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**STEPHEN SPAULDING**  
*1907 - 1925*  
*CLASS of 1927*  
**UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN**

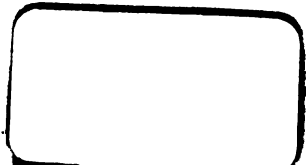
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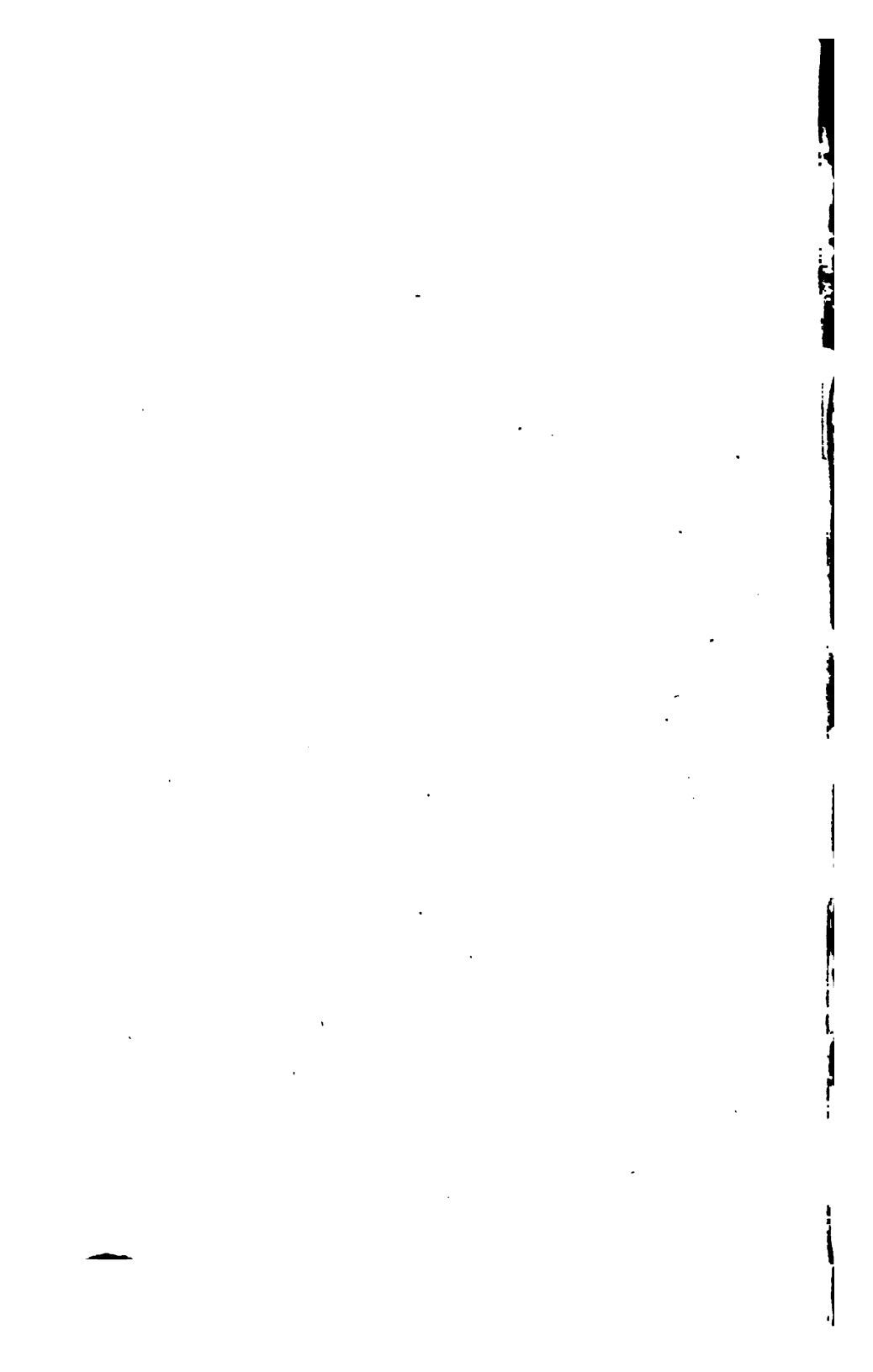


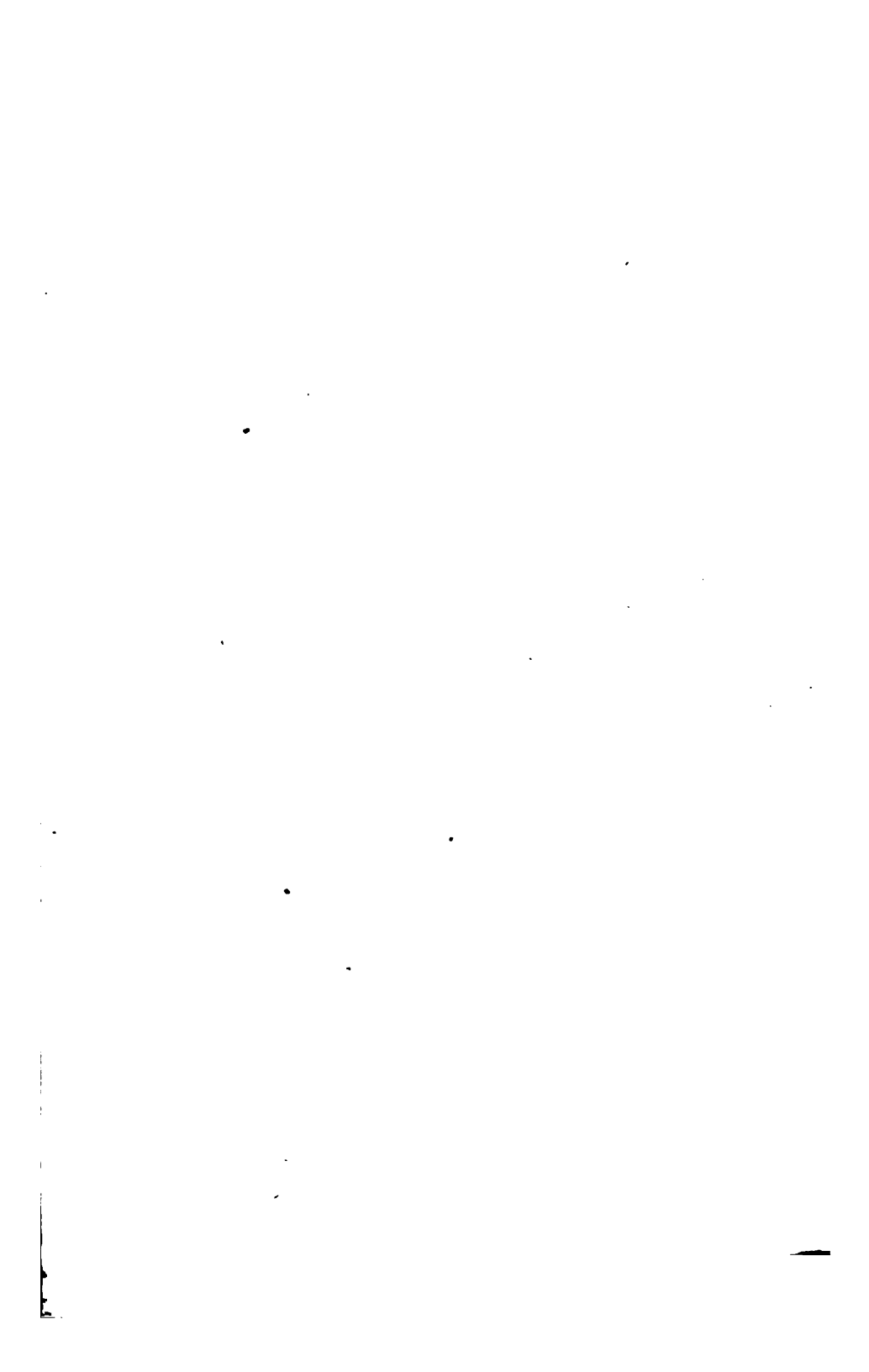
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THE  
CAMBRIAN  
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

AND

**Celtic Repertory.**

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"Y GWIR YN ERBYN Y BYD."

"TRUTH AGAINST THE WORLD."

*Old Bardic Motto.*

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VOL. III.

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LONDON:

H. HUGHES, ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND; AND T. HOOKHAM,  
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TO  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
CHARLES WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN, M.P.

*Esq. &c. &c.*

THIS THIRD VOLUME

OF

*The Cambrian Quarterly Magazine,*

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY HIS COUNTRYMEN,

AND

OBLIGED HUMBLE SERVANTS,

THE EDITORS.



Stephen Spaulding New Coll  
Quartely  
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THE  
CAMBRIAN  
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE  
AND  
**Celtic Repertory.**

No. 9.—JANUARY 1, 1831.—VOL. III.

THE LITERARY AND TRANSLATION SOCIETY OF WALES.

PREVIOUSLY to entering upon the above, in our opinion, very important subject, we feel it to be incumbent on us to offer a few explanatory remarks, on our own account, relative to our advocacy of an Institution entitled "the Literary and Translation Society of Wales," apprehensive as we are that such advocacy may be sufficient to strengthen an erroneous conclusion adopted by some of our English contemporaries, who, we have reason to suspect, have, through misconception of our motives, refrained from rendering us our fair meed of approbation; and who, in many instances, have openly taxed the "Cambrian Quarterly" with a tendency to perpetuate narrow prejudices, and to foster national antipathies by the tenor of several of its articles, and more especially, advocating the revival, or rather the preservation from total oblivion, of the ancient Welsh language; they, the said critics, having long since come to the conclusion, that the sooner this remaining mark of distinction between the two people is obliterated, the better. Upon this latter point, however, as a general proposition, we, for our part, are well contented to join issue, as will be sufficiently manifest from a perusal of our present paper; to the confutation of the minor charges we shall, in these our introductory observations, confine ourselves. The difficulty in disproving charges of the vague and general nature of those urged against us must be fully apparent: we can only meet them by challenging our accusers to point out any page in our periodical which can be justly accused of having a tendency to strengthen narrow prejudices or national antipathy: have we not argued with the black-lettered Welsh scholar upon the absurdity of continuing an exclusive system: and protested against his impatience

at the mere introduction, in our pages, of an atom of matter foreign to his own abstruse and exclusive lucubrations? Have we not lectured the self-sufficient borderer, and taught him to grant somewhat of the attributes of humanity to his "more simple brethren of the west?" Have we not, to the utmost, controverted the mis-statements of a certain Edinburgh dictator (occasionally very clever, but always very conceited) in his indiscriminate attack upon "Celtic character? Have we not travelled into Brittany\* for the gratification and, as we trust, the solid information of our readers? Have we not excluded from our pages a most important, and we may add convenient, department of literature—politics, purely because we hate uncharitableness? and have we not altogether, from similar reasons, declined controversy in matters of the sacred writings? Need we further argument to repel the charge of narrow-mindedness, or of being the advocates of national jealousies, or the apologists, much less the fosterers, of national antipathies.

Upon the late all-absorbing, all-important question, namely, the expediency of altering the judicature of Wales, we certainly objected to certain parts of the intended provisions: but this did not prevent our giving the utmost publicity to the arguments of our opponents; should there still exist a suspicion as to our motives, we, once for all, declare that our pages are open to the remarks of those who differ from us on any of these points, nor will we screen ourselves behind the inaccessibility and contemptible affectation of hauteur, so convenient to some periodicals of no mean notoriety, who endeavour to elude the just animadversions of the objects of their attacks by a trick at once unworthy of the free spirit of literary discussion, and unjust towards the community.

Having thus, as we flatter ourselves, fairly exposed the groundless nature of the charges insinuated against us, we shall now proceed to our proposed disquisition of the subject which gave rise to our introductory remarks, namely:

#### THE LITERARY AND TRANSLATION SOCIETY OF WALES.

This is the society alluded to in the leading article of our Number for last July, and we feel so warmly for its interests, that we shall take this opportunity of obviating a few objections that we have heard made by even intelligent and patriotic men to its proposed proceedings.

In the first place it is remarked that, to publish pamphlets in

\* We take this opportunity of announcing to our readers that, as we are in possession of a series of original articles on the Scandinavian Mythology, illustrative of the many points of similarity to be observed between the superstitions of the northern Celtic nations and the popular traditions of Wales, we purpose inserting the same in our future numbers, in the hope of supplying a field for the exercise of a very useful and entertaining research.

the Welsh has a tendency to perpetuate that language. To this we will reply in the words of a very acute and philosophical Gaelic grammarian; the situation of the Highlanders is, in this respect, exactly similar to that of our countrymen.

"To those who wish for an uniformity of speech over the whole kingdom, it may not be impertinent to suggest one remark: The more that the human mind is enlightened, the more desirous it becomes of further acquisitions in knowledge. The only channel through which the rudiments of knowledge can be conveyed to the mind of a remote Highlander is the Gaelic language. By learning to read, and understand what he reads, in his native tongue, an appetite is generated for those stores of science which are accessible to him only through the medium of the English language. Hence, an acquaintance with the English is found to be necessary for enabling him to gratify his desire after further attainments. The study of it becomes, of course, an object of importance; it is commenced and prosecuted with increasing diligence. These premises seem to warrant a conclusion which might at first appear paradoxical, that, by cultivating the Gaelic, you effectually, though indirectly, promote the study, and diffuse the knowledge, of the English."<sup>\*</sup>

We decidedly think that the advantages of this "uniformity" of languages have been very much overrated, and that, chiefly, by a sort of confusion of terms; it seems universally taken for granted, by those who advocate the abolition of old dialects, that you will thus give the peasantry of the districts in which they prevail, all the illumination that belongs to the higher ranks of England. The fact, of course, is, that you merely put them on a level with the English populace, who, according to the authority of many English tourists in Wales, are inferior in morals, and inferior in intelligence to the lower ranks in the Principality.

Whether the Welsh language should be preserved, or whether it should be forgotten, is, however, a question into which we shall not at present enter; we think that the best answer to vague and indefinite questions like this is found in the principle of the Society: "enlighten the people, and they will judge what is most conducive to their own individual interests better far than we can judge for them." If the Welsh language be a needless distinction of dialect in the empire, it is neither wicked nor dangerous, it bodes no evil to the state or to individuals; if the lower orders cling to it with what may be thought, by some, a bigotted pertinacity, the feeling with which they do so is an excellent and an amiable one, and our aim should be not to discourage their patriotic affections, but to direct them to a nobler ambition. We believe that there is scarcely one of those public-spirited gentlemen who have been represented as advocates for the preservation, and even the extension, of the Welsh language, who ever was deluded into the adoption of any such wild and sweeping proposition. Their whole argument is exclusively negative: they deny that a change

<sup>\*</sup> *Elements of Gaelic Grammar*, by Alexander Stewart, minister of the Gospel, at Dingwall.

of language can be beneficial when purchased at the expense of many of the very best feelings of the people; they have contended that such a change ought not to be wrought by teaching the people to be ashamed of their country, but by satisfying them that the adoption of a different language will enable them more effectually to do honour to her. To those who entertain these opinions, therefore, we feel that our appeal will meet with the most fervent attention; they will perceive that whatever may be the result in this respect of the labours of the Society, it cannot lead to lowering the standard of patriotic sentiment, and should increased knowledge, according to the opinion of the Gaelic philologist, lead to the abandonment of our venerable language in the common intercourse of life, our peasantry will ever look back upon it with warm veneration, not only as the dialect of their forefathers, but as the instrument of first communicating to them the elements of modern erudition: though the Cambro-British dialect may perish as a living language, it will never be regarded as a mark of barbarism.

We will now make a few observations on sentiments of a different character, though they also are sometimes entertained by men who wish well to their country. It is by them objected, "why do you not publish your pamphlets in English? the peasantry are, in many instances, taught English in the schools, and they can read works in the latter tongue with equal profit and pleasure?" Our only reply to this is in the simple fact, that the peasantry, as might naturally have been expected, read with more fondness works written in their mother tongue, as a proof of which we need only mention the well-known circumstance, that no less than fourteen periodicals in the Welsh language issue monthly from the press. We feel thoroughly convinced that this system of forcing the English language upon the people on all occasions, in season and out of season, in the service of the church and in the schools, is attended with every possible evil effect, and with no good one: it heightens their foolish prejudices against Englishmen: it makes them hate the English language itself, for the same reason that a schoolboy is taught to detest Latin: it stupifies them, and disgusts them with learning, generally, because it is presented to them, in the first instance, in a most ungracious manner, and encumbered with a wanton superfluity of difficulties.

Our Welsh witnesses are sometimes suspected of a disposition to prevaricate, because, after having declined to give testimony in English, they betray a considerable knowledge of that language. But they are all the time acting a wise and conscientious part; no man ought to trust the expression of difficult or momentous topics to any other language than his mother tongue, or to one with all the metaphysical niceties of which he is equally familiar. The same principle applies precisely to education: we have heard a gentleman of considerable scientific acquirements, and whom we



believe to be the founder of the Society, express himself very strongly against the unnatural and absurd embarrassments to which he himself was subjected, in acquiring the common elements of arithmetic, &c. Though himself belonging to a rank in society, which throughout Wales ensures a tolerable knowledge of English, and though residing within a very short distance of a district in which English prevails exclusively, he declares that the want of Welsh books on the first principles of education, was a most painful and revolting impediment: and what can be more intelligible than this?

The effort of comprehending a proposition in arithmetic is, in itself, an arduous task for the weak and volatile mind of childhood; but add to it some slight adventitious obstacle, and the poor child's faculties are inextricably perplexed, and he gives up his attempt in despair. It is not necessary that the superadded annoyance should, in itself, be a mighty difficulty; it is with the mind as with the body, when its energies are wracked to the widest stretch of indurable tension, the weight of a feather is sufficient to convert a burden and an exercise into a torture and insufferable oppression. It is not necessary, for the effect alluded to, that the pupil should be but very imperfectly versed in English, the least fluctuation in his perception of the meaning of English terms adds an effort of memory to the ordinary one of reasoning, and acts as a species of restriction upon education. We know too well, we know it too well from fatal experience, from our most lachrymose recollections of the happiest days of our lives, that the doctrine we have just promulgated is not that of the erudite schoolmasters of England. Observation has convinced us that the memory itself becomes, as it were, enfeebled when the attention is engaged in efforts of reflection and reasoning; we have frequently observed men engaged in some abstruse argument forget things which, when their minds were unemployed, were more familiar to them than to any of the by-standers; nay, it is not uncommon to find that half the thoughts that were previously familiar to us, mysteriously escape us, under the closer meditation that is required to express them in writing; and we may take this opportunity of assuring our readers, that many of the most brilliant conceptions that *were* to have adorned the "Cambrian Quarterly" have thus been lost to them and to the world. If this be the case with solemn-faced jurists, and pale mathematicians, and grave editors of the "Cambrian Quarterly," is it to be supposed that the mind of infancy is likely to be benefited by this distracting call, at once, on its memory and its reasoning powers. Take, for instance, the way in which the principles of Latin grammar are taught in our schools; a series of grammatical propositions, in themselves not a little bewildering and metaphysical, are strung together in a language which we do not understand, and the feat to be performed is both to understand and to

recollect them; but what is the result: a few understand without remembering, and a few remember without understanding; but the majority neither understand nor remember. All this is just what might be expected, two difficulties which would have been insignificant, combated singly, are almost never overcome when combined. It reminds one of the old Joe Miller story of the Irishman, who having undertaken to leap over a hill, very judiciously took a run of a mile, but, before he reached the foot of the hill, found himself obliged to lie down to sleep.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary for us to add, that the conclusion to which we are inevitably led, is, that to teach the people, in their own language, every thing which they can acquire with most facility in that language, is the readiest mode of conveying to them a knowledge, even of English, as far as it is likely to be beneficial to them. Assuming that the people of the Principality will, ultimately, all adopt the English language, there is one point of view in which the labours of this society must be eminently advantageous. In many of the counties bordering on the Principality, the dialect of the peasantry is an exceedingly coarse and disagreeable jargon, and the English, which our countrymen are likely to learn, under existing circumstances, will naturally be in imitation of their neighbours. Now the taste for reading, which will be given to our people by such a society, will continue, whatever language they may eventually employ, and a perusal of English works, will thus secure to them, in a very great degree, a purity of English pronunciation; this will be considered no slight advantage by those who know how serious an impediment a vulgar and provincial dialect is to success in life.

But it will be objected,—does not this project tend to keep alive those feelings of bitter antipathy, which Welshmen sometimes feel to their Saxon fellow-subjects? By no means; the pamphlets are addressed to them, it is true, in their own language, they are instructed in the only dialect in which they will bear instruction; but the pamphlets of the society are, in most instances, *translations* from English works, and are, consequently, of all publications, best calculated to inspire the remote mountaineer, with a sincere respect for the knowledge and virtues of the descendants of the man of the \* “Plot of the Long Knives.”

But we are authorised to state, that the Society has after all no objection to publish pamphlets in English as well as in Welsh; were any intimation made to them, by the gentlemen of those districts where English is now the prevailing language, that their project would meet with support. We confess that we do not regard such an attempt, by any means, as a work of supererogation. The English society of “Useful Knowledge” has, it is true,

\* “Brâd y cyllill hirion.”

done much, but there is scarcely any portion of their labours suited to the wants or the comprehension of the peasantry, even of England, and in Wales there are many local peculiarities, which render them still more inapplicable to our poorer countrymen.

The controversy, as to the advantages of education itself, is, we believe, pretty well set at rest among reflecting men; the results obtained by the researches of the education committees have placed the advantages of education, as a preventive of crime, in a clear demonstrative light; and we know of no scheme for enlightening the people that is more deserving of commendation than that which is the subject of the present article. The profits of the society will be appropriated, exclusively, to the advancement of knowledge in Wales, or some other general national benefit. It may truly be said, their object unites in it the good feelings of men most widely differing in opinion with the antagonists of the Welsh language; they reprobate malignant feelings toward England; with its advocates they seek to sustain a dignified feeling of patriotism; they profess to shun the discussion of points of theological controversy; at the same time that they are anxious, on all occasions, to excite a spirit of toleration and forbearance by an appeal to the common principles of Christianity.

Their first pamphlet will be published, we believe, in January next. It will be interesting to some of our readers, to learn that the project of this society has met with approbation in the highlands of Scotland; we should be glad to see our Gaelic brethren imitate us in this, as we should rejoice to see our countrymen, in many respects imitate them. It is also worthy of remark, that in case such a society were once established for the highlands of Scotland, its operations would necessarily extend themselves, at last, to Ireland; for we have been frequently informed, by authorities of the highest respectability, that the Erse spoken in the two countries is, in every material point, identical. As this fact has been, at different times, a subject of considerable dispute, we will fortify our statement by a circumstance that places it beyond a doubt. The Archbishop of Tuam, it is well known, has, of late, declared that he will ordain no candidate for orders who is ignorant of the Irish language; yet it is stated in Chambers' book of Scotland, that his grace has intimated his willingness to ordain highland clergymen of the Scottish episcopal persuasion.

