung up the presumptuous attempt of the "*Horæ Britannicæ*."

Several years had elapsed since I had the pleasure of seeing Dr. Clarke, or hearing from him; but, having the opportunity, last spring, of communicating with him, through the medium of his son, Mr. Theodore Clarke, of St. John's Square, I found that, though I had not started the subject, the doctor was still curious as to our antiquities, but laboured under the same erroneous views as some other learned men. I shall beg leave to give here some extracts, with my remarks.—Breaking off rather suddenly, from the subject I had written upon, the doctor inquires of his friend:

"What are you doing now? I have been long looking to get a copy of the *original Triads of Taliesin*, with a proper translation. As far as I go, no such thing is to be found. Is the work a forgery, even an old one? What is your opinion of the translation of my two sermons into Welsh? I do not pretend to any knowledge of the language: of this I am satisfied, that the Welsh is corrupt beyond all recovery: its orthography is loose and disorderly beyond any thing I have seen in any other language. It would be well for you Cambrian scholars to collate it with the Armoric. I doubt not whether it is not there less corrupted than in the principality of Wales. It is spoken throughout Brittany to the present day. A Grammar of the Armoric

has been published, and seems to be judiciously drawn up. I have collated several places of it, and found that every twelve words had eight or ten genuine Welsh roots in it. The Welsh I believe to be all the remains of the ancient *British*, spoken before the advent of our Lord.

Yours affectionately, A. CLARKE."

It is pleasing to hear such an impartial and decided testimony in behalf of the antiquity of the Welsh, and its radical identity with the Armoric or Brèton tongue of the continent.

The reply which, as a Welshman, I made to the remarks of my deceased friend, may be easily conceived, as to the Triads and the Welsh orthography. By Dr. C.'s next letter I inferred that he was satisfied as to the latter, but not as to the former. He acknowledges we have some of the Triads, but he still had no hopes of seeing *the Triads*; that is, he means a complete collection of them. He expressed his regret that I had declined publishing my translation of them; as to which, it is true, I was not quite destitute of encouragement, but may blame myself for want of spirit.

J. HUGHES.

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GAËLIC PROVERB.

Is binn gach gloir o'n duine bheartach;  
'S earbh a choir o'n aimheartach;  
Is cian o'n aimheartach a bhi glic;  
'S mil o'n bheartach an ghobaireachd.

Melodious is the blustering of the rich;  
Unwelcome is the reprimand of the man of no estate;  
It is not supposed that the poor may be wise;  
The babbling of the rich is like honey.

EXTRACTS FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MS. HISTORY  
OF THE CLANS.

BY JAMES LOGAN, ESQ., F.S.A., AUTHOR OF THE "SCOTTISH GAEL."

**THE Mac Phersons of Pitmain and Invertromie in Badenach, were descended from John, second son of Evan Bane, the common ancestor of the Mac Phersons.**

The house and lands of Invertromie are adjacent to the castle of Ruthven, usually denominated the Barracks, from having been garrisoned by the military.

It was scarcely possible in the times to which this anecdote relates, for so near neighbours long to remain on terms of good understanding, the Royal troops having very little respect for the people they were among. On one occasion Invertromie surprised a sergeant and two men deliberately carrying off one of his goats. He very naturally remonstrated against this spoliation, insisted on the restitution of his property, and that not availing he threatened ample revenge for the barefaced robbery. During the altercation the sergeant became so irritated that he struck Invertromie on the head with his sword; on which he immediately left them, and went to the cottage of one Mac Intyre, his tenant, whose wife observing her master approaching, and blood streaming down his face, guessed at once the cause, and without taking time to ask any questions she called her husband, and brought forth two naked swords.

The two with the utmost celerity returned in pursuit of the soldiers, on whom they came so suddenly and quietly that the man who carried the goat, being a little way behind, was struck down before the others were aware of their pursuers. The sergeant and corporal turned round on the assailants, and the fight commenced. The soldiers were soon reinforced by four of their comrades, but they were worsted, and no fewer than six of them slain by the two heroic and dexterous swordsmen; the seventh made his escape. This affair happened at a place called Lochandruim-an-diemhar, and Mac Pherson, with his companion Mac Intyre, were outlawed for the slaughter. In this state they remained for many years, eluding the schemes devised for their capture, and annoying their enemies by adventurous exploits. Invertromie was an excellent marksman,

and his musket, called the "Thread-gun," was celebrated for its superior goodness. With this piece, lying concealed on the hill, he brought down, from time to time, many soldiers on the ramparts of the castle.

The two fugitives often passed the night in the house of a female, an old favourite of Invertromie; and this circumstance offered to his enemies an apparently fitting opportunity to secure both outlaws. Instead of employing the military, from some motive not explained, Mac Donald of Kepach was induced to undertake the office, and the woman having been liberally bribed, she allowed him and twenty men to conceal themselves in an adjoining barn.

In the evening the guests came as usual; but, thinking to conceal her treachery, she overdid her part, and by shewing much more attention than usual to her friends, the suspicion of Mac Intyre was excited, and he persuaded the unsuspecting Invertromie to go out and reconnoitre.

The Mac Donalds had spread their plaids along the walls inside, to prevent the light through any chink from leading to their discovery, and it having rained heavily during the day, the effluvia from the wet plaids was very perceptible. By creeping softly to the roof of the building they were seen and recognised, as they carelessly reclined themselves around the fire. Prudence would to most men have suggested immediate retreat, but Invertromie determined otherwise; and, having observed that the arms were placed in one end of the house, he and his faithful companion suddenly burst open the door, and placing themselves sword in hand between the party and their weapons, the surprise was so great, that the Mac Donalds had not resolution to act. The moment was improved by Invertromie, who upbraided Kepach with so ungenerous an attempt on members of a friendly clan, and declared that they were both resolved to be cut to pieces rather than be taken. Kepach was moved; he abandoned his intentions, and swore on his dirk never again to molest his unfortunate acquaintance. They then went into the house together, and, having first punished the perfidious woman by placing her *nudo corpore* on hot ashes, they spent the night in friendly enjoyment; and Kepach, who felt ashamed of the part he had acted, posted home next morning with his men as fast as he could. Passing through Laggan, Cluny, chief of the Mac Phersons, who knew of the expedition, went and inquired where his neighbour chief had been, expressing a hope that he had



succeeded in whatever enterprise he had been engaged ; to which Kepach, mortified by reflexion on his own conduct, gave no very satisfactory reply.

After many years spent in this precarious state of existence, during which Invertromie had many narrow escapes, particularly on one occasion when waylaid by two powerful and determined soldiers, one of whom he killed and left the other wounded ; it was thought desirable to get rid of so troublesome a neighbour by any means, and a certain major was instructed to investigate the circumstances, and endeavour to conciliate the dissatisfied Highlanders. One day, lying on the north bank of the Spey, Mac Pherson perceived the major walking on the opposite side, and waiting until he came near, he suddenly arose. The officer was at first alarmed to find himself so close to a fierce-looking Highlander with a gun in his hand, but finding no advantage was taken of his situation, he took out a description or miniature of Invertromie with which he had been provided, and recognising him by this means, he made signs to induce an interview. Invertromie had become weary of his uncomfortable life, and determined to throw himself on the major's honour. He accordingly swam across the river, and actually entered the fortress under his protection. The innkeeper of Ruthven acted as interpreter, and from the account then obtained, the major took a favourable view of the case ; made his report to the proper authorities ; and meantime permitted Mac Pherson to depart on parole. A full pardon and remission of outlawry was obtained, and Thomas of Invertromie lived in peace several years after.

The representative of this house is the son of the late Captain John Mac Pherson, and grandson of Major Charles Mac Pherson, sometime Barrack-master general for Scotland, and is the seventh in descent from the above Thomas.

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*Anecdote of NORMAN MAC LEOD, a Bard, connected with the origin of the song "Caber-feidh."*

The well-known tune called Caber-feidh, or the "Deer's Antlers," in allusion to the armorial bearing of the Mac Kenzies, and the daring action which led to its assumption, is celebrated as the air which cheered on that clan to the frequent victorious charge of the firmest ranks of their enemies. It is said to be the composition of Norman Mac Leod, a native of that wild and beautifully romantic district of Sutherland called Assynt.

This man, who was a bard of some celebrity, composed the poem in praise of Clan Coinnich, and made it the vehicle of bitter sarcasm and invective against the Munroes, who had, in the affair of 1745, been active in favor of the House of Brunswick, and had particularly offended the clan to which Norman was attached, by an inroad, made under a commission from the earl of Sutherland to William Munro of Achany, who, with a body of Gruidich,\* carried off a considerable spraiht† of cattle from Mac Kenzie of Ardloch, in whose family Norman was retained.

For so free an exercise of the privilege of his order, the bard very naturally incurred the high displeasure of that proud tribe, who gloried in their armorial eagle and martial prowess. Munro of Achany, who was a chieftain of one of its subdivisions, was so enraged as to threaten the slaughter of Norman the first time they should meet. Munro, who was distinguished among his countrymen as "Uilleam á Bhonaid uidhre," from a dun-coloured bonnet which he wore, happened one day to enter the Tigh-osda or inn, at Ardguy. Here he found Norman, who was on his way to Balle-Dhuthich or Tain, the county town of Ross, but with whose person he was unacquainted, regaling himself heartily on bread, cheese, butter, and ale. Achany saluted the stranger, and sat down; but Norman, instantly recognising his enemy, rose; and, with the ready wit of a bard, repeated the following rann, or verse, as he drank to Munro, and presented him with the cup:

"Aran, 'us im, 'us cais m'un d'thig am bas air Tormaid, ‡  
'Us deoch do f'hir an rothid's cha ghabh na Rothich §  
fearg ris."

"Bread, butter, and cheese, lest Norman die, and a cup (drink) to the traveller (wayfaring man,) that the Munroes may not feel offended with him."

Achany goodnaturedly accepted the offer, pledged him, and quaffed off the ale, ere he discovered who his courteous acquaintance was; but, having drunk in friendship, and, being highly pleased with the ingenuity of the bard, his wrath was subdued, he cordially gave him the right

\* Men of Gruides, a district of Bræ Chatt.

† Booty, prize.

‡ The Gaelic form of Norman.

§ Ibidem of the Munroes.

hand of fellowship, and continued to respect Mac Leod while he lived.

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*Origin of the name MAC SHIRI.*

The Mac Shirries or Mac Siora are a branch or dependent tribe of the clan Mac Kinnon, and are chiefly found in the island of Mull.

The origin of the name by which they have so long been distinguished seems to be this; and it is perhaps as much from a dislike to the appellation, as from pride in their grand patronymic, that they prefer the designation, and are better known as Mac Kinnons.

According to the tradition, a man of extraordinary agility and swiftness of foot, but it would appear, somewhat of a braggart, was on one occasion running with uncommon celerity. On passing some people, he was accosted by a shrewd old man, who affected not to know him, and wished to show off his wit at the racer's expense. "What name are you known by?" inquired he. "Mac Sior Ruithe,—I am the son, the hard-runner," replied the other, with evident pride. "Nay, rather," quickly returned the old man, "Mac Sior Ruaig,—the son who runs well on a retreat!"

He was ever after known by this appellation, which was also given to his descendants; but the Mac Siories are of course best satisfied with the definition which their swift-footed ancestor gave of his name.

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EPIGRAM.

BY EDWARD WILLIAMS, THE STONEMASON.

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*"Yr aderyn a fegir yn Uffern, yn Uffern y myn drige."*

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He, born and bred in hell, will fain  
A devil still in hell remain.

FLIRTILLA loves the smoky town,  
Filth, bustle, pomp, and calls him clown  
That sees a charm in Nature's face:  
But hear its truth a proverb tell!  
"The monkey, born and bred in hell,  
Prefers to heav'n his native place."

## GAËLIC TRIADS.

*From a Paper read at a Meeting of the Commun na Gaëlic, London.*

THE number three, it is well known, has been by all people reckoned a sacred and mysterious number. It is no wonder therefore that we should find that number connected with the wisdom as well as with the superstitions of all the nations of the old world. Thus we find the number of the Muses was *three times three*; the Graces were *three*; the Parcæ, or Fatal Sisters, of the Greeks and Romans, as well as the Valkiriae of the northern nations, were *three*: there are three incarnations of Vishnu; and in the north of Scotland, the third time is lucky, and three magpies betoken a marriage. Among all nations there was, and there is still, much of their oral wisdom delivered in triads.

The Welsh Triads are celebrated; and though we have not hitherto had any collection of Gaelic triads, there are many such still existing in various parts of Caledonia. The following, and many more, I learned in my infancy.

1. Tri raoghainnean deacair, a thug an t Ollamh Baidaineach do'n Ollamh Abrach—Co diubh a b'fhearr leat de thri mnathan—Bean odhar, bhodhar bhreimneach, na bean leannar, chlannar, choitchiona, na bean stadach bhradach bhreac-luirgneach.

1. *Three difficult choices offered by the Badenach Doctor to the Lochaber Doctor—i. e.* Which of three women of disagreeable qualities, in case of necessity, he would choose: a sallow ill-favoured deaf woman; a tippling, breeding, yet adulterous woman; or a stuttering, thieving, meazle-shinned woman.

Tri Gaothan.

2. Gaoth an aiteamh's Gaoth troimh tholl, s Gaoth nan long ga'n cuir air seol,

Tri Gaothan as fuaire fhuair Fionn,  
Reamh fad'sabha e beo.

2. *Three winds*: Wind before a thaw, wind blowing through a hole, and the wind of ships under sail, were the three coldest winds that Fionn, *i. e.* Fingal, felt during his life.

Tri nithean Sleamhuinn—

3. Teanga Eísge us Easgunn og  
'S leachd-doruis an tige mhoir—

3. *Three slippery things*: A lampooner's tongue, a young eel, and the threshold-stone of a great man's house.

## Tri Donais—

4. Troidh Grinn, 'us beul binn,  
us cioch chorrach, tri donais nighean an Tuathanaich.

4. *Three misfortunes*: A neat foot, a sweet voice, and full round breasts, are the three misfortunes of a peasant's daughter.

## Tri nithean a dh' fhosglas cridhe duine—

5. Miodal Flatha, manran mnatha, 's bhi'g ol *corma*  
re latha.

5. *Three things that can extract its secrets from a man's heart*: The flattery of a superior, the blandishments of a woman, and drinking *curmi* for a whole day.

## Tri nithean thig gun.

6. Gaol, Iadach, 'us Eaglae.

6. *Three things which come unsought are*: Love, jealousy, and fear.

DONALD MACMHURICH.

“ What aileth thee, O thou sea, that thou fleddest? thou Jordan,  
that thou wast driven back.—PSALM cxiv. 5.

JEHOVAH's ark, when on the banks it stood,  
Deep Jordan paus'd, and backward rush'd the flood  
In wild amazement, murmuring to its source,  
To stand in awe, and stay its rapid course.  
For Israel's God goes by—even He, whose frown,  
On proud Mizraim hurl'd destruction down.  
His mighty arm, the sea beheld and fled,  
Asunder foam'd, and bared its delug'd bed;  
The foe pursued, and dar'd the sacred tack.  
Jehovah glanc'd—the conscious sea roll'd back;  
And Egypt's king, his chariots, and his host,  
Engulph'd below, were all for ever lost.  
Along Philistia ran the wondrous fame,  
Fierce Idumea trembled at the name,  
Majestic Sinai rock'd beneath his feet,  
The earth in dread its awful God to meet;  
The startled heavens with lightning-wildness gleam'd;  
And flinty rocks their hidden waters stream'd;  
The chosen race triumphant take their land,  
While Jordan's mighty flood in heaps astonish'd stand.

ERYON GWYLLT WALIA.

## SONG.

TRANSLATED BY EDWARD WILLIAMS, THE STONE-MASON.

*From the Welsh of MORGAN GRUFFUDD,\* who flourished about the year 1680.*

I, ROUS'D by the lark of the morn,  
 Arose, and the groves were in tune;  
 Whilst caroll'd the thrush on her thorn,  
 I pluck'd the sweet roses of June;  
 The dew-drops like gems in the vale,  
 The privet that bloom'd in my way,  
 With eglantine scenting the gale,  
 Breath'd health on the summer's new day.

'Twas a voice from some nook of the dell,  
 'Twas borne by rapt echoes along;  
 O! I heard the soft melody swell,  
 'Twas ecstasy chanting her song:  
 In strain'd emulation confess'd,  
 The warblers were charm'd in the grove;  
 And, thrilling, I felt in my breast  
 The madden'd confusion of love.

My Sylvia, my Phyllis, my fair,  
 My charmer, say what is thy name?  
 To thy lonely recess I repair,  
 With my heart, with my soul, in a flame;  
 To clasp thee, dear nymph, in my arms,  
 On pinions of passion I fly;  
 A martyr to love and thy charms,  
 I'll gaze on thy beauties and die.

I thus thought her, I cannot tell how,  
 More bright than the monarch of day;  
 With bosom far whiter than snow,  
 Than hawthorns high-blooming in May:  
 The lily, the sweet blushing rose,  
 On her cheek were in beauty combin'd;  
 But still, far superior to those,  
 I fancy'd the charms of her mind.

\* Morgan Gruffudd was one of the most lively poets of his time. He was a regular Bard, for his name appears in a list of thirteen that were assembled in a Gorsedd (Congress) held at Bewper Castle, in Glamorgan, under the patronage of Sir Richard Basset, Bart. in the year 1681.

O! the strange fascination of song,  
 Led on by the magical sound,  
 I speedful went panting along  
 To the place where my songstress I found ;  
 But, struck with a shaming surprise,  
 That stifled the flame in my breast,  
 I saw, with fell wrath in her eyes,  
 The form of a demon confess'd.

In passion's high fervours I burn'd,  
 A lover wild ranting amain :  
 But cur'd of my grief I return'd,  
 Mad fancy, to laugh at thy pain ;  
 With frenzy that reason discards,  
 Thou canst not a moment be cool ;  
 Thou parent of lovers and bards,  
 I'm still in thy fetters a fool !

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GAELIC PROVERBS.

“ Is diù teine fearn ùr :  
 Is diù 'n duine mi-ruin :  
 Is diù dibhe fian sean :  
 Is diù an domhain droch bhean.”

The worst fuel for a fire is green alder.  
 The bane of mankind is malice.  
 The worst liquor is stale wine.  
 The worst thing in the world is a bad wife.

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“ Cha'n 'eil tuile feum aun gliocas au duine bhoichd no palieam  
 am fasach.”

The wisdom of the poor man is as useless as a palace in a wilderness.



## OLION=UILEGAN.

## ON THE DRUIDICAL REMAINS IN PERTHSHIRE.

THE highlands and *braes* of Perthshire abound with monuments and names commemorative of the Patriarchal or Druidical worship, which, there can be no doubt, at one time exclusively prevailed over the whole island. This distinction they probably owe, partly to the slower progress of civilization in these till of late years sequestered districts. and partly to the preservation of the language in common use, which was either contemporaneous with the system of worship referred to, or which was current while the memory of that system was yet as fresh in the public mind as the remains of its temples, groves or *coirs*, and its deep-seated superstitions, could preserve it. From the circumstance of the ruins of these temples being almost uniformly found on eminences, either remarkable in themselves for beauty of situation, or commanding views of the most extensive and varied character, it would seem as if the appellation of the "high places of Baal" had been literally as well as figuratively applied. The view from the Druidical ruins on the south-west side of Ben-vracky, at the south entrance to the pass of Killiecrankie, is perhaps the most varied and romantic which the scenery of the Scottish Highlands offers: that from Tully-Bealtane, an eminence a few miles west from the pass from the south to Dunkeld, if not so picturesque, is of a still more extensive character. This is called at this day by the highlanders "Tulloch-Baal-teine," or the Mount of Baal's Fire. Within the range of this latter eminence three *hills of Baal* are distinctly visible; one due south on the northern chain of the Ochills, another on that of the Sidlaws, and a third on one of the Bens which terminate the fertile vale of Strathearn in the west.

Many of the names of places and districts in the carse of Gowrie are purely Celtic; and their etymology, if carefully traced, would not only be interesting, but would throw light on the natural history of a district, which must have undergone many changes since their present Celtic names were appropriately bestowed. To encourage the local antiquary, a few of the most obvious derivatives, connected with the Druidical remains in the parish of Kilspindie, may at present be noted.

The "Hill of Beal," in the parish referred to, forms the most conspicuous and lofty eminence on that range of the Sidlaws which bounds the carse of Gowrie on the north. On the summit of this hill there is a level area, sufficiently large to contain a body of six thousand men. The view from this spot is of the most extensive character, comprehending no less than eight counties. About two hundred yards east of this point, a circle

of Druidical stones has given the name of Clachanah to a small eminence on which they stand. That these are the remains of places of religious worship there can be little question; the opinion is corroborated by the fact, that a church is to this day often called Clachan (or the *Stones*) in the Celtic language. Still farther east from Beal's Hill is a perpendicular rock bearing the name of *Craig Greine*, or the Rock of the Sun.

Without entering upon the controversial point, whether the heavenly bodies were worshipped *on their own account*, or merely as symbolical of a greater power, it is sufficient at present to remark, that there can be no question that the sun was considered as an object of religious veneration by the Druids. The fires which were kindled by them on Hallowe'en were termed *Samanach*; and the torches which continue still to be carried about by boys on that evening, receive the same name in the Highland districts. It may be observed, that *Shems* or *Shemis*, is the Persian and Syriac name for the sun; *Sam* is also a name for that luminary in the Celtic language.

About half a mile to the east of *Craig Greine* is another large circle of stones, in one of which are several artificial cavities to receive the pure dew of heaven; another circle stands on an eminence about a mile south from the same rock. At *Bandirran*, probably *Ben-na-Draun*, or *Druid's Mount*, there is a fourth circle of similar ruins. About half a mile from the summit of *Beal's Hill* is *Dritch muir*, or *Druid's muir*, part of which was lately ploughed up, which to all appearance had not been under cultivation for many centuries. On breaking up a small tulloch or hillock, in search of stones for fences, a large cairn was discovered, covered over with turf about a foot in thickness. The cairn was exactly circular, measuring about 24 feet diameter, and contained 130 load of stones; underneath, and about the centre of the circle, was a small pit, about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet square and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  foot deep, faced up on the sides with freestone, and paved on the bottom. This pit contained no vestige of inhumation excepting a little fine mould. A number of small cairns surrounded this spot, which, when examined, were found to contain large quantities of ashes and human bones half burnt, mixed promiscuously with the stones; leaving nothing, however, to throw light on the disputed point, whether the Druids, at such places, offered human sacrifices, or used the ground as a place of common sepulture.

In this parish stands the village of *Pitrodie*, *Pit*, *Druidie*, the graves or burial-places of the Druids. On a rising ground, in the same neighbourhood, a number of ancient graves have lately been found; some below cairns, and others near the surface of the ground, composed of four large stones, forming the sides, top and bottom, and not lying in any uniform or regular direction.

*Arnbathie*, *Ar-n-Faidhe*, or *Seer's field*, is situated about a

mile west from Druid's moor. A little to the north is the Shian hill, from Sighean or Fairies, its supposed inhabitants. That the belief in the agency of genii formed part of the Druidical mythology is very probable; for sufficient evidence exists at this day that the Druids made amulets as preservatives against the machinations of evil spirits; and to this part of their mythology we are no doubt indebted for the subject of many a legendary tale. The spells framed by the judicial astrologers were the genuine successors of the amulets in succeeding ages: and may we not trace, in the bag of camphor suspended round the neck of children during periods of apprehended danger from infectious diseases, the influence of the same superstition, modified to the age of enlightenment in which we now live?

A lofty hill, about a mile west from Arnbathie, is called Suldry, and may have taken this name from its summit having been used as an observatory by the Druids. Seall, in Celtic pronounced *houll*,\* means to behold; and, without doing much violence to the etymon of Kinnoull, it may be rendered the End Observatory. Suldry, or Seall Draoi, may also be translated Druid's Observatory, and Craig-oull, the Rock Observatory. Thus, these prominent points on the range of hills proceeding from Perth eastward, still retain the same name in Gaelic, which constitutes the name of the whole line of the Sidlaw, in the language still spoken in that part of the country.

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*To the Editors of the Cambrian and Caledonian Quarterly Magazine.*

GENTLEMEN,

As your respectable publication is intended as a medium of furnishing correct information on all subjects connected with the Principality, I hope you will excuse me for trespassing briefly on your attention in a matter that involves the religious character of the inhabitants of Cardiganshire. The talented writer of the History of Cardiganshire, Sir R. Meyrick, is so highly esteemed that, from a deep sense of my inferiority to him, I feel reluctant to offer any observations of mine, in contradiction to his statements; but, finding in his history of that county an error, arising, I am confident, from false information, but calculated in no small degree to injure the religious character of the inhabitants, I cannot repress the feelings of a Cymro, and must therefore venture to assert that, in one instance, the learned gentleman alluded to has been very incorrect. In page 129 of the Introduction to his history, when speaking of the weddings, biddings, &c., he says: "Saturday is always fixed on for the marriage cere-

\* *Seall* is "to behold;" *sheall*, "beheld," is pronounced as above: *selw* is the Welsh.

mony," &c. and page 132, "The Sunday being come, the bride and bridegroom's business is to stay at home all day, and receive goodwill and *pwython*." This day is called "*neitheor*." "They receive more money this day than Saturday," &c. "On Monday morning the drink is exhausted," &c. The History of Cardiganshire was published twenty-five years ago; and I have questioned many old inhabitants of the county, some of them above eighty years of age, and they tell me that they never heard of a bidding or marriage being held on the Lord's day. I have myself lived many years in the county, and travelled almost every part of it, and I never heard of such a thing. "*Saturday*," says the learned gentleman, "is *always* fixed on for the marriage ceremony." Now it is well known to all that have had occasion to notice the circumstance, that scarcely in *one* instance out of a *thousand* a wedding takes place on that day, some of the more ignorant having a prejudice against it, and others viewing it, if a bidding is intended to be held, as approaching too near the sacred day of rest. "They receive more money on this (Sunday) than Saturday." "Monday morn the drink is exhausted." This represents the inhabitants of Cardiganshire as guilty of scandalous and infamous profanation of the Lord's day, transacting business and tipping the whole of Sunday, so that on Monday the drink is all exhausted. I have never heard in the whole course of my life of the sabbath's being unhallowed by a bidding or marriage held on it; and I venture to say that Sir S. Meyrick has, as relates to this matter, suffered himself to be strangely misguided. That he would have slurred the fame of the less dignified classes of society in this county, out of spite or prejudice, I cannot for a moment suppose; but I am quite at a loss to conjecture from whence he could have derived his authority in this particular. Minute and diligent inquiry ought to have been resorted to in a matter involving so serious a charge. If so indecent a *deviation* from propriety, as to hold a bidding on the sabbath, could have accidentally occurred in some less civilized district of the county, which circumstance I cannot, from the many inquiries I have made on the subject, persuade myself to have been possible; this should not in fairness have been the cause of charging the whole county with the disgraceful practice, in a dissertation on the *customs*, habits, and manners of its people.

"In the face of light," and impressed with the propriety of maintaining, according to the old Bardic motto "*y gwin yn erbyn y byd*," Truth against the world,—I venture to say that this is an incorrect representation of the religious character of the inhabitants of Cardiganshire, and ought, in justice to them, to be as widely contradicted, as, through the rightly earned fame of the writer referred to, it has been widely diffused.

Exonerating, as I cordially do, the highly talented writer of the History of Cardiganshire, from any dishonorable intentions,

fully appreciating the merits of his work, upon the whole; and well knowing that he has drank too deeply of the Pierean spring, to consider himself beyond the reach of imperfection, I hope he will excuse the liberty I have taken, and pardon the warmth of a *Cymro* in the defence of his native land: gwlad ei enedyaeth.

I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

DANIEL EVANS,  
*Fellow of Jes. Coll. Oxon.*

*Maesmynach, Cardiganshire;*  
*May 24, 1833.*

SIRS,

IN looking over an old Welsh Magazine called *Eurgrawn Cymraeg*, published at Caermarthen in the year 1770, by one Evan Thomas, of Montgomeryshire, I happened to meet with the following account of the manner in which Edward I. prevailed on the Welsh to take his son Edward II. as their prince, and which I have translated, for the benefit of your readers, particularly as it gives the same interpretation of the prince of Wales's motto as that which was sent you some time ago by "Paris." I am, sirs, yours, &c.

ARVON.

*March 23, 1833.*

After the death of Llewelyn ap Griffith, the last prince of Wales, of the ancient British line, Edward the First sent to the principal gentlemen of Wales, to demand their attendance, in order to swear true allegiance to him, and submit themselves henceforward to his government as good and faithful subjects. After having held a short consultation together, they informed the messenger that they would never submit to any prince except one of their own nation, and one of unimpeachable life and character, and one who could converse with them in their own language. When the king perceived they were so resolute and determined, and that it would be impossible to make them submit by force or compulsion, he contrived to obtain their submission by the following stratagem. It happened that Queen Eleanor was at that time within a few months of her confinement; he therefore dispatched proper persons to England, in order to bring her down to Wales as expeditiously as possible, though it was then in the depth of winter. The queen accordingly obeyed the summons, and came with all speed to the castle of Carnarvon, as she had been requested; and, in a short time afterwards, she was there safely delivered of the first prince of Wales of the English line. Soon afterwards, the king summoned together all the Welsh chieftains, the gentlemen of the greatest weight and influence in the Principality, and informed them, that as they had expressed a wish to have a countryman of their own for their prince, and

as he was under the necessity of leaving them for a short time, he would name as his representative a person of the description they had requested, if they would promise faithfully to obey him and take him for their prince: they unanimously declared they would most readily take a countryman of their own for their prince. The king then informed them that he was about to propose such a person for their acceptance. "He is a Welshman," said he, "and cannot speak a word of English; and as to his life and conduct," observed the king, "no one can find fault with either, for he is innocence itself." Then taking his son in his arms, he presented him to them; and, having requested to know the Welsh for "this is your man," he said, as well as he could pronounce the words, "Ich dien" (eich dyn). The same account is also given by the author of "Drych y Prif Œscædd.

Giraldus Cambrensis informs us, that Archbishop Baldwin, in his Peregrination through Wales, preaching the crusades, A. D. 1188, lodged a night at the following places, viz. Radnor, Hay, Landew near Brecon, Usk, Caerleon, Newport, Landaff, Cowbridge, Margam Abbey, Swansea, Casluchwr, Kidwelly, Carmarthen, Whitland alias Alba Landa or Ty Gwyn ar Dave, Harfordwest, St. David's, St. Dogmael Abbey or Llan Dudoch, Cardigan, Lampeter, Llanddewi Brevi, Strata Florida alias Ystrad Flur, Llanbadarn Fawr, Aber Doir Towyn, Merioneth, Barmouth, Llan Fair juxta Harlec, (across the sands to Nevin,) Bangor, Conway, Rhuddlan, Basingverk, Chester.

Would it not be possible to trace the route of the Earl of Richmond through South and North Wales to Bosworth Field. He slept a night at David ap Evan's, of Llwyn Dafydd, in the parish of Llan Dysilio Gogo, in Cardiganshire; and also at Eineon ap David Lloyd's, of Wern Newydd, in the parish of Llanarth, in the same county.

Can any of your correspondents supply the intermediate stages between the above and Mathavarn near Machynlleth, where he remained a night with the celebrated bard, David Llwyd ap Llywellyn ap Griffith. From thence he proceeded to Llan Idloes, Newtown, Welsh Pool, Montgomery, Oswestry, Shrewsbury, &c.

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HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

*To the Editors of the Cambrian and Caledonian Quarterly Magazine.*

SIRS,

YOUR correspondent "Uwchgorfai," who in the last number of your work, (which I am glad to see so much increasing in interest and circulation,) labours to establish a Welsh origin to "a part" of the motto of the order of the Garter, states he has "searched in vain in the French vocabulary for a

definite meaning to the word "honi." If he has found the word at all (in modern "vocabularies" he probably would not), he cannot surely be in doubt about its meaning; if so, I believe the "Dictionnaire de l'Académie" will set him right.

*Honi*, properly *honn*i, is the participle p. of *honnir*, meaning to dishonour, to shame, or to put to shame. Permit me therefore, for the benefit of "Uwchgorfai, to state that the *literal* translation of "Honi soit qui mal y pense," is "dishonoured be he who thinks evil of it." I trust he will not "think evil" of my demolishing his Welsh etymology.

Broad Street;  
April 17, 1833.

J. C.

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*To the Editors of the Cambrian and Caledonian Quarterly Magazine.*

GENTLEMEN,

ON the presumed direction of Offa's Dyke through the county of Hereford, I beg leave to state, that it is clearly to be traced for a considerable distance across the top of Rushock Mountain, which joins the sheepwalks above Eywood, the seat of the Earl of Oxford, near Titley. It is also to be traced round the summit of a contiguous hill, called Hadoc; but I believe that cultivation has wholly obliterated the marks of the course it took when it descended the mountain, and went on towards Pembridge.

Many fields and places near Titley still bear Welch names, as Rhiwlas, Bod y lan; others, though corrupted, may be proved to have Welch origin, and others again that are combined with English, as Isha Leys, Hen Paddock, &c.

I am, gentlemen, respectfully yours,  
April 15, 1833. E. B. C. G.

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*To the Editors of the Cambrian and Caledonian Quarterly Magazine.*

GENTLEMEN,

HAVING observed in the last number of your valuable Magazine, a copy of that remarkable inscription in Conway church, upon the tomb of Nicholas Hookes, I am prompted to request that you will rescue from oblivion, by insertion in your pages, one, which beginning to be obliterated, needs, like it, to be "*revived*," and which, like it, bears most curious testimony to the extension of puerperal power even to the "Sexagenary fair ones and upwards," (to borrow Lord Chesterfield's language,) of our native land, in the 17th century.

The following is the inscription I allude to, which I have



copied from a tomb-stone near the chancel, in Llandydnoſ church, in the county of Denbigh, and which has excited the astonishment of ſeveral medical gentlemen to whom I have ſhown it.

HERE LIES INTERRED, SEPTEMBER 7th, 1762,  
HENRY POWELL, OF GLANYWERN, GENT.  
HE MARRIED ELIZABETH, DAUGHTER OF LLOYD, OF  
LLANGWIFEN, ESQ.  
BY WHOM HE HAD NINE SONS AND EIGHT DAUGHTERS.  
JANY. 12th, 1691. HERE ALSO LIES BURIED  
ELIZABETH, THE WIDOW OF THE SAID HENRY POWELL,  
AGED 88. WHO LIVED FORTY-FOUR YEARS  
AFTER THE BIRTH OF HER FIRST CHILD, JOHN POWELL.  
THIS FACT IS VERIFIED BY THE REGISTER OF THE  
PARISH.

This record, that a woman ſhould have become the mother of ſeventeen children ſubſequent to her 44th year, being one of ſo extraordinary a character, I proceeded to examine the register for its verification, when I found the ſeveral births and baptiſms of the children (none of whom were twins,) entered year by year from Sept. 14, 1646, to Nov. 16, 1670; at which latter date this venerable matron muſt have nearly, if not quite, completed her 68th year.

Your Conway correſpondent remarks of the Hookeſ' family, that, notwithstanding their extraordinary fecundity at that period, their name is now extinct, and there is not one who can trace his deſcent from them. Such has not been quite the fate of the Powell's; their name has certainly become extinct, but, by the marriage of Catherine, great-granddaughter of this celebrated lady, and only child and heiress of Henry Powell, of Glangwern, Eſq. with my grandfather, Hugh Clough of Plâs-Clough, Eſq. her deſcendants have again been multiplied.

I am, gentlemen, your obedient ſervant,  
*Jesus College, Oxford;* ALFRED B. CLOUGH.  
*May 4, 1833.*

SIRS,

As I was looking over ſome old papers lately, I diſcovered the following, which you will probably be induced to admit into your pages. It appears, from Mr. Rowlands's Parochial Hiſtory of the Commod. of Menai, that at one time the Welch princes had a palace manor at Roſhir, (afterwards called Newborough,) in Angleſey, as well as at Aberfrawen, in the ſame county.

“ DEAR JOHN,

July 10, 1788.

“ I accidentally met with the following copy of the charter of Newborough, and, as you live at and belong to the borough of Newborough, (originally called Llan Bedr yn Rhos-hir,) it may give you some satisfaction, and will show the antiquity of its privileges. By an Act of Parliament made anno 27 Hen. VIII's. reign, the 12 counties, and as many towns in Wales, were imprivileg'd and summon'd to send members to parliament. The first return for the borough of the county of Anglesea was anno 33 Hen. VIII. and the second, anno 1st Edward VI. for Newborough; but, being exempted afterwards by another Act of Parliament, anno 2d Edw. VI. they were afterwards limited to Beaumaris. In the reign of Hen. VIII. Richard ap Rhydderx, of Myvyrian, Esq. was returned member for Newborough. In Edw. VI. John ap Robert Lloyd, of —, Esq.

Hen. VIII. was born anno 1491; died anno 1547; and reigned 38 years.

Edward VI. his son, by Jane Seymour, succeeded him, and reign'd six years.

Your very humble servant,

OWEN OWENS,

Formerly Curate of Newborough.

To Mr. John Hughes,  
Newborough.

Amongst the records of Chancery preserved in the tower of London, to wit, the Rolls of Letters Patent of the fourth year of the reign of King Henry the Sixth, after the Conquest, p. 1, m. 16, is the following:—“ Of the Confirmation of the Charter granted to the men of the King's town of Newborough, in Anglesey :

“ The King. To all to whom these present Letters shall come greeting, &c. We have inspected the Letters Patent of our most dear Lord and Father the King, deceas'd, whilst he was prince of Wales, made in these words : Henry, eldest son of the illustrious King of England, Prince of Wales, Duke of Aquitain, Lancaster, and Cornwall, Earl of Chester, to all to whom these present Letters shall come greeting—We have inspected the Charter of Confirmation of the Lord Richard II. late King of England, after the Conquest, made in these words : Richard, by the grace of God, King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland, (Dominus Hiberniæ,) to all to whom these present Letters shall come greeting—We have inspected the Charter of Confirmation which the Lord Edward, late King of England, our grandfather, caus'd to be made in these words : Edward, by the grace of God, King of England, Lord of Ireland, and Duke of Aquitain; to all to whom these present Letters shall come greeting—We have inspected the Charter which we granted before we undertook the government of our realm, whilst we were Prince of Wales, to the

men of our town of Newborough, in Anglesea, in these words : Edward, son of the illustrious King of England, Prince of Wales, Earl of Chester, Poitou, and Montreuil, to all to whom these present Letters shall come greeting—Know ye then we have granted, and by this our Charter have confirm'd, to the men of our town of Newborough, in Anglesea, that the said town in future shall be a free borough, and that the men inhabiting the same borough shall be free burgesses, and that they shall have a Guild Merchant, with hall, and with all liberties and free customs to a free borough appertaining, to wit, such as our free burgesses of Rothelan (Rhuddlan) have in their borough ; wherefore we will, and firmly do enjoin, for us and our heirs, that the aforesaid town shall be a free borough, and that the men inhabiting the same borough shall be free burgesses, and that they shall have a Guild Merchant, with house, and with all liberties and free customs, viz. such as our free burgesses of Rothelan have in their borough as aforesaid. These witnesses the venerable Father Anthony, bishop of Durham, the Lord John of Brittany our kinsman, Robert de Clifford, Peter de Mawley, John de Havering, Roger Brabazon, William Inge, and others.—Given by our hand at Durham, the 3d day of May, in the thirty-first year of the reign of the Lord the King our Father;\* and we the grant and confirmation aforesaid esteeming stedfast and proper, the same for us and our heirs, to the burgesses of the said borough of Newborough, and their heirs and successors, do grant and confirm, as the charter aforesaid doth testify. In witness whereof we have caused these our letters to be made patent.—Witness myself at Fulmer, the twenty-seventh day of April, in the seventeenth year of our reign. And we the grants and confirmations aforesaid esteeming stedfast and proper, the same for us and our heirs, to the burgesses of the said borough of Newborough and their heirs and successors, do grant and confirm, as the charter aforesaid reasonably doth testify, and as the same burgesses and men of that borough, and their ancestors, the liberties and immunities aforesaid, from the time of the making of the charter aforesaid, always hitherto reasonably have used and enjoyed. In witness whereof we have caused these our letters to be made patent. Witness myself at Westminster, the third day of June, in the second year of our reign. And we the grant and confirmation esteeming stedfast and proper, the same for us and our heirs, to the burgesses of the said borough of Newborough and their heirs and successors, as much as in us is—we do accept, approve and confirm, as the charter and letters aforesaid reasonably do testify, and as the same burgesses and men of that borough and their ancestors, the liberties and immunities aforesaid, from the time of the making of the charter aforesaid, always

\* *Viz.* A.D. 1303.

hitherto reasonably have used and enjoyed. In witness whereof we have caused these our letters to be made patent. Given at our manor of Kennington, the twenty-seventh day of February, in the second year of the reign of our most dread Lord and Father, the above-mentioned King. And we the letters patent of the said liberties, free customs and immunities not recalled, by the advice and assent of the Lords spiritual and temporal in our parliament at Westminster, in the first year of our reign held, do approve, ratify and confirm, as the letters aforesaid reasonably do testify, and as the same burgesses, the liberties, free customs and immunities, from the time of the making of the letters aforesaid, reasonably have been accustomed to use and enjoy. In witness whereof, witness the King at Westminster, the 16th day of November.—By writ of Privy Seal.

SOME years ago, two horns were exhibited at Llan Ddewi Brevi, in Cardiganshire, which were called "*cyrn yr yxain Bannog*," i. e. the horns of the large or celebrated oxen. The legend respecting them was as follows: A lake in that part of the country was occupied by a large monster, by some called *avanc*, a beaver, by others *y ddraig*, the dragon, which infested the neighbourhood, and committed great depredations. At last, by the united efforts of the inhabitants, it was speared and wounded, and the *yxain bannog* were fastened to it, in order to draw it out, which eventually they succeeded in doing; but their exertions had been so great, that one of them died in consequence, and his partner lowed so mightily for the loss of his companion, that the mountain was rent in twain, and the place, from that circumstance was denominated Llan Ddewi Brevi, i. e. St. David's of the Lowing or Bellowing. The above traditional tale is supposed to be allegorical, and to allude to the confutation of Pelagianism at the synod of Brevi, about the year 522, by the two archbishops, St. Dubricius (*Duvig*) and St. David. According to this interpretation the two archbishops were the *yxain Bannog*, or celebrated Oxen, and Pelagius (*Morgan*) was the monster. The wonderful tale of the dividing of the mountain must be attributed to the same origin as that which reports that the ground on which St. David stood, in order to preach to the assembled multitude at the synod, upheaved, and most miraculously elevated itself to the size of a pretty high hill under the holy man's feet; namely, to the superstitious credulity of the age, which greedily swallowed all kinds of legendary tales and monkish fictions.

PETER BAYLEY WILLIAMS.

*Havod, Carnarvon; May 1, 1833.*

SIRS,

As Dr. John David Rees's Latin-Welsh Grammar, printed in 1592, a most curious and elaborate work, is now become very scarce and difficult to be obtained; and, as the preface is in

Welsh, and contains many interesting particulars, a translation of it would, no doubt, be acceptable to many of your readers.

Yours, &c.

PANT.

“To the noblemen, gentlemen, bards, lovers of the Welsh language, and others of my beloved countrymen of the nation of the Cymry (Cimbri), and to all others who may read the following work, greeting, and wishing them all health and prosperity.

“There is scarcely one language in all Europe and its islands, as far as I have been able to discover, which has not from time to time been cultivated and improved by the scholars and learned inhabitants of those countries, except the ancient Welsh, our own mother-tongue, which now of late has received some little cultivation and improvement from some few learned and good men of the present age, and that, principally, for the purpose of translating the Bible into our own language.\* For if we look about us, and examine what has been the conduct of other nations, such as the Greeks and the Romans, we shall find that there is scarcely any learning or knowledge, any art or science, which has been discovered by man, that has not appeared in their books, and been published to the world; so that all Europe is full of their learned works, and the authors thereof not only celebrated, but immortalized throughout all ages. And, next to these, if we survey the other nations of Europe in general, such as the Italians, the Spaniards, the French, the Germans, the English, the Scotch, and many others which might be mentioned, all of whom have paid particular attention to their native languages; and their learned men have so far cultivated and improved them, that there is scarcely one of them that does not contain all the learning, information, and knowledge, and all the arts and sciences, for which the two nations beforementioned are so celebrated. And the books published by these learned men, in their different languages, will not only continue to do them credit for their assiduity and various acquirements, but will also remain as everlasting monuments of the improved taste of those different nations, and their advanced state of civilization. But, as for us Welshmen, we may observe, that many of our countrymen are become so vain, so proud, so conceited and affected, and so negligent of every thing that is patriotic, and so ignorant of their own language, and so attached to every thing that is foreign and exotic, and consequently, so different from most other nations, that if they have been but for a short time out of their own country, they pretend to have nearly forgotten their own native language; and, if they condescend to make an attempt to speak it, they do in so conceited and affected a manner, that their former ac-

\* The first Welsh Testament was translated by William Salesbury and Dr. Richard Davies, bishop of St. David's, and was published in 1567; the whole Bible, by Bishop Morgan, appeared in 1588, folio; and another edition, by Bishop Parry, in 1620.

quaintance are astonished to hear them, and feel quite ashamed of them; and at the same time that they affect to despise their own native language, they take a pride in attempting to speak English, French, and Italian, or some other foreign tongue, when at the same time they are but very imperfectly acquainted with those foreign languages, and by no means capable of conversing in them either fluently, elegantly, or grammatically. But these vain shallow upstarts may be justly considered as a degenerate race and the scum of the nation, the very refuse and outcasts of society; and those persons who are desirous to abolish and utterly to extinguish the Welsh language, and to substitute the English in its place, are deserving of no better treatment, nor can they be considered as worthy of any regard, or be held in any higher estimation: for this, in truth, can never be accomplished without utterly destroying the Welsh nation, and establishing English colonies in all the Cambrian districts; and it is impossible to avoid comparing such a degenerate race to a number of cuckolds, who would knowingly and willingly quit their own dwellings, and the company of their lawful wives, and suffer some abandoned wretches to contaminate their beds. Persons of this description will be ready enough (no doubt) to find fault with my work, and blame me for undertaking what they will be inclined to consider an useless publication, notwithstanding, it is intended for the benefit of my countrymen, to do honour to Wales, and to improve and perpetuate the language; and no better method can be devised for preserving it, than that of composing and publishing a good, useful, and correct grammar, for thus the Hebrew, the Greek, the Latin, the Arabic, Chaldee, &c. were preserved from being corrupted and utterly destroyed. And I may venture to assert, (not by way of boasting, but in self-defence,) that none of those vain pretenders, who are ashamed of their country, and well may their country be ashamed of them, notwithstanding they may be very ready to find fault with this work, can neither correct the errors, rectify what is wrong, nor supply what may be deficient; neither can they compose or write anything themselves, were they put to the proof, equal to the most deficient or objectionable parts of this publication. And these would-be critics and pretended scholars, and the mere abortions of their native land, may be justly compared to a surly, ill-natured cur, who will neither gnaw the bone himself, nor suffer any other dog to have it. But I would advise these people, and others of a similar disposition, not to trouble their heads about this book, but, in God's name, let it alone, and take no more notice of it, and say no more about it, than if it had never been written, or the author of it had never been born; for this book was not written, nor the work undertaken, for the benefit of such captious individuals, but for the use of those good, and learned, and great men; who are well skilled in their

native language, and may be disposed from time to time to correct in a kind and friendly manner, those mistakes which they may be able to discover in it. And may they so polish and improve our old venerable language, that it may, by their patronage, exertions, and endeavours, be brought again to its pristine glory, celebrity, elegance, and expressiveness. This was my sole object and intention, my beloved countrymen, in undertaking this tedious and difficult work, and not from any pride or vanity, or any high opinion of my own abilities, nor with any view of profit, applause, or renown; and, be it known unto you, that I have been for many years patiently waiting and expecting to see whether some other person, better qualified and more capable than myself, would undertake such an useful and necessary work; and as I could not find that any one was about to commence such an undertaking, or to do such an act of kindness for his countrymen, and perceiving at the same time that our language, on that account, was likely to be neglected, or to perish, for want of proper cultivation and attention, and that its enemies, in all probability, would soon have an opportunity of triumphing and rejoicing at its fall, I was at last in a manner compelled to do what I could for my nation and country, in order to draw the attention of the learned to the many beauties of our old mother-tongue; and the many curious remains still concealed in numerous Welsh mss. now fast hastening to decay in the chests and libraries of those who do not seem dispos'd to publish, or to permit others to peruse and examine them. Such were my views in performing what little I have done; and, as it is very difficult, and almost impossible, to bring a work of this kind to a state of perfection the first time it has been attempted, so I hope my countrymen will excuse the deficiencies and imperfections they may discover in it, and take the will for the deed; and I trust that, in time, some other person, better qualified, may finish what I have begun, and supply what may be found deficient, and correct and amend whatever may be found wrong in this publication: for it is a well-known maxim, that no work, and no art or science, can be brought at once to a state of perfection; and, when it is considered what difficulties and disadvantages I had to contend with in composing one of the first Welsh grammars, the reader must not be surpris'd if he should discover many imperfections in it; and it is impossible not to remark that great blame is attached to the Welsh bards, and other persons well skilled in the Welsh language, for having so long neglected it, and suffered it to decay, and to fall into disuse, and thus almost to die a natural death; for these are the persons to whom we naturally look up for its cultivation and improvement: and I cannot help observing, that many of these gentlemen, who had valuable books and mss. in their possession, were anxious, on every opportunity, of displaying their superior knowledge, and



took particular care to conceal the source from whence they derived their information; and thus, from a selfish disposition, and over-tenaciousness of these valuable treasures, many excellent books and mss. were destroyed, having fallen, after the deaths of their possessors, into the hands of those who did not understand them, and, consequently, knew not the value of them.

*(To be continued.)*

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**A VETERAN.**—There is now living at Chester county, Pennsylvania, Andrew Wallace, a native of Inverness, who was born the 14th of March, 1730, and is, consequently, 103 years of age. He fought on the Stuart side at the battle of Culloden, and went to America in 1752, where he was appointed orderly sergeant, and was engaged in several of the battles of the Revolution. In 1814 he was discharged, at the age of eighty-four, as unfit for service; and has lately been in Washington, soliciting an augmentation of his pension of 26 cents per day, having a wife and two children to support, the youngest of whom is only 15 years of age!

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## S O N G.

BY MR. DONALD MAC PHERSON,

*A Native of the Parish of Laggan, in Badenoch, Inverness-shire.*

Hail, hail, lovely Laggan, thou sole spot of earth  
Whose mem'ry my bosom could never forego,  
My own native valley where rapture and mirth  
Were once mine; but, alas, 'twas twice ten years ago.  
Then hail! thy rude, bold, and sublime tow'ring mountains,  
With bosoms of heath-bloom, and summits of snow,  
All hail! thy pure streams, and thy clear bubbling fountains,  
As bright as I left them twice ten years ago.

Ah! gay days of life, when the hours danced along  
 To the bowers of pleasure, midst roses in bloom!  
 To groves by young fancy enlivened with song,  
 And waving with breezes of balm and perfume!  
 But those days are gone by, and the finger of Care  
 Has wrinkled my forehead, and silver'd my brow;  
 Yet, sweet's the remembrance of pleasures that were,  
 In life's cloudless May-day, twice ten years ago.

And yonder's the bank, by the wild winding rill,  
 Where labour reclined in the calm hour of eve;  
 And wonder'd and listen'd, till breathing stood still,  
 To legends and fiction I lov'd to believe.  
 And the bank is still green, and its flow'rets are seen  
 Reflected as fair in the mirror below;  
 But mute is the song that enliven'd the scene,  
 And delighted the echoes twice ten years ago.

Yon wide-spreading thorn still blooms in its prime,  
 But faint is its bloom to the bloom of the maid  
 That waken'd my fancy to love and to rhyme,  
 As I press'd all her beauties beneath its thick shade.—  
 Yes! the thorn is still gay, but the night of the tomb  
 Is dark in the mansion where Mary lies low;  
 And the valley, to me, is o'ershaded with gloom,  
 That smiled in its brightness twice ten years ago!

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Second Edition, with considerable Additions and Corrections, of a Welsh and English Dictionary: to which is prefixed, a Grammar, and an Outline of the Characteristics of the Welsh Language.* By W. Owen Pughe, D. C. L., F. A. S. Denbigh, 1832. Gee.

THE publication of this high standard of literature ought to have had an earlier notice from us, though we do not find we have much to say; for, to do justice to the review of a dictionary, would require us to go into the elementary character and structure of the language, to analyze its words, to explore their etymology, and a hundred things, which would demand more time and space than we could at this moment bestow.

The name of the compiler, who has devoted the greatest portion of a long life to the study of the Welsh language, and who has occupied so distinguished a station in our literary sphere, is sufficient in itself to stamp a value on the work, without our tribute of applause or approbation.

Till of late years, the cultivation of literature in the Principality has been miserably neglected; but now, as the reading and studying its language is daily becoming more general, this *second edition of a Welsh and English Dictionary* will be found an inestimable treasure. It contains some thousands of additional words; and many which were incorrect in the former edition are rectified in this: the following are selected as specimens.

Sal, *s.* safety, plight, relief, health.

Hoe, *s.* respite, quiet, rest.

Mar, *s.* that is active, flitting.

Enid, *s.* the woodlark.

We are able to confirm the *correctness* of the explanation here given to the foregoing words, by the peculiar quality of the letter *w*, which, when added as a termination to nouns, describes a state or condition somewhat the *reverse*, or *beyond* what is expressed in their simple form. For instance, *w* added to the noun *sal*, which means, as we have stated, *safety, health, &c.* becomes *salw*, an adjective, the meaning of which is *despicable, vile, illness*: in the same

manner, *hoew* means *alert, lively, &c.* the reverse of *hoe*; and *marw* means *dead, mortal, &c.* a state beyond *mar*. We could introduce abundance of similar instances in support of this extraordinary and interesting feature in the language.

Among the several improvements in this new edition, particular attention has been paid to what was before very imperfect,—the proper names of birds and fishes. But, much as we appreciate the work, and highly as we esteem the judgment and talent of Dr. Pughe, as the best Welsh scholar of the age, we must beg to differ from him in the derivation of many words; and, without making any comments which might lead to a controversy, we shall merely point out the following: *cymro, cymru, uogell, uew, ciniaw*.

There is one thing, however, in the present edition, which we notice with deep regret; that is, a departure from a decided improvement in the orthography, which consisted in the substitution of *v* for *f*, *f* for *ff*, and *z* for *dd*, knowing, as we do, the author's professed aversion to such a change. The publisher excuses himself by stating, that, in order to suit the taste of the public in general, he is permitted to revert to the vulgar orthography of our language, as the most likely means, according to his opinion, of avoiding loss by the undertaking. Now, for our part, we should rejoice to see the old Bardic alphabet denominated *Coelbren y Beirdd* re-established as our orthography, it being simple and complete. Besides showing the radical powers of the letters, it is modified by certain signs to denote the mutation of sounds peculiar to the Welsh, still preserving the fundamental characteristics of their originals, which cannot be done by the Roman alphabet. But we know, from experience, so much of the deep-rooted prejudice of the ignorant against any attempt to alter our present imperfect orthography, that it would defy the most powerful argument.

We could wish that the various quotations translated from our ancient laws, poets, &c. dispersed throughout this work, partook more of the English idiom, instead of being so strictly literal; and often, to us, ambiguous.

The *Grammar*, and the *Outlines of the Characteristics of the Welsh Language*, which are prefixed, we consider very valuable. The former, a composition of much labour, displays great talent and research; the latter assumes the same character, and shows the remarkable affinity between

the Welsh, the Hebrew, and the Greek languages; and contains many interesting observations worthy the attention of the philologist, the antiquarian, and the philosopher. This Outline was first published in 1822 by the Cymmrodorion Society, and is inserted in Vol. I of their Transactions.

The portrait which adorns the work, engraved from a drawing of that celebrated artist, Mr. T. George (a Cymro), is an excellent likeness of the author.

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*On the Practical Prevention of Dry Rot in Timber; being the Substance of a Lecture delivered by Professor Faraday, F.R.S., &c. at the Royal Institution, February 22, 1833. Together with Observations on the Advantages obtained by the Application of Mr. Kyan's Process for the Preservation of Timber.* p.p. 24. J. and C. Adlard.

THERE are no parts of Britain which would derive more, if indeed so much advantage, as Wales and Scotland, by the discovery of an effective antidote against the destructive effects of dry rot, because the large tracts of natural and artificial woodlands in those countries must, we conceive, at some time or other, notwithstanding the present depreciation in the value of timber, and the inattention shewn towards this branch of national wealth, prove a source of considerable aggrandizement to their proprietors, and of active employment to the poor.\* Of what immense import must it be, therefore, for the dock-yards and timber purveyors to be in possession of a chemical preservative, which will render wood for a long time impervious to decay, and, independent of national advantages attaching to those portions of Britain in which we of "the Celtic" race are especially interested, how important must it be to the whole British empire and its dependencies. The knowledge that our glorious navy may no longer be subject to her insidious and active destroyer, must also be a source of primary congratulation to every patriot: an incalculable national saving will be the consequence. In all erections where wood is the

\* The Athol frigate lately built of Larch fir, from the forest of the Duke of Athol, is a specimen of the fine vessels that may be constructed of native wood. Two plants of this tree, it may be mentioned, planted in 1737, are the parent trees of all of the kind in Scotland.