But, alas, we begin to find that we are indulging in our former propensity for burning our fingers among the drolleries of the dear "Emerald Isle!" we, therefore, must return to the mountains of old Cambria, satisfied that, if the efforts of the society alluded to shall never extend beyond their limits, its excellent and patriotic founder, though he has not exerted his intellect in the investigation of our national antiquities; though he has not crossed the

Atlantic, to trace, with patriotic enthusiasm, the supposed descendants of our ancient princes;\* and though he has not attempted to recover the lost cities of our coast, from the ocean;† yet the noblest praise is well earned by the man who labours to give to his country the proudest possession,—a free, enlightened, and religious peasantry. And we are rejoiced to produce this as another instance of the impulse that a distinct national literature gives to patriotic exertions of all kinds; we are convinced that the founder of the society would never have been able to obtain efficient co-operation, had he not belonged to a society of men whose feelings had been warmed by the same researches as his own, and whose sentiments had been made known to him, by habitual intercourse on national topics.



EPIGRAM.

Thou mortal man who livest on bread!  
 What makes thy face to look so red?  
 Thou silly fool, who look'st so pale,  
 My face is red with drinking ale.

*Translation.*

Ti varwol ddyd sy ar vara'n byw!  
 Pam mae dy drwyn mor goch ei liw?  
 Ti wan dy wëdd, cei ateb mwyn,  
 Y cwrw cryw sy'n coch i 'nhrwyn.

The above is not given as a specimen of genius, but as affording an instance of the facility with which, notwithstanding the vast difference of idiom, the Welsh poets manage to transfer not only the meaning, but even the humour of the English language, into their own, in the various epigrammatic translations which we continually meet with among them.

---

\* Prince Madoc, the hero of Mr. Southey's fine poem.

† Cantrev Gwaelod, a district on the coast of N. Wales, said to have been merged in an inundation of the sea.

## A TOUR THROUGH BRITTANY.

*(Continued from p. 218.)*

DURING those long ages of intellectual gloom which immediately succeeded the extinction of classic literature in the west, however a few smouldering embers might occasionally cast a glimmer around, when disturbed by the accidental tread of some solitary wanderer, yet it was but to make the darkness more perceptible, and betray the desolation of the scene; and so effectually had all traces of Roman learning been obliterated, that while the language itself had become unintelligible, even the very books in which it was contained had disappeared, and the ideas once conveyed through its medium had been entirely effaced: the historical recollections, the poetic imagery, the traditions, mythology, and all the characteristic features of ancient learning, had completely vanished, without leaving any definite system to replace them.

While we regard this state of mental night, in which the last rays of classic literature had been extinguished, and even its very ashes raked together, at the knell of the Gothic curfew; we discover, in one secluded spot, indications of another flame, which in succeeding ages was destined to blaze forth and light up a theatre far more brilliant, and more spacious, than that which had been demolished in the overthrow of the Roman power: for in the remote and isolated province of Brittany, we find a style of thought and imagination arising into notice, totally new in its character, and altogether distinct from any thing the world had previously been acquainted with; as it was in this province of Brittany, that the character of thought known by the term *Romantic* first appeared on the continent of Europe: Brittany, in fact, was the very cradle of *Chivalry* and *Romance*, and in that country were located some of the most essential materials of romantic fiction. There was the enchanted forest of *Brocéliande*, inhabited by the fairies, where the celebrated Merlin was held imprisoned by the misdirected power of his own incantations. There were the illusory waters, among which the *Lady of the Lake* dwelt in her invisible and enchanted palace: there was the castle of the *Joyeuse Garde*, the residence of the gallant Launcelot du Lac: there was the *Val sans Retour*, and the fountain of *Baranton*. In short, there was, at least the frontier district, of fairyland itself, where *Morgana*, the fairy queen, held her elphin court, amidst such splendid scenes as mortal eyes were rarely privileged to view.

The wood of *Brocéliande*, it is true, though still in existence, no longer displays those waving honours which distinguished it in the

days of Merlin, and the voice of that magician is now but seldom heard within its precincts: the mouldering turrets of the Joyeuse Garde no longer echo the acclamations of the tournament: the *Dame du Lac* has drawn closer around her the veil of secrecy which envelops her abode; and the fountain of Baranton has ceased to obey the accustomed spell: but the style of thought and tone of sentiment once awakened by their influence, still exists, under its various forms and modifications, in the numberless works of imagination which have since appeared in the world of fiction; for, with very few exceptions, whatever work of imagination we examine, from Shakspeare to Sir Walter Scott, it is not the style of the classic writers that has been employed to give an interest to the subject, but, on the contrary, a species of imagination totally distinct from and independent of that displayed in those models. Virgil and Ovid could have had no more conception of the character of thought contained in the *Castle of Otranto*, or the *Bridal of Trigrmain*, than they could of the architecture of a Gothic cathedral. This modern style of composition, under whatever form it may appear, whether as shewn in the playful fantasies of the *Midsummer Nights' Dream*, or the mysterious gloom of Mrs. Radcliffe's novels, dates its commencement at the period when the tales of chivalry and romance began to succeed the literature of the classics: and although that literature has since been recovered, and also cultivated with unspeakable advantage to the interests of general knowledge, yet it has never been able to reinstate itself in that paramount authority which it once maintained over the powers of fancy. The world has now tasted of a richer and more palatable repast, and will never more relish the vapid mythology of the classics. The Greek and Latin originals, together with their translations, will still be read with profit as well as pleasure, but they will never more be imitated as models of taste and fancy: for what original work of imagination could possibly acquire any degree of popularity in the present day, or even escape actual indifference, if it exhibited no other sentiment than that found in the classic writings? And although we have seen such classic imitations attempted, both in the French and English languages, (and these, like all other exceptions, only serve to confirm the rule,) yet, generally speaking, if they have possessed any particle of interest, it has been produced by the portion of modern feeling and sentiment added, perhaps unconsciously, by the authors, which has given a currency to the obsolete ideas of the ancients. And whatever merit those so highly extolled productions of antiquity may possess as efforts of genius, or as instances of logical and grammatical accuracy, yet it must be confessed, that, at least in one most indispensable requisite, they are irretrievably and hopelessly deficient; and that is, the due estimation of the female sex. The existence of this very sentiment alone, places the tone of feeling and character of chivalry, infinitely above that produced by the most celebrated works of antiquity: it has, in fact, reformed and corrected the impulses of the heart, and given a new direction to the progress of taste and imagination.

But while we are attributing this beneficial change to the institution of chivalry, it must not be concealed, that, for the existence of such immense superiority of refinement, that system is indebted to a far more exalted principle than any that could have operated in the pagan institutions of Greece and Rome. And, however the genuine purity of the Christian doctrines may have been impaired, amidst the tumult of those unsettled times which immediately succeeded the incursions of the northern hordes, yet so powerful and quickening are the principles of Christianity, that even degraded and reduced as that religion was in those days of ignorance and superstition, the small leaven of it, which remained, was sufficient to produce the most salutary effects upon society; and to influence the dispositions of a mass of turbulent barbarians, at that time, scarcely escaped from the marauding habits of their roving ancestors, so as to communicate to them a character, in many particulars, vastly superior to that which had been acquired by the most celebrated nations of antiquity, after ages of instruction in the schools of their boasted sages and philosophers.

Under the guidance of this principle, therefore, the system of chivalry contributed most essentially towards meliorating the state of the world. And this very act, of exalting the condition of women, and giving them their proper rank in society, has done more towards humanizing mankind than all the learned ethics of the profoundest philosophers, and may be considered as the first and most important step towards general civilization; and those laws of knighthood which effected this beneficial change in the social condition of women, and made them the principal objects of esteem and protection, though dependent upon opinion alone for their enactment and execution, were among the wisest and most efficient ever promulgated. When, therefore, in tales of chivalry, whether of romance or of reality, we read of the fervid devotedness of a young knight towards the object of his affections, the extravagant expression of his attachment, and the actual dangers he is continually seeking and encountering, in order to recommend himself more strongly to her favor; however we may smile at the description of such exuberant feeling, yet the excess was most assuredly on the right side, and its consequences most beneficial to society; for while, in those days of barbarism, it operated as a protection against the injustice and brutality too prevalent, where this spirit of chivalrous honour was unknown; in process of time it gradually settled into that system of politeness and goodbreeding, which is ever the distinguishing feature of civilized life.

In short, when we examine the institutions of chivalry, we may safely venture to pronounce, that they are the sources from which our present ideas of honour, in the best acceptation of the word, are derived; and whatever modifications those ideas may have undergone, according to the various channels through which they have descended to us, yet it would be no very difficult task to trace back the current of all our high and courtly feelings, from the finished gentleman of the

present day to the no less polished model of the old school, and from thence to the generous and high-spirited cavaliers of the Stuarts, the courteous and gallant knights of Elizabeth and the Tudors, until we come to the Bayards, the Du Guesclins, and all the preux chevaliers, the splendid ornaments of knightly honour.

Reference has already been made to the origin of this system among the people of Brittany, as far as its continental relations are concerned. If we proceed to contemplate its operations during the times of its greatest lustre, though we shall perceive its influence more or less diffused over the whole of Christendom, nevertheless, some of its brightest rays will be found concentrated in that land of its earliest adoption; and the province of Brittany has ever held an exalted rank among the most eminent nations of the world, as the native country of some of the most brilliant examples of chivalrous conduct. And whatever instances of courage or courtly deportment may elsewhere be adduced, the country which gave existence to Oliver de Clisson and Bertrand du Guesclin need not hesitate to place itself among the foremost claimants of glory and renown.

Having stated that Brittany was the *cradle* of chivalry and romance, I must now remark that the expression was used advisedly, and with a reservation. For although that province was the country of the earliest adoption of those systems upon the continent, yet it must by no means be considered as their *birthplace*. Even the Bretons themselves lay no claim to that honour, but they, together with all the other nations of Europe, refer the earliest notices of the subject to the island of Britain; and more especially, to the principality of Wales. It is in that corner of the world that the earliest specimens of romantic fiction are to be found, as well as the most ancient characters of chivalry. For Arthur, and Merlin, and the knights of the Round Table, though they have been long naturalized in Brittany, nevertheless are with very few exceptions, in their origin undoubtedly Welsh. And there is one material difference between the character they sustain among the Welsh, their real countrymen, and that which they exhibit in other countries of Europe. On the continent, for instance, they never appear otherwise than as heroes of romance; whereas in Wales, although in subsequent ages they were made to support the exaggerated character of fiction, yet in the compositions of their contemporary bards, they are always represented as real and actually existing personages. That the Welsh possessed tales of fiction, and those of a very high tone of colouring too, even in the days of the real Arthur, I do not mean to deny; aware as I am of the numerous proofs of the fact still extant; I am even convinced, that much of the machinery of the romance of chivalry is of an era far more remote than even those early ages; but it is evident that, in consequence of the all-absorbing fame of Arthur and his knights, these minor traditions became in the course of time blended with those of the Round Table.

However this may be, it is fully evident, from incontrovertible



proofs, that the earliest characters of chivalry and romance are altogether Welsh. When the origin of those institutions, and of the extraordinary moral phenomena which accompanied them, began to be made the subject of literary inquiry, and before the several evidences necessary to its elucidation had been properly developed, various theories were suggested and strenuously maintained by several writers of ability; and almost every nation of the world laid claim to the honour of having given existence to them. Greece, Italy, Scandinavia, Spain, Arabia, all had their advocates, and all with equal success. Those who advanced their claims in favor of Italy, although the influence of that country had once extended itself as far as the limits of the Roman empire, yet could not make it appear that the literature of chivalry and that of the classics, had any one character, or one single feeling in common. Those again who advocated the title of Germany and Scandinavia were equally unfortunate with the others; for neither Thor nor Odin, nor the names or attributes of any of their kindred divinities, nor even the slightest tinge of the northern mythology, are to be found in these tales. And, notwithstanding, the Normans had for so many years acted so conspicuous a part on the same arena with the heroes of chivalry, not a single northman, of any importance to the system, is found in the early romances; and scarcely any in the second class, with the exception of Ogier the Dane, and he only as a follower of Charlemagne. With regard to the Spaniards, they have never even advanced any pretensions to the possession of such literature, prior to its introduction from France; and their early heroes are all of foreign extraction. The Saracens are in no better predicament than the others: for neither Mahomet, nor any other Arabian, is represented as founding the order of knighthood, nor is there among the traditions of the Round Table any allusion to the ordinances of the Koran. The very circumstance alone of the superior respect paid to the fair sex under the institution of chivalry, will for ever exclude the Mahomedan nations from the honour of having originated that noble system. And surely it is but reasonable to suppose that if either of the above nations had exercised any material influence upon the institution of chivalry, or its concomitant system of romance, there must have been some remains of such interferences, in the national customs, traditions, and names of eminent persons, according to the effect produced; and how absurd must it be then to imagine that any people could have founded the institution itself, without leaving any memorial to record the circumstance.

But in proportion as this subject became more investigated and the various facts connected with it brought into notice, it became more and more evident that the primary elements of the whole system, were to be referred for their origin to the nation of the Welsh. Arthur the founder of the Round Table, was a Silurian chieftain, and all his knights, together with Merlin, the enchanter, were, without exception, of the same ancient British race. In short, the whole machinery of romance is of

that identical fabrication : the mythology, traditions, and tone of sentiment, are altogether of Cymraeg origin : even those interesting personages the *fairies* themselves, are of the same Celtic stock ; and however the advocates of their Oriental extraction may endeavour to derive them from the Peries of Persia, it is evident that the earliest notices of these unearthly beings are to be found in the romances of Arthur and his knights. The celebrated *Morgan la Fai*,\* whose very name implies her Cambrian origin, exercised her dominion not only in Britain, but also over the whole of the continent, long before any idea of eastern mythology had found its way there ; and so far had this powerful princess extended her authority, that her reign was acknowledged, not merely throughout the whole of the western world, but even in those countries whose geographical situation would naturally have rendered them subject to the influence of oriental fiction, did such influence exist, rather than to that of the remote Celtic tribes of Britain. For we find that, in Italy and Greece, and in many parts of Asia itself, the spirit of the Welsh romances had extended itself, and prevailed to such a degree as to supersede that of the native traditions. And, to this day, we are informed that when that beautiful and well-known optical illusion appears on the coast of Calabria, in which the forms of the buildings, on the shore, are seen as a series of castles and palaces over the straits of Messina, the inhabitants run out of their houses to view the extraordinary phenomenon, with every demonstration of delight, exclaiming that the *Fata Morgana* has honoured them with a visit, and deigned to reveal to them some of the magnificence of her fairy abode.

Although at the period when the investigation of the origin of modern literature began to occupy general attention, a diversity of opinion existed ; yet as the various historical evidences were gradually developed, the claims of the Welsh became more decidedly established ; and *Dunlop*, who, in his admirable "*History of Fiction*," has examined the pretensions of the various claimants, has come to the conclusion that the romances of the Round Table, which originated in the early legends of Armorica and Wales, form the most ancient and numerous class of this style of composition of which any trace remains. And *Panizzi*, in his masterly essay on the romantic poetry of the Italians, prefixed to his *Ariosto*, (now in the press,) profiting by the researches of the numerous writers who preceded him on this topic, and possessed of a highly cultivated and discriminating judgment, has formed that decision to which a thorough knowledge of the subject must inevitably lead, and which must, henceforth, be considered as incontrovertible. His words are as follow : " If the original destination of poetry were in every nation of the world to celebrate the glorious actions of heroes, one of the provinces of England, possessing one of the most ancient languages extant, would seem to have surpassed all other countries in the application of the art. All the chivalrous fictions, since spread throughout Europe, appear to have had their birth in Wales."

\* Sometimes written Morgain and Morguein.

Such then after the most severe and laborious scrutiny, of at least a century, appears to be the state of this question. But the original causes of these facts offer another problem not so easily solved. What could have compelled all the several nations of the civilized world to have recourse to the harrassed, reduced, and almost exterminated race of Wales for subjects of applause and imitation? Were there among none of these any national recollections of their own, which could attract their notice? Was there among the warlike and widely extended tribes of Germany nothing worthy of attention? Nothing among the more polished inhabitants of Gaul; or even among the descendants of the Romans themselves? Was it that the corruscations of the Bardic *Awen* shone so bright that every other light faded into obscurity before them, and that the Bardic harp was so sweetly strung that whensoever its chords were struck, all others, even those of the classic lyre itself, must remain for ever mute; or, was there some mysterious destiny allotted to the first colonizers of the western world, that, although they should lose their dominion over the soil, they should still retain it over the minds of its occupiers? Truly there is something in this subject more difficult of explanation than may appear upon a superficial view, and which may challenge the application of much more time and penetration in the inquiry, than I can ever hope to command.

When I was in Brittany, I felt exceedingly anxious to discover some remains of the ancient Breton *lays*, or of the original romances of the Round Table in the Breton language. But I was totally disappointed in my endeavours. What can have befallen all the ancient manuscripts which once existed I am not able to conjecture, possibly the exercise of more attention and leisure than I was able to bestow upon the research, may hereafter succeed in bringing some of these treasures to light, if not in Brittany itself, at least in some of the libraries of other parts of the continent.

But although I was not successful with regard to the more ancient literature of the country, yet I was fortunate enough to meet with several compositions of the later eras, both in manuscript and print, by no means devoid of interest. And that which I shall now notice as connected with the present subject, is a dramatic work in the form of a tragedy, printed by Ledan, of Morlaix, in 1818; and which, to the best of my recollection, he told me was the first and only impression that had appeared, having been edited by himself from manuscript copies. It is entitled, *Buez ar pevar mab Emon*, "The Life of the four sons of Aymon;" and, for a single tragedy, is a work of extraordinary dimensions, being an octavo of 416 pages, containing four times the quantity of one of Shakspeare's plays, and consisting of seven Acts, six of which are in verse, and the seventh in prose, which last is not in the form of a dialogue, but an historical narrative; and, as is befitting a work of such magnitude, the dramatis personæ are numerous and important in proportion; consisting of at least fifty cha-

racters, besides esquires, soldiers, monks, and attendants. The actors are no less important personages than Charlemagne and his Paladins, Roland, Oliver, Ogier the Dane, Solomon of Brittany; Aymon, duke of Dordogne, with his four sons, Reynault of Montauban, Richard, Alard and Guichard, &c.; also Beuvet of Egremont; Yon, king of Gascony; Maugis, the enchanter, and a multitude of others of nearly equal distinction.

It has been already observed, that the earliest European works of literature subsequent to the extinction of classic learning, were the romances of Arthur and his knights, forming a species of themselves, totally distinct from any thing which had been previously known. These having occupied the attention of the world for several ages, were at length succeeded by the romances of Charlemagne, which having grown out of the others, and though by no means equal to them in point of interest, did nevertheless, according to the progress of fashion, in many respects supersede them. In this second class of romances, it must be admitted, the majority of the characters are not of the Breton race; however, the suspicion which has been often entertained, seems by no means unfounded, that even the fame of Charlemagne owed its existence to a connexion with Brittany. For although I shall not much rely upon the assertion of the Breton extraction of his grandfather, Charles Martel, I still think it more than probable, that however great the real achievements of Charlemagne may have been as a character of history, yet that he owes his *romantic* celebrity altogether to the circumstance of his fellow-warrior, Roland, being warden of the borders of Brittany; and, if this Paladin was not actually a native of that province, as some suppose, he was at least a particular favorite with the Bretons, and was the means of transferring to his patron some of the effects of the partiality which he himself enjoyed, and of raising him to a certain degree of poetic renown, in consequence of the influence which the people of Brittany had long exercised over the imagination of the continental nations, and which afterwards so eminently displayed its power in the songs of Roncesvalles, and other popular compositions of the middle ages.

The romance of the *Quatre fils Aymon*, which was once so general throughout France, is said to have been originally composed by Huon de Villeneuve, together with several other pieces upon the same subject, as far back as the thirteenth century. But, however this author may claim the merit of the French compositions, it is not probable that the materials were entirely of his own creation; but how far he is indebted to the Bretons for their supply I cannot pretend to say; or whether any one of the above-mentioned French works be in the form of this Breton tragedy, I have no opportunity of ascertaining. But whatever country produced the original, I must own that this identical copy under con-

sideration cannot urge any pretensions to antiquity, as far as its present style of wording is concerned; there being a variety of internal evidence to limit its composition, or at least its revision, at farthest, to the latter end of the fifteenth century.

This subject appears, in later ages, to have become popular in several other countries as well as in France, as may be seen in the Spanish ballad, *Don Reynaldos de Montalvan*, and also in another, *Conde Claros de Montalvan*, which Count Claros was son to Reynauld. But to return to the tragedy.

The scene opens with Charlemagne seated on his throne, attended by his son Lohier, the twelve peers of France, and the rest of his suite. Charlemagne commences the drama in a speech, of which the following lines will afford a specimen of the metre used throughout the whole composition, and likewise of the corrupt state of the Breton language, in consequence of the perpetual mixture of French words. Charlemagne speaks,—

‘ Me a mens an enor da vea roue Franc,  
Hac Ampereur Romen, dre ar guir Brovidanç;  
Me so mab da Bepin, ar monarq immortal,  
A verit un enor a veze eternal.’

‘ I possess the honour of being king of France,  
And Roman emperor by the true Providence;  
I am son of Pepin, the monarch immortal,  
Who deserves an honour that shall be eternal.’

When he has gone on in this strain for a page or two, the Duke of Nismes addresses him in a very courtier-like speech, upon the greatness of his fame, and the extent of his power. This is seconded by the Prince Lohier, who acknowledges the extensive nature of his father’s power, but at the same time throws in an alloy by alluding to the conduct of Beuvet, duke of Egremont, who refuses to pay the homage which had been universally acknowledged by all others: this fact is confirmed by Ganelou, who says, “That it is very true that the duke has refused to pay either homage or tribute, but that he does by no means mention this from any motives of jealousy.” Upon this the king flies into a rage, and swears by St. Denis of France, that he will punish this Duke of Egremont for his arrogance: but first of all it is determined in council, that a deputation shall be despatched to him, consisting of Prince Lohier, the Counts of Morillon and Gidelon, together with four esquires, to demand his homage.

The second dialogue (*cilves dialog*) opens with the speech of the Duke of Egremont, who addresses his suite in the same manner that Charlemagne did :

‘ Me so Duc puissant ebars en Egremont, &c.’  
‘ I am the puissant duke over Egremont, &c.’

and proceeds to state how that, through the assistance which he, his brothers, and family, had rendered Charlemagne, that monarch had been elevated to the rank which he enjoyed :

‘On eus er zicouret en e oll vrezellou,  
Exposet en danjer hor chorf hac hor madou.’

‘We have succoured him in all his battles,  
Exposed to danger our body and our goods.’

but that his services had been repaid with ingratitude and insult, and he therefore determines upon refusing him tribute. His courtiers, of course, approve highly of his determination, and encourage him to persevere in it.

The next dialogue commences with arrival of the ambassadors, Lohier, and his attendants: Lohier cites the duke to appear before his father and pay tribute, on pain of having every soul in the country put to the sword. The duke, as may be expected, refuses to obey, upon which a very stormy altercation takes place; and, in consequence of the irritating language of Lohier, the duke orders him to be seized; but the prince strikes the soldier who approaches him with his sword, and kills him: the duke and Lohier then engage in single combat, and Lohier is slain with a stroke of the sword. *Treuzi ra Lohier gant un tol cleze.*

The body of Lohier is brought home; and, after considerable agitation and argument, his father prepares to avenge his death. Upon receiving intelligence of this, the Duke of Nanteuil, Beuvel’s brother, together with his barons and his army, march to Egremont to succour Beuvel; and likewise Gerard duke of Rousillon, to endeavour to mediate: and Aymon duke of Dordogne, another brother of Beuvel, goes with his four sons to Paris to join the king. In the following scene, at the meeting of Beuvel and his adherents, the duke, after stating his intentions, intimates, that if matters should go hard with him, he will apply to his friend, the great Sultan of Constantinople, to bring an army of pagans to his assistance, and in this very Christian mood retires to make preparations.

In the meantime Charlemagne is actively engaged in preparing his expedition against Egremont: and having assembled his army, when on the point of marching, he gives to Ogier the Dane, commission to head the vanguard and display the *Oriflamme*;

‘Dechu, Ojer-Danoa, pa ne doch quet couard,  
E roan-me ar soign demeus va avan-gard  
Hac eus un a Oriflam, ar guir anseign a Franç,  
Dre meus bepret ennoch calz euz a gonfiñg, &c.’

and Ogier, in a high-toned speech, acknowledges the honour, and

declares his determination to maintain his post, even at the expense of being hacked to pieces alive.

‘Pa roit din-me’r soign. O roue Charlamagn !  
Demeus och avan-gard ha demeus och ansagn, &c.’

The army then sets out for Egremont; and, in the next scene, they appear again on the stage, march ouce round, and halt before the town of Egremont, whence a messenger is sent to the duke, while the troops are refreshing themselves and adjusting their arms.

In the second act, the two armies approach each other: that of Beuvet appears, and passes across the stage in quest of the king’s, and again the king’s army enters in search of Beuvet. At length the duke and his troops make their appearance a second time, and the two armies range themselves on the stage in front of each other. Then Ogier the Dane, at the head of the royal vanguard, calls out to the opposite army in no very gentle terms, and bids them stand, and he is answered in similar language by Gerard of Rousillon: upon this the king and the duke commence a dialogue, and enter into a series of taunts and recriminations; the king charges him with the massacre of his son Lohier, and the duke, in his turn, complains of ill usage from the king, and says,

‘Guir è sur, Charlamagn, choui zo en Franç roue,  
Hogen ni a zoug choas, ha va breudeur ha me,  
Partout dre hor chorfou merqou an tolliou lanç  
Recevet vit souten ho curunen a Franç;  
Hac evit recompañ da venteni ho stad,  
E fel déch or laqat pave dindan ho troad!  
Mes, mar och eus desir dont da denna venjanç  
Eus a varo ho mab, n’och eus nemet comañç;  
Me a zo preparet, hac o tefi ive  
Da dostât diouzin demeus hed va chleze.’

‘It is surely true, Charlemagne, you are in France the king,  
But we bear also, my brothers and myself,  
Throughout our bodies, marks of the wounds of the lance,  
Received for to sustain your crown of France;  
And for to recompense the maintaining of your state,  
You place us as the pavement under your feet!  
But if you now desire to take vengeance  
For the death of your son, you have but to commence;  
I am prepar’d, and I also defy you  
To approach me within the length of my sword.’

This defiance is answered by Ogier the Dane, in his usual style. Then Gerard draws his sword. (*Jerard a denn e gleze*) and replies to Ogier; whereupon Solomon of Brittany, one of the king’s

adherents, calls upon the troops to draw their swords, and most devoutly commences the fight.

The two armies then engage, and after several pages spent in fighting, altercation, and tumult, night comes on, and the troops withdraw until the next morning, leaving a vast number of killed on the field. But on the morrow, instead of renewing the battle, a negotiation is entered into, and Beuvet is pardoned, upon condition of his doing homage, and appearing at Midsummer (*Voel-yas*) in Paris with 200 men; but, on his way to fulfil his engagement, he is met by a party of the king's adherents, where a skirmish takes place, and the duke is slain, together with several of his followers.

The next scene presents an encounter between a giant and Maugis, the enchanter, son of Beuvet. The giant enters alone, and commences a soliloquy in a very surly mood; in which he expatiates upon his superior strength in the most arrogant manner. Having proceeded with this ebullition of self-sufficiency for a considerable time, he at length espies Maugis making his entrée, and immediately, in the most insolent manner, demands the reason of such intrusion. But Maugis, who does not seem to have any particular awe of giants, answered him carelessly, and calls him *Camarad*. This familiarity excites the giant's choler still more, and he uses yet more abusive language; and upon this Maugis turns to, and answers him in his own style, with suitable fluency, and they both commence a most energetic display of mutual abuse, which continues for two or three pages, until the giant, unable to control his temper any longer, draws his sword and aims a furious blow at Maugis, which the enchanter parries most adroitly, and instantly closes with the giant and throws him on the ground. Finding himself in this predicament, the monster roars out for quarter; but Maugis asks him what ransom he will give; upon which the giant answers that he will give his horse *Boyard*, the best in the universe, which is

‘Strong as the ocean, and fleet as the gale,’

‘Crenñ è evel ar mor, buan vel an avel:’

he will also give his sword *Flamberjé*, the most eminent in existence, which was

‘Forged in hell, and tempered in the blood of asps:’

and adds,

‘Flamberj eus da goste, ha Boyard dindannout,  
Ep aon rac den ebet ech elles mont partout:’

‘With Flamberj at thy side, and Boyard under thee,  
Without fear of man thou mayst go where e'er thou wilt.’



The necromancer then accepts the ransom, and calls on the names of his familiar spirits,

‘Tariel, Gaviel, Tarquam, Guabariel,  
Crarari, Atarib, Core, Gargatiel, &c.’

The giant then discovers who he is, and informs him how the horse and sword had been obtained from the demon Rouard. The two combatants then part good friends; Maugis mounts on the back of Boyard, takes leave of the giant, and says,

‘Flamberj eus e goste, ebars e zorn eul lanç,  
Hac eve dirac-ân an daouzec Tad a Franç,  
Ha daou-chant den armet prest cloa da gombati,  
E retent aroc-an evel gad dirac qi.’

‘With Flamberj at my side, and in my hand my lance,  
Should there come to meet me the twelve Peers of France,  
And two hundred armed men ready for to combat,  
They would run away before me like a hare before a dog.’

Having said this, he sallies forth upon Boyard, *like the wind*, to seek his cousins; (*hac e ya evel an avel da gaout e gendervet.*)

The piece now becomes more confused and complicated: Aymon and his sons are among the principal actors, and an occurrence takes place which gives a new turn to the proceedings. Bertelot, the king’s nephew, meeting Renauld, challenges him to play at chess, which challenge he accepts; and, while engaged at the game, Bertelot, being dissatisfied at Renauld’s conduct, and presuming upon his connexion with the king, makes use of very offensive language, whereupon Renauld not only returns him the abuse, but lifts up the chess-board, and with it splits his head. After this exemplary act, which of course occasions some slight sensation at court, Renauld and his three brothers, together with their cousin Maugis, think it expedient to have recourse to flight, and having taken refuge in the forest of Ardennes, they build a castle upon a rock on the banks of the Meuse, to which they give the name of Rochefort.

Charlemagne and his troops then set out to besiege this castle; and, after various skirmishes, a project is formed by Hernier, and Griffon de Hauteville, to take it by stratagem; accordingly, the royal troops gain admittance in the night, and a general assault is made. However, the vigilance of Maugis discovers the evil in time, and, rushing from his couch towards his kinsmen, he gives the alarm, and rouses them in the following energetic address:

‘Va chendervi Renod, Richard, Alard, Guichard,  
Possubl ve e varvach evel pevar couard!’

*Qemerit och armou, deut buan ganeme,  
Setu leun ar chastel eus a dud ar roue.'*

*'My cousins Renaud, Richard, Alard, Guichard,  
Is it possible that you will die like four cowards!  
Take your arms, come quickly along with me,  
Here the castle is full of the king's troops.'*

and again,

*'Setu tud ar roue deja mestr en donjon.'*

*'Here the king's people are already masters of the keep.'*

In consequence of this seasonable alarm, the king's troops are repulsed, and compelled to quit the castle; but the two spies, Griffon and Hernier, are taken; and, as a reward for their treachery, the one is hanged and the other quartered, both which operations are duly performed upon the stage, as are all the other actions of the piece.

The castle holds out a considerable time longer, but it is at length set on fire, and its inmates turned adrift to seek their fortunes once more; and, after a number of adventures, they come to the court of Yon, king of Gascony, who is at war with the king of Burgundy, a Saracen and a pagan. A battle soon takes place, in which Renaud encounters the king of Burgundy, and subdues him in single combat, but spares his life on condition of his renouncing paganism, for which service the king of Gascony gives Renaud the castle of Montauban, from which he afterwards derives his title, which castle is in the ancient province of Guienne, about twenty miles from Toulouse, and must not be confounded with another Montauban in Brittany, which is also celebrated in history.

The scene next following discovers Clera, sister to King Yon, attended by her page, whom the princess addresses as follows:

*'Clevit, va Faj bian, pa omp ama hon daou,  
Em eus desir da chout diganech eur chelaou;  
Hac eun dra a neve var sujet ar brezel,  
Piou en deus delivret ar ger eus a Vourdel?'*

*'Listen, my little page, as we are here both together,  
I have a wish to hear of thee the news;  
And one thing new on the subject of the battle.  
Who was it that rescued the town of Bordeaux?'*

the page answers,

*'Ato, princes yaouanq, &c.'*

*'Truly, young princess, a certain knight who came into this country with the Frankish people;' and proceeds to eulogize Renaud, and expatiate upon his exploits, and then says, 'O my mistress, a braver knight does not exist than this Renaud, what a*

valiant man! How I should delight in seeing him married to you.' It should seem, that the princess had been accustomed to this kind of familiar communication with her little page, for she immediately acknowledges that, from what she has heard, she is greatly charmed with the fame of this knight, and commissions the page to bring about an opportunity for an interview with him: and it so happens, that, with the good offices of this page, together with the good fortune of Renauld, not only an interview, but an attachment takes place; and, after a short scene of stage courtship, a match is concluded under the sanction of the king and public authorities.

The king then gives them possession of the castle of Montauban, which, he says, is one of the bravest places that can be found in this world.

'Hac evit argoulou qemerit Montoban,  
Unan a vrava plaç a gafet er bed-man.'

But his comforts there are but of short duration, for his old persecutor Charlemagne finds him out, and determines upon laying siege to his castle;

'Da laqat ar siej var castel Montoban.'

and Roland, who is on this occasion appointed to lead the vanguard, approaches the fortress, and says,

'Quent evit ma quitain castel caer Montoban,  
Ma na rân en laqat en ludu hac en tan.'

'Before that I quit the fair castle of Montauban,  
I will cause it to be reduced to ashes and to fire;'

however, the worthy Paladin does not find that so easy a business, for the castle holds out in defiance of him for a considerable time, until at length, through the treachery of Yon, it is forced to surrender.

It would not be an easy matter to give a description of the piece during the ensuing act, which consists of fighting, killing, and plotting as usual, in which Roland and Oliver, and the other Paladins, act conspicuous parts, until at length Maugis the magician is brought into the power of Charlemagne, and instead of endeavouring to conciliate his enemies by respectful behaviour, he is upon this occasion more impertinent than ever; till at length he provokes the king to order chains and fetters to be brought and placed upon him, and to have him bound to a pillar for the night, promising that, before he breakfasts on the morrow, he will have him hanged; but Maugis, though bound in chains, tells him,

'Me bromet dech, Charles, dirac ar brinçet mân,  
E tijunin varchoas en castel Montoban.'

'I promise you, Charles, before these princes here,  
That I will breakfast tomorrow in the castle of Montauban :'

this piece of insolence is too much, and they proceed to execute their threat on the spot, without waiting for the morning: upon this Maugis has recourse to his necromancy, and utters the following mystic words,

'Manrellon, Goberlion et chiminalom ;'

and immediately the king and his attendants fall into a profound sleep; Maugis then continues his incantations, and his chains are burst, and he set at liberty: he then takes the king's crown, the sceptre, and the swords of the twelve peers; and, after a suitable soliloquy, walks away with them.

In one of the succeeding scenes we have a single combat between Roland and Renauld, before the court, according to the usages of knighthood: they first prove their lances on horseback, and then they alight (*disçen a reont*) and combat on foot with their swords; and lastly, they close and try their strength in wrestling, occasionally addressing each other in courteous language, as becomes gentle and well-bred knights.

The prose narrative at the end goes on to relate, how Renauld went to the Holy Land, and how he and Maugis rescued Jerusalem by their courage: how he returned to Paris, and found his two sons grown up and knighted; and how he was at last treacherously slain while asleep, in the neighbourhood of Cologne, where he had retired incog., seemingly as a voluntary act of penance.

Such is the outline of this Breton drama. Whether it was ever acted, or intended for acting, I have never inquired; but, as far as its general construction is concerned, I cannot see that in addition to a sufficiently ample theatre, and the requisite number of performers, there is anything required but time and patience towards carrying its representation into effect, with as much consistency as that of dramatic compositions in general: and when we recollect that to this day, in many parts of the continent, theatrical exhibitions are conducted in the open air, and the same drama carried on for several days together, we may conclude that it is not impossible that this piece may have undergone a similar representation. With regard to its language and composition, although there is a good deal of tedious harangue, yet, altogether, it is by no means devoid of interest, and in many passages possesses a considerable degree of merit.

The principal characters have long enjoyed a poetic celebrity in the world, although their real history is often very obscure, as well as the race of people to which they belonged, and the origin of their names and titles. The name of Emon is frequently met

with in the middle ages, and is variously written, as Aymon, Almundus, Hamon, &c., and may be seen in that of *Fitz-Hamon*, one of the followers of the Conqueror who settled in South Wales; but of what language it was originally formed, is uncertain. The name of Renauld is equally obscure in its origin, and takes various forms according to the languages in which it appears; in France it is Renaud, anciently Regnault and Reginald; in Italy it is Rinaldo, and in Spain Reynaldos. It seems to have been introduced into Wales at the Norman conquest, and is still often met with and pronounced Rhynallt. Roland has likewise been subject to similar transformations; in Italy he is Orlando, and in Spain Don Roldan, &c.; but it has been conjectured, with some appearance of correctness, that he was in reality of Breton origin. Ogier, Ojer, or Hulgerus, is likewise supposed to have been a real character, but that his cognomen of *Danoys* has any reference to Denmark as his native country, is more than doubtful; the most probable conjecture is, that it was originally *Danné*, from his having been condemned to banishment by Charlemagne. *Maugis*, *Mojis*, *Mogis*, *Malgis*, or *Malagigi*, may have been of any race upon earth as far as his name is concerned, but the supernatural qualities of his horse seem to refer to a Celtic origin. In the Welsh triads we have a notice of some sort of mischievous occurrence which seems to have taken place in Britain in the early mythological ages, and which is called the oppression of *March Malaen*, literally the *horse of Malaen*: whether this has any thing to do with the demon horse of *Malgis*, I cannot pretend to say; I have known more improbable conjectures adopted upon less obscure subjects.

(To be continued.)

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#### SONNET.

SWEET is the memory of departed time,  
 When first those gentle influences, those powers,  
 That fondly sway the human heart, were ours;  
 The sense of all things bright was in its prime,  
 And passionate thoughts rose like a bed of flowers  
 In the warm breath of the sweet southern clime;  
 Sweet is the memory of the love that lies  
 Imperishable as the worm that never dies;  
 Remembrances of joys when the young heart  
 Was lighted up with smiles from gentle eyes,  
 The eloquent longings of the heaving breast,  
 Told what the trembling tongue dared not impart,  
 When eyes would gaze on eyes, and lips would rest,  
 On the warm mouth on which they had been prest.

R. F. W.

## SELECTION FROM DAVYTH AP GWYLYM,

A BARD OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

*Petition to the Wave that prevented him crossing the Dyvy to  
visit Morvyth.*

HOARSE wave, with crest of curling foam,  
Back to thy native ocean roam,  
And leave the fords of Dyfy free,  
That Morvyth separate from me:  
No bard before hath loved to tell  
Thy glassy tower, thy lordly swell.

Friend of the sail! thou briny gem,  
Thou branch of ocean's mighty stem!  
The storm, the onset of the fray,  
Joined in the mountain's narrow way,  
The war steed's sinewy chest of might,  
Are faint to thee, thou billowy height!

Nor organ, harp, nor vocal tone,  
Is like thy vast and fearful moan:  
To her no other pledge I'll give,  
The snow-white maid for whom I live,  
Than call her beauty like the light,  
And as thy soaring waters bright.

Thou murm'ring phantom, let me pass  
Beyond thy ring of azure glass;  
For long my love, awaiting me,  
Stands by Llanbadarn's birchen tree:  
Of rock and reef, thou mantle hoar,  
Wove on the rent and rugged shore.

'Tis death if from my love I stay;  
Knight of old Ocean's train, away!  
And wilt thou tarry still, wild wave?  
Wild wave, I'll sojourn e'en with thee;  
For my own Indeg's\* love I'll brave  
Thy wrath, fierce courser of the sea!

Thro' spear and brand, on thee I'll greet  
Yon strand, to which my bosom clings;  
Yon land, that from my ling'ring feet,  
Thou shieldest with thy thousand wings.  
Death! e'en in thy caresses stern,  
For her a thousand-fold I'll spurn.

MAELOG.

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\* Indeg was one of the beauties of Arthur's court, to whom he thus compares Morvyth.

*To the Editors.*

GENTLEMEN,

A MOST beautifully illustrated and cleverly written work has lately appeared, under the title of "Twelve Designs for the Costume of Shakspeare's Richard III.," by J. R. Planché, esq., replete with highly useful and interesting antiquarian research. The crests of that king are therein given, on the authority of the Warwick roll, drawn up in the time of Richard III. and now preserved in the Herald's college, London. The sixth is thus described by Mr. Planché: "on a coronet in a *cradls* or, a *greyhound* argent for Wales, (in the original "Walys,") a curious allusion to the well known story of Prince Llewelyn and his faithful dog, Gellert; which has, I believe, escaped the notice of previous writers."

For this piece of information, so modestly given, all who feel anxious about the literature and history of the Principality must be under obligations to the sagacity of the author. I shall trouble you with a few remarks on the story itself: that it was well known wherever the Welsh language was used is evident from the adage still common among the peasantry, "to repent as much as the man who killed his dog."

Bèddgelert is the name of a parish in Caernarvonshire, so called in consequence of this tale; though the fancy of a monumental effigy in its church, with a greyhound at the feet, having caused it, is quite erroneous, such a tomb never having had existence within its humble walls. Now, if one of the three *princes* who bore the name of Llewelyn be supposed the master of the dog, the circumstance could not have taken place before the year 1015; when Llewelyn ab Sitsyllt came to the throne. The formation of a *plywv* and the erection of a church would, in such case, have been so prominently historical as to have been recorded in the *Brut y Tywysogion*. As, however, we find no mention of it, and the story is purely traditional, we must conceive the name of the place far more ancient, and prior to the erection of a church, consequently anterior to the 6th century, when most of the Welsh ecclesiastic edifices were founded. This then brings us to the times of paganism, and stamps the tale as one of Druidic origin, such as are generally styled *Mabinogion*.

Now the greyhound, we know, was a title under which the female divinity was worshipped among the Britons, and the name of *Celert*, or *mystical*, from *cell concealment*, was, under such circumstances, by no means inappropriate. Hence some Welsh cromlechs have the appellations *Llech yr Ast*, and *Llech y vilast*; and the feats of this greyhound have been collected by the Rev. Mr. Davies, in his "Rites and Mythology of the Druids;" a work

that does such infinite credit to the scholarship of its author, that any nation might take pride in boasting him for its own. It will be there seen that the cradle is a metaphorical expression for the coracle, in which an aspirant for the Druidic order was compelled to undergo what were considered the greater mysteries. The name *Llewelyn*, we must take according to its literal import, and we shall find that *llew*, or *the lion*, was often introduced as a mythologic character; thus *Llew*, *Llaw-gyfes*, &c.

It may be difficult to shew how the story applies,—whether referring to the introduction of the Sabeian idolatry, and the dread that the simple arkite religion would be destroyed, until it was found that they could amalgamate,—or any more specific event; but of its mystic character, I think, there can be no doubt.

The extensive prevalence of the tale is quite astonishing. That it should be found in Ireland, engraved on a rock in the county of Limerick, as my friend, Crofton Croker, assures us, in his *Irish Tales*, is only to be accounted for by considering it mythological, and, therefore, Druidic. In this manner we can understand how it was introduced into romance, and why we find it in “the seven wise masters,” under the title of “*The Knight and the Greyhound*,” as well as in the English “*Gesta Romanorum*,” not yet published. From this source it got, no doubt, into the Italian language, as it will be found in the *Cento Novelli*, and in *San-sovino*.

But it is not confined within the boundaries of Europe, being equally prevalent in Asia. It occurs in the *Turkish Tales*, and in *Pilpay's Persian Tales*; while the Abbe Du Bois quotes it as in the Hindu book *Pancha, Tancha*, or *Hectopoles*; but as this has been translated by Wilkins, we learn that a stork, or ichneumon, has supplied the place of the greyhound.

Now, as the author before mentioned has shewn that Druidism arose in the East, which every research confirms, we may regard the story of *Llewelyn and Celert* as of the highest antiquity, and imported into this country together with that form of pagan worship which was found in Britain on the arrival of the Romans.

Hoping that I have not uselessly intruded on your pages,

I remain,

Respectfully yours,

S. R. MEYRICK.

*Goodrich court,*  
*Aug. 25, 1830.*



ABBOT MERVYN.