Some vessels have been built in Aberdeen of the pine fir, from the forest of Mar, which of itself could supply an immense quantity were the river Dee of sufficient capacity to float down the huge trees.

material, the invaluable discovery will be equally available. We have reason to believe too much has not been said in commendation of this anti-destructive invention. The name of Faraday is a sufficient assurance of its truth; and never do we conceive has the learned professor sanctioned a more important chemical discovery, or added more effectually to the light of science, by the efforts of his own powerful mind, than by directing it to this particular object. We repeat, the prevention of dry rot by the proposed means must eventually prove beneficial in a degree proportionate to its importance.

It is unnecessary for us to quote from Professor Faraday's introductory portion of his lecture, which is replete with philosophic reasoning, nor from the arguments and doubts expressed by several scientific gentlemen, as to the *perfect* success and application of the discovery, because subsequent experiments have, it is believed, proved both its fitness for use and its efficiency. Those parts which we extract cannot be read without strong interest, for all classes of people are more or less affected by the discovery.

“A gentleman of the name of Kyan, considering the property of corrosive sublimate, proposed to apply it to timber for the prevention of the dry rot: that is, cases of decay whether they arise from the action of the seeds of cryptogamous plants, vegetating in the wood, or from the presence of the albuminous parts of the tree. Mr. Kyan thought the evil might be stopped; that the commencement even might be prevented by the application of corrosive sublimate, in consequence of the chemical combination which takes place between the corrosive sublimate and those albuminous particles which Berzelius, and others of the highest authority, consider to exist in and form the essence of wood: which being the first parts that run to decay, cause others to decay with them. Mr. Kyan's conviction was such, that he went to the Admiralty to place it before them. They required certain trials to prove the soundness of the application, which trials he (Pr. F.) would now have to bring forward. After these were carried on for two or three years, the Admiralty advised Mr. Kyan to take out a patent; and were still engaged in watching the progress of these trials since that period.

“He would now tell them how it was proposed to prepare timber, and what the results were. The proposition was to soak the timber itself in a solution of corrosive sublimate. Pr. F. then shewed the model of what is termed a tank, in which the timber is to be immersed in the solution. He said that the meeting must not be struck with the name of that which a few years ago was rather expensive, but now a cheap application, for a pound of it did not cost much in proportion to the good that

would ensue, which he (Pr. Faraday) thought would be fully confirmed by the result, after a few years' experience. A solution of this substance is made; and timber is placed in the vessel. The timber is held down in such a way, that when immersed, on the fluid being pumped in, it cannot rise, but is kept under the surface, there being beams to retain it in its place. There it is left for a week, after which the liquor is pumped off, the wood is removed, and it comes out in the state of the samples before him. This being done, the timber is dried, and said to be prepared: it has been applied by Sir Robert Smirke to the new buildings in the Temple, and has been tested in a very extraordinary way, of which some account will now be given.

“ Besides the application of corrosive sublimate to timber, it has been applied to various fabrics not composed of wood, as, for instance, canvass, cottons, tows, and hemp, to prevent their decay. Before him were some of the pieces submitted to trial by order of the Admiralty, three years ago, in the fungus pit at Woolwich, which he (Pr. F.) went the other day to see opened. It was a pit dug in the yard, and enclosed by wood on all sides, having a double wooden cover; it was damp of itself, and into this were put various kinds of wood of which they wished to make trial. One specimen was a piece of timber which came out at the end of three years as sound as it went in; but the unprepared timber had decayed up to the very joint. No part of it had been left. It had decayed and become rotten throughout, but the piece before them was left whole and sound, and fit for the construction of vessels. Last week he saw a large cube of wood which had been there first for three years; it was taken out, examined, and put in for two years more, altogether making five years. That cube of wood was again taken out, and examined by him on Tuesday (the 19th February); it was perfectly hard and sound. There was no sign of decay in that wood which had been submitted to the rotting action for five years, nor of that destruction which seems to have come on so soon in the same pit with other pieces of wood.

“ Sir Robert Smirke had a couple of posts put up under a dropping eave, and both were exposed to the same actions. After a certain time one of them decayed; the other still stands, having been preserved by the power of this substance. There were before him some specimens of canvass and cotton which had been in various ways exposed to damp, placed in a cellar on the 10th December, 1832, and left till the 21st February, 1833: they were taken out for the purpose of being exhibited that evening. Another, a prepared and unprepared piece, which had been coiled up in a cellar from the 15th December, and left to the 21st February, 1833. The opposite effects seen were produced by the same circumstances of exposure on prepared and unprepared calico. One was as it went in, but the



other was the calico corresponding to it, which had rotted and decayed. It was not possible to unfold, without destroying it, yet it had been similarly exposed as the first. Nothing could here deceive regarding the appearance of mildew; the difference between the two was so evident, that no person could make a mistake about them: one had run into decay and was falling to pieces.

“He was inclined to think it would be found useful in a far higher degree, in the construction of cottages and out-houses, than palaces; for it is of far more importance to those whose means were small, that they should have that duration given to their timber which would extend the application of their means, and give permanency to their comforts. It is evident that the application of wood, if it could be rendered durable, would be more extensive than it is at present; and, in consequence, timber now almost valueless, from Canada and the north of Scotland, might come into extensive use. It was not his wish to bring calculations upon these points before them, but the view was sufficient to justify enquiry into any process which professes to effect these changes, and to confer such consequent benefit on mankind. The object was not here, as in some instances, the ready destruction of life and property, but it consisted of a benefit connected with more social and pleasant feelings, and touching the permanent and mutual interests of mankind.”

The observations on the advantages obtained by the application of Mr. Kyan's process to timber, appear to us extremely valuable. We cannot enter largely upon them, but they are divided into the following heads. ‘Prevention of Dry Rot.’ ‘The perfect and certain Seasoning of Timber.’ ‘Protection from all Insects.’ ‘Application of the process to Canada and British Timber.’ ‘Preservation of Canvass, Cordage, &c. from Mildew.’ ‘Purposes for which the prepared Timber, &c. would be highly useful.’ The last comprises the following list.

“*Purposes for which the Prepared Timber, &c. would be highly useful.*”

<p>* HOUSES, FARM-HOUSES, OUT-HOUSES, SHEDS.</p>	}	<p>Large timbers Floors Roofs, gutters, &amp;c. Furniture and all joiner's work</p>	}	<p>Preserved from Dry Rot, and perfectly seasoned.</p>
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\* The following is an estimate of the extra expense of using prepared timber in buildings:

<p>First rate, 25 loads of timber. Second do. 12 do. Third do. 10 do. Fourth do. 8 do.</p>	}	<p>At an additional expense to the landlord of twenty shillings per load.</p>
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Posts  
 Rails  
 Gates  
 Park paling  
 Fences  
 Hop-poles  
 Felloes  
 Spokes  
 Shafts, &c. &c.

For these purposes any kind of timber may now be used instead of the more expensive kinds. It will also supersede, in many cases, the employment of iron, from its acquired durability and greater economy.

**PUBLIC WORKS.**

All wood exposed to moisture, as in  
 Docks  
 Bridges  
 Piers, jetties, &c.  
 Canal gates and works  
 Sleepers for rail roads, instead of stone  
 Piles for foundations, &c.

Preserved from dry rot and insects.

**NAVIGATION.—VESSELS OF ALL KINDS.**

Steam-boats, Barges,  
 Masts and spars, Boats, &c.

**CANVASS, CALICO, &c. FOR**

Sails, Tents,  
 Awnings for all purposes, Rick cloths,  
 Covers for carts, Tarpaulins,  
 Bags and sacks, Hammocks, &c.  
 Cloth blinds for houses,

**ROPES AND CORDAGE FOR**

Shipping Whaler's lines,  
 Warehouses, Fishing nets,  
 Cranes, Garden nets, &c.

We unhesitatingly recommend all persons interested in wood materiel, to peruse this pamphlet, which may really cause the saving of a fortune. The whole is accompanied by duplicate Government documents, by which it will be seen that the Admiralty and Navy Offices have taken the subject under their consideration, and that experiments sanctioned by them, tried in Woolwich dock-yard, for a period of three and a half years, have determined the specimens of timber which had been subjected to the solution to be quite SOUND, while those which had not, were in a state of rottenness, and perfectly unserviceable.

*A History of Wales. Arranged as a Catechism for Young Persons.* By a Lady of the Principality. 1 vol. duodecimo. Eddowes, Shrewsbury.

HISTORY is assuredly, of all studies, the most important and useful, and in no form can it be so well adapted to the capacities of young persons, or given in a way so likely to be retained in the memory, as by question and answer; because questions are nearly always very short and therefore easily learned; and, when they are attained, the connexion with the answers enables the learner to carry the latter more readily in recollection. It was therefore with much pleasure we read the copy presented us, nor have our hopes been disappointed. The little work, as a whole, is very creditable to its author, and assuredly a valuable school book. The Histories of England and Scotland had already been simplified in the manner here given; and there could be no good reason why Welsh history should not also be made familiar to the rising generation. We have certainly met with a few minor drawbacks upon the general propriety of the undertaking, but our criticisms shall be given in a chivalrous spirit, for the author is a lady; and we, in common with every Welshman, feel much indebted to her for the trouble she has taken, and the difficulties she has surmounted. We are well assured that more labour must have been undergone in writing a small book of this nature, than would have occurred with some works ten times larger. We can only add, that the undertaking, as regards authorship, has been successful; and we hope that the encouragement received may be proportionate.

In order to give our readers a just idea of the nature and plan of this little work, we select the following.

“ Q. Who were the bards ?

A. The term bard in the very early ages did not mean what it does now. The system among the Britons was divided into three orders. Bard, or philosopher; druid, or priest; and the ovate, or artist.

Q. Of what particular importance are the poems of the old bards ?

A. In matters of history the poets have always been consulted as the faithful chroniclers of their times, while, by a singular contrast, the oldest prose compositions are regarded, for the most part, as the mere vehicles of romance and fiction. This inversion of the ordinary respective character of prose and poetry is perhaps peculiar to Wales. “The truth against the world,” was not only a favorite axiom of the bards, but it was adopted

as the motto of the order, and as the vital principle of its proceedings. "To make truth manifest, and to diffuse the knowledge of it," is numbered among the attributes of the bards.

Q. And what were the bards of later times?

A. They were the historians, poets, and minstrels of the Britons. They celebrated in song the proud deeds of glory achieved by their countrymen, accompanying their words with the soul-thrilling touch of the harp.

Q. Were the Welsh fond of poetry?

A. It is hardly too much to say that the ancient Britons fed upon poetry; for, in their poetical axioms which have been handed down to us, the bard, at once poet and musician, is placed beside the labourer and artisan, as one of the three pillars of social life. The wishes of the bards were received as promises, their expectations as prophecies; even their silence was made expressive.

Q. What was the general effect of their minstrelsy?

A. By giving charm to recollection, and life to hope, they excited the youth to war and enterprise, and made the aged and the peaceable cheerful in the poverty of their rocks and morasses; for the Britons were naturally gay and social, and bore present distress as a passing inconvenience; looking forward with confidence to a great political revolution, by which they should regain all they had lost, and, as one of their bards expresses it, recover the crown of Britain.

Q. Does any relic of bardic genius exist at the present day?

A. A kind of extemporary composition sung to the harp is often exercised amongst the Welsh peasantry. It is called penillion singing. The harper, being seated, plays one of his native airs, while the singers stand round him, and compose alternately a stanza upon any subject they please, taking up the air at irregular intervals.

Q. Have any of the poems of the bards descended to posterity?

A. Yes: there are some preserved entire, and many relics extant, which are reckoned among the finest specimens of poetic imagination.

Q. Name some of these bards?

A. Llywarch Hen, Taliesin, Aneurin, Iolo Goch, Gutyn Owen, &c.

Q. Are the Welsh airs generally admired?

A. Of all national airs the Welsh are perhaps the most distinguished, for being at the same time highly characteristic of their country, and generally pleasing.

It is the harp alone that can give them their true spirit. The harp is the national instrument of Wales. The Welsh harp has three rows of strings; the interior row forming the semitones, or sharps and flats; the two outer rows are tuned in unison.

q. Is the harp much played in Wales?

A. It is, particularly in North Wales, where every little town has its harper; and, when a traveller arrives at an inn, the village minstrel, generally a blind man, awakens the cheerful chords of his harp with the melody of other days.

A. Is any public encouragement given to the preservation of Welsh literature and music?

A. Yes: there are periodical meetings, called *Eisteddfods*, patronised by the first men of talent and patriotism, for the revival as well as preservation of Welsh literature, and for the encouragement of native talent in the composition of prose and poetry, and exhibition of skill upon the Welsh harp. Handsome prizes are awarded to the successful candidates.

The next quotation, we think, will interest all persons. Though the subject has been repeatedly discussed, it has never been satisfactorily settled; and it is extraordinary, that some of the most eminent men in Wales have completely differed in their opinion respecting the existence of Welsh Indians. The two most eminent Welsh scholars of the present day are examples. Dr. William Owen Pughe believes that there was a colony of the descendants of Maddoc and his followers, until comparatively a few years in America; while the Rev. Walter Davies maintains a contrary opinion. We have always coincided with the latter gentleman. Although the name of Pughe is a host within itself, still we have never met with what could be deemed *sound proof*, or any thing like it; however, the fair author has collected some very curious particulars. Let the reader judge for himself.

q. Who succeeded Owen Gwynedd?

A. His son David; who, by slaying his brother and competitor, Howel, became master of all Wales, and remained undisturbed, until Iorweth's son came of age.

q. Did David and his other brothers live peaceably with each other?

A. No: they were continually quarrelling; and one of them, named Madoc, whose disposition was amiable, was so disgusted, that he, with a few followers, took ship, and sailed westward, in search of some remote country where he could live in peace.

q. And where did he land?

A. He is said to have landed on some part of that vast continent now called America; and, having built some kind of habitations and fortifications for his attendants, he returned, to inform his countrymen of the pleasant and fertile country he had discovered.

q. Did any more adventurers go back with him to America?

A. Yes: many were induced to leave their disturbed homes for scenes more tranquil than their native country.

q. In what year is this discovery said to have happened?

a. In the year of our Lord 1170.

q. In what part of America is Madoc supposed to have landed?

a. In that part now called Mexico.

q. What incident may corroborate this story?

a. When the Spaniards first took possession of Mexico, they learned from the natives that they were descended from the people of a far country; some relics of Christianity were found among them, and a few words of British origin.

q. Is this event of Madoc's discovery mentioned by old writers?

a. Many bards and genealogists confirm the story of Madoc's voyage. See the poems of Cwnric ab Grono, Guten Owen, (who lived in Edward the Fourth's time,) and Sir Meredith ab Rhys (who wrote in 1477.) There is a scarce volume of travels by Sir Thomas Herbert, Bart., 1665, in which, while enumerating the discoverers of America, he says, "the first we meet with is Madoc, the son of Prince Owen Gwynedd;" and again, "nevertheless that Madoc and his Cambrian crew be dead, and their memory moth-eaten, yet their footsteps are plainly traced, which the language they left, the religion they taught, and the relics there found, do clearly evince."

q. Is there not a curious epitaph in the ancient British language, said to have been found in Mexico?

a. It is in Hacket's Collection of Epitaphs, edited 1757. Thus:

“ FOUND AT MEXICO.

Madoc wyf mwydic ei wedd  
Iawn genau Owain Gwynedd  
Ni fynwn dir fy awydd oedd  
Na da mawr ond y Moroedd.”

Translated literally thus:

Madoc I am—mild in countenance,  
Of the right line of Owen Gwynedd.  
I wish'd not for land:—my bent was  
For no great riches, but for the seas.

It is probable that this epitaph has been borrowed from the poems of Meredydd ab Rhys, as these lines, with but little variation, may be found in them.

q. Have modern travellers discovered any remains of the Welsh language in America?

a. Yes: from the attestation of many respectable travellers, we may reasonably conclude that a tribe exists among the wild Indians of America, who still speak the ancient British language.

q. Relate some of those accounts.

a. Captain Davies, who was stationed with his company (during the revolution) at a trading post among the Illinois Indians,

had several Welshmen among his men. He observed them conversing with the strange Indians; and, upon enquiry, he found that they readily understood each other in the Welsh language.

Q. What other narrative can you give me on this subject?

A. Lieutenant Roberts, of Hawarden, in Flintshire, relates, that being at an hotel in Washington, in the year 1801, he spoke rather sharply to a Welshman, who was a waiter in the house, in his native language. An Indian chief, who happened to be in the room, came forward eagerly, and said to Mr. Roberts, in the ancient British tongue, 'Is that thy language?' He replied that it was; and the chief told him that it was also the language of his nation, and that the children of his tribe were not allowed to speak any other until they were twelve years old. Mr. Roberts explained to him from what part of the world he came, and asked the Indian if there was any tradition among his tribe of having come originally from a distant country.

Q. What was the chief's reply?

A. He said they had a tradition of their forefathers having come from a distant country, very far in the east, and from over the great waters.

Q. Pray give one more anecdote on this curious subject.

A. Edward Williams, the bard of Glamorgan, was permitted by Lady Juliana Penn to search the ms. journals of her ancestor, William Penn, and he found the following entry in them: "17..  
 \_\_\_\_\_ sent \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ with bibles to teach the *Welsh Indans.*"

Q. What part of America do those Indians inhabit?

A. The general deduction is, that such a people as the Welsh Indians, (or at least) the main body of them, reside under the longitude and latitude where the Padoucas are placed in our maps; and also that a smaller body of the same people is to be found nearer the Mississippi, in the latitude of Virginia. They are called by several names: Madocantes, Padoucas, White Indians, and Mud Indians.

*Note by Dr. Wm. Owen Pughe.*

N. B. 'I have seen five several persons who have related to me their intercourse with a people called White Indians, Civilized Indians, Welsh Indians, and White Padoucas. Among these were general Bowles, and the captain Davies mentioned in the preceding chapter. We had about one hundred different accounts, all of which were confirmatory of each other, and many of them as to the language spoken by those Indians being Welsh. Bowles and Chisholm declared of their seeing an old manuscript on vellum, very dingy, and from its size, &c. it most likely was a Romish missal. It was in the possession of an old man and his two sons, taken prisoners by the Cherokees, and adopted into their tribe; and this family was of the Welsh Indians.



“Bowles and Chisholm had never seen each other; but their accounts of this Welsh Indian family, with which both were intimate, exactly agreed. Both described the ms. Chisholm tried to get the ms. to take to Philadelphia, for the purpose of finding some one that could read it; but the old man would not let it go out of his hands, for he preserved it as a precious relic.

In the last discovery made by the American government, there is an observation made by the travellers, that at that time there seemed to be an end of *The Great Padouca Nation*.”

We recommend this little work to the attention of all conductors of seminaries and private teachers. We have no hesitation in saying that it is indispensable to them. Wales was intrinsically part of ancient Lloegria or England, though inhabited by a separate tribe; all persons desiring to be informed of the early history of this island *must* therefore read the history of Wales, and here they will find an abbreviation, in its most attractive form.

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*Stories from the History of Wales, interspersed with various Information and Amusement, for young Persons.* By a Lady of the Principality. 1 vol. duodecimo. Eddowes, Shrewsbury.

WE have been favored with an early perusal of an amusing little work, for young persons, by the author of the little history reviewed in our present number, entitled “*Stories from the History of Wales.*”

This seems to be a book in which grown children, as well as little ones, may find both amusement and instructive information; and one of the laudable aims of the author is evidently to give her readers a desire to learn something of the history of Wales beyond the portions here offered, by selecting from it some interesting features, and introducing them to children in the fascinating form of “*Stories,*” varying the subject by lively illustrations of natural history, carried on chiefly by easy conversation, between a father and mother, and their little boy, a clever child of four or five years of age. Subjects beyond his years are also introduced, for older children, or such as may be termed “*young persons.*” The following extracts are well calculated to give the “reading public” a just idea of the work. The little boy puts the following questions to his father:

“When shall I read the History of Wales, papa?”

“The History of Wales, my boy, ought certainly to be read as an accompaniment to the History of England, since they

were formerly one nation, and, from the time the Britons lost the sovereignty of the island, were driven from their possessions by the invader, and became a distinct kingdom, it is interesting to be acquainted with the parallel history of these rival states.

“ The early part of Welsh history is filled with dissensions between its own princes; for, besides the king of North Wales, there were a great many inferior princes who ruled under him. The prince of South Wales was independent of him, and in South Wales also there were many petty princes.

“ Rodri the Great was king of all Wales excepting Gwent; and in his reign he made a more distinct division of the three great parts into which Wales had hitherto been divided, and settled the boundaries of each. He also built a royal palace in each division: Aberffraw, in North Wales, or Gwynedd; Dinevor, in South Wales, or Deheubarth; and Mathraval, in Powis.

“ The ivyed ruins of the old castle of Dinevor are still standing on the verge of a precipice, which forms one of the ramparts of the picturesque vale of Towy, in Cærmarthenshire. It is one of those interesting ruins of past ages which kindle in the mind all the recollections of their early history; the festivities that had once made the halls resound with mirth and gaiety, the anxious and life-stirring muster of preparation for battle, the shouts and triumph of revelry after victory; perhaps the shrieks of the wounded, the groans of the dying, or the sighs of the captive, who had long pined in its dungeons.

“ There was once a prince of the name of Rhys confined in this castle by his cruel son. The name of this son was Maelgwn, who, being jealous of his brother Howel, contrived to get him into his power; and, influenced by a spirit of depravity, at which our more enlightened countrymen of these happy Christian times would shudder with horror, he deprived him of his eyesight. When this barbarous operation had been inflicted on poor Howel, Maelgwn began to dread that his father, prince Rhys, would punish him severely for such an outrage; so, as one crime generally leads on to another, and as he had no means of escaping the vengeance of his father but by depriving him also of his liberty, he hired some of his miscreants to lay hold of Rhys, who, being quite unsuspecting of such an unnatural conspiracy, easily fell into the snare, and was thrust into a dungeon of his own castle, of which his wicked son made himself lord and master.

“ Howel was not so strictly guarded as Rhys, because his blindness rendered him more helpless; and, when he heard of his poor father's condition, he determined, if possible, to set him at liberty. He well knew every cell, every bolt and bar in his native castle, and pursued in secret his generous scheme, until he came to the very cell in which the unhappy captive lay loaded with chains.

“ He burst open the heavy door, and, being provided with the means of unriveting these strong fetters, he accomplished the task, conducted his revered parent into the free and open air, and breathed with him the breath of freedom and of liberty.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“ During the reign of a Saxon king, named Offa, who ruled over that portion of the Saxon heptarchy called Mercia, which bordered upon Wales, the Welsh were, as usual, continually making depredations on the Saxon border, and frequently carrying away cattle. It was vain for the Saxons to pursue, as the Welshmen soon reached the fastnesses of their mountains, which, by reason of bogs and precipices, were not to be attained with safety by strangers, who were unacquainted with the ground.

“ Offa, king of Mercia, determined upon making an artificial boundary between him and these troublesome Welshmen; so he set some hundreds of men to work in digging a deep ditch. They threw the earth out of it up on their own side, to form a wall or mound, and carried it on from the estuary of the Dee, near Holywell, in Flintshire, North Wales, to the Severn sea, near Chepstow, in Monmouthshire, which was then a part of South Wales, but was made an English county in Henry VIII.'s time. This rampart was called Offa's Dyke; and it can yet be traced very distinctly in many parts of its course. Offa took to himself the ground between the Severn and the Wye, which had hitherto been considered as neutral ground, and was the place of barter between the two nations. He removed the seat of the princes of Powis from Pengwern, now Shrewsbury, to Mathraval, inclosing their former residence within the boundary of his own dominions. The punishment of Welshmen for passing over this ditch was to have the right hand cut off, but their bold spirit was not to be curbed by so inefficient a defence; they often broke down the barrier, and were as successful as before in their encroachments.

“ Offa began to reign in the year 763; Rodri or Roderick the Great, in 843.”

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After the above, our little friend Lewis is taken to see an exhibition of wild beasts. A comparison is drawn between *reason* and *instinct*. Two curious and well-authenticated anecdotes, of apparent reflection in goats, follow; and, in the next chapter, the extermination of wolves from Wales. Thus:

“ When little Lewis Campbell returned from seeing the wild beasts, he could talk of nothing but lions and tigers, panthers and leopards, and all the variety of curious creatures belonging to foreign countries, which he had seen in the show; and he

asked his papa if there were no wild beasts in England or Wales, or in Scotland.

“Papa remarked, that Great Britain was now so generally cultivated, that no beast of prey was known to exist in the kingdom in a wild state; but that Wales was formerly infested by wolves, which, when hungry, became so bold as to attack and devour men, women, and children. ‘Did you not see a wolf to-day among the other quadrupeds?’

“‘O yes, papa; it was of a dark-brown colour, and I thought it very like a dog, but larger. Do tell me if there are any of these fierce wolves running about Wales now?’

“‘There have not been any for about nine hundred years. It happened, in the tenth century, that the princes of Wales refused to pay tribute to Edgar, the king of England; so he made war with Wales; and, having the advantage of the Welsh in number and power, they agreed to conclude a peace with him on the conditions he proposed, which were these: That the Welsh should, every year, bring him three hundred skins of wolves, that had been killed in the course of that year in Wales. In order to fulfil this engagement, all the wild and untraversed forests and deserts were hunted and ransacked, till in the course of a few years not a wolf could be found throughout the country.’

“‘Yet, I think,’ said Anne, ‘some stragglers must have escaped the hunters, if the story of Llewelyn and his dog be true.’

\* \* \* \* \*

Here we are promised the story of Beddgelert, or Gelert’s Grave; but, as some incidents in the order of time intervene, such as “King Henry the Second’s disasters in Wales,” &c. it is deferred for some chapters.

“There was once a king of England (Henry II.) who made many attempts upon the freedom of poor Cambria; but he found that the enemy he had to deal with was not to be subdued very easily. First, he assembled the whole power of England, making an army of 30,000 men, and had the advantage, besides, of the assistance of Madoc, prince of Powis, and Cadwalader, the brother of Owen Gwyneth, the reigning prince of North Wales.

“Cadwalader had been banished by his sovereign, and was persuaded to join Henry against his own native country. To the invaders this was an important assistance, as Wales was very difficult of access without a native guide. You would suppose that, with all these resources on the enemy’s side, Wales could scarcely avoid becoming its prey; but it made a gallant resistance; the English army was reduced to the greatest distress, and Henry narrowly escaped with his life. He was glad to make peace with Owen. Cadwalader was kindly forgiven by his brother, and had all his lands restored, upon a solemn promise of future fidelity and obedience.

“ For a few years England and Wales continued at peace; but this tranquillity was interrupted by David, the son of Owen Gwynedd, invading Flintshire, which then belonged to the king of England, and carrying off the cattle to his father’s dominions.

“ King Henry was very angry at this, and set off for Wales in a great fury; but, as his army was too small to quell the turbulent spirit which David had excited, he relinquished his object, and went back to England, determined to muster such a force as should be irresistible, and destroy all that had life in the land. For this purpose he sent off to his possessions in France, Normandy, Anjou, Gascony, Guienne, to select the choicest soldiers. These he joined to the best of his English subjects, and with this formidable army set forward, in the year 1164, in full confidence of success, to crush the power of the Welsh princes, and attach their territory to his own dominions.

“ ‘ I am afraid,’ said Lewis, ‘ they will be too much for the poor Welshmen now.’

“ ‘ You shall hear. You remember that Cadwalader has been on his brother’s side ever since the failure of Henry’s first invasion. Owen was also supported by Rhys ab Gruffydd, prince of South Wales, Owen Cyveilioc, and the other princes of Powis; Madoc ab Ednerth, and the people beyond the Wye and Severn. So that the Welsh mustered a very formidable army, though perhaps not equal in discipline to that of Henry.

“ ‘ The English army encamped on the Berwyn mountains, in a very commanding post, not far from the town of Corwen. The Welsh were stationed on the heights above the town. Thus the two armies were in sight of each other. The English endeavoured to tempt the Welsh to a general engagement, but the latter contented themselves with harassing the outposts of the enemy, and stopping their supplies on the way to the English camp. They were reduced to the most wretched extremities. Heavy rains falling, the ground being extremely slippery and intersected with bogs, the English found it impossible to hold their ground, or to attack the Welsh with advantage. Henry himself had a very narrow escape of his life; for a Welshman aimed an arrow at him so dexterously, that had not Hubert de St. Clere, constable of Colchester, sacrificed his own life by receiving the arrow, the King of England must have been killed. Henry therefore returned home in the deepest mortification, and satiated his revenge upon some poor young lads, who had been committed to his care long before, as hostages for the fidelity of the princes of North and South Wales. These were two sons of Owen and two sons of Rhys; and, although these little boys were quite innocent of all his misfortunes, he most barbarously ordered their eyes to be put out. I never heard whether they survived the dreadful operation; but, if they did, their future lives must have been rendered miserable and useless.

“ ‘ King Henry made another attempt to invade Wales by sea, but this was unsuccessful.

“ ‘ Rhuddlan and Prestalyn castles still remained in the hands of the English, but they were retaken by the Welsh, after a long siege, some years after Henry’s invasion ; and North Wales thus became freed from the English power.’ ”

A history intended for the use of young persons cannot prefer claims as to novelty of matter, nor does the author profess to have devoted great research in the compilation of her work ; but she has assuredly succeeded in rendering it interesting, and well adapted to the capacities of children, while at the same time adults may spend an hour in its perusal, and rise with more satisfaction, unless indeed they be of “ the true antiquarian breed,” than if they had waded through the dusty shelves of family archives, or a laboured transcription from the British Museum.

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## REVIEW OF FINE ARTS.

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### THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

A HISTORICAL picture by Mr. CHISHOLM, as an effort of art, must rank very high. The subject is interesting : “ Queen Mary surrendering to the confederated Lords ;” and in a space of about 30 inches are introduced more than forty figures, besides horses. Mary, a female attendant, and page, are confronted with the associated nobles ; and the portraits of Morton and others are easily recognised, whilst those not seen are indicated by their banners. The valiant Kirkcaldy of Grange is behind his mistress, and presents a noble figure, animated by indignant wrath, as he draws his sword to repress the Highlanders, who are scoffing at the unhappy Queen. The artist deserves high commendation for the propriety of costume and armour. We particularly allude to the Highland chiefs and Cearnach, who appear in all the picturesque grandeur of their garb. We perceive the primitive Cuaran, from which they got the name of Redshanks, and we see the neat old Brogan. The labour necessary to produce so true a representation of the various *setts* of tartan has been great : although merely mechanical labour, the operation is not to be despised by any artist ; it is indispensable in preserving the verisimilitude in detail. The Breacan an feile is very judiciously introduced, instead of the less characteristic shoulder or scarf plaid. In the bonnet the eagle’s feather and badge are fastened in the ancient manner, with the Dealg. The trenchant Tuagh cath, or Lochaber axes, are bristling along the phalanx, and the clan Bratachan are waving over the respective bands.

A prominent figure carries his targaid over his shoulder, ornamented with the crown and thistle. The artist is not so correct in his heraldic knowledge as he ought to be.

Another picture, of the massacre of Glenco, by Mr. STONE, is a work of merit. The old chief is designed with much good taste; but the introduction of the most horrible incident of this diabolical affair is in bad feeling. The inattention to correctness of costume observable here, is a contrast to the preceding.

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LITERARY NOTICES.

LATELY published, in one vol. 8vo. "*A Letter of Reply to Arthur James Johnes, Esq.*" being a Comment on certain portions of his Essay on the causes which have produced dissent from the Established Church in the Principality of Wales.

"*A Genealogical History of the Clan Coinnich or Mackenzies,*" has been announced. It is to be published by subscription, under the superintendence of Sir G. S. Mackenzie, Bart.; and information is solicited from those possessing documents illustrative of the subject.

"*Clan Costumes.*" Coloured Portraits of Chiefs of Clans, Ladies, and Highland Officers, in proper costume, with accompanying letter-press, is in course of preparation, by a Committee of Gentlemen in Edinburgh.

"*Commun na Gaelic.*" A small association of gentlemen from the Highlands, under this designation, has removed to the British Coffee-house, Cockspur-street, where they meet every second Monday in the month, for the purpose of improving themselves in their national language and literature, and the preservation of ancient manners.

Mr. Angus Mac Intyre is preparing for publication a Gaëlic translation of "*Reasons for the Hope that is in us,*" by R. AINSLEY, Esq. W.S.

"*Gwladgarwr,*" contains Astronomy—Biography of Columbus—Geography—Natural History—Logic.

"*Gwyliedydd.*" Church of England—Memoirs of Dafydd Ddu—History of the Silkworm—Principal Rivers in Carnarvon and Merionethshire—The Ash Tree—Introduction to Dr. John David Rees—Letter of Gronwy Owain.

"*Seren Gomer.*" Letter from America—Address by the Rev. J. Davies, Glandwr.



## LONDON AND PROVINCIAL NEWS.

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### ECCLESIASTICAL PROMOTIONS.

#### *Cambrian.*

The Rev. W. L. Jones, rector of Llanegan, in the county of Carnarvon, has been appointed domestic chaplain to Baron Paget (Lord Uxbridge), lately called to the Upper House of Parliament.

On the 2d of May, the Lord Bishop of St. Asaph was pleased to collate the Rev. John Samuel Smalley, M.A. to the vicarage of Cwm, in the county of Flint, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. J. Jones, B.D. vicar of Holywell.

#### *Caledonian.*

The Rev. Ludowic Grant, A.M. was ordained minister of the church and parish of Ordequhil.

The Rev. Peter Jolly, schoolmaster of Dunnet, in Caithness, was ordained pastor of Canisbay.

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### CYMMRODORION CONGRESS AND EISTEDDVOD.

This meeting held its thirteenth anniversary on the 22d of May, at the Freemasons' Hall, London, the right honorable Lord Kenyon, president, in the chair. His lordship was supported by a very numerous meeting. The great hall was filled with company, its predominant feature being beautiful and elegant females. Lord Kenyon was exceedingly happy in his address to his numerous auditory; indeed, we have since heard, from persons who were perfect strangers to him, remarks, in relation to his conduct in the chair, which must be highly gratifying to any man who appreciates the opinion of that portion of society termed "the middle classes." This is no immaterial digression; for it is its intercourse which best enables the world to judge of men occupying dignified stations: and if that takes place, the corruption of the press, or the infatuation of party, *be it aristocratic or democratic*, may rage, even as the ocean rages; but the firm rock of love of country, and of duty to society in general, *strengthened by intercourse*, will scatter the one, even as the spray of the other is scattered.

Lord Kenyon alluded to Eisteddvods which were formerly held in Wales, under royal sanction and patronage. Their objects were to rescue from oblivion the works of the ancient bards, which

tended to throw so much light, and to shed so much renown, on the ancient history of the Britons; the cultivation of the poetry and the music of Wales; the promotion of moral and religious instruction, with a strict adherence to truth in all the proceedings, according to the bardic motto—*Y Gwir yn Erbyn y Byd*.

The remarks of Lord Kenyon could not fail to interest every hearer, unless indeed he were some nerveless apathetic creature, whose creed is to *condemn without examination*. Who, if he does not know it already, can be told, and not feel, a respect for our ancient customs, that long before the genius of English poesy and song had awoke to brighten her land, Gwalchmai, the son of Meir, was composing in verse, and perpetuating the heroic deeds of Owain Gwynedd; that Eimion, the son of Gwalchmai, celebrated in plaintive couplets the virtues and beauty of the princess Nest; that the wild measures of David Benfras dwelt upon the towering exploits of Llewelyn the Great; and that Owain Glandwr was wellnigh worshipped by his countrymen; certainly beloved more than he would otherwise have been, because his attachment to liberty and his nobleness of mind was sung of in camp and cot by Iolo Goch. These are recollections which pass like shadows before our eyes; and the knowledge of the changes which have taken place in the observances and usages of our land implants itself with bitter regret upon the patriot's heart. But, although the wild genius of our bards can be no longer encouraged by the kings and princes of Cambria, and although superior talent must seek abroad for countenance and fame, (which is the true reason why the bards have declined,) yet surely it cannot be wholly uninteresting to see a few individuals meet together, in order to keep alive the latent spark of old British fire; to emulate in humble distance the august Eisteddvodau of venerable antiquity, when separated from their own country; to hear in England their old harp awakened to the thrilling melody which led their fathers onward to oppose armies nursed in oppression's lair, and overwhelming in the strength of their tyrant power: surely, this love for the melody of by-gone time, is creditable to them and to Wales; and, however inefficient their power of encouraging living native talent may be, still that is also one of their nearest and dearest objects. We do not fear contradiction when we class the objects of the Cymmrodorion Society of London among the most useful that any literary society can effect.

After Lord Kenyon had concluded his address, he read a letter which Sir John Conroy had addressed to Sir W. W. Wynn, the president of the Society, by command of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, expressive of her Royal Highness's regret at not being able to attend the meeting, with the Princess Victoria, as they were anxious to evince the deep interest they take in all that relates to the Principality, where their Royal High-

nesses experienced so much affectionate attention from its inhabitants.

Amongst the company present we observed Sir W. W. Wynn, with his son, and several members of his family; the Honourable Misses Rice, and other distinguished persons. Nor should we omit to mention that a son of the old Gaël appeared in Highland costume; indeed, it is fit that the sons of Ossian and Taliesin should meet together in Celtic unanimity.

The first part of the National Concert commenced after the noble President had concluded his address. The principal singers were Mrs. Knyvett, the Misses Caroline and Clara Novello, Miss C. Lyon, Miss Bourke, the Masters Smith, Messrs. Knyvett, Vaughan, Horncastle, Parry, sen. and jun., and Bellamy, who sang a variety of Welsh airs, also popular songs, duets, and glees, with great effect. Puzzi performed a Welsh fantasia on the horn admirably. Mr. Thomas played a solo on the violin in a brilliant style. Master Hughes performed "Ar hyd y nos," with variations, on a pedal harp, with great taste; and Roberts, the blind minstrel of Carnarvon, executed the airs of "Sweet Richard," and "Syr Harru Ddu," with variations, on the triple-stringed harp, in a superb style, and with electrical effect. Pennillion singing with the Welsh harps was performed also by Messrs Jones, Roberts, Humphreys, Edwards, &c. Mr. Parry, sen. executed "The last Rose of Summer" on Wheatstone's patent symphonion, and the rondo in the overture to William Tell, accompanied on the harp by Mr. Parry, jun., and was deservedly encored. Mrs. Knyvett's "Prince Madog's Farewell," (written by Mrs. Hemans,) to the air of "Lady Owen's delight," was beautifully and feelingly given. Mr. J. J. Jones, Mus. Bac., Oxon, presided at the pianoforte.

PRINCE MADOG'S FAREWELL.

Why lingers my gaze where the last hues of day  
On the hills of my country in loveliness sleep?  
Too fair is the sight for a wand'rer whose way  
Lies far o'er the measureless worlds of the Deep!  
Fall, shadows of twilight, and veil the green shore,  
That the heart of the mighty may waver no more.

Why rise on my thoughts, ye free songs of the land,  
Where the harp's lofty soul on each wild wind is borne?  
Be hush'd, be forgotten, for ne'er shall the hand  
Of the minstrel with melody greet my return.  
My course to the winds, to the stars, I resign,  
But my soul's quenchless fire, dear Cambria, is thine!

A grand Druidical chorus on the landing of the Romans in Britain, written by Mrs. Hemans, for Parry's Welsh Melodies, was then sung by Mr. Parry, jun., the opening stanza of which is subjoined:

Our blue seas foam'd beneath the Roman oars,  
 The legions' march was heard along our sands;  
 But high on Mona's consecrated shores,  
 In white robes gleaming, stood the Druid-bands;  
 The dark woods thrilled, as wildly thus they sang,  
 And the foe trembled, and the altars rang.

At the end of the first part of the concert Lord Kenyon read a Report prepared by the Committee, stating that the Royal Cambrian medal was awarded to the author of the "*History of the Monasteries and Abbeys in Wales*," who had signed his name *Olrheiniwr* (the Searcher), and he was requested to declare himself, if present. No one answering to the call, his lordship opened a sealed paper containing the author's name, who proved to be the Rev. P. B. Williams, rector of Llanrug, near Carnarvon. The hon. and lovely Miss Rice, Lord Dynevor's daughter, invested Master Hughes with the medal, as proxy for the successful candidate; but, in order that the infant lyrist might not be altogether deprived of the badge of distinction, the ladies present entered into a subscription to purchase him a medal. Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, the President of the Society, was cheered on his entering with his son, whose birthday it happened to be, to which Lord Kenyon alluded in a very happy manner. His Lordship afterwards stated that the subjects for next year were "The History of the Castles in South Wales," and a "Welsh and English Essay on Welsh Poetry."

Lord Kenyon alluded to, and by desire, we believe, of the Hon. Miss Rice, recited, as appropriate to the day, the immortal Sir Walter Scott's soul-stirring invocation to country, beginning:

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
 Land of the mountain and the flood;  
 Land of my sires," &c. &c.

The unanimous thanks of the meeting were voted to Lord Kenyon, for the very able manner in which he had conducted the proceedings of the day; and about four o'clock the company separated, highly delighted with the proceedings of this national meeting. Several of the members dined together in the evening.

By far the most interesting portion to us was the announcement of prizes, the harping, and pennillion. We have repeatedly heard persons object to these parts of modern *Eisteddvodau*; our answer is, *that they are the only legitimate Eisteddvodau*, and that if the usages of our ancestors present no attractions to the eyes and ears of such persons, they can be gratified to satiety at the Opera or the Philharmonic: we can appreciate both, the elaborateness of the one, the simplicity of the other. Modern music astonishes the hearer by the improvements of science; but simple melody, even without historic recollection, has assuredly its charms.

## SUMMER ASSIZES—NORTH WALES CIRCUIT.

*Before Mr. Justice Gazelee.**Montgomeryshire.*—Saturday, July 13, at Welshpool.*Merionethshire.*—Wednesday, July 17, at Dolgelly.*Carnarvonshire.*—Saturday, July 20, at Carnarvon.*Anglesey.*—July 24, at Beaumaris.*Denbighshire.*—Saturday, July 27, at Ruthin.*Flintshire.*—Wednesday, July 31, at Mold.*Cheshire.*—Saturday, August 3, at Chester.

## SOUTH WALES CIRCUIT.

*Before Mr. Justice Bosanquet.**Glamorganshire.*—Saturday, July 6, at Cardiff.*Carmarthenshire.*—Saturday, July 13, at Carmarthen.*Pembrokeshire.*—Saturday, July 20, at Haverfordwest.*Cardiganshire.*—Wednesday, July 24, at Cardigan.*Brecknockshire.*—Saturday, July 27, at Brecon.*Radnorshire.*—Wednesday, July 31, at Presteign.*Cheshire.*—Saturday, August 3, at Chester.

## LONGEVITY.

Between Aberystwith and Machynlleth lived, in a small cottage, a tall venerable old man, and his aged helpmate, who died about eight years ago, within two months of each other, at the respective ages of 105 and 104! They had been married at the youthful age of nineteen; and so vigorous did these truly "ancient Britons" remain to the last, that, a short time before death, they could walk to Aberystwith, and home again, fourteen miles!

## ALDERMAN WAITHMAN.

A handsome obelisk has been within these few days erected to the memory of the late Alderman Waithman, at the intersection of Fleet and Farringdon streets. This patriotic gentleman, of whom we gave a short biography in our last number, was a native of Wales, and raised himself to affluence and respectability by his industry and integrity. The obelisk is a granite block, which with the pedestal, is about thirty feet high, and stands opposite to that erected for the noted John Wilks, at the foot of Bridge-street; and it is remarkable, that so eligible a position should happen to be the very spot on which, when Fleet-market existed, the Alderman commenced the business by which he accumulated his fortune. The inscription is short and unostentatious, intimating that it was erected by his friends and fellow-citizens.

**COMMISSIONS SIGNED BY THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF THE  
COUNTY OF CARDIGAN.**

The Right Hon. the earl of Lisburne; George Williams Parry, Esq.; Matthew Davies Williams, Esq.; John Hughes, Esq.; and Charles Richard Langcroft, Esq. to be deputy-lieutenants.

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**THE HAFOD ESTATE.**

The duke of Newcastle has purchased the fine estate of Hafod, from the representatives of Colonel Johnes; together with the timber, the splendid collection of books and furniture, and the large cellar of choice wines, for which he has given about £62,000.

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**EISTEDDVODD.**

We learn, from authority, that it is in contemplation to hold an Eisteddvod in Glamorganshire next year.

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**LIVERPOOL AUXILIARY BIBLE SOCIETY.**

On Friday evening, the annual meeting of the Liverpool Auxiliary Bible Society was held in the Exhibition Rooms, Postoffice-place, J. Eden, Esq. in the chair. Among the grants made abroad, one of more than ordinary interest was announced, namely, a supply of Arabic Bibles and Testaments, for distribution in Central Africa, by the expedition which some months ago proceeded thither, under the direction of Mr. Macgregor Laird and the enterprising Richard Lander. The formation, a few days since, of a Welsh branch of the society, under very favourable prospects, for the more adequate supply of the natives of the Principality settled in Liverpool with the Scriptures, was announced. The meeting, which was very respectably attended, was addressed in succession by the Chairman, by the Rev. G. Driffield, Vicar of Prescot, the Rev. Dr. Paterson, on behalf of the parent Institution, the Rev. J. Lister, Rev. T. Tattershall, Rev. D. M'Nicol, Rev. Dr. Stewart, Rev. W. Carruthers, Rev. S. Saunders, and others; and separated, apparently much gratified with the proceedings of the evening.

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**WELSH BIBLE SOCIETY IN LIVERPOOL.**

A meeting of the natives of the Principality in Liverpool was held at the Welsh School Room, in Russell Street, in the latter end of May, for the purpose of forming a Welsh Bible Society. The attendance was very numerous, and the speeches effective; though, as they were all delivered in the ancient language of Britain, it would be useless to give any report of them. The

chair was taken by the Rev. Robert Davies, minister of St. David's Church; and the following gentlemen took part in the business of the evening: Samuel Pierce, Esq., Richard Griffith, Esq., the Rev. Messrs. R. Richards, Rector of Caerwys, Edward Anwyl, Edward Jones, Daniel Jones, John Breeze, Daniel Morgan (Machynlleth), David Davies (Cardigan), William Rees (Mostyn), Mr. Owen Jones (Anglesey), Mr. Richard Williams, and Mr. David Lewis. A collection was made at the close of the meeting, and several gave in their names as annual subscribers.

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#### WELSH CALVINISTIC ASSOCIATION.

During last month the Annual Meeting of the Anglesey Welsh Calvinistic Association, was held at Amlwch. We are informed, by an eye witness, that nearly 20,000 persons attended. On Wednesday evening, the Rev. John Edwards, of Berthyn Gron, Flintshire, and the Rev. Richard Davies, of Gayo, Carmarthenshire, preached in a large field where the meeting was held. At six o'clock on Thursday morning, the Rev. William Jenkins and David Bowen, of Cardigan, preached; at ten in the forenoon, the Rev. John Phillips and William Williams, of Cardigan, preached; at two in the afternoon, the Rev. Daniel Jones, of Llanllechyd, and R. Davies, of Gayo, delivered discourses; and at six in the evening, the Rev. John Foulkes, of Denbighshire, and Robert Davies, of Montgomeryshire, concluded the services of the meeting.—*Bangor Paper.*

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#### PRESERVATION OF RIVER FISHERIES.

The landowners of Wales do not attend to the preservation of fish in the rivers running through their domains. The general complaint of the scarcity of fish in the Welsh rivers, formerly so justly celebrated for angling, has arisen from the neglect of gentlemen, who ought to have been conservators of their own fisheries, in not prosecuting poachers for spearing and netting salmon and sewen, when spawning and out of season; and, above all, in not bringing to justice the miscreants who are in the practice of throwing every summer a quantity of quicklime into the rivers, and thus destroying the fish, both great and small, to the extent of several miles. Such depredations have been annually committed with impunity in the rivers Llan and Llew, near Swansea; but have at last attracted the attention of J. D. Llewelyn and T. Leyson, Esqs., who have offered a reward for the conviction of the offenders.

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**ACCIDENTS IN COAL MINES.**

A comparative estimate of the explosions and loss of life in the British collieries, for the ten years preceding the invention of Davy's safety-lamp, and the ten years succeeding that period, we regret to say, is disadvantageous to the latter. From 1805 to 1816, there were nine explosions, accompanied with a loss of life amounting to 284; and, from 1817 to 1828, the number of explosions amounted to nineteen, and the loss of life 360, being an excess, since the invention, of ten explosions, and seventy-six lives; and we doubt that the catalogue, if extended to the present period, would be yet more appalling, witness the loss in the Croft-pit, at Whitehaven, and numerous others. We are certainly afraid that confidence in this invention has imprudently relaxed a proper attention to ventilation; but, it must be granted, that the inventor is not chargeable with any abuse to which the invention may give rise. It was never intended to be a substitute for ventilation: and if this last be neglected, the inventor must not bear the blame. It should be observed, that the danger in mining is now increased, from a variety of causes. Old workings can be explored, and excavations extended incomparably further than could be done before; so that, if ventilation be neglected, or only regarded as a subordinate affair, while the safety which scientific skill has provided is discarded or despised, through ignorance, or a bold and criminal defiance of danger, it is evident the amount of danger and destruction must be fearfully enhanced. To the causes of accident, where the safety lamp is in general use, (it is in vain to deny that explosions have occurred with it,) must be added, the indiscriminate employment of copper and iron safety-lamps, and the mere occasional use of the lamp, for instance, as an exploring lamp.

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**EDUCATION IN THE HIGHLANDS.**

The annual donation of £2000 from his Majesty, for promoting religious education in the Highlands, was received by the General Assembly with suitable expressions of gratitude.

There was lately transmitted from New York £361 17s. 7d. subscribed for the same purpose.

The London Board of the Society for the propagation of Christian Knowledge in the Highlands and islands, held the Sixtieth Anniversary Festival on Friday the 26th April, at Freemasons'-hall: Sir George Murray in the chair. £400 were subscribed, and the treasurer, Sir Peter Laurie, intimated that he had received a legacy of £500, bequeathed by an English clergyman.

On Sunday, 28th April, three sermons were preached in the National Scottish Church, London, by the Rev. Dr. Mac Intosh

Mackay, of Dunoon, the learned co-editor of the *Gaëlic and Latin Dictionary*. The collections were for the *Gaëlic School Society*, instituted in 1811. This Institution is formed on the migratory plan, adopted so long since by the Welsh; an observation of the good effects of employing itinerant schoolmasters, having determined numerous clergymen and gentlemen connected with the Highlands, to establish, and support by voluntary contributions, a similar system in the remote districts.

The mid-day sermon was in the *Gaëlic* language; and it appeared, from the small attendance, that sufficient notice had not been given. The strong national feeling of the Highlanders, who are so numerous in London, would have otherwise led them to appear in much greater numbers. The nobility and gentry connected with the Highlands only require proper intimation of such matters, to afford the patronage which useful institutions deserve. In London considerable exertions are necessary to apprise the scattered Caledonians of what may interest them. We suspect it is not yet generally known, that the fund subscribed for the support of a clergyman to preach to the Highlanders in their mother-tongue, which, on the removal of the Scots Church from Cross-street, fell into Chancery, has been again appropriated to its intended object. Such is the case; and the Highlanders have had their just cause of complaint on this subject removed.

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The Celtic Society, which has for some time given prizes for the promotion of education in the Highlands, lately awarded a small sum, in premiums, to the most deserving scholars of four schools in Inverness-shire: that of Caplach, belonging to the Inverness Education Society; that of Aberiachan, instituted by the Society for propagating Christian Knowledge; of Dochgarrach, on the General Assembly's foundation; and one erected some years ago at Leachdan, and supported by the inhabitants, who are chiefly labourers. Many of the scholars were distinguished by the ease with which they read *Gaëlic*, and translated subjects into it.

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The trustees of the fund left by the late Capt. Mac Intosh, of Farr, on the 25th April, had to perform their duty, of nominating one boy from each of the families of Farr, Holm, Dalmigavie, and Kyllachy, to be educated in the Inverness Academy.

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Daniel Mac Cormac, town-drummer or crier of Dundee, who died March last, left 1500 volumes, several of them in Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, and other languages, which were transferred to Edinburgh for sale. It is curious to find a person in so humble a station in life possessing so much learning and literary taste. It is related of him, that, on one occasion, the provost,

who had been applied to by a professor of Greek, and was himself unable to judge satisfactorily of his applicant's acquirements, referred him to the town-drummer, who, on examination, found the candidate incompetent.

We have heard of the intelligence and high-breeding of the old innkeepers, and recollect some stories of their learning. Those in the Highlands were so well educated, that, during the insurrection, in 1745, the officers, who could not speak Gaëlic, found their hosts able to converse in Latin.

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#### CALEDONIAN ASYLUM.

The Sixteenth Anniversary Festival, in aid of the Caledonian Asylum for supporting and educating the children of soldiers, sailors, and marines, natives of Scotland, who have died, or been disabled, in the service of their country, and the children of indigent Scottish parents resident in London, not entitled to Parochial relief, was celebrated at the Freemasons' tavern, on the 18th of April, the Earl of Ormelie, M. P. in the chair.

The Caledonian Fancy Ball, in support of the same objects, was held in London the beginning of June, and was remarked as peculiarly brilliant. It produced upwards of £600.

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#### IONA CLUB.

The following notice of the proceedings of a Society, which has been projected by some able and enthusiastic admirers of Gaëlic literature in the northern capital, will interest every one who delights in that antiquarian research which tends to illustrate national history, and add to the stock of general knowledge. Our friends in Cambria will be glad to see a spirit in Caledonia which has led in the Principality to the rescue of so much interesting bardic and other important remains.

#### *Abstract of the Rules.*

The club is to be called the *Iona Club*, in commemoration of the monastery of Iona, the ancient seat of Scottish learning.

The objects of the club are, to investigate and illustrate the history, antiquities, and early literature of the *Highlands of Scotland* in the manner following:

The club shall print, half-yearly, a Miscellany, comprehending two branches; the one, "*Collectanea de rebus Albanicis*," shall comprise, first, copies and abstracts of interesting historical documents, in Latin or English, connected with the Highlands. Second, extracts from ancient Gaëlic MSS. with a view gradually to dispel the erroneous impressions which exist on the subject of early Gaëlic literature. These extracts shall be accompanied by translations into English from the pens of Gaëlic scholars of the highest eminence; and fac-similes of the MSS. Third, selections from au-

thentic traditional poetry and tales of the Highlands, with translations and illustrative notes. The other branch, entitled "*Transactions of the Iona Club*," shall comprise, (besides the minutes,) first, a series of prize essays. Second, notices of the relative historical value of the many unpublished ms. histories of Highland families, with interesting extracts, given verbatim; but with explanatory and illustrative notes. Third, genealogical and heraldic communications. Fourth, communications relative to remains of antiquity in the Highlands and Isles. Fifth, miscellaneous communications. Sixth, inventories of the ms. collections to be formed by the club.

A portion of the funds shall be devoted to the following annual honorary prizes: First, for the best essay on any proposed subject—*The Iona gold medal*. Second, to the individual who, in the course of the year, shall have been most successful in bringing to light original documents, in Latin or English, illustrative of Highland history, genealogy, &c. preserved at this time in the Highlands; all the documents on which they are founded to be previously exhibited to the committee, and copied, abstracted, or inventoried, for preservation in the archives of the club—*The Mac Farlane gold medal* (to be so called, in honour of that learned and indefatigable antiquary, *Walter Mac Farlane of that ilk.*) Third, to the individual who shall make the most interesting discovery of the same nature, in Edinburgh, or elsewhere not in the Highlands—*The Mac Farlane silver medal*. Fourth, to the individual who, within the year, shall present, for inspection, the most ancient Gaëlic ms. connected with the objects of the club, written previous to the year 1700, and not hitherto described—*The Iona silver medal*.

By the fifth rule, a collection is to be formed, to be called "*The Iona Papers*," to contain not only those which the club may accumulate, but also original documents, where no objection exists to their being deposited in the archives, upon an obligation by the secretary and treasurer to make the same forthcoming when necessary.

Two general meetings of the club to be held in the year; one in the month of May, the other in December. Candidates for election to be recommended, in writing, by two members, and balloted for in the usual form.

The constituent members to pay to the treasurer one guinea, in name of entrance money; and all members admitted afterwards, within one month after admission, to pay two guineas. The annual subscription to be one guinea. Any member failing to pay his yearly subscription, to forfeit all his privileges until his arrear is paid up.

The office-bearers to consist of president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and three councillors, making a committee, who shall have the entire management of affairs, subject to the approval of general meetings. The first of the councillors to go out of office annually, and not to be eligible again for a year.

There is to be a class of honorary members, comprehending ladies of rank and influence representing Highland families, or who take a warm interest in the Highlands, and who are to be admitted upon the recommendation of a majority of the committee, without the usual formalities of an election. The club to present each of them with a copy of its collectanea.

A seal and motto are to be provided for the club.