THE army of Howel and Conan is strong,  
 But mightless the mighty who battle in wrong;  
 They rush in their strength to the walls of Cynvael,  
 With daring deportment, and haughty their hail;  
 "Come, open your gates, sirs, and let us march in!"  
 "Not yet;" cried the Abbot of Abbey Ty-gwyn.

The brothers made sport of the churchman's reply;  
 "How, Mervyn the Monk! art thou ready to die?  
 For by him that made thee, thy hour is come,  
 Unless a surrender thou beat'st on thy drum."  
 "Our sheepskins are new, like thy soldiers, and green,"  
 With a smile, said the Abbot of Abbey Ty-gwyn.

"Thou mock'st at our menaces; Abbot, be wise!  
 Red gold shall be thine, and rich geer be thy prize,  
 Abandon Cadwalader's fast-failing cause,  
 And yield up the castle, 'tis folly to pause."  
 "A villain or coward I'll never be seen,  
 Draw, archers!" cried Mervyn of Abbey Ty-gwyn.

On rush'd the beleaguers, terrific their force,  
 Loud, loud was the tumult with foot and with horse;  
 The castle was carried; "Oh, evil your speed!  
 The end is not yet, 'tis in ill ye succeed;"  
 Cried Mervyn, but loud laugh'd the victors within,  
 Yet sooth said the Abbot of Abbey Ty-gwyn.

While vaunting their triumph a new foe appears,  
 The sons of Ab Griffith, whose true right endears;  
 Again the loud onset is made on Cynvael,  
 The rebels are worsted, the Southerners prevail;  
 A hero, a prophet, prov'd Mervyn, I ween,  
 So, fame to the Abbot of Abbey Ty-gwyn!

MADOC MERVYN.

THE MARCHAND'S ANECDOTE AND THE BAT-MAN'S  
TALE.

—  
"This is all as true as it is strange."

SHAKSPEARE.

—  
THE ANECDOTE.

LE MARCHAND DU TABAC, *Loquitur*. In passing over the never to be forgotten plain of Waterloo, in company with two or three natives of each of the three kingdoms, during one of my regular visits, on the anniversary of the battle, I observed that, if the party wanted any veritable relics, they had better direct the peasants to dig up a skull and a pair of thigh bones, which, if fixed in a garden, with a scroll underneath, and the word "Waterloo," in grim German characters, might serve as a capital Memento Mori. It seldom happens that a proposition emanating from a representative of any one of the four nations which compose the empire of our good and patriotic king, would be acceded to by the rest; but, in this instance, the Cymro's idea was voted, instanter, quite unanswerable.

Divers skulls were accordingly exhumed by mere groping with the hands, but they did not by any means satisfy the two Caledonians, they had studied in the university of Edinburgh, and found out important defects in the specimens which came under their notice; however, a peasant who watched our resurrectionary propensities, saw what our object was, and proceeded to the farm house of La Haye Sainte, and procured tools. He commenced digging opposite the gateway, on the left hand side of the *chemin, or road*, leading to Charleroi, and was assisted by two or three more in their blouze frocks and cloth casques; the soil was soft and loomy, and easily yielded to the spade and mattock. Crash went the latter, and the party raised a shout of exultation: "there he is," cried one of the blue frocks, "a huge Cuirassier for a bottle of Peteriman."

Sure enough it was a skeleton; we all crowded around the disturbed grave of the warrior; a leg was dragged out, and then an arm, and, upon examining the bones more closely, we perceived that two skeletons were lying side by side: the bones of one were considerably smaller than the other. The Scotchmen pledged themselves that the smaller bones were those of a female. We paid but little attention to their surmises, considering it most improbable that a woman should be buried there. "A woman, sure!" observed the Irishman; "what should a female do here,

now? by Saint Patrick, it would be mighty odd, if there were women in the Connaught rangers, or in the Enniskillen dragoons!" "Vary true, sir," said the Scotchman, "but I have heard of a female Tambour, and of one Molly Mollony; I'll stake my existence, and my veracity, that the bones are those of a female." "A prize, a prize; a treasure, a treasure!" shouted the peasants in their Flemish lingo, rushing into the excavation, and scrambling like madmen, to our great wonderment.

In the breast of the largest of the skeletons, and crushed into the bones, was found, matted in the soil, a crimson silk purse: the spade revealed the money; they discovered several coins of some value, and a large clasp knife, such as soldiers carry in their campaigns; on the handle of which was engraved the letters ERN—, the rest were wholly obliterated, and the very ball which, it was imagined, had terminated the career of the soldier, was found flattened against the spine. The money was greedily purchased by the party, at a trifle more than its real value, but the knife and the bullet fell to the share of some of us, and the purse instantly divided into a dozen pieces. The blue woollen-cloth coat of the warrior was still, in some places, uninjured; but the buttons were completely eaten up and corroded with verdigris, which defied our curiosity in discovering in whose ranks he had fought, or to what nation he belonged.

We all assembled at the Cabaret, in the village of St. Jean, to dinner, and the subject still formed a matter of conversation; the principal argument that occurred was raised by the Scotchmen. "It was vary odd," said one of the Scotchmen, "that he should hae been buried in his coat, could it hae been his coat? I should like to ken that, for Sir Walter says they were all denuded as Adam." "Hoo cam this chield," said the other, "to be buried in his reegeementals, and the woman too; it is certes vary odd, and equally so, that they should hae lain there undisturbed for fourteen years."

I was recounting this anecdote to an Englishman, in the presence of the commissioner of the hotel where he was staying at; the latter expressed his surprise, and related the following circumstance.

#### THE TALE.

During the period that the British army was assembling in the low countries, to watch the progress of Napoleon, in his last struggle for empire, I happened to be residing with my father in the small village of Cortenberg, in Brabant, and assisting him in the cultivation of his little farm, until I could meet with a situation. A commissioner or valet de place at a hotel, or conducteur to

a diligence, were equally indifferent to me, provided I could bid my bad tempered mother-in-law an adieu; and, besides, to tell you the truth, I was heartily tired of living upon sour crout, black bread, and curd cheese.

In the early part of May, I was sitting at the door of the village auberge, the sign of which our rustic Rubens had recently painted. If the name of the animal had not been written under it, both in Flemish and French, it would have puzzled travellers to discover whether the hieroglyphic was intended for a cat or a calf. Be that as it may, the painter's ambition was satisfied, he reaped a cart load of laurels, for the tableau excited the wonder and admiration of the wooden-shod peasantry for many a long day after. Beneath this masterly performance were depicted the following words, in huge and rude antiquated characters.

*In de Goudc Leeuw.*

*Au Lion d'Or.*

*Werksoep en Pan dranken. Goed bier en brandstou.*

Sitting, as I said before, in the cool of the evening under the shade of a venerable beech, which stretched its enormous arms over a portion of the roof of Jan Van Schlascht's hugs, and for a considerable way across the road, enjoying my modicum of goed bier, or caniak, with two or three boon companions, the conversation turned to the forthcoming struggle between England and the Emperor Napoleon, whom we then heard, through the medium of old Vascheel, the itinerant knife grinder, was again in the zenith of his splendor at Paris.

"The English are coming over, Mynheers," said Vascheel, "as fast as their great ships can carry them, and are now in full march upon Brussels; but, Mon Dieu! they are rushing into the jaws of the angel of death. They, indeed, oppose the Emperor! ha, ha, ha! why, if he but shows the tips of the bear skin caps of the garde imperiale, we shall see the barbarous and beardless islanders, and Mi Lor Villainton at their head, run another Dunkerque course."

"But have you seen these English, Vascheel?" interrogated from Schlascht, the hôteesse of the Golden Lion, who brought a glass of aale.

"Ya, ma chere, to be sure I have," answered the grinder, shrugging up his shoulders, "and very imps of the devil are they," crossing himself most devoutly when the name of his satanic majesty was mentioned; "and, as father Michel tells me, black here-tics into the bargain, God preserve us!"

"But what sort of men are they?" demanded the inquisitive hôte-lière; "are they as fair in the face as you are, Vascheel? or the same colour as Baron Vandersnip's garçon negre?"

"Why," replied the grinder, stroking his chin and looking most important and self-satisfied, "they are rather fairer in the face than I am, and as rosy in the cheek as our fair *hôtesse*."

"Come, I am glad of that," said the dame; "what would become of us, heaven help us, if we had an army of black wretches in the country? I hope they are good-looking, though."

The grinder cast the most equivocal glances towards the jolly and buxom Flamande, who had not buried the aubergiste more than a couple of months. "They are well enough for that," said he, "but no more like the veterans of Marengo and of Austerlitz; than a band of raw conscripts; ah! the garde were the heroes, they were men. Such handsome fellows, such magnificent mustachios and beards, so haughty, and so full of ambition and bravery; aye, mynheers, every one of them thought himself a future marshal of France. But these English—*peste*, they have not so much hair on their lips as yourself, my fair widow,—no offence though; I looked at them pretty narrowly, and I saw not one, from le petit tambour to the chef de brigade, who had any thing like a brass medal, much less a cross of honour on his bosom. Believe me, my friends, they'll vanish before the Emperor's little hat, and the batons of the brave marshals, like yon cloud of chaff from the winnowing sheet of my old friend Hans Voort; and such a costume, oh mon cœur, what barbarians! "why," said he, whispering into a peasant's ear, who listened with open mouthed eagerness to the loquacity of the grinder; "why, I saw a whole battalion of them without any b—s."

"Without what, Vascheel?" demanded the *hôtelière*, sidling up to the grinder, while the auditors were in a roar of laughter, "without what, Vascheel?"

"My dear *hôtesse*, if I were to say sans culottes, you could not understand me; the explanation in a more intelligible language would be inexpressible."

"Marry come up, indeed," said the irascible *hôtelière*, as she turned upon her heel, "you take me for a fool!—I'll tell you what, Vascheel," again turning round to the crest-fallen spokesman, and shaking her forefinger within an inch of his nose, "you are an old rogue still, and an enemy to our good King Wilhelm; I see you are not a patriot, Vascheel, and I fear me a great deal worse—a traitor. Take care, you old vagabond, that the *maréchaussée* do not lay their hands on your shoulder, you old, spiteful, prejudiced Bonapartiste."

She darted into the cabaret, after expending her volubility upon the devoted head of the poor knife-grinder, and stamping her *sabôts* in accompaniment to her tongue, doubtless immediately determined to disbelieve every word that had been uttered in disparagement of the English. As soon as her tongue and her clogs

had ceased to clatter, the roll of a drum broke fitfully upon the ear, and as we listened it seemed to approach, and become clearer; presently we distinctly heard, as the breeze arose and fell, the sound of fifes, and a full band of wind instruments.

"*Morbleu!*" said Vascheel, "the brigands: here they come, I know them too well by their fifes. I'm off, mynheers, bon soir, messieurs, au revoir." Away the old boy trotted with his machine, singing with all his might the old song of Malbroog, leaving us to satisfy our curiosity with a sight of the foreigners.

The *hôtelière* soon rushed out, and every living soul in the village followed her example: the strangers had now approached, the band playing a fine march, and the drums rattling their *rub a dub dub*, to the no small delight and astonishment of every one.

"*Oh, mon Dieu!*" was her first exclamation, "how that old dog, Vascheel, (it's well he has taken himself off,) vilified them! how regular and beautiful they march, so firm, so erect, and noble!—inexpressibles indeed—what does he call those gray trowsers? *Oh*, how handsome, how beautiful those bright red coats are, and that magnificent flag! Look, look, Pierre, at that tall handsome young officer, he is so like my first lover, poor Baptiste, who perished in Russia, God rest his soul."

In short, she was in ecstasy, and when she heard that the troops were about to canton in the village, and moreover that the handsome officers intended to pay liberally for every thing, and make her house their head-quarters, she absolutely danced for joy, and indeed every girl in the village, ugly or pretty, seemed to participate in her delight, to the mortification of the young villageois, their sweethearts.

It happened that I knew more of the English than old Vascheel imagined, or I chose to make known to those around me, for I was anxious to hear how far the old republican soldier's prejudice might carry him. In the wane of Napoleon's greatness, like most other lads of my own age, barely seventeen at the time, I had been drawn as a conscript, hurried to Spain, where so many youths of France, and the French empire, enriched the soil with their blood, became food for the wolf, the wild dog, and the eagle, and whose bones for many a day whitened the mountain side, and continued an object upon the trackless and barren Sierra for the weary eye to dwell upon. I may truly consider it my good fortune, rather than otherwise, that my master, a gallant young Bruxellois, a picket of soldiers, and myself, were surprised during the war in the Pyrenees; we were taken to the rear of the English army, and such of us as were not children of the soil of France had the option of volunteering into the German legion. Being on my father's side Dutch, and bred and born in Brabant, I found no difficulty in avoiding incarceration. I was accordingly drafted into one of the German regiments, in the pay of England,

and sent over to the dépôt, where I soon found the benefit of warm clothing, wholesome food, and regular pay, three things that I had been a stranger to since I turned my back on the home of my parents. It was my good fortune to be engaged by a wounded field-officer as his valet, and I accompanied him to England, where I remained till the regiment was disbanded at the conclusion of the war. During my absence, my poor mother had died of a broken heart, supposing that I had perished with the rest of my village comrades, but my father had taken unto himself another wife. I have been digressing; however, it will be understood that I knew something of the English soldiers and of the English language.

I was still sauntering at the door of the auberge, an officer was endeavouring to explain something to the hôtelière, but as he knew neither Flemish nor Walloon, and as much French as she did, which was, as an Irishman would say, just nothing at all, he was compelled to resort to a mode of explanation which is better understood, probably, by the deaf and dumb, than by those who have the power of speech. I immediately offered my assistance, which he thankfully accepted; after divers dammees, stupid asses, fools, and many other expressions, "*English all*," he hired me as his valet and interpreter, or as he called me, his batman.

In little more than a month, my master and his brave regiment were on the field of Waterloo, and myself ensconced with his baggage, and many of my compeers, in the forest of Soignee.

We saw nothing but confusion in the rear of the English army, men of all nations running in all directions; poor wounded soldiers carried on blankets, or crawling along the earth; bands of prisoners escorted, horses without riders, madly galloping among the helpless devils that were scattered about, and striking terror into the groups of surgeons who were amputating limbs and dressing wounds. A shell, or a rocket, was occasionally seen trailing along the horizon like a meteor, and cannon balls we could hear crashing among the trees, and thumping against the cottages; we could see them too, bounding along, and ploughing up the soil, putting an end in their wild and furious course to the miseries of many poor fellows who had crept thus far from the mêlée, and who dinned the air with their shrieks and supplications for death, from some passing hand, or a drop of water to moisten their swollen tongues and parched throats.

The prisoners, as they passed into the wood, scowled fiercely at us, and looked dejectedly, some fainting from wounds, and loss of blood, and others cursing us and all around them, their tongues giving utterance to their feelings and wishes. "The Emperor," said one, "will soon be among you, canaille, cochons,—and mow you down like thistles." "Aye," said another, "and drive these

island brigands like the down of that weed before the tempest." "Allez vous en, fanfarons," was the reply, and the emphatic *sacre* buzzed through their ranks, and died malevolently in the distance.

It would probably be tedious, if not impossible, to describe the scene that continuously presented itself to us, mere lookers on; indeed, towards the latter end of the day, we were fully occupied in protecting the baggage from the refuse of the army, and the peasants, who were hovering around us for plunder. I shall never forget the movement that took place when the French army gave way before that of the brave and invincible Prince de Waterloo: nor when the grand struggle was over, how the skulking scoundrels who had escaped into the rear on pretence of guarding the prisoners, carrying the wounded, or any other plea that their cowardice dictated, and the countless multitude of sutlers, and peasantry, who simultaneously issued out of the wood and their hiding places, hurried on to the scene of slaughter, like vultures, their hearts steeled with the most callous and cruel feelings, trampling with indifference and kicking the poor wounded in their path, whose screams and groans were almost deafening. The baggage was not ordered forward, and we remained in the same spot till the following morning. A poor maimed soldier, on the morrow, informed me that my master had been severely wounded, and had fallen upon the brink of the English position near the farm of La Haye Sainte, as they were making that deadly and last charge against the imperial guard; he could not render him any assistance, being driven forward in the general rush. The soldier had had his wound dressed, and was reclining upon some blankets. I left my master's extra horse and baggage in his custody, with the view of seeking and rendering him that assistance which his misfortune required. I had nearly two miles to walk. The scene that presented itself before I arrived upon the spot where the fighting had taken place was sufficiently appalling, but that which I viewed in the hollow, or valley, between the two positions, was horridly dreadful. I even now shudder at the thought,—it would be in vain to attempt a description. Almost every one of the thousands that lay stretched in death amidst the trampled corn was in a state of absolute nudity, and many had been deprived of their clothing before they had ceased to breathe. I had given up all hopes of success in discovering my master among the heaps of dead and dying on all sides, but I trusted, most fervently, as afterwards turned out, that he had been removed to the rear by some friendly hand.

A few paces from the spot upon which I stood, lay an officer of the German legion, apparently in the last agonies of death; a deep gash had almost severed off one side of his face. A lovely girl, whom I afterwards found he had married but a few days before at



Antwerp, supported his head upon her knee, and a grey-headed old soldier, whose bronzed and martial features indicated that he had survived the chances of a hundred battles, was endeavouring to staunch the wound. She moistened his lips out of a flask, but I could see that the poor fellow's struggles would soon be over; the haggard and livid hue of death was already upon his countenance, his eyes glassy and half opened, his nostrils dilated, and his lips black and smeared with blood, which indicated that he suffered from an internal wound more dangerous; he breathed hard, and extremely quick and irregular. His wife hung over him, far too wretched to feel her own situation, and hope, flattering hope, induced her to believe that he would yet be reserved to her; a person then arrived in the uniform of a surgeon, he looked at the dying man for a moment, and I immediately perceived that he considered the case utterly hopeless. The lady watched the surgeon's countenance, with fervid anxiety: "Try, oh try to staunch the wound, monsieur," she exclaimed; "save him, for God's sake, save him for me." "It is too late, madame," was the answer, "I can render him no assistance." "See," said she, "he revives," and a ray of hope brightened up her intelligent countenance. He did revive, but it was only for a moment, like the last flickering gleam of an expiring candle; the dying man uttered a sigh, that seemed to issue from the inmost recesses of his heart, his whole frame shook convulsively, his head fell back on her arm, his jaw dropped, and respiration ceased.

The surgeon endeavoured to console the poor distracted disconsolate wife, but she motioned with her hand, as much as to say, leave me alone to my misery. She continued to hold the corpse in her arms;

"And still upon that face she look'd,  
And thought 'twould smile again;"

but the struggle was over, the chillness of death had already stiffened the warrior's limbs. The old soldier endeavoured to separate her from the body, which, after some difficulty, he effected. I felt that I could render them no assistance, and was departing, when the report of a musket arrested my attention; it proceeded from a wounded French cuirassier, who was lying at a short distance off on the other side of the road. He had fired at a party of British officers who were passing along, but his cowardly and diabolical attempt failed. The ball, however, was destined for another bosom, that of the poor disconsolate wife, who stood mute in despair over the fallen body of her husband. A scream, loud and hysterical, told the dreadful tale; she tottered, and fell into the arms of her attendant; an angelic smile brightened up her pale and beautiful features,—“Thanks, thanks be to God for this,” she indistinctly articulated; “I am coming, Ernest,” and

stretching out her hand, as if to drag him back to her arms, "stay, stay, dearest—Adolphine is thine— in death."

"And the spirit that sat in her soft blue eye,  
Then sunk in cold mortality."

The old soldier said not a word to those around him, he laid the husband and wife side by side, and threw a military cloak over their remains. I could see, as he borrowed a pickaxe and a spade from the peasants who were making a deep excavation hard by, tears trickling down his furrowed cheek; having taken off his great coat he immediately proceeded to open a grave upon the side of the hill, opposite to the farm house. I felt for the poor man, and assisted him; the ground being extremely soft, we soon made the hole deep enough. He for a few moments "steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead," but his heart was too full to give utterance to his feelings, and he "spoke not a word of sorrow," but he carefully wrapped them in the roquelaure, and having looked anxiously towards me, as if supplicating assistance, which I willingly rendered, we laid them both quietly, and in silence, in the warrior's last home. The old man, as he gradually and slowly filled in the grave, sobbed aloud, and I could see his lips move: it was a prayer he was offering up to heaven in their behalf.

He then planted a broken flag-staff upon the mound: I left the veteran in this scene of desolation and mortality watching over their early tomb. I shall never cease to respect and admire the man who so sorrowfully and so eloquently mourned the untimely dissolution of his friends.

HYWEL.

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TO GWLEDYR.

A THROB will heave the vacant breast,  
Though scarce a blessing seem denied,  
As if the heart had lost its rest,  
And sighed, nor knew for what it sighed.

When clouds in summer twilight melt,  
The silver star they veiled is caught;  
And so, when first we met, I felt  
My soul had found the star it sought.

Alas! too late, thou wert not free,  
And like a slave in Afric mine,  
I mark the wealth that's not for me,  
While gazing on those eyes of thine.

## THE HISTORY OF HELIG AB GLANAWG.\*

“ EINION ab Cynedda Wledig (i. e. popular), who was lord of Caer Einion, had issue Llyr Menni, who had issue Caradoc, surnamed Vreich-vras (strong arm), called by the Saxons Caradoc the Strong, or Caradoc the Valiant, who, in right of his wife Gavinver, was afterwards king of North Wales, who had many great conflicts with the Romans; Caradoc had issue Gwgan Gleddivrys (i. e. Cadwgan with the bloody sword), who had issue Glanawg, father to his son Helig ab Glanawg; this Helig was lord of Abergeleu, Rhòs Arlechwedd, Llyn, Cantrev Gwaelod, and he was also earl of Hereford. In his time happened the great inundation which surrounded Cantrev Gwaelod, the most delicate, fruitful, and pleasant vale lying from Bangor Vawr Yngwynedd to Gogarth, and so to Dyganwy, or Gannog castle, in length and in breadth from Dwygyfylchau to the point of Flintshire, which came up from Rhyddlan to Priestholme, and in the upper end whereof did extend in breadth, from Aber and Llanvair to the river Ell, which did divide Carnarvon from Môn, and did likewise divide Môn from Flintshire, running between Priestholme and Penmaen, and so discharging itself into the sea, a great way beyond Priestholme, and did surround many other rich and fruitful bottoms and vales within the counties of Caernarvon, and Flint, and Môn, and Meirionedd, most of them being the land of Helig ab Glanawg, whose chiefest palas stood in this vale, much about the middle way from Penmaen mawr, and Gogarth, the ruins are now to be seen upon a ground ebb some two miles within the sea, directly over against Trwyn y wylva, which is a hill lying in the midst of the parish of Dwygyfylchau, within the lands of Syr John Bodvel, knight, unto which hill Helig ab Glanawg and his people did run up to save themselves, and being endangered with the sudden breaking-in of the sea upon them, and there saved their lives, and being come up to the point of that hill, and looking back beholding that dreadful and ruthless spectacle, which they had so surveyed, and looked upon instead of theyre incomparable vale which did abound in fruitfulness, and excellening all other vales in this part of England, in all fertility and plentifulness; Helig ab Glanawg, and all his people, wringing their hands together, made a great outcry, bewailing their misfortune,

\* The Editors are indebted to Miss Lhwyd, of Caerwys, for the Hanes (History) of Helig ab Glanawg; it was copied by Mr. David Lloyd, a clergyman, in 1720, from the original, which is lost: our object is to save from destruction all the ancient unpublished documents we can. Their irregularity, or quaintness, may be objectionable, but their importance, in an historic point of view, is very great.

and calling unto God for mercy ; the point of which hill is called to this day *Trwyn yr wylva*, that is to say, the point of the Doleful hill.

“ *Helig ab Glanawg* had another manor-house at *Pwllheli*, the ruins whereof are to be seen near unto the house of *Owen Madryn*, on the right hand as you go into the town, towards *Aberech* ; this town was called *Pwll-Helig*, and of late *Pwllheli*, by taking away *g* from the latter end of the word ; *Helig* lived for the most part at either of these houses, he being absolute lord of the sweetest vale in all North Wales, *Rhôs* and *Arlech-wedd* then bearing north and west upon *Flintshire* and *Môna* ; and sithence this inundation, the comot of *Creuddyn*, which is in *Rhôs*, and now part of *Caernarvonshire*, nearly north and west upon the main sea which surrounded that upper part of *Flintshire* and *Arlech-wedd*, being subdivided into comots, that is, *Nant Conwy*, *Llech-wedd Isa*, *Llech-wedd Ucha* ; *Llech-wedd Ucha* doth veare north-west upon the main sea that surrounded the delicate vale aforesaid, and in the upper end of the said comot, from *Penmaen mawr* to *Bangor*, doth veare north and west upon the great waste called *Traeth-ell*, so called from the river *Ell*, formerly the meare between *Caernarvon* and *Mona* ; as *Traeth-mawr* hath his denomination from the river *Mawr*, which discharges itself through that waste into the main sea, and that is also called *Traeth y laven*,\* as much as to say *Traeth avlawen*, (unpleasant warffe,) because it is an uncomfortable sight to the spectators, and a fearful and a dismal object unto the eyes of the inhabitants, bringing them daily in mind how unhappy they were to lose so fayre, so fruitful a country, being beaten back with overwhelming waves to inhabit and dwell on higher grounds upon the edges and skirts of the hills and mountains.

“ From this *Helig ab Glanawg* are descended most of the prime men within the county of *Caernarvon* ; in *Llech-wedd ucha*, *Iarddur*, the prime tribe of the Comot, did lineally descend from him ; and so did *Maeloc Crwm*, who was the tribe of *Llech-wedd Isa* and *Creuddyn* ; *Iarddur* was the son of *Cynddelw ab Trahaiarn*, and from him are descended all the gentlemen, squires, knights, and lords, as do claim, or pretend themselves to be anciently descended, or do anciently hold any lands within the Comot of *Llech-wedd Ucha* ; for *Iarddur* was owner of all the lands in that comot, amongst many other things (saving *Aber* and *Wig*, which did belong to the prince,) which his posterity have sithence healde by patent for many years ; *Iarddur* had his lands in capite from

\* We are inclined to think that the word is derived from *Wylofaen*, or the place of weeping, from the shrieks and lamentations of the inhabitants at the time when the land was suddenly overwhelmed by the sea. Some derive the word from *Talaven*, the fermented heap, alluding to the boiling of the waters in the quicksands.—EDITOR.

the prince, and died leaving issue two sons, Madoc and Iorwerth; Madoc, being thereunto required, did attend and serve the prince in person in the wars, as by the tenure of his lands he was bound to do; but Iorwerth denied his service, wherefore the prince seized upon all his lands, and granted the same, together with the whole arms\* of Iarddur, to Madoc ab Iarddur, the eldest brother; which Madog enjoyed accordingly, and did bear arms; Madoc afterwards did enjoy the whole lands and arms, but, out of affection to his brother Iorwerth, gave unto his said brother part of the lands and part of the arms.

“ From Madoc ab Iorwerth did descend Rhys Vychan, who was his heyre male; Rhys Vychan was son to Robin Vychan; Rhys Vychan, notwithstanding our tenure, was owner of great lands and possessions in Môn, Caernarvonshire, and Flintshire; he was squire of the body unto Richard the Third, and did attend him in his privy† chamber, and by patent was made free denizen within England; he had purchased from the king three goodly manors, near Whichurch, and also Aber, Cemmaes, and Wig, and divers other things, which were all taken from him when Henry the Seventh came to the throne. When King Richard, in the battle of Bosworth, saw that Stanley was become a turncote, and that all the Welshmen had revolted from him, he called for a boule of wine (sitting on horseback in his complete armour), and when the wine was brought him he called to Rhys Vychan, and drank unto him, in these words: “ Here, Vychan, I will drink to thee, the truest Welshman that ever I found in Wales;” and having drunk the last drop of wine he ever drank, threw the boule over his head, and made towards his enemies, where he was immediately slain; hereupon Rhys Vychan lost all his lands (which was begged by new courtiers) before he could obtain his pardon, saving that little which he left to his two sons Piers ab Rhys and Edmund ab Rhys.

“ From Madoc ab Iarddur you shall find none that held lands lineally in the paternal line, within this comot or elsewhere, but the descendants of William Coytmor ab Piers, and Thomas Wynn ab Edmund. But by a daughter you will find that the Right Rev. and Right Hon. John Bishop of Lincoln, lord keeper of his Majesties great seal of England, and one of the most honourable privy councill, is descended from Madoc ab Iarddur, and holdeth the first lands which his ancestors had in Penrhyn from that grandmother; and next to Penrhyn, the best free holder that held lands, as descendant from Madoc ab Iarddur, was John ab William ab Reinallt Gwddwr las in the comot of Uchav lé, which held three hundred pounds a year, and more, from Madoc ab Iarddur,

\* Gules a chevron between three stags, faces argent, attired or.

† Qu.: Might not this Rhys Vychan be the “unknown page” mentioned in Horace Walpole’s “Historic Doubts?”

for he was grandson to Gwenllian, daughter and heire unto Gruffydd ab Hwlcyn ab Howel ab Madoc ab Iarddur, so that I can finde none else that houldeth lands from Madoc ab Iarddur in this comot but these four above mentioned, the two firste by paternal descent, and the two last (though within these few latter ages exceeding them in means and possessions) by maternal descent. In the comot of Uchaff (Uchaph) likewise are two male descendants from the younger brother, Iorwerth ab Iarddur, i. e. Thomas Wynn ab Morys, of Gorddinog, and Robin ab Risiart, of Llanvair Vechan; Thomas Wynn ab Morys, being from the eldest son of Iorwerth ab Iarddur, held the chiefest seat, Gorddinog, and the prime or chiefest seat and dwelling house which Iorwerth had, wherein Rhys Llwyd did likewise dwell; although their lands and possessions were then very great, Gorddinog was the chief house, from which house (sythence Llwyd's time) there be very many co-partners; and Rhys Llwyd's lands (which if it were now entire belonging to Gorddinog, as it was in his time, would be now worth £2000 a year,) is now parted, and divided, at least amongst a hundred persons.

“ Robert ab Risiart, of Llanvair Vechan, being descended from a brother of Gorddinog house, held his land likewise from Iorwerth ab Iarddur; he being thus descended: Robert ab Risiart, ab Robert, ab William, ab Meredydd, ab Rhys Llwyd, ab Grono, ab Howel, ab Cynric, ab Iorwerth, ab Iarddur. All his lands were the lands of Rhys Llwyd, and belonged to Gorddinog, and which were formerly the lands of Iorwerth ab Iarddur, savinge certain concealed lands which lay intermixed with and amongst his freehold, which heretofore were the lands of Bleddyn Rwth, and forfeited by him, which lands now belong to Thomas Buckley.

“ The chiefest and prime branch which descendeth and holdeth most lands in the comot of Uchaph is Cochwillan house, for these my lord keeper hath by descent from Angharad, daughter and heir of Rhys ab Gryff. ab Grono, ab Howel, ab Cynric, ab Iorwerth, second son to Iarddur. The number of squires and gentlemen that hould lands lineally from Iarddur, in right of their mothers and grandmothers, within the counties of Mona, Caernarvon, Meirionedd, and Fflynt, are many. I express none here, but such as offer themselves unto us in this assessor.

“ Robert Owen, of Bodsilin, he was a stranger by birth in this comot, and held but very little lands from Evan Llwyd, and what he held he had from Mali, the daughter of Evan Llwyd, who was married to Llewelyn Llwyd ab Hwlcyn, who had issue Meuric, who had issue John, who had issue Robert, who had issue Owen, who had issue Robert Owen, supra, who did dwell at Bodsilin, by reason his mother had Tre r gô for terme of life; by reason he was secondly married to Lowry Coytmor, who once settled at Bodsilin (being but a small tenement. and an uncouth habitation,) would

not remove hence to Tre r gô, so far from her friends, though it was a better dwelling. But the most land that Robert Owen had in Uchaled was the third part of the lands of David ab William, ab Gryffydd, ab Robin, which came unto him from his mother Angharad, the daughter and coheir of David ab William, who was co-partner with her sisters Jane and Agnes, of which land Sir John Bodvil, knight, had the parte belonging unto Jane, and David Lloyd the parte belonging to Agnes. By these branches, above mentioned, every understanding man may know how many honourable and worthy personages, in the county of Caernarvon, and counties adjoining, are descended from Iarddur, and so from Helig ab Glanawg.

“ Helig ab Glanawg had three sons, who were holy men and canonized for churches, i. e. Bada and Gwyn, who were both in Dwygyfylchau, and lye buried at the end of the church, in a little chappel annexed to the weste end of the church, and another son called Brothen, who did serve God, and lyeth buried in Llanvrothen, co. Meirioneth: Servial, brother to Helig ab Glanawg was termed the “holy priest,” and was head of the religious house in Priestholme, in Flintshire;\* which house was termed Priestholme from Seirial, who was the holy priest; in Welsh it is called Ynys Seirial. This Seirial had also a hermitage on Penmaen mawr, and he had a chappel there, where he did bestow much of his time in prayers; the place being then an uncouth desert, and unfrequented rocks, inaccessible both in regard of the steepness of the rocks, and of desertness of wildness there, being so thick of wood that a man having once entered thereinto could hardly behold or see sky or firmament. From Priestholme to Penmaenmawr did Seirial cause a pavement to be made, whereupon he might walk dry from his church at Priestholme to his chapel at Penmaen; which pavement may, at this day, be discerned when the sea is clear, if a man liste to go in a boate to see it: sythence this great and lamentable inundation, the way and passage being stopt in this straight, in regard the sea was come in, and did beat upon the rocks at Penmaen mawr, this holy man, Seirial, like a good hermit, did cause a way to be broken, and cut through the main rock, which is the only passage that is to pass that straight: this way leadeth from Dwygyfylchau to Llanvair Vechan, and is the king’s highway from Conwy to Beaumaris, Bangor, and Caernarvon, and the only passage that the king’s post hath to ride to and from Ireland.

“ This rock is a mile and a half in height, and very perpendicular, especially beneath this way; the way being at the sea shore, within the parish of Dwygyfylchau, is cut through the side of the rock, still ascending till you come upon a crick upon the

\* The island of Priestholm now forms part of the county of Anglesea.—  
EDITOR.

rock, called "Clippyn Seirial," and thence is cut directly forward through the side of a steep hard rock, neither descending nor ascending till you come to Seirial's chapel, being about a quarter of a mile from Clippyn Seirial, and all the way is a hundred yards above the sea, over which if either man or beast should fall, both sea and rock, rock and sea, would strive and contend whether of both should do him most harm, and from this chapel forward the way is cut through the side of a gravelly hill; still descending from the chapel aforesaid forward, the way is cut through the side of a gravelly hill; still descending till you come again to the sea shore, within the parish of Llanvair, this way in length is about a mile, and in breadth two yards, but in some places scarce a yard, and this way is ever sithence kept and repaired by a hermit, who hath nothing for his labour and services but the charity of well disposed people and passengers, and a gathering once every year at the parishes and town churches adjoining, and benevolences of justices of peace, and such as be impanelled for the grand enqueste in every session within three shires of North Wales; and, for all this, the way would soon perish (were it not for the firmness of the work), by reason of great stones and rubbesh that fall from the hill, being dissolved upon the thawing of every great snow and frost, and sometimes either choak or fill up the passage, or break down great gaps in the way, which are repaired by the hermit, with the help of the inhabitants of the parishes adjoining, and new foundations wrought upon poles and thorns, &c. in such gappes. Six shillings and eight pence is allowed by the king towards the repairs of this high way, and paid by the receiver general. Upon a lowe ground ebbe in every March, and June, and August, when it ebbes farthest, is to be seen the roots of great oak trees, and ash, and other trees.\* This I speak as eye-witness, I having seen the roots myselfe, and taken them up, so that it should seem that vale, before the inundation, was a woodland country.

"In the top of Penmaen mawr stands a high strong rocky hill, called Braych y Ddinas, whereupon is to be seen the ruinous walls of a strong and invincible fortification, of at least a hundred towers, every one was round, and of an equal bigness, in breadth six yards every way; the walls of this Dinas were in some divers

\* This is not the only instance of the encroachment of the sea upon the coast. In the churchyard of Abergeley, in Denbighshire, near Rhyddlan Marsh, there is a doleful epitaph, mentioned by Pennant, as evidence that a waste tract of inhabited country extended at least two miles north of that place. The inscription is this: *Yma mae 'n gorwedd yn monwent Mihangel gwr oedd ai annedd dair milltir v'r gogledd.*" Here lies, in the churchyard of St. Michael, a man who was born three miles to the northward. As a better proof, Pennant observed at low water, far from the clayey banks, a long tract of hard loam, filled with the bodies of oak trees, tolerably entire, but so soft as to be cut with a knife as easily as wax. The wood is collected by the poor people, and, after drying upon the beach, carried home, and used as fuel.—EDITOR.



places two yards and three yards thick. This castle when it stood was impregnable, and no way to offer any assault upon it; the hill being high, rocky, and perpendicular, and the walls very strong, the way or entrance into it is with many turnings, sometimes one way and sometimes another way, so that a hundred men might defend themselves in this castle against a whole legion that should assaile them; and yet there should seem that there were lodgings within these walls for 20,000 men. In the highest top of the rock, within the innermost wall of this Dinas, there is a fine delicate well, wherein there is plenty of sweet and wholesome spring water at all times, and the driest summer it keeps full, which is a wonderful gift of God, that, for the use of man, water should spring up in the very uppermost top of so high and so hard a rock, lying at least a mile and a half, or a mile and a quarter in height from the foot of Penmaen mawr. By tradition we do receive it from our forefathers, that this was the ultimum refugii of Snowdon, the strongest, securest, and so fast refuge and place of defence, that the ancient Britons had in all Snowdon, to defend themselves against, and from the incursions of their enemies; for the like place, so strong and impregnable, is not to be found in all Snowdon; and, besides, the greatness and largeness of the work, sheweth it was a princely and royal fortification, strengthened both by nature and workmanship, seated on the top of one of the highest mountains in Snowdon, near the sea, and in the midst of the best and the fertilest soil in all Caernarvonshire. The mountain adjoining to this place is fine delicate pasture, and hath been anciently enclosed and inhabited, as appeareth by the foundation of stone walls which are every where to be discerned, and by ridges which in very many places so appear as if it had been within these six years, but now it lieth waste, and is occupied in common by the inhabitants of the parishes adjoining, whereupon they have pasture for all manner of beasts, and have very great store of very good turf and gorse for their firing. About a mile from this fortification standeth the rarest monument that is to be found in all Snowdon, called y Meini Hirion; it standeth within the parish of Dwygyfylchau, above Gwddwglasau, upon the plain mountain. This monument stands round, as a circle, compassed about with a stone wall, and within the wall; close unto the wall, are long great stones round about the circle, standing upon their ends in the ground, that a man would wonder where in these parts such stones were to be found, and how they were so set upon their ends in the ground: there are of these stones, now standing in this circle, twelve as I take it, whereof some of them are two yards and three quarters above ground, some a yard, and some a yard and a half, besides what is within the ground; the circle within these great long stones, which we call Meini Hirion, is every way in breadth some six and twenty yards. This stands upon the plain mountain, as soon as you come to the height, and

hath much plain even ground about it ; it should seem that this was the place whereunto the ancient Britons came from the Dinas aforesaid, to encamp themselves and train theyre souldiers ; it stands in a place fitt for justes and tournaments, and this circle, thus rounded with these long stones, might be the place where the king's tent was pitched ; and near to this circle, thus rounded, there are three pretty big stones, thereupon there ends standing triangle ways, like a tribet, whereupon as they say was set a great cauldron to boil meat in, and surely the three stones do look as if they had been long in a great fire ; some two or three flights from this place are divers great heaps of small stones, which we call Carneddau, and in this place was a great battle fought betweene the Romans and the Brittaines, where the Romans were overthrowen, and a great slaughter on either side, and such as were slaine were buried in heaps one upon another, and these stones cast over them, lest the wild boar and swine should dig up their bodies, and withal, for a memorial to future generations, that the bodies of men lay there buried, and about these heaps of stones there are divers graves, with stones laid upon their ends about them, and one or two stones upon the said graves, where, as they say, the prime men that were slaine there, were buried. It is a great pitie that our British histories are so embezled that we have no certainty for these things, but must only rely upon tradition.

“ Near unto this place there is a fine delicate hill, called Moelvre, round by nature, and mounted very high, and quite on the very top, very plain and pleasant ; upon this hill there is a circle marked, whereupon stood three stones, marked about a yard and a quarter above ground, the one red as blood, the other white, and the other a little bluer than the white stone, standing in a triangle wise ; what should be the reason for placing three such stones, in such a place, upon so high a hill, and so pleasant a mount, and to place these stones of such colours, I cannot express, otherwise than we have a tradition, the tradition is this ; that God Almighty hath wrought in this place a miracle, for encreasing our faith, and that was thus ; three women about such time as Christianity began to creep in amongst us, upon a sabbath day, in the morning, went to the top of this hill to winnow their corn, and having spread their winnowing sheet upon the ground, and begun their work, some of their neighbours came unto them, and did reprehend them for violating and breaking the sabbath day, these faithless women, regarding their profit more than the observation of the Lord's commandment, made slight of their neighbour's admonition, and held on their work, whereupon it pleased God instantly to transform them into three pillars of stones, of the same colour as the women's cloaths were, one red, the other white, and the other bluish, and to transform their winnowing sheet.

“ These stones, being worth the saying, as they were there placed, have been digged up by some wrong-headed youths, within these six years, and were rolled down the hill, and do now lie together at the foot of the hill.

“ As to Deganwy, or Gannoc castle, it was from the beginning the chief seat of the kings of North Wales, and not originally founded by the Earls of Chester; for Huw Lupus was created Earl of Chester by William, the Norman Conqueror, and sword-bearer of England, with these words, ‘ Habendæ et tenendæ dictis comitatu casture tibi et heredibus tuis ita liberæ gladio sient: rex totam tenebat Angliam ad coronam; but he had not Tegengl, and Rhyvoniog, until about 1092, by the grant of William Rufus, unto whom he did homage for the same; and, A. D. 1096, we read of Huw Goch (i. e. the red), Earl of Arundel and Shrewsbury, and Hugh Lupus, surnamed the vrås, that is, fat, Earl of Chester, and a number of nobles more, did gather a huge army, and entered into North Wales, against Griffith ab Cynan, and Cadwgan ab Bleddyn, Prince of Powys, who were fain to betake themselves into the hills and mountains for their defence, because they were not able to encounter them; and then the earls came over against the Isle of Môn, or Anglesea, where they did build the castel of Aber. The earls made this inroad into North Wales by the procurement of Owen ab Edwyn, who was the prince’s chief counsellour, and his father in law, whose daughter Gryff. ab Cynan, then prince of N. Wales, had married, having himself also married the daughter of Cynfyn, i. e. Eneryth, aunt to Cadwgan, Prince of Powys, grandson of Cynvyn: thus he was related to both princes, yet he acted a traitor’s part, and went openly, with all his power, to the earls, and lead them into the Isle of Mona, which thing, when Gryffith and Cadwgan perceived, they sailed over into Ireland, not trusting the treason of their own people.

“ Then the earls spoiled the Isle, and slewe all they found there; and Huw, earl of Salop, was there struck with an arrow in the face by Magnus, son of Harold, and thereof dyed, and so sodenly that either party forsooke the Isle, and left Owen ab Edwyn in the land, he who had allured them thither: we read also that the said Huw Lupus, surnamed Vrås, did incense Kinge Henry the First to invade North Wales, who came himself in person to Mur Castel, but then there was a peace politickly concluded between the kinge and Gryff. ab Cynan and Owen ab Cadwgan, by the aid of Meredydd ab Bleddyn and the said Earl of Chester. In 1143 Randal, earl of Chester, gathered a greate power of his friends, and hired soldiers from all parts of England, unto whom Madoc ab Medd, prince of Powys, (disdaining to hold his lands from Owen Gwynedd, prince of North Wales,) joined all his power, and they both together entered Prince Owen’s land, who, like a worthy sovereign, not suffering the spoile of his subjects, met them at

C——, and boldly bad them battle; Madoc ab Meredydd, and the Earl of Chester, were fayne to take to their heels, whome the North Wales men did so harrass that few escaped.

“ We read that in 1210, in King John’s time, the Earl of Chester led an army into Rhôs, by the king’s appointment, and there did re-edify Castell Teganwy, which Prince Llewelyn ab Iorwerth, called the Greate, had destroyed, and therefore the prince returned with a greate booty.

“ 1211, King John came to Dyganwy, and fortified the castle, but was fayne to withdraw his forces for want of victuals.

“ 1213, Prince Llewelyn laide siege to the castels of Diganwy and Ruddlan, and won them both, so that he left the king neither house nor castell within the lands.