The following proposition is under consideration: As a means of promoting the objects of the club, and exciting an interest in its favour, there shall be a summer meeting every year, to be held in succession, at the following places, viz. the first at IONA, on some day in the summer of 1833; and in the following summer the club shall meet at *Inverary, Fort William*,

*Portree, Inverness, Blair in Athol, and St. Fillans, and again return to IONA; so that every seventh meeting shall be held in that island.*

*Office-bearers.*

DUKE OF ARGYLE, PRESIDENT.

SIR W. MAC LEOD BANNATYNE, VICE DITTO.

WILLIAM F. SKENE, ESQ. TREASURER.

DONALD GREGORY, ESQ. SECRETARY.

COSMO INNES, ESQ. ADVOCATE.

ARCHIBALD MAC NEIL, ESQ. DITTO. } COUNCILLORS.

JAMES ROBERTSON, ESQ. W. S. }

There are already about 100 members, and the subject of the first prize is "The introduction of the feudal system into the Highlands, its progress, and the effects it had on the manners and customs of the people."

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SYNOD OF PERTH AND STIRLING.

The synod of Perth and Stirling agreed on petitioning Parliament, that in any alteration that may take place in the church of Ireland, in districts where Gaëlic is spoken, the gospel be preached, and public worship performed, in the vernacular language.

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On the occasion of serving Alexander MacIntosh (Mac an Tosaich), of Mac Intosh, chief of Mac Intosh, captain of clan Chattan, &c., heir to his father the late Angus, he entertained a numerous and respectable company to dinner at the Hopeton Rooms, Edinburgh. At six o'clock, the piper paraded in full costume in front of the hotel, playing the "Gathering of the Clans," as the summons for dinner. The chair was taken by the solicitor-general (Cockburn), who had officiated as chancellor of the jury; and John Anderson, esq., w. s., acted as croupier. On "the long life and happiness of the MacIntosh" being given, which was drunk with enthusiasm, the piobair-more struck up "Failte Mac an Tosaich." The memory of the late chief was drank off in solemn silence, which was broken by the wailing notes of that touching lament, "Cumhadh mhic a h'Arisaig." The meeting continued to indulge in such clannish and patriotic toasts and sentiments as are calculated to draw closer the bonds of friendship and social enjoyments, until a late, or rather early, hour.

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A large meteoric stone fell on the North Inch, at Perth, during a thunder-storm on the 24th May.

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On the 1st of May, the Scottish Hospital, London, held the spring festival at the Crown and Anchor; his Grace the duke of Gordon in the chair. Above £500 were subscribed for this excellent and long established charity.

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On the 11th June, Mac Vurich Cluanadh, chief of the Mac Phersons, who lately married Miss Davidson, of the house of Tulloch, arrived at his seat in Laggan. A number of gentlemen, with upwards of one thousand inhabitants of Badenach, nearly the whole of whom were in the highland dress, escorted the carriage for several miles from Dalwhinnie, preceded by pipers sounding the clan "Gathering." The procession was headed by about fifty horsemen, among whom were Major Towers, Captains Mac Pherson of Biallidmore and of Noidmore, Captain Cattanach of Strone, &c. &c. On arrival at the castle, Cluny addressed his clansmen in a warm and chieftainlike speech, which he concluded by quaffing a bumper of whisky to the health of all present. This was responded to with three most hearty cheers, after which, streams of mountain-dew were poured out as libations, to secure the favour of the fates to Tighearn, agus Ban-Tighearn Cluanadh.

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Roderick Mac Leod, esq. M. P. is to be lieutenant and sheriff principal of the county of Cromarty, *vice* Robert Bruce Eneas Mac Leod, esq. resigned.

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Sir Archibald Campbell, of Succoth, bart. has been unanimously elected dean of faculty in the university of Glasgow.

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Charles Lennox Cumming Bruce, esq. has, after a strong contest, been elected M. P. for the Inverness district of Burghs.

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The Grand Cross of the Royal Guelphic Order has been conferred on Lieut.-Gen., the Hon. Alexander Duff, brother of Lord Fife.

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Vice-Admiral Sir P. Malcolm has been appointed K. G. Cross of the Order of the Bath.

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### MILITARY PROMOTIONS.

#### THE HIGHLAND REGIMENTS—42D.

The head quarters of the 42d are at Malta, the reserved companies at Greenlaw.

June 14. Capt. William M. Sloane, from half pay, unattached, to be Capt., *vice* Ewen Mac Pherson, who exchanges, receiving the difference.

George Duncan Robertson, to be Ensign by purchase, *vice* Murray, who retires.

A dramatic company was formed among the privates of the reserve of the 42d, at Berwick, which opened with Rob Roy, and was very creditably supported.

**78TH REGIMENT.**

April 12. A detachment of 3 officers, and about 100 rank and file from the depôt at Stirling castle, embarked at Leith for Chatham, whence they proceeded to join the service companies in Ceylon.

May 8. The first division left Stirling for Paisley; the second, commanded by Capt. Lindsay, left on Wednesday.

Lieut. Wingate has arrived at Plymouth from Ceylon, where the regiment has lost 10 sergeants and 100 men, of cholera, in a few days. This is the only highland regiment that has ever served eastward of the Cape of Good Hope.

**79TH REGIMENT.**

April 12. C. Skene, gent., to be Ensign by purchase, vice Forbes, promoted in the 2d.

Ensign — Mac Kay, on half pay, is dead.

The head quarters are at York, Upper Canada; the reserve companies are at Dundee.

**91ST REGIMENT.**

April 5. Capt. Charles Cooke, Yarborough, from the 15th, to be Capt., vice Brunner, who exchanges.

April 12. Lieut. C. H. Edmonstone, from 21st, to be First Lieut., vice Lieut. William Anderson, who exchanges.

Three officers and sixty men, from the depôt at Perth, sailed from Leith for Chatham, in their way to join the service companies in Upper Canada.

The head quarters are in Ireland.

**92D REGIMENT.**

March 29. Ensign John Allan de Balinhard, to be Lieut., vice Webber, promoted. James Mansfield, gent., to be Ensign, vice De Balinhard.

The 92d or Gordon Highlanders have their head quarters in Ireland. This regiment is the next corps which, in rotation, goes on foreign service after the 50th, which is now under orders for New South Wales. In 1827, the 92d returned from Jamaica, to which they were sent immediately after the battle of Waterloo, and where they suffered so lamentably from yellow fever.

**93D REGIMENT.**

April 5. Capt. Robert Carmichael Smyth, from half pay, as sub-inspector of militia, to be Capt., vice Smith, appointed to the 32d.

May 27. The reserve corps, about 250 strong, under the command of Lieut. Col. Bozon, disembarked at Aberdeen from Fort George, and marched into the barracks.



June 7. Major Gen. Sir Jasper Nicolls, K.C.B. appointed Colonel, vice Major Gen. Sir John Cameron, appointed to the command of the 9th.

The vessel which lately sailed from Cork with a detachment proceeding to join the service companies in the West Indies, put into Plymouth, the small-pox having appeared on board.

Lieut. Dalrymple, of the Royals, has succeeded Lieut. Wilson, of the 93d, as Fort Admiral, St. Lucia.

### BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

#### BIRTHS—(*Wales.*)

In April, at Holywell House, Hants, the lady of J. D. Berrington, esq. of Woodlands, Glamorgan, of a son.—On the 20th May, in Arlington-street, the lady of Sir Richard William Bulkeley, of a son and heir.

On the 24th of May, at the Rectory, Gunfryston, Pembrokeshire, the lady of the Rev. James Cozens, of a son and heir.

In London, on the 28th of April, the Countess of Denbigh of a son.

In Chester-street, Grosvenor-place, on the 28th of March, the lady of Sir Philip De Malpas Grey Egerton, Bart. of Oulton-park, Cheshire, of a son and heir.—On the 2d of May, the lady of the Rev. H. G. Evans, of Haverford west, of a son.

On the 12th of March, Mrs. Griffith, of Bryn'redyn, Maentwrog, Merionethshire, of a son.

In May, at Bran house, Carmarthenshire, Mrs. Humphreys, of a son.

On the 31st of March, the lady of the Rev. W. Johnson, of Amlwch, of a daughter.

On the 26th of March, at Summer-hill, near Wrexham, the lady of Capt. Kyrke, of a son.—In May, at Blackheath, the lady of W. King, esq. of a son.

On the 22d of May, in Dover-street, London, the lady of Charles Tracey Leigh, esq. of a daughter.—At Tenby, the lady of Charles Llewellyn, esq. assistant-surgeon of the 25th Regt. E. I. C. Bengal Native Infantry, of a son.

In March, at Mount Sion, near Oswestry, the lady of R. Hill Miers, esq. of a daughter.—On the 8th of June, at Brighton, the lady of Charles Morgan, esq. of Ruperra, of a daughter.—On the 26th of May, Lady Mostyn, of Talacre, of daughter.

On the 10th of June, Mrs. Owen, Ynysgyngar, of a son.

On the 13th of June, the lady of Sir W. P. L. Phillips, Bart. of Orlandon, Pembrokeshire, of a daughter.—On the 4th of April, at Carmarthen, Mrs. Phillips, wife of Capt. Phillips, of a daughter.

On the 1st of April, at Lanelay, Glamorgan, Mrs. Seymour, of a daughter.—On the 4th of May, in Brook-street, London, the Hon. Mrs. Stanley, the lady of E. J. Stanley, esq. M.P. of a daughter.

On the 26th of March, the lady of the Rev. Wm. Thomas, of Trevor, Anglesey, of a son and heir.—Lately, at Flookersbrook, Chester, the lady of the Rev. John Thorpe, of a son.—Lately, the wife of Mr. Troughton, of Aldwalton, was safely delivered of one son and three daughters, all living!

On the 14th of April, at Gorddinog, the lady of the Rev. James Vincent, of a son.

In May, at Cardiff, the lady of R. W. Williams, esq. of a son.—On the 5th of April, at Glyn, the lady of William Williams, esq. of a son and heir.

BIRTHS—(*Caledonian.*)

On the 27th of May, the Countess of Buchan, of a son.—In May, at Bigtoun, the lady of Wm. Bruce, esq. younger, of Symbester, advocate, of a son.

On the 14th of May, at Kinnaird castle, Lady Carnegie, of Southesk, of a son.

At Kilmaron castle, on the 16th of May, the lady of James Ogilvy Dalgleish, esq. of twins.—On the 22d of May, at Eden, Mrs. Grant Duff, of a daughter.

On the 19th of May, at Worthing, Mrs. Capt. Fraser, R.N. of a daughter.

At Stanley grove, the lady of the Hon. Col. Grant, of Ytilk, of a son.—On the 8th of April, at Leith, the wife of the Rev. James Grant, of a son.

On the 9th of April, Mrs. Col. Forbes Leith, of Whitehaugh, Aberdeenshire, of a son.

On the 3d of May, at Dunollay, the lady of Capt. Mac Dougal, R.N. chief of his name, of a son.—On the 30th of May, at Minto-street, Edinburgh, the lady of Major Mac Gregor, of a daughter.—On the 1st of May, at Conan house, Lady Mac Kenzie, of Gairloch, of a son.—On the 31st of March, at Drumfin, Mull, the lady of Hugh Mac Lean, esq. younger, of Coll, of a son.—On the 13th of April, at Edinburgh, Mrs. Mac Neil, of Ugadale, of a son.—On the 14th of June, at the East Manse, Greenock, Mrs. Menzies, of a son.

On the 7th of May, at Inches, Mrs. Robertson. of Inches, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES—(*Cambrian.*)

On the 10th of April, at Kentchurch, Herefordshire, G. Bentham, esq. only son of Sir S. Bentham, K. S. G. to Sarah, daughter of Sir Harford Jones Brydges, bart. of Boultibrook.—On the 15th of May, at Llanspyddy, the very Rev. Thomas Bevan, M.A. archdeacon of St. David's, prebendary of Brecknock, and vicar of Carmarthen, to Ann, second daughter of the late Rev. David Williams, I.L.B. of Llanspyddy, Breconshire.—On the 3d of April, at St. Paul's church, Bristol, James Bradley, esq. of Portland square, Bristol, to Mrs. Williams, widow of the late Thomas Williams, jun. esq. of Cowbridge.—On the 21st of May, at St. Bride's, Pembroke, the Rev. Richard Buckley, to Mary Thomasina Phillips.

On the 22d of May, D. Davies, esq. of the Bridge, Cardigan, to Miss Griffiths, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Griffiths, of Berllan, Pembrokeshire.—At Manchester, R. Davies, esq. youngest son of the late Rev. T. Davies, rector of Llanderfel, Merionethshire, to Miss Ashley, only daughter of the late William Ashby, esq. Bunbury.—On the 21st of May, at Newport, Monmouthshire, by the Rev. A. A. Isaacson, vicar, Charles Thomas Desmond, esq. to Miss Agnes Fell Lancaster, of Clifton, Bristol; and afterwards, in conformity with Mr. Desmond's creed, the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Portal, of the Roman Catholic church.

On the 16th of April, at Llangollen, by the Rev. R. Briscoe, M.A. Thomas Edwards, esq. to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late John Eyton, esq. both of Llangollen.—On the 31st of May, at Whitford, by the Rev. E. Roberts, vicar, Mr. J. Elias, only son of the Rev. John Elias, Anglesey, to Harriet, second daughter of Richard Maurice, esq. of Plasuchaf, near Moston.—On the 29th of May, at Holyhead, by the Rev. John Jones, M.A. Charles Ball Elliott, esq. Sackville-street, Dublin, to Ellen, fourth daughter of Edmund Roberts, esq. Ucheldre Park, Holyhead.

On the 26th of March, at Abergele, by the Rev. R. Jackson, A.M. John Foulkes, esq. Peniarth, to Miss Lloyd, Tymawr, near Abergele.

In April, at Oystermouth, Charles Gilbert, esq. to Eleanor, youngest daughter of the late Mr. John Beynon, of Pittan, Gower.—On the 26th of May, at Munich, Count Potemkin, ambassador from his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia, at the court of Bavaria, to Eliza Mary Rose, daughter of E. M. Grainger, esq. of Twysog, Denbighshire.

On the 17th January, at Clare, Suffolk, by the Rev. John Cox, William Hughes, esq. of No. 35, Great Coram-street, London, to Emily, daughter of the late Lieutenant-General Elwes, of Stoke College, Suffolk.—On the 7th of June, at Llanycil, by the Rev. John Lloyd, the Rev. John Hughes, of Fairfield House, Wrexham, to Miss Grace Jones, of Glantrewerin, Bala.

On the 29th of May, the Venerable Archdeacon Jones, to Sarah, only daughter of the late Robert Davies, esq. of Llanbedr.—On the 8th of May, at Kensington, Charles Gwillim Jones, esq. of Gray's Inn, London, son of the late Rev. J. Jones, of Foy, Herefordshire, to Miss Margaret Hardwick, of Kensington.

On the 17th of June, at Penrice, John Dillwyn Llewellyn, esq. of Penllergare, eldest son of L. W. Dillwyn, esq. M. P. to Emma Thomasina, daughter of the late Thomas M. Talbot, esq. of Margam Park.—In June, at London, Oliver Lloyd, esq. of Cardigan, to Sarah Elizabeth Gertrude, daughter of Benjamin Edward Hall, esq. of Paddington Green.

On the 18th of June, at Berriew, by the Rev. John Jones, the Rev. George Norman, M. A. head-master of Stafford Royal Free Grammar School, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Humphreys, of Berriew Rectory, Montgomeryshire.

On the 4th of May, at St. George's church, Hanover-square, Walter Owen Price, esq. of Llandillo, to Miss Evans, of Glanantcoy, in the county of Cardigan.

At Llansaintfraid, Montgomeryshire, by the Rev. H. W. Jones, E. S. B. Roberts, esq. of Bryn, to Hannah, the accomplished daughter of J. Lewis, esq. of White Hall, and well known as the author of "The Lover lost;" "Kilmerana;" &c. &c.

On the 28th of May, at Ruabon, by the Rev. T. Thomas, B. A. Edward Tench, esq. of Hewell, in the county of Warwick, to Amelia, eldest daughter of Exuperius Pickering, esq. of Newbridge cottage, Ruabon.—On the 3d of June, at Llangadock, William Thomas, esq. of Llwynberllan, to Mrs. Jane Williams, of Llangadock.—On the 17th of May, at Wrexham, A. W. Thornley, esq. to Miss Livingston, sister to Captain Livingston, of the former place.—On the 26th of March, at Liverpool, Samuel Tipper, esq. of Whitebrook, Monmouthshire, to Elizabeth, third daughter of the late Johnson Gore, esq.—On the 2d of April, at Torquay, the Rev. George Trevelyan, eldest son of the late Archdeacon Trevelyan, to Frances Anne, only daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Lumsden.

On the 11th of June, at Marlborough, Anna Margareta, second daughter of Sir G. Griffith Williams, bart. to Henry H. Lyons, esq. youngest son of W. Lyons, esq. of Tenby.—On the 22d of June, at St. George's, Hanover-square, London, Lloyd Vaughan Watkins, esq. of Penoyre, M. P. for Brecknock, to Sophia Louisa Henrietta, daughter of Sir Geo. Pocock, bart.—Lately, at Llandebie, Carnarvonshire, R. M. Williams, esq. of Mynyddhirion, near Llandillo, to Eliza, only daughter of John Heptinstal, esq. of Cwmcoch.—On the 21st of May, John Woods, esq. clerk of the peace for the county of Glamorgan, to Mrs. Davids, of Cwm, in the county of Carmarthen.

#### MARRIAGES—(*Caledonian.*)

On the 11th of June, Hugh Bremner, esq. W. S. to Catherine, youngest daughter of Robert Menzies, esq. Trinity Lanark.—On the 30th of April,

Mr. George Augustus Brigstocke, merchant, Leith, fifth son of the Rev. Thomas Brigstocke, vicar of Llawhaden, Pembrokeshire, to Agnes, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Fraser, esq. of Crailinghall, Roxburghshire.

On the 15th of April, at Blair Manse, the Rev. Duncan Campbell, minister of the parish of Moulin, to Jane Mac Conochie, eldest daughter of the Rev. — Stewart.

On the 14th of March, at Aberdeen, Capt. Duff, 92d regiment, to Emma, only daughter of Deputy Commissary General Haines, Merrion-street, Dublin.

On the 13th of May, Alexander Fraser, Inverness, to Margaret, daughter of the late captain Mac Ritchie, Leith.—On the 30th of April, James Farquharson, esq. of Invercauld, chief of Clan Finla, to Janet Hamilton, eldest daughter of the late general Francis Dundas, of Sanson, Berwickshire. The happy event was celebrated with great rejoicing. The tenants on the extensive estates from Logie Colstone to Glenshee, gave themselves up to mirth and revelry. Lady Farquharson considerably ordered a distribution of oatmeal to all the servants and poor, and Cairn na cuimhne, the name of which is the Clan Slogan, was considerably augmented by the enthusiastic mac Errachers.

On the 11th of May, at Hornsey, near London, Alexander Grant, esq. of Newington Green, to Frances Julia, daughter of J. B. Reyner, esq.

On the 2d of May, the Rev. Alexander Mac Kenzie, chapel of ease, Oban, Argyle, to Ann, daughter of the late Wm. Shaw, esq.

On the 15th of April, at lieut.-gen. Sir John Hope's mansion, Edinburgh, Wm. Mc Turk, M.D. of Bradford, to Beatrice Rishton, youngest daughter of captain D. Mac Dougal, of Adentrive, Argyle.

On the 9th of May, at Aldmore near Tain, in Ross, the Rev. Walter Ross Taylor, minister of Thurso, to Isabella, second daughter of William Murray, esq. of Westfield.

On the 23d of April, Robert Sutherland Taylor, esq. sheriff-clerk of Sutherland, to Mary Poyntz, youngest daughter of the late colonel Innes Munro, of Poyntzfield.

DEATHS.—(*Cambrian.*)

Lately Maurice Bieby, esq. of Llanvyllin, Montgomeryshire.—On the 21st of May, at Kelsterton, Northop, Flintshire, after a protracted illness, Thomas Bate, esq. in the 65th year of his age.—On the 8th ult. at Wrexham, Harriet, wife of Samuel Boydell, esq. and third daughter of the late J. B. Watson, esq. of Terrick Hall, in the county of Salop.—At Bruges, in the Pas de Calais, a maiden lady, Mlle. Bosey, at the advanced age of 116.—On the 28th of March, at Pembroke, suddenly, aged 59, Eliza, the wife of John Bowling, esq. of Bullibar, Magistrate for the County of Pembroke.—April 27th, at Hilston-house, near Monmouth, aged 74, General Sir Robert Brownrig, bart. G.C.B. Colonel of the 9th foot, and Governor of Ceylon.

On the 3rd of April, in St. John-street, Chester, in the 74th year of his age, deeply lamented by his afflicted family, the Rev. Roger Clough, Canon of St. Asaph, and Rector of Llansannan, in the county of Denbigh.—April 16th, in Grosvenor-square, London, the Right Hon. Henry George, Earl of Carnarvon, a highly respected nobleman. He is succeeded by his son Lord Porchester.

Lately, at Llansamlet, aged 105, Anne David. She was the widow of a collier, and had resided during her long life within one mile of the Swansea Copper Works.

At Brecon, Clement, second son of the late Clement Ekins, esq. surgeon

in the 93d Regiment of Highlanders.—On the 4th of May, at Trevechan, Aberystwith, aged 72, Mr. John Evans, formerly the first partner in the firm of Evans, Jones, and Davies, bankers. As a banker, his liberality and usefulness were proverbial; and, many persons in Aberystwith and its neighbourhood are wholly indebted to his beneficent assistance for their present wealth and prosperity.—June 20th, at Harrow, Middlesex, aged 68, the Rev. Benjamin Evans, under master of the celebrated Harrow school.

April 3d, at Clifton, Morgan Heffer, esq. late of Pontypool.—April 11th the Rev. Rowland Hill. The venerable gentleman was seized with alarming symptoms about a week previously, from which illness he was destined never to recover. He was in the 89th year of his age. His physical powers had been long in a declining state, but his intellectual energies remained almost unimpaired to the last moment of his existence. He at length sunk under a gradual decay of nature, and died without a groan. On Monday morning, April 8th, he preached for the last time to an immense audience, composed principally of the boys belonging to the Sunday School Union, whom he had been in the habit of addressing on every successive Easter Monday, for some years past. On Tuesday morning he expressed some desire to address the girls connected with the same schools, which was also his accustomed practice; but being very unwell, he was dissuaded from it by his friends; and his assistant, the Rev. Mr. Waite, officiated in his room. During the morning of that day, he found it necessary to lie down in his bed, from which he never rose more. His friends, who attended him during his last moments, state, that although articulation failed him, they have no doubt but he was perfectly conscious of every thing transpiring around him until he breathed his last. Thus has died, at a good old age, this somewhat eccentric, but much respected and venerable Christian.—On the 1st of April, the Rev. Jeffery Holland, Rector of Dolbenmaen, Carnarvon.—2d of April, in his 43d year, at Plas Onn, near Mold, Edward Jones Hughes, esq. after a short but severe illness.

March 24th, William Jones, formerly affluent, died in Trelleck poor-house, aged 81, and was buried in the church-yard. As soon, however, as the minister of the adjoining parish heard of the circumstance, he informed the authorities, that the deceased had pointed out a spot close to the graves of his wife and son in Llanishen church-yard, where he had earnestly desired to be buried. His wishes were complied with, the body was disinterred, and reinterred according to his request.—March, in London, aged 33, T. Rogers Jones, esq. solicitor, Swansea.—On the 17th ult. after a long illness, Mary, the wife of Capt. Robert Jones, of Abersoch, near Pwllheli, aged 60.—27th March, Marianne, second daughter of the Rev. David James, curate of Llanwnnog, Montgomeryshire.—On Saturday se'nnight, at the Chapel House, Wotton-Underedge, much respected and lamented, the Rev. Theophilus Jones, after an illness of a few days. He was co-pastor with the Rev. Rowland Hill upwards of sixteen years, and it is a singular circumstance, that he never engaged in any public service after he heard of the removal of that venerable and excellent man.—On Saturday, the 18th of May, Thomas Johnson, esq. of the Bute and Rumney Iron Works.—On the 3d of April, Mary, relict of the late Griffith Jones, of Wern, esq. She had attained the age of 73 years.—23d March, at Rugby, after a severe illness, in his 15th year, sincerely lamented, Pryce, son of Pryce Jones, esq. of Ceffronydd, Montgomeryshire.—April 1st, at Broadway, near Montgomery, Lady Jones, wife of Captain Sir Charles Thomas Jones, B.N.

At Corsegdol, Frances, daughter of Bell Lloyd, esq. and niece of Lord Mostyn.—Lately at Machynlleth, aged 45, John Lewis, esq.

At Cardiff, on the 7th May, Sarah, wife of Francis Minnitt, esq. Comptroller of his Majesty's Customs.—On the 8th April, at Tynycaia, St. Brides Major, Glamorgan, John Price Martin, esq. formerly of Calcutta, and latterly of Cheltenham. His death was occasioned by over exertion in endeavouring to extinguish a fire caused by the carelessness of a servant maid in one of the bed chambers. He succeeded in his endeavours, but the effects of the heated air and subsequent exposure to cold, produced such a rapid inflammation of the lungs, as to baffle all the skill of medical assistance. In him were blended all the virtues of the husband, friend, and sincere christian.—On the 23d March, at Brynsodyn, near Dolgelley, after a long illness, aged 39, Lady Ellen Moore, a native of Ireland.—Lately at Tymawr Lledied, Cardiganshire, aged 79, Mrs. Elizabeth Creber, daughter of the celebrated antiquary and poet, Lewis Morris, esq. (*Llewellyn ddu o fôn.*)—On the 2d May, at Barmouth, Miss Wynn, daughter of the late Wm. Manney, esq. of Maes y Neuadd and Maes y Pandy, in the county of Merioneth.

At Dolgelley, aged 68, the Rev. Thomas Owen, head master of Dolgelley school.—On the 27th of May, at Towyn Merionethshire, aged 83, Mr. Griffith Owen, formerly of the Raven inn. He was a native of Penmorfa, Carnarvonshire, and was one of the most celebrated harpers Wales ever produced.

At Bath, Elizabeth, daughter of Wm. Philips, jun. esq. of Witston House, Monmouthshire.—On the 19th of May, aged 77, Mr. Thomas Prichard, late of Tyddyn-mawr, Llanfihangel Ysceiflog, Anglesey; whose remains measured *six feet six inches*.

On the 2nd ult. at Bodunig, Llanrwst, Catherine Lloyd, youngest daughter of the late William Lloyd Roberts, esq. of Cefn y Coed, Denbighshire.—On the 20th May, Laura Ann, youngest daughter of Abraham Rowlands, esq. Nanty Glo, Monmouthshire.—April 17, George Clayton Roche, esq. of Clareston who about three years ago served the office of High Sheriff of the county of Pembroke. His death was occasioned by his being scorched from the accidental burning of his bed curtains.

On the 21st March, at the advanced age of 101, Mary Shankland, formerly of Llansagurnen, near Langharne, Carmarthenshire, leaving one son, seven grandchildren, and thirty-one great grand children.

On the 11th May, aged 66, Margaret Trevor, relict of the late George Withers, esq. of Oswestry, and sister of the late Rev. Dr. Trevor.

On the 10th of June, at the Vicarage, Clynnog, in his 77th year, and about 24 years vicar of that parish, the Rev. H. Williams.

DEATHS—(*Caledonian.*)

There died a few months ago, at Murthly castle, Perthshire, Shemus Anderson, an eccentric character, who was hen-keeper, and official fool in the family for three-score years. Jamie was something more than four feet in height, and of corresponding proportions, but deformed. He had read a good deal, had an excellent memory; and, whatever he might have appeared professionally, he was, like other fools, by no means blind to his own interest. There were found in a box, filled with newspapers, &c. bank-notes for £300, and buried in a corner £20 in silver. About his bed were found £56 in notes, and a receipt for £30, which with £20 in specie, makes £426, of which he left £12 per annum to a destitute brother.

In Devonshire-place, London, April 20, Lieut.-Col. John Baillie, of Leys, Director of the East India Company, and M. P. for the Inverness district of Burghs.—At London, Margaret, eldest daughter of Charles Bannerman, esq. of Crimonmogat, Aberdeenshire.



At London, April 26, Lady Adelaide C. Campbell, daughter of Earl Cawdor.—At Barcaldine, Henry Charles Alexander, youngest child of Sir Duncan Campbell, bart.—At Marchmont House, April 9, Sir William Purves Hume Campbell, bart. aged 67.—At Southsea, April 1, Jane, aged 20, and on the following day, Mary, aged 17, daughters of Capt. James Campbell, R.N.—At Rothsay, May 15, Mrs. Mary Anne Colquhoun, widow of the late Right Hon. Archibald Colquhoun, of Killermont, lord clerk register.

At Annfield House, Fife, Dame Mary Falconer, relict of the late Sir James Colquhoun, of Luss, bart.—At Wester Pittendreich, Elgin, May 21, Capt. D. Falconer, aged 66—At Keil House, Argyle, Jane Johnston, wife of Lieut.-Col. Fullarton, c. b. 96th regt.

At the Manse of Inveraven, Banff, April 12, the Rev. Wm. Grant, minister, aged 75, and in the 41st year of his ministry.—At Inverness, March 27, the widow of the late Lieut. G. Gordon, of the 92d regt.

Died at Glasgow, June 4, the Rev. Donald Mac Coll, of the Scottish episcopal church.—At Shalapoor, East Indies, Dec. 22, Lieut. Davidson Mac Kenzie, 1st Regiment native cavalry.—At Edinburgh, May 28, James Mac Farlane, esq. late collector of Excise.—May 13, Mrs. Flora Maclean, relict of Capt. John Macdonald, of 50th Regt.—At Rothsay, May 27, John Mac Lean, formerly of Toppingbeg, Mull.—At the Gorbals, Glasgow, April 21, the Rev. Dr. James Mac Lean, minister of that parish, aged 72, in the 40th year of his ministry.—At Madras, Jan. 13, Ann, youngest daughter of the late Col. Donald Mac Leod, of Ellan Hirta, or the island of St. Kilda.—At Paisley, June 14, aged 84, James Mac Millan, a genuine Highlander of the old school, who used to make, in the feeling of Old Mortality, annual visits to the various fields of battle.—On the 13th of April, Samuel, 2d son of the Rev. Samuel Mac Millan, Aberdeen.—On the 13th April, at his seat, Balvie, in Badenach, James Mac Pherson, esq. son of the celebrated translator of Ossian.—On the 10th of May, at Edinburgh, Capt. Duncan Mac Pherson, late of the 92d Regt.—May 30, in Princes-street, Hanover-square, London, Major General Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B., K.L.S., &c.—On the 25th of May, at Madderty, Perthshire, David Malcolm, L.L.D. chaplain to his late majesty.—On the 2d of May, at Glasgow, suddenly, John, youngest son of the late — Mathieson, of Atadale, Ross.—On the 30th of April, at West Newington, James Campbell Murdoch, late of the 91st or Argyle Highlanders.

*We unfortunately have not space for a few other Deaths.*

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### PRICES OF CANAL SHARES, AND FOREIGN AND ENGLISH FUNDS.

#### CANALS IN WALES.

Brecknock and Abergavenny, 80*l.*; Glamorganshire, 290*l.*; Monmouthshire, 198*l.*; Montgomery, 85*l.*; Shrewsbury, 255*l.*; Swansea, 220*l.*

#### FOREIGN FUNDS.

*Closing price, June 22.*—Austrian Bonds, 96½; Belgian, 92; Brazilian, 68; Buenos Ayres, 26; Chilian, 26; Columbian, 21½; ditto 1824, 24; Danish, 74; Greek, 40; Mexican 5 per cent. 30, ditto 6 per cent. 36½; Peruvian, 20; Portuguese, 60; Prussian, 101¾; ditto 1822, 103¼; Russian, 104½; Spanish, 19½; ditto 1823, 17; Dutch, 49¼; French Rentes, 5 per cent. 104; ditto 3 per cent. 78½.

#### ENGLISH FUNDS.

*June 22.*—Bank Stock, 204½; 3 per cent. Red. 89½; 3 per cent. Consols, shut; New 3½ per cent. shut; New 4 per cent. 103.

CHARLES EDMONDS, Broker, Change Alley, Cornhill.

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ON THE HIGHLAND DRESS.

CONQUERORS have the privilege, as might confers the right, of imposing conditions on those they have subjected; and the stronger power will by no means neglect measures to prevent any molestation from the weaker.

It was the policy of the Romans rather to allay the indignant feelings of those nations they had overcome, by acts of lenity; to seduce them into cheerful submission by offering them the privileges of citizens, and by specious means to entice them to forego their ancient customs, and amalgamate with the empire, than arbitrarily to oppose the national prejudices of those over whom fortune had given them power, but whose alliance they pretended to covet.

The advantage of this policy was evinced by the facility with which they advanced their conquests, and retained the allegiance of the conquered. The apparent respect in which they were held by the renowned people, of whose vast dominions they were led to consider themselves an important part, prevented them from feeling the galling of the chains which were by this system the more securely riveted. Other nations adopted a different system; and the consequence has been, determined hostility between the ill-assimilated parts of a kingdom, the different provinces of which varied widely in their manners and customs.

Nothing more certainly conciliates a people than respect for their prejudices and long established usages, which are always the more tenaciously clung to, when measures are adopted in order forcibly to restrain and abolish them. Those attempts may be made in the spirit of a conqueror, who is determined to crush the energy of the unfortunate

nation who has fallen under his sway, or they may be pursued, from a policy which presumes that a people can never be truly reduced to subjection who retain, unmolested, their cherished nationalities. The language, the religion, the laws, the dress, the poetry and music, of the conquered, history shows us have been often proscribed by the dominant power, but, we believe, in no case with the expected result. In many instances such attempts have been productive of riots, insurrections, and even the dismemberment of states.

The massacre of the Cambrian bards, as related by some historians, and generally believed, is not, however, satisfactorily proved; but that Edward I. attempted to abolish that venerable and influential order can scarcely be doubted. He also endeavoured to abolish the laws of the Scots, and the Bretts, when he thought he had secured the dominion of Scotland, but the enactment was so obnoxious that he was speedily forced to repeal it.

The strong measures taken to eradicate the Wendish tongue, and that of the Bohemians, in 1765, were found quite ineffectual. In our own country, about sixty years ago, serious designs were entertained of the possibility and advantage of extinguishing the Welsh language!

Other instances might be adduced, to prove the impossibility of suppressing national predilections, and the impolicy of rashly attempting by coercive measures to do so. There have been, it must be confessed, means taken to restrain the continuance of national observances, which have so far succeeded, without however making better subjects of the people.

Laws against dress appear in some degree justifiable; peculiar costume operating as a badge of distinction, which may tend to diffuse and keep alive that *esprit du corps*, which, in opposition to the government, might endanger the constitution. In Britain and Ireland the Celtic portions of the empire have suffered from many severe enactments, to deter them from adherence to their wonted usages and personal decoration,\* and compel them to conform to the manners of their Saxon or Anglo-Norman neighbours.

\* The Welsh have certain stripes in their cloth, which distinguish different districts, but no chequered stuff like tartan. Why is this not assumed as a national dress? By the 26th Hen. VIII. they were forbidden to carry weapons on any occasion, except upon hue and cry after felons.

The Irish dress, so different from that of England, drew the attention of her rulers, who thought it necessary to deprive the natives of the use of their ancient garb, a respected badge of former independence; and in the fifth parliament of Edward IV., c. 16. at the request of the Commons, "it was ordained and established that every Irishman that dwells betwixt or amongst Englishmen, in the counties of Dublin, Myeth, Uriel, and Kildare, shall go like to an Englishman in apparel, (and shaving of his beard above the mouth, &c.) and shall be within one year sworn leigeman to the king, and shall take to him an English surname."

Henry VIII. made this act more explicit and severe, and affected to believe that the Irish would be better Christians by adopting the costume of their invaders, "prepending and waying by his great wisdom, learning, and experience, how much it doeth conferre to the induction of rude and ignorant people to the knowledge of Almighty God, and of that good and vertuous obedience which by his most holy precepts they owe to their princes, than a good instruction in his most holy lawes, with a conformitie, concordance, and familiaritie in language, tongue, and in manners, order, and apparell, with them that be civil people, and doe profess and acknowledge civil and politique orders, lawes, and directions," &c. And considering "that there is nothing which doeth more conteyne and keepe many of his subjects in a certaine savage and wild kind and manner of living, than the diversity betwixt them in tongue, order, and babite;" whosoever at any time should suffer any "within his familie or rule to use the Irish habit, or not to use the English tongue," should forfeit the dress; and if any should attempt to retake it, or bribe the captor to restore it, a fine of 5*l.* was exacted. Par. 28, c. 26.

So successful were those measures, that the dress was completely suppressed; and it is singular enough that the Irish themselves should not now be able to tell us precisely what it was.

It was not so with the Scottish Gaël. Their dress has survived all assaults; and no discountenance, no ridicule, no severity, has been able to divest the people of their veneration for their antique apparel, or of their pride in its use. To their inflexible attachment we owe the preservation of this manly and truly unique costume.

The garb of the Highlanders is one of the most striking

remains of those times which constituted the golden age of the Gaël. Peculiar to themselves, and so unlike the costume of any other nation, it has always excited admiration and curiosity; and the partiality of those remote tribes to their ancient weeds was so strong, that their use was believed to be a chief cause of the rebellions which had so frequently alarmed the government; and the British legislators in their wisdom thought the people were to be made loyal by a new fashion of clothing. Acts of Parliament were accordingly passed at different times to compel the "uncivilized" Highlanders to assume a dress foreign to their habits, and an object of aversion; of a manufacture also of which they could so little avail themselves, that the statute was, with some propriety, called the *unclothing act*.

Notwithstanding the strictness with which these acts were at first enforced, they failed to accomplish the intended object. The gentlemen of the country began to see their inutility, and relax in their efforts to suppress the beloved Breachdan; and the invaluable military services of the Highlanders, who were permitted to shed their blood for their country in a uniform proscribed in their native land, subdued the feelings which had first prompted the legislature to such an expedient, and, before the statutes were finally repealed, the feile-beag had been worn by many, especially discharged soldiers, without either "let or hindrance."

A summary of the measures taken utterly to abolish this manly and characteristic costume, and latterly, not only to render it again a lawful dress, but admissible to court, with the observations of some of those who took part in the discussion, it is thought, will not be uninteresting; many being ignorant of the attention which the Highland dress had the honour to draw towards it from successive British parliaments.

The rising of the clans, in the cause of the Stuarts, under the Earl of Mar, in 1715, greatly alarmed the illustrious family recently called to the throne of these realms. The insurrection expired rather than was suppressed. After engaging the royal troops under the Duke of Argyle, at Sherra-Moor, where the Highlanders had the best of it, vexed by the timidity of their commander, so unlike the chivalrous Marquis of Montrose and the Viscount Dundee, they retired to their sequestered vallies, hopeless of ultimate success.

The state of the Gaël, who could levy a formidable war

against the reigning family, began soon to excite particular attention; and the most obvious means of preventing them from being able at any future time to disturb the government seemed to be, to deprive them of their warlike weapons, which were worn on all occasions. In pursuance of this plan, a bill was brought into Parliament in 1716, the preamble to which states, that "whereas the custom that has too long prevailed amongst the Highlanders of Scotland, of having arms in their custody, and using and bearing them in travelling abroad in the fields, and at public meetings, has greatly obstructed the civilizing of the people within the counties hereinafter named; has prevented their applying themselves to husbandry, manufactures, trade, and other virtuous and profitable employments; has been the cause of many riots, robberies, and tumults; hath and does tend to disappoint the execution of the law, to the dishonour of government, and unspeakable loss of his majesty's subjects; has, in a peculiar manner, been one of the fertile causes of the late unnatural rebellion, and may occasion the like, or greater calamity in time to come, if not prevented by a proper remedy." It was consequently enacted, "that from and after the 1st of November, 1716, it shall not be lawful for any person or persons within the shires of Dumbarton, on the north side of the water of Leven;\* Stirling, on the north side of the water of Forth, Perth, Kincardine, Aberdeen, Inverness, Nairn, Cromarty, Argyle, Forfar, Banff, Sutherland, Caithness, Elgin, and Ross; to have in his or their custody, use or bear broadsword or target, poynard, whingar, or durk, side pistol or pistols, gun, or any other warlike weapons, in the fields, or in the way, coming or going to, from, or at any church, market, fair, burials, huntings, meetings, or any other occasion whatsoever, within the bounds aforesaid, or come into the low countrys, armed as aforesaid." This act did not extend to peers, their sons, nor to any commoner worth 400*l.* Scots, annually, [*£*33 6*s.* 8*d.*] who were allowed to possess two firelocks, two swords, and two pair of pistols.

\* In the act 19 of George II. a doubt having arisen as to what part of the county is meant, it is defined as "such parts as lie on the e. w. and n. sides of Lochlomond, to the northward of that point where the water of Leven runs from the loch." In the act 26 George II., 1753, the bounds of the Gaëlic part of Stirlingshire were explained as all north or north-west of an imaginary line, drawn from Ballamachall upon Lochlomond side, in the parish of Buchanan, to the kirk or bridge of Aberfoyle, on the river Forth.

On the summary conviction of any offender, for the first offence, the arms were forfeited, and a fine imposed, not exceeding 40*l.* nor less than 5*l.* sterling, one half being for public works, and the other to the informer. The second offence was also forfeiture of the arms, and the fine doubled. If the penalty was not paid, and nothing found to satisfy it, the offender was transported for seven years!

Search was to be made for arms between sunrise and sunset after 16th July, and the penalty for resistance, or secreting, was a fine, not exceeding 15*l.* nor below 5*l.*; but the houses of peers could not be so searched without a warrant under the sign manual.

The result of this first attempt to crush the Celtic spirit of independence was by no means what had been expected. Those clans who were loyal and peaceable gave up their arms with tolerable honesty, but the disaffected paid little or rather no obedience to the act, so that they continued well armed, whilst the others were left defenceless. Those of the rebels who did part with their weapons were shrewd enough to take advantage of the necessity, and an exorbitant price was received for useless articles. It is affirmed that great quantities of old broken arms were brought from Holland and other parts, and delivered to the authorities, at high prices; and General Wade states that 13,000*l.* were given for weapons that were generally worth no more than old iron.

We then read, "whereas the prevailing custom of convocating numbers of his majesty's subjects,\* with the practice of obliging them to perform divers services, arbitrary and oppressive, by virtue of clauses in charters, contracts or agreements, within the limits aforesaid, is contrary to the nature of good government, destructive to the liberties of free people, inconsistent with the obedience and allegiance due to his majesty's government, as well as the greatest obstruction to the improvement of trade, husbandry, and manufactures; and was one of the greatest means of raising and carrying on the late unhappy rebellion: be it enacted, that from and after the 1st day of August, 1717, the annual value of the services, commonly called personal attendance, hosting, hunting, watching, and warding," shall be paid in

\* An Act of Council was passed to oblige the Highland lairds from bringing their luchdleanmhuin, or body guard, vulgo tail, to Edinburgh, in consequence, no doubt, of the inconvenience, if not danger, from a company of ten men, well armed, attending every chief.

money annually; and all clauses in charters or other agreements, stipulating for these services, were declared void and null, the parties claiming them being at liberty to agree with their vassals by arbitration, or brought to an adjustment on a petition to the Lords of Session.

The act 2, George I. c. 26, 1724, after recapitulating that of his first parliament, orders lords lieutenants and others to summon clans, on four days' notice, by a notice affixed to the market-cross or kirk-door, to bring and deliver up their arms at certain appointed places; and any who were convicted on the oath of two witnesses of continuing to carry, or possessing arms, were sent to serve as soldiers beyond seas! Should arms be found in any out-house, or even in the fields, the proprietor was deemed the possessor, and was subjected to the consequent penalty. In the case of a woman, she was to be confined two years in the tolbooth, or prison of the county town, and was liable to such fine as the justices should think reasonable, not however exceeding 100*l.* sterling, unless she could prove she knew nothing of the concealment.

In pursuance of this act, Marshal Wade was commissioned to receive the arms of the clans. He therefore proceeded northwards, and issued summonses; the first of which he sent to the Mackenzies, whose chief, Lord Seaforth, was then in exile. About fifty chieftains and gentlemen of the clan waited on him, and promised obedience to his Majesty, if they received indemnification for the rents they had paid to their chief since his forfeiture; and they desired, on delivering up their arms, it might be done at Brahan castle, Seaforth's principal seat, and not in presence of any other Highlanders; for, they said, "as they had always been reputed the bravest as well as most numerous of the northern clans, they thought it more consistent with their honour to resign their arms to his Majesty's veteran troops." The marshal accordingly went to Brahan castle with two hundred men, where the chieftains of the clan met him with their followers, who "marched in good order through the great avenue, and one after another laid down their arms in the court-yard in great quiet and decency, amounting to 784 pieces."

A strong feeling was excited by these measures. Threatening letters were sent to Wade, and papers were printed and circulated through the Highlands, denying the power of parliament to impose such acts; acts that were against



the laws both of God and man, and using other arguments to persuade their friends to resistance. Notwithstanding, the marshal proceeded in the execution of his commission, protecting, by parties of troops, the people who were disarmed, and issuing his summonses. The Mac Donalds of Glengarry, Mac Leod of Glenelg, the Chisholm, and the Grants of Glenmorrison, surrendered their arms at Killichuimen, now fort Augustus, on the 15th of September. The Mac Donalds of Keppach, of Moidart, of Arisaig, and of Glenco; the Camerons and the Stewarts of Appin, delivered theirs to the governor of fort William. The Mac-Intoshes carried theirs to Inverness; the Mac Phersons and followers of the Duke of Gordon went to the castle of Ruthven on the 1st of October. The Mac Leods, Mac Kinnons, and Mac Donalds of Skye, deposited theirs at the barracks of Bernera, and the clans in Mull performed the same duty at the castle of Duart, in that island. The ceremony commenced by the chiefs first laying their swords on the ground, with expressions of great sorrow for having drawn them against their sovereign. The southern clans, it was observed, brought in their arms in much less quantity than the northern; but, as by this act nothing was allowed for them, many were taken to the forge, and converted into useful implements.\*

Drovers, foresters, and some others whose avocations led them to traverse the country, were, by licence granted for two years, permitted to carry a gun, sword, and pistol. Two hundred and thirty were thus privileged by the marshal during the year. The oath obliged to be taken by others was drawn up in consonance with the Highland feeling, and in the usual style of their asseverations: "I do swear, as I shall answer to God at the great day of judgment, I have not, nor shall I have, in my possession, any gun, sword, pistol, or arm whatsoever, and never use tartan, plaid, or any part of the Highland garb: if I so do, may I be cursed in my undertakings, family, and property;—may I never see my wife and children, father, mother, or relations;—may I die in battle as a coward, and lie without Christian burial in a strange land, far from the graves of my forefathers and kindred:—may all this come across me if I break this oath."

In the 19th parliament of George II., c. 39, it was re-

\* The Spaniards, in the descent of 1719, brought with them a number of musquets; and Wade supposed that about 6000 were in the hands of the disaffected, and as many in possession of the loyal. The number of weapons altogether collected within the year was 2685.

enacted that the Highlanders should be compelled to surrender all and every warlike weapon. Lords lieutenant were empowered to summon any persons to give up their arms, and could search by night or day with the aid of the military. Resistance to this authority was a fine of 15*l.* sterling, with imprisonment; and if within one month it were not paid, the offender was sent as a soldier to America. If unfit for the army, he was kept close prisoner six months, and if satisfactory security was not given for peaceable behaviour, two years. A second offence was summary transportation for seven years.

Concealment of arms was visited with a fine of 100*l.* sterling, and not in any case less than 15*l.*; and if, from inability or otherwise, this was not immediately paid, the offender was imprisoned or transported as above. In the case of a woman, over and above the fine and imprisonment, she was to be kept six months in close custody.

It is the 17th clause of this Act which relates more particularly to the dress of the Highlanders. It was apparently supposed by this wise Parliament that the Highlanders would be made all loyal subjects by being compelled to abandon their ancient costume, and adopt a dress, to them new, inconvenient, and the more hateful that it was thus rendered a mark of degradation.

From and after August 1, 1747, afterwards extended to 1748, for the benefit of those who were not landed gentlemen, it was decreed that "neither man nor boy, except such as should be employed as officers and soldiers, should, on any pretence, wear or put on the clothes commonly called Highland clothes, viz. the plaid, philibeg or little kilt, trowse, shoulder belts, or any part whatsoever of what peculiarly belongs to the Highland garb; and that no tartan or party-coloured plaid or stuff should be used for great coats or for upper coats." Whoever was convicted of wearing any part of the dress thus described, was to be imprisoned six months for the first offence, and transported seven years for the second!

The 21st of George II., c. 34, was passed to amend that of the 19th, and was the final enactment which was thought necessary to subdue Highland independence and remove national distinction. It entirely abolished heritable jurisdictions and wardholding; in other words, it deprived the chiefs of the hereditary power over their followers which they had hitherto possessed. Those not delivering up their arms were by this

new Act to be subjected to the same penalties as if they were found carrying them on their persons, and the exception formerly made in favor of peers, their sons, and members of Parliament, from summons, was repealed; but the following persons were allowed to carry and have in their possession the undermentioned arms:

Any heritor or life-renter possessed of 400*l.* Scots, was permitted to use, either by himself or his servants, three firelocks, three pair of pistols, and three swords.

Those possessed of 1000*l.* Scots, valued rent, or upwards, seven firelocks, seven pair of pistols, and seven swords.

Those possessed of 3000*l.* Scots, or upwards, twelve firelocks, twelve pair of pistols, and twelve swords.

Those possessed of 6000*l.* and upwards, twenty firelocks, twenty pair of pistols, and twenty swords.

Those possessed of 9000*l.* and upwards, [£750] thirty firelocks, thirty pair of pistols, and thirty swords.

Royal Burghs were to have no more than 200 stand of arms.

Those who were allowed to retain their arms, were obliged, by September 29, 1748, to qualify themselves by taking and subscribing the oaths of allegiance and abjuration, and the assurance provided to be taken by all persons in office in Scotland. The penalty on disobedience was forfeiture of the arms and a fine of 100*l.* sterling.

Persons belonging to the Royal Bank and Bank of Scotland, and clerks of the court of session, are especially named, and the reason of this will appear when we recollect that the rents of many of the attainted chiefs were regularly paid and remitted to the continent, and other money transactions, inimical to government, were carried through those houses.

The period for enforcing the law against the dress was enlarged to the 1st of August, 1749, but not as respected the plaid, and philibeg or little kilt, the actual body covering, which were peremptorily denounced after December 25, 1748. It was, with respect to these articles, made lawful "for any of his majesty's subjects whatsoever to take up and apprehend all and every person or persons as they shall find wearing the said Highland clothes or garb, or any part thereof, and forthwith carry them before any of his majesty's justices of the peace, or judge ordinary of the place, who are

hereby empowered to try and convict such offender in a summary way;" and instead of the penalties of the 19th Act, every person not being of landed estate, found wearing even part of the dress, was compelled to serve as a soldier in the army.

By the former act his Majesty was empowered to purchase lands in the Highlands for the establishment of schools, "to preserve the peace, and farther civilize the Highlanders." Chaplains and schoolmasters were now required to take certain oaths, and to pray for his Majesty and the royal family *by name*, otherwise they were liable to imprisonment for six months, and on a second offence to transportation to the plantations for life! But, notwithstanding the severity of this clause, the non-jurants in Scotland long continued to pray for the exiled family; and an Englishman tells us, in his entertaining "Letters," how much he was astonished and offended by finding the people of the episcopal chapel, in Aberdeen, when the name of King George occurred in the prayer, set up a general coughing, spitting, and fidgetting.

By the 20th clause, "for the more effectually suppressing the theft of cattle in the Highlands," it was provided that a witness should not be objected to because he was *particeps* or *socius criminis*, nor was the circumstance of his being art and part guilty to be turned as proof against himself.

The act of 1st George I., for encouragement of superiors, vassals, landlords, and tenants, remaining loyal, which allowed the tenant of one guilty of high treason two years' crop rent-free, was now repealed.

Notwithstanding the care with which all those Acts seem to have been drawn out, it was necessary in 1753 to pass another, explanatory of the 19th and 21st George II., which was continued in force, by renewal, from seven years to seven years, until 1782.

It is evident from all this, that not only the arms but the Breacanan of the Gaël were considered badges of rebellion, and the marks of a traitor. It must here be observed, that many of the clans had given decided proofs of their loyalty to the reigning family, and in fact were the principal means of crushing the rebellion in 1746; notwithstanding which, by these acts, they perceived themselves confounded with the rebellious, and subjected to the same vexations, pains, and penalties: a proof that the legislators of that day believed

that it was impossible for any of them to continue long in their loyalty and in their tartans at the same time; that is, in the kilt. Here is a whole people, part only of whose loyalty there was any doubt, deprived of their very articles of necessary apparel, when they could not possibly procure any other cloth than the customary manufacture of the country. To comply at once with this law, the Highlander must have appeared in the primitive nakedness of his Caledonian ancestors, except, indeed, his shirt would answer for everything else!

The poor Gaël were sadly annoyed; but, from the good sense of those in authority, the Act was not latterly very strictly enforced, and many expedients were resorted to in order to evade it. Instead of a tartan kilt, many wore blue, green, or other coloured cloth or camblet; in which way Malcolm Mac Leod, a gentleman whose attentions Dr. Johnson experienced when in the isle of Skye, was dressed. He wore a purple camblet kilt, a black waistcoat, and a green cloth coat, bound with gold cord. Others, more guarded, wrapped the cloth round the waist, and falling to the knees, in manner of the feildag, it resembled a kilt in every thing but the plaiting. Some wags carried a pair of breeches over their shoulder, to comply with the letter of the law; and a more usual plan was to sew the kilt up the centre, which certainly changed the description of garment, and was held no infringement of the statute; for one Mac Alpin, or Drummond Mac Gregor, a native of Braidalban, was acquitted, upon proving his allegation that it was thus sewed up, and therefore no kilt.

The Disarming Act they endeavoured to evade by carrying a short knife in the side pocket of their breeches. It has been remarked with some surprise, that the Highlanders should not avail themselves of the absence in the acts, of any allusion to the bow and arrows which their ancestors had at so short a period previously used with great dexterity. It seems an oversight, but it perhaps shows that the people had no desire to overreach the legislature from obstinacy, when they had no object to serve by so doing. Deer continued to be killed by many with bows and arrows, which are well adapted for this purpose. Many were accustomed to carry small axes, in some cases resembling tomahawks, by their sides; but as no mention is made of the tuagh-cath or Lochaber axe, it may be said they might have resumed these ancient arms. The matadh achalaise is not mentioned

either, and its position, as the name implies, being under the arm, it could have been easily concealed. The *sgian-dubh* also, which is stuck between the hose and the right leg, is not mentioned; but most Highlanders carried a knife of considerable size in their belt. Many of those old warriors we remember, and never heard that they met with any opposition to this inoffensive representative of their ancient accoutrements.

“To be compelled to wear a new dress,” says Dr. Johnson, “has always been painful: an old gentleman delighting himself with the recollection of better days, related that forty years ago a chieftain walked out attended by ten or twelve followers with their arms rattling.” The Doctor was certainly fired with a degree of enthusiasm when among the hospitable and agreeable families in the Highlands and Isles, and his reasoning on the Disarming Acts appears strong and just. To disarm part of the Highlanders could give no reasonable occasion of complaint. Every government must be allowed the power of taking away the treason that is lifted against it. But the loyal clans murmured with some appearance of justice, that after having defended the king, they were forbidden, for the future, to defend themselves; and that the sword should be forfeited which had been legally employed.

“Whether by disarming a people broken into several tribes and remote from the seat of power, more good than evil has been produced, may deserve inquiry. The supreme power in every community has the right of debarring every individual, and every subordinate society, from self defence, only because the supreme power is able to defend them; and therefore where the governor cannot act he must trust the subject to act for himself. These islands might be wasted with fire and sword before their sovereign would know their distress. Laws that place the subjects in such a state contravene the first principles of the compact of authority; they exact obedience and yield no protection.”\* Our readers may also refer to the debates on the Scottish Militia Bill, introduced in May, 1782, by the marquis of Graham, in which it will appear that Scotland was left so defenceless that the people meditated arming themselves. Sir Thomas Turner, in opposing this bill, feared that a partial arming would be mischievous, for he had seen three Scottish High-

\* *Journey to the Western Isles of Scotland*, 8vo. 1775, page 208.

landers, without breeches, drive a whole village in England before them ; which they could not have done had the people been equally armed.

It may seem at first sight dangerous to allow numbers of men to collect in bodies, armed as the Highlanders are accustomed to be, but no breach of the peace has taken place in consequence of the repeal of the obnoxious act. When so many different clans, some of whom might be supposed to inherit old prejudices and recollections of mutual injuries, met at Edinburgh, when George IV. visited the capital of Scotland, there were nevertheless no revivals of ancient feud, nor did any contend, except in a generous emulation of loyalty, and of orderly demeanour. Even the late Glengarry could march into Inverness with a dozen of guards carrying drawn swords, without at all endangering the peace of the town.

It has been observed that the use of this dress, from respect for the brave men who had worn it in the service of their country, began to be tolerated. The Highland Society of London, a primary object with which was to wear the ancient dress, was established in 1778, and two of the chief promoters of this patriotic association, one of whom yet lives, had the honour to procure a reversal of the law against the costume of the Scottish mountaineers.