“ 1260, Prince Llewelyn ab Gryffydd razed the castell of Diganwy and Diserth, sithence Diganwy was never re-edified. This I have expressed, to make it appear Diganwy or Gannoc Castle was an ancient British fortress in the time of the kings of Brittain; for Maelgwyn lived there, and lieth burried at Priestholme, where he died, having taken upon him the habit of a monk; and all the kings, after Maelgwyn till Cadwaladr, lived there, and after that it continued to be the seat of the Princes of North Wales, untill after the Conquest, that the Kings of England began to make inroads into North Wales, and sometimes to gaine that and other castells in Rhôs, Rhyvoniog, and Tegengl. Once you may say Diganwy was re-edified in King John’s time, to the king’s use, by the Earl of Chester, but the castle was not originally built by the Earls of Chester; whereas you say that Bangor vawr was destroyed by Owen Glyndwr, in revenge for Bishop Madoc’s treason; true it is that the cathedral church, and Bangor house, together with the relics of Bangor, were fyned by Glyndwr, and the church and house were repaired by Bishop Trevington in his time; but Bangor was formerly, i. e. A. D. 1212, burnt by King John, and Bishop Robert taken prisoner, who was afterwards ransomed for 200 hawkes.”



## BILLY WATKINS

AND HIS SEPULCHRAL PERSECUTOR.

WHOSOEVER is acquainted with the constitution of village society must know that it is not unusual to meet, in the more retired and primitive districts, with one of those geniuses, who by a certain superiority of natural abilities, added to a happy versatility of talent, are enabled to attain to a station in their little community far above the level of their fellow villagers in general, and to enjoy a distinction not merely of an honorary nature, but also accompanied with many desirable advantages. Of this description was the once well-known *Billy Watkins*, who about forty or fifty years ago lived in the small and secluded town, or rather, at that time, village of *Builth*, in Breconshire; and who, for a good portion of a century, received that homage which superior talent will never fail to command, and illustrated the truth of the maxim that "knowledge is power." Watkins therefore, as may be supposed, not only experienced the gratification of being acknowledged the cleverest fellow in the town, but also managed to engross all those less laborious, and generally more lucrative desultory occupations which demanded any particular degree of skill or mechanical ingenuity in their pursuit. Consequently, he was, as occasion required, the sign-painter, stone-cutter, school-master, singing-master, and in short the universal genius of the place; and should any of the elder inhabitants of *Builth*, or of the adjacent banks of the *Wye*, chance to peruse this narrative, they will recognize their old acquaintance, and bear testimony to the accuracy with which the following well-authenticated adventure is related.

From the foregoing observations it will be perceived that *Watkins* ranked in the ancient and influential class of village philosophers, than whom, perhaps, no set of men in the empire enjoy a more complete and enviable elevation in the circle within which they move; yet it is but justice to the memory of this man to say, that he belonged to a species distinct from and vastly superior to that formed by the majority of those savans, being possessed of abilities which, had they been rightly developed, would have ensured attention in any department of life. But while his natural genius was of the first-rate order, it was at the same time marked by a certain degree of eccentricity, which rendered him, in the strictest sense of the word, a *character*; and that distinguished by an individuality of the most decided stamp; that is to say, whatever he undertook to do, he did it well, but invariably set about it in a way totally different from every body else.

Among all these multifarious pursuits in which he was engaged,

it would occasionally happen that the occupation of tombstone cutting would demand his attention; and, as in this branch of his calling, the subjects of his studies were ultimately destined for the churchyard, he generally managed to take advantage of a vacant corner of the church, nearly under the ancient archway of the bellfry, as a convenient and commodious substitute for a workshop: and, as the day-time was taken up by his school, &c., he would usually devote the night to his sculptural employment. In this selection of time and place there was also another purpose answered, he was hereby morally certain of being left undisturbed at his work. For the old church of Builth, then standing, from the gloominess of its internal appearance, and the loneliness of its situation, placed as it was within a spacious churchyard, and with only a few straggling cottages in its vicinity, certainly formed one of the least inviting places for a midnight lounge that could be imagined. Not that Watkins was by any means an unsocial being in his moments of leisure and relaxation, yet, when attentively engaged at his work, he lapsed into a kind of stern and dogged disposition, which made every unnecessary interruption extremely irksome to him. And here, in this retreat, he was allowed to proceed with his employment, unmolested by the intrusion of those gossiping idlers which the ennui of a long winter's night would otherwise inevitably have inflicted upon him.

It was upon one of those occasions that our artist having finished his daily occupations, instead of preparing for sleep, along with the rest of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, on the contrary proceeded to his nocturnal labours in the church, and having locked himself in, as was his habit, commenced his work of stone-cutting.

When he had been for a considerable time employed upon these records of mortality, as it drew towards midnight, his progress was unexpectedly interrupted by his candle becoming suddenly extinguished. This, to say the least of it, was, under existing circumstances, any thing but a pleasant occurrence, and might with some persons have occasioned a slight disinclination towards continuing the work that night; but not so with Watkins, his nerves were not so easily shaken. He, on the other hand, with the utmost composure took his tinder-box, and, having struck a light, proceeded with his employment as before, never troubling his head about the cause of the interruption, or imagining there was any thing worth studying about in the accidental extinguishing of a candle. However, having thus returned to his work, when he had been a few minutes attentively engaged he was a little disconcerted at being again visited by the same troublesome accident; his candle, without any apparent cause, suddenly went out. At such a time, and in such a situation, even a person of acknowledged firmness of mind, might, without

disparagement to his courage, he permitted to experience some slight misgivings; but Watkins seemed formed of very different materials, and the utmost it elicited from him was a trifling expression of impatience, which he uttered in the Welsh soliloquy of "*Diawl sy ar y gannwl?*"\* though with more of indifference than of concern. And, having again struck a light, he proceeded with his *Memento Mori*, with the same coolness as at the beginning. But his tranquillity was not permitted to remain long unbroken, for, when a short period had again elapsed, he was once more suddenly plunged in total darkness. He once more struck a light, and, as the assaults he endured had by this time become not only exceedingly vexatious, as they must have been to any man attentively employed as he was, though in a less gloomy and solitary spot than the old church of Llanvair in Buallt, but they also began to excite in him some degree of curiosity to ascertain the cause of this strange persecution, especially as there was not a breath of air stirring to agitate the flame of the candle, nor had he heard the tread of any person approaching the place in which he was. He now, therefore, began to look about him, in order to discover whether any being, either mortal or otherwise, stood near him capable of inflicting upon him all this annoyance. But, on casting his eyes around, the only object he could discern at all connected with animated existence, or with the human figure, was his own shadow thrown upon the wall behind him, and the mail-clad effigy of old John Lloyd of Towy, which reposed hard by in all the "bearded majesty" of a Tudor statesman.† The small Gothic door of the winding staircase, leading into the tower, stood ajar, as when he had first arrived; and whilst the glimmer of the candle was lost in the dense obscurity of the distant aisle, no unusual appearance met his gaze in that direction; and not being able to detect any thing which could afford the remotest conjecture of the cause of these perplexing occurrences, he again applied himself to his work.

It might be supposed, that the determined firmness of this extraordinary man would, by such persevering conduct, have at length succeeded in defeating the attacks of his invisible assailant, and insured himself a respite for at least the remainder of that night. But such felicity was not destined for poor Watkins; and, strange as it may appear, in about the same space of time his candle became again suddenly extinguished in the same unaccountable manner.

There was something so mysterious in all this, that he could no longer regard it with the same indifference as before; and while in surprise, and eagerness to catch a glimpse of any being that

\* What the D—— ails the candle?

† He was *squire* to queen Elizabeth, and had served under Henry the Eighth in France and Scotland.

might be near him, he strained his eyeballs upon the surrounding obscurity, his astonishment was enhanced by suddenly feeling a cold breathing in his face. There was, however, some symptom of tangibility in this, and hoping to grapple with his tormentor, though in the dark, he dashed forward his hand to seize him, and grasped nothing but air. He listened for the sound of retreating footsteps, but all was silent as the graves around him.

It is but reasonable to imagine that the man who had so repeatedly, and in so dauntless a manner, resisted these invisible assaults, would not now suffer himself to be baffled by their recurrence; and, accordingly, our artist had once more recourse to his tinderbox, and lighted his candle. And, having so done, even the boldest man of the present enlightened period might be held excusable if with his candle once more burning he had taken advantage of its assistance to find his way out of those territories of the dead, with a determination never more to visit them under similar circumstances; and, if in the present era of mental emancipation a complete escape from the trammels of superstition is of such rare occurrence, even among the best instructed ranks of society, what villager of fifty years ago would be found daring enough to set at defiance this strange and ghostly aggression, much less to persevere in seeking an interview with the agent of darkness? Nevertheless Watkins was such a man. Far above the prejudices of his day, and with a spirit of intrepidity of the most enviable description, having placed his candle on the tombstone, he did not, as upon former occasions, attempt to resume his occupation; but, seating himself in his chair, he folded his arms, and steadily fixing his eyes upon the candle, he in that attitude waited with the most deliberate composure for a renewal of the attack; determined that it should not again be made without his obtaining some insight into its nature. When he had thus continued to gaze for some time, as the snuff of the candle grew long, and the usual interval had nearly expired, every moment that passed called upon him for increased vigilance, and, as in the height of excitement he expanded his organs of vision, in order to grasp as much as possible of the surrounding objects in one view, he all at once perceived, far in the distant twilight, an appearance of motion, and, though he instantly turned his eyes full in that direction, he had only time to catch a mere glimpse of some undefinable object which had just rendered itself visible, and then immediately vanished out of his sight. At another time he would have attributed such an appearance to some optical deception, arising from the obscurity of the place, or the imperfection of his own vision, in consequence of having been so long poring over his work by the dim light which his candle afforded; but when he connected this appearance with his late interruptions, he could not entirely divest himself of the persuasion that it was a real object that he saw; and in this con-



viction he returned to his watch, but so dividing his attention as to keep his eyes fixed upon the candle, and at the same time to be ready to command an immediate view of the rest of the objects around. When he had been a moment or two thus engaged, his eye was suddenly caught by the same indication of some moving figure in the distance; and, on again looking in that direction, he beheld, approaching from the dark, not the indefinite shadow which had before mocked his vigilance, but he now saw,—and the truth must be declared—he saw, in the most clear and indisputable manner, the evident corporeal form of one of those equivocal beings which constitute the intermediate order betwixt the creatures of earth and air. He beheld,—and it was no delusion of a disturbed imagination, but a real bodily existence. But why should the plain narration of so well authenticated a fact require to be qualified by any preparatory observations, for what other than such a visitor could he have expected to encounter in that lonesome and gloomy retreat, surrounded as he was by the relics and emblems of mortality? In short, he saw approaching him the absolute and indubitable figure of a little leather-winged bat, which, after making two or three rapid circles over his head, pounced upon the candle and instantly flapped it out, and then in its flight towards the other end of the building fanned his face with that sort of cold breathing which had so much puzzled him on a former occasion; and, as he was unprovided with a lantern to protect his light from the attacks of this pertinacious assailant, he had no alternative left than either to abandon his work for the night, or else to endeavour to capture his enemy by chasing him round the church. But, as the latter expedient was not exactly to his fancy, he contented himself with bestowing a few Welsh greetings upon his new acquaintance as it performed its airy evolutions overhead, and then picked up his tools and walked away sulkily home.

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The ancient monument alluded to in page 51 consists of a recumbent figure in plate mail, the head bare and resting upon a helmet, and a dog at the feet; the left arm bears the remains of a shield, on which may be traced part of a lion rampant regardant, the arms of Elystan Glodryth. On a brass plate is the following inscription, well engraved in old English characters.

“Here lieth John Lloid of Towy squer to the bodye and seruante to o<sup>r</sup> Sofueraigne Queene Elizabethe who serued here Mat' father both at Mutrell & at great Bullen whe hit was Gotten & also in Scotland this man was Steward of this man<sup>r</sup> under the Right Honorable the Erle of Essex transported owt of Ireland into Carm<sup>then</sup> also the first Sherif & first Justice of the peace

that euer dwelte in this Lordship after the diuision of Wales into sherground whose father Thomas Lloid had bin so listenant of this Countre xl yeeres together next after the ariual of that most famous Prince Henry the Seaunth & Jasp his Uncle at Milfurde this man depted This lief the first day of March Anno dni. 1585."

The word Mutrell seems to be the English pronunciation of Morlaix, according to its old orthography of Montroulez, that town having been besieged by Henry the Eighth as well as Boulogne.

Lloyd's father was one of the South Wales chieftains who joined the earl of Richmond on his march from Milford haven to Bosworth field.

Lloyd himself resided at Porth y crwys, near the present Cefn llysgwyn, and unless the description contained in the following traditionary couplet be greatly exaggerated, his armed household establishment was pretty considerable :

"Porth y Crwys a borthai gant  
O vilwyr mawr eu moliant."

In Porth y Crwys's stately halls each day,  
Renown'd for many a brave and gallant deed,  
In martial glory ranged, and proud array,  
A hundred warriors quaff the sparkling mead :

among whom some of the heroes of Bosworth would doubtless be seen, especially if we consider that this was the residence of his father.

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#### AN ANECDOTE.

A GRAVE divine coming to Archbishop Williams for institution to a living, the prelate observed: "I have passed through many places of honour and trust, both in church and state, more than any of my order in England these seventy years before; but were I assured that, by my preaching, I had converted but one soul unto God, I should take therein more spiritual joy and comfort than in all the honours and offices which have been bestowed upon me."

## THE SEA SERGEANTS.

*To the Editors.*

GENTLEMEN,

OBSERVING AN account in one of the Numbers of the LONDON CAMBRIAN QUARTERLY, of a secret club in North Wales, I am induced to send you the enclosed for your disposal.

In the four maritime counties of South Wales there existed a society of gentlemen, under the denomination of Sea Sergeants; there are some who venture to trace its origin from one of the factions that divided the kingdom during the contention of the Houses of York and Lancaster: others ascribe it to pure Jacobinism, and an adherence to the family of the abdicated monarch; but the most impartial attribute it to nothing but a social spirit of fellowship: according to the latter opinion, the title of the society was merely a compliment to their native shores, and the ocean over which Britain bears sway. Indeed, from the list of the latter members, they are proved to be thorough staunch friends to church and state, and who never could be suspected, under the mask of an inoffensive title, a badge of their peculiar order, and other apparently mysterious ceremonies, to conceal treason or disloyalty.

They were chiefly natives of the above four counties, brought up in habits of intimacy from their youth, and naturally affecting each other's country when grown up, and they were all men of family and fortune. They had an anniversary meeting, which lasted a week, and was held in rotation at the different seaport towns, or those within reach of the tide in the four counties: their number was not to exceed twenty-five. Gentlemen wishing to become members were obliged to continue probationers one year at least before they could be admitted, in case of a vacancy, to the participation of the full degree of Sea Sergeant. They had a president, a secretary, an examiner, and two stewards. When there was a call of sergeants, that is, on their admission, they were to attend in their coifs and proper habits, unless the president should dispense with the same; that a silver star, with the figure of a dolphin in the centre, was to be worn as a characteristic badge on the coat of every member during the week of meeting; in compliment to the fair sex, they came to a resolution, in 1749, to elect a lady patroness, an unmarried lady of the neighbourhood of their meeting; and that as soon as elected the secretary was to wait upon her with the badge of the society; the members, chaplain, and probationers, were allowed each to introduce a lady to attend the

lady patroness to dine with the society one day in the week, and other rules and orders which appeared to promote social feeling; and to prevent festivity from degenerating into riot, they had some regulations which did them honour as British subjects, and as Welshmen in particular, and which were well calculated to repel the calumny thrown upon them of being disaffected. The examination of each member on admission was:

Do you bear true allegiance to his Majesty?

Are you a member of the Church of England as by law established?

Will you be faithful to your friends in prosperity, and cherish them in adversity?

Do you deserve to be admitted a member of this society?

Will you faithfully observe the rules and orders that have been read to you?

Will you, upon the honour of a gentleman, keep the secrets of the society, and the form of your admission into it?

In writing to each Sergeant they always subscribed themselves brothers.

Appended are lists of the society, the fourth of which is said to have been the last but one that ever met, on the accession of his late Majesty King George III.

*A List of the Members and Probationers of the ancient and honourable Society, in the year 1726, at Hubbenton.*

SEA SERGEANTS.

PRESIDENT—Col. William Barlow.	Robert Perkins, Forest.
Sir Edward Mansel, Bart.	Morgan Lloyd, Llanseven.
J. Barlow, Colby.	J. Llaugharne, Pontvaen.
Richard Gwynne, Talsarn.	Richard Lloyd.
William Wogan, Wiston.	Thomas Llaugharne, M. D.
Francis Cornwallis, West Mead.	John Powell, Pembroke.
EXAMINER—Wm. Philipps, Sandy Haven.	Vitten Cornwall.
	SECRETARY—J. Philips, Esq., Kilgetty

PROBATIONERS ELECTED.

Rowleigh Mansel.	Thomas Gwynne, Gwenfa.
Thomas Skyrme, Vaynor.	Charles Philipps, Hill.
Ellis Meyrick, Bush.	CHAPLAIN—Rev. Walter Howell.

The horse race first introduced this year.

Meeting at Tenby, June 2, 1733, Richard Gwynne, Esq., of Taliaris, elected President, in the room of William Barlow, Esq., deceased.

SEA SERGEANTS.

Essex Meyrick.	} STEWARDS.	J. Powell.
T. Gwynne.		J. Philipps.
W. Philipps.		J. Lewes.
R. Popkins.		H. Vaughan.
W. Lloyd.		J. Wogan.
J. Llaugharne.		E. Porfrey.
T. Llaugharne.		G. Noble.

PROBATIONERS ELECTED.

E. Philipps. J. Philipps.  
H. Barlow.

Meeting at Swansea, June 13, 1752, Sir J. Philipps, Bart. was elected President in the room of R. Gwynne, Esq., deceased.

SEA SERGEANTS.

SECRETARY—A. Rogers.	Rowland Philipps.
J. Symmons.	J. Llewbelen.
G. Symmons.	William Morgan.
R. Philipps.	Edward Matthew.
M. Langdon.	Henry Hughes.
E. Vaughan.	Sir Thomas Stepney, Bart.
J. Popkins.	Sir E. Mansel, Bart.

PROBATIONERS ELECTED.

Rev. William Harries.	Robert Coleman.
Philip Williams, Esq.	Rev. William Talbot.
Rev. C. Jones.	Essex Jones, Esq.
Edward Waller.	

LADY PATRONESSES.

1749, Miss Betty, Shewen.	1755, Miss Barlow.
1750, Miss Phillipps, Picton.	1756, Miss Peggy Harris.
1751, Miss Gwynne, Taliaris.	1757,
1752, Miss Joan Gwynne.	1758, Miss Warren.
1753, Miss Phillipps, Coedllys.	1759,
1754, Miss Molly Jones.	1760, Miss Phillipps.

Meeting last but one at Haverfordwest, in 1760.

SEA SERGEANTS.

PRESIDENT—Sir J. Phillipps, Bart.	David Lewes.
W. Skyrme.	P. Williams.
Sparkes Martin.	P. Jones.
William Edwardes.	W. Vaughan.
M. Langdon.	Rowl. Phillipps.
E. Vaughan.	John Harries.
T. Popkins.	Sir Thomas Stepney, Bart.
D. Gwynne.	M. Phillipps, m. d.
William Morgan.	Rev. W. Harries.
J. Brown.	Rev. W. Powell.
T. Hancorn.	Rev. C. Jones.
Rowland Edwardes.	

PROBATIONERS.

J. Phillipps.	James Powell.
E. Walters.	R. Gwynne.
E. Jones, Thorn house.	George Bowen.
N. Morgan.	J. Phillipps.
W. Bevan.	J. Wogan.
M. Cole.	Sir R. Chase.

The last surviving member was John Harries.

JOAN TEGID'S VERSION OF THE FIFTY-THIRD  
CHAPTER OF ISAIAH.

*To the Editors.*

GENTLEMEN,

THE following chapter is a specimen of a new literal translation, from the original Hebrew, of the Prophecy of Isaiah, according to the Masoretic points, by the Rev. John Jones (Tegid), precentor of Christ Church, Oxford. Your readers, who are acquainted with both languages, will immediately perceive the superiority of this translation over all that are yet published, and will admire the faithful adherence to the text for which it is distinguished. The Fifty-third is allowed to be the most difficult chapter, for literal translation, of the whole book of Isaiah, and the author has in this production displayed a profound knowledge of the Hebrew language. It has already been submitted to the criticism of persons deeply versed in Hebrew literature; they have pronounced it to be decidedly superior to any former translation, and it has elicited the praise of a German professor conspicuous for his works on the Hebrew language.

PENNOD. LIII.

D.

1. Pwy á gredodd ein hymadrawdd ;  
Ac i bwy y datguddiwyd braich IEHOVAH ?
2. Canys tyfodd megis y blaguryn yn ei wyddf ef ;  
Ac megis y gwreiddyn o dir sychedig :  
Heb bryd ac heb degwch iddo ; a phan y gwelom ef,  
Nid oes olygiad, mál y dymunem ef.
3. Bu efe yn ddirmyg, a diystyr af o wyr ;  
Gwr y gofidion, ac hynodawl drwy flinder ;  
Ac megis yn cuddio ei wyneb rhagom :  
Dirmyg oedd, ac ni wnaethom gyfrif o honaw.
4. Diau ein gwendidau ni á gymerodd efe arno ;  
Ac ein gofidion ni, dygodd hwynt :  
Eto cyfrifasom ni ef wedi ei archolli ;  
Gwedi ei daraw gan Dduw, ac ei gystuddiaw.
5. Ond efe á wanwyd am ein troseddau ni ;  
Ac á friwwyd am ein camweddau ni :  
Y gosb er ein heddwch ni á fu arno ef ;  
A thrwy ei gleisiau ef y daeth iachâad i ni.
6. Nyni oll fál y ddafad á grwydrasom ;  
Troisom ár neilltu, pawb i'w ffordd ei hun ;  
Ac IEHOVAH á wnaeth i ddisgyn arno ef ein camweddau ni oll :

7. Mynid tâl ; ac yntau á ddaeth yn atebawl, ac nid agorodd ei enau ;  
Mâl yr oen á arweinir ir lladdfa,  
Ac fâl dafad o flaen ei chneifiwr yn fud ;  
Efelly nid agorodd yntau ei enau.
8. Trwy farn orthrymus y cymerwyd ef ymaith,  
Ac am ei fuchedd, pwy á draethai ?  
Canys torwyd ef ymaith o dir y byw ;  
Am drosedd fy mhobi y bu y dynawd arno ef.
9. Er y trefuid ei feddrawd gyda drygionusion ;  
Eio gyda chyfoethogion yr oedd yn ei farwolaeth,  
Am na wnaethai gam ;  
Ac nad oedd twyll yn ei enau.
10. Ond mynai IEROVAN ei friwaw ef; parai ei ofidiaw : [gan ddywedyd]  
Os gosoda efe ei enaid yn bech-aberth,  
Efe á wela had, estyna ddyddian,  
Ac ewylls IEROVAN á lwydda yn ei law.
11. O lafur ei enaid y gwela efe, ac y boddlonir :  
Trwy ei wybodaeth y cyfiawnhá fy ngwas cyfiawn laweroedd ;  
Canys eui camweddau hwynt efe á ddyga.
12. Am hyny y dosbarthaf iddo laweroedd ;  
A chedeim yn anrhaith á ddospartha efe ;  
Am iddo dywalltu ei enaid i farwolaeth ;  
Ac efe á gyfrifwyd gyda throseddwy ;  
Ac á ddygodd bechodau llaweroedd ;  
Ac á eiriodd dros y troseddwy.