On Monday, June 17, 1782, the marquis of Graham, now the venerable duke of Montrose, moved for leave to bring in a bill to repeal the Act of 19 George II., which prohibited wearing of the ancient Highland dress. It might, he said, at the period it passed, have been necessary, but that necessity no longer existed : the Highlanders had manifested their loyalty and firm attachment to the present Government by numberless exertions, both by sea and land, in its favour. The cause having ceased, the effect would also cease of course, and therefore he hoped the House would not think it improper that the Scots should wish an odious distinction, which had been put on their ancestors on account of principles no longer entertained, to be removed.

The motion was seconded by the Honourable General Fraser, representative of Invernesshire, and the son of Lord Lovat, who had led the clan in the cause of the Stewarts during the rebellion, but who had received the royal pardon, and commanded his Highlanders in the service of government with the greatest honour.



In his observations he extolled the fitness of the garb for a mountainous country, as it afforded great ease in "skipping from hillock to hillock," and mounting acclivities. This speech, reported more fully than in the papers of the day, was translated into Gaëlic, printed, and circulated among his friends, and those who took an interest in this measure of national and merited justice. We shall give it verbatim, from a copy in our possession.

"Mr. Speaker: Although I came so very late in the session to take my seat in this honourable house, I cannot avoid rising with some degree of satisfaction to second the motion which you have just heard so fully, so candidly, and so humanely stated by the noble lord who spoke last, that he has left little for me to say; and yet, sir, if I may ask some indulgence from the house, I shall beg leave to mention, that the Bill meant to be brought in, not only concerns, but deeply interests the whole body of people of a very large and extensive county, which I have the honour to represent; as well as the inhabitants of several neighbouring counties, many of whom have bled so freely, so loyally, and so usefully to this empire, in the course of two successive wars, that they of themselves have construed their services a sufficient toleration, even under legal prohibition, for wearing a dress, the best calculated, in point of utility and frugality, for the hilly situation they live in; and the fact is, that for many years past the dress is universally known. Their prayer therefore, sir, is to be freed from all their apprehensions on this subject, and to be allowed legally to wear the striped party-coloured woolleu manufactures of their own country, cut in the fashion the best suited to their fancy and predilection. Allow me, sir, to observe that the prohibitory law, relative to their dress, if necessary even at the time, was, in effect, most certainly a double tax of a very severe nature; being, at one and the same time, a prevention of their domestic manufacture, and a compulsion to wear more expensive garments—garments, most unfit, indeed, sir, for that country, unless an act could be made to level the hills: for I can with truth declare, and I trust without prejudice, having lived thirty years in this country, that when I tried, very lately, to ascend the mountains in the north, in the very dress I have now the honour to appear before this house in, I found it difficult in the extreme, or almost impracticable. I have to offer but a word or two more in favour of this mark of candour, now come to be proposed to

the legislature, because I own myself one of those who wish to see that body of people cherished from a political view of their utility. I hope and trust that I need hardly trouble the wisdom of this house any further by insisting that all such regulations as make the subject easier and happier at home, must be sound policy, as well as truly constitutional maxims.

“I therefore hope the protection of the Almighty, and the wisdom of the legislature, will permit the prayers of the Highlanders to be attended to, and thereby increase their loyalty and attachment to their king and country.”

Sir P. T. Clarke did not oppose the motion; but he thought that if the dress was best adapted for the Highlands, it should be restricted to the inhabitants, who should be restrained from wearing it in England. He recollected six Highlanders who were quartered in a house in Hampshire, and they were really as well behaved soldiers as any he had seen; but still the singularity of their dress had put the man of the house to very great inconvenience; for, finding that his wife and daughter could not keep their eyes off the Highlanders, he was obliged to take a lodging for them both.

Leave was given, *nem. contradicente*, to bring in the Bill. On the 20th of June it passed through a committee, and was transmitted to the House of Lords; on the 25th of June it went through a committee of the Peers, and the Royal Assent was given to it on the 1st of July, 1782. It is shortly inserted in the printed statutes, as the “22 of George III. c. 63. An Act to repeal so much of an Act, made in the 19th of George II., &c.” And determines that, “so much of the Acts above mentioned, or any other Act or Acts, as restrains the use of the Highland dress be, and the same are, repealed.”

Mac Intyre, the celebrated bard, better known amongst his countrymen as Donchadh bān,\* or fair-haired Duncan, who had fought bravely in the royal army during the rebellion, gave vent to his own feelings, and embodied those of his indignant countrymen, when the act was passed, in a poem; the severity of which drew on him the notice of

\* Mac Intyre, Mac Ant Saoir, was born in 1724, and died in 1812. Ian Brown, genealogist to the Prince of Wales, also composed a poem of exultation for the repeal of this obnoxious act. It is called “Bannaibh Nuadh!” 1785. Mac Donald is the author of another song, in disparagement of clodh dubh, the dark-coloured cloth, and there are other songs about the Briogas.

government, and the unlucky bard was committed to prison.

This poem, the production of one who is thought worthy of a comparison with Ossian, and has been said in some parts even to excel him, is in itself curious, and well displays the feeling of the Highlanders of those days.

In 1833 we shall be acquitted of disaffection or treasonable intentions, in reprinting this song. Recollecting the patronage which the Ettrick Shepherd's "Jacobite Relics" obtained, which were dedicated to Royalty itself, we feel assured that honest Duncan's effusion will not be condemned.

His song of rejoicing, when the privilege of wearing the native dress was restored, is also given. The translations are free, being intended to convey the meaning to those unacquainted with the language, and to exhibit the sentiments of the Highlanders rather than give the songs complete. To transfer the poetical spirit of the original is impossible.

### ORAN A BHRIOGAIS.

AIR FONN, SEAN TRIUTHAS UILLEAM.

#### *Luinneag.*

'So tha na briogais liath-ghlas,  
Am bliadhna cur mulaid oirnn,  
'Se 'n rud nach fhacas riabh oirnn,  
'Snach miann lein a chumail oirnn;  
'Sna'm bitheamaid uile dileas  
Do'n Rìgh bha toirt cuireadh dhuinn,  
Cha'n fhaicte sinn gu dilinn,  
A strìochda do'n chulaidh so.

'Solc an seòl duinn, am Prionns' og  
A bhi fuìdh mhoran duilichin,  
A's Rìgh Deorsa a bhi chomhnuidh,  
Far 'm bu choir dha tuineachas;  
Tha luchd-eolais a toirt sgeoil duinn  
Nach robh coir air Lunndain aige,  
'Se Hanobher an robh sheorsa,  
'S coigreach oirnn an duine sin:  
'Se'n Rìgh sin nach buineadh dhuinn,  
Rinn di'mheas na dunach oirnn,

*On the Highland Dress.*

Mu'n ceannsaich e buileach sinn,  
 B'e 'n t-am dol a chumasg ris ;  
 Na rinn e oirnn a dh' ann-tlachd,  
 A mhi-thlachd, a's a dh' aimhreit,  
 Air n-eudach thoirt gu'n taing dhinn,  
 Le fain-neart a chumail ruinn.

'So tha, &c.

A's o'n chuir sinn suas am Briogais,  
 Gur neo-mhiosail leinn a chulaidh ud,  
 Ga'n teannadh mu na h-iosgannan,  
 Gur trioblaideach leinn umain iad ;  
 'S bha sinn roimhe misneachail,  
 'S na breacain fuidh na criosan oirnn,  
 Ged' tha sinn am bichiontas  
 A nise cur nan sumag oirnn :  
 'Sar leam gur h-olc an duais  
 Do na daoine chaidh 'sa chruadal,  
 Au eudaichean thoirt uapa  
 Ge do bhudhnuich Diuc Uilleam leo ;  
 Cha'n fheud sinn bhi solasach,  
 O'n chaochail ar culaidh sinn,  
 Cha'n aithnich sinn a cheile  
 La feile no cruinneachaidh.

'So tha, &c.

'S bha uair-eigin an t-saoghal  
 Nach saoilinn gu'n cuirinn orm,  
 Briogais air son eudaich,  
 'S neo-aidheil air duine e,  
 'S ged 'tha mi deanamh uis deth,  
 Cha d'rinn mi bonn sulas  
 Ris an deise nach robh daimheil  
 Do'n phairti ga'm buinnin-sa ;

\* \* \* \* \*

Gheibh sinn adan ciar dhubh,  
 Chur dian air ar mullaichean,  
 A's casagan co-shliogta.  
 'Sa mhinicheadh muillean iad ;  
 Ged' chumadh sin am fuachd dhinn,  
 Cha'n fhag e sinn co-uallach,  
 'S gu'n toillich e ar n-uaislean,  
 Ar tuath na ar cummantas ;  
 Cha taitinn e gu brath ruinn,  
 A choiseachd nan gleann-fasaich,  
 'Nuair a rachamaid do dh' airidh,  
 No dh'ait 'am biodh cruinneagan.

\* \* \* \* \*

'S bha h-uile h-aon do'n Pharlamaid  
Fallsail le'm fiosrachadh,  
'Nuair chuir iad air na Caimbeulaich  
Teanndach na'm briogasean;  
'Sgu'r h-iad a rinn am feum dhoibh  
A bliadh'n a thain' an streapag,  
A h-uile h-aon diubh dh' eiridh  
Gu le ir'am Milisi dhoibh;  
'S bu cheannsalach duineil iad,  
'San am an robh'n cumasg ann,  
Ach 's gann doibh gu'n cluinnear iad  
A champacha tuille leis;

\* \* \* \* \*

'S ann anis tha fios aguinn  
An t-iochd a rinn Diuc Uilleam ruinn,  
'Nuair a dh' fhag e sinn mar phriasanuich,  
Gun bhiodagan, gun ghunnachan,  
Gun chlaidheamh, gun chrios tarsuing oirnn,  
Cha'n fhaigh sinn pris nan dagachan;  
Tha comann aig Sasgunn oirnn,  
O smachduich iad gu buileach sinn:  
Tha angar a's duilichin  
'San am so air iomadh fear,  
Bha'n Campa Dhiuc Uilleam,  
A's nach fheaird iad gun bhuithinn e;  
Na'n d'thigeadh oirne Tearlach,  
'Sgu'n eireamaid 'na champa,  
Gheibhte breacain chairneit,  
'S bhiodh aird air na gunnachan.  
'So tha, &c.

TRANSLATION.

*A Satire against the Lowland Dress imposed upon the Highlanders,  
Loyalists as well as Rebels, after 1746.*

BY DUNCAN MACINTYRE.

*Chorus.*

My curse upon the gray breeks  
That bind our supple limbs so tight!  
We're fetter-bound in slavery,  
And right is now o'ercome by might.  
Had we been faithful to our king,  
We ne'er should have to dree such thing,  
But light's a bird upon the wing  
Might be each free-born mountain wight.

We mourn our youthful Prince's adverse fate, while George usurps his royal throne; though men in law well learned, say, our sceptre he has no right to sway. The time to combat with this foreign foe, was ere he'd broke our power, and brought us low. Now this haughty Hanoverian king slights and oppresses us in every thing. The tyrant strips of native arms and clothes, alike his faithful friends and bitterest foes.

Though compelled to assume the breeches as our dress, hateful to us is the fashion that binds us round the houghs as with ligatures. Erewhile we moved erect and boldly, with our belted plaids; but now our dress resembles Summacks,\* and this is the reward of the brave whose arms sent Duke William victoriously home. Alas! we are disgraced; we grieve, we are a prey to melancholy; since we have appeared in this hateful garb, it is with difficulty we recognise each other at feast or fair.

I have seen the day I would answer the man with a smile of contempt who should tell me that I should ever wear so unmanly a costume, a costume so foreign to my kindred.

Now our heads are thatched with dingy hats, and our clumsy coats are as sleek as mill can make them. True, they defend us from the cold; but where are gone our smartness and picturesque appearance? It pleaseth not our nobles, our gentry, or our commons. Ah! how unfit it is for ascending and coming down from the mountains! We blush in it, in the presence of the fair.

When the House of Hanover was in danger, the Campbells and their followers rose in a body to support it. They were always the first in every danger,—their bravery and influence prevailed; and their reward is now to be disrobed and insulted in every possible way: but it is hardly to be believed, should such another occasion occur, that they shall be found on the same side again.

Duke William's gratitude our eyes behold. Like prisoners, disarmed and humbled, without dirks, without guns, swords, cross-belts, or pistols, we are made the Saxon's jest. Our indignation knows no bounds. To us victory has proved an evil. Should Charles return we are ready to stand by him: then, up with the Carmine plaid! then up with the rifle!

\* Quilted pads, that cover the greater part of a packhorse's body to preserve him from being galled. Summa is an old law term for a horse-load: query? Gaëlic.

ORAN DO' N EIDIDH GHAIÐHEALACH.

Fhuair mi nuaidheachd as ur,  
Tha taitneadh re run mo chridh  
Gu faighe' mid fasan an duthch'  
A chleachd sinn an tus ar tim.  
O'n tha sinn le gloineachan lan,  
A' bruidheann air manran binn,  
So i deoch-slainnte Mhontrose,  
A sheasamb a choir so dhuinn.

Chunnaic mi' n duigh an Dun-eidean,  
Comunn na feile cruinn,  
Litir an fhortain thug sgeul,  
Air toiseach an ei' neis dhuinn.  
Piob gu loinneil an gleus,  
Air soilleireachd re an tuim ;  
Thug sinn am folluis ar 'n eideadh,  
A's co a their reubail ruinn.

Deich bliadhna fichead a's corr,  
Bha casag do' n chlo mar druim,  
Fhuair sinn ad agus cloc,  
'S cha bhuineadh an seors' ud dhuinn :  
Buchdail a' dunadh ar brog,  
'Se 'm bar-ial bu bhoidhche leinn ;  
Rinn an droch fhasan a bh 'oirn,  
Na bodaich d'ar 'n oigrìdh ghrinn.

Mhill e pairt d' ar cumachd  
On bhlar, gu mullach ar cinn ;  
Bha sinn co-lan do mhulad,  
'Sgun d'fhas gach duine gu tinn :  
'S ann a bha 'n cas co duilich,  
'Sa thainig uile re'm linn,  
'Nuair a rinn pairti Luinduinn,  
Gach ait' a's urram thoirt dhinn

Fhuair e dhuinn comas nan arm,  
A dheanamb dhuinn sealg nan stuc,  
'Sa ghleidheadh ar daoine 'sa champ,  
Le fagail an neamhdean bruit.  
Thogadh e misneach nan clann,  
Gu iomairt nan lann le sunnt,  
Piob a's bratach re crann,  
'Si caiseamachd ard mo ruin.

Fhuair sin cothrom an drast  
A thoilicheas gradh gach dhuthch',



*On the Highland Dress.*

Comas ar culaidh chur oirnn,  
 Gu fharaid do phor nan lub :  
 Tha sinn a nis mar is coir,  
 A's taitneadh an seol r'ar suil ;  
 Chuir sinn am briogis air lar,  
 'S cha d'thig e gu brath a cuil.

Chuir sinn a suas an deise,  
 Bhios uallach freagarach dhuinn,  
 Breacan-an-fheile preasach,  
 A's peiteag do'n eudach ur ;  
 Cot' a chadadh nam ball,  
 Am bitheadh a' charnaid dluth,  
 Osan nach ceangail ar ceim,  
 'S nach ruigeadh mar reis an glun.

Togaidh na Gaidheil an ceann,  
 Cha bhi iad an fang ni's mo,  
 Dh' fhalbh na speirichin teann,  
 Thug orra bhi mall gun lugh :  
 Siubhlaidh iad fireach nam beann,  
 A dh' iarruidh dhamh seang le'n cu ;  
 'S eutrom theid iad a dhannsa,  
 Freagraidh iad srann gach ciuil.

Tha sinn an coman an uasail  
 A choisinn le chruadal cliu,  
 Chuir e le teomachd laidir,  
 Faoineachd chaich air cul.  
 Oighre cinn-feadhna nan Gramach,  
 'S ioma fuil ard na ghnuis :  
 'S ann tha Marcus an aidh  
 Am mac thig an ait an Diuc.

## TRANSLATION.

*Ode on the Restoration of the Highland Dress.*

BY DUNCAN MACINTYRE.

Tidings of gladness! tidings fraught with joy! We may again resume our country's garb. Fill every shell! more wine! fill, fill them high! A health to Montrose, the restorer of our rights.

To-day I've seen a sight pleasant to my view! assembled heroes clad in belted plaids: I've seen and heard conspicuous on the hill the tuneful warlike pipes. Now in our native garb we may appear: and who dares taunt us with opprobrious names?

Our dress has been for thirty years and more, the fashion of foreigners: the frowsy cassock, with the hat and cloak. Buckles

we've had to our shoes, though ties would have better suited our tastes. The hateful costume made our youths appear shapeless and spiritless as aged clowns.

It spoiled our symmetry from top to toe. A sickly melancholy seized us all. We grieved that the London party had succeeded in depriving us of every honour and trust.

Our rights are now restored; we assume our favourite garb in spite of our wily foes: we now appear as becomes us: the gray galligaskins are flung away, never to be resumed.

We have now, as in former times, those arms that can protect us in the field, and lay our enemies low: with which we can procure the spoils of the mountain and the forest. We hear again the great pipe's martial sounds, that excite to deeds that become the brave: again the banner waves o'er the heads of the valiant.

All our hills re-echo to sounds of joy. Our men appear now in their beloved tartans; the coat that displays the strife of colours, but in which the *carmine* prevails. Gracefully flow our belted plaids. Our hose reach not the knee, nor bind the pace.

The Gaël now lifts his head, no longer encumbered with those fetters that lessened his speed and lowered his spirits: he now seeks the roe in the woods, and the deer on the hill: the rocks re-echo to the voice of his fleet greyhound: and, true to the viol's notes, he now with a light heart leads the fair through the mazes of the sprightly reel.

The debt of gratitude we owe the noble Graham shall not be forgotten. Before his manly eloquence our foes have quailed. Many a noble current flows in his veins, the heir of great Montrose.

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Need we extend this paper by descanting on the picturesque garb of Caledonia, by stating the respect which is paid to the breacan? That dress is no longer proscribed, and those who delight to wear it yield to none in loyalty. They are no longer reproached for their shabby blue caps and half-clad limbs. The Highlander is received at the British court in a costume in which his late Majesty, of glorious memory, appeared, when he held his first court in the ancient palace of Holyrood.

## SECOND LETTER OF AN AMATEUR GIPSY.

HERESIES IN TASTE. PARLIAMENT OF TASTE PROPOSED. INVIOLABILITY OF RUINS AND OF CHURCHYARDS. DEATH'S TREE,—THE YEW, THE NOBLEST MAUSOLEUM.

*To the Editors of the Caledonian and Cambrian Quarterly Magazine.*

GENTLEMEN,

So vast an *hiatus maximè deflendus* has occurred in my correspondence, that your afflicted readers, who cannot possibly have forgotten me, have, ere this, doubtless given me up for dead in some picturesque ditch or romantic peat-bog. They have pictured me in their mournful imaginations contributing even still, in death, to that "picturesque" which was a sort of religion to me alive; bleaching by the rock ridge, whence I have tumbled headlong in the pursuit of a "view;" formed half into a skeleton by the bone-pecker kite, or my peripatetic members projecting upright alone in the mud-bog aforesaid, adorning its naked deficiency of the arms of trees, by substituting the legs of man.

Lord Bacon tells us, that once, on his expressing to the Spanish ambassador, Gondomar, some wish or design to leave public life for a private one of meditation, the latter began telling a tale of an old rat. He would needs forsake the world—of rats, and strictly forbade his dear sons to disturb him in his holy retreat. After some time, growing alarmed for papa, the young whiskered gentlemen stole in on him, and found him sitting in the very middle of a delicious Parmasan cheese. In like manner, gentlemen, to ease your anxieties about my disappearance from your pages, I hasten to inform you, that so far from having bade adieu for ever to the romantic in this world, I am at this moment sitting, in defiance of kites and bogs, in the very middle of one of our finest monastic ruins, by a resplendent moon, namely, Llanthony Abbey. Here, in this solemn vista of mountains, watered by the little, not unlovely, river Honddy, St. David, (those saints were perfect Dr. Syntaxes in their way,) charmed with the spot, built him a chapel, and turned hermit therein. In truth, it is a scene to inspire such thoughts in those

"Who their mortality have felt,  
And seek a refuge from their hopes decayed,  
In the deep umbrage of a green hill's shade."

And here is a black instead of a green one, for all above is lofty ranging height behind height, of the Black Moun-

tains. Although there is a monotony in the valley scenes, yet the closeness of the mountain steeps, that almost impend over the beautiful ruin of this abbey, now open to the sky, with its grassy cloisters; a certain majestic plainness in their very sterility; the sort of olive-tinted light they shed over its greened grey walls, and double row of pointed arches, harmonize more finely with the character of these reliques, which are naked of ivy and foliage, than forest scenery would have done. Religion seems scarcely to have lost any of her influence by the fall and desertion of that her peculiar abode; the yellowed and dim vastness of such scenery, viewed through the yawning apertures, by this cloudless moon, affect the mind with such a congenial tone, that fancy almost hears the low anthem swelling on the wind along with the babble of the river-brook, for it is little more, and readily conjures up the gentle ghost of the monk out of his coffin of stone beneath, to stand inviting a belated traveller of the vale of Ewias, or some goat-herd lost in the wild ravines of the Black Mountains, to a night's rest and refreshment, at the low-browed arch door of the refectory. Memory paints the startled figure of that knight, who, in hunting a deer, came suddenly on the ruins of that hermitage of the patron saint, and instantly exchanged the sword and panoply for the crucifix and the shirt of hair, smitten with a passion for solitude and religion by the sacred solemnity of the scene.

And here it is time to return to my present position within the ruin. I entreat the reader to guess what objects called back my retrospective fancy from the reign of William Rufus; from the warrior-hunter standing awe-struck at the peeping of the hermitage ruin, through tangled wildwood, forgetful of his lost deer; and of the fury of the chase, as that holier fury and the peace of God came upon him. Not owls, not ivy, not ghosts, but, "in the glimpses of the moon," drunken men playing at skittles! the nine-pins set up in the grand and venerable side aisle!! a table and pipes in the open green area!!! spirits rising awfully from the yet roofed remains of the ruin, but only revealing themselves to one sense—the olfactory: in plain terms, Llanthony Abbey is converted into an alehouse. Bearing testimony, as I can, to the civility, &c. of the host and hostess, I cannot reconcile myself at all to this metamorphose, effected by the proprietor, who is, I believe, abroad; for it cannot be denied, that the total demolition of such a monument of bygone days would not be a whit more effective

in obliterating wholly that influence on our minds, for the sake of which, chiefly, taste desires its preservation, than such a perversion of its uses. That a solemn sublime religious ruin should attract so many tasteful visitants as to require the accommodation of an inn, is creditable to the national feeling; but that it should itself be converted into a house of call, to meet that want, produces the grotesque, not of beauty, but absurdity. It reminds me of that solemn-thoughted shoemaker I've heard of, who set upright his own coffin, as a *memento mori* for ever in his eye; but, growing familiar with it, deemed it as well to make some living use of it, so, clapping in partitions, sate and cobbled and sang in it, making it serve him below as a stall, and above for a pantry.

Misappropriations like this, of a beautiful antiquity, constitute a sort of heresy in taste, against which all true devotees ought to remonstrate; and I do, for one, the humblest, hereby enter my protest against it. Reviewing in a flying way what has struck me on my last gipsy expedition, I recall with regret many similar apostacies from the true taste, which I think I cannot do better than present in form at the tribunal of your Magazine. The editors thereof possess, for ought I can find to the contrary, quite as legitimate a "right divine" to exert a censorship over such matters, in the most picturesque of Principalities, as the conductor of a daily or other periodical doth, to harangue all England, through a leading article, about its duties, rebellion passive or active, overthrow of the peers, or what not. If those London worthies may with applause take Britain and her constitution under their wing, far more may the former this miniature Britain, and her beauty, under their especial tutelage. At least, the taste for peace and the woods, and the waterfalls, must be as worthy of fostering as that for democracy, aristocracy, limited or uncontrolled monarchy; for each of which, and ultra, it seems the delightful task of parts of the press "to rear," heedless of the bloodshed to which their crude and confident opinions might lead. But I would propose a still more defined censorship. There are really offences against taste, which, like those against our honour, though not cognisable by any known tribunal, as not assaulting person or property, do yet outrage feelings quite as delicate, and almost as sensitive to pain as that "thing called honour." Imagine a world-weary wight, pitching on some green spot among the mountains of his retreat, where "to set up his ever-

lasting rest." It is pastoral, secluded, rustic, really Welsh. A year elapses ere his plans are completed, or just time enough for some money-making speculator to avail himself of some waterfall or cavern, or only the *picturesque* of the spot, to use as a raree-show, for the drawing of company. Up starts "the hotel," and a row of cockney lodging-houses with knockers, a shop with brass-railed front, (*à la Fleet-street*,) full fronting the poor hypochondriac lover of Nature and her wildness, shaming his half-hidden hermitage by their eternal stare, as the carousing guests, grooms, coachmen, &c. do the pensive tenant himself. The experiment fails: the "hotel" shrinks into a huge, dingy, dilapidated pot-house; the tenantless shops go to decay, or lodge the poorer poor, and thus, with bepatched panes and wildered forecourt, and thresholds of earth, noisy with pauper infants on the parish, the whole still stand in beggarly finery and squalid fashion, substituting a loathsome, a too real melancholy, for that fine and imaginative melancholy an elegant mind seeks, and finds in the mossy roofs and wild-rock street, and the lowings and lone watch-dog bark, of the Welsh village by sunset, or the hamlet in the woods yellowed by autumn. Or more fatal still to his *prospects*, some wealthy retired citizen falls in love with Wales for its beauty and its grandeur, and rather *likes* its cheap living; so there he *bivouacs* for life, and erecting his enormous *tent*, (alas! of granite and oak, not sailcloth,) it so besprawls the romantic site as to "bring all Paradise before your eyes"—the Paradise of cockneys.

Now I am not prepared to say that this unfortunate sufferer would be justified in dispatching an instant card of invitation to coffee and pistols,—to a morning's shooting, at or over each other's cerebral manors, as becomes good neighbours; but certainly many a man has been doomed to death without benefit of clergy, by the law of honour, for a less injury: for my part, I would walk a mile daily to take the "lie direct" in form, from any such anti-picturesque gentleman, far sooner than suffer the stare direct of his porticoed, castellated, fire-coloured brick "mansion," all day long. A tweak of the nose? what is it to that more provoking *twist* suffered by one's organ of "rurality"—"lovingness," (a perfect dislocation of one's mood, "on golden hinges turning,") when, on turning a corner of a mountain for the paradise of its recess roaring with cataracts, which fancy looked for,—behold! some "Paradise Row;" and on flouncing past the nauseous apparition, re-

dolent of the washing-tub, and snuffing for a breeze of the pleasant morning mountains, to stumble on Mount Pleasant! Now as these abominations may not warrant indictment, let there be erected in Wales a Parliament of Taste, that may take cognisance of them, after the fashion of those parliaments of love, (equally romantic and philosophical,) believed to have formerly existed in France. Ours we might call a "Parliament of Love of Nature."

What code of penal inflictions should be drawn up and inscribed on the bark of the beech, or engraven on the smooth face of a rock overnodded by wild vines, must be matter for future resolve; but a few modes of deterring evil-doers suggest themselves, as worthy of the notice of this conservative body. Whatever gentleman-settler in Wales should hereafter think fit to live in a castle instead of a house, or set bricklayers and masons to work to make ruins instead of repairing ruins, to give a touch of romance to his cabbage-ground, or beautify the view from the stables, let him be *posted* as a man of bad taste in the nearest watering-place, not by name, but a drawing of his fine creation; which, hanging in the head inn room, could not fail to elicit from some visitors of better taste such free criticism as might not otherwise meet the gentleman's ear in ten years. If posting a man as a poltroon by name, for liking to live, be according to law (of honour), this kind of posting a man for a pretender, and a destructive (of the picturesque,) must be allowed to violate no law of humanity or right.

The prototypes of my parliament, those "courts of love," holden in the 12th, 13th, and 14th centuries, discussed in the most solemn legislative manner such questions of grave import as these:—"Whether jealousy be inseparable from love?—Whether matrimony be *necessarily* fatal to love?" A *dame de chateau* acted as our speaker of the house. She went farther and issued her *arrets* (according to the phraseology of that time.) If this appear a little ludicrous, be it remembered that in the gallant days of the Troubadours, with whom the conceit originated, the world seemed to have nothing at all to do, but to love. These courts, therefore, concerned the business of the world; and were not so absurd, even if conducted with all the pomp which the historians of Italy impute to them, in the chivalric eyes of knights, as in ours. How pleasant must it have been to hear some scarfed and crested Joe Hume calculating the number of negatives from the lips of a besieged fair one, which ought to be held to make an affirmative, and



amounting to a promise, the breach of which should be a ground of appeal to the House! But, if we are to believe what we are assured, these courts were often engaged on complaints of serious injury, (arising out of *affaires de la cœur*,) as well as frivolities. On the same principle, abundance of business would await our Parliament of Taste, of no frivolous kind, though still connected with that ultra-conservative spirit of reverence toward the beauty of Nature, on which it should be founded, as its prototypes were on the same sensitiveness to female beauty.

I reason, or prate, on the assumption that every tasteful pilgrim to Wales becomes *pro tempore* as devoted a lover of nature as ever did one of those knights, defying each other to mortal combat for some charmer, once seen or peeped at through a lattice, become of such divine incognita, and hence, equally ready to consider that "there is nothing in the world to be done but to see" nature. Assuredly they can say, with Falstaff, that they "come sweating with desire to see her." For my part, I was always more vulnerable in the eye than in the heart, and have suffered more severely from an *eye-sore* on the fair face of landscape, than ever did one of those heroes from the sorest wrong ever suffered by the dame adored, even on her very frontispiece.

One of those *seriæ nugæ*, and the most serious my present pilgrimage, or gipsy crusade against the anti-rural Saracen, hath presented me with, is nakedness of churchyards, not by niggard nature's fault, but man's. I mean that I have found the dead sleeping without their old accustomed roof over their head,—their own by prescriptive right, the black ceiling of the yew's antiquity. That "only constant mourner o'er the dead" has been felled like common wood to feed the domestic fire, and by the last hands in which we might have expected to find the sacrilegious axe,—those of the church minister. Wishing most sincerely to every clergyman the enjoyment of all due respect and every comfort, warm toes inclusive, I cannot think so ill of the church system of remuneration in Wales, as to believe that poverty, and not the will, is consenting to this unparalleled act,—a species of desecration equally revolting to taste and true felling.

I happen to reside in a small town where it has been practised, as I am told, by a former incumbent; and nothing can be more striking than the bald deformity of the grey tower without that fine and solemn adjunct, so general in our churchyards, the grand gloom of "the funereal yew."

Though the view of the little place in its whiteness, embosomed in a grand amphitheatre of mountains, and watered by the first river of South Wales, is highly picturesque from any of the declivities above, the absence of this feature, in every village prospect so impressive, is a perpetual want to the eye of taste. But this is by no means, I consider, a matter of mere taste. I think the moral feeling must be, at least, much blunted in the man who can with indifference look on the fall of a churchyard's yews, and the violated nakedness of its aspect, with its exposed graves, after the work of destruction is done. Of all British trees the yew has the grandest associations in thoughtful minds. The connexion of the oak with our maritime power is but of recent date, for our navy is comparatively modern; but the "eugh obedient to the bender's will," boasts an antiquity of claim as the chief agent in England's glory; for the long-bow was the chief instrument of defence and conquest to Britons, before the "heart of oak" was heard of, or one cannon manned her "wooden walls." If the bow was a weapon of higher antiquity than the Roman arcus,—and though Herodotus describes reed as the substance of an arrow which Abaris, priest of the Hyperboreans, carried; as do the Triads, in which Gwrneth the marksman is recorded to have shot arrows of reed, still there cannot be any doubt, from the high estimation in which the yew has been held in after ages of Britain, that the wood of this tree was found preferable to every other for fitting out an ancient warrior, and exalted that instrument into the first rank. Of the bow as a national weapon, the many acts of parliament relating to it, and the education of youth in its use, prove the importance. *Nid hyder ond bwa*,—"no trust but in the bow," is a British adage.

But the yew has a stronger interest than any derived from bloody fields, for some minds. What ruin, monastic or other, even in our land, replete with such beauties, more solemnly affects the feelings than the ruins of an antique yew, the hollowness of its enormous trunk still yielding support to the massive black of the spreading head? The mystery attendant on its constant neighbourhood with the dead; the surprising length of its existence, surviving brass and marble monuments; preceding and surviving many a famous empire, and making the records of family antiquity, preserved in the edifice it shades, with such proud care in those labours of stone or metal, shrink into nothingness

before its earthly eternity ; the gloomy darkness of its leafy ceiling, an aerial pall, for ever waving over those that sleep, and chequering into a mosaic of pale gold the common sod, protecting their rest beneath the moon and dews—all the circumstances attendant arrest the mind of the pensive traveller beyond the most solemn memorial, and “*siste viator!*” breathes from its ruinous porch or arch of shivered timber, without need of the graver’s art.

In truth, what urn or tomb of men’s hands can equal in real grandeur this vegetable one of finest form, darkest melancholy of aspect, and a thousand years’ duration? The tree whose roots have writhed themselves in the very bosoms and perishing bones of so many generations of the village it adorns, is not only a beautiful cenotaph, but a real tomb. Can it be considered empty of human remains? It seems not a fantastic overstretch of thought to regard this sable growth of a human soil as an actual ossuary, or rather, natural catacomb of many family mummies; like those social urns of the Romans, where they sometimes deposited the ashy relics of many bodies united in life by affection. Here, by a species of transubstantiation, not entirely miraculous like the Catholic, nor wholly poetic like the Pythagorean, the departed still exist in the never-withering tree, and bow their sable heads, and stretch their shadowy arms,—their vile corruptible putting on the incorruptible of nature, in their new being, over their friends and offspring, almost before their affectionate hands have ceased sticking evergreens and flowers upon the earth in which they saw them laid. The extent of a churchyard is so limited, in a little mountain parish especially, that the roots of so many yew’s as often occupy that extent, must, in the course of ages, almost involve and reticulate, in their finer anastomoses, the entire cemetery soil, with all its once-thinking dust; from brains that have embraced the range of the universe, and reconnoitred, like trembling spies, the very throne of God; from hearts that have throbbled for their kind, and luxuriated in all the affections, is updrawn the very sap and life of the churchyard tree.

The loving survivor of a parent or friend erects a stone, or many stones, called a tomb, over the fast-perishing figure, in white clay, the sad effigy which alone, in mere reason’s eye, remains of the dear and dead; but if the mourner long survive, his own faithless memento lies to him. “Here lies”—that was a truth to his young eyes is a falsehood

to those eyes grown dim, as he comes and leans his forehead and silver hair against a slab, deposited perhaps over the young lost wife of his youth,—a first love. Her coffin has long been mould; and that darker mould, which was her “sweet body,” long shouldered out of its place by fresh ghastly “arrivals,” and the throng of pale company has quite jostled the object he fancies there, till lost in the common mass of mortality. Yet, looking up, shall he certainly find her in the solemn aerial vault of that black mass overhead, through which the stars glimmer, and the owl cries, fearless through its denseness, close to his ears. Spices and sear-cloths effect not so pure and so agreeable, and scarcely so durable, a preservation.

To the few clergy of Wales, then, to be supposed capable of this desecration of churchyard awfulness, many of whom are good classics, I would suggest, as an inference from these not wholly fanciful premises, that the feller of the churchyard yew violates a tabernacle of the dead;\* and, by outraging that “divinity that doth hedge” a corpse, the forsaken temple of a soul, commits the crime of an Erisichthon. I will not wish to such violator the mythological penalty of eternal hunger, yet such degree of that very unpleasant sensation as might attach to the forfeiture of the church thus stripped of its old honours, scarcely seems too severe an imprecation on a perseverance in the practice. I would beg to remind the pastor, that as he owes his just rank to the church, architecturally speaking,—from the churchyard sprung originally that edifice “whence cometh his salvation,”—for the cemetery gave rise to the place of worship, and not the latter to the cemetery. The solemnity which human interment imparted to the chosen earth, attracted thither the zealous to pray and converse; and the next step was the erection of a place of worship over the remains they revered. On the conversion of the Saxons by St. Augustine, Mellitus, the abbot who came over with him, was thus commanded by Pope Gregory the Great, according to Bede: “On the day of dedication, or birth-day of the holy martyrs, whose reliques are there placed, let the people make to themselves booths of the boughs of trees, round

\* Erasmus, in his *Adages*, expends much learning on the subject of “beans,” which were much used by the Romans in rites relating to the dead. He quotes Pliny as interdicting this species of pulse on the authority of Pythagoras, “beans contain the souls of the dead.” For “beans,” read “yews.”

about those very churches that had been the temples of idols, and, *in a religious way*, to observe a feast," &c. The politic pope, we may remark by the way, in this permission, as a mode of attracting the people, had an eye to the *paganalia*, or "country feast" of the Romans. The "religious way," degenerating into a purely convivial way, gave rise to our common Sunday drinking and feasting bout in rural districts, the *wake*. From those leafy booths, those wattled oratories, thus rising for the living in the dormitories of the dead, grew our most majestic cathedral, as well as the humblest worship-place that surprises the traveller peeping from some mountain dingle, and only distinguishable from a time-tinted barn by its companion or companions, of far nobler presence, the yew, marking its site, in a bird's-eye view, by that figured gloom under the softest summer sky, which instantly recalls the thoughts from the lark and the deep blue, to the "place appointed for all living."

The extreme nature of this last heresy against taste, will I trust excuse me, gentlemen, to you and your readers, for expatiating thus at large on it. I must not venture on fresh topics, unless very briefly, to point them out for the remarks of others. I know not whether having addressed the regular clergy, the dissenting members of the Church will excuse my addressing a single hint to their pastors. The influence acquired by *all* preachers, and I include *all* sects where the oratorical art is practised in the pulpit, after the fashion of the ancient orators; that is *cum manibus et pedibus* over the Welsh, especially in districts of great simplicity, is undeniably great. Whence arises it that conventicles and tippling houses increase almost in equal ratio, and ranting and immorality are on the "march" throughout Wales almost *equo passu*?

True charity and pure morality, as part at least of Christian duty, ought, I conceive, to form part of the injunctions so vehemently lain on the audience by the preacher, who can draw their tears, set them shrieking, and shake them as with a convulsion. Were the getting drunk on a Sunday or oftener than twice a week, (Fair time excepted,) shewn clearly, by his force of fist and logic, to be the real sin against the Holy Ghost which has divided commentators in opinion, would not the effect be great and good? In the course of this journey it was the fate, a pretty frequent one, of my two boy-companions and myself, to be benighted and lost. We were floundering in a soaking rain, a dark night, the

hour ten P.M. betwixt a boggy mountain foot, and river side, not far, it proved afterwards, from the utterly solitary poor hamlet, Llanwrtholl, near Rhaidar. In the midst of "many counsels," in which was little "wisdom," (for what is the wisest man in the middle of a bog, "hungered" since cock-crowing, two sons equally blank and deplorable within and without, for advisers, bread, bed, and guide post, alike wrapped in a fearful obscurity?) just as we were about to follow none of them, hark! the happy sound of voices! Nay, happiest of all, of singing voices, a pledge at once of good humour and promise of gentle guidance from the harmonists! By a welcome twang of the nasal, in the "concord," we became assured that those "sweet sounds" were not aerial, which in our Trinculo-and-Stephano plight of romance and darkness, and rain-water, we might have fancied them; and unromantic as it may seem, Ariel himself and his harp would have jarred abominably on our ears, after that gentler music of our fancies, fed now by hope, the bubble and squeak of a supper of ham and eggs, in a frying-pan; and that angelic creature we already saw frying them, no matter who, even were she another witch Sycorax. Alas for human hopes! After long knocking at the farm-house door in vain, an angry member of that singing body appeared, but most reluctantly. It was a Meeting!\* Our intrusion, even to the modest extent of asking our way, seemed a profanation. The man who came from listening to a furious declaimer on the religious belief of that Founder who said "Suffer little children to come unto me," thought it much, in a surly whisper with a nasal groan, to conduct my "little children" and self a few paces to the house end, and leave us in a swamp he called a lane, to find our way by a verbal direction; short, and quite impossible for us to follow, as he must have known very well. So much for the practical and the theoretical in Christianity! After so long a tirade, I know not if I ought to mention the following incident, shortly as it may be told. My horse took fright so as to endanger me, one day, at the breaking out, all at once, of the zeal of a preacher, whose lungs were of more than ordinary power; how many horse, I never heard. Would it not be merciful to passengers, where a chapel adjoins a road, to station one at the door to give fair warning of what is coming, as prior to the ear-rending report of firearms, and their fatal effect, a just ma-

\* "A meeting," in Wales, by common acceptance, means a congregation met together for the celebration of religious ceremonies.

gistrate reads the riot act; the little difference here, being, that the riot is within doors, and the peace endangered by the warning party?

Hoping that through the intervention of your influence, and the "march of taste" hereafter, abbeys will not be turned into dwelling-houses, nor dwelling-houses into castles or abbeys; that no ruins but Time's shall be deemed legitimate, asserting the supremacy of his scythe over the trowel of the bricklayer; that the pride of the picturesque, a Welsh churchyard, shall be left inviolate in the "holiness" of its "beauty," to transpose a text, and that poor lost travellers may receive the Christian charity of help, notwithstanding a meeting of good Christians unluckily holden at the time.

I beg to subscribe myself,

Gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

THE AMATEUR GIPSY.

*From my Cloister in the Abbey of Llauthony.*

### GAÈLIC PROVERBS.

THOMAS of ERCILDOUN, better known as Thomas the Rhymer, is the reputed author of several predictions, current among the Highlanders, although there is no reason to believe he knew the Gàèlic, or prophesied in that language. It is probable that they were imputed to this celebrated personage for want of better authority. The following has in many places been too truly fulfilled :

"Cuiridh fiacail na chaorach an crann air an sparr."

The tooth of the sheep will lay the plough on the shelf.

"Bithidh muileann air gach àlt, agus àth air gach cnoc; Tombac aig na buachaillean, 'us gruagaichean gun naire."

There shall be a mill on every brook, a kiln on every height; herds shall use Tobacco, and young women shall be without shame.



## LEGISLATION FOR THE IRISH.

*May, 1833.*

**GENTLEMEN,**  
**YOUR Magazine** being "a general Celtic repertory," the subjoined particulars respecting the Gaël Eirinach may not be uninteresting at the present time to the readers of so unique and interesting a publication.

The unhappy situation of Ireland, so miserably convulsed by the turbulent passions of an irritated peasantry, is, and has long been a subject of deep regret; and the attention which has unfortunately been of late drawn towards that part of the empire, is calculated to excite some curiosity regarding the history of the country. The difference of opinion, as to the cause of the deplorable state of society in most parts of that fine island, shews that it is not well understood. I have not the presumption, like some writers, to imagine I have discovered a panacea for the evils afflicting this ill-fated land. I write less as a politician than as an antiquary; but as such a profession is eminently useful in pioneering through rough tracts, and smoothing the march of others, more provident of their time, and confident in their individual judgment, than desirous of benefiting by the light of historical documents, some curious facts, apparently but little known, may be through your kindness advantageously brought in view. From these, the illiberality or injustice of former English governments, in denying the protection of the laws to the Irish, while at the same time they were claimed as liege men, by the right of conquest, if not in some sort by their own offer, as well as papal gift, will be seen; and it will strike every one that the want of cordiality between the two countries, existing so strongly even now, is, in a great measure, to be traced to that impolitic system of exclusion and degradation, pursued for centuries after Henry II., towards the "mere Irish." The cause appears to me sufficient to affect until a much later period the sensitive and inflexible Kelt, without taking into consideration the divided allegiance which it is maintained their religion produced after the reformation, and which occasioned the remark of King James, that they were but half subjects; having their souls drawn one way by the Pope, while their bodies only turned another way, were subject to him.

Henry II. invaded Ireland in 1172, and the Pope solemnly

bestowed the sovereignty on the crown of England, as it was believed he had the right to do, yet it is evident that the island was not conquered. For a long time the English could not without great difficulty maintain themselves within the "Pale" or district where they settled, and the irritation of the natives was certainly not softened by laws which prevented them from obtaining justice in a suit against the English settlers or their adherents.\* The poor Gaël were unable to bring an action at law, against any one, however aggrieved, except they had purchased denizenship at a heavy cost; which method of emancipation continued in use until the reign of James I.

There was indeed a plea which sometimes availed them: five bloods or five races were enfranchised, and enabled to take the benefit of the English laws. These tribes, "*qui gaudeant lege Anglicana*," are enumerated in the 3d Edward II., as the O'Neals de' Ultonia, or of Ulster; the O'Briens de Thomonia, or Thomond; the O'Malaghlinns de Media, or Meath; the O'Connaghers de Connacia, or Connaught; and the Mac Murroghs de Lagenia, or Leinster.

A few cases will illustrate the condition of the "pure Irish" in those days, and the spirit which directed the measures pursued by their Saxon lawgivers.

Anno 29 Edward I., before the justice in eyre at Drogheda, Thomas le Botteler brought an action of detenu against Robert de Almain, for certain goods; to which it was objected, "*quod non tenetur ei inde respondere, eo quod est Hibernicus, et non de libero sanguine*." Thomas however swore, on the sacrament, that he was an Englishman.

In the 28th of Edward III., an action of trespass was raised by Simon Neal, against William Newlagh, for breaking his close in Clandalkin, county of Dublin. The defence was that the plaintiff, "*Hibernicus est, et non de quinque*

\* Three innovations which Henry made on the Irish customs, as enumerated in an old ms., seem not very objectionable. The first was the ruling and ordering of the church by curates; the second was how the people should behave to them, &c.; the third referred to making wills; evidently meant to break their adherence to the Brehon law of gavelkind. A man was first to reckon what he owed, and the residue, after paying his debts, was to be divided into three parts. If married, one went to his wife, one to the children, and one "to be spent for the weale of his sowle." If he had no children, the half went for the last purpose. This resembles the Scottish division, viz. the dead's part, the wife's part, and the bairn's part of gear.—BIB. HARL.

sanguinibus," but he was able to prove himself of the O'Neals of Ulster, and was therefore awarded damages.

In the 4th Edward II., at Waterford, before John Wogan, chief justice, Robert Wayleys was accused of the slaughter of John Mac Ivor, Mac Gillemory; but it was alleged that he must be held guiltless, "quia dicit, quod prædictus Johannes fuit *purus Hibernicus* et non de libero sanguine."

More to the same purpose might be cited, and those who are curious may consult Sir John Davies's "True Causes why Ireland was never subdued," 1612.

The English seem to have accounted the natives an inferior race of men, with whom it was not proper in any way to assimilate. The opinion in Trevisa's Polychronicon, that whoever associated with them became "besmytted with their treason," certainly influenced those who enacted laws, which, under heavy penalties, forbade any to marry, foster, or make gossip, *i. e.* become godfathers or mothers; or even to trade with the Irish in their markets. By an Act of Henry V. the Irish were banished from England, and prohibited from entering British inns of court, lest the students should be infected with their barbarous principles. Another statute set a price on the head of an Irishman entering the pale, if he was not in the company of an Englishman of good repute, wearing the English apparel; and finally, in the 28th of Henry VIII., it was ordained that none should marry a person of Irish blood, even although a denizen by charter, unless he had done both homage and fealty to the king in chancery, and was bound by sureties to be a loyal subject.

The legislators took the consequence of these laws as the cause, and armies were from time to time sent to Ireland by which the people were overawed, indeed, but never pacified. Their own Brehon law was decried, yet the English law was withheld from them. They could not legally purchase lands, but their own hereditary possessions were forfeited by rebellion, or simply resistance to those who they alleged had no right to intermeddle with their affairs. The desperate wars which such policy occasioned, would, says Sir John Davies, "have lasted till the world's end, if they had not been at last protected and governed by law;" but this better policy was not introduced until the time of James I. Under a system of misrule, which drove even Englishmen of the Pale to the adoption of Irish manners, and opposition to

their own government, it is not greatly to be wondered at that the natives, naturally prone to retaliate on those who injured them, should adhere with enthusiasm to their own more equitable institutions, or that they should cheerfully make oath to their priests, that they would "spare neither life nor goods in opposing the English deputy."

However partial the Irish, as Kelts, might be to their ancient, and in many respects well-regulated usages, they were not so perversely blind to the advantages of adopting judicious "reform," and putting an end to continued rapine and bloodshed, as some have supposed. In the reign of Edward III. a petition was forwarded to him, praying that all the Irish might be permitted to enjoy the English law, without being obliged to purchase individual enfranchisement; but the lords of that country, that is, the Englishmen of "the Pale," advised his majesty to refuse his assent, as the natives could not be allowed that privilege without danger to the crown. Again: the Byrnes of the mountains prayed Henry VIII. that their country might be made shire ground, and called Wicklow; and in the same reign, O'Donnel covenants with the lord deputy, "*Si Dominus Rex velit reformare Hiberniam,*" he and his people would cheerfully embrace the English laws. Here it is just to quote the words of Sir J. Davies, who declares that "the Irish loved equal justice, and would rest perfectly satisfied with the execution thereof although it were against themselves, so as they might have the protection and benefit of law."

There was naturally a want of confidence in a government so jealous of this class of its subjects, and it is not to be doubted that the even balance of justice was sometimes turned by the influence of suitors. In the 20th Edward IV., O'Neal, one of the five bloods, on his marriage with a lady of the family of Kildare, thought it necessary to obtain a special Act of parliament, to secure his own denizenship.

The form of a deed of this sort was as follows: "*Edwardus IV., Willielmo O'Bolgir capellanum de Hibernica natione de gratia nostra speciale, &c., concessimus eidem Will<sup>o</sup>, quod ipse libere sit, status, et libere conditionis, & ab omne servitute Hibernica liber et quietus, et quod ipse legibus Anglicanus in omnibus et per omnia uti possit et gaudere, eodem modo, quo homines Anglici infra dictam terram eas habent,*" &c.

In certain cases it would appear, that their own Keltic

Eric, scotice assythment, or reparation for bloodshed, was accepted. One Roger, who had assumed the name De Canteton, a compliance with an Act,\* which we may conclude had some weight in his favor, was adjudged to pay five marcs to the king, although it was proved he had been all his lifetime held as a Hibernian, and known by his patronymic O'Hederiscall. The chain of illiberality and false maxims in the government of this country might be brought down to the present day, but I have shown enough to convince the unprejudiced that Ireland has been, from remote time, ruled in ignorance of her best interest, or that of the British empire.—Is this policy? Is it humanity or justice?

Yours, &c.

SEANACHADE.

\* Edward IV. c. 16, every Irishman shall take to himself an English surname, of a town, as Sutton, Chester, Trym, Skryne, Cork, Kinsale; or colour, as White, Black, Brown; or art or science, as Smith, Carpenter; or office, as Cook, Butler; and that he and his issue shall use this name under pain of forfeiting his goods annually as long as he offends; to be levied twice a year for the king's wars. The Act also strictly prohibits the use of the Irish habit.

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## SONNET.

WRITTEN ON THE DAY OF MY COMING OF AGE.

TO-DAY I've passed life's Equinoctial o'er  
 In my frail bark—'tis mine, on either side,  
 To see the same swell of the sullen tide;  
 On either side to hear the same wild roar:  
 All, all is drear expanse—behind, before,  
 A cheerless blank; nor have I yet descried  
 Those spots on which my fond young hopes relied,  
 Peruvia's coasts, or Ceylon's spicy shore.  
 Oh! would I had not e'er unfurled a sail  
 To dare the fury of the ocean-storm,  
 Perchance to founder on some sunken reef!  
 But how can late repentance now avail?  
 Oh! for a port, with shelter safe and warm,  
 To ease me of my full rich freight of grief.

λ—.

*Dólgelly.*

EXTRACTS FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MS. HISTORY OF  
THE CLANS,

BY JAMES LOGAN, ESQ., F.S.A., AUTHOR OF THE "SCOTTISH GAËL."

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SLIOCHD MAC GILLEAN.—TRADITION RESPECTING MURDOCH MAC LEAN,  
OF LOCHBUY.

THE Mac Leans, or Mac Laines, as this branch of the clan prefer spelling their name, of Lochbuy, a division of the tribe descended, about 1390, from Eaindubh, Black John of Duart, and located in the island of Mull, have borne a distinguished part in the transactions of their country.

Concerning one of the chiefs of this clan is preserved a curious tradition, which is still current, and is thus related.

EWAN CEAN-BEG, or Ewan of the little head, became involved in a feud with another chief, and it being found quite impossible to settle the quarrel by any other means, it was resolved to bring it to the decision of the sword, and the time and place for the determination of the dispute were forthwith appointed.

Lochbuy, according to common practice in those days, went to a famous weird woman, or reputed witch, in order to obtain some information as to the result of the impending battle. The buidseach told him, that should his lady happen, without solicitation, to lay breakfast before himself and his men, the morning when they were prepared to march to the combat, he would certainly prove victorious; but if she should not, he would as surely be defeated. This was very disagreeable intelligence to Lochbuy, for although he himself was noted for "Highland hospitality," his lady was, unfortunately, the reverse; but for this there was of course no help.

The morning arrived when the fate of the adverse clans was to be decided, and Mac Lean's stout Cearnach and Galloglach, the light and heavy armed troops of the Gaël, mustered at the castle; the banner waved in the western breeze, and the echoes returned the inspiring notes of the martial bagpipes. Ewan came forth clad in the clogaid and lurich,\* and his war steed snorted as if impatient for the approaching battle.

The time for departure approached, but there was no

\* Helmet and chain mail. Galea et lorica.

appearance of breakfast; and the chief, tortured by anxiety, could scarcely suppress his inward emotion, as he ruminated on the fatal prediction. Loth as he was to "do the deed," by which his fate that day would be decided, the clamours of his devoted clansmen for their "morning meat," compelled the maddened laird to call for food. His tardy spouse at last placed bread, with maighders of milk before the warriors, who, impatient for the battle, quickly despatched the frugal meal; but the unhappy Ewan, broke not his fast; agitated by sorrowful reflection, he paced in silence, but with hurried step, the castle court.

The band set off to meet their foes, they engaged, "chief mixed his strokes with chief, and man with man; as the troubled noise of the ocean, when roll the waves on high, as the last peal of the thunder of Heaven, such is the noise of the battle. Death raises his voices around, and mixes with the sound of shields. The groans of the people spread over the hills; the sound was like the thunder of night, when the cloud bursts on Cona, and a thousand ghosts shriek at once in the hollow wind."

The Mac Leans, among whom it is an immemorial maxim never to turn their backs on a foe, however numerous, fought with characteristic bravery and determination, but they were vanquished, and Lochbuy, covered with wounds, fell on the well-contested plain. His body was interred, with customary pomp, in the venerated isle of Iona, but his spirit is not yet permitted to rest. Wrapped in the same cloak which he wore at his death, his ghost is often seen riding the very cream-coloured horse which bore him in the last of his fields; and long as it is since the occurrence of that event, the robe is as green, and both steed and rider are as active as ever.

To the people of Mull the spectre seems well known, and the appearance of Ewan Cean-beag is minutely described in some of their local ballads, in which his earthly prowess is also celebrated. In popular opinion it is the kindly office of Ewan's spirit to be present wherever any of the family of Lochbuy are in danger; and from the execution of this paternal function, neither mountain, nor main, nor distance, nor tempest, can prevent him. He is seen at night riding securely in tracts where deer and ghosts only could find footing; he has often crossed between Scotland and Ireland with supernatural celerity, and among the latest of his recorded exertions was his appearance with the Black-watch in Spain



and Portugal, particularly at Burgos, when attacked by that celebrated regiment. He there watched over the young Murdoch Mac Lean, of Lochbuy, who at that time held a commission in the corps.

IAN GARBH, MAC LEAN OF COLL.

BETWEEN the laird of Coll and Mac Niel, of Barra, there arose in a former age, very unhappy and protracted dissensions. They originated from a marriage between Barra and the widow of Mac Lean, of Coll, whose heir was then in minority. This youth was treated with much disrespect and harshness by his oide or stepfather; and taking advantage of his youth, the ambitious chief even hoped by the influence he had acquired to be able to add the fertile island of Coll to his own possessions.

The young chief, resenting this unnatural conduct, by the advice of his friends fled to Ireland, where he remained until, attaining the years of discretion, he determined to force his enemy from the lands of his inheritance, and assume the management of his own affairs. In prosecution of this design he collected as many of his friends and followers as he could muster, and set sail for Coll, where he safely landed at a place called "the hidden harbour."

In his passage from Ireland he landed at the castle of Ardtorinish, in Morven, where he found his uncle Mac Leod, of Harris, a prisoner to Mac Donald, lord of the isles. Determined to rescue him if possible, he boldly and alone entered the place with his battle-axe, and his resolute behaviour, with the knowledge of his force, procured the release of his kinsman, who accompanied him on his expedition home. When he landed at Coll, a faithful adherent met him, and gave him important information respecting the state of affairs on the Island. Barra, the woman said, was living at Grisipoll, on the opposite side; but he maintained a constant correspondence, by a trusty messenger, with the castle of Breacachadh, near where Coll then was; and it happened that while the woman was talking she observed the messenger leave the castle to give information of the landing of the hostile armament. On this, she pointed him out, and observed, that if he was not intercepted, the object of the young chief would certainly be defeated.