#### INSCRIPTION

*For a Monument at Cefn y Bédd, near Buallt, Breconshire.*

THE last blood-royal of a thousand princes  
Here purple issued from Llewelyn's wounds,  
In the dire day of conflict. Here he fell,  
Great son of Sina and the gallant Griffith!  
Here mournful fame attends his place of rest.  
War left his nation to deplore a prince  
Whom truth records a hero ; a leader  
Brave and circumspect ; a sovereign pious,  
To God attributing his arms' success ;  
And lastly, an orator of wondrous force,  
Whose magic tongue could fire cooling hearts,  
And thrill with inspiration. O, stranger !  
Whate'er thy nation, or where'er thy home,  
This hapless but illustrious patriot,  
Last of his line that grac'd the olden day,  
Claims well the tribute of thy deepest sigh.

MADOC MERVYN.

REPORT\* UPON THE EMOUCHURE OF THE RIVER  
DYSYNY IN MERIONEDDSHIRE,

BY G. W. BUCK, ESQ.

HAVING, on the 18th and 19th instant, (October) examined the mouth of the river Dysyny, for the purpose of devising and pointing out some economical and effectual method of permanently maintaining an open channel through the bar, I have to report as follows :

The evil to be remedied is the long continued inundation of the lands adjacent to the margin of the river, the immediate cause of which is the great accumulation of shingle at its mouth, forming a dam, or bar, which prevents the land-water from running out to sea at a proper level; the water of the river, in its ordinary state, being too small in quantity to maintain for itself a deep course through the bar, which is in fact a continuation of the beach. The wind which most frequently prevails, and which has the greatest tendency to augment the height of the bar, is the south west, which impels the waves obliquely upon the coast, drives the shingle northward, and shuts up the mouth of the river, where, being once lodged, it is not in the power of the wind from any other point of the compass to remove it, and where it remains until the land-water has accumulated sufficient power to carry it out to sea. *These causes and effects are not peculiar to this river, but are common to all small ones in similar situations.*

The following information, with which I was furnished on the spot, is of great importance. At a period of about twenty-five years back, the river discharged itself, by means of a channel, in nearly a westerly direction through the bar (see AA, sketch No. 1, p. 65), and afterwards ran in a south-westerly direction in a wider and shallower channel, BB, through the beach down to low-water mark; from that period to the beginning of this month, *the outlet through the bar* had been gradually driven northward to C by the movement of the breach, *the river finding its way round its pro-*

\* We felt a reluctance to act upon our own judgment in printing what may be supposed a mere report affecting the properties of comparatively few persons, and we therefore consulted a London friend, a gentleman of no mean science, upon the point: after a perusal of it, he unhesitatingly advised us, "If it is your desire to render the WELSH QUARTERLY really useful, I recommend you to publish the article; it is valuable to coast population, not merely in Wales, but generally." With the permission of Mr. Buck, we at once decided upon its insertion; it may be necessary to state that he has given perfect satisfaction to the landed proprietors by whom he was employed, as well as proved himself a man of talent and of business.—EDITORS.



*longitudinal*, and afterwards flowing nearly south, and escaping in a lateral direction over a kind of secondary bar, DDD, resembling a waste weir upon a greater scale (see sketch No. 2); the water of the river, acting thus in a thin sheet, had not power to dislodge the shingle over which it flowed.

During the late high springtides, which were accompanied by an easterly wind, and a considerable discharge of land-water, the river burst its way through the bar in a westerly direction, and returned to the channel it formerly occupied, at the period before mentioned, or more than twenty years ago.

I am informed that the proprietors had very judiciously caused a small course to be cut through the bar at this place a short time before the river so opportunely completed the work, but I am quite sure that the time was not far distant when the same effect would have been produced from the operation of natural causes, unassisted by art. The same natural causes being in operation now which formerly changed the mouth of the river, will again produce a similar effect, and in a shorter time, if not prevented by artificial means.

Since the new passage from the bar has been formed, it is observed to be gradually wearing deeper by the action of the current, although the efflux of land-water has not been more than usual, but the shingle of the north side of the channel at EE. is going away, and every tide brings in an addition to the south tide at FF. From these observations it is evident, that, if by any means the north side of the channel can be defended from wear and tear, it may be maintained where it is, and the present channel rendered permanent, because, as it is proved that the river has sufficient force to displace the shingle, and form itself a way through the bar, which had had more than twenty years to consolidate, it will consequently be adequate to the removal of that which may be brought in by each succeeding tide; as I understand that, if the channel can be maintained in its present state, it will answer all the purpose of drainage, and that nothing more is required. I shall therefore now proceed to point out the means by which, I am of opinion, it may be effected. The preceding observations lead me to conclude that if the shingle which forms the north side of the channel, at EE, be so defended as to prevent its being carried away, the object in view will be obtained, and I propose to accomplish it in the following manner. Let the hulks of three worn-out small sloops, such as are condemned to be broken up, be procured, and let them be placed in a proper position on the north side of the channel, as represented on the sketch No. 1, and there sunk, being afterwards completely filled with heavy gravel or stone.

The situation for each hulk should be previously prepared by excavating so much of the shingle as will permit her to take the

ground properly, to settle down upon a good bearing and even keel. It is probable that the vessels will gradually sink deeper in the shingle, which will form a natural beach around them, and it is desirable that they should; but, if the shingle be drifted away from the south side of them, it will be advisable to replace it with large stones dropt in as close as possible against their sides: those which are now lying upon the beach, north of the river's mouth, weighing one tun and upwards, would be proper for the purpose. They might be brought to the place by means of a small vessel fitted up with a derrick, and strong tackle for lifting them on board; I suppose such a vessel might be hired at Aberdovey or Aberystwyth.

It will be observed that, at II, the left bank of the river is concave, occasioned by the bend which it till lately took in its course to the northward: the effect of this concavity is to set the ebb tide hard against the place where it is proposed to sink the hulks; and it would tend very much to their security, and consequently to the permanency of the new channel, if the course of the river were straightened; or if it could be brought to set against the south side of the channel it would be better still. Now the most obvious method of effecting this alteration is, to fill up the concavity, and open the side opposite; but as shingle would not remain there, and the cost of so large a quantity of stone would be too great, I recommend a pier to be formed of large rubble stone, procured from the rock on the north side of the river: its position and direction are delineated in the sketch No. 1. This pier should be commenced from the shore, and carried out by dropping the stones in promiscuously, letting them find their own places, and forming their own slopes: it should be raised from end to end to the level of high water. As the pier advances in length its action will be observed, and when it has proceeded so far as to change the direction of the stream so much as to cause it to set hard upon the point FF, the work might stop.

Some time after its erection it will be found that its outer extremity will subside, in consequence of the water becoming deeper round the end; it will then be proper to repair it by adding more stone, thrown in the same as at first: after being thus once or twice repaired, it will not require any thing further.

If this pier be judiciously placed, it will prove of great service: it will protect the side in which the hulks are placed, its effect upon the flood-tide will be to drive it against the side at H, and during the ebb, the current being stopped at II, the concavity will be gradually filled up.

Now, supposing the vessels to be fixed in their places, let us consider the effect which would be produced. In the first place the river being confined to a fixed channel, that channel will con-

sequently be deeper than one which is constantly changing. Next, the bar on the north side of the hulks will gradually rise higher by the shingle thrown upon it by the waves, until it will assume the appearance of a regular beach, and the channel of the river will be better defined.

If it should happen that a long continuance of heavy gales from the south-west shall throw a great quantity of shingle into the channel, such as the river could not immediately dislodge, the water would accumulate until it attained sufficient height to flow over it, when, in consequence of its being confined to a narrow channel, it would again open the passage. Of this I do not entertain a doubt; but if, after all, it should happen that I am in error, a little assistance would certainly enable the river to perform what it has effected before.

It may be thought that a dam constructed across the river, at a convenient distance from its mouth, with sluices therein, might be efficacious; but in this situation it would not answer the purpose intended, and for the following reason: if the bar were thrown up to the height supposed, there would not be any fall from the dam to the bar, and the dam would be useless unless it confined a body of water four or five feet above the level of the bar, but which would lay under water a greater extent of country than has ever heretofore been flooded, and would add to the evil which it was designed to remedy.

If the river were a port of great trade, the method to be adopted would be the projection of piers of massive masonry; but works of that description are too expensive to be thought of here: "the propriety of the execution of every thing depends upon what it will cost."

I have taken several days more than I anticipated to consider the subject maturely in every point of view, and hope that I have succeeded in being sufficiently explanatory.

With regard to an estimate of expense of the purposed work, it is evident that no very close one can be made without considerable inquiry. I wrote to Liverpool immediately on my return home, inquiring the value of old vessels of the sort wanted delivered in Cardigan Bay, but as yet I am only *promised* the information. From what I have learnt in another quarter, however, I am led to believe they may be put in their places for £100 each. The pier, if carried out into twenty feet water, and supposing it to be ninety feet long, would contain 1400 tons of rubble stone, which I suppose would cost 2s. 6d. per ton, and amount to £175.

These together make the probable estimate, about £475.

(Signed) GEORGE W. BUCK.

*Welshpool; October 30, 1830.*

Computed extent to which the several landed proprietors are supposed to suffer by the backing up of the waters of Dysyny River.

## PROPERTY OF ATHELSTON CORBET, ESQ.

	ACRES.	
Perffeddnant . . . . .	50	
Gwyddelfynydd . . . . .	50	
Pen y wern . . . . .	18	
Ynysmaengwyn . . . . .	50	
Pall Mall . . . . .	8	
Corbet Arms, Towyn . . . . .	3	
		----- 179

## WILLIAM WYNNE, ESQ.

Tal y bont . . . . .	20	
Celme . . . . .	20	
Glanmorva . . . . .	20	
Glanmachlas . . . . .	70	
Ty'rgawen . . . . .	6	
Cilcemmes . . . . .	20	
Peniarth . . . . .	5	
		----- 161

## SIR R. WILLIAMES VAUGHAN, BART.

Rhydygarnedd . . . . .	20
------------------------	----

## BUCKLEY OWEN, ESQ.

Tyn y Pwll . . . . .	4
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## MR. TITLEY.

Glanmorva . . . . .	18
---------------------	----

## MR. DAVIES.

Trychiad . . . . .	17
--------------------	----

## G. J. SCOTT, ESQ.

Trychiad . . . . .	17
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## COLONEL JONES.

Cemmes . . . . .	40
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## MR. GRIFFITH JONES.

Glanmorva . . . . .	8
---------------------	---

## — DOMVILLE, ESQ.

Morva Dowyn . . . . .	60
-----------------------	----

REV. T. M. EDWARDS . . . . .	9
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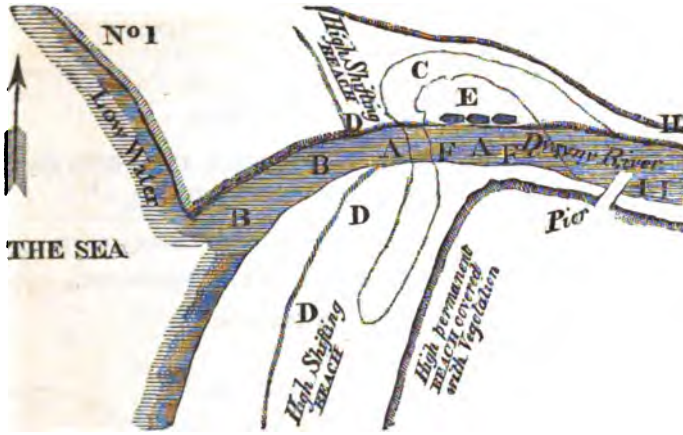
CAPTAIN WILLIAM JONES . . . . .	12
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Mr. P. PETERS . . . . .	8
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DOLGELLY POOR . . . . .	4
-------------------------	---

CAPTAIN SCOTT . . . . .	53
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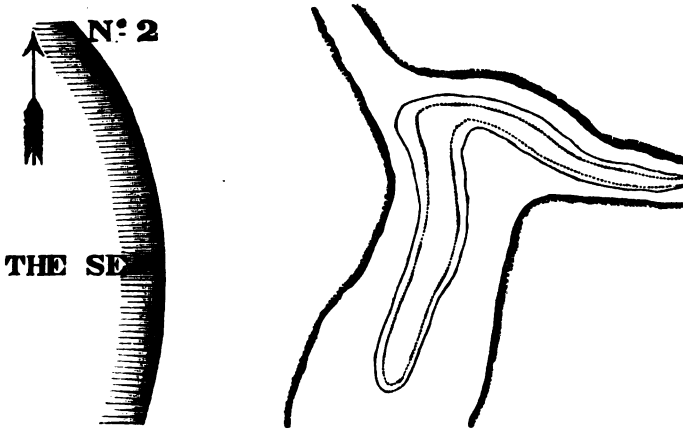
MR. VAUGHAN . . . . .	"
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This sketch is made for the purpose of reference and explanation, but, as I am not in possession of any Map of the River, it is *not drawn to a scale*, which, however, in this case, is of no consequence.

[Signed] GEORGE W. BUCK.

*Welshpool; Oct. 30, 1830.*



Sketch of the Mouth of the River Dysyny, as it appeared before the late alteration in its course, not drawn to a scale.

[Signed] GEORGE W. BUCK.

*Welshpool; Oct. 30, 1830.*

CASTELL PENRHYN,

THE AIR COMPOSED BY W. PRICHARD, Harper to the Royal  
Cambrian and Gwyneddigion Societies ;

THE WORDS ADAPTED, AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

THE HONOURABLE MRS. DAWKINS PENNANT,

*By the Editors.*

How oft at eve, reclining  
By some ruined castle wall,  
Have I heard the bard repining  
O'er the days such scenes recall.

'Twas then the gloomy tower  
Poured forth its Norman band,  
And spread the tyrant's power  
Through Cambria's troubled land.

Behold yon fortress rising  
Aloft in midway air,  
'Tis not a marcher's bidding,  
But Pennant's mansion fair.

All hail, then, Castell Penrhyn !  
May abundance crown thy board !  
Strike up, ye bards, the telyn,\*  
Give joy to Penrhyn's lord.

\* Harp.

HARP  
OR  
PIANO-FORTE.

*Moderato.*

## CAMBRIAN SUPERSTITIONS AND FUGITIVE PIECES.\*

“It is highly probable that the Saxon Fairy Tales, coloured a little in an English dress, and adopted as the original compo-

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\* This paper is selected from a work to be published in February: the author is Mr. William Howells, of Tipton, Staffordshire; his spirited undertaking has our best wishes for success. Mr. Howells observes: “he feels it his duty to state (in order that he may not be thought guilty of plagiarism, a failing very much in vogue), that two or three of his fairy tales, obtained from a friend residing at Tipton, are similar in some respects to what he has observed in the Cambrian Quarterly.”

The extracted lines below are a fair specimen, we think, of the author's Awen: he intends, if compatible with the proposed size of his work, to subjoin a few similar fugitive pieces; the plan would certainly enhance the value of the work.

## LINES ON THE SEVI, THE EMBLEM OF WALES.

Emblem of Cymru! the days long since have been,  
 Hid in oblivion's dark grave,  
 Since thou on the warrior's gilt helmet wast seen  
 In battle and glory to wave:—  
 How oft has the fair one sat on the lone tower  
 To watch for her lover returning with thee,  
 Whom her fair hand had plac'd on his brow in the bow'r,  
 Preferring the Sevi to garland or flower,  
 (How happy that warrior must be!)  
 How oft has she sigh'd when eve's gentle breath,  
 Wafted silently over the leek,  
 But she knew not his eyes were fast clos'd in death,  
 That pale as the moon was his cheek.  
 Go tell that her lover, her fond one, is slain,  
 Yet grasping the pledge of his love;  
 Go tell her his helmet lies low on the plain,  
 That the dew's on his cheek, but she'll meet him again,  
 For he is with the angels above.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yes! delight of my fathers, the castle and hall,  
 And the banners that floated on high,  
 And the silver-toned harp at the festival,  
 Were adorn'd with the Sive of the Wye.<sup>(a)</sup>  
 Though now thou'rt unknown on the standard of war,  
 And unseen in the fair's silken vest,  
 Still thou art esteem'd the true Cambrian Star,  
 Long may thou shine, and be seen from afar,  
 And treasur'd by ev'ry Welsh breast.

---

(a) The Sevi grows infinitely larger in a wild state, on the banks of the Wye, than when planted in gardens.



sition of the English authors, had their origin in Wales.\* Howard says, the fairies are of oriental extraction, and that they were invented by the Persians and Arabs, whose history and religion abound with tales of fairies and dragons.† The Persians style them *Pferi*, the Arabs *Genii*, and the place of their abode is called *Ginustian*, or *Fairyland*. As in England they were known by the various titles of *fairies*, *pixies*, *brownies*, *kelpies*, &c., so in Wales were they called *bendith eu mammau*, *tylwyth teg*, *ellyllon*, &c. Their dresses, it seems, were not always of the same colour, as some represent them dressed in white, with something like feathers waving in the wind; others say they wore scarlet, and danced without order, some in and others on the ring; whilst others, particularly in North Wales, say they danced in blue petticoats, paying the strictest regard to order, and never deviating from a perfect circle; and on an encampment, in Cardiganshire, where it is said they resorted, they were seen to wear green dresses, and never frequented the place but in the month of May. The Welsh, in several tales, represent them as appearing in the morning early, or late in the evening; and Shakspeare seems to allude to these two sorts; he says:

“ Night’s quick dragons cut the clouds full fast,  
And yonder shines Aurora’s harbinger,  
At whose approach ghosts wandering here and there  
Troop home to churchyards, &c.

But we are spirits of another sort;  
I with the morning light have oft made sport,  
And, like the forester, the groves may tread  
Ev’n till the Eastern gale, all fiery red,  
Op’ning on Neptune with far blessing beams,  
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.”

In some parts of Wales, particularly in the lower parts of Monmouthshire, there existed till lately a notion amongst dairy-maids that the fairies paid occasional visits to their dairies, but were not so liberal as in former days, when they never skimmed their milkpails without remunerating them with a silver penny, which was placed in some conspicuous place for the maid. Dryden thus alludes to this:

“ I speak of ancient times, for now the swain  
Returning late may pass the woods in vain,  
And never hope to see the nightly train.  
In vain the dairy now with mint is dressed,  
The dairy-maid expects no fairy guest,  
She sighs for, ah! she shakes her stores in vain,  
No silver penny to reward her pain.

---

\* No allusion is made to the modern tales, but to those of ancient date, which bear a strong similarity to Welsh taste.

† Probably the *genii* of the East are to be considered a kind of fairies; there is something fairy-like in the Arabian Nights’ Entertainments.

He also thus writes on their holding their Sabbaths in Britain :

“ In days of old, when Arthur fill'd the throne,  
Whose acts and fame to foreign lands were blown;  
The king of elves, and little fairy queen,  
Gamboll'd on heaths, and danc'd on every green, &c.  
\* \* \* \* \*

Above the rest our Britain held they dear,  
More solemnly they kept their Sabbaths here,  
And made more spacious rings, and revell'd round the year.”

The following is the Can y Tylwyth Teg,\* or Fairy Song :

Dowch, Dowch, gyfeillion mân,  
O blith marwolion byd,  
Dowch, Dowch, a Dowch yn glan,  
Partowch, Partowch, eich pibau can,  
Gan ddawnsio Dowch i gyd,  
Mae in hyfryd heno i hun.  
Y lleuad gau dis-gurio mae,  
Gyfeilles hoil yw hon,  
I ryn y Tylwyth Teg.  
Am hynny yr awn ni bob yn ddaw,  
Tra peri, i goleu llor,  
I ddawnsio ysgafu droed.

There are also many other well composed Welsh songs, said to have been sung by fairies ; I shall make a feeble attempt to introduce some of the ideas in an English dress.

“ From flow'ry meads, and form so green,  
Companions hasten here,  
The silv'ry moon in splendor's seen,  
No mortals now are near;  
And gently sweeps the southern breeze  
The foliage among,  
And sweetly heard from yonder trees  
The nightbird chants her song.  
The well-swept hearth, the clean-kept floor,  
And blazing fire we love,  
With water near, we ask no more,  
And for such far we'll rove.  
Come tune your pipes, and close the ring,  
In concert join as one,  
Till twilight's seen we'll dance and sing,  
Then disappear from man.  
I'll go just now where Gwenwi sleeps,  
Who keeps her floor so clean,  
I'll tell her where her sweetheart keeps,  
I'll do the same to Jane :  
I'll tell them when they'll come again,  
Array'd in Sunday dress,  
To give the long-wished kiss, and then  
Enjoy the fond caress.

\* In the Hynafon Cymreig is a very excellent Welsh song of the fairies.

## CHORUS.

Bring, bring, the trefoil bring,  
 With acorns grace the feast,  
 Whilst in yon grove we form a ring,  
 Bring, bring of nuts the best;  
 Their juice, more sweet than mead e'er made,  
 We'll suck, and keep the shell;  
 To drink the milk of Moll, the jade,  
 Whose house is not clean'd well.

A taste for relating traditionary legends prevailed very much in the 17th and remoter centuries, and, were we ideally to feast our minds upon past days, we could scarcely refrain from dreaming ourselves in the venerable circle of our forefathers, hearing them relate, with more ingenuity than we are able to write, the stories of spirits, and the gambols of fairies, while each tries to excel the other in the aptness of their respective relations. Many, if not all, our Welsh fairy tales originated from this circle. The Welsh, of olden times, made it a custom to meet at stated periods, generally on a spring or summer's evening after they had taken their homely supper of *sopas*,\* or in winter before or at supper, round a blazing fire of *Mawn y mynnydd* or turf, where, whilst the long blue horn went round with the sparkling mead, they related their tales. We will imagine ourselves in the circle, listening to yon aged sire, who, adjusting his long silvery hair, which prevents his venerable countenance from being displayed as a narrator to the best advantage, is, at the request of his younger friends, about to relate the celebrated tale of the Fairies of *Frennifaur*.†

“ It is now about fifty years ago since a stripling, of twelve or more years of age, was tending his father's sheep on a small mountain, called *Frennifach*; it was a fine morning in June, and he had just driven the sheep to their pasture for the day, when he looked at the top of *Frennifaur* to observe which way the morning fog declined, that he might judge the weather,‡ and, to his surprise, he saw what seemed a party of soldiers sedulously engaged in some urgent affair; knowing there could not possibly be soldiers there so early, he, with some alarm, looked more minutely, and perceived they were too diminutive for men; yet, thinking his eyesight had deceived him, he went to a more elevated situation, and discovered that they were the *Tylwyth Teg* dancing. He had often heard of them, and had seen their rings in the neighbourhood, but not till then had the

\* *Sopas* was a food in very general use among the *Cymry* of old, either as a dinner or supper meal; it was composed of fresh oatmeal mixed with butter-milk, and esteemed a most wholesome meal. It is still used in some parts of Wales.