Among the followers of Coll was one Gilli-riavach, or the greyish coloured lad, who offered, for the free possession of the lands of Darvaig, to bring to his master the head of

Barra's messenger. The proposal was at once agreed to, Gilli-riavach went after the man, and having by a circuitous route got before him unperceived, he sat down in apparent carelessness at a place called Bealach-na-foille, or the pass of treachery, probably so named from this event. When the scout came up, Coll's follower inquired the news. "News enough," replied he, "Ian Garbh is landed, and is on his way to Grisipoll with his company, and I am in great haste to warn Mac Niel, lest he be taken by surprise." "Would it not be better," says Gilli-riavach, "that you had some signal by which you could inform your master, when yet at a distance, whether the strangers are friends or foes." "Indeed, there is a sure sign," replied the other, "if they are foes, I shall not go near them, but if they be friends I shall put myself on my white steed, at their head." "I have heard enough," cried Gilli-riavach, starting to his feet, and, dragging the man to the ground he stabbed him; then mounting his horse he hastened to lead on Coll and his warriors, whom he had ordered previously to come up, and marched towards Grisipoll. Mac Niel, although deceived by this stratagem, having 120 good men, about an equal number to his antagonist, marched out and valiantly gave battle. During the fight the rival chiefs met hand to hand, when Ian Garbh must have been overcome by the more powerful Mac Niel, but for the timely assistance of Gilli-riavach. He brought Barra to his knee, and having thus restored the advantage to his chief, he left them to fight it out. He himself, however, met with more than his match in Barra's foster-brother, from whom he was forced to retreat, although in giving ground he still faced his foe. At last, driven to the verge of a deep running stream, he, by an astonishing leap backwards saved his life, by avoiding a blow given with such force that the battle-axe sunk far into the ground, and got so intangled that the brave Galloglach could not readily disengage it. Gilli-riavach seeing his advantage, instantly sprang forward, and killed his then defenceless antagonist. Mac Niel was defeated, and Ian Garbh, restored to his possessions, performed his promise to his heroic clansman, whose descendants long held the farm he so gallantly acquired. The Gilli-riavach's leap is yet pointed out over the stream of Grisipoll, and few would undertake to clear the chasm, by springing forward.

Mac Niel, it appears, attempted to recover the island, but he was in turn invaded by Coll, who took his castle and held possession of Barra for seven years, by way of punishment

for his presumption. The claidheamh-more, or two-handed sword of Ian Garbh, (John the athletic,) is preserved in the armoury at Drumfin, near Tobermory, where the chief now resides, and the wooden part of the hilt is very beautifully carved in the favorite tracery ornament. His leg bone, which Dr. Johnson shuddered at beholding, was long preserved at Breacachadh castle as a curiosity for its large size. There have been two who bore the same appellation in the family; the hero of this sgeulachd was the son of Lachlan Bronach, of Duart, the founder of the Coll branch of the clan, who lived in the reign of James I., say 1430.

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THE two following letters of the great marquis of Montrose are transcribed from the originals, preserved in the charter chest of the Mac Leans of Coll, which, by the kindness of the present chief, I was allowed to examine.

“SIR,

“Having occasion to write to those fields, I cannot be forgetful of your willingness and good affection to his Majesty’s service, but acknowledge it to you, and thank you heartily for it, assuring you that in what lyes in my power you shall find the good. Meanwhyle I shall expecte that you will continue yr loyal Indevours in wishing those \* \* \* \* \* expect you to appeare \* \* \* obedient then they doe, and loyal in thy Princes service, whereby I assure (you) you shall fynd me ever yr faithful friende,”

“Petty; 17 April, 1646.

MONTROSE.”

For the Laird of Coall.

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SIR,

“I must heartily thank you for all yr willingness and good affection to his Majesty’s service, and particularly the sending along of your sone, to who I will heave ane particular respect, hoping also that you will still continue ane good instrument for the advancing ther of the King’s service, for which, and all yr former loyall carriages, be confident you shall fynd the effects of his Majesty’s favour, as they can be witnesses for you, by your very faithful friend,

Stretheardale; 20th Jany, 1648.\*

MONTROSE.”

For my very loving friend the Laird of Coall.

There is another letter in the same depository, of a different character, but not devoid of interest, as illustrating

\* This is dated by Boswell, who saw it, “Strethearne, 1646.” Invermaillie he makes “Invinvalie.”

the state of Highland society. The slaughter committed on a member of a subordinate clan was resented with characteristic spirit. The principle of blood for blood was rigorously pursued in this case, and Cameron was not the first man whose friends, powerful as they might be, were unable to save him from retributive justice. Many a Highlander has been obliged to seek protection with a neutral tribe, where he has been saved from his pursuers, and where his descendants have amalgamated with their adopted clan.

“ Strone ; 6 March, 1737.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ The long standing tract of firm affectionat freindship twixt your worthy predecessors and ours, affords us such assurance as that we may have full relyance on your favour and undoubted friendship, in recommending the bearer, Ewen Cameron, our cousin, son to the deceast Dugall Mc Conil, of Innermaillie, sometime in Glenpean, to your ffavour and conduct, who is a man of undoubted honestie and discretion, onlie that he has the misfortune of being alleged to have been accessorie to the killing of one of Mc Martin’s familie, about 14 years ago, upon qch alledgeance the Mac Martins are now sanguine on revenging, that they are fullie resolved for the deprivation of his life ; to the preventing of qch you are relyed on by us as the onlie fit instrument, and a most capable person. Therefore your ffavour and protection is expected and intreated during his good behaviour, and failing of qch behaviour, you’l please use him as a most insignificant person deserves.

“ Sir, he had upon the alledgeance foresaid been transported, at Locheal’s desire, to ffrance, to gratify the Mc Martins, and upon his return home, about five years ago, married, but now he is so much threatened by the Mc Martins, that he is not secure enough to stay qr he is, being Ardmurchen, which occasions this trouble to you. Wishing prosperitie and happiness to attend still yourself, worthie lady, and good ffamilie, we are in the most affectionat manner, Dr Sir,

Yr most obliged, affectionat, and most humble servants,  
 DUGALL CAMERON, of Strone,  
 DUGALL CAMERON, of Barr,  
 DUGALL CAMERON, of Inveriskvoulline,  
 DUGALL CAMERON, of Invermaillie.

**ANCIENT BRITISH SEPULCHRAL MONUMENT  
IN CWMDU, BRECONSHIRE.**

In Theophilus Jones's History of Brecknockshire, as well as in the later editions of Camden, notice is taken of an ancient sepulchral stone, bearing a Latin inscription, and described as lying in a field in the parish of St. Michael Cwmdu, in the county of Brecon; and, as the inscription is there very inaccurately given, a more correct account may not be unacceptable.

This stone, of which the accompanying print is a representation, may now be seen in one of the south buttresses of the above-named parish church, together with a brass plate containing the following inscription:

“CATACUS HIC JACIT  
FILIUS TEGERNACUS.

“Here lies CATTOC  
The son of TEYRNOC.”

“This stone was removed from a field called *Tir Gwenlli*, about one mile s.s.w. of this church of St. Michael Cwmdu, and placed in this buttress for preservation by the Rev. THOMAS PRICE, Vicar, A.D. 1830,\* having been presented to him for that purpose by the owner, the Rev. T. Lewis.”



As this act of removal might, by those unacquainted with the circumstances which led to it, be charged upon the above-named gentleman as a violation of antiquarian principles, it may be necessary to state that this stone had evidently been so frequently moved about, that its original position could not be as much as conjectured at, and the last situation it occupied was that of a

\* When the church was rebuilt.

foot-bridge across a brook, where it had been placed by the tenant of the land; and, as the next use to which it should be applied would probably be such as to cause its entire demolition, this removal to a place of safety will at least be held excusable. And also, as in all probability it was originally placed over the grave of *Cuttawc*, the founder and patron saint of the neighbouring parish church of *Llangattock*, its present sanctuary has not been inappropriately selected.

This relic of antiquity, which consists of a rude stone pillar, is six feet and a half long by one foot thick; the letters are well sunk, and, from the natural hardness of the stone, (breccia,) in good preservation. In consequence of its being found near the ancient Roman station of *Gæer*, the inscription has by some been considered as of the Roman period; but a more attentive observation must convince us that it cannot be earlier than the sixth century; and indeed, the form of the letters bears the character of that and of the two succeeding centuries, as may be seen, on consulting *Astle's Progress of Writing*, where specimens of the alphabet of the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries are given, and which precisely correspond with the letters upon this monument; particularly the square C, the S-shaped G, and the N with the transverse stroke near the centre, resembling a capital H, and frequently mistaken for that letter.\* And various circumstances lead us to attribute this inscription to the latter part of the sixth century.

Another reason why it should be considered as subsequent to the period of the Roman government of Britain, is the corrupt Latinity which it exhibits. This may be seen in the word *jacit*, a common substitute for *jacet*; and also in the form of the word *Tegernacus*, which has the nominative termination instead of the genitive. This is precisely what we might expect to meet with in the sixth or seventh century; for, among the scraps of Latin occasionally introduced into their compositions by the early Welsh bards, a similar absence of grammatical correctness may be observed; as, for instance, in the words *Dews, Rex Regum, Sola* [*i. e.* Sol], &c.

But it is not in this secluded corner of the world alone, where

\* From the equivocal appearance which the last-mentioned two letters present to those unacquainted with the alphabets of the early and middle ages, the last name has frequently been read TESERHACUS.

the ancient British still maintained its ground as the vernacular tongue, that these corruptions of the Latin are found; they are to be met with even in countries much nearer the Roman capital, and where the Latin language had in a great measure supplanted that of the natives: for Legrand, in his "*Observations sur les Troubadours*," remarks that Gregory of Tours, who flourished in the sixth century, and who was a native of Auvergne, laments his inability to write the Latin language grammatically. "Il ignore, dit il les déclinaisons des noms, ne sait nullement placer les prépositions, confond le masculin, le feminine, et le neutre, l'ablatif et l'acusatif."\* And, upon the authority of D. Ruinart, who has given an edition of his work, it is asserted that there are in existence mss: in which that ancient author is really as inaccurate in his Latinity as he has represented himself; although later copyists, better acquainted with the language, have, in their transcripts, corrected those errors. Legrand also states that the same editor (Ruinart) has, in his appendix, given specimens of the corrupt state into which the Latin had fallen during that era; consisting of certain forms of legal documents, according to the customs of Angers, and which the following extract from a form of marriage settlement may suffice: "Tu dulcissima sponsa mea ad die filicissimo nupciarum tibi per hanc cessione dileco adque transfundo, ut in tuæ jure hoc recepere dibeas. Cido† tibi brace valente solidus tantus, toneneas tantas, lectario ad lecto vestito valente solidus tantus, inaures aureas valente solidus tantus, annolus valentes solidus tantus. Cido tibi caballus cum sambuca et omnia stratura sua, boves tantus, vaccas cum sequentes tantus, ovis tantus, solidis tantus." After such utter disregard of all grammar and syntax, and that too in the heart of France, "*Hic jacit filius Tegernacus*" will appear almost a classic composition.

In addition to the foregoing, this inscription presents another feature not wholly uninteresting to the antiquary; and that is the introduction of the quiescent G into the word *Tegernacus*, which is evidently a Latinizing of the Welsh word *Teyrnoc*, ac-

\* *Anciens Fabliaux*, vol. ii. For want of access to Gregory of Tours, Legrand's own words are given here.

† Such words as *cido* for *cedo*, and *dibeas* for *debeas*, &c. shew a systematic substitution of the *i* for the *e* in Latin words, and illustrate the form of the word *jacit* in our old British inscriptions.



ording to the practice of that period. This style of orthography, in proper names, seems to have been universal among our old Latin writers, as may be seen in the works of *Gildas* and *Nennius*, &c.; where such words as *Gwrtheyrn*, *Cyndeyrn*, &c. are changed into *Vortigern* and *Kentigern*, or some such form, &c. For instance, in Gunn's *Nennius*, we have a transcript of that author made from an ancient ms. in the Vatican, of the tenth century, in which this style of orthography is found; *e. g.* "*Gurthegirrus autem regnabat in bryttannia;*" and again "*Briacat; filius pascent; Pascent filius guorthegirn; Guorthegirn filius guortheneu, &c.*" But when these names are found in Welsh compositions, they are always written as pronounced, according to the orthography of that language, as may be seen in the old chronicle of Tysilio. "*Ac yn y dived vedy na by undeb rydynt y dayth Gvrtheyrn Gvrthenau, &c.*" This introduction of the quiescent G seems to have been adopted by the Irish and Gaelic writers still more generally than the Welsh, as we find it not only in their Latinized names, but even in their Celtic compositions, together with several other consonants which at present have no oral power whatever. At what period this system was adopted, or for what purpose, whether it was merely an etymological index, and never affecting the sound of words, or whether, by a change in the pronunciation of the language, these consonants have gradually lapsed into a quiescent state, and become entirely mute, must be left to Gaelic scholars to determine.

Who this *Cattawc* was remains to be ascertained. There were two of the name who are recorded among the ancient British saints: *Cattwg ap Gwynlliw*, who lived in the sixth century, and *Cattwg ap Brychan* in the fifth, and who died in France, probably in Brittany.\* There were also at least two saints named *Teyrnawc* about the same period. Several churches in the Principality are dedicated to St. Cattog, but to which of the personages bearing that name the honour of having founded them belongs, may not in every case be easily determined. The church of *Llangattock Crickhowel*, in Breconshire, is said to be dedicated to the son of Brychan; but the authority is too vague to be much relied on. On the other hand, as the parish adjoins that in which this ancient monument lay, it is not unreasonable

\* *Kadawc ap Brychan yn ffrainc y Gorwedd—Bonedd y Saint.*

to suppose that the church was founded by **CATTAWC AP TEYRNAWC.**

Should any of our readers who may chance to visit the celebrated vale of Crickhowel, in South Wales, feel an inclination to examine this very interesting ancient British monument, we have the pleasure of informing them that they may now extend their excursion through the beautiful valley of Cwmdu to the banks of the Wye, along the new road lately opened through that country; for which the Principality is indebted to the munificence and public spirit of John Hotchkis, Esq., of Lanwysc villa, Crickhowel, who almost entirely at his own expense began and completed this undertaking, by which a new and exceedingly picturesque tract of country is opened to the traveller, and a junction effected between the two most beautiful valleys in the kingdom, those of the Usk and the Wye.

[The retention of quiescent letters in the Celtic dialects is necessary to preserve the root, and trace the etymology. The learned Edward Lhuyd was of opinion that all consonants were originally sounded, and the structure of the language bears him out. Tighearnach, a name formerly common to Scots and Irish, is pronounced Tiernach. Donald, in Gaëlic orthography, Domhnal, *mh* having the sound of *v*, was anciently written Dove-nald, &c.—EDITORS.]

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SONNET.

Too oft is memory's landscape but a field  
 Of scanty stubble: oft a barren sand,  
 Which will, tho' nurtured by the craftiest hand,  
 Tho' cheered by sun and shower, no produce yield,  
 Save a few thistles,—not a shrub to shield  
 Young schemes from blighting, ere they've time to stand.  
 But he, who can look back upon a land,  
 With crops of his own sowing there revealed,  
 Whose good intentions have been well matured  
 By many a year of labour; whose young mind  
 Has been to passion's dread allurements blind,  
 May deem his earthly happiness secured,  
 Nor fear the harrowing sting of fell remorse,  
 Checking the wanton in his headlong course.

λ—.

*Dólgelly.*

GLAMORGANSHIRE LEGEND, OF THE LORD OF  
DUNRAVEN CASTLE.

BY THE RURAL DOCTOR.

CORNWALL and Wales more than other maritime parts of Great Britain seem to have incurred the stigma of the revolting crime of *wrecking*, while, of all other crimes, the annual register of both countries, but especially the latter, is happily distinguished for the lightness both in number and dye. But this is not the only anomaly that strikes us on the subject. The character of the wrecker—the merciless being who preys upon the victim of a frightful calamity, depriving him not only of what the devouring element may have left to him, but sometimes of life itself, presents traits as anomalous as that just mentioned. It cannot be denied that this species of robbery exceeds in cruelty the ordinary crime of land robbers. The impulse to aid the struggle for life of a fellow-creature; the desire to save, and the delight in the saving, seem so nearly instinctive in us, and common to the worst as well as the best men, that one would be led by mere reasoning to expect something of visible monstrosity, some incarnation of the diabolical nature, in the being capable of resisting it, so far as not only to withhold a helping hand, but raise a murderous one; or make lawless prize of the remnant of worldly goods, so painfully saved by the most destitute of forlorn creatures. Yet, strange to tell, the people thus breaking at once through law and the common feelings of humanity, are not like the burglar or highway robber; men secretly or openly aliens to their species, prowling without the pale of society, but rustic dwellers in districts, exemplary for the infrequency of all other atrocious crimes. Some twenty-five years ago, the clergyman of the remote fishing village of Aberayron, Carnarvonshire, wrote: “On no part of the British coasts have more disasters by sea occurred, than on this, nor more instances of inhumanity to the survivors.” Yet the writer of this has repeatedly traversed the coast referred to, (that of the promontory of Llyn,) at a late hour, and slept under the reeded roof of more than one cottager on the maritime hillsides of that narrow projection of the county, with two boys, too young to avail in self-defence; fearlessly and without cause of fear, although these very cottagers, some of them at least, issuing from their

hovels at the tidings of a shipwreck, are understood to constitute the species of plunderers described by the term of wreckers; at least, I never heard of any separate gang or banditti engaged in this coward barbarity.\*

A clue seems required to this paradox in human sentiment and action, to account for it. Perhaps the true one is afforded in that ancient law concerning wreck, which gives to the king in form, and in reality to the lord of the manor on which wreck is found, a property therein, including in that term whatever is thrown up by the sea, whether from a ship that has perished there, or the remains of the vessel, provided *that no living thing* be on board. In ancient char-

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\* The language of our powerful correspondent here, we think, implies the exception to be the rule. We do not deny that examples of such cold-blooded atrocity *ever* did take place, but for many, many years past, we confidently say, *never*. We confess, instances of brutal indifference to the fate of shipwrecked seamen have in recent times occurred, but, how have they occurred?—by the Welsh showing that peculiar want of self-command which is an inherent characteristic of all the inhabitants of Britain, namely, *a love of drink*. Scenes of the grossest sensuality have therefore, during the period last spoken of, frequently taken place in Wales, but scenes of blood, we repeat, *never*; and in the moral turpitude of the two there is an immeasurable distinction. Stupified with spirits, it was no uncommon thing to see the dead bodies of a drowned ship's crew mingled with those of the swinish and insensible devotees to Bacchus, as well as those who had suffocated themselves by excessive drinking!

We cannot recollect an instance of one Welshman having been brought to justice for wrecking, but during the last century there were examples of the execution of strangers. It was our misfortune, nearly five years ago, to receive a statement, insinuating the commission of wrecking, in its most humiliating form, which had then lately occurred in South Wales. In consequence of our observations upon the commission of this sickening crime, which were very strong, the then honorable Member for Carmarthen took the matter into his consideration, and, after a most attentive investigation, the whole, as respected any charge of cruelty, proved false. Mr. Jones's letter to us was accompanied by a declaration that the imputed crime was wholly unknown upon the Welsh coast.

Our object, in writing this note, has been solely a wish to place the sentiments of the amiable writer, as well as our own, in a right view, namely, that no expressions of his are intended to cast a *national* stigma upon one of the most moral people in Europe, —our Welsh peasantry.—EDITORS.

ters shipwreck is called wreche, werech, also seupwerp, that is, sea-upwerp, which comes of sea, and upwerpen (Sax.) to cast up. "Rex habebit wreckum maris per totum regnum, &c." Any living thing found on board, were it but a cat, redeemed the whole vessel or hulk, to be recovered by the owner, on demanding it within a year and a day. If no life were preserved at all, it fell at once to the lord. This law seems to recognise the principle of an alienation of property by agency of the elements, as if, whatever the fury of the deep wrests from its lawful owner, should become as it were masterless, and be claimable by the happier tenant of a less turbulent element, in the nature of a god-send, and may have its effect on ill-judging ignorance backed by cupidity.

Some cause must exist for the phenomenon, that the same poor people who would, on occasion of a neighbour's house tumbling down, or being consumed by fire, render every humane aid in saving him or his goods, do, on the very kindred catastrophe of a ship, equally a fellow-creature's home, come crashing down in ruins on the rock, or breaking to pieces on a beach, finish that tragedy the sea had left incomplete, and add horror to a horrible misfortune.

Let us hope that the boasted march of intellect, which perhaps has something to answer for on the score of introducing some crimes, as well as to boast in its prevention of others, will speedily banish *this*, most foul, strange, and unnatural, from our beautiful country; will teach the Welsh sea-side peasant, however poor, to regard the shivering shipwrecked man, and his trunk washed ashore, or his few clothes saved, with equal or deeper sympathy than he would the same sufferer, flying at midnight from his house in flames: that so primitive, peaceable a district, whose moral view, but for this one crime, would be as purely beautiful as its physical, a perfect landscape for the soul's eye of the philanthropist to repose upon, after the red and black horrors of guilt and retribution that revolt it in great capitals, may cast off this foul blot, and the detestable criminal—a wrecker—exist but in name.

The lords of some maritime Welsh manors incurred, at a distant era, the occasional scandal of aggravating even this species of guilt; that is to say, of producing that calamity by which the common wreckers only profited when already produced by storm or sunken rock. Some of them have been charged with hanging out false lights for beacons, and by other arts, procuring the wreck of vessels on their iron-bound

coasts. Among these was conspicuous the owner of an ancient edifice on the coast of Glamorganshire named Dunraven castle, the last of the name of Vaughan who possessed it, prior to its purchase by the Wyndham family. The transfer of the property is recorded by Grose, in his *Antiquities* to have been occasioned by a wildly singular and terrible catastrophe, arising out of his adoption of this horrid artifice, and which it is my business to record under the name which the awed moralists of the country assigned to this tragic retribution of heaven—"God's judgment against Wreckers."

Some twenty and more years prior to the event alluded to above, a shipwreck happened on the beach of rocks directly under the precipice that uplifts high above, but not above the reach of the surf of an ever-agitated sea, the then old and dreary fortress of Dunraven. This residence, known in Welsh history by the name of Dindryfan, probably the oldest in Wales, backed by bold but barren heights, commanding the noblest sea-views with rocky scenery, and crowning a sea-promontory, is one of strikingly desolate yet grand effect. It is ascertained that the famous Caractacus, of British and Roman celebrity, lived here, as did afterwards the lords of Glamorgan, and previously several of the *reguli* of the country. A present of the "castle and manor of Dunraven" from William de Londres to his butler, who had defended it from the attacks of the Welsh, is said to have given rise to the family of the Butlers of South Wales; the said domestic becoming by knighthood Sir Arnold Butler. From this family it passed to that of the Vaughans, and, after several generations, to the individual here referred to, its last possessor of that name.

On the occasion of the disaster just named, the heroic exertions of a young man to save the crew of the ship that lay beating to pieces near land were great and successful. Fastening a rope round his body, at the greatest risk of life, he swam out with it through a tremendous surf, rather swept by, than swimming upon, the recoil of the monstrous wave, thus conveying the means of rescue to the sufferers.

The exultation and shouts of the men, the tears and smiles of the women which greeted his safe return, produced in his fine intellectual countenance a reflected delight as in a glass; tears of pleasure and generous pride, which started to his dark eyes, replied to that tenderer gratulation of the sex whose fears for us come with such delicious flattery to

the heart's core, while those of our own sex penetrate no deeper than the mind. He was in the very May of life, basking in the sunshine of earthly prosperity. His ready risking of that life hence showed the nobler. The cheek of the young philanthropist glowing equally with emotion and violent exertion; the successive salvation of life after life, in the persons dragged ashore, through his single feat, with the accompanying hurras of the crowd; above all, his beautiful young wife, clasping him, and reproaching him tenderly with tears, frowns, and kisses blended, for his rash self-devotion: these, together, formed a picture highly affecting. Perhaps it was the happiest of all the days of the life of that young man past or to come. This distinguished youth was Mr. Walter Vaughan, lord of the manor of Dunraven; and this incident is recorded only because it gave the colour to his future existence;—what colour remains to be seen?

If he who but preserves a plant by culture of seed, or scion, imbibes a fondness for such mimic creative art, much more may the saving of a sentient being be supposed to foster in a generous nature,—a sort of rage for the preserving human life,—the fine passion of a saviour of its kind; and such was the effect of this incident on the enthusiast nature of Mr. Vaughan. The salvation of his fellow-creatures from that dreadful element, for ever roaring at the foot of his ancestral tower, and lashing the land whence it drew like some fateful monster its annual victims, became indeed a passion to him, and set his inventive faculties on the stretch, till perhaps the pride of the pursuit a little outstripped the philanthropy of its source. But, reserving this and other traits of his character for a brief retrospect, I at once advance to the distant stage of his life for which it became memorable.

Twenty years have passed away. He who, returning after long interval to his schoolboy haunts, finds his friend, who has been, to his memory, in absence, living on, a phantom, still in the freshness of face and heart, grown into the careworn, stern, withered man of the world, out of the smooth-browed smiling schoolboy; finds the prosperous farmer, that he left healthy and happy among his children in his own hay-fields, a lone surviving pauper, a tottering paralytic, under the workhouse wall; the laughing girl, grown into the faded wife of many troubles; the wife, from the prime of life, passed into decrepid widowhood or the grave: he who



comes thus suddenly as it were on the work of time's destruction, experiences a sort of shock of melancholy. The mighty change, presented without gradations to his senses, overwhelms the mind. Yet, could bosoms be laid bare and visible as those human features their indices, perhaps more "strange defeatures" would be found "written" there, than even on the withered face of the well-remembered school-boy, or the *momento mori* half-dead form of the ruddy farmer, found crawling by his living grave, without wife or child; changes sadder than all that years can effect on the forms or fortunes of the happy, the beautiful, and the fortunate.

In that second and distant stage of existence in which Mr. Vaughan is next to be depicted, we find him a widower with four children; a hermit and a misanthrope, "steeped in poverty to the very lips," his mansion ruinous and stripped by creditors, his only domicile one turret in the left wing, hanging like a balcony over the chaotic scene of rocks along the water's edge, where thickly strewn fragments of crags lay like a quarry, whence stones have been hewn. The old man, his only domestic, having occupied a rank as high as that of bard in the flourishing time of Dunraven, would not forsake his master in his adversity, nor the children who had hung on the notes of his harp with such delight, and so often ridden on his back. The single other servant, an old female, being crabbed and displeasing to the young, the old bard added the duty of a nurse to his other duties, gratuitous as they were; for the wife of Mr. Vaughan had left him a child now but four years of age. The eldest son, under the decline of his hereditary prospects, had been constrained to go out to an uncle settled as a merchant abroad; a cruel necessity to the father, whose keenest grief in life had been parting from him on the quay where he embarked, and seeing him wave his handkerchief in the sea-distance, as if to a lover, to him his father. At that time his heart was unseared; and he now retained all the melting tenderness of that moment at his heart's core, under the ice which subsequent events had formed round it, preventing all future impressions. Thus his favourite first-born kept that original hold on his mind which the novelty of the first parent feeling gave him; and the grand object of Vaughan's wishes was now so far to retrieve the family fortune as to redeem from mortgage even a humble home and competence for his son, that he might return home, and

find a refuge at least, on his return ; some domicile less comfortless than the old grey and lone tower abutting over a stormy shore, which alone was left habitable to himself.

The usual retreat of Mr. Vaughan and Ieuan, the old servant, was as singular as their own decayed figures. Wild and ruinous in aspect, they made of a grand and rude colonnade of marine rocks, wave-worn, a sort of sea-side harbour, (to use a misnomer,) which, with its ragged roof and trailing rock-plants above, and floor of sea-weeds, and not unfrequently, after a midnight shipwreck, a ghastly half-dressed corpse of some swimmer found washed thither, bore a kind of affinity to the two inmates, the one old, the other in perhaps a sadder period of life, on the borders of old age, with all the feelings of life's prime, and nothing to feed on but memory and a guilty conscience. They sate on the skeleton of a boat of singular make, there rotting; a life-boat, the invention of Vaughan, and fruit of many years of thought and labour. Many other unfinished contrivances, all tending to the salvation of life in shipwreck, hung suspended on natural spikes of the interior rock. The old harp, with its faded gilding and tarnished strings, stood propped against the rude flat slab, like a broken tomb, which formed their table; and on it the harper used to play the old pathetic Welsh airs to his master, especially those with which he had often lulled to sleep the injured heir of his house and heart's love, while yet a little fair boy, led by the hand, and sleeping on a knee. The three other children of the decayed squire played about the beach in sight, grew almost amphibious in their intimacy with the great deep, picked pebbles and shells, and clambered the cliffs for nests, returning to that magnificent shallow cavern where the father loved to sit; shutting out the world he hated, as, like a hermitage, it seemed to do. But though lassitude and loathing of the world were the chief feelings which drew him to that wild and echoing recess in the long summer day, another and darker motive operated to detain him there at nightfall; when gathering mists, and waves running mountain high, almost reaching his resting-place, threatened a dismal night of almost certain destruction to any mariners who, unacquainted with that iron-bound shore, might be then within reach of its dreadful conflicting tides and sunken rocks. Then his eyes, now sunk hollow and malignantly mournful, rolled with almost a devouring intensity on the horizon, if a single devoted sail shewed its speck

white against the background of inky sky, on the edge of the floor of the tumultuous sea. To him, that gathering double-night of storm and darkness was not a threatening but promising spectacle. Alas! for man, the wonderful, the double-natured! It was for wrecks that the eye and mind's eye of the "poor lord of Dunraven," as he was now called, turned with such cruel eagerness;—"*corruptio optimi pessima*," holds good as a rule in morals as well as philosophy. The fine enthusiasm of young Vaughan, which might, if it had met the fostering it deserved, have enrolled his name on the list of the "worthies of Wales," had lain pent in his bosom, till it corrupted and became a very gangrene, infecting the whole moral man with its poison. It were long to follow through all its stages the moral death and decay of a fine character, quite to its living burial in the villain and misanthrope. His natural ardour of temperament first found food in benevolence. Partial success with a life-boat, of his own contrivance, fired him with a stronger rage for life-preserving arts. He bent all his genius, for he had genius, though undisciplined, to perfecting sundry inventions, relative to saving lives at sea, prevention of fire on board of vessels, preservation from wrecks, and from the sea-scurvy; he studied all nautical sciences, and did not despair of finding the longitude, though "missed on" by so many. His light was seen as frequently as an astronomer's, at a late hour, in his turret set apart for experiments—now his sole habitable portion of Dunraven. But when the local fame of his talents and success inspired him with the ardent confidence of national honours, he failed utterly to engage the government in patronising him, though his genius met with full acknowledgment. Vaughan relieved his chagrin by exchanging his studious for convivial habits, to the joy of his wife, who loved his society, and thus obtained a much larger share of it than his philosophical pursuits allowed before. But a strong vanity at the bottom of his character made this change fatal to him. His new ambition was to be lauded as the most hospitable of Welsh modern chieftains, and his ever-open doors at last led to their premature closure. Gaming, first resorted to as a means of redeeming his fortunes, quickly gave to them the finishing stroke. In fact, his mind and heart, which nature had inclined to the calm region and delicious atmosphere of elegant philosophy and philanthropic aspirations, had been as it were wrecks lying like the sail-less hulk on a foreign water, without aim or hope in his bosom, in the uncongenial

element of boisterous good-fellowship, on which his disappointment had thrown them. His only remaining resource of hope, in the failure of worldly prospects, was the confidence of securing that universal regret and esteem which he might reasonably cherish; as the neglected genius—the baffled philanthropist—the victim of generosity—the friend of the ever open heart, and gate, and hand.

Mr. Vaughan's ruin was mainly owing to his generously becoming security for the discharge of the debts of others, his flattering friends and guests, who, like those of the Athenian prodigal, wounded our Welsh Timon to the quick, by selfish ingratitude. A great reverse of fortune equally exposes the sufferer to obloquy with sudden elevation. No sooner did the popular owner of Dunraven become poor, than the most natural results of his unhappiness under the change were viewed severely by his neighbours, and received an evil interpretation. Thus, as his moody melancholy inclined him to walk the beach beneath his tower, shut in betwixt the rock-walls and a raging sea from human intrusion, and this often on a dismal evening, it began to be whispered that "the poor lord" was on the look-out for a wreck. The simple kind-hearted old servant reported to his master this ungenerous surmise. Vaughan answered not a word, but the wrong sunk into his soul. "What!" said he, as soon as he was again alone on his desolate walk, "have I studied and striven, and sacrificed time and health in projects to save my fellow-creatures? Am I now a ruined man by stepping between affected friends and the prison which justly should have buried them alive for their unprincipled folly? Have I done all this to be taunted with barbarous wishes against my species, for the meanest motives? Have I outwatched the stars in that very turret over my head on the cliff in devising how to prevent death in shipwreck, and can I not now roll my eye over the world of waters, sick of this world—of man, the ingrate; but my heart's mere sickness and despair, before it harboured a thought against him, must be construed into the foulest of designs? Do they make me a wrecker? And these unjust, unreasoning beings, are those that I thought myself blest to save! Saviour of the world! and what a world didst Thou die for! Hear me! My mind's ardours and labours despised and lost; my heart's yearnings toward my kind, though strong, to my utter ruin, not even repaid by a poor acknowledgment. I swear henceforth no pleadings

of that pity I have felt so strongly, and which all now deny me to have felt, shall evermore thwart my fortunes, should their redemption rest on my possession of that prime worldly good—a heart of stone!”

That night a vessel, without a soul on board, was stranded on the manor of Dunraven; a very valuable portion of cargo was saved, sufficient to improve considerably the resources of its lord. Avarice, if it might so be called, became next the ruling passion, or rather fury, of his anchorless mind, still not without a latent foundation which allied it to the amiable passions; for it was the keen desire to redeem from mortgage as much as possible of the estate for his expatriated son, which made him avaricious. A mind of great reach and fulness of sentiment, if not under sound regulation, is far more ready to overwhelm the moral character with guilt, than one of meaner powers and unsentimental to grossness: as a fine and brimming river, whose constant filling of its channel fattens all its banks till they bloom all with flowers and shine with greener grasses, is ready, at every swell of its tide, to bury all that richness of beauty which it fed, and leave nothing on its retiring but the sand and river-wrack in its place.

The valuable wreck which chance had made his own was henceforth for ever in his mind's eye, prompting the desire of a second; and he who had been so indignant at the charge of but watching for ships endangered, at last stooped to the crime of causing by false lights and other devices, the calamities he was once so delighted to avert!

There lived in a sea-side hovel, near Dunraven, a desperate character, once a smuggler, who having lost a hand, which was supplied with an iron claw fastened to the stump, a formidable instrument, obtained the name of Mat. of the Iron Hand. This man bore so evil a name among the country people, that he was best pleased to lead a solitary life on the shore, shut out by the high rocks from human haunts, and a population that hated and feared him. He was reported to screw on occasionally a dirk to his iron substitute for the member he had lost, for deeds of horror during shipwreck; and it was remarked, as of ill omen, that the lord of Dunraven manor, who, in his magisterial office, had more than once inflicted the penalties of the law on this ruffian, was now in frequent intercourse with him, in that wild and sad solitude betwixt rock and sea, that shut them in by themselves, only observed occasionally by per-

sons peeping down over the edge of the cliff above. As their mutual aversion was not concealed, it was justly inferred that some common interest of a dark and secret nature must exist to thus associate them. That interest consisted in a share of the profit derivable from wrecks, which Matthew enjoyed as the reward of his vigilance in beguiling ships to the strand.

One evening, as the "poor lord" sat listening to the harp of his old servant, in that wild wave-worn receptacle of his forlorn misanthropy, the sky presented a singular aspect. The sun, which had been invisible all day, broke out at its setting, and hung like a globe of fire on the edge of the sea, discovering by that red background a very distant sail, which showed like a spot on its disk. Dreary and massive clouds still vaulting the whole prospect, gave a grandly wild effect to this peep of dying glory. Every far off cliff, and every grey cottage that dotted the mountain banks in their dark-olive sombreness of line, now gleamed out visible in the strong relief of that murky yet illuminated sky, unnatural of tint, like a sky of brass, while those whitened homes of men, as the sun sunk and the dark of gathering night came on, gave the idea of scattered tombs in an evening desert of Arabia, so dun and desolate was the heathy view below, and that metallic glare above.

The faithful harper is said to have retained the gentleness of his calling, and interposed to prevent that deadly fraud and cruelty practised by him of the iron hand by his influence with his master, but in vain. This evening, as a sail was in view, the one-handed recluse exhibited his figure standing at the edge of the sea betwixt them and that sun, and the harper took occasion thence to darkly hint the judgment which awaited the sin of wrecking, till silenced by the sudden fury of Mr. Vaughan. Then it was a sudden wild crying of two voices came on the wind from a rock called the Swincher, which lies a short distance out at sea close to Dunraven, and are covered by the waves at high water. The two elder sons of Mr. Vaughan had rowed thither, as was their custom, in a small boat, had fastened it insecurely, the sea was coming round them in a spring-tide, and it was now first they discovered that their boat was gone! The wretched father saw it far out, a dancing speck on the waters, his sons crying out to him in vain for help which no mortal could render, their wild and desperate appeal, audible by fits above the deep and hollow roaring of



the sea, becoming higher every moment, and answered, in the desperation of helpless affection, with all fond epithets and words equally wild and vain. The children of Vaughan now formed to him the world: his philanthropy, which began with grasping all mankind, ended in that little circle of existence, but glowed there still with concentrated force, while all besides was apathy or misanthropy." "I will swim out to the boat—I can—I will—I see it yet!" said the wild father, tearing off his clothes, though the boat was distant half a mile of heavy sea, and the poor boys stood visible, breast deep in water, holding by one of the crags. "Patience—keep hold—firm, firm—and we'll save you!" he shouted, as if they could hear his shout. A few words of theirs did reach the shore: "We drown—oh father, father!—the boat, the boat!" came in the pauses of the sea's breaking at the feet of the father, who ran deep into the water, and stretched his arms madly toward the fatal rock, till pulled back by the few persons that the accident had drawn to the shore. As the wretched man struggled with those who forced him through the surf to land, a wilder cry, doleful but short, made him turn his head suddenly—and nothing was there but tumbling waves, where the rock had stood out and his sons had cried distractedly. "Gone—gone!" he said, letting his arms drop, which had been outstretched to them. "Curse your mercy—let me drown too—let me go to my boys, my drowning boys—drowning, smothering—now, now, now!" vociferated the lost father, sinking exhausted into the arms of his old weeping harper and two supporting bystanders.

"You are a father yet," said the old man; "you must live for poor William, the little one: remember your least, your helpless one."

Mysterious Providence, perhaps in retribution, had already snatched that little one beyond the father's love, and above the need of his help. In the confusion of this catastrophe, every inmate and neighbour having been attracted from the castle, the poor child had fallen into a vessel of wort left by persons brewing, and was found drowned.

When the father, on asking for his little one, became aware of his triple loss, the added calamity seemed to act like a desperate cure on his former frantic grief. He raved no more, but, like one stricken with a palsy, sat dumb and tearless, looking on vacancy. With an instinctive effort under the hysterical strangling of pent-up grief, he at last



tottered down to the wild beach, and seated himself in the surf-beat alcove of rock once more, tearing open his bosom's covering for air.

Night now settled over the sea; the vessel, still dimly visible, hovering on the coast, and the aged servant saw with horror the sudden bursting forth of a fire on the beach, which he knew was kindled by Mat. of the Iron Hand to decoy that ill-fated ship to destruction. Though the false beacon was distant, he could descry the limping gaunt figure of the ruffian pass and repass before the red glare; or stand, a dark body alone against the whiter flame, the smoke-volume curling above his head, resembling the figure of a martyr at the stake. Such was the general dread and odium this solitary wretch had inspired, that few of the mountaineers chose to intrust themselves within reach of his ponderous hand and imagined dagger, even for the hope of booty, where the dark, the fog of mist and spray, the roaring of waters, and confusion of a shipwreck, would render it easy for him to stun or stab a victim, and precipitate him into the boiling surge's sweep, instantaneously, without detection. Hence it had happened that more than one wreck had occurred where he alone approached the edge of the sea, and all others stood aloof up under the jutting rocks.

After having just witnessed three deaths inflicting three deadly wounds on the heart of that wretched father, and each by drowning, as if in proof of the retributive justice of an angry God, pitying the perils of the seaman peculiarly exposed to that form of violent death, the old harper shut his eyes in very horror at that spectacle, and, rousing his stupified lord, implored him not farther to tempt the fearful judgments of heaven; to command the instant extinction of that false light, which might at that moment be hanging over some anxious father's heart expecting a home-bound child—a curse and an agony equal to that under which his own then lay bleeding. Vaughan looked wildly upon him, aroused by his earnestness—then at the dreary illumination of the coast—the grim form moving before the background of fog, with its tint of blood, as the wrecker, looking dimly gigantic, moved in the red cavern-hollow formed by the resinous flame of firs, like some foul magician in his circle, or the fouler spirit raised there to do his bidding. “Fool!” he thundered suddenly, “*I am a father yet!* God's judgment, it may be, has stopped at once this night three channels in which my blood was flowing, and left but one—*that*

let me cherish ! that I *will* cherish ! Perish every ship on this cursed shore, that has almost made me childless, rather than he, my first-born, my last hope, shall come here saying, "Father, where is my home?" and I have but that turret with its bats to point him to for an inheritance ! Life is a fight, and man a wolf to man ; be it so ; but not father a wolf to his son ! I have been such to him, 'tis fit I make atonement.

A dismal night with heavy rain had the effect of clearing the beach of all intruders on the dark privacy of the fire-watcher, and the sorrow of the bereaved father. Pain of heart seemed to exasperate, not subdue his misanthropy, and inclined him more to the cruel expedient to redeem his fortunes. It was in the dead of night that a crash of a striking vessel roused him from a lethargic pause in agony, depressing him almost into a sleep, still occupying that piazza of rock which forms so wildly grotesque a feature of that coast. Perhaps the wretched father felt a degree of grim pleasure in the idea of others suffering a watery death that night as well as his three children, and his inquiry of the old smuggler, as he approached him and his villanous beacon, whether aught alive were on board, had perhaps a wish even beyond that prompted by self-interest. So shockingly close is every human virtue dogged at the heel by a foul fiend in its very likeness : the father-love thus owing parentage to the man-hater's cruelty ; the amiability of a tender father's grief thus akin to a barbarous desire of multiplying the victims to that element which had inflicted that chastening grief !

"I know nothing about it," said the wrecker, surlily, "but I thought I heard a noise of voices and clank of lowering the longboat long ago. They're all gone down in that squall, if they did put off. The sea's calm now, and the wind's sinking, and I saw the wreck beating plain enough in the last flash of lightning ; but it's all still aboard." As he spoke he was hurrying on a life-preserver, Mr. Vaughan's invention, and recent gift to him for the purpose of reaching wrecks. That suggestion of combined pity and genius, over which in better days its author had shed tears of joy, as experiments proved its value, was now to invest the worthless body of a ruffian ; and for how opposite a purpose !

Now it was that the faithful Ieuan stood suddenly at his master's side, and whispered him apart to not longer ven-

ture himself alone at that hour with so desperate a being, who, besides, owed him a deadly grudge; for it was in an affray with the officers of law, acting under Vaughan's magisterial warrant, that Mat. lost his hand, and the small piratical vessel he commanded became forfeited: his revenge, however smothered for interest's sake, was well known to be rancorous, and restless for opportunity against his employer. Mat. relieved the present fears of the faithful servant by daringly committing himself to the wave, on which he rode buoyant, rising after his plunge with a wild "hurrah!" by the aid of the ingenious apparatus.

Though the wind sunk, and the sea abated its roaring, this seemed but the prelude to another storm; for the darkness deepened momentarily, and the thunder growled in the invisible sky. Mr. Vaughan stood listening; and the old man knew too well the stern mood of his exasperated despair, like that of some wild creature of the forest over its dead young, to venture a word of humane expostulation more. "It's surely a lawful wreck," he muttered at last; "it lies very near, only on those rocks that are almost dry at ebb tide—yet I hear nothing of life on board, and the villain's there by this time—hark! hark! hark!" Mr. Vaughan's concluding exclamations were those of intense alarm or awe, and he laid his hand in his eagerness on the old man's lips, guided to them by the sound only, as he began to reply to his remark. After a long pause, "What did you hear, sir?" asked Ieuan. "What did *you* hear? Tell me that first!" said Mr. Vaughan, in a hollow tone of horror. "Nothing, sir, but the dismal cry of the wind, for its like one crying, as it rushes through the wind-holes in the overhead cliff. But, dear sir, what is this trembling upon you? Your hand, that clutches my arm, shakes my whole feeble body. What did you hear?" "O, only what you heard; 'tis done now:—the wild singing of the wind through the rock. Didst ever hear the death-howl of some wild people for their dead, Ieuan? The wind's like it." "But what seemed you to hear? and why did you quake, and your voice grow strange?" "No matter what; perhaps it was the echo of three pretty voices I shall never hear again, that have not done crying in my ears yet, nor ever will have done in my heart, till its throb of loathed life is done: the mere memory and echo.—God! but it was not! There it is again—now, *now!* didn't you hear then? Now the wind's changed—it's gone! Now, what seemed that

sound to you, among all the dash and swash of the sea? It must have been a loud, long, and dreadful sound!" "I did hear like the voices of two coming from the spot of the wreck's beating; and one seemed doleful, and as in agony; but it might be only the wind's howling." "No such thing! my misery makes me mad, or I did hear his very voice, and in sounds of agony! What does that devil alone there on the lost ship so long?—Mat.! Mat.! Mat.! you murderer, what do you do? Come back—back!" "Oh, sir, you distract yourself, and me too!" "Why so I do," said the father, leaning on the old servant:—"But, oh that unaccountable sound, or frightful thought of mine! it was not whispered me for nothing." "Sir, it is your grief has put some wild fancy of mourning in your mind." "True! how many hours have I been childless? yet not childless either! what could make me forget my boy over the sea, that's left to me?" "Hark!" Ieuan exclaimed, "now *that* was but the wind! all's still as death on the wreck." "Yes, there are noises and echoes on this coast enough to drive a desperate man mad, if he'd listen too long! There are such dismal winding caverns, and long passages of darkness hollowed out of these rocks by the sea, fit for catacombs and enormous death-vaults; and, doubtless, they have held their blue and bloated dead, and shark-gnawed corpses of poor drowned souls, ere now—real sepulchres of unburied men!\* Iron Heart! Iron Hand! why stays he, think you?" "Perhaps for the tide; 'tis fast running out, sir, and will soon almost allow his wading back:" would he might never return—a man of blood! he added inly. Mr. Vaughan groped for his servant's hand.—"Would it were but a little light," said he, "to shew your lips moving, and more noise, or less of the sea and its echo behind these cliffs, that a man's living voice may sound like what it is,—now I fancied you murmured hollowly, 'Never return!' and 'blood!'—but it is my poor brain still. Why, I've stood by these walls of the sea, and heard myself cursed, by name, to the deepest hell, over and over, for having ruined my dear son and heir, and made him a banished man; all the while I knew it was not a spirit raging at me, as it seemed, but only the ruins of my own wicked mind, that shaped the sound into syllables, as those clefts in the ruinous rocks do

\* This part of the coast is singular in the grotesque nature of its excavations and funnelled apertures, giving passage to winds, and ingress to the tide.

the mere air into cries of the murdered, dying, and cursings of the murderer! Do you remember how I once at midnight called you up to hear the *Cwn Annwn*,—the dogs of the sky, which our country people believe in, as hunting souls to make hell more populous, the moment they quit the flesh, and quite to the gates of heaven? That howling we heard, and those strange fires I thought were those which always attend them, we found, after, you know, to be but the noise of the wind-holes in these crags, and the phosphoric flashing of the waves that towered against them; so why should a man's heart fail him for any rumour of the poor fallible senses? Yet, oh Ieuan! Ieuan! *you* are not a father with only one child left him!"

The old man caught the infection of his master's suppressed horror, and trembled like him. "Speak, my master! what heard you, or seemed you to hear?" "Oh, it was deadly, deadly! a sound of praying, threatening, struggling, suffering, and dying; some bloody death all in one, and all in a voice. Oh Ieuan, that voice! *You* heard it! *you* saw us part! *you* know how tender, how woman-like it was—'farewell, dear father!' No more of this! halloo back that horrid hell-hound of man's shape, or I must die, Ieuan!" Mr. Vaughan fell on his servant's neck, and vented his agony in a convulsed weeping, as of the hysteric passion.

But that moment the intrepid wrecker was heard panting through the surf almost at their feet, and, with the next, stood up before them, but only as a black and figured shadow; so deep was the combined dark of haze, and the night ceiling of sky brewing thunder. Before he had yet erected himself, Mr. Vaughan's question rung in his ear, "Was any thing alive on board?" A voice hollow, and yet gasping with the brine, replied, "There is nothing alive on board." "*Was* there life on board? was my question, dog!" cried the furious father; "why, then, there *was* a dog on the wreck." "A *dog* only!" said Mr. Vaughan, with the freed breathing of a relief from agony; "and you left him to perish? it had been merciful to have brought him to shore, seeing there was no witness to his being found there, to bar our manorial claim to the cargo." "*Our* claims! your reverence has altered your style towards poor Mat. since he lay in the dungeon of Dunraven, since you robbed him of his hand, and worse—of his wings, of his little good ship; since you struck his sail for him that he never did himself, for ever, and left him to crawl on

another element, among you land-reptiles, like a fine sea-vulture brought down from these cliffs' tops, to hop and scuffle with one wing among the nasty lazy polypuses that strew this beach." "Beware, sir," the old harper whispered, and drew his master nearer to his own side; for he knew the deadliness of the man's feelings of wrath, by a certain hollow sound, and quaver of his harsh voice.

"'Tis a precious cargo, I can tell you," continued he, "for I had it from the master's own mouth." "How! only a dog, you said?" "Aye—a dog of *my* breed; didn't you say *I* was a dog? but don't despair of a wreck,—he'll never witness against *our* rights, unless mayhap at the great assize and grave delivery of the Doomsday." "Oh, villain! did I ever sanction murder, if I did this horrid treachery of a false light?" Vaughan broke forth. "The Lord have mercy on us, miserable sinners!" was the ejaculation of the old servant, kneeling down on the sharp beach stones. The laughter of the ruffian rose devilish and chuckling in the darkness, and he added: "I'll tell you all about it. The ship bulged when it struck; all hands but one got into the longboat, swamped it by the numbers, and the sharks are at supper on 'em now. But this one was owner, captain, merchant, and so on, and would not quit his ship; besides, he said he knew the coast; he was a native of Wales; he was making for ——, as a near port to his birthplace." "What was that place?" interrupted Vaughan, seeming to speak from his hollow depth of bosom as a voice of one speaking from a tomb. But the wrecker, regardless, continued: "He was enriched by the death of a merchant, his relative." "At what place? answer, as you shall answer at the dreadful day of judgment!" vociferated the tortured father: "what age?—what name? oh, for the love of God, answer!" "And so you see, he was making his way home to enjoy himself,—a good lad too; for he had a father, a wicked old gambler, who had broke a wife's heart by his ways, and beggared him—his heir; and yet he wished to live, chiefly to surprise that old felon of a father—wrecker—murderer, what not, with his good fortune! Was it fitting, sirs, in the shadow there, where stand ye? Was it fair to let such a father get a prize by his villany, and let the foolish son bestow his wealth on one for having not used him like a son?"

"I perceive now," said Mr. Vaughan, recovering himself, "that thou art inventing a hideous fable, merely to insult

me, and play upon those womanish fears you detected in me by my violent questions." Perhaps our hope of the untruth of some horrid evil befalling us is always liveliest on the very eve of its confirmation, and even our own secret submission to belief; for hope is the saving instinct of man, given to him rather than to the brutes, in which it seems limited to mere animal wishes, as an antagonist to that despair inseparable, otherwise, from that most terrible of human gifts, prescience of the future. Hope is the mind's law of self-preservation against madness, the death of mind?

The vindictive ruffian humoured this fond dream of the father: he groped for him in the gloom that obscurely allowed his figure visible by the lighter background of the open sea expanse, and, asking him pardon, "Sir," said he, "will you, in token of our renewed alliance, accept my hand, my *one* hand?" The happy father, with the good humour of sudden ease, grasped the hand which touched him—"in token of our repentance, shame before God, and eternal turning away from the wickednesses we have committed, unhappy man!" said he solemnly, and in tears. "I am the guiltier of us two henceforth. Terror of death, fellow! what a clay cold hand thou hast! go warm thee over your fire's embers, for never corpse hand had more of the feel of death!"

A fiend-like shout of laughter answered him. The dim form of blackness that was between Mr. Vaughan's eye and the horizon gloom grew visibly higher, in the wretch's tip-toe exultation, while he thrust a hand of natural living warmth and mobility into the sufferer's. "Mat. is himself again!" said he; "sir, rejoice with me for my again possessing two hands—if not the two God gave me: meanwhile, I'll go rouse the fire to warm me, and hold you this hand all the while; perhaps you'll know it by the red glimmer: there is a ring on it; the owner would have had me bear it to his father, for he knew me well, as a farewell token,—it is his mother's mourning-ring. But I preferred bringing hand and all; so took both before I committed the rest of him to the sea. If you know it—good; if not, let me find the father that will own the ring and hand."

The father stood statue-like, holding a dead hand. The gleam from the roused embers presently shewed him his son's hand, in the white of death, drained of all its blood, but well known by the ring.



Ieuan had brought firearms for his patron's security, in his midnight dealings with the villain. He now thrust into his master's hand, as it let drop the hideous relic of a beloved son, a loaded pistol. "Live, sir, for revenge—if but for revenge!" he said. But Mr. Vaughan let it fall, like the bloody member, which he now stooped to raise again, kissed repeatedly, and deposited in his bosom. The o'd man found a second youth rushing through all his veins, in the fury that burned along them, under his fidelity of love for his once worthy master. He seized the fallen weapon, and gliding through the few paces of darkness, a report and savage yell told the most wretched of men that he was revenged. The wrecker fell on his rekindling fire, and the harper left him to his fate. It might have told,—but it fell on the ear of the childless man as on one of the upright forms of sea-beat stone, there glooming, which his own frame resembled in its external apathy, but not in its inward agony, beyond what rack or burning lead could inflict.

It was after a long silence that the words of Ieuan seemed to find access to his stunned sense, and elicited reply. "Live! you are crueller to me than my boy's murderer was to him, in such horrible bidding! Shew me, between that merciless heaven that visited my guilt upon his guiltless head, and this wild world, one shadow of a hope I have to stay for, on this cursed planet's nakedness, after this! Live? Why do *you* curse me so horribly? I was not a man of blood to you! Live? To live, and live, after all is finished here and here," striking his head and heart, "and live on for ever, is the utmost curse and damnation of lost souls in their burning pit: is that your wish for me? A soul in deepest hell never felt a retribution like this; nor can a true hell have pains for me beyond this hour, and this desolate hell of earth I stand on alone! alone! alone! with nothing in all its wasteness of waters and dead earth but my blasted self and this poor bloody hand!—*this* that lay in mine as but yesterday, when he slept upon my knee! *this* that held mine so long, so tenderly, before he left me: *this* that I'll die embracing—kissing so! Bury it with me, I charge you, in my bosom, within my shroud, Ieuan! Let me carry this poor, this only fragment of him into earth with me!"

The wild outbreak of Mr. Vaughan's despair rose above the weltering roar of the sea. Yet he lived on; his place and time of death was not known, but he hurried from his home

of Dunraven, and it was sold to the ancestor of the present owner. The horror and the bitterness of death, all but its physical change, was past after that dismal night.

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Though the habits of a wrecker may seem too far removed from those incident to the generality of men, to afford an effective moral lesson, still its figurative application may embody a useful one. The wrecker, such as above described, aggravates the distress of distressed men, by holding out a false prospect of relief. He exhibits what the eager-eyed mariner believes to be the happy illumination of some port or city, promising safety and succour, but that mariner finds there an iron-bound shore, fatal to seamen, that he ought to have shunned as he would the great grave of the quicksand in the midst of the sea. How many thousands in the everyday world practice the calling of wreckers, who never heard perhaps the name! For, what is the mock-physician, the quack, advertising poisons as cures infallible to the pitiable sick, holding out a false light of hope to disturb the despair of the hopeless incurable; or aggravate by mock remedies sufferings not yet beyond the reach of real ones,—but a wrecker? What is the gay man of (swinish) pleasure, the bacchanal suicide, who, showing brave colours (a jovial face all in glow, and laughing eye though sunken,) over a gnawed liver, a sick heart, and a mind dead, seduces others to sport over the vine-purpled pitfall, that's yawning for himself,—but a wrecker, seducing victims to fill the shambles of intemperance with more carcasses, corrupting before death, instead of to temples and bowers of bliss, to meet the rosy-visaged and laurelled spirit of Anacreon? What the demagogue, who hoists a delusive banner, collects the innocent, suffering poor around it, by pretended concern for them, and advice for their relief; then, wholly unable to point them to a remedy, embroils them in bloody tumults, robs them of the last blessings their fate had left to them, their innocence and liberty, and leaves them to repent in the prison, or the lazar-house,—but a detestable wrecker? What end of multiplying instances of the crime of *moral* wrecking? Let one conclude. What but a mighty wrecker is that man, who, volunteering to pilot the vessel of the state, forswearing the “ancient way,” despising chart and compass, setting up a light of his own “heaven-born genius,” in place of the pole-star, and staking on this the fate of millions, steers right out, not for

any known port, not by any track laid down by skilful navigators, but shaping a course for those fabulous fortunate isles that so strangely have been foisted into some ancient charts, the works of ignorant dreamers, and through channels beset with perils; while, ere the wiser portion of his victims can well lift their hands to heaven, hurries the lost ship with all its souls on the perilous shore of anarchy, strewn with a thousand wrecks, there to beat at the mercy of the ravening and the bloodthirsty?

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ACROSTIC.

B leak though the cloud-capt mountain cliffs that peer  
 A s sentinels, round thy green vallies be,  
 D ear art thou to the lonely wanderer  
 E nlightened home of hospitality;  
 N or in proud palace hall, nor in the sphere  
 O f loveliest pastoral vale, doth social bliss  
 C ast sweetlier round its radiance than here,  
 H igh up amid thy rock-bound fastnesses.

M.

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DRUIDIC MEETINGS.

As another modern Eisteddvod is announced, the following notices of ancient Druidic congress may interest the antiquarian bards:

The Bardic Circle, or Druidic Temple, as some call it, wherein the bards meet, is formed of stones called *meini gwynion*, (white stones,) or *meini crair*, (stones of testimony,) and in the middle of it *maen gorsedd*, (presidial stone,) by all but the bards called an altar.

The bards of the Druidic order wore unicolored robes of light, emblematic of truth, which was, figuratively, said to be of the colour of *light* or the *sun*, and unicolored, or, in every thing, time and place, one and the same thing.

The bardic meetings cannot be holden but in a conspicuous place, whilst the sun is above the *horizon*.

The solstices and equinoxes are holy or solemn BARDIC DAYS, whereon the four grand meetings of the year are holden.

*Williams's Mythology of the Bards.*

REMARKS UPON MRS. GRANT'S TRANSLATION OF THE  
SONG OF MAC GRIOGAIR A RUATH-SHRUTH,\* AND  
UPON HER OBSERVATIONS THEREON.

*Read at the Monthly Meeting of the Gaëlic Society, London.*

THIS lady, whose elegant works respecting the Highlands endear her to the natives, and merit the esteem of all persons, has, by her amiable partiality, been led into a few slight errors, some of which I purpose to point out.

She begins Essay x. volume 2, page 184, by asserting that "Mac Gregor in this instance does not mean a surname, but a patronymic;† the poem affording internal evidence that the warrior whose fate it deploras was a cadet of the clan Grant, to whom the district of Glenlyon had at one time belonged."

She must have heard this story from some person, but as for any internal evidence to shew it in the song, there is none whatever; and if Glenlyon did at any time belong to the Grants, surely some proof might be adduced for it. We know from charters and other documents, that a great part of Ross-shire, with Glengarry and Stratheric, in Inverness-shire, did belong to the Grants, but I never met with a hint of their having had possessions in Perthshire.

It is well known that Ruath-shruth is a place in Glenlyon, but Mrs. Grant, p. 185, supposes that Mac Gregor was called, not *Mac Griogair a Ruath-shruth*, but *Mac Griogair nan Ruath-shruth*, from some conflict between the Mac Gregors and the Robertsons, in which some mountain stream had been tinged with blood. The only answer to this is to repeat, that Ruath-shruth, in Glenlyon, was Mac Gregor's residence, and is still somebody's seat.

\* *Rhudd* is *red*, in Welsh; and *Rhe*, a *swift* motion. Ruà ru, the red stream. A place in Glenlyon, so called from the colour of the water during floods. The air to which this is sung is plaintive and touching, and has appeared in different collections of Scottish music.—EDRS.

† When it became a legal obligation to take surnames, all patronymics and tribual appellations became the surname of every one of a clan, in all bonds, &c. but each had, besides, a local appellation by which he was known. It is likely that many of those tribual names, not preceded by Mac, or son, are patronymics, as well as those that are, as the Grants, Scots, Douglasses, Frasers: the Amorites, the Jebusites, the Hittites, &c.

‡ *Glynllion* (Welsh,) the glen of the floods.

Mrs. Grant again, in her observations on the first stanza of the translation, page 199, insinuates that Mac Gregor was a cadet of the house of Grant; although the general belief is exactly the reverse.

Page 208, verse 4.

“Crann caol air dheadh locradh  
 'S ite dhosrach an fhir-eoin,  
 Crann caol air a dheadh shnaithe  
 Ceud do dh' aigher mhic Righ e.”\*

The first part of which she renders into English thus, “His *arrows* were highly polished and decked with the plumes of the eagle.” Whereas it is quite clear, from the context, that, by the *crann caol*, is meant only the staff of the banner, with the plume of the eagle in the standard-bearer's bonnet.

In verse 6, Mac Mhuirich is translated the son of Murdoch, but that being a patronymic as well as Mac Gregor, it ought, like Mac Gregor, to have been left untranslated. Here the lady has got herself between the horns of a dilemma; for at the beginning of the essay she says Mac Gregor is not a surname but a patronymic, but whether derived from an immediate or remote ancestor, she does not there mention; but here, finding that she could not make Ruath-shruth the son of two fathers, she says that Murdoch was his father, and that he derived the patronymic of Mac Gregor from a more remote ancestor, who had left Strathspey at an early period. She will have him a Grant, right or wrong.

The Mac Gregors themselves say that by Mac Mhuirich was meant one of the Macphersons, who were their hereditary standard-bearers. At what time that mark of friendship between those clans commenced I cannot say, but suppose it to have been after the iniquitous proscription and persecution of Clan Ghriogair; when it is well known that the

\* Mrs. Grant gives the opening stanza as the burden or chorus,

“Tha mulad, tha mulad,  
 Tha mulad ga'm lionadh,  
 Tha mulad bochd truadh orm,  
 Nach dual domh chaoidh dhireadh.”

I am sad, I am sad,  
 I am filled with sadness, a woeful and dismal sadness  
 overwhelms me, which I can never surmount.

But the mode of singing is to repeat the two last lines, in which the company join, and then add the other two.

Macphersons, in a great measure, saved them from total destruction.\*

Another error of Mrs. Grant is her supposing Mac Gregor to have been dead when the song was composed, whereas there is internal evidence in the poem itself to prove the very contrary. The poet laments the deaths of his own foster brothers, but does not give the most distant hint that the chief was one of them. In fact, he sings all his sorrows as they presented themselves to his afflicted mind, like most poets of nature, with great feeling, but no attention to rules. He does not say that he *had advised*, as asserted by the translator, but that he would advise, and hoped his advice would be followed;—language that never could have been addressed to a dead man. Perhaps the copy from which she translated was deficient, for “Mo cho-altan Gaolach, an leabai chaoil’s an cinn iosal,” she omits entirely, and takes poor Mac Gregor neck and crop, and buries him alive in the grave by himself; whereas the mournful bard only says, his foster brothers were dead, and interred, not in shrouds of “thin,” but of fine linen. *Leintean caol*, literally *fine* shirts, are the words in the song. *Leintean tana* are *thin* shirts.

Verse 13, page 213, Mrs. G. says that the poet “recurs to past days, and feeds his grief with the remembrance of the slighted counsel he had given the chief, and the neglect of which had proved fatal.” Here I beg leave to shew, from the Gaëlic verses themselves, that the poet did not recur at all to past events, as far as respected the chief, but spoke of the present and of the future :

“Ort a bheirinnse combairl’  
Na’ n gabhadh tu dhìom i,  
Nuair a theid thu’ n tigh-osda  
Na òl ann ach aon deoch.”

\* John Mac Gregor, the bard, and a native of Glenlyon, mentions Mac Mhuirich as the hereditary standard-bearer of Mac Gregor.

“Crann snaighte gun fhiaradh,  
Air d’iartas ga chumail,  
Aig deadh Mhac Mhuirich nam buadh,  
A sheasas cruaidh anns gach cunart.” Page 30.

A straight polished banner staff,  
At thy desire held,  
By the worthy Mac Mhuirich of victories,  
Who stands firm in all dangers.

Duncan Mac Pherson, of Kingusie, and Captain Mac Pherson, bore the banner of Sir Evan Murray Mac Gregor, when he attended his late Majesty at Edinburgh.

† *Llian tena*, in Welsh, means *thin linen*.

“ I would give thee counsel  
If thou wouldst receive it of me,  
When thou goest to the house of drinking,  
Drink no more than one draught.”

The fair writer puts the sense thus, in the past tense:

“ Often *have* I offered thee counsel,  
Wouldst thou but *have* taken it from me—  
When thou goest, *said* I, to the house of drinking,  
Take there no second draught.”

Now let us translate this into Gaëlic, and see how wide of the meaning of the original it will appear:

“ *'S tric a thug mi dhuit comhairle  
Ge nach gabhadh tu dhiom i.  
Thuirte mi riut, nuair a theid thu 'n tigh-osda  
Na òl ann ach aon deoch.*”

As poor Mac Gregor is thus killed, and buried in a very thin shroud, it would not do to add the two following verses, where he is advised to take even his one draught standing, and to be careful of his followers; to despise none of them, for that each was a worthy. Mac Gregor had a following of brave men, though not numerous enough to protect him openly from his powerful pursuers.

The first of those verses is indeed given, but so altered from the sense of the original, that it cannot be called a translation:

“ Gabh do shearrag ad sheasamb,  
'S be fraesdlach mu d dhaoine,”

is translated

“ Take the cup of cheerfulness standing,  
Guarding thy valour with caution.”

The last line ought to be as I have rendered: “be careful of, or attentive to, thy followers.

“ Dean do leabai's na cragabh,  
'S na caidil ach eatrom.”

We are told that here a crag overhanging water is meant; whereas the true translation is,

“ Make thy bed among the rocks,  
And sleep not but lightly.”

There are several other slight errors which I cannot at present notice; but, in conclusion, I must declare it as my opinion, that the Highlanders are under an eternal load of



obligation to Mrs. Grant for having abridged that dreary period between the 15th of January and the 15th of February, called *am Faoilteach*, to three days, as you will find she has done at pages 217 and 218, where she tells pleasant story about the matter.

In my youth we had *mios fhaoilteach*, *queer queer* weather; as the Glasgow Highland watchmen called it, sleet, hail, snow, and rain, in rapid succession. Beside the *Faoilteach*, we had *ceithirlatha deug Ghearrain*, *Seachdain na feadaig*, agus tri latha nan othaisgean, altogether seven weeks and three days of very stormy weather, which made a very devil of the spring.

ULLIN.

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SONG.

AIR—"Mhorag am bheil thu tighin."

Joy to thee, lovely Helen!  
A' the joys that life can gie!  
Joy, tho' this life is left  
A weary, joyless life to me.

Often through my native glen  
I've wandered hand in hand with thee,  
Ere I knew the throes of pain,  
Or learnt the pangs of care to *dree*.

Joy to thee, &c.

I marked thy beauties, like a rose,  
Fair spreading in the morning's e'e,  
But another came and pu'd the flow'r  
I fondly thought had bloom'd for me.

Joy to thee, &c.

Ah! could he see and not admire thee,  
Senseless must his bosom be;  
But can you love with truth again,  
Forgetting a' thy vows to me?

Joy to thee, &c.

For thee I courted Fortune's smiles,  
And perils brav'd by land and sea;  
But Fortune's gifts no more I prize;  
I sought them—but to share wi' thee.

ULLIN.

## LETTERS OF KING JAMES VI. TO THE EARL OF MAR.

THE following letters, we believe, have not been before published. They are transcribed from manuscript copies in the British Museum, in the handwriting of Dr. Patrick Forbes, about 1730, who took them "exactly from the original missives." These epistles are curious, as shewing the familiar and quaint style of the pedantic king, and, although perhaps not strictly appropriate to the pages of the Cambrian and Caledonian Quarterly, they so far correspond with the Celtic character of the Magazine, inasmuch as they are addressed to an illustrious nobleman of a Celtic lineage, which reaches beyond the era of authentic record, with a Highland title, ample possessions, and a powerful clan following; whose great great grandson had the influence, in 1715, to raise, although he wanted the talent to follow up his first success, an insurrection, which threatened to change the dynasty of the British empire.

The Presbyterian "lords of the congregation" proclaimed the infant son of the unfortunate and imprudent Mary, king in 1567, and consigned him to the custody of the old earl of Mar, with whose son, to whom the letters are addressed, he was brought up under the celebrated George Buchanan. He retained the friendship of King James, who was not remarkable for his steadiness, and was, as he intimates, intrusted with the keeping of Prince Henry, and subsequently Prince Charles and the Princess Elizabeth.

This letter was to the countess of Mar, mother to the earl, who was intrusted with the care of the king when he was a child.

"Lady Minny (mother) this is to shaw you that I have receavit your fruite, and thanks you thairfor, and is readie for mae (more) when yere pleist to send them, and sall gif as few by (past) me as I may. I will not truble you farther quhill meitting, which sall be as shortly as I may, God willing, and so fare ye weill, as I do, thanks to God, sic subscribitur  
JAMES R."

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This letter was upon the Earl's marriage with the duke of Lennox's sister, the king's cousin.

"Mi Lorde: Because its thocht be sum that this your heavie sickness proceeds of sum thocht, altho' ye never

reveiled anie sick maiter to me, I have thocht guide to direct this bearer unto you with my mind in that maiter, praying you to think that supoise thaise folkis waire durer to me nor thay are I walde think thaim weill bestowed that way which ye wish, and that ye may not think this to be only words to comfort you, I pray you to keep this as a band, to bind me with heirafter, and praying you to credit fully the bearer, I praye God send you your health, sic sub<sup>tr</sup>  
**JAMES R.**"

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"Becaus, mi Lord, your hous has been so honest to my bearirs, yourself had the honour to be brocht up with me, sensyne married to my Auntie, and gotten the keiping of my twa greatest strenths, and (quhilk is maist of all) of my eldest and only sune, I think of reason I can lippen mair to nane, and nane can be mair obleist to me, and thairfor being utterly wearied and ashamed of the misgovernment of the country for laike of concurrence of noblemen on the ane part, and of my extream want on the other part, throw the mishandling of my rents be my carles and greedie officers that intromaitts thairwith, I am forsit to burden you to travill with sick noblemen as I have alreadie named unto you that they wald bestow their pains and presence for puting me in sum better estate, and that ye wald tak thair promises to cum to Edinburgh the twinty of November nixt, and remaine quhill thay see mee putt in sum better certaintie in baith thir points, and that thay may know that as I am na mair a minour, sa I apprehend deeply the straits I am cast in, and am resolved to follow constantly thair councaill, bake thair conclusionis, and thankfully (quhen ever occasion sall serve) requite thair travails. I have baith written and subscribed this your warrand with my hand, at Holyroud hous, the 11 Sept<sup>r</sup> 1594, sic subscr<sup>r</sup>  
**JAMES R.**"

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"Mi Lords of Marr, because in the suretie of my sonne consists my surety, and that I have concredited unto you the charge of his keiping upon the trust I have of your honestie, This present thairfore sall be ane warrand unto you not to deliver him out of your handis: except I comand with my owin mouth, and being in sick company as I myself sall best like of, otherwayes not to deliver him for any charge or message that can cum from me; and in kayse God calls me at any time, That neither for Queen nor Estates pleasure

ye deliver him quhile he be auchtein years of age. And that he comand you himself.

At Stirling the 24 of Julie, 1595: sic subscr JAMES R.”

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“ I have thocht guid to direct the Bearer heirof unto you to desyre you to be advised befoir the hand, with sick things as may concern your honour and weill, and that your mind and myne may baith gang ane gait, for I know my bypast actionis have sufficiently perswadit you that I am as cairfull for your honour and weill as you yourself can be’ Thus, not doubting but ye will use as meikle of my advise, supoise I waire not a king, as of any other friend, and praying you to trust the Bearer, I bid you farewell: sic subscr  
JAMES R.”

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“ John Sclaitis,\* I have receavit your lettir, quhairby I se ye have done evin as I desyrit you. Now seeing ye have done sa, I will keip my promis made to you in my last lettir. Thairfore come in all haist. Ye sall credit your man the bearer. Fairweill. Your auld maister sic subscr  
JAMES R.”

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“ John Sclaitis, your lang absence has made me sa to lang, that I have thocht guid, as for readiest remedie of the saim, ye write ane lettir to me desiring to cum and visit me in respect of your lang absence, as likwaies another to the Duke, desiring him not to be an hinderer thairto. The cause quhy ye sall do this, the Shirray, bearer hereof, will shaw you mair at large (quhom ye sall credit,) but not at lenth, for his toung is our short. Fareweill. Your aulde maister, not forgettfull; sic subscr  
JAMES R.”

\* A familiar appellation he gave to the earl.

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GAËLIC PROVERB.

Nuair a chaillis duin a storas,  
Chan fhiu a sheòla no chomhairle.

When a man loses his means, his  
instruction and counsel are of no value.

SONG, OR *Καλλίνικα*, in Celebration of ÆTHELSTAN'S grand Victory at Brunan-burh, paraphrased from the original Anglo-Saxon.\*

[OUR readers will doubtless smile at the following specimen of Saxon bombast; yet, it may be excusable, when it is considered that the "chirl" was accustomed to loud crowing. It is scarcely necessary to say, the Saxons never did, and never could (and history shall decide for us,) fight the British Celts upon equal terms. The paraphrase of the original is cleverly done.—EDRS.]

Here Æthelstan, the lord of peers,  
 Who o'er his chiefs his buckler rears,  
 The flower of chivalry;  
 His princely brother by his side  
 Chastised the Scotsman's swelling pride,  
 And won the victory.  
 The sons of Edward, bold and free,  
 Rush onward to their enemy,  
 In plains of Brunan-burh;  
 They cleave the endless wall of shields,  
 Before their might each banner yields,  
 They drive the legions off the fields,  
 And chase them o'er the moor.  
 Their father's blood, that in them flows,  
 Bids them defend from foreign foes  
 Their treasures and their home;  
 In vain the Scots, o'ercome in fight,  
 Would safety seek in rapid flight,  
 In vain avoid their doom;  
 On every side their numbers reel,  
 And, 'mid the din, the Saxon steel  
 Doth all around destruction deal,  
 And thousand eyes for ever seal  
 In death's eternal gloom.  
 And when next morn the merry† sun,  
 The lamp of God's eternal throne,  
 Arose his glorious course to run,  
 Oh what a sight he beam'd upon!

\* The original may be seen in the Saxon Chronicle, anno Dom. 938, and also in the *Linguarum Vet. Septentrionalium Thesaurus Grammatico-criticus et Archæologicus* of the erudite George Hickes, s. t. p. vol. i. p. 181.

† glad.

On earth with death all covered o'er,—  
On warriors welt'ring in their gore,—  
On northman soldiers far and near  
Nail'd to earth by Saxon spear;  
That ev'ry ray from morn to night  
Reflected back the hue of fight.

Fly, Northerns! fly! a chosen band  
Of warriors from the southern land  
Pursues your rearmost, sword in hand,

And mows your squadrons down;  
And well the Mercian heroes brave,  
The chieftains that with bold Anlaf,  
Have come athwart the turbid wave,  
A crown for Sithric's sons to crave,

And shake the Saxon throne;  
Five royal chieftains young and fair,  
Lie pale and breathless reeking there,

Pierced by the Saxon brand;  
And seven bold earls of Anlaf's race  
Have found for aye a resting-place

Upon the Southern's strand:  
While thousands, that so lately o'er  
The waves had sought the English shore,  
Lie dead upon the sand.

And the lord of the Northmen hath fled o'er the main,  
One skiff for his flight and one crew for his train;  
A fugitive, vanquish'd, he flies from the coast,  
O'er waves that are red with the blood of his host:  
The hoarse din of Hilda he needed not raise,  
'Mid the clash of the sword in discordant affrays.

Bereft of his kindred, bereft of his race,  
Thus Constantine flies from the scene of disgrace.  
His flaxen-hair'd son he hath left on the field,  
Too youthful and tender the falchion to wield,  
Yet lovely as youthful, with mind soaring high  
In the region of soul—he hath left him to die.

Nor hath he gain'd a better name  
Than Anlaf in the field of fame,  
Where battle's sounds did hoarsely ring,  
With vict'ry dubious hovering;\*  
Where clouds of shafts obscured the light,  
When Scotland's legions met in fight,  
And quail'd before the Saxon's might,  
The vanquish'd Northmen in despair,  
And hurry to their ships repair.

\* Cumbelgahnader.

When the pursuit is o'er :  
 Disgraced, dejected, and deprest,\*  
 They glide o'er ocean's stormy breast,  
 And seek the Irish shore.  
 The king and prince—the battle done,  
 The carnage o'er, the victory won—  
 To Wessex tend once more.  
 Alas! how many a noble wight,  
 Victim of pityless despight,  
 They leave upon the field of fight,  
 To feed the screamers† of the night,  
 The sable raven and the kite,  
 And battle-falcon bold ;  
 The eagle stoopeth from the skies,  
 The loathsome toad from earth doth rise,  
 And gray wolf from the wold.  
 For ne'er do ancient legends tell  
 Of slaughter such as now befell  
 In this our cherish'd isle,  
 Sith first the Saxon legions gave  
 Their vessels to the swelling wave,  
 And sought the British soil ;  
 O'ercame by dint of lance and brand  
 Unconquer'd Cambria's dauntless band,  
 And won at last the British land  
 By labour, blood, and toil.‡

\* ælrcmobe

† hƿeame.

‡ In considering the ancient poetry of the Anglo-Saxons, the reader must not confound it with the delightful beauties that we call poetry. These are the creations of subsequent genius, and have sprung up, not in dark and ancient days, but in a succession of better times, during the many ages which followed, in which the general intellect of society gradually improving, taste and imagination also improved; those, on the contrary, rude and humble effusions of an uncultivated people, presenting rather the unlaboured elements of poetry than poetry itself. See Bosworth's *Ang. Sax. Gram.*, pt. iv. chap. i. et seq.



## THE HIGHLANDER'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE.

*(Founded on Fact.)*

INSCRUTABLE as are the ordinations of the Author of our being, and perfect as must be their end and effect, it does sometimes appear to the sense of man, that those things which constitute happiness or misery on earth are distributed very unequally; but it is not we who are to call into question the expediency of afflicting visitations; and, while the child of misery is chastened by temporary privation, greater happiness may be in reserve hereafter. The impressive scriptural history of Lazarus and Dives may be often repeated in our day; and I cannot think it an unjustifiable or profane belief, that the poor broken spirit, when released from mortal suffering, may, like the humble suppliant of sacred story, be received into Abraham's bosom. To believe this, surely, cannot be offensive to the Almighty; and there is a consolatory feeling derived from such a reflection, a comfortableness of hope, springing into life and strengthening into firm faith,—and he who cannot feel it, is truly to be pitied. How hard must that man's heart be, who, if he could not soften pain, would not pray for its mitigation; how black must that mind be, and how devoid of all true religion, which is unmoved at beholding misfortune. The miser has his gold to love and to hoard, the murderer his crimes and his infamy to hide, but the *universal* loather of his species (if there can exist such a being,) appears more lost than either one or the other, for he seems to hate and contemn *every* work of God.

I knew a family of six persons, who, scarce as many years ago, were in possession of every comfort which a competence of worldly means could procure, and the reasonable desires of well-regulated minds could enjoy; and now they are all swept off, after it had pleased their Maker to fill their cup of affliction even to bitterness; but, while I am writing their "humble annals," I repeat the question, may they not now be received into that perfection of felicity "which man knoweth not?"

In the year 1811, an industrious Highlander, who I shall call Dun Lonan,\* in consequence of a succession of severe

\* For a weighty reason, I do not record the name of this poor man, and that of Dun Lonan is merely given to fill the narrative.

losses, left his native home, in the county of Ross, and came to London, in order to earn a comfortable subsistence for his young wife and only child. This appeared the more practicable to Dun Lonan, in consequence of the superior wages paid in the metropolis, compared to the scanty and uncertain produce of labour in the north of Scotland. It required considerable resolution to tear himself from home and friends, for he was much respected, nay, beloved of his clan; and it is literally true that Dun Lonan had some of the best blood of his own and surrounding clans flowing in his veins. They who comprehend the nature of that pride which quickens in a Highlander's bosom, who feels all the recollections and honorable deeds of his ancestry as part and parcel of himself, alone can judge how distressing it was to the strong sensible mind of this man, to exchange his own beautiful land, in which he left behind every thing (excepting his wife and child,) he cherished in the world, for the dull smoky, and to him unnatural, purlieus of the London docks.

On his disembarkation from the sailing smack, having secured a small lodging, he sallied forth, with a letter of introduction to a gentleman of some commercial importance, and, through his influence Dun Lonan in a very short time obtained employment as an out-door servant in the house of a general dealer; and his good plain education, remarkable assiduity and sobriety, very soon enabled the discriminating master to discover that Dun Lonan possessed those good qualities which might be turned to excellent account for the house, as well as for the trustworthy Highlander himself. Before proceeding further with the story, I may observe, that the first specimen of English civility was an unfavorable one to Dun Lonan. On his inquiring of several individuals the way to the residence of the gentleman before mentioned, he was repulsed by insult and unfeeling ridicule, on account of his northern dialect and rustic contour. If there be one species of vulgarity more offensive than another, it is certainly the depraved menace, or coarse grimace of the London canaille. Dun Lonan was confounded, though he made no reply; and, when he thought of the home he had left, and his wife and infant, as he walked silently on, his hand unconsciously pressed his forehead, and the big tear rolled over his weather-bronzed cheek. It has been said that Scotsmen are parsimonious; that they are provident I admit, but the general characteristic of the Caledonian is frugality, not avarice; and there are two causes which, I conceive, chiefly tend to the rule of his

proceedings; the first is, that the life of hardship which the Highlander leads, and the absence of every superfluity in his own country, enable him to secure enjoyment with a much smaller pittance than would satisfy the substantial wants of an Englishman; and the second reason is, education. No part of the British empire has latterly been more benefited by education than the Highlands, and no country has produced better results; the respectable conduct of the Highlander is proverbial; not perhaps amidst the maze and whirl of our great metropolis, where national characteristics are almost lost in one great maelstrom of commercial bustle. But, let the attentive observer go to any quarter of the globe, and he will find that, while the Highland regiments have obtained a high share of honour on the field, in all places and on all occasions, the *clansmen* have been greatly superior to the rest of the British army in *moral discipline*. I do not mention this invidiously, but the fact is indisputable. Agriculture and science are making a progress in the Highlands that is perfectly astonishing, and these, too, are the result of education. I may here add, that a very few years will disclose a most important fact, in opposition to all the arguments of the well-meaning cosmopolite, the experiments of the politechnic, and the absurdities and villanies of the revolutionist,—no more devisable means, for benefiting the condition of “the greater number of men,” has yet been discovered, or I think ever will, than the admirable state of society aided by education, (and they are quite compatible with each other,) found in the simple institutions of the Celtic family in Britain. For morality and substantial happiness, look to the clans of Scotland and to the Welsh peasantry; look to them with their Bibles and their native melody, and then let us see what innovation has done. Some good, assuredly, but evil has also had her full share in the balance.\*—But I am wandering from the story. A few year’s residence in London rewarded Dun Lonan to the utmost extent of his wishes: he had been blessed with three more children; he had secured the esteem of his employer, and of every person who knew him, and he had saved more than 200*l.* with which he intended to return to his native country, and to settle himself in a small farm, in a part of

\* And ill-fated Ireland too; but when justice is rendered to her, when her institutions, her natural protectors, her chieftains, and her lords have returned to the soil, I am confident that she will yet rise with a revival of her ancient greatness, and the loveliness and happiness of her green land must and will return.

that district where his ancestors had once possessed an extensive tract of land, both the rich soil of the valley and the heath-capped mountain. With the fervent ardour of a Highlander his heart yearned towards his native land; he perpetually thought of his Highland home; in imagination he was there already: but his hopes were destined to be utterly blasted.

The devastation caused by epidemic disease in some of the thickly populated parts of London, are often dreadful, and no doubt their virulence is increased by the confined atmosphere of the town. At the period of which I am speaking the small-pox raged extensively in the Minories, where Dun Lonan lived, and three of his children caught the disease; each attack ended fatally: whether it was that the anxiety and attention of the watchful mother debilitated her frame, I do not know, but on the evening of the day on which two of the children were carried to the grave-yard, the beloved wife of the afflicted Dun Lonan was seized with internal inflammation, and, after a few hours of excruciating torture, she also was numbered with the dead. Of the once cheerful family there now remained but the widower and his daughter Ellen; she was too young to feel the extent of their loss, but her disconsolate father sat day after day, scarcely uttering a word, or even moving; but, when the child cried for her mother to kiss her, and her little brother and sisters to come and play, Dun Lonan would start and stare around the empty apartment with the glare of a madman. Had some charitable friend at this period roused the sufferer from his lethargy, and prevented the prattling Ellen from continually striking the chord of misery, perhaps the mind of the parent might have been soothed into tranquillity and reason; but he appeared to gloat upon the memory of the past, and the innocent importunities of the child seemed to furnish him with a gloomy banquet whereon to feed his disordered brain. Alas! his was not a temporary grief. Dun Lonan became frightfully insane; his disorder was pronounced to be of the most ungovernable kind, and he was consigned to Bedlam and the mad doctors. But a few weeks elapsed ere Dun Lonan, from being a muscular firmly-knit, clean-limbed man, the once happy Highlander, presented the attenuated form of old age. Yet there must be a limit to human suffering; the strongest frame must yield; Dun Lonan sunk under his complaint, and death, his last friend, closed the dreadful scene.

We may now turn to the orphan Ellen. What became of

the proceeds of Dun Lonan's industry I could not ascertain; but I know, that when a little time had elapsed after his death, Ellen was placed in the parish workhouse; nor can I relate if any thing occurred for some years beyond the unobtrusive tenor of a poor orphan's life: but I may add, that in person she grew exceedingly interesting. At thirteen, her figure was beginning to form into a perfect mould of female beauty; her clear complexion, mild blue eye, and flowing light-brown hair, stamped her at first view as one of the many beautiful daughters of the old Gaulish blood. When between thirteen and fourteen years of age, she was placed out apprentice to a laundress, on the Surrey side of London; and in this situation I am enabled to say that her conduct was irreproachable: the woman, her mistress, unfortunately possessed a morose disposition; and although Ellen exerted herself to please, yet it was impossible, on every occasion, to give entire satisfaction. Among the many persons employed in the same establishment was one of elderly age, who, with an excellent disposition, had unfortunately imbibed a habit of dram-drinking, and with it, of course, followed the inevitable consequences of poverty and distraction; but this unfortunate woman had been extremely kind to Ellen, who, friendless as she was, could not help forming an attachment: in short, Ellen regarded this female as her only friend. The inveterate habit of indulging in liquor increased so much, that repeated brawls arose between the laundress and this woman; different parcels of linen were from time to time missing, but their loss was always attributed to intoxication, and not dishonesty. At length, drunkenness so entirely incapacitated the enervated creature from attending to the ordinary duties of life, that it became impossible to employ her longer, and she was sent away; luckily, she had not initiated the young Ellen in the debasing habit to which she herself fell a sacrifice. Ellen was now as it were left alone in the world, but she continued for several months to devote herself unceasingly to her employment, until an event occurred which virtually blotted out her existence from society. Although her employer was unkind and unfeeling to each of her dependants, yet she could not fail discovering the many excellent qualities Ellen possessed, and therefore self-interest prompted her in confiding to the young girl many little offices of trust. One evening, in the early part of last spring, Ellen was despatched to the house of a family in the city, with a bill due for six months'

washing, amounting to upwards of forty pounds; the money was paid, and, as the evening darkened, and Ellen was returning home, through High street, in the Borough, on arriving at the corner of Union street, she suddenly stood before her former friend, whose unhappy appearance, scarcely covered as she was with clothing, must have attracted the attention of the humane. The sight of this woman greatly shocked the young heart of Ellen; her disposition naturally caused her to accost the lost creature, and to listen to an account of sufferings, of no ordinary kind. Ellen pitied the outcast from her soul, and drew from her pocket a little bag, containing a few pence of her own, but most unfortunately it also disclosed to the eyes of the vagrant a view of gold. Dissipation invariably leads to dishonesty, and hunger and despair prompted this woman to commit a theft; she contrived to intoxicate the inexperienced girl, and then to rob her. When Ellen recovered from the effects of her imprudence, she feared to return home, and she wandered about for two days and nights without sleep or food; her tears and anxiety, together with actual starvation, produced an irritability of system which terminated in fever, and she then only was observed by the city police. On their perceiving her pitiable condition, she was lodged in one of those many receptacles for sickness and destitution with which London abounds: proper medicines and nursing soon restored her to health, if not to happiness, and with a small pecuniary relief she was discharged; but whither could she go? Poor, helpless girl! her natural protectors dead and an orphan; with no means of making her sufferings known to the benevolent? In fact, it is impossible to conceive a case of more utter destitution and suffering than that which this young creature did then, and was yet to undergo; and I shall not dwell upon the lengthened privations she experienced, but at once remark, that she was seized for robbery; and neither her protestations of innocence, nor her youth, could influence her former mistress; she was dragged before the magistrates, and committed to prison. Had I then known the circumstances connected with her committal, I could have rendered her most material assistance. I do not for a moment doubt that, if a solicitor had been employed, and counsel retained, Ellen would not only have obtained an acquittal, but that she would have been at the present time a useful member of the community. I shall never cease to regret it was only during, and after her trial, the truth became known to me.



I was subpoenaed an evidence in a case of burglary, committed by a man calling himself Edwards;\* and, though I knew that a greater villain or more accomplished house-breaker did not live, it was perfectly astonishing to see the ingenuity with which he defended himself. It is remarkable, that a few years ago, this same person was tried for stealing a gold watch from a friend of mine at Drury-lane theatre, and tried for the offence at Clerkenwell, but he there escaped through one of those absurdities in the indictment which abound in our boasted law.† Mr. Edwards and I were therefore old acquaintance: in him I recognised a determined and hardened criminal, yet, luckily for himself, he was not known to the recorder or officers of the Old Bailey. He had three eminent counsel to defend him; he brought a woman into court who *called herself* his wife, to prove an alibi, and a host of *well-dressed* persons who swore *they knew him for different periods, and that he was an honest respectable man.* I have no hesitation in saying that by these deep artifices Edwards escaped hanging, though not conviction.

The next prisoner placed at the bar was poor Ellen; and the contrast between her pale beautiful features, and the dark scowl of Edwards, produced a strong sensation in court. The timid girl could not answer the interrogatories of the judge, excepting with her tears; no person could say who or what she was, no counsel were retained, no one spoke to her character; and these circumstances, together with her ignorance of the forms of court, operated prejudicially to her case. It was proved that she had received a large sum of money, and absconded; and, though the judge and the jury evidently pitied what appeared to them a sad instance of early depravity, yet, upon the evidence, they were bound to convict. The sentence of the court followed the verdict, "guilty;" it was—"that the prisoner be transported beyond the seas for the term of fourteen years." I do not think Ellen heard, or was aware of the nature of her sentence; she had been in a state of terror from the commencement of the trial; but there was a supplicative upward cast in her beautiful blue eyes, which, with the clasped hands, appeared as if her mind was lifted to heaven, or perhaps her thoughts were

\* This was an assumed name.

† There was no count for "an attempt to steal," and, as a guard-chain was attached to the person of the owner, and to the watch, Judge Bayley ruled that it had never been out of his possession. Edwards was therefore acquitted.



of her father and mother. I felt so unwell that I could not remain in court, and several persons were also obliged to seek relief in the open street.

It was while Ellen awaited her embarkation on board the transport, that I repeatedly visited her cell, and collected the few particulars of her short life. Her resignation in prison was great, but she never ceased to pray that she might soon be joined to her dear parents, and their other children. Perhaps Ellen is now a sainted spirit in heaven. The newspaper accounts of the wreck of the *Amphitrite*, on the coast of Boulogne, on the 31st of last August, have not yet ceased to ring in the ears of the nation; and Ellen Dun Lonan was one of the 133 female convicts on board who perished.

Fault may perhaps be found with the writer of the above; its style may not suit the present taste. It has not perhaps enough of the supernatural, enough of the spirit of Frankenstein or *Der Freischutz*; or, the antiquary may declare that a tale is but a shadow. I reply, that the story of Ellen Dun Lonan is substantially true, and in it an invaluable moral is given. It shows that misfortune is no respecter of persons;—*no* class of living beings are invulnerable to its shafts. Dun Lonan was descended from a race of kings, but his daughter was transported a common felon. Oh ye who possess honour, and wealth, and titles, or even ROYALTY, ponder for one moment on the destiny of Ellen Dun Lonan!

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WE do not well know the origin or meaning of the following saying among the Highlanders. It seems to have arisen from a Druidic superstition.

“ Is mairg’us mathair do mhac a bao  
 ’Nuair is Diardaoin a Bealtuinn.”

“ Woe to the mother of a wizard’s son when  
 Beltan (May-day) falls on a Thursday.”

PERIOD OF THE REIGN OF CADWALLON AND  
THAT OF CADWALLADER.

IN the collection of letters appended by Dr. Parr to his life of Archbishop Usher, there are two from Mr. Robert Vaughan, of Hengûrt, to the learned primate; in the first of which, our respected countryman proposes some queries as to the year in which the British king retired to Rome, which he says is stated to be anno 680, according to his copy, and which he thinks to be not correct, the great mortality which caused Cadwalader to leave Britain, having occurred, as Mr. Vaughan conceived, and justly so, before that time. But then the British history states that King Cadwalader, in the first instance, retired to Brittany, (not to Rome,) continuing there with his relative, Alan, the prince of that country, eleven years; and then, instead of returning home, he was warned by an angel, or rather by a superstitious monk, to go to Rome to spend the remainder of his days in religious seclusion. The five years he is said to have survived there, with eleven years in Brittany, subtracted from the year 680, will make the time of his leaving Britain to be anno 664, which Mr. Vaughan considers to have been the year of the great mortality.

As to the historian Bede, he does not help us out of this difficulty, for he makes the death of Cadwallon to be during the reign of Oswald in Northumbria, and by whom, as he narrates, he was defeated in battle, and slain, and that in the year 634; whereas, the British history tells a very different tale: that the great warrior lived to fight with Oswy, the successor of Oswald, and survived Penda, the Mercian king, his kinsman by affinity, and his powerful associate in arms; having reigned forty-two years, and a turbulent reign it was. The death of Cadwallon is extended to the year 660, commencing, according to that account, in 618. But we can hardly think it probable that so great a warrior and so ferocious a man as Cadwallon should reign for so long a time; however, that point conceded, it agrees with the character of Cadwalader, that so quiet a prince, different altogether from the father, should, after reigning four years, think of resigning his dignity. As to the pestilence which now prevailed, it was like that of the preceding century, most probably preceded and accompanied by a dearth,

caused, at least in part, by a dreadful state of warfare, for Cadwallon had made many enemies, all ready to take advantage of his demise. Thus, of the last two British kings who had any domains to the eastward of the Dee and the Severn in Cheshire and Shropshire, the one was as warlike as the other was pacific. The real state of affairs on the borders of Wales at that time it is difficult to ascertain. The wars of Cadwallon with the Northumbrian princes is narrated by Bede, who takes no notice of the ravages of Edwin in Wales, and the provocation given him to avenge himself on his perfidious foster-brother, who had ravaged North Wales, and kept possession for seven years, while the prince was obliged to seek refuge in Ireland.

As to the elegiac strains of Llywarch, they bear no evident allusions to the death of his lord and patron, as the bard only mentions his victories in Wales, pursuing him from one region to another, and then concludes with the wish, that fate would guide him onward to the plains of Melved, in Northumbria. Does he mean to avenge his fall?—if so, Cadwallon died not in Wales, but in the North. “I am weary of conjectures, here I end them.”

J. HUGHES.

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Duine duth dan,  
 Duine bān bleideal,  
 Duine donn dualach,  
 Duine ruadhs geigeal.

A dark haired man is daring,  
 A fair haired man is tedious,  
 A brown haired man is unexceptionable,  
 And a red haired man is scornful.

## THE EMBARKATION OF CONSTANTIUS.

A CELTIC FRAGMENT.

By J. FITZGERALD PENNIE, *Author of "The Royal Minstrel," "Britain's Historical Drama," "Epic Poems," &c.*

ON the storm-infested sea of Garumna\* rode the navy of Constantius Chlorus. His ships of burthen, transports, and war-galleys, with their numerous banks of skilful rowers, waited to convey him and all his legions, drawn from distant lands, across the ocean to the shores of Britain. High on Rupella's strand was erected an altar to Neptune, by which stood the arch-flamen of the fleet, and many priests in their purple robes and pointed copes, with the aruspices and augurs. The altar was strewed with verbena, or sacred herbs, grass, and flowers, from which the flame-wreathed smoke ascended lightly on the ocean winds. The heads of seven white bulls, devoted to the sacred fire, were crowned with garlands, and from their horns streamed fillets of purest white. Cornet, trump, and pipe, awoke the hymn to the god of waters, and all the armed ranks throughout the many legions, drawn up on the shore, joined in the loud chorus, which floated round islet, cliff, and rock, while echo repeated from every hollow cavern the soul-thrilling strains; then sunk the pealing anthem into silence, and the high pontiff chanted to all the gods a solemn invocation for safety and success to Constantius and his warlike host; then he scattered on the heads of the victim beasts, the mingled mola, frankincense, and corn, and, from a golden vase, poured the wine libation, first touching it with his lips, between their gilded horns, plucking out by the roots the curling hair from their white foreheads, which he cast as a primeval offering into the flames. The victimarii and popæ, with their garments drawn up, prepared with all due rites the sacrifice. The aruspices stood prognosticating around the dying beasts, and in their vitals read happy tokens of success to the martial enterprise. The sacrificial parts laid by the flamens on the blazing altar, were soon consumed with prosperous omen. Brightly towered the pyramidic flame, smokeless and pure, while the glad priests burst forth into pæans of joy and victory to their chief, with chanted prophesy of boundless dominion in the sea-encir-

\* The sea of Biscay, or Aquitain, so called by Cæsar.

pled isle of the west. The tubicines, with horn and wide-mouthed clarion, poured from their glancing instruments fresh notes of joy; the clanging cymbals flung their flashing splendors to the sun; the flamens threw flowery garlands on the waves; and every legion, eager to win new glory in that land so famed, beyond the seas, uplifted the sonorous acclaim from more than thrice ten thousand voices, sounding like the mighty tempest when it rushes along the skirts of some mountain forest.

Constantius paid but little attention to the worship of Neptune, or the propitious omens of the sacrifice; for notwithstanding his late vision or dream of the ocean,\* he still retained strong doubts respecting the plurality of gods, and all the wild theogony, imposing forms, and endless ceremonies of the Roman religion. The ritual offerings performed, Constantius Cæsar commanded that a *transvectio*, or a review of the whole army, should take place previous to its embarkation. He mounted his beautiful charger, of the Palmatian race of Cappadocia,† fleet as the wind in his speed, and white as the silvery cloud that embosoms the moonbeam. He was adorned with trappings of purple and gold; his bridle was also of gold, set with rubies and pearls; round his arching neck hung massy chains of the same precious metal; and he tossed his flowing mane on high, interweaved with sapphires on threads of silver.

And now every manipulus and cohort in each legion of foot, and justus equitatus of horse and knightly troop, with the two great bodies of auxiliaries, and their battalions of the *Extraordinarii* and *Ablecti*, marched in magnificent procession before their imperial leader along the sandy shores of Rupella.

First, the light-armed Velites passed in distinct companies, each bearing seven javelins, with slender points like arrows; and a parma, or orbed shield, covered with leather; on their heads they wore helmets overlaid with the shaggy skins, and crested with the figures of various forest animals, which gave them a fierce and savage-like appearance. These, mingled with native Romans, were of many nations, from the shores of Celtiberia to the isles of Greece and the distant regions of Syria. Then marched rank on rank,

\* This refers to another portion of the fragment.

† See Godefroy on the sacred breed of Cappadocian horses, destined for the service of the emperors.

cohort on cohort, to martial sounds of triumph, and horn, syrinx, and cymbal-clash; all the heavy-armed legions with their prior and posterior centurions, bearing the vine-rods of their authority at the head of each centesimal division. These warriors had long bucklers with iron bosses, covered with plates of radiant steel; their head-pieces, of burnished brass, reaching down to their shoulders, were nobly adorned with glittering crests and lofty plumes of many colours: their coats of mail and breast-plates were formed of scales and iron rings and broad pieces of polished metal: their greaves were of brass, and each man was armed with a broad pointless sword, and two spears, his military robe or sagum, being fastened on the shoulder with a massy clasp of silver. As they moved along in martial order to the war-breathing notes of the *æneatorii*, in the full blaze of the western sun, with trophied ensign and streaming banner, rich with gold, with the winged figures of victory, and the images of their gods, the appearance of the host was truly glorious, and worthy the warlike grandeur of the world's proud conquerors.

Between each thousand passed the military tribunes, the *legati consulares*, and the *legati prætorii*, splendid in their war-habiliments as Darius, when he met the Grecian hero on the banks of the Granicus. Their helmets shone like globes of fire, and their breast-plates shot forth vivid streams of light. These troops were all of true Roman blood, and well experienced in the discipline and exercises of camp and field. Every soldier wore a wreath of olive, and bore the gifts and ornaments which he had received from the emperors or their legates, as a reward for noble service in the cause of Rome and in pursuit of glory.

Down bowed banner, trophy, helm and plumes, spear and lance, as the military pageant passed before the Cæsar; the soldiers waved on high the trophies of their might, in the hour of victory, and up rose the universal shout of thousands on thousands, with the long and sonorous peal of many trumpets, and the brazen clamour of shield and sword, till the *concussio armorum* sounded like thunder from cliff to cliff.

Then followed in dense masses the *evocati*, whose files were formed of the oldest and most experienced soldiers, invited by the emperor himself, or his officers, to join the army, every man ranking in honour with the centurions. These, with their officers, were drawn from the banks of the

golden-sanded Tagus, from the mountains of Vandalitia, the Ausonian shores of the mid-sea, the primeval forests of Almaine, the vine-ales of Burgundy, the wilds of Thrace, the date-groves of Egypt, and the plains of Bythinia; who, although of many nations, had for their long and well-trying services received the honour of being made free citizens of Rome. These veteran warriors guarded the imperial banner, which now moved forward, waving its refulgent folds on the ocean winds, like a cloud all glorious with the departing light of heaven, surrounded by the gilded images of the emperor, and the worshipped eagles of victory, that seemed to fling the lightning from their golden pinions, spread out in triumph o'er all the vanquished regions of the world.

Next came the knights and troops of horse, in long and imposing array. Each turma led by its decurion, or commander of ten, and between every cohort belonging to each legion rode, in all the far-gleaming pomp of arms on his caparisoned steed, a *præfectus alæ*. The Roman chivalry was composed of stern and high-minded spirits, armed in flashing cuirass, helmet and crest, and lofty plume, with sword and spiked javelin; many of them were enrolled in the noble equestrian order, and all were gallant warriors of prowess and fame. After these followed the cavalry of the allies and auxiliaries; some ensheathed in brigandines of Roman mail, and others in the strange and lighter armour of the multitudinous nations who had submitted to the wide dominion of the eternal city. These plunderers of the camp were Numidian bands from the banks of Mazafran, and the lion-hunted deserts of Maritania, who gracefully bestrode their beautiful Arab steeds, adorned with silver bells and skins of the spotted leopard, guiding them through the battle's fiercest tumult, without curb or bridle; mountaineers from the highlands of the towering Pyrenees, and horsemen from the green valleys through which the Iberus loves to wander, and the myrtle-groves that shade the golden shores of the Tagus, who, mounted on their fire-eyed jennets of coal-black hue, couched their bright spears in warlike pride, which flashed to the sun, as their well-ranged enfilades passed onward, like lightning glances from the clouds of evening when they spread their dark skirts o'er the northern sky. Other fierce-visaged squadrons formed the rear; warriors from Æmathia, famed throughout the world for their bravery and skill in the strife of arms and Thracian horse, whose savage riders were



grimly painted, like the Britons, to render their appearance more formidable and terrific in the hour of battle, and who in their home-wars sacrificed their captives on the altars of their barbarous gods. Bow and quiver hung gleaming on their brawny shoulders, and their sheathless swords shone in long and silvery lines of light.

This grand and military spectacle of Roman pride and power, having passed along the shore in review before Constantius, the army wheeled about, and formed into perfect order of battle. Cæsar gazed long on this imposing host of many realms and tongues, and his heart dilated with exultation, glorying in their numbers, their might, and their proud achievements, when by him led to former victories over the stern Goth, the wild Scythian, and the ferocious Almanian.

The command now issued from his lips that the soldiers should strike their tents, and hasten to embark by sunset on board the galleys. The order of the army was instantly broken up: then what a scene of running to and fro, of noisy work and busy preparation! Down were laid the pretorian pavilions in the upper camp; down fell the far-extended lines of tents prostrate on the ground. These, with altar, image, ensign, and eagle, the cumbrous luggage of the camp, balistæ and catapultæ, for throwing great stones and other missiles, battering-ram, and tolleon, for lifting soldiers to the top of the walls of cities besieged, with all the machinery of destructive warfare, were hurried to the shore, and hoisted on board the galley-transports. So when in the lovely valleys of Helvetia the mountain avalanch, down rushing, stops the course of some flowing river till it becomes a broad and tranquil lake, reflecting in its waveless surface forest and hamlet spire, with snow-tipt alp and rosy sky, suddenly at evening hour, when all is still, save the music of the groves and the song of the chamoise-hunter, returning homeward, the mighty waters burst their trembling barriers; then sweeps the inundation forth with thunderous roar on every side; woods are torn up by the roots, and flocks, herds, peasants, and villagers, are lost and overwhelmed in the general destruction.

The host embarks; squadron on squadron presses forward, horse on horse, and legion on legion, all eager to dare with dauntless spirit quicksand and tempest, dashing billow and distant foe. The shores resound with the clang of brazen armour, the shrill neighing of war-steeds, the

hoisting of galley-mast and sail-yard, clamour, and shout, and soldier-cry, and voice of chieftain lifted in proud command, the splashing fall of heavy-armed warrior amid the white sea-spray, climbing the oak-ribbed bark, and the loud laughter of merry comrades around him.

A thousand voices were on the winds, shield clattered against shield, the battle-steed plunged with his proud rider into the shoreward rolling surf, and the decks of barque and galley were crowded with faces of every hue, from the turbaned Ethiopian to the fair and blue-eyed Almanian of the north. Now trump and horn wailed out their last embarkation-call,\* and the gold-ringed knights shouted in reply, till cliff echoed to cliff with the Babel-like confusion of many tongues and sounds. The army, with its war-engines and camp equipage, were now all embarked; and last came the emperor to the strand, ready to enter a light barge, which lay waiting to take him on board the noble galley of the admiral.

Kings, princes, prætors, proconsuls, consulares, tribunes, knights, and body-guards, were in his train. On his right hand appeared Andronicus, his friend, next in command and splendour to himself, and captain of the prætorian bands. The lictors moved in solemn state before the world's great potentate with their gleaming axes, and seven golden censers of fragrant fire preceded his steps. The blood-eagles of dominion spread their glittering wings around him, and above his head waved the labarum standard of rich purple, flinging on the sea-gale its gold-emblazoned folds. Behind him came the flamens, augurs, and aruspices, and his steeds, from the plains of Cappadocia, led by grooms, and covered with sumptuous trappings of many colours.

The panoply of the emperor was of flashing steel, and his breast-plate shone with clustered gems, which, as he moved against the sun, involved him in a flood of splendour. His falchion, formed of the true Iberian temper,† hung on his thigh in a starry scabbard; and on his head he wore a helmet of pure gold, which was surmounted by a phoenix, whose plumes were formed of jewels, to represent the splendid colours of that bird; and above its outspread

\* Lucan, v. ii. p. 690.

† The Romans considered the Spanish swords of the best shape and temper, and fittest for execution.

wings rose a pile of crimson feathers, sporting with the winds. Down from his shoulders flowed his paludamentum, or imperial mantle, of the richest purple; it was gorgeously embroidered with gold and precious stones, and fastened with clasps of diamond. A tribune bore his imbricata shield of Corinthian brass, which was covered with splendid workmanship, displaying the victories of Scipio Africanus over the Carthaginians. Virgins strewed the sands of the sea-shore with flowers as he passed along, and multitudes, of various tribes, flocked to behold his embarkation; putting up prayers to all the gods that he might subdue Carausius, his rival foe, and win the island throne of Britain.\*

Entering his barge, the emperor was soon conveyed to the side of the chief galley, and the dux præfectus classis, or admiral of the fleet, surrounded by his officers, received him on board with all due honours. As he stood on the deck, it might have been truly said how like a god he looked; for, as the beams of the sun, then descending to the horizon, fell upon him, his figure shone like a rainbow-coloured pillar of fire, and his mantle, flinging abroad its folds of amethyst on the freshening winds, glowed like a cloud of the west when lighted up with the last splendours of departing day. But his dark eye shone brighter than all the gems he wore, as he glanced exultingly from ship to ship, and saw what a numerous fleet he had collected around him, fully prepared to meet in battle the navy of the pirate king of the ocean.

Every vessel was decked with flowery garlands, and its sails unbraced to catch the willing breeze. The appearance of the emperor on the admiral's deck was hailed with a general shout from the whole army, while the war-cry of the mariners and ship-soldiers joined the universal din, which drowned at intervals the sounding tones of the horn and trumpet.

The priests on the stern of the chief galley, where stood the images of the tutelary gods, now offered up prayers and sacrifices for the safety of the fleet, as they had done for the success of the army; wine-libations were poured forth on the waves to Neptune, and the smoke of the offerings

\* "The setting out of the general was attended with great pomp and superstition. He began his march out of the city accompanied by a vast retinue of all sexes and ages, especially if the expedition were undertaken against any potent or renowned adversary."—KENNETT.

rose above flag and streamer, mingling with the beautiful clouds of evening. Then did the emperor also review the whole fleet, which passed before the imperial galley in battle order. Ten thousand oars, with silvery gleams, now rose and fell, making the waters one broad sheet of milk-white foam; and with the sound of their motion came the musical tones of the commanders over the different banks of rowers, to which they kept regular time with their powerful strokes. There were the round and deep ships of burthen, with their baskets, a token of their employment, fixed to the top of their masts; the long galleys of war, with their oars, bank on bank, that seemed to rush along the waters like forms of life and spirit: their sails of white, azure, and crimson, were filled with the breath of ocean; and from stern and prow floated streamer and ensign of variegated and brilliant colours. Many were completely covered with cypress roofs, except at the head and stern, where stood the pilots in their dress of office, and where the ship-soldiers fought when the fleet engaged in battle; others had strong bulwarks, turrets, and lofty towers erected on their decks, like a land-fortress, furnished with scorpionions and other great engines for shooting poisoned darts, huge stones, and arrows wreathed with fire; many were armed with prows of iron and sharp beaks of brass, in which were strong teeth or jagged points. With these floating castles, or islands, as Virgil calls them, were seen light vessels for expedition, with only a single bank of rowers, and numerous barques, barges, galliots, and brigantines; and here and there the *libernacæ* of some luxurious Roman commander, a moving palace of splendour and beauty, with costly sails and streamers of parti-coloured silk enwrought with gold and silver devices, while its burnished oars kept time to soft recorders and soothing lays of melodious instruments.

As the review of this powerful armada closed, a flight of birds was seen by the augurs taking the direction in which the fleet was to steer for Britain. This was pronounced to be a most propitious omen. Constantius instantly waved his spear, the signal for sailing, and the navy prepared immediately to quit the haven of Rupella. The tuneful voices of the commanders of the row-banks, and the farewell shout of mariner and soldier, were echoed by the thousands that crowded rock, and cliff, and shore, waving their garments, and flinging flowers on the undulating deep: and it is said there was seen above the setting sun a sea of car-

buncle, on which were golden isles of Elysian beauty, with palace hall and ruby pillar, and porch and gate of burning sapphire and diamond, from which looked forth bright seraphim, with countless shapes of blessedness, eager to behold the fleets of Rome, as onward o'er the surge they proudly rode, filled with the renowned in battle, whose victorious arms were deemed equal to conquer and rule the noblest island which the Atlantic's stormy waves encircle.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Now then for this far-famed land of the savage Briton,” said Propertius, a young and noble Roman commander, as the gay libertine, surrounded by his officers and soldurii,\* splendidly clad in their military habits, stood on the deck of his magnificent libernace, which had joined the invading fleet.

“Thinkest thou, Collitanus,” continued he, “that the sea-lion of the west, the rude corsair who apes the imperial dignity in Britain, will be prepared to meet this powerful armament, or dare to cope with the veteran forces of Cæsar?”

“I am told,” replied Collitanus, “that his spies are every where, even in the palaces of Dioclesian and Constantius, consequently there can be but little hope of surprising him unprepared, and as little doubt that Constantius, whose army is now formed of all the bravest legions in the Roman ranks, will be the victor in this noble strife, and restore Britain to the empire of the world's great masters.”

“The omens are propitious,” spake Propertius, “the priests pronounce certain success to the enterprise, and foretell the downfall of this self-raised Carausius. Not that I heed prognostic, or omenation, which prove as often false as true, nor the interested dreamings of priestcraft, whose professors pretend that they alone are the interpreters of the will of the gods to man, bowing down the weak minds of the deluded multitude to their ritual observances by that powerful engine, the fear of eternal torments,† as if their puny hands wielded the thunderbolts of Jove, making the gods more cruel than the greatest monsters of tyranny, thus they raise themselves to unlimited riches and power on the basis of credulity and superstition. But, thanks to the

\* Military clients, or dependents on a great commander, among the Romans, similar to the retainers of a Norman baron.

† “Study the systems of Pythagoras and Plato, and the Stoics, which teach that there are gods, and that they have prepared for the soul a future state of reward and punishment.”—*Julian's Epistle.*

glorious dawning of a better philosophy, their oracles and pretended revelations are beginning to be looked on as only the juggling trickery of their craft, like the solitary and gigantic gods of the Egyptians, that in the dimness of the night fill the wanderer of the desert with awe and terror, but when the ruddy morning breaks in the east, are regarded only as sculptured and enormous masses of misshapen rock."

"Propertius, give not thy thoughts such loose reins on these subjects," answered Collitanius, "or they will bring thee into danger ere thou art aware. The priesthood and the state are ever closely connected, and they practice no mercy, though the latter continually preach it, to those who set lightly by their doctrines and decrees. Witness the cruel persecutions of the Christians, who revile and set at nought the gods of our forefathers."

"Well, my friend," returned Propertius, "let the different sects dispute, wrangle, and destroy each other, with all my heart; I care for none of these things. System subverts system, and one religion succeeds to another; each condemning its antecedent, and sending its followers headlong to the infernal abode of Pluto, there to wail in everlasting misery! Man is a strange animal; he never seems so happy as when he is inflicting torments, real or imaginary, on his fellow-creatures! The Lucretian and Epicurean philosophy for me! Not that I take the trouble to wade through the three hundred and one volumes their founders have written; though I must confess that the elegance and purity of Lucretius Carus have tempted me occasionally to dip into the *De rerum naturâ*. But enough of this: we are bound, my gallant friend, for the conquest of a new world—new at least to us, and novelty delights my soul. They say the women in this vast island are all beautiful, but perfect savages, atrociously unartificial, as they would say at Rome, in manners and mind. Be it so; I shall enjoy the change, Collitanius, for I am satiated to the last degree with the eternal identity of the eternal city. The same luxuries, the same pomp, the same insipid characters of superdulcified refinement and ultra affectation, and then the same tiresome faces, half nature and half art, everywhere intruding on our wearied orbs of vision, demanding with all a miser's insatiate greediness the most profound homage and the grossest flattery, till I absolutely sicken to look on them! Oh, I would sooner be condemned to read the interminable epic poem of Antimachus on the Theban war, who filled twenty-four

volumes ere he could get his heroes before the walls of Thebes, or toil through the two hundred and twenty-five tragedies of Astydamus, which never won the prize, than be compelled to lavish my vocabulary of compliments perpetually on the same face and figure, though beautiful as the Anadyomene of Apelles.

“True,” said Collitanius, “variety is the soul of enjoyment. Splendour, beauty, luxury, literature, and the arts, all end in wearisome disgust, if unrelieved by scenes of savage poverty, ugliness, hunger, and rude ignorance. To fully relish the first we must in some degree mingle with and partake of the latter.”

“The arts!” exclaimed Propertius, “there is no appearing at the splendid bagnios of Rome, to clear off the impurities of a night’s carouse in the liquid embraces of the Naiades, without being pestered beyond all endurance with artists, exhibiting their wretched daubings, while with their eyes, if not with their tongues, they tell you that Pausias never equalled them when he drew his lovely Glycere surrounded with flowers, nor Antiphilus, in his celebrated picture of the burning coal blown by a youth, the light of which seemed to illuminate the whole room. Then what a crowd is there of historians and poets, high and low, known and unknown, eternally drawling and mouthing forth their jejune and insufferable effusions, each one striving to win the public ear to himself, and fondly fancying that he alone shall be the envied heir of a glorious immortality, and administer to unborn time the sublimity of his deathless ravings.”\*

“Oh there is something extremely amusing,” answered Collitanius, “to hear these rival authors rail against and vilify each other’s productions and characters. There is not one word of truth in any thing they utter, so far as literature is concerned; merit and genius, whenever found, are considered by the greater number of them as deserving only contempt and odium; they solely regard political opinion, sect, and party; and whatever productions the sages of one school applaud to the very heavens, those of another condemn as the vilest trash, asserting it to be utterly unworthy the public notice.† The few who presume to be imitators of

\* “But all without consideration write;  
Some thinking that the omnipotence of wealth  
Can turn them into poets when they please.”—*Horace*.

“Through the thick shades th’ eternal scribbler bawls,  
And shakes the statues on their pedestals.”—*Juvenal*.

† Among the Romans were masters who professed to teach the art of



the matchless Virgil, although their very presumption claims some applause, are totally neglected and scorned in this age of wretched taste, while ephemeral and tinsel rubbish is sought after with the greatest avidity, and puffed off by its interested authors and venders as the brightest effusions of real talent, which, if we are to believe them, will be perused with the highest pleasure and advantage for ages to come."

"Well," rejoined Propertius, "let these worthies vapour, rail, and puff on: it moves not me a whit. Merit always finds numerous foes and few friends, till friendship can be of no use."

"Homer had his Zoilus," interrupted Collitanius, "but Homer still lives, while the snarlings of the old Homeromastic are buried with him in oblivion. True-born genius, in spite of all opposition, will, like the eagle, soar above the tempest, which she scorns, to her own bright heaven of renown."

"Why, Collitanius, are you going to mount the winged steed of Apollo?" cried Propertius. "All works puffed or reviled will find their true level, and age, the touchstone of merit, prove their value or their worthlessness. Confident am I of this, that there are some works considered of little reputation by literary pretenders and coxcombs, which will descend the ever-rolling stream of time, and win the applause of distant generations, while mountains of those volumes now so widely lauded by sycophants and venal critics, will be utterly forgotten ere the present era expires, and perish in the unfathomable gulfs of oblivion. But, thank the gods, we are bound for a clime where authors are unknown, and manners and customs continue, I hope, unromanized. How delightful will be the contrast of these wild Britons to the inhabitants of the Eternal City!† I'll erect a principality among the island barbarians; then, my jovial companions, what novel amusements and diversions will be ours! How I shall enjoy the true sports of the hunter in the boundless forests of Britain, vast regions of which, as I have learnt, are yet uncolonized by Roman legions and Roman adventurers, and filled with numerous kinds of game, and

puffing with skill. The proficient in this accomplishment let themselves out for hire to the poets and actors of the day.

† Gibbon, speaking of the Saxons, says: "The example of a revolution so rapid and so complete may not easily be found, but it will excite a probable suspicion that the arts of Rome *were less deeply rooted* in Britain than in Gaul or Spain, and that the native rudeness of the country and its inhabitants was covered by a thin varnish of Italian manners."

almost every beast of chace. Oh, how delightful will these pastimes be !”

“Ay,” resumed Propertius, “these will be none of the childish shows of the Pancarpus in the amphitheatre, when in its mimic woods the base scum and rabble, the greasy-capped artisans of Rome, hunt the poor beasts to death, pent up in those narrow confines, and vilely butcher them to devour their carcasses, which they bear off in triumph to their own hovels. I am told besides, that these Britons possess the curious art of falconry, by which they teach birds of prey to seize the feathered game in their highest flights. This must be a kingly sport ! It shall soon be ours, Collitanius. The ancient games of the Britons also shall be encouraged by us. I will have a circus erected near my palace for the purpose of such exhibitions in all their native forms and glory. None of your Roman gladiators for me. I hate those insolent and vulgar wretches—and then, Collitanius, the wild and beautiful females of this island ! How transporting their sweet simplicity and unsophisticated manners ! What a contrast to the boldness, the art, the affectation, and the flirting coquetry of the damsels, wives, and widows of Rome ! And oh, what bliss to wander with these dove-eyed beauties in the groves and forests of this new world, and teach them lessons from Ovid’s delicious tales of love ! But come, my friends, the banquet awaits us below. The last crimson day-gleam fades in the west, and darkness begins to spread her brooding pinion o’er the mighty abyss. The lights of the slowly-moving fleet flash but along the sea-deep like wandering meteors in a sullen sky. But though we have left far behind us the Ausonian clime, we have still the tasteful pomps and voluptuous delights of Rome, that queen of splendours, which here, in the dark cradle of Atlantic tempests, will fling a new enchantment o’er our pleasures. Come with me, and pour a brimming bowl to Neptune ; then amid bowers of myrtle and roses, which, spite of nature, shall bloom on the foamy billows of the ocean, we’ll troll the gay song of revelry and love, and dance with the fairest maids of Italia’s sunny land, the beams of whose starbright eyes, if shed on the dark waters, would make the old sea-god leap from his coral bowers to worship their beauty.”

*(To be continued.)*

[We regret very much that we are obliged, for want of space, to postpone the remainder of this interesting tale.]

## OLIONUIL=EGAN.

## ANTIQUITY OF THE BRITISH CHURCH,—OF AN EARLIER DATE THAN THE ROMAN CATHOLIC RELIGION IN ENGLAND.

THE Principality is highly indebted to the present venerable and learned bishop of Salisbury, when presiding over the see of St. David's, not only for founding and establishing a college at Lampeter for the education of young men for the church, and advancing the respectability of the clergy by the many excellent regulations which he introduced into that diocese, but every lover of Welsh literature must also feel himself under great obligations to his lordship for the revival of the long neglected and almost forgotten Eisteddfodau, which, in former days, had been patronized by princes, prelates, senators, and chieftains, and the principal nobility of Wales. But the main object of this short address, is to recommend the publication of some of those numerous Welsh and other mss. which might be useful in elucidating the history and antiquities of the Principality, and which now lie neglected, and fast tending to decay, in public and private libraries, both in England and Wales. The excellent prelate beforementioned has rescued one small piece of antiquity from unmerited oblivion, and probable destruction, which we have lately perused, viz. some Latin hexameter verses, written by John Sulien (alias Sulgenus,) to the memory of his father, John Sulien, (Johannes Sulgenus,) archbishop of St. David's. The ms., as the bishop informs us, consisted of three loose leaves, burnt all round the edges, and which had nearly fallen a sacrifice to a fire which happened at the Cotton library in the year 1731. The publication of this small ms. is important, as it clearly establishes the independence of the Welsh or Cambro-British church, on the church of Rome, in the author's time; and, from this genuine fragment of antiquity, which has fortunately escaped the usual interpolations of the monks, the demand of the Roman Catholics—"where was your church before the days of Luther?" may easily be answered; for from hence it clearly appears that our church existed in its native purity in these kingdoms prior to the introduction of the church of Rome,—that we had, in the author's time, an independent church, and a married clergy. We find here the son of a British metropolitan addressing himself immediately to Christ, without the intervention of departed saints, and protesting against prayers for the dead, as unprofitable for salvation. We learn from the verses of Sulgenus that the British church existed in the eleventh century; was a pure, distinct, and independent church, and consequently in this

united kingdom a much more ancient establishment than the church of Rome; and the church of England, as the bishop justly observes, may be seen in its original, the *British church*, in its different epochs, from the first introduction of Christianity; for it clearly appears, by the authorities quoted by Archbishop Usher, in his "Religion Professed by the Ancient Irish," and his "History of the British Church," that the true church, now called Protestant, did not sink under the horrors of Saxon extermination, but retired to her mountains and fortresses in the west, and subsisted there for many centuries, not only independently of the church of Rome, but in a state of adverse resistance to her authority. Our ancestors, therefore, were Church of England men before they were Papists. The British, the Saxon, and the English churches, were, in the progress of national improvement, incorporated into one national church, before it fell under the dominion of catholicism. It was however, even after its fall, still the church of England; and, after the Reformation, it was no other than the church of England liberated from its popish trammels, from adscititious innovations, and the yoke of foreign jurisdiction.

Riamarch, brother to John, the author of the lines published by bishop Burgess, was a very learned man, and succeeded his father as archbishop of St. David's. The pope's spiritual dominion was not acknowledged in Wales until some time after the Norman conquest. The archbishop of St. David's, and his suffragan bishops, rejected the authority of the pope in the person of St. Augustin (the monk) in the sixth century, and continued independent both of the Romish and of the English church (which latter was effected by the innovations of the emissaries of the church of Rome much sooner than the Welsh,) until the time of Bernard, the first Norman bishop of St. David's, who, at the instigation of Henry I. became suffragan to Canterbury. John, the author of these Latin verses, further informs us, that his father, the archbishop, spent five years in study in the different seminaries and colleges in Scotland, and thirteen in Ireland, both those countries being famous at that time for learned men, and, consequently, much resorted to by young students from Wales, England, and some parts of the Continent. Daniel, another brother of the author of the verses, was archdeacon of Powys; and probably it is in consequence of this circumstance, that Kerry, in Montgomeryshire, has ever since continued in the patronage of the bishop of St. David's. David, the Welsh patron saint, was not canonized until after the Norman conquest, and all our Welsh monasteries (subject to the pope) were also founded since that event.

*Llanrúg*, 1833.

PERIS.

## DR. ARMSTRONG'S GAELIC DICTIONARY.

WE have received a communication signed *Ceartas*, which it would not, we fear, be creditable to ourselves, nor to the writer, to print; though we cannot altogether condemn his warmth in defending a gentleman who has done himself great honour, by the accomplishment of a literary task which it required a considerable degree of courage to undertake.

We are informed by "*Ceartas*," that Dr. Armstrong's *Gaëlic Dictionary* has been most unwarrantably attacked, in a series of remarks in "*The Perth Courier*;" and it is a matter of regret to us, that so respectable a paper should have been made the vehicle of disingenuous personalities. If these aspersions come from a Highlander, we cannot certainly call that Highlander a patriot; for, in our opinion, Dr. Armstrong has done as much for his native language as any man living; perhaps more. We grieve, however, to add, as well from our own knowledge, as from the assertion of "*Ceartas*," that he has met with opposition and ingratitude where he had a right to expect encouragement and assistance.

It was perfectly unnecessary for "*Ceartas*" to communicate to us his own private opinion of the *Gaëlic* language. If it is the worthless jargon he esteems it, his friend Dr. A., whose native tongue it is, and who must know its beauties and deformities, must have spent his time to very little purpose in compiling a dictionary of it. But our correspondent and Dr. A. are, we know, of very opposite opinions on that question; for we have often heard the latter gentleman expatiate with great clearness upon the many beauties and great copiousness of the language of which he has enabled foreigners now to judge. We suspect that when "*Ceartas*" acquires as profound a knowledge of the *Gaëlic* as the doctor has attained to, he will change his opinion.

At the same time that we profess our admiration of the perseverance which enabled Dr. Armstrong to bring his *Gaëlic-English Dictionary* so successfully to a conclusion, as well as the great learning he has displayed in that work, we beg leave to correct a few mistakes into which "*Ceartas*" has fallen.

He asserts that the *Scottish Gaëlic* is a dialect of the *Irish*, which is not the fact; the languages of both countries being the same. The *Gaëlic*, like the *English*, has many dialects, but the written language of *Ireland* and of the north of *Scotland* are so much alike, that the *Irish Bible* served the *Highlands* until very recently. The *Gaëlic* is therefore a language of which there are several dialects, and which is itself a branch of the *Celtic*, now, like the *Gothic*, extinct as a living tongue.

The next mistake is the assertion that Armstrong was the first who compiled a *Gaëlic* dictionary. Had the writer said, the first who compiled a good *Gaëlic* dictionary, he would have been

right; but we are sure Dr. Armstrong will confess that Shaw's "Gælic and English Dictionary," in two volumes, 4to., published in *Edinburgh*, 1780, was of considerable assistance to him in the compilation of his work. Shaw had not the abilities of Armstrong; but he did his best, and merited the gratitude of his country, instead of which he was attacked with even greater virulence than his more talented and more fortunate successor has been.

A third mistake is the assertion that Dr. Armstrong was the first who reduced the Gælic "to something like intelligible grammatical principles." If the writer does not know of it, we would refer him to one of the most successful first attempts of the kind ever made in the world; we mean "Elements of Gælic Grammar, in four parts, by Alexander Stewart, minister of the gospel at Dingwall. Second edition, corrected and enlarged. 8vo. *Edinburgh*, 1812."

Though we cannot admit Ceartas's letter for the reason above specified, we are obliged to him for having called our attention to Dr. Armstrong's very excellent work; and we shall be as ready as he could wish us to repel any unmerited attack that may hereafter be made upon it, from whatever quarter the abuse may originate. Calumny and detraction shall find in us the most inexorable enemies; and we hereby warn them, that, when our blood is up, we can belabour with something heavier than the arm of a pigmy.

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LEWIS GLYN COTHI.\*

Lluniai vawl wrth y llinyn,  
Dyna arver dda ar ddyn.

ЮЛО ГОСН.

THERE has been lately a great excitement caused among the true lovers and admirers of Welsh poetry, by the announcement of the poetical works of Lewis Glyn Cothi being about to be published, under the direction and patronage of the London Cymmrodion Society, with notes, both historical and explanatory, and also a translation of some of the most interesting passages. We hail the announcement with infinite pleasure and satisfaction; for the compositions of so excellent a poet cannot fail creating a great interest, when we consider that he was an officer of some distinction under Jasper Tudor, Earl of Pembroke, who was half brother to King Henry VI., and that he records numerous incidents and facts, that fell under his own immediate knowledge, during the disturbed reigns of Henry VI., Edward IV., Richard III., to the accession of Henry VII. His works must therefore be considered valuable in a historical point of view, independent of the delight they will afford, from the sweetness and purity of his language, and the excellency of his poetry. He

\* Valley of Cothi.

stood high as a poet among his contemporaries ; and whoever peruses his works will agree with us in saying, that the fame which he acquired was justly merited. His style as a writer is elegant and pleasing, and as smooth and polished as if he had applied the *file* to every line, and had strictly practised the rules of Horace,

Si non offenderet unum  
Quemque poetarum limæ labor, et mora.

His facility in versification is as extraordinary as the diversity of his talents was great. In reading his compositions, one would be apt to imagine that to be a poet was no difficult task, so easy and simple do his *cynghaneddion*\* appear ; but the delusion will soon vanish, if the daring aspirant were to attempt restoring some lines, which, it is to be regretted, have come down to us in a mutilated state. So intelligible, however, is his style, that one would be led to think that he wrote in our time ; and the only difficulty to be encountered in his works is, the many allusions which he makes to things and customs long since past. It may be said with truth that his language is a honied language, and that his poetry is as mellifluous as the sweet note of the nightingale. We hesitate not to add, that the poets of the present day, however gifted they may be, and we allow that many of them are highly gifted ; and however elegantly they may write, which also we are proud to acknowledge, will catch an additional flame of poetic fire, after perusing the long-neglected poetry of the bard of Glyn Cothi.

In our next number it is our intention to take up this subject again, and present our readers with specimens from the author's pen ; and we trust, in the meantime, that we shall not appear too intruding, if we solicit the favour of those gentlemen, and others, who may happen to have portions of his works in their possession, to make it known to us, in order that the Society might be enabled, through them, to do justice to the author ; for we look upon the present undertaking of the *Cymmrodorion* as a national work, which will not only redound honour upon them, but also add to the store of useful literature. Perhaps some of our readers will be able to throw light upon the history of our author, (which, we confess, we are unable to do, except what we can gather from his own lips,) and should they favour us with any anecdotes about him, or some account of his life, it will be our delightful task to communicate the same to the public.

The manuscript copy of his works, in the handwriting of the late patriotic Mr. Owain Jones, (*Owain Myvyr*,) is now with the Rev. John Jones, (*Tegid*,) of Christ-church, Oxford, who is engaged in transcribing it, previous to its publication. It contains 232 poems. By this undertaking Mr. Jones will secure the gratitude of all patriots in Cambria, and more especially the esteem of her scholars.

\* Harmony.



## THE GLENALADALE MAC DONALDS.

*United Service Club House; August, 1833.**To the Editors of the Caledonian and Cambrian Quarterly Magazine.*

GENTLEMEN,

I REJOICE that so respectable a Magazine as yours is now established as a depository for matters of Caledonian interest, chiefly because it is so desirable an acquisition to our numerous Gaëlic friends in the American colonies, with several of whom I am intimately connected. If you have a spare leaf in next number for the subjoined slight communication, its insertion, I am pretty sure, will gratify many more, besides your new subscriber,

A NORTH AMERICAN TRAVELLER.

THE author of a pamphlet written many years ago, but the title of which I cannot recollect, says that the Highlanders have wiped off any stain which their rebellions in favour of the house of Stuart may have brought on their character, by subsequently fighting through seas of blood in defence of their country. The ardour with which they fought the battles of the illustrious family which now presides over the destinies of Great Britain, after having so long and so obstinately opposed their authority, is remarkable; and this patriotic feeling has animated them in the colonies to which, in many cases, they were obliged to exile themselves for their political offences.

The brilliant conduct of the inhabitants of the Glengarry settlement, in Upper Canada, during the last war, viz. from 1811 to 1814, who did so much good service under the conduct of their worthy pastor, may be in the recollection of your readers. Another striking instance of this chivalrous spirit is afforded by the Mac Donalds of Prince Edward's island. Their chief, Glenaladale, took an active part in the rising of 1745, and was of material assistance to Prince Charles Stuart, in his seclusion and escape, as may be found particularly related in "Ascanius." Shortly after this unfortunate affair he was obliged to sacrifice a fair estate, and proceed to Prince Edward's island, with his family, accompanied by four hundred of his own clan, besides one hundred others, who were not Mac Donalds, and the whole settled in the same manner as they had lived in Scotland; fondly cherishing old associations, and co-operating together with the kindly feelings of clanship. On the breaking out of the first revolutionary American war, young Glenaladale, unsolicited, and at his own expense, went to Nova Scotia, with half his followers, and offered their services to the British government in defence of that province. They were of course cheerfully accepted, and he was immediately appointed captain in the 84th, or royal Highland emigrant regiment, in which he and his men served with great distinction until the end of the war.

There are at present on the estates of Glenaladale, Glenfinan, Muidart, and Arisaig, belonging to this family in Prince Edward's island, numbers of Highlanders, there born, who do not speak a word of English! A gentleman arrived one evening after night-fall at this settlement, and on applying at one of the houses, was answered by a female, "Cha n'eil Beurl' agam," she "had no English." The gentleman being himself from the Highlands explained, and was asked to step in while the servant called her master. It was dark, and after lights had been brought, the stranger inquired where the female was who could only speak Gaëlic? on which a negro woman was pointed out!—This reminds me of the observation of a man on the disembarkation of a Highland regiment at Portsmouth. There was an African in the band, and the Englishman remarked with some astonishment that he was the first black Scotsman he had ever seen! In another regiment, a black man was so far naturalized as to become piper, and, when quartered in West Lothian, a good many years ago, one evening, while amusing his companions, a countryman entered the place. The room was but half illuminated, and a glimpse of the Highlanders' skipping through their fantastic reel, and the sable musician blowing with might and main, brought instantly into the honest farmer's mind the scene which Tam O'Shanter witnessed in Kirk Allowa, and he made a hasty retreat. But seriously:—it would be a singular philological revolution, and it is not impossible, nor indeed improbable, should the Gaëlic be found in the New World, after it had become extinct as a spoken language in the mountains of Caledonia.

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*To the Editors of the Cambrian and Caledonian Quarterly Magazine.*

GENTLEMEN,

IN the year 1789, a small volume of poems was transcribed for me by a clergyman in Montgomeryshire, who was desirous of encouraging a young student in the Welsh language. I was not enabled to make such a proficiency in that tongue as was necessary for the understanding the collection that was made for me, and to me it is a sealed book. The transcriber is, I believe, no more, and whether he copied the poems from manuscripts, or from printed publications, I am wholly ignorant; but the *possibility* of some of these effusions of former bards being scarce or unknown, struck me, and I thought I could not err in sending you a list of the titles written at the head of each poem. Should it appear to you that any of them might be worthy insertion in your very

excellent publication, I shall have great pleasure in copying and sending them to your office.

I am, gentlemen,

Your sincere well-wisher,

E. C. G.

[WE must apologise to our obliging correspondent for the unfortunate delay in the insertion of this interesting communication. It was mislaid, and only recovered a short time ago. Its insertion in this number, with the above explanation, will, we hope, be satisfactory.—EDRS.]

Cywydd i annerch Merch ifange o waith Sioñ Tudur yr hwn oedd yn ei flodau, 1580.

Cywydd i Wallt Merch o Waith Sion Philip, 1580.

Cywydd i Ferch o waith Syppyn Cyfeilog, 1400.

Cywydd da i Ferch o waith Ieuan Gethin ap Ieuan ap Lleisiaid, 1450.

Llyma etto fel I canai Sion Philip i Wallt Merch.

Gwaith Sion Tudur i Ferch oedd yn anwadal o'i haddewid.

Cwyn Sion Tudur i Ferch wedi colli ei chariad.

Cywydd Canmboliaeth i wraig a Duchan i'r gwr—Sion Tudur.

Sion Tudur a ganodd fel y canlyn i'r Ddylluan am ddychrynu ei gariadferch ef.

Cywydd Merch anwadal—Sion Tudur.

Cywydd Merch yn dechrau a'r B. o waith—Wm. Cynwal, 1560.

Cywydd a'r C yn dechrau.

Cywydd yn dechreu a'r D.

Cywydd yn dechreu a'r H. i Forfydd yr hon oedd wraig y Bwa bach—Dafydd ap Gwilym, 1400.

Ymddiddan rhwng Dafydd a Morfydd pan ddaeth ef atti i'r Ty.

Cyngor i Ferch ifange—Griffydd ap Ieuan ap Llewelyn Fychan, 1500.

Cywydd i Ferch falch—Griffydd ap Ieuan.

Cywydd i eiddig am ddychryua cariad y Bardd—Huw Machno, 1600.

Clôd i a gariad gan Mr. Thomas Prys o Blas Iolyn, 1640.

Gwaith Thomas Prys i'r sawl a dorrasai Lwyn o goed lle byddai ei gariad ef yn dyfod.

Marwnad o waith Thos. Prys iw gariad, o un da hynod.

Cyngor Howell Reinallt i Ferch ifange gyd a chlôd iw phryd hi ac iw gwallt, 1480.

Cywydd clôd i Ferch ac iw gwallt o waith W<sup>m</sup> Llyn, 1560.

Cywydd Merch ifange oedd Aeres o Sîr Fon—Edward Prys.

Cywydd Merch o un da—Edward Prys.

Cywydd i Ferch oedd anwadal etto.

- Moliant y Gwallt—Dafydd ap Edmund, 1450.  
 Cywydd y Gwâllet a chymmeriad gadwedig o'r unrhyw gydsain Ifan a Rhydderch ap Ifan Lluyd, esq. 1420.  
 Cywydd Merch o waith Tudur Aled, 1490.  
 Cywydd Merch uridwg—Ifan Deulyn a'i cant, 1460.  
 Cywydd Molawd i Ferch—Sion Philip a'i cant, 1580.  
 Annerch Dafydd iw Gariad—Dafydd ap Gwilym gam, 1400.  
 Cywydd i Ferch—Tudur Aled a'i cant, 1490.  
 Cerdd euraid neu gywydd y Llyw glas—Sion Tudur a'i cant.  
 Cywydd da i wr o Gonwy—Sion Tudur.  
 I'r un Gwr pan oedd glâf—Sion Tudur.  
 Cywydd moliant Sr Lion Bwrch—Gutto'r Glyn, 1450,  
 Cywydd i Syr Gryffydd Fychan, y torodd Arglwydd Grey ei ben—Dafydd Llwyd ap Llewelyn ap Gryffydd o Fathofarn, 1480.  
 Cywydd y Beirdd—Sion Tudur a'i cant, 1580.  
 Cywydd i hudo Prydydd o'r Plas Newydd i'r Chwaen Wenn Rhydderch ap Riccart, 1520.  
 Atteb i'r Cywydd o'r blaen—Huw ap Rhys Wynn, '1520.  
 Gwrthatteb i'r Cywydd Uchod—Rhydderch ap Riccart, 1520.  
 Cywydd ymddiddan rhwng Dafydd ap Gwilym a'r Biogan, 1400.  
 Gwaith Huw Llwyd Cyerfel Cywydd y Llwynog.  
 Atteb y Llwynog—Huw Llwyd.  
 Cywydd i'r Arglwydd Herbert—Gutto'r Glynn, a'i cant, 1450.  
 Cywydd cwynfannus dros garchar, Owen Tudor Amgen, Owen ap Meredydd, ap Tudur, ap Gronw, ap Tudor, ap Gronw, Dafydd Llwyd, ap Llewelyn, ap Gruffydd o Fathofarn a'i cant, A.D. 1480.  
 Cywydd Cariad—Sion Philip, 1580.  
 Cywydd duwiol—Doctor Sion Cent a'i cant.  
 Cwydd duwiol—Ebre Richard Cynwal.  
 Cyffes Iolo Goch ar fesur Cyhydedd hîr—Iolo Goch, 1400.  
 Cywydd i diffeithwch y byd yma ac adduned yr Enaid i ymadel ag efo—Edmund Prys, a'i cant.  
 Cywydd arall i'r byd a ddaw gan ddangos mai mwy a Enillodd Crist, nag a gollodd Adda drwy ei gwymp—Edmond Prys, 1600.—Archdiacon Meirionydd a ganodd y ddau uchod.  
 Cywydd i ddangos digwydd y Corph i'r Bedd o un da William Philip a'i cant, 1638.  
 Cywydd i Dduw o waith Merch—Gwerfil Mechtrin a'i cant.  
 Cywydd duwiol da—Doctor Sion Cent.  
 Cywydd i Dduw—Robert Leiaf a'i cant, 1480.  
 Cywydd yr Oedran—Iolo goch a'i cant.  
 I Dduw—Doctor Sion Cent a'i cant.  
 Cywydd i Dduw—Sion Brwynog a'i cant, 1550.  
 Cywydd duwiol da—Thomas Dafydd a'i cant Iolo Goch medd eraill.

Cywydd Fyfyrdod ar y Byd a'i wagedd—Sir Dafydd Trefor a'i cant, 1480.

Credo Dafydd ap Gwilym.

Cywydd i Dduw—Dafydd ap Gwilym, 1400.

Cywydd yn dangos dull Dyn a'i Falchder—William Cywal, 1560.

Llymma'r Farwnad gyffredin neu'a hyttrach Dangosiad o druenus Ddiwedd gwyr y Byd yn gyffredinol—Edwart ap Rhys maelor, 1440.

Cywydd Marwnad, S<sup>r</sup> Owen Glyn, ar ddull ymddiddan rhwng y byw a'r marw—William Llyn a'i cant, 1560.

Cywydd Marwnad, yr un.

Marwnad William Llyn—Prydydd ac Athro, Sion Philip, 1580.

Cywydd Marwnad y Brenhin Charles yr ail—Sion Dafydd.

Y Misoedd o waith Aneurin Wawdydd, A.D. 510.

IN the Cambrian Quarterly for April last, Sir S. R. Meyrick expresses an opinion in favor of the etymology of the Welsh word *Ceiniog*, a penny, as given by Dr. Owen Pughe, who derives it from the ancient British *Cain*, bright; and a correspondent observes upon this subject, that if it were necessary to add to the weight of such authority, we have a confirmation of this etymology in the Breton word for the same coin, *i. e.* *Gwennek*, which is evidently derived from the Breton *gwenn*, white. And we learn from *Le Gonidec*, that it was an ancient coin of Brittany corresponding with the French money called a *blanc*.\*

It is a curious circumstance, that while the Breton word, as well as its etymology, differs from the Welsh, the signification continues nearly the same. And it is no less singular, if the Breton and Welsh words for this coin were originally the same, that the Bretons should have so changed the derivation of theirs as to frame it from the root *gwenn*, white, while they still retain in their language the word *kann*, bright, a word more nearly allied to the Welsh *cain*, and, according to the above etymology, better adapted to the purpose of continuing the original meaning of the term.

\* There is a Spanish coin called a *Blanca*.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Ode Latine sur Carlsbad, composée, Vers la fin du Quinzième Siècle, par le Baron Bohuslas Hassenstein de Lobkowitz, avec une Traduction Polyglotte, une Notice Biographique sur ce Poète, des Observations sur l'Ode, et sur l'Antiquité de ces Thermes, par Le Chevalier Jean de Carro, Docteur en Médecine des Facultés d'Edimbourg, de Vienne, et de Prague, et Praticien à Carlsbad pendant la Saison des Eaux. Prague, 1829. Schoenfeld.*

IN 1370, Charles IV. emperor of Germany and king of Bohemia, founded a town, which he endowed with privileges, in a pleasant situation, near certain warm springs, and called it after his own name, Carlsbad, or the baths of Charles, which appellation, as well as the "immerserit artus," of the above Lubkowitz, shows that the waters were at an early period used as a bath, have been justly celebrated for their efficacy in the cure of various maladies, and the pretty little town is consequently a fashionable resort of the inhabitants of all countries.

The spirited author of this curious work studied medicine and took his degrees at Edinburgh, and has long practised with much credit at Prague, attending Carlsbad during the season, that is, from June to September inclusive. With the latter place the chevalier is enraptured, and, besides an interesting history of it, he has thus made a polyglot work on the original ode, his design being "*de fournir aux lettres l'occasion de comparer le genie des languages.*" The baron Bohuslas de Lubkowitz was born in 1462, at his patrimonial chateau of Hassenstein, in the circle of Saatz, and died in 1510. He was a great traveller and collector of rare books, an elegant classical writer, and one of the first poets of the age. The baron's ode is the oldest medical writing on Carlsbad; he is the first who sings in praise of its waters, and he has been followed by a great number of other poets of different countries, many of whom are here mentioned.

The doctor's profession facilitated his formation of this curious collection. The gratuitous assistance of his friends soon enabled him to arrange a very copious selection, and after first printing, he has continued to add leaf to leaf, adapting a different "pagination" for the additional stores. The edition which we possess contains different versions from the pens of learned and illustrious friends and patients of Dr. de Carro. They consist of two in German, two in

Hungarian, one in Bohemian, one in Polish, one in Swedish, one in Dutch, one in Russian, one in ancient Greek, one in Italian, two in Hebrew, one in Gaëlic Albanach, and two in English. The last are in different measures, and signed "Wilmot" and "Pierce Morton." Since these were printed, one in the broad Buchan dialect of Scotland has been added, and two Spanish and two Portuguese versions, the latter by two professors of philology, which, we are told by the doctor, are remarkable "for their elegance, joined to an almost literal fidelity," one of them being in beautiful hexameters. He expected a Cambro-British translation, but whether he has yet succeeded we cannot tell.

That our readers may judge for themselves we shall give the original ode, with the Gaëlic, and one of the English versions.

## IN THERMAS CAROLI IV.

"Fons, Heliconiadum merito celebrande cohorti,  
Unde tibi latices calidi, venaeve meantis  
Sulphuris, aut vivæ, dictu mirabile calcis?  
Per terras Siculumne ignis qui provocat Ætnam,  
Id facit? An Stygii forsan vicinia Ditis  
Has tepefecit Aquas? Baiarum littora cedant,  
Atque Antenoreum prospectans unde Timavum,  
Et quæ ceruleo consurgit proxima Rheno,  
Nobilitata tuo, Sanctissime Carole regum,  
Interitu. Quantas emittit in æra bullas!  
Aspice quam varie lapides et marmora pingit,  
Per quæcumque fluit! Vix ipsa coloribus Iris  
Collucet totidem! Felix per secula mana,  
Fons sacer, humano generique salutifer esto!  
Redde seni validas vires, pavidæque puellæ  
Formosam confer faciem, morbisque medere  
Omnibus, et patrias accedat lætior oras,  
Quisquis in hac lympha fragiles immerserit artus!"

## ON THE WARM SPRINGS OF CARLSBAD.

"Fountain! whose fame poets will long time sing,  
All hail! Say whence thy streaming torrents spring,  
When, bursting thro' the sulphury vein they boil,  
As heated by the fire where Cyclops toil  
In Etna's forge? or rise they from below,  
Where Pluto's furnaces still hotter glow?  
Baïae must yield; and where Antenor led  
His crew, Timavus's rocks must hide their head;  
The waters too which, near the Rhine's blue wave,  
Shed warmest tears on mighty Charles's grave.



As struggling from the earth the bubbling spring  
 Mounts up in the air! What colours does it fling  
 Along the pebbly bed, and marble shore  
 Where'er it strays! E'en Iris could no more.  
 Then, sacred fountain, happy be thy flow  
 For ages, soothing every human woe!  
 Strengthen the old, and should the virgin seek  
 Thy aid, paint roses on her lily cheek;  
 Cure all who come, restore them to proclaim,  
 With grateful health, the wonders of thy fame!"

WILNOT.

## AIR TOBAR THEARLAICH IV.

*Gàelic Version.*

S' airidh do cliu, Thobair ghrinn  
 Air co' sheirm na'n cliar-oigh'n binn.  
 Co as tha na mear ghlugain bhlàth,  
 Roimh t-fheithan caochanach tha snamh?  
 Thair cladach's beophronasc a'ruith,  
 Co as tha iad sin teachd a muigh?  
 'Ne Etna na Ifrin, le'n teas,  
 Tha cuir t-uisg'air ghoil mar eas?  
 Bi Bàia neo-mhuirneach a chaoidh;  
 'Sgad thug cliu Thimabhais fein  
 Antenor chuige mar aoidh,  
 Sguirar bhi tuille ga'n seinn;  
 'Stheid am feasda gu di-chuimne,  
 Fuarain ghorma srath na Ruin  
 Dha t ainmsa striochdaidh iad guleir,  
 Airm Rhigh Tearlach na'n deagh bhuagh  
 Tha Thusa cho àrd os an-ceann  
 S'tha esan os ceann gach sluaigh.  
 Feuch an coileach buirn mar ghath,  
 'Stealladh's na speuran le sraon!  
 'S an cladach shios air mhille dath,  
 Dh' fhagas fann am bogh-raoin!  
 Siorruidh mear bi'dh do shru' caoin,  
 Iocshlaint' naomh do n'chinne-dhaoine!  
 Thoir neart do aois; 's do n'mhaid in thinn  
 Thoir gruaigh mar ròs is ceol-ghuth binn;  
 'S gachneach a nigheas ann do thonn  
 Cuir dhachaidh meaghrach slan le fonn.

DONALD MAC PHERSON.\*

\* Quelques peu connue que soit la langue d'Ossian (le *crse* ou le *gàelique*) hors des montagnes de l'Ecosse (*highlands*,) la version ci-dessus ne man-

This work is dedicated to Ferdinand de Lobkowitz, Duc de Raudnitz, &c. There is a memoir of the baron, whose portrait, and a view of Hassenstein, a picturesque ruin of a baronial castle on a precipitous rock, are both in lithography. The work ends with a "commentary," containing the numbers of visitors during several years, historical notices, &c.

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*The National Standard of Literature, Science, Theatricals, and the Fine Arts.* A cheap Weekly Print. Hurst, London. Vol. II. Part I.

It would be interesting to ascertain how many daily, weekly, and monthly specimens of cheap literature have sprung into being within the last five years, in this country. Germany set us the example; but the English have eclipsed Germany in number, if not in quality. Our transatlantic cousin Jonathan is beginning, we hear, to follow in the wake; but in no other part of the globe has there been any thing like the astonishing progression of cheap literature in England. When we say England, we may include the greater part of the empire: Wales is imitating her example in the publication of the "Gwladgorwr, &c.;" Edinburgh already possesses several; Germany, as we hinted, remains stationary. Italy, Portugal, and Spain, are too bigoted; that *should be* powerful limb of Europe, France, too faithless to herself, and too intoxicated with theoretical absurdities to calmly settle down in the pursuit of useful national literature; and either ignorance or intrigue too fully engross the other powers, to admit of a well-directed attention to the subject. England alone therefore runs headlong in "the march;" but, although she

quera à Carlsbad ni de lecteurs ni de juges. De 1826 à 1829 notre *Liste des étrangers* a brillé par les noms les plus illustres de ces contrées, et familiers à tous les amateurs des romans de Sir Walter Scott. Qu'il nous suffise de citer des Gordon, des Campbell, des Mackenzie, des Stewart, des Scott, des Leslie, des Frskine, des Abercrombie, des Frazer, des Morton, des Cumming, des Hamilton, des Dalrymple, des Douglas, des Logan.

Le nom *Mac Pherson* seul, si célèbre dans l'histoire des poèmes d'Ossian, et qui rappelle une des plus grandes questions littéraires, offrirait presque une garantie de la bonté de la version, si M<sup>r</sup>. Donald Mac Pherson n'étoit pas lui-même auteur de diverses poésies anglaises et gaéliques très-estimées.

takes the lead in this novel accompaniment to luxury and (perhaps?) civilization, yet it is a matter of very serious doubt, whether this great empire may not, scorpion-like, at last sting herself to death, through the instrumentality of her "cheap literature."

We grieve to say, and we speak upon the basis of experience, that a great number of these pamphlets contain matter as destructive to organized society, as they are wretched in meaning and composition. To counterbalance the baneful effects of these, the advocates of moral discipline, *as usual, were last* in the field; nor are they, at present, any thing like equal in number and circulation to their diabolical competitors. Let it not for a moment be supposed we are exclusive in our opinions: we care not an iota whence the good may arise. Let the Church of England, or let the Dissenters do their duty, by infusing to their uttermost ability the doctrines of Christianity; above all, let them not cavil amongst themselves, but let them present a bold front to the enemy, making amends, even at the eleventh hour, for past neglect, and they will yet triumph. With gratitude shall we hail the result.

It now behoves us to examine the merits of the little work before us; but we must first declare our firm assurance, that if *unqualified* democratic influence is to rule our land, that same day will see religion flee her shore, and the happiness and comfort of modern intercourse and society necessarily must accompany her in banishment.

Without imputing any thing like evil intention to the proprietary of the "National Standard," we do not precisely approve of some papers it contains, because we do not like ambiguity. The editor should bear in mind that there are clever, and therefore tempting reasoners in our day; but a careful examination will show some of their arguments to be evanescent as vapor, and as easily dissipated by the sun of reason as the murky element flees before the brightness of light. In making his selection of articles, he should therefore look to the *matter* as well as to the style.

The style of the "National Standard" is fully equal to any work of its kind, and we hesitate not to say, superior to most of them. We have in it an extensive assortment of light and classic reading, as well as of poetry; indeed, the *melange* is rich and varied. We prefer extracting a translation from part of the Sanscrit poem, the *Mahabarata*. No one can have read the allusions to transmigration and necromancy, in those parts of the *Mabinogion* which have

been made public, and more particularly the elucidations by Edward Williams and the Rev. Edward Davies, of Druidic mysticism, without agreeing with Sir William Jones, that not only do the languages of oriental and Celtic tribes exhibit features of similarity, but that their religion and superstitions bear a strong manifestation of a common origin :

**“ THE HISTORY OF THE FISH.**

*From the Sanscrit Poem, “The Mahabarata.”\**

1. The Son of the Sun was a king among men, a great sage, in splendor like to Pradjapati.

2. By his power, his riches, his fortune, and above all, his penitence, Manou surpassed both his father and grandfather.

3. Standing on one foot, with his arms uplifted, this sovereign of men, this great saint, supported for a long time this painful attitude.

4. With his head bowed down, and his eyes fixed and immovable, this mighty penitent practised austerities for long years.

5. A fish having approached the penitent of long and moist locks, on the banks of the Warini, thus addressed him :

6. O blessed one ! I am a small and weak fish, who fear the fishes great and strong ; save me, therefore, thou who acceptest the vows of mortals !

7. For the great fishes eat always the little fishes, such being our eternal fate.

8. Save me, therefore, from these great monsters, who fill me with dread, and I will be grateful for the action that thou doest unto me.

9. Then Manou, Son of the Sun, having heard the discourse of the fish, was moved with pity, and took the fish into his hand.

10. And having carried it to the border of the stream, Manou, the Son of the Sun, cast it into a vase which shone like the rays of the moon.

11. Then the fish grew under the care of Manou, who watched it even as though it were his son.

12. But, after a long time, the fish waxed so great, that the vase would no more hold it.

13. Then it said to Manou, O blessed one ! carry me to a new dwelling.

14. And the blessed Manou took it from the basin, and carried it unto a great lake.

\* The Mahabarata is an epic poem of more than 250,000 verses ; a part of it has been translated by Wilkins and Schlegel. The date of it is very uncertain ; but Mr. Wilkins supposes it to have been written two thousand years before the Christian era !!! The translation is almost literal, and is taken from the Berlin edition of 1827.

15. And Manou cast it into the lake, where for many years it lived, and grew mightily.

16. Now the lake was fifteen miles in length, and five miles in breadth, but it could contain the fish no more.

17. Nor could the fish move in the lake; but when it saw Manou, it spoke to him, and said:

18. Bear me, O blessed one! unto the spouse of the ocean, even to the river Ganges, where I may dwell; nevertheless, be it as thou wilt:

19. For it becometh me to dwell in the place that thou shalt ordain, since I have come to this greatness by thy care, O sinless one!

20. Thus being called, the blessed Manou took the fish, and he carried it to the river Ganges, and cast it into the stream thereof.

21. And the fish grew yet for a certain time; and seeing Manou, spoke to him, and said,

22. I cannot move myself in the Ganges, being so great: bear me therefore, I pray thee, to the ocean: be favourable to me, O blessed one!

23. So Manou took the fish from the river, and cast it into the sea.

24. And the fish carried by Manou had become very great; and being touched with the hand, it sent forth pleasant odours.

25. And when the fish was thrown into the sea, it smiled on Manou, and said,

26. O blessed one! thou hast procured for me a life eternal; learn, therefore, what thou must do in the time to come.

27. Soon, O blessed one! all that is moveable and immovable on earth shall be dissolved, and there shall be a general deluge.

28. And this temporary deluge is at hand; therefore I announce it unto thee, that thou mayst know what to do when the time cometh.

29. For, for that which liveth and that which liveth not, a dreadful time cometh.

30. Now, thou must make a ship, firm and solid, and with thy seven richis (sages) thou must enter it.

31. And thou shalt bear unto the ship all manner of seed, even as it was sown of old times by the men twice-born: (*the Brahmins, so called, because, in receiving the Brahminical cord, they were said to receive a second birth.*)

32. And being in the ship, O thou beloved of the saints! thou shalt perceive my coming; and I shall approach thee, and I shall have on my head a horn, by which thou shalt know me, O penitent.

33. Now knowest thou what thou shalt do; and I bid thee farewell, and I go my way; for, without me, the great waters cannot be raised.

34. But doubt not of my words, O exalted one! And Manou answered and said, I will do even as thou biddest.

35. And having saluted each other, they went each their way.

36. And Manou gathered together all the seeds after their kind, and committed himself to the waves in a fair ship, even as the fish had commanded him.

37. And Manou thought of the fish; and the fish, knowing his thoughts, appeared on a sudden with his horn.

38. And Manou, when he saw the fish swimming in the waves of the ocean, bearing a horn, even as it had been predicted to him:

39. Then Manou fixed a cord on the horn of the fish.

40. And having fixed it, the fish bore him with great swiftness over the waters.

41. The king of men in this ship thus traversed the ocean, which was as though it danced with its lifted waves, and as though it groaned with its waters.

42. And the winds blew the ship, and the waves beat it, and it tumbled in the sea like a drunken woman.

43. And there was nothing to be seen, neither the heavens nor the earth, nor the space between them.

44. And thus, in the midst of the deluged world, was left Manou and his seven sages.

45. And thus for many years the fish carried the ship amidst the multitude of waters.

46. At last it carried the ship to the highest part of Himavân.

47. Then the fish smiled, and said to the richis, Fasten the ship to the peak of the mountain.

48. And they fastened it when they heard the words of the fish.

49. Therefore this summit was called Naubandhanam, which, being interpreted, is "the binding of the ship."

50. Then the fish, the gracious one of immoveable looks, spoke thus to the richis:

51. Having taken the likeness of a fish, I have come among you to save you from the terrors of death.

52. Henceforth from Manou shall all creatures come, gods, and demons, and men.

53. He shall create again all worlds, all that is moveable and immoveable; and by prayer and fasting shall he do this.

54. But by my favour the creation shall not fall again into disorder.

55. And having spoken thus, the fish departed from among them.

Here endeth the history of the fish.

G. PAUTHIER,

Member de la Soc. Asiatique."

We have already given an opinion favorable to the "National Standard," but there is one thing in it to which we

cannot accommodate our taste. The part before us contains sixty-four pages, and they are in a formidable degree engrossed by advertisements; so that, in binding the work, one is constrained to give Messrs. Warren's blacking, Rowland's Macassar, George Robins's puffs, and the whole routine of puffers, a place in the library. What they have to do with the professed contents of the work (for it is not a newspaper), a "National Standard of Literature, Science, Music, Theatricals, and the Fine Arts," we cannot divine: assuredly this should be remedied.

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*Remarks on the Foreign Policy of England, as regards Portugal and Greece.* By James Conolly, Esq. Miller, London.

OF all the fallibilities to which humanity is liable, few hold up poor human nature so truly to view in its weakness as prejudice, and of all prejudices none are more absurd, or carry on the mind headlong into error so much as political prejudice. In order to define this, we need but look to party, and there is not a pin to chuse between the tory, the whig, or the radical bigot; party conglomerates their senses, and neither one nor the other can take a just view of things as they *should be* viewed. It is evident our author belongs to the *mild radical* school.

In his introductory remarks, he fears that "Great Britain is degraded from her ancient rank;" the tories are at present full of the same lamentation, but, say they, the "villanous" radicals and "ignorant" whigs have brought her down from her ancient renown to her present debased state; yet the whigs and the radicals accuse *them* of being the instruments of her degradation. Alas! who is to decide between the three in this uproar of recrimination?

We have read the work before us attentively, and our conviction is, that as a literary composition it is "well written:" that the author has in many passages done himself credit. We especially think he has presented the public with a well-digested analysis of the Canning policy in regard to Portugal; but we also think his remarks upon the Wellington, as well as the present administration, are often too violent, and sometimes erroneous: nor are we surprised to find our author in error when he attempts to peep into futurity. Political prophets have generally been false prophets: the greatest statesmen of this or any other country have frequently uttered predictions never to be fulfilled. No won-



der then that this writer should fail in his speculations of the future. The following extract will sufficiently prove he has no claim to the magic wand of divination :

“I pass over the affair of Terceira, with all its attendant explanations, as they are called by the Duke of Wellington, Lord Aberdeen, and Sir Robert Peel. The transaction was altogether shameful and unjustifiable, and I defy any honest unprejudiced mind, on reading the debates for and against it, to come to any other conclusion. *But, as it is pretty well understood that there are, at present, the most urgent wishes conveyed from high quarters that, notwithstanding the late glorious achievement of the Constitutional fleet, the usurping and cruel authority of Don Miguel should be at length acknowledged,* I would call upon the Commons of Great Britain to oppose an act, which, if consummated, will reflect an indelible and fouler stain upon the honour of England than, perhaps, any measure which she ever originated or acquiesced in. Who and what is the person to be acknowledged?—and for what act is he to be thus placed amongst the sovereigns of Europe? Is he not, I ask, an unjust and violent possessor of the Crown of his niece? A cold, bloody, and tyrannical despot? A base, cruel, and cowardly assassin? He is all this—and more. No man in Europe will deny it. And yet all disloyal—treasonable and perfidious, as is this monster, he is to be acknowledged a King *de jure*, and the “anointed of Heaven,” by *England!* by that country which prides herself on being

“The inviolate island of the great and free!”

Who yet, for the sake of her own *policy*, as she calls it, will not only sully her fair fame by an act so hateful, thereby forfeiting all claim to respect from surrounding nations, *but she will next lend her counsel to deliver over to the arms of this mock monarch, an injured, helpless, and innocent child, his own niece, who, under the sanction of the papal chair, is to be sacrificed at the altar of God, an unconscious and a piteous victim to incest and flagitious ambition!* Who could act a part in such a drama of all that is wicked and damnable among the great ones of the earth, and not exclaim with *Claudius*—

“*Oh! my offence is rank, it smells to Heaven!*”

\* \* \* \* \*

“If, therefore, we are still further to commit ourselves, by lending our aid to the climax of abomination, which cannot fail to attend the recognition of Don Miguel, we may then bid adieu to the remains of that glorious reputation, of which we have so frequently, and in many instances, so justly boasted, and we shall have laid up for ourselves a stock of odium, which will remain by us for ages.”

We suspect, although but a short time has elapsed since the publication of his work, that our author would now

*rather* wish to strike out these passages. When "the call" next takes possession of his mind, we trust the inspiration will, at least, produce something better than this. We can bestow brief space to this notice: pass we on therefore to Greece.

Our author has succeeded, we think, much better with Greece than Portugal; we also think his observations respecting the "untoward" event of Navarino evince discernment of the first order; the remarks upon Mahmoud the Second present a well-drawn epitome of that extraordinary character. Did time permit, we could break a lance with the writer concerning his fears of Russia's designs upon British India, and the practicability of her accomplishing her object so soon as he imagines. He is also quite wrong when he says, (page 36,) "we never yet experienced an *European* enemy in India;" had he said, we never had a large European army opposed to us there, the assertion would have been correct. Disputes regarding foreign territorial interest in India, certainly, have generally been settled in European cabinets, without fighting, but it cannot be forgotten that our troops had repeated contests with the French in the Pondicherry country; for corroboration of our assertion we may refer the author either to Orme or Mill, in their Histories of British India. We are now compelled to take leave of the "Remarks upon the Foreign Policy of England, as regards Portugal and Greece."

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*Sermons.* By the Rev. Henry Vaughan, B. A. Vicar of Crickhowel, Brecknockshire. London: Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly.

THE edge of criticism should never be sharper than when called into action on behalf of the solemn and sacred subject of our belief of holy writ; neither would we at any time yield our opinion of the demerits in the style of a writer on sacred subjects, because his holy, and perhaps highly respected character, would frequently induce the critic to overlook such a defect. Christian subjects should wear a garb suitable to them, and no fault is more reprehensible in the preacher or writer, than a carelessness of style, such as we but too frequently have witnessed in them both. We make these remarks, because we would have our readers to understand upon what principles we generally proceed upon our duties; and, having done so, we confidently open the pages of this work, with the full satisfaction that, as far as our humble abilities will carry us upon these subjects, we shall at any rate act up to the system we profess.

This work contains twenty-three sermons upon the most interesting scriptural subjects of doctrine, and the texts, although in no instance *common place*, are of that simple beautiful character which composes the mind so sweetly to the discourse that follows. The first of these is so tender and pathetic, that we cannot withhold the quotation,—“who hath despised the day of small things,” and it is most ably, and at the same time very usefully treated; indeed, throughout the work we have been pleased (as we should always wish to be,) less with the talent evinced in it, than with the utility and application of the balm it conveys to the overloaded spirit and suffering sinner.

There are three discourses on the prophetic, priestly, and kingly office of Christ; and these most important points of Christian belief are treated in a clear, concise, but argumentative manner, well worthy of the subject. There is a firmness also in the language, and an uncompromising power in the speech, that bespeaks an earnestness in the writer, without which, we beg to observe, we should care but little for the purest and finest language that ever fell from the lips of mortal. We congratulate the congregation of Mr. Vaughan on possessing one who appears warm and earnest in his Christian ministry, and we hope and trust that he will daily receive the fruit of his calling. We conclude partly in his own words, and address ourselves to him: “Give your labour, and you shall reap abundantly in that day when the only labour shall be to gather in the harvest of an exceeding and eternal weight of glory; and whatsoever your hand findeth to do, do it heartily; for ‘the night is far spent, the day is at hand.’”

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*Reflections on a Graduated Property and Income Tax.*

By Edward Jones, Esq. Hurst, London.

THE object of this work, as the title imports, is to suggest the propriety of raising a sum of money amounting annually to 17,822,000*l.* so raised, by a graduated property and income tax, “as to repeal all the duties now received from malt, hops, tea, coffee, sugar, soap, starch, vinegar, coal and culm (coastwise,) foreign tallow, butter and cheese, licences and certificates, horse-dealers, horses and mules, (not carriages or riding horses,) windows, inhabited houses, receipt stamps, and percentage on compositions,—and relieve the people from what is considered by our author as an oppressive and unjust system of taxation, augment the produce of industry and commerce of the country, and preserve the integrity of the empire.”

The subjoined extracts contain a specification of the amount of each tax proposed to be repealed, and of the reasons urged in favour of their abolition.

*Taxes proposed to be Abolished.*

Malt	-	-	4,136,857	Foreign cheese	-	68,224
Hops	-	-	148,594	Licences	-	793,890
Tea	-	-	3,344,913	Licences and certificates	-	154,148
Coffee	-	-	559,432	Horse-dealers	-	13,543
Sugar	-	-	4,219,049	Horses and mules	-	61,435
Soap	-	-	1,138,262	Windows	-	1,178,344
Starch	-	-	78,805	Inhabited houses	-	1,357,041
Vinegar	-	-	18,905	Receipt stamps	-	200,426
Coal and culm, coastwise	-	-	64,238	Per centage on com-	} 25,909	
Foreign tallow	-	-	137,868	positions		
Ditto butter	-	-	121,250			
						£17,821,133

*Reasons for Selecting these Duties to be Repealed.*

“ Malt, hops, tea, coffee, sugar, soap, starch, and vinegar, are necessary for the support and convenience of life, and coals and culm should be rendered as cheap as possible, because they are of great comfort to the people, and tend to preserve their health in winter.

“ Candles is an article of heavy expense to the poor in winter. The children of the people are brought up, principally, on bread and butter, and butter and potatoes; and the people use a great deal of cheese for their support: for these reasons the repeal of the duties on foreign tallow, butter, and cheese, would give them some relief. If it be urged that this will affect agriculture, the answer is, that it can make no difference to the cultivator; he calculates all the produce of his farm before he takes it, and if the dairy be less productive than formerly, he makes the proper deduction; and as butter and cheese are too dear, the people should be relieved.\*

“ The duties on all licences and certificates, and on horse dealers, are a kind of income-tax, therefore should be repealed on a regular income-tax being established.

“ The duties on windows and inhabited houses being a kind of property tax, should also be repealed, on establishing an income tax.

“ The stamp duty on receipts is a troublesome disagreeable tax, the cause of differences, suspicion, and disrespect, and sometimes of fraud and dishonesty, when confidence, so necessary in

\* Yes, “before he takes it;” but what are they in possession to do? To say the least, such a measure of finance would produce quittings and retakings all over the kingdom, unless the landlords and tenants would compromise, which so rarely happens.

trade, has been misplaced ; to do away with this tax would preserve confidence and friendship, and do away with the cause of a great deal of ill blood.”

The graduated ascending scale of impost on property and income, recommended in lieu of these taxes, is the following :

*Graduating ascending Scale of Impost.*

INCOME.		INCOME.		RATE.		
				s.	d.	
£50 and under	£60			0	4	in the pound.
60	- 70			0	6	ditto
70	- 90			0	9	ditto
90	- 100			1	0	ditto
100	- 130			1	3	ditto
130	- 150			1	6	ditto
150	- 200			2	0	ditto
200	- 300			2	3	ditto
300	- 400			2	6	ditto
400	- 600			2	9	ditto
600	- 1,000			3	0	ditto
1,000	- 2,000			3	6	ditto
2,000	- 4,000			4	0	ditto
4,000	- 10,000			4	6	ditto
10,000	- 20,000			5	0	ditto
20,000 and upwards				6	0	ditto

“ Bachelors, forty years of age, to pay 1 per cent. more from 1000*l.* and upwards.

“ For every sinecure and office executed by deputy, and for every place or office held by a person who has a superannuate pension for another place or office, an additional 10 per cent.

“ The land tax in King William the Third’s time was 4*s.* in the pound ; when money was five times its present value, and here the rate of 4*s.* does not commence till 2,000*l.* a year.”

As the payments on the smaller incomes must necessarily fall heavier than those on the greater incomes, our author proposes to allow on “ an income from 50*l.* to 80*l.* a deduction of 5 per cent. for every child above one ; from 80*l.* to 120*l.* 5 per cent. for every child above two ; from 120*l.* to 180*l.* 5 per cent for every child above three ; and from 180*l.* to 250*l.* 5 per cent. for every child above four.”

The produce of the substituted tax is estimated at 21,493,498*l.*, leaving a surplus in favor of the alteration amounting to 3,672,365*l.*, which is expected to cover whatever difference there may be between the former and present incomes, on which the calculation has been made, and answer for a proposed deduction of one-fourth on incomes arising from personal labour, skill, and professions ;

also allowances for children, the expense of collection, &c., "which may reduce the tax to 17,821,133*l.*, the amount of the taxes to be repealed; but if it should be thought that there will be a larger deficit in the incomes than the above surplus will cover, then the duties on "licences and certificates may be continued until the returns under the Act shall be made; they amount to 948,038*l.*, which, added to the above 3,672,365*l.* will make 4,620,403*l.* to answer all contingencies."

In addition to these advantages, our author estimates a further saving annually of 801,949*l.* by a reduction in the per centage of collection from 6½ to 2 per cent., "besides the additional charges in trade on the articles, in consequence of the taxes on them; this (he thinks) will make another annual saving to the people of a sum perhaps equally large, if not more."

The passages above quoted are sufficient to put our readers in possession of an outline of our author's plan. His reasons in favor of this important change in our financial system, are founded partly on the historical fact that men of wealth, the noblemen and gentlemen of the country, bear the great burthen of the state. In the feudal times, the barons and their tenants served in the wars, and those who did not personally serve, paid a tax, which was called *escuage*; afterwards all services were commuted into money, and the aids and subsidies were imposed on lands and goods, stocks on the land being exempt."

"These taxes (adds our author) were therefore paid by the rich according to the value of their land, costly furniture, &c. The furniture, &c. of the people were but of small value." He continues: "This was the principle acted upon down to the time of the funding system; a system that must in time be the ruin of every country, and enslave every people where it is adopted, or force the country to dishonour itself, by breaking its faith with its creditors, and rob them of their property."

The main argument, however, in favor of the change, is that, in the opinion of our author, the present mode of taxation is unjust; "a wanton and wicked oppression of the poor," the taxes on articles for use and consumption" being "incapable in their nature of being adjusted, so that each individual shall bear his part and just proportion according to his situation in life and abilities to pay, which alone constitute an equitable taxation. He adds: "the indirect taxes are worse in their effect than the direct taxes; the cost to

the individual is much greater than the sum that goes into the exchequer, and he is left in ignorance of both. . . . The property tax is very different from this: whatever is paid on that tax goes direct to the public treasury. It has none of the mysterious windings and the deductions that are made out of the indirect taxes, that pass through so many indirect channels: on every tax or additional tax, the trader lays on the double, even on all his stock in hand, and the people must pay all these augmentations, or deprive themselves of the articles they stand in need of; nothing of these impositions and injustice belong to the property tax. . . . The agricultural and trading classes, from whose industry all income emanates, who are therefore mainly to be regarded in taxation, have every reason to approve of an income tax. They are then sure that public creditors and public servants, who derive their incomes from public taxes, will contribute their just proportions to the burthen of the state; and they are sure also of its effect being less injurious to themselves in their different situations in life, than taxes on articles of necessary consumption; the income tax corresponding with every man's means of paying, which alone can be just: the other taxes having no such principle in them must be unjust, arbitrary, and ruinous to the people."

"The property tax (he observes further on) produces no derangement in rank or station, because all become a little less rich in due proportion; the distinctions remain exactly in the same relative proportions. And in commerce the effect of the tax will be precisely the same; no derangement can happen from the tax, because it acts only on prior ascertained and accustomed gain, and makes the manufacturer contribute a small portion of that gain to the public service."

"A change of system will remove obstructions to production; all production will augment in quantity, and yet will augment in value; and the price of labour will increase in proportion. This country is never so prosperous as when every thing bears a good price; the labourer is then well paid for his labour, the mechanic for his industry and skill, the circulation of money becomes more abundant and more rapid, and the circulation of money is the lifeblood of the country. In every country where that circulation is but small the country is languid, and the people poor and miserable."

Much more might have been added in illustration of our author's argument in favor of the change which he advocates, if our limits would allow of further extracts. What we have



given embraces the most material of his statements and reasoning.

We shall conclude with a few reflections, which have occurred to us in reference to this subject ; premising that, though we doubt the propriety of so extensive and sudden a change as he recommends, we fully admit the importance of his suggestions, and the ability with which he has supported them.

Notwithstanding the view which our author has taken of the unhappy effect of the funding system, and the scheme of taxation to which it has given rise, on the situation of the people, he does not wish himself to be understood "as derogating from the power, dignity, and glory of the British empire, nor from the political wisdom of its government ; on the contrary (he observes), the wisdom of its ministers and Parliament has gone along with the enterprising spirit, talent, and industry of the people ;" and that "the wise measures of the government, in aiding the talents and industry of the people, has brought the nation to be the first empire in the world, ought not to be denied." These are large admissions, and should have led him, in our opinion, to doubt the correctness of his views, at least to the extent to which he has carried them ; for if the system which he deprecates has been attended with such beneficial effects as he describes, there may be some reason to fear, whether the adoption of a contrary system, especially if the change be sudden and extensive, might not be attended with injurious consequences in its result.

We admit with our author, "if an income tax had always existed instead of the other modes of taxation, the country had never been plunged into its present debt. Those in power and those out of power would, at all times, have augmented the burden with prudence and economy ; because they would then have been taxing themselves direct." Consequently, the country would, in all human probability, have been spared a considerable part of the enormous expense attendant upon the war for the independence of America, and the revolutionary wars with France ; and our public burdens might now have been comparatively light : but it may reasonably be doubted whether the position, which we, as a nation, occupy among the scale of nations, would have been as high as it is at present, and our commerce been carried to the extent which it has attained, many of the improvements which have taken place in machinery having doubtless been stimulated by the necessity,

from excessive taxation, of economising the use of manual labour in every possible way, the expense of which, in this country, would have driven us from foreign markets, if the cost of production had not been considerably cheapened by the substitution of machinery, as ingenious as it has been efficacious in enabling us to compete with the countries around us, in which the prices of the necessaries of life are so much below that of our own.

Admitting, however, for the sake of argument, that if we had maintained the system of finance which our author advocates, and with the continuance of low prices, and such improvements in machinery as might intermediately have taken place, our commerce had extended itself to the point which it has now attained, and that we could have avoided many of the expensive contests in which we have been involved, or disengaged ourselves from them with credit the moment they became burdensome; it does not follow as a consequence from this reasoning, now that our taxes have attained to an amount which our author contends could never have been the case under a system of direct taxation, that the adoption of such a system, under such circumstances, in the manner and to the extent recommended by him, would be safe or expedient. So far from this, we have great doubts whether the discontent which it would engender among the influential classes, upon whom the burden would principally fall, would not lead to the adoption of measures for the violent extinction of the national debt, in view to their relief, which our author would deprecate as well as ourselves, and the country thus become involved in the horrors of a revolution, which it is the object of his measure to avoid. There is this essential difference between direct and indirect taxation; the payment under the latter system is, to the individual, apparently voluntary, and he is scarcely sensible of the extent of his contribution, in the several purchases he makes; while the payer of direct taxes is sensibly and inconveniently reminded of the extent of what he has to pay every time the collector applies to him for it.

Our author may style this a selfish feeling on the part of the upper classes, but it is inseparable from human nature; and, if an indirect taxation has attained to an amount which direct taxation could never on this account have reached, it might be a hazardous experiment to impose suddenly an extent of direct taxation, which probably could not have been realized, however gradually and cautiously

the attempt under a different state of circumstances might have been made.

Even allowing that such an amount of direct taxation as is recommended could now be imposed without the hazard of serious discontent, we are convinced in our own minds that so sudden and important a change could not be made without serious inconvenience to individuals, and a derangement of the trade and commerce of the country, from the effects of which it might be difficult to recover it. The most serious of the evils which the labouring classes of this country have to endure at present, is the want of employment, arising from an excessive population, encouraged as it has been by an allowance to the labourer in proportion to the number of children which he has to maintain, from the poor rates, for which his wages should and would probably have provided, if so fatal an expedient had not been resorted to. As far as the labouring classes could be employed on their present scale of wages, under the altered system, the change for them would undoubtedly prove most beneficial; for it would bestow upon them many comforts to which they have hitherto been strangers. But it is clear, that with the abstraction of so large a sum from the pockets of the rich, there would be a failure in the demand from that quarter for many articles, which give employment and provide sustenance for many families of the labouring classes, who would either be thrown out of employ, or by their competition effect such a reduction in the amount of wages, as would materially reduce the benefit the labouring classes would otherwise have derived from a diminution of the indirect taxation on articles of necessary consumption. During this transition, in view to an adjustment of prices consequent to the change of system, much individual distress, if not serious discontent, would ensue, until the wages of labour had reached the level appropriate to the new order of things; which, if the population were not excessive, would ultimately stop at an amount that would prove advantageous to the receiver; but with the competition of those who would in the first instance probably be thrown out of employ, and of those who under the present system are seeking it, there is some reason to doubt, whether, with our present amount of population, the change would in the end be so beneficial to the working classes as might otherwise be supposed.

These considerations lead us to think that a change of so important a character should, if introduced at all, be made

gradually; and that the taxes to be remitted, and the rates of impost to be substituted, should not, in the first instance, and for some time, at least, exceed a half, or even a fourth of what our author has proposed; and if the partial adoption of the scheme were attended with success, a further portion of the indirect taxation could be removed, and of the direct impost substituted, to as great an extent as might then be found to be practicable.

We should conceive that this, upon the whole, would be a preferable course to that which our author has proposed, for it would be attended with less hazard, and enable the government to stop short at the point at which, from the experience gained, a further change might not be deemed beneficial. At the same time, we must say, with all the admissions which we have made in favour of the scheme, we entertain serious doubts of its practicability, and are not satisfied whether its ultimate effect might not be to discourage the accumulation of capital in this country, and lead to its transfer and employment in other countries, where it would not be so heavily taxed, and might be more beneficially employed. The payment, for instance, of a sum of 2,500*l.* in direct taxation, out of a capital yielding a profit of 10,000*l.* annually, and of 6000*l.* a year out of a capital yielding a profit of 20,000*l.*, would be regarded by the owners as a serious hardship, and might in the end lead to some such consequences as our fears lead us to anticipate.

We however think so well of the pamphlet as to recommend it to the serious perusal of our readers, and especially to the attentive consideration of such whose experience may enable them to trace the probable consequences of the scheme, to which we have no pretensions. We should think also, that it would be well for our author himself to consider his scheme in the point of view in which it is here presented to him; some of the difficulties in the way of its execution, at which we have hinted, not being glanced at in the statement into which he has entered in support of his views.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

## WELSH PERIODICALS.

The following monthly magazines in the Welsh language have come under our notice during the last quarter.

*Yr Eurgrawn Wesleyaidd.* Wesleyan printing-office, Llanidloes. This publication is, as far as we can learn, the oldest Welsh periodical in the Principality. It was commenced in the year 1808, and has now reached its twenty-fifth annual volume.

*Gwyliedydd.* Sanderson, Bala. This publication is exclusively conducted by members of the established church.

*Seren Gomer.* Evans, Carmarthen. The 'Seren' was originally established by Harris of Swansea, as a weekly newspaper; and for a considerable time met with a very extensive circulation; but, at the termination of the war, political excitement and curiosity having subsided, it was discontinued as a newspaper, and, in 1818, resumed under its present form. It is now in its sixteenth volume, and is one of the most popular periodicals in the Welsh language. Its monthly issue exceeds two thousand copies.

*Gwladgarwr.* Seacome, Chester.

*Dysgi-dydd Crefyddol.* Pugh, Dolgelly.

*Greal y Bedyddwyr.* Jenkins, Cardiff.

*Efanglydd.* Rees, Llandoverly. For excellence of typographical execution, this work does honour to the Principality, and may compete with any periodical in the kingdom. Messrs. Rees have, with the most exemplary public spirit, set up in their native place a printing establishment, such as few provincial towns can boast of, and which is chiefly employed in the promoting of Cambrian literature.

*Drysorfa.* Parry, Chester.

*Yr Athraw.* Jones, Llanrwst.

*Trysor i Blentyn.* Wesleyan printing-office, Llanidloes.

*A Penny Magazine for Children,* commenced in 1825 at Llanfaircaereinion.

## CONTENTS OF THE LAST NUMBERS OF THE FOLLOWING WELSH PERIODICALS.

*Gwladgarwr.* Divinity, Astronomy, Natural History, Biography, Logic, Poetry, Varieties, &c.

*Seren Gomer.* Lander's Tour to Africa, Treatise on the Effects of Practice, &c.

*Efanglydd.* History of Athanasius, Bible Society, Ancient Biography, Education, Biography—Rev. Rowland Hill, Religion in America, Good Memory, Biography—Dafydd Morris, History of the Lioness.

*Gwyliedydd.* Memoirs of the late Rev. Griffith Jones, Llandovror; Letter from America; Ancient History; Natural History

of Birds; History of the Parish of Llanferras, Denbighshire; Sayings of the late Robert Hall; the Last Hours of Dr. Johnson; Agriculture; Slave Trade; Contents of the Red Book of Hengist; Oxford on Happiness; The Land beneath the Sea.

## WELSH PRESS.

*Pregethau y Parch. C. Evans.* Evans, Carmarthen. Sermons by the Rev. C. Evans, to be completed in two hundred numbers. The author has for many years been a popular preacher among the Baptists in Wales, and, as his ministry has been conducted chiefly in the Welsh language, we may conclude that these discourses exhibit a fair specimen of his style, which, we understand, is highly impressive.

*Pregethau ar wahanol achosion, &c.* A Welsh Translation of Wesley's Sermons, by E. Jones, Llanidloes. This work, which professes to be a literal translation of the original, is given in a plain and perspicuous, and at the same time not inelegant style. It will be completed in twenty-three numbers.

*Drych y Cymunwr.* Jones, Caernarvon. A Treatise on the Holy Communion, by Hugh Pugh, Llandrillo, Edeyrnion. Printed by the Cymmrodorion Society.

*Cofiant byr am rai o'r dynion enwocaf a aned yn Nghymru.* Hughes, London. Printed by the Cymmrodorion.

*A Biographical Sketch of Eminent Men born in Wales subsequent to the Reformation.* By Robert Williams, Esq.

*Cyfarch difrifol Gweinidog o'r Eglwys Sefydledig at ei blwyfolion.* An earnest Address of a Minister of the Established Church to his Parishioners. Gee, Denbigh.

*Rhai o ragoriaethau Eglwy Loegr.* Saunderson, Bala. A Sermon, by the Rev. J. W. Cunningham, translated into Welsh by the Rev. George Phillips, Holywell.

*Traethodau, &c.* Tracts on Church Discipline, by the late Rev. J. P. Davies, Tredegar.

The Rev. John Jones (Tegid,) Christ church, Oxford, is busily engaged in transcribing the Poems of Lewis Glyn Cothi, which the Cymmrodorion Society of London intend to publish. The same society have a competent person employed investigating the collections in the British Museum, and preparing a catalogue of all the Welsh documents preserved in that grand depositary, which they also intend to publish.

Messrs. Rees have it in contemplation to publish an edition of *Canwyll y Cumry*.

## CALEDONIAN PRESS.

Donald Gregory, Esq. Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, has been for some years engaged in preparing *A History of the Western Highlands, and the Hebrides during the 16th and 17th Centuries*.

Mr. L. Mac Lean, of Glasgow, hon. member of the Ossianic Club, has published a History of the interesting Island of Iona.

## LONDON AND PROVINCIAL NEWS.

## GWENT AND DYVED ROYAL EISTEDDVOD.

WE are happy to hear that the marquis of Bute, and the nobility and gentry of the counties of Glamorgan and Monmouth, have evinced a readiness to promote Welsh literature, poetry, and music, in a manner that reflects great credit on them. A meeting was held in the town-hall at Cardiff, on the 29th of August, for the purpose of taking preliminary steps for holding an Eisteddvod in that town next year, under the special patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria. The marquis of Bute kindly consented to accept the office of president, and gave a donation of 100*l.* The Rev. J. M. Traherne and T. W. Booker, esq. were appointed honorary secretaries, than whom none are more competent to fill the office with talent and respectability. Mr. Taliesin Williams (ab Iolo) was appointed Welsh correspondent, and Mr. John Parry, Bardd Alaw, conductor.

Cardiff is admirably calculated for holding a national festival: the bards and minstrels will assemble in the keep of the ancient castle, which will be fitted up for the occasion. The situation is a very beautiful one; the marquis of Bute's mansion is within the castle walls, (which are nearly half a mile round,) on which there is a delightful walk, with a fine view of the surrounding country.

The oratorio will be in the church, of course, the concerts given at the spacious town-hall, and the ball at the Cardiff Arms Assembly Rooms; and the festival, altogether, is expected to be a most splendid one.

Among the subjects proposed for Prize Poems, Essays, &c. are the following interesting ones:

An Ode, in Welsh, on the British Druids.

An Essay, in Welsh, on an historical subject.

A Poem, in Welsh, on Cardiff Castle.

A Paper on the Minerals of the counties of Glamorgan and Monmouth, with the benefit arising from them in manufacturing and commercial points of view.

An Historical Account of the Castles in Glamorgan and Monmouth shires. Essays, in Welsh and English, on Welsh Poetry.

A Miniature Silver Harp will be awarded to the best performer on the triple-stringed, or Welsh harp.

A Silver Medal will be presented to the best performer on the single-stringed harp, without pedals.

A Medal will be also given to the best singer of Pennillion, with the Welsh harp.

During the Eisteddvod, Medals and Premiums will be awarded for the best Englynion (stanzas) on various subjects, which will be proposed at the time.

These meetings do much good in more ways than one: they are the means of bringing together, in friendly intercourse, the peer and the peasant; they rescue from oblivion many valuable historical facts; they tend to perpetuate the customs of our forefathers; they foster rising genius, and prove highly beneficial to the towns and neighbourhood in which they are held; so that it behoves every lover of the "mountain land" to give them his best support.



**ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS—(Cambrian.)**

The Bishop of St. David's has been pleased to institute the following gentlemen to the under-mentioned livings: Rev. James Owen, of Cilvowir, Pembrokeshire, to the perpetual curacy of Llechryd, in the county of Cardigan, on the joint nomination of Thomas Lloyd, esq. of Coedmore, and Charles R. Longcroft, esq. of Llanina, Cardiganshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. Sampson Owen.—Rev. William George, of Abbeycwmhir, Radnorshire, to the rectory of Bridell, Pembrokeshire, on the presentation of the freeholders of the parish, vacant by the death of the Rev. Sampson Owen.—Rev. Daniel Jones, Llanfihangel-y-Croiddyn, in the county of Cardigan, to the vicarage of Llandeveilog, Carmarthenshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. W. Evans, Towy Castle, on the presentation of Richard Stanley, esq. Sheffield.—Rev. W. Davies, curate of Nevern, to the vacant rectory of Llangunllo, in the county of Cardigan.

The Bishop of Llandaff has been pleased to collate the Rev. Morgan Powell to the vicarage of St. Bride's with Coeckernew, near Newport, Monmouthshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. H. Jones.

**ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS—(Caledonian.)**

The Rev. Alexander Cowper has been presented to the Episcopal Chapel, Blair, Athol. The King has presented the Rev. John Mac Rae to the Church of Cross, in the parish of Barvas, isle of Lewis, vacant by the translation of the Rev. Finlay Cooke to Inverness.

Lord Moray a short time since presented the Rev. John Grant, assistant and successor to the Rev. — Smith, of Petty, Inverness-shire; but of 390 heads of families only twenty signed the call, and he is objected to as incompetent in knowledge of the Gaëlic; it being alleged that a sermon preached in that tongue, though satisfactory to the presbytery, does not prove his fitness for the charge.

**ORDINATIONS.**

The Bishop of Bangor held an ordination. After reading the service, his lordship delivered an appropriate discourse, and then ordained the following gentlemen:

*Order of Priests*—James Jones, B. A. Jesus College, Oxford; Thomas Birch Llewelyn Brown, B. A. Jesus College, Oxford.

*Order of Deacons*—John Evans, B. A. Jesus College, Oxford; Robert Williams, B. A. Christ Church, Oxford, by letters dismissary from the Bishop of St. Asaph; George Parry, B. A. Trinity College, Dublin, by letters dismissary from the Bishop of St. Asaph.

We are informed that the Bishop of St. Asaph intends to hold an ordination in St. Asaph cathedral, on Sunday, the 3d of November next.

**NEW CHURCHES.**

The society for building new churches has liberally granted to the parish of Newtown, Montgomeryshire, the sum of 3,500*l.* for the purpose of building a new church there, on condition of a sum of 1,500*l.* being raised to meet it. An opportunity is thus afforded for the erecting of a church in that populous and rapidly increasing town.

A new church is to be erected at the watering-place, Rhyl, in Denbighshire.

The new church, St. Michael's, at Aberystwith, was consecrated on the 4th ult. by the Bishop of St. David's.

**MISSIONARY MEETING.**

The anniversary missionary meeting of the baptist congregation took place at Newtown, Montgomeryshire, in August last. On Sunday morning, the

Rev. James Penney, from Calcutta, preached to a large audience; and at night the Rev. E. Carey, from Serampore, preached to an overflowing congregation. On Monday morning, at Rhydvellin chapel, the ordination of the Rev. Mr. Thomas, of Newtown, was performed. In the evening, from 1500 to 2000 persons attended in the Public Buildings, Newtown, when Mr. Penney addressed the company, and related many interesting facts relating to his mission to Calcutta and other places. Mr. Carey related what he had witnessed during the revolution that took place in the island of Jamaica last Christmas twelve months.

THE GWYLIEDYDD.

An appeal to churchmen on behalf of the "Gwyliedydd," the only Welsh periodical conducted by members of the church of England, has recently been made by Mr. Saunderson, respectfully soliciting their active patronage and encouragement.

CIVIL PROMOTIONS (*Caledonian.*)

June 26. John Jardine, esq. Advocate, was appointed Sheriff depute of Ross and Cromarty, vice Donald Mac Leod, esq. of Geanies, who has resigned at a patriarchal age, and after holding the office fifty-nine years. The freedom of the burgh of Dingwall, and other honours, have been conferred on the learned gentleman since his appointment.

June 26. James Ivory, esq. Advocate, was appointed Sheriff depute of Caithness, vice James Traill, esq. who has resigned.

August. Patrick Davidson, esq. Advocate, has been elected Professor of Civil Law in King's College, Aberdeen, vacant by the death of Dr. Daunev.

William Sutherland Fraser, esq. Dornoch, has been appointed by the Sheriff, Procurator Fiscal.

MILITARY PROMOTION (*Cambrian.*)

'Captain John William Jones, of Tyddyn Elen, Carnarvon, has been promoted to the Majority of the 17th Native Infantry, in the Hon. East India Company's service.

MILITARY PROMOTIONS (*Caledonian.*)

Aug. 23. Surgeon J. H. Walker, M.D. (92d Regt.) from 36th, to be Surgeon, vice A. Anderson, who retires on half-pay.—Staff Assistant Surgeon, A. Mac Gregor, to be Assistant Surgeon. This regiment, which is now at Barbadoes, will return home early next year.

Thomas Gordon, esq. of Cairness, has received the commission of Colonel in the Greek service, and has been appointed Aid-de-camp to King Otho, as a reward for his eminent services to the Grecian cause.

HOLYHEAD ROAD.

The royal assent was given on the 14th of August to "an Act for transferring to the commissioners of his Majesty's woods and forests the several powers now vested in the Holyhead-road commissioners, and for discharging the last-mentioned commissioners from the future repairs and maintenance of the roads, harbours, and bridges now under their care and management."

CELTIC MARRIAGE FEAST.

The old custom in Lower Brittany of expending immense sums on marriage feasts is still kept up. The Morlaix Journal gives an account of a recent wedding, at which 4000 pounds worth of bread and seven casks of wine, besides a great deal of other provisions, were consumed.

ATHOLE GATHERING.

The Athole Gathering took place at the bridge of Tilt, on the 2d of August; there was consequently a numerous assemblage of all ranks. The number of handsome equipages formed a curious contrast to the aspect of the rural and sequestered valley. An enumeration of the prizes will show

the objects of the association. For industry and fidelity in service; for plaids manufactured in Athole; and for unbleached linen. To those most correctly dressed in the native costume of home-made tartan; to men and female servants for good conduct and length of service. For games: throwing a sledge hammer, putting the stone, turning the caber, leaping, foot-racing, excellence in dancing, and playing piobrachd on the bagpipes.

TESTIMONIAL OF RESPECT TO JOHN RICE, ESQ.

John Rice, esq. has been for some years the honorary secretary and resident surgeon of the Metropolitan Infirmary for the diseases of children, an institution that has been of more signal benefit to helpless objects of poverty, than many of the more imposing and vaunted hospitals of the metropolis. From the first moment of his appointment, he applied the abilities of a highly cultivated and active mind in extending the charitable purposes of the establishment, and he has been for some time in a great measure its sole support. In consequence of the increased assistance the charity has lately extended to the suffering poor, and some little division in the councils of those whose united efforts were necessary for its advancement, the finances of the charity became impaired, and it was judged necessary to adopt some means to increase their amount, or at once close the institution. By the generosity of Thomas Hope, esq. M.P. for Gloucester, in offering his splendid picture gallery for the occasion, it was resolved to give a morning concert in aid of the funds, and Mr. Rice, by his activity, contributed so highly to the success of the measure, that the committee of management, by an unanimous vote, presented him for his services on this occasion, and the gratuitous devotion of his time and talents during so many years to the benefit of the charity, with a remarkably handsome snuff-box, bearing on the inside of the lid the following inscription:

To JOHN RICE, esq. M.R.C.S.

This box is presented by  
The managing committee  
of the

ROYAL METROPOLITAN INFIRMARY,  
As a mark of respect  
For his arduous and valuable services  
While acting as  
Their honorary secretary.  
24th July, 1833.

ANNUAL GATHERING OF BRÆ-MAR.

The Cruinneachadh Bhrea Mhar, or Annual Gathering of Bræ-Mar, took place on the 22d of August. A respectable company, over whom the chief of the Farquharson's presided, dined in the ancient castle of Bræmar. There was an excellent ball in the evening, and the dancers were the best ever seen in that district, so celebrated for the genuine Highland fling.

LONGEVITY.

An inmate of St. Margaret's workhouse, Westminster, named Ann Parker, died lately, at the advanced age of 101 years. There is a portrait of an old woman in the same workhouse, who died June 26, 1739, at the age of 136.

There is now living at a place called Havod-ty, in the parish of Llandegai, near this city, a man of the name of J. W. Hughes, who is ninety-eight years of age; his wife died in February, 1830, aged ninety-three; they lived together in wedlock seventy-one years, and they have now living the following descendants, viz. six children, thirty-three grandchildren, ninety-nine great-grandchildren, and four great-great-grandchildren; total one hundred and forty-two: besides one child, fourteen grandchildren, and twenty great grandchildren, buried; total, thirty-five.—*Bangor paper.*

## IONA CLUB.

The Iona Club held their first meeting or fête, in the interesting island of Iona, on the 6th of September. This society, as appeared from our last number, is associated for the purpose of illustrating the history and antiquities of the Highlands and islands, and on this occasion they met within the walls of the old cathedral. A great number of persons were attracted to this remote isle, and once celebrated seat of Religion and Learning. The country people were entertained with games, boat-sailing, &c. and the members of the society and their friends, after examining the ruins and burial-grounds, dined in a spacious tent; D. Campbell, esq. of Dunstaffnage, in the chair.

## APPEAL IN BEHALF OF THE MANKS COLLEGE, ISLE OF MAN.

We have been requested to insert the following appeal, and have great pleasure in doing so.

“ This college is called King William’s College, and was opened on the 1st August, 1833; the building is not yet complete, but is rapidly progressing; the tower will be 147 feet high.

“ When an object of universal concern solicits the attention of the public, it may reasonably be expected that all will feel an interest in its success. Such is the object which this appeal is designed to promote, an object which involves the best interests of the country, the interests of religion and of learning. To advance these interests, the erection of a college in the vicinity of Castletown, on a liberal and extensive plan, has been vigorously undertaken, and is now approaching towards its completion. The building is spacious and elegant, furnished with suitable accommodations for the masters and students, and adorned with a house of prayer, which is designed for the use both of the inmates of the college, and of the poor in the immediate neighbourhood.

“ The edifice, when completed, will long remain ‘ a gem of purest ray serene,’ to ornament our shores, and shed a lustre over the whole land.

“ A scholar, equally distinguished for piety and talents, has been selected from the first ranks of literature to be the principal of the college, and, under the Divine blessing, on his vigilant superintendance, there are good grounds to expect that the important ends of the institution will be abundantly accomplished.

“ Our gracious sovereign has kindly permitted it to be called ‘ King William’s College.’ Our insular rulers, both in church and state, have liberally contributed to its erection, and several individuals in different parts of the island have generously afforded their aid; but the funds are still very inadequate to the completion of the work. The sum of 800*l.* is wanted to finish the building; and will not the inhabitants of the Isle of Man, by their united contributions, raise this sum, to complete an undertaking pregnant with lasting advantages to all classes of the community, and promising incalculable benefits to generations yet unborn ?

“ This appeal is made to the whole population of the country, and it solicits the contribution of every individual. The natives should feel a deep interest in an institution so fraught with good to their country, and the respectable sojourners in our land cannot regard with indifference a seminary where their children may receive a pious and liberal education, on moderate and reasonable terms, without the risk of crossing the water, and at no material distance from their home.

“ This is the first time that such a general contribution has been solicited from the inhabitants of the Isle of Man. Let the hearts of all respond to the appeal which is now made to them, and let the hands of all be open to

give according to their ability. The smallest contributions will be thankfully received. *Let every individual contribute, if it be but a stone to the building, that their children may hereafter have the pleasure of pointing to its beautiful turrets, and exclaiming, "OUR FATHERS BUILT THEM."*

"It has pleased an all-wise Providence to remove from amongst us that revered individual who laid the foundation-stone of the building, and who felt so warm an interest in its success, but there is every reason to hope that the college will find an equally zealous patron in his honored successor, and go on prospering and to prosper.

"Let all combine to advance its prosperity. It will be felt as a disappointment if the name of any one inhabitant who has even a shilling to spare, be found wanting in the general catalogue of subscribers.

*"Lhig da oivilley Cummaltee Ellan Vannin troggal orroo, myr un dooinney, as cur yn obbyr er y hoshiaght, 'as nee Jee t' ayns niau ad' y vishaghey.'"*

#### SINGULAR LAWS IN THE ISLE OF MAN.

Lands may be alienated by deed, but not by will; no lease can be of a longer term than 25 years; and all such lands as have an unredeemed mortgage of 8 years' standing pass over to the mortgagee. Two witnesses, but neither seal nor stamp, are necessary to a conveyance of freehold property; and there are no such things as entailed estates beyond the heir of the owner. If a man marries an heiress, and survives her, he claims, so long as he remains a widower, one moiety of her estate; she, during her life, has no control over her property without the consent of her husband; neither can he sell or leave his own estate without his wife's consent, so as to prejudice her right of survivorship. No landed proprietor is liable to arrest in a civil suit, unless it can be clearly proved he has it in contemplation to quit the island. For bigamy or polygamy no punishment falls on the parents, but upon the children, who are declared bastards, and rendered incapable of inheriting property. If two sticks are placed across a door, even if the door be open, it is felony to enter burglariously. Forgery is only regarded in the light of a civil debt. Theft, above the value of sixpence halfpenny, is capital.

#### LONACH HIGHLAND SOCIETY.

The Lonach Highland Society of Strathdon, held the anniversary meeting on the 29th of August, and having repaired from Edinglassie, the seat of Sir Charles Forbes, bart. patron of the association, to Culquhony, the plaided competitors contended with high spirit for the prizes to be awarded. The evening was spent in the exhilarating delights of the ball-room, which was attended by the Earl of Craven, Lord Molineux, and a numerous assemblage of the neighbouring gentlemen and visitors. It is gratifying to find amid the change of manners and altered pursuits of the 19th century, encouragement given to the innocent and invigorating diversions of times gone by, and a fond desire in Highland proprietors to foster the manly spirit of their tenants, and promote in Gaëlic phrase "sugradh, abbais, agus seann amhailtean na'n Gleann," the hilarity, pastimes, and the old sports of the glens.

#### WELSH FLANNELS.

The East India Company's order for 20,000 yards of flannels, after being one year sent to Lancashire, has again been sent to a draper in Shrewsbury; the quality of the Lancashire goods being found so inferior as to be nearly useless in India. At the flannel market in Newtown, on the 25th ult. the most scarce goods were those at from 6*d.* to 14*d.* per yard; middle goods from 15*d.* to 21*d.*; fine and super 22*d.* to 2*s.* 9*d.* Enquiries were made for extra superfine at from 3*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.* 9*d.*; but there were not enough of wool in the market; and as wool has much advanced, the manufactured goods must consequently advance.

## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS—(*Cambrian.*)

Lately, at Port Madoc, the wife of Captain Hamlyn, of Gloucester, of a daughter.—On the 4th Sept. at Hanmer, the lady of the Rev. John Hanmer, of a son.—On the 5th Aug. at Wrexham, the lady of Richard Myddleton Lloyd, esq. of a daughter, which survived only 43 hours.—On the 18th Aug. near Pont Newydd, the wife of David Morris, of a son.—On the 5th July, at Macclesfield, the lady of the Rev. T. C. Owen, of a daughter.—On the 4th Aug. at Plasgwyn, Anglesey, the lady of Wm. Barton Pantton, esq. Hermitage, Beaumaris, of a son and heir.—On the 22d June, at Castle-square, Carnarvon, Mrs. Doctor Rees, of a son.—On the 15th July, the lady of the Rev. John Nanney, of Belmont, Denbighshire, of a son and heir.—Lately, at Tymawr, Breconshire, the lady of W. H. West, High Sheriff of that county, of a son.—On the 10th Aug. the lady of W. Leigh Hilton, esq. of Plas Vollen, of a daughter.—On the 21st Aug. at the Rectory, Llanymynech, the lady of the Rev. John Luxmoore, of a daughter.—On the 2d July, at Llanstinan, the lady of Lieut. Col. Owen, M.P. of a daughter.—On the 27th July, at Ymwill, the lady of the Rev. Griffith Owen, of a son.—On the 4th July, at Llanelly, Mrs. Rees, wife of the Rev. David Rees, Minister of Capel Alch, of a daughter.—On the 4th August, at Clovelly Court, Devonshire, lady Mary Williams, of Edwingsford, Carmarthenshire, of a daughter.—On the 9th ult. at Wrexham, the lady of the Rev. W. Nunn, of a son.—On the 10th ult. Mrs. Nicholas Treweek, of Glanrafon Amlwch, of a son.

BIRTHS—(*Caledonian.*)

On the 4th July, in Wimpole-street, London, Lady Vere Cameron, of a daughter.—Lately, at Nea House, Hants, the lady of Lieut. Col. W. G. Cameron, of a son.—On the 13th July, at Possil, Mrs. Colin Campbell, of a daughter.—On the 21st July, at Altyre, Lady Gordon Cumming, of a daughter.—On the 3d July, at Edinburgh, the Lady Louisa Forbes, of a son and heir.—On the 5th August, at Chelton hall, Suffolk, Viscountess Forbes, of a son and heir.—On the 18th July, at Edinburgh, Mrs. J. F. Macfarlane, of a daughter.—On the 31st August, at Burgie House, near Forres, the lady of Col. D. Mac Pherson, of a daughter.—On the 4th August, at Grandholme, near Aberdeen, the lady of Lieut. Mac Intyre, 78th Highlanders, of a daughter.—On the 22d August, at Edinburgh, the lady of Lieut. Col. W. G. Mackenzie, E. I. C. service, of a son.—On the 28th August, at London, the lady of Niel Malcolm, esq. jun. of Poltallach, Argyle, of a son and heir.—Lately, at York-terrace, Regent's Park, London, the lady of C. H. Monro, esq. of a son.—On the 10th July, at Bromley, the Hon. Lady Ramsay, of Balmain, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES—(*Cambrian.*)

On the 27th June, at Chester, Richard Barker, esq. of Chester, to Sarah, second daughter of Henry Potts, esq. of the same place.—On the 12th August, at Bangor, Richard Bolton, esq. to Jemima Letitia, daughter of the late Robt. Bomford, esq. of Rahinstown House, co. Meath.—On the 3d September, at Henllan, near Denbigh, the Rev. J. H. Browne, of Middleton, in Teesdale, to Miss Peel, of Dolhyfryd, near Denbigh.—On the 30th July, at St. George's, Hanover-square, London, by the Lord Bishop of Gloucester, Josiah John Guest, esq. M. P. of Dowlais House, Glamorganshire, to Lady Charlotte Elizabeth Bertie, sister of the Earl of Lindsey.—On the 3d September, at Grendon church, Sir John Hanmer, of Hanmer and Bettisfield Park, in the county of Flint, M. P. for Shrewsbury, to Georgiana, youngest



daughter of Sir G. Chetwynd, of Grendon Hall, in the county of Warwick, bart. On the 9th September, Thomas Holmes, esq. of Liverpool, to Elizabeth, only daughter of T. Hughes, esq. of Llanrwst, and late of Carnarvon. On the 25th June, at Wrexham, Hugh Hughes, esq. to Miss Langford, grand-daughter of J. Langford, esq.—On the 28th June, at Llanbadarnfawr, Cardiganshire, Joseph Lewis Hall, esq. to Blandina Anne, third daughter of the late R. Lloyd, esq. of Llanerchbchwell, Montgomeryshire.—On the 2d September, at Prees, Shropshire, Mr. Robert Hill, to Ann, youngest daughter of Mr. John Barlow, of Wolvesacre Mill, Flintshire.—On the 6th August, at Abereirch, Hugh Hunter, eldest son of Thomas Hughes, esq., Pwllheli, to Eliza, eldest daughter of John Evans, esq. of Ty'n y coed.—On the 23d July, at Abergele, the Rev. J. E. Hughes, curate of Eglws Rhos and Llan-gwstenin, to Sarah, youngest daughter of Robert Hartley, of Rhos, Denbighshire, esq.—On the 19th August, at Radnor, J. Hopton, esq. of New Radnor, to Elizabeth, third daughter of Mrs. Jones, of Knighton.—On the 2d September, at Richmond, Yorkshire, John Lewis Hampton, esq. eldest son of J. H. Hampton, of Henllys, in the county of Anglesey, esq. to Frances Elizabeth, only child of Thomas Panson, of Prior House, Yorkshire, esq.—On the 27th August, at Llanvibangel, Monmouthshire, Mr. D. Hughes, of Llanvrecha, aged forty-three, to Mrs. Mary Williams, of the former place, aged *eighty-five!* This is the third visit of the blooming fair one to the hymeneal altar; and in this instance, being decrepit, her friends were obliged to carry her to and from the ceremony.—On the 3d August, at St. Bridget's church, at Chester, the Rev. W. Innocent, of Stafford, to Barbara, youngest daughter of the late Edward Parry, esq. of Freeth, Flintshire.—On the 29th June, at Trinity Church, Marylebone, London, the Hon. Lloyd Kenyon, eldest son of the Right Hon. Lord Kenyon, to the Hon. Georgiana de Grey, youngest daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Walsingham.—At Penrice, John Dillwyn Llewellyn, of Penllergare, Glamorganshire, to Emma, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Mansell Talbot, esq. of Penrice Castle, and sister of C. R. M. Talbot, esq. of Margam Park, also M. P. for Glamorganshire.—On the 3d September, at Glascombe, Radnorshire, William Lilwall, esq. of Kington, to Althea, fourth daughter of the late Edward Beaven, esq.—On the 25th July, at Ellesmere, John Provis, esq. of Holyhead, to Emily, third daughter of Thomas Staunton, esq. of the former place.—On the 6th of August, at Trinity church, St. Mary-le-bonne, Captain Edward Gordon Douglas, of the Grenadier Guards, to Juliana Isabella Mary, eldest daughter of G. H. D. Pennant, esq. of Penrhyn Castle, Caernarvonshire.—On the 28th August, at Llanbeblig, Wm. St. George Pellissier, esq. to Elizabeth, second daughter of the late Rawden Hautenville, esq. of Dublin.—On the 12th September, at Nevern, Pembrokeshire, Dr. Rowlands, Chatham, to Miss Dorothy Bowen, fifth daughter of the late Geo. Bowen, esq. of Llwyngwair.—On the 10th August, Edward Bowles Symes, esq. of Brynhafoed, Carmarthenshire, to Sarah, second daughter of the late Captain Daniel Grayson, Liverpool.—Lately, the Earl of Uxbridge, eldest son of the Marquis of Anglesea, to the Hon. Miss Harriet Bagot, daughter of Sir Charles and Lady Bagot, at St. Peter's church, Euston-square. There were present at the ceremony nearly the whole of the distinguished families.—At Llandysilio, Anglesey, John Williams, esq. of Pant Lodge, in that county, to Anne, youngest daughter of the late Edward Nicholls, esq. of Swithamley Park, Staffordshire.—On the 27th August, at St. James's church, the Rev. J. Warneford, of Mickleham, Surrey, to Anna Maria, only daughter of the late Rev. Edw. Parry, rector of Llanferas, Denbighshire.—On the 2d of September, at Llandrindod, Richard Williams, esq. of Dolgelly, Merionethshire, to Miss



Owen, daughter of Edward Owen, esq. of Garthyngared, in the same county.—On the 3d September, at Ditton, Cambridgeshire, J. L. Wynne, esq. eldest son of John Lloyd Wynne, esq. of Coed-coch, Denbighshire, to Mary Ann Frances, the eldest daughter of the Rev. John Haggitt, of Ditton.

MARRIAGES—(*Caledonian.*)

At Glasgow, June 28, Peter Reid, esq. to Maria, second daughter of the Rev. Robert Caldwell, of Wick, Caithness.—At Edinburgh, July 31, John Mac Donald, esq. secretary to the Highland Society of London, to Diana, daughter of the late Norman Mac Donald, esq. of Bernisdale.—At Edinburgh, July 24, the Rev. James Mac Dougal, rector of the Royal Academy, Tain, to Anne, eldest daughter of the late Alexander Bruce, esq. of Argyle.—At Carscae, August 27, J. A. Mackay, esq. Edinburgh, to Penelope, eldest daughter of J. Mac Millan Mac Neil, esq. of Carscae Argyle.—At Stornoway, July 16, A. Ross Mac Leay, esq. collector of customs, to Jane, daughter of Benjamin Oliver, commander of his Majesty's cutter, Prince of Wales.—At Madras, February 14, Alexander Mac Lean, esq. younger, of Ardgour, to Jane, daughter of Major General John Dalrymple, North Berwick.—At Glasgow, August 7, Captain D. Mac Nab, to Grace, youngest daughter of Mr. Alexander Campbell, Kenchrakine, Dallmally.—At Inverernan, September 2, the Rev. Robert Meiklejohn, minister of Strathdon, to Eliza Grant, second daughter of Dr. George Forbes, of Blelac and Inverernan, Aberdeenshire.—At Inverness, June 28, Mr. William Mac Argo, of the Excise, to Helen Wilkie, daughter of L. Grandison, esq.—At Florence, July 25, Alexander, eldest son of Graham Bower, esq. of Kincaldrum, to the Countess Pelagie, Kossakowska, of Poland.—At Grangemouth, July 29, Mr. James Brookes, to Margaret, daughter of the late Andrew Mackay, LL.D.F.R.S.E. &c.—At Dublin, J. D. Lyon, son of the late Lieutenant General Campbell, of Williamston, Perthshire, and St. Andrews, to Alicia Richarda, eldest daughter of the late T. H. Houghton, esq. Kilmarnock House, Wexford.—At Edinburgh, Aug. 6, the Rev. John Cumming, A.M. Minister of the Scots church, Crown Court, London, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. James Nicholson, Trinity-square, Southwark.—At London, July 15, Sir David Thurlow Cunningham, of Milncraig, bart. to Anne, third daughter of Lieut. Gen. the Hon. Robert Meade.—At Ferntower, July 25, the Hon. William H. Drummond, eldest son of Viscount Strathallan, to Christina, youngest daughter of the late Robert Baird, esq. of Newbyth.—June 27, Lieut. Col. F. Farquharson, 7th Royal Fusileers, to Thomasina, youngest daughter of the late T. Nasmyth, esq. Jamaica.—At Blairvaddach, July 5, Charles Forbes, esq. second son of the late Sir Wm. Forbes, of Pitsligo, and Fettercairn, bart. to Jemima Rebecca, daughter of the late Col. Ronaldson Mac Donnell, of Glengarry.

DEATHS—(*Cambrian.*)

In James street, London, aged 64, Lieut. Col. the Hon. Robert Clive, eldest brother to the Right Hon. the Earl of Powis.—On the 4th August, in the King's Buildings, Chester, Elizabeth, the wife of Brooke Cunliffe, esq. of Erbistock Hall, Denbighshire, in the 24th year of her age.—On the 14th August, at Holywell, aged 69, Mr. John Denman; a man beloved and respected by an extensive circle of friends.—On the 20th July, at Kinsall, near Holywell, Julia, the infant daughter of J. P. Eyton, esq.—On the 10th ult. aged 68 years, Margaret, relict of the late E. Edwards, esq. of Plas Nantglyn, Denbighshire.—At Tenby, Richard Gower, esq. tenth son of the late Abel Gower, esq. of Gleinlovan, near Cardigan, and youngest brother of the late Admiral Sir Erasmus Gower.—On the 24th Aug. of a rapid consumption, Mr. W. R. Hayden, organist of St. Asaph, in the 24th year of his age.

—On the 30th July, at an advanced age, Mrs Holland, widow of the late John Holland, esq. of Teyrdan, Denbighshire.—On the 24th Aug., at Havod house, Julia, the daughter of Thomas Holmes, esq. aged 32.—On the 7th July, at Bodhyfryd, Abergele, after a protracted indisposition, Maria, third daughter of the late Strethill Harrison, esq. of Cranage Hall, Cheshire.—On the 1st July, at Llys, Llanfechan, Montgomeryshire, Richard Foulkes Jones, esq. formerly of Oswestry.—On the 29th June, in her 80th year, Catherine, widow of the late Mr. Henry Jones, of Bala, and mother of the Rev. John Jones, M.A. (Tegid) Precentor of Christ church, Oxford.—On the 16th Sept. aged 22, awfully sudden, of apoplexy, James Jones, esq. Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford, and master of the Grammar School, Abergavenny.—On the 6th Sept. at Beaumaris, Anglesey, after a very short illness, Mrs. Jones, youngest sister of Sir W. Bulkeley Hughes, of Plas-coch, in the same county.—On the 16th ult. at the house of the Rev. John Jones, rector of Llanaber, near Barmouth, aged 25 years, the Rev. John Evans.—On the 16th July, at Cardiff, Francis Minnitt, esq. collector of the customs, Llanelly.—On the 24th July, in the 29th year of her age, Mrs. Morgan, the lady of John Morgan, esq. of Carnarvon.—On the 19th Aug., universally lamented, Jane, second daughter of Lewis Morice, esq. of Aberlloolwyn, near Aberystwith.—On the 17th August, in his 82d year, Edward Meredith, esq. of Cwmllechwedd, in the parish of Llanbister, Radnorshire.—On the 1st June, at Pengarn, in the parish of Pengrowed, Montgomeryshire, in her 98th year, Mrs. Elizabeth Price. She was followed to the grave by four children, 22 grandchildren, 15 great-grandchildren, and 1 great-great-grandchild.—On the 12th August, aged 71, John Price, esq. of Newry, in the parish of Llandewicwm, Breconshire.—On the 15th ult. Mr. Richard Phillpots, late sheriff of Chester.—On the 10th August, at Overton Hall, Flintshire, aged 13, William Phillips Randles, third son of the late John Randles, esq.—At Sussex-place, Regent's park, Anne Scott, second daughter of the late Sir Walter Scott, of Abbotsford, bart. Miss Scott was carried off by brain fever, after an illness of only ten days; but she had never, it is understood, entirely rallied after her father's death.—On the 2d Sept. in the 27th year of his age, the Rev. Hugh Thomas, Bodowyr, Anglesey.—On the 9th August, at his house, Regent street, London, John Edwardes Vaughan, esq. of Rheel, and of Llanelay, Glamorganshire.—On the 20th ult. at Newtown, Montgomeryshire, in her 92d year, Mrs. Sarah Vaughan: she was the last of a branch of an ancient family.—On the 21st June, at Brighton, Edward, fourth son of C. G. Wynne, esq. of Voclas, Denbighshire.—At Gotha, his Royal Highness the Duke Alexander of Wertemberg, brother-in-law to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.—On the 20th July, at Pwllheli, Mrs. Jane Williams, formerly of Bettws, Eifionydd, mother to Mr. Robert Williams, (Robert ap Gwllim Ddu,) aged 89.—On the 30th July, in the 90th year of his age, Mr. Thomas Williams, late of the New Inn, in the village of Kerry, Montgomeryshire; an honest industrious man. He lived during the reign of four sovereigns in England.—On the 23d August, at Maesyn- cle, near Carnarvon, Mrs. Williams, relict of the late Captain Hugh Wil- liams.—On the 3d August, at Southsea, Hants, Margaret, the beloved wife of T. F. Waddington, esq. and daughter of the late Rice Jones, esq. of New Hall, Rhuabon.

DEATHS—(*Caledonian.*)

At Haslar Hospital, the Hon. Edw. Bruce, son of the earl of Elgin.—At Oban, Argyle, July 4, aged 80, Mrs. Mary Cameron, daughter of the late John Cameron, esq. of Fassfearn.—At Demerara, April 22, Mr. John Cameron, engineer, son of the late Colin Cameron, of the barrack department.—At Camastorsa, Argyle, July 13, aged 70, Anne, widow of the late Captain

Donald Cameron, late of Camusinnis, near Strontian.—At Inverness, Christiana Mackenzie, wife of G. Cameron, esq. solicitor.—At Muthil, Aug. 18, Miss Mary Campbell, aged 90: when a child, she was led to view the army of Prince Charles, after the victory at Falkirk.—At Aberdeen, July 14, Dr. Alexander Daune, aged 84, Professor of Civil Law in King's College, Sheriff substitute of the county, and assessor to the magistrates of that burgh.—At Ratachan, July 16, David Dick, esq. of Glensheil.—In London, Sept. 4, James Farquhar, esq. for many years representative for the Aberdeen district of burghs.—At Dornoch, Ross-shire, June 23, Angus Fraser, esq. aged 60, chief magistrate of that burgh.—At Aberdeen, Aug. 13, aged 82, Dr. G. French, professor of chemistry in the Marischal College.—In London, Aug 20; Mary, eldest daughter of Col. Leith Hay, M.P.—At Aberdeen, July 16, Miss Emily Forbes Leith, of Whitehaugh.—At old Aberdeen, 27th ult. aged 82, Thomas Kilgour, esq. of Bethelnie.—At Bræhead, Methsen, July 24, Janet Leslie, aged 105!—At Kircudbright, June 29, John Mac Eachin, esq. of Deeside, aged 79, one of the magistrates of that burgh.—At Edinburgh, July 13, Sarah Graham, relict of the late Major Robert Mac Gregor, E.I.C. service.—At Inverness, June 20, aged 74, John Mackenzie, merchant and baillie of that town.—At Grahamstown, Falkirk, June 30, Isabella, wife of Lachlan Mackinnon, esq.—At Causeway Head, Stirling, John Mac Donald, esq. aged 70.—August 9, at Laig, island of Egg, Allan Mac Donald, esq.—July 17, at Charlotte Place, Edinburgh, P. Mac Laurin, esq. solicitor.—July 14, at Kirkaldy, Christiana, relict of Captain Roderick Mac Lean, of Coll.—At Stirling, Sept. 3, the Rev. John Marshall, second minister of Stirling, for some time pastor of the Scots church, Swallow-street, London.—At Leith, June 23, William, eldest son of the Rev. W. Menzies, minister of Keir.—At Perth, aged 76, Margaret Robinson, widow of the late Alex. Campbell, Scots Brigade.—At Dunkeld, Aug. 11, Louisa Stewart, wife of Robt. Cargill, esq. banker.—At Dunrobin Castle, July 19, his Grace George Duke of Sutherland, Marquis of Stafford, &c. aged 75. In 1785 his Grace married the Right Hon. Elizabeth. countess of Sutherland, Baroness Strathnaver, &c. the representative of the oldest earldom in Scotland. On the day of the funeral about 8000 people, from all parts of the family estates, and neighbourhood, assembled around the castle, and were regaled with 7000 loaves, 14 fat bullocks, and a great number of sheep, together with 30 hogsheads of ale. The earls of Sutherland were buried at Dornoch since 1248, and the cathedral is now to be repaired, and enriched by a statue of the late duke.

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#### PRICES OF SHARES IN CAMBRIAN & CALEDONIAN CANALS.

Brecknock and Abergavenny, 85*l.*; Crinan, 2*l.*; Edinburgh and Glasgow, 98*l.*; Forth and Clyde, 545*l.*; Glamorganshire, 290*l.*; Monmouthshire, 198*l.*; Montgomery, 85*l.*; Shrewsbury, 255*l.*; Shropshire, 138*l.*; Swansea, 220*l.*

#### FOREIGN FUNDS.

*Closing Price, Sept. 21.*—Austrian Bonds, 96½; Belgian, 95; Brazilian, 70; Buenos Ayres, 2½; Chilian, 26; Columbian, 19; Danish, 74½; Greek, 38; Mexican 26½; Peruvian, 19½; Portuguese, 76; Ditto Scrip, 20 per cent.; Prussian, 102½; Russian, 102½; Spanish, 22; ditto 1823, 19½; Dutch, 48½; French Rentes, 103.

#### ENGLISH FUNDS.

*Sept. 21.*—3 per cent. Consols, 88½; New 3½ per cent. 96½; India Stock, 243.

CHARLES EDMONDS, Broker, Change Alley, Cornhill.

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#### ERRATA.

Page 365, for "Freigid," read "Trelged," 5th line from bottom.—p. 412, after "gun," (line 12) add "Iarraidh."—p. 412, (line 13) for "Eagle," read "Eagal."—p. 470, (line 29) for "Balvie," read "Balvill."

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