† A high mountain in *Pembrokeshire*, called by some *Brenin fawr*, and by others *Brynnau mawr*; it is about ten miles south of *Cardigan*.

‡ If the fog on *Frennifawr* declines to the *Pembrokeshire* side, the peasants prognosticate fair; if on the *Cardiganshire* side, foul weather.

pleasure of seeing them; he once thought of running home to acquaint his parents, but judging they would be gone before he returned, and he be charged with a falsehood, he resolved to go up to them, for he had been informed that the fairies were very harmless, and would only injure those who attempted to discover their habitations; so by degrees he arrived within a short distance of the ring, where he remained some time observing their motions. They were of both sexes, and he described them as being the most handsome people he had ever seen, they also appeared enchantingly cheerful, as if inviting him to enter and join the dance. They did not all dance, but those who did, never deviated from the circle; some ran after one another with surprising swiftness, and others (females) rode on small white horses of the most beautiful form. Their dresses, although indescribably elegant, and surpassing the sun in radiance, varied in colour, some being white, others scarlet, and the males wore a red tripled cap, but the females some light headdress, which waved fantastically with the slightest breeze. He had not remained long ere they made signs for him to enter, and he gradually drew nearer till at length he ventured to place one foot in the circle, which he had no sooner done than his ears were charmed with the most melodious music, which moved him, in the transport of the moment, to enter altogether: he was no sooner in than he found himself in a most elegant palace, glittering with gold and pearls; here he enjoyed every variety of pleasure, and had the liberty to range wherever he pleased, accompanied by kind attendants beautiful as the houries; and instead of *Tatws llaeth*,\* buttermilk, or fresh boiled flummery,† here were the choicest viands and the purest wine in abundance, brought in golden goblets inlaid with gems, sometimes by invisible agency, and at other times by the most beautiful virgins. He had only one restriction, and that was not to drink, upon any consideration (or it was told him it would be fatal to his happiness), from a certain well in the middle of the garden, which contained golden fishes and others of various colours. New objects daily attracted his attention, and new faces presented themselves to his view, surpassing, if possible, those he had seen before; new pastimes also were continually invented to charm him, but one day his hopes were blasted, and all his happiness fled in an instant. Possessing that innate curiosity nearly common to all, he, like our first parents, transgressed, and plunged his hand into the well, when the fishes instantly disappeared, and, putting the water to his mouth, he heard a confused shriek run

\* Potatoes and milk is a meal much eaten by the peasantry. The potatoes are scraped clean, and then, either roasted or boiled, are beaten to a fine stiff consistency, and taken with buttermilk.

† A healthy and pleasant food used by the lower class, and made from rough ground oatmeal soaked in water, the drain of which boiled, becomes thick, and is used with milk.

through the garden: in an instant after, the palace and all vanished away, and, to his horror, he found himself in the very place where he first entered the ring, and the scenes around, with the same sheep grazing, were just as he had left them. He could scarcely believe himself, and hoped, and hoped again, that he was in the magnificent fairy castle; he looked around, but the scene was too well known: his senses soon returned to their proper action, and his memory proved that, although he thought he had been absent so many years, he had been only so many minutes.

“This tale bears a strange contrast, as regards the time the boy thought he was away, to most of our fairy tales which represent those who had the pleasure of being with fairies as imagining they had been dancing only a few minutes when they had been away an age.”

“There was a peculiar species of ghosts, denominated in Wales, according to the etymology of the very Rev. Archdeacon Beynon, *Cyoeaeth*, and deemed the most horrible of supernatural beings. The following is the description of it given in the powerful language of the Welsh, which it would be impossible with justice to translate, ‘*Gwallt dryssedig, dannedd hirion duon, breichiau truan, croenog gwedi gwywo o hyd anferthol, heb un cyfar alwch rhyngddynt a’r choroph anniben,*’ &c. Some imagine that *cyoeaeth* is the same as *Cwn bendith y mammau*, or *tylwythod*, which are of two kinds; but it evidently appears that it is not the case in South Wales, but that the *Cyoeaeth* is another name for *Gwrachyribin*, or, as some have it, *Gwrach-y’r-oer-boen*; if so, the word *Cy-oer-aeth*, particularly in the last two syllables, very naturally refers to its peculiar cold, chilling voice; if *Gwrachyribin* and *Cyhoeraeth* are synonymous, then the above description of a being with dishevelled hair, long black teeth, long, lank, and withered arms, &c., connected with the idea of its frightful voice and horrible cadaverous appearance, is very natural and applicable. This *Cyoeaeth*, or *Gwrachyribin*, as I before observed, was thought to be the most frightful of all Welsh apparitions, so much so, indeed, that a Cambrian poet wished no more to his enemy than that it would pay him a visit.

‘*Un felldith fwyni chanaf fi,  
It gael yr adyn boliog bawlyd,  
Nai yn gydywraeth fod i ti,  
I gwrachyribin schrechlyd.*’

To represent an ugly woman, we often say: “*Y mae mor salw a Gwrachyribin* (she is as ugly as *Gwrachyribin*), but this was esteemed a very rare spirit, and was oftener heard than seen; its shriek is described as having such an effect as literally to freeze the blood in the veins of those who heard it, and was never uttered except when the ghost came to a cross road, or went by some water, which (if a female) she splashed with her hands, making at

the same time the most doleful sounds, and exclaiming "Oh! Oh! fy ngwr, fy ngwr" (my husband, my husband), or (if a male) "fy ngwraig, fy ngwraig" (my wife, my wife), or "fy mlentyn, fy mlentyn" (my child, my child). A person is said to have met a Cyoeraeth on the road at night, and, taking it for a woman, would have played her a trick, but oh, the horror of horrors! as the narrator emphatically exclaimed, "Och Dduw y Gwrachyribin oedd hi, a nid menyw!" (oh God! it was the Gwrachyribin and not a woman!) Oh! the chill scream, "Fy ngwr, fy ngwr." He did not wait for the expression of the words a second time, but without ceremony, and rejecting all intercourse with her ladyship, he passed through thorns and briars, taking to the fields, and on the wings of terror soon arrived home. It is said that the circumstance so affected him, that the words "fy ngwr, fy ngwr," sounded continually in his ears, and so impressed were they upon his mind that he resolved to live "in single blessedness," and never could hear the word *gwr* without suffering a very painful sensation. The Cyoeraeth was said to appear generally in a female dress, and some affirm that it was fatal to meet it.

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#### UCHAIN PANNOG.

##### *A Tradition.*

There is a lake in Cardiganshire, beneath which it is reported that a town lies buried, and in an arid summer, when the water is low, a wall extending across it, upon which people can walk, is visible, and supposed to appertain to the inundated city or town; on one side is a lofty precipitous rock, which appears to have been severed by some convulsion, as there is a very extensive opening in it nearly dividing it in twain, and which tradition relates was thus occasioned: "There was a person, named Pannog, possessed of two huge oxen, so large that their like was never known or seen in any part of the world.

It chanced that one of them (and it appears they were not endowed with a quantum of sense proportionate to their bulk) was grazing on a plain opposite the rock, and whether it was his desire to make an end of himself, or to cool his body by laving, is not known, but certain it is that down he plunged into the lake, and was never more seen. The remaining one searching for his companion, and not perceiving any sign of his approach, bellowed in almost as loud a strain as the father of the gods, who, when he spake,

"Earth to his centre shook,"

for the sound of his bellowing rent the opposite rock, which is still called Uchain Pannog (Pannog's oxen), from this circumstance. They were said to be two persons, called in Wales Nyniaf and

Phebiaf, whom God turned into oxen for their sins and wickedness.

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## MIRACULOUS STONE.

Giraldus relates that there was in Anglesea a curious stone, which obtained the appellation of the Thigh stone, from its being of the same form as a man's thigh. If this stone was removed, as it often was, from motives of curiosity, it would invariably return, through some invisible agency, to its usual place; so that its fame spread far and wide, till at length Hugh, earl of Chester, heard of it, and wishing to try the experiment, ordered it to be chained fast to a stone thrice its own magnitude and weight, and thrown into the sea, which was effected; but, notwithstanding this, it was seen in its old situation next day. This circumstance coming to the knowledge of a bold and resolute fellow, he determined to ascertain the fact, and had the temerity to tie the stone as fast as he could to his own thigh, when he went to rest; but, *horribile dictu!* when he awoke in the morning, he found his own thigh mortified, and the stone gone! for it returned to its place again, and is now supposed to have sunk into the ground, thus affording no further room to ascertain its miraculous power.

The following story is related in Carmarthenshire: A farmer, it is said, went out very early in the morning to bring his horses from pasture, and, on his road, heard some delicious music, far sweeter, he thought, no doubt, than ever bard produced from his telyn, and being allured by the melody, as we read of men being allured of old by the enchanting voices of syrens, he proceeded to a retired spot, from whence the strains were heard, and there he beheld some elves footing it merrily. Wishing, perhaps, to obtain a more extensive knowledge of these "dear little creatures," he had the magnanimity to enter the ring, with the intention of joining the matachin, and soon had his desire gratified, for there they kept him dancing night and day without intermission. His relatives at home were at a loss to know what had become of him, and concluded he had gone a journey, or committed suicide; but days, weeks, and months, rolled on, and no farmer appeared, nor were there any tidings heard of him, until it chanced one day that a man passing by this lonely spot, saw the farmer knocking his legs about, as if bereft of his intellects; and going up to him, inquired what caused him to be so merry, which words broke the spell, and the meagre-looking farmer, as if waking out of a dream, exclaimed, "O dear! where are my horses?" and stepping out of the magical circle, he fell down into the dust. No wonder, for he had been dancing without food for a twelvemonth. If every fair dancer

joined the tylwyth teg, how many beings would be danced out of the world!

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In the youthful days of an aged friend of mine, the belief in fairies existed in many parts of Wales; and, when a "schoolboy, with his satchel," unwillingly trudging to school, he has often observed in a meadow near Cwm, Carmarthenshire, three small circles of grass which appeared to have been weaved round the edges; wondering much for what purpose they were ordained, he once asked his mother the use of them, when she gave him a severe injunction not to approach on any account, much less enter the rings, for, said she, they belong to the Bendith eu mam-mau (a species of fairies), and whoever enters them can never get out, it being enchanted ground.

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The following is the account related in Wales of the origin of the fairies, and was told me by an individual from Anglesea. In our Saviour's time there lived a woman whose fortune it was to be possessed of near a score of children, (what would the Malthusians now-a-days say to such a living stock?) and as she saw our blessed Lord approach her dwelling, being ashamed of being so prolific, and that he might not see them all, she concealed about half of them closely, and, after his departure, when she went in search of them, to her surprise she found they were gone. They never afterwards could be discovered, for it was supposed that, as a punishment from heaven, for hiding what God had given her, she was deprived of them; and, it is said, these, her offspring, have generated the race of beings called fairies.

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THE EPITAPH OF RHYS AP GRYFFYTH AP RHYS AP  
TEWDWR, PRINCE OF SOUTH WALES.

Nobile Cambrensis cecidit diadema decoris  
Hoc est, Rhesus obit: Cambria tota gemit.  
Subtrahitur, sed non moritur, quia semper habetur,  
Ipsius egregium nomen in orbe novum.  
Ilic tegitur, sed detegitur, quia fama perennis  
Non sinit illustrem voce latere ducem:  
Excessit probitate modum, sensu probitatem,  
Eloquio sensum, moribus eloquium.



HISTORY OF THE LANGUAGES OF THE GAULS AND OF  
THE ARMORICANS.

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(Continued from Vol. II., p. 232.)

*Fourteenth Century.*

CHAUCER, in his "Canterbury Tales," praises highly the Armorican poets. "Delightful were those old Bretons who, in their ancient language, celebrated the memorable events of their country, and sung their lays to the music of their instruments;" he inserts several of those pieces in his work, and calls them Armorican, or Breton Lays.\*

At the same epoch, other English poets versified a great number of similar pieces: some asserted them to be translated from the Bas-Breton: others, from the French; but that the originals were taken from Armorican lays sung in ancient times; in short, the author of "The Dream of the God of Love" has not forgotten the "salües" of the sweet lays of the Bretons.

Davies, in his "Welsh Dictionary," frequently quotes a Breton ms. by the title of "The Book of Landaff," which was carried away from Lower Brittany into Great Britain about 1350, during the war for the dukedom between Jean de Montfort and Charles de Blois.

Another Breton production of that time is the old "dialogue between water and wine," where the latter, boasting its superior qualities, is supposed to say, "I make the French spoil Breton, and the Bretons jargon French."†

*Breton Canticles on the blessed Salaün.*

This poor villager, of the county of Leon, in the whole course of his life, had only been able to learn these words: "Ave Maria, Salaün a débré bara;" "I salute thee, Mary, if Salaün had bread he would eat it." He died, and a lily sprung from his tomb, which miracle occasioned a chapel to be erected to his memory; and it still bears the name of "Our Lady of the Folgoat."‡

*Fifteenth Century.*

It is a circumstance not generally known, that at the marriage of the Duchess Anne of Brittany with Charles VIII., in 1491, the

\* M. de la Rue. † Pelletier. ‡ D'Lob, Lives of the Saints of Brittany.

Bas-Breton gentlemen, in order to make their court to her, and at the same time conform to the fashion, frenchified the half of their names, in which manner the family of Castelfaur changed it into Chasteaufur.

In those days females left the castles in which they were born only to be married and die in another; but Anne, wishing to compose her court of young Breton ladies, they followed her to Paris, where they remained, and to that city the men, of course, followed them.

This young princess patronised the sciences and belles lettres; she caused the New Testament to be translated into Bas-Breton, which, says the Abbé de Longuerue, is a very rare book, and much sought after by the English;\* and it was also by her order that Auffret Quoatquévéran, canon of Trequier, composed his "Catholicon in three Languages," viz. Breton, French, and Latin, printed at the city of Lanbreguer, by John Caluez, 1499, small, in folio gothic in double columns, p. 210: and besides these two works, there existed others: "The Synodial Statutes of the Diocese of Leon," of the 13th, 14th, and 15th centuries, part in Latin and part in Breton: † a sacred tragedy, "The taking of Jerusalem," and the "Love Sickness of an Old Man;" which last comedy is of the time of penny-crowns, as far back as the reign of Louis XI. † In this original drama, the good ancient rises full of spirits, after a hearty dinner, and putting on his bonnet, "Now," exclaims he, "am I not a terrible little fellow?" "Breman oun euzic potrie." Long time he sighs, but nothing can move the inhuman fair, to whom he addresses his tenderest vows; she rejects them with disdain, when the amorous old man, without losing either his sleep or gaiety, retires, exclaiming, "I have told all my beads." Thus terminates the comedy.

In the "Taking of Jerusalem," a governor, summoned by Titus to surrender the place, answers fiercely, that his threats are like the scarecrow of St. Hervé. §

"On ne s'attendait guère  
A voir Hervé dans cette affaire?"

"In this affair, who would have thought  
St. Hervé's name could have been brought?"

### *Sixteenth Century.*

Alain Bouchard, historiographer of the Dutchess Anne, wrote, "I have read, in ancient histories, that the Breton is really the

\* Longueruana, tome 2, p. 70. † Rostrenen. ‡ Pelletier.

§ St. Hervé is represented in Brittany accompanied by a wolf, with threat of which the mothers quiet their children.

language of ancient Troy;" and the physician, Roch le Baillif, was of the same opinion: "What induces, and always will induce, me to think that the Armorican and Dardanian languages are the same, is the circumstance of there being on a map of the Holy Land a great number of places of the same name as are found at this day in Brittany." He acquired this knowledge from a curious antique; an old engraved sheet of copper, still half gilt, which was presented to him by an ancient priest of the abbey of Bon Repos, in that province.

In 1565, was delivered this celebrated sentence, "If a Bas-Breton rector does not speak the language, his curate's knowledge of it shall be of no avail to him." It was ordered, by sentence of the court, that the parishioners of Bourg-Paul Mazillac pay to their rector, Master Jean Guicho, certain ecclesiastical dues, provided he resided on his benefice, and preached the word of God. He wished this sentence to be put in force; but the parishioners affirmed that he did not reside, and further, that, even if he did, he was ignorant of the Breton language. He maintained that he was resident, and that his curate spoke the language; upon which, the commissary, without adducing any reasons, condemned the parishioners to pay; from which decision they appealed, and the court, by judgment, dated September 24, 1565, amended the preceding one; and, on condition the rector should actually reside on his benefice, condemned the appellants to pay to the plaintiff the dues in dispute.\*

#### *Seventeenth Century.*

In 1620, appeared at London the famous Welsh Bible, containing all the canonical books: it was reprinted in 1677.

In 1631, Father Maunoir learnt Bas-Breton in a miraculous manner, since, after eight days' study, he was able to catechise in that language; and in less than two months he preached extempore.†

In 1636, Father Anastasius of Nantes, a capuchin, was said to be prodigiously learned in the Breton language.‡

Samuel Bochart, a writer of this era, found a great coincidence between the Breton and the Phenician; he says, that Camden and the rest were ignorant of what he was going to declare; that there is so great a resemblance in the Armorican to the Phenician language, that it is impossible it could be the effect of mere chance.§

\* Sauf upon Dufail, l. 1, c. 201. Belord-Controv. p. 598.

† His Life, by Father Boschet. Le Brigant maintains, that the Breton Syntax may be learnt in a morning.

‡ Life of M. de Peirese, by Gassendi.

§ The sentiment of Bochart has been followed in these later times by M. Sulsmieh, of the academy of Berlin: by Sames, in his Origin of the Bretons: and by our learned friend, M. de Penhouët.

Buxtorf maintains that the Breton is derived from the Scythian, which he considers the mother tongue of the Gallic, Persian, Turkish, German, Greek, and Latin languages; and, at the end of his Lexicon, are some Breton words, which, he pretends, are borrowed from the Druids. This learned man died in 1653.

About 1655, Dom Armand le Bouthillier, reformer of La Trappe, refused the bishopric of Leon, because he knew not the language of the country.

La Harpe and several critics have vainly endeavoured to discover the origin of the name *Tartuffe*, the principal character in Moliere's celebrated comedy, first performed in 1667; its history, as we have it, is simply this: *Tartuffe* was merely a young Breton, who being established in business at Paris, succeeded in making his fortune, by playing nearly the same character as the *Tartuffe* of Moliere, which name is really Bas-Breton.

Madame de Sevigné also mentions, in her letters, the Bas-Bretons and their language.\* June 26, 1675, she wrote to her daughter, "they say that there are five or six blue bonnets in Lower Brittany,† whom it would not be amiss to hang, to teach them to speak."

In another letter, dated September 24, "Our poor Bretons, as we are told, collect by troops of forty or fifty in the fields, and, as soon as they perceive the soldiers, throw themselves on their knees, crying, 'Meá culpá,' which is the only French word they know; similar to our Frenchman, who related that, in Germany, at mass, they did not utter a word of Latin, except 'kyrie eleison;' they are continually taking these poor Bas-Bretons prisoners, who ask for drink and tobacco, but of Caron not a word."

At last, in a fourth letter, written from D'Auray, July 30, 1689: "The regiment of Carman§ is very fine, it is entirely composed of Bas-Bretons, tall and well made, much superior to the other soldiers; they do not understand a word of French, except the words of command; they go through their exercise with as much grace as we do minuets, it is a pleasure to see them. I believe it was at the head of such men, that Bertrand Duguesclin said he was invincible, speaking of his Breton soldiers."

Two celebrated orators, Father Martin, a jesuit, and the famous Abbé Tourmel, at this epoch, obtained the universal suffrages of Lower Brittany. F. Martin possessed the greatest natural talents;

\* It appears she scarcely knew how to write the Breton names, since Kersaintgily she has made Querignisignidy. "We saw," says she, "a very pretty girl, who would do honour to Versailles; but she is going to marry M. de Querignisignidy, very near Conquet, and very far from Trianon."

† These blue bonnets are the inhabitants of the coast of Leon, towards Lesneven.

§ The estate and castle of Carman are at a short distance from Lesneven.

his eloquence, formed to captivate the multitude, rendered him extremely well adapted for a missionary; he was much attached to Lower Brittany, his country; and the language of which he perfectly understood.\*

“The Abbé Tourmel fixed the attention of his audience by the vehemence of his delivery; and Father Boschet says, that he was so complete a master of his language, that many skilful persons believe Cicero was not better acquainted with his; and in the country he was styled, as well from the beauty of his language as from the character of his eloquence, the Cicero of Lower Brittany, † which epithet, says De Lobineau, will only surprise those who from ignorance consider the Breton a miserable jargon; but those persons who possess any knowledge of that ancient language of the Celts, are convinced that it is susceptible of ornaments and figures, of exciting powerful emotions, and, consequently, well adapted for eloquence.” ‡ The Abbé Tourmel, after growing grey in the apostolical career, died rector of Ploudalmázeau, in Bas-Leon. †

*Eighteenth Century.*

In 1703, Dom Pezron published his “Antiquity of the Nation and Language of the Celts,” a work of profound erudition, and which ought to form an epoch in the Breton annals.

The reverend father says: “It will be seen with pleasure, that the language of the Titans, I mean of Saturn, Jupiter, and the other famous gods of antiquity, was the same as that of the Celts, or Gauls, which was spoken in Gaul in the time of Julius Cæsar; and which, during a period of 4000 years, has been preserved pure and unaltered amongst the Armorican Bretons, and the Welsh in the western part of Great Britain: if the public will deign to have the patience to read only the half of my book, I have reason to hope that the judgment which they may form of my opinion will not be unfavorable; they who have already seen any part of it, (for I make no mystery of my writings,) believe that I am not far from the truth.” In reality, Father de Rostrenen assures us “that all which the author advances is evidently and invincibly proved;” we are fond of believing him.

The Abbé Fay, in his “New Remarks,” printed in 1710, says: “One thing worthy of remark in the Breton is this: we find in it the ‘Vanitas Vanitatum,’ nearly in the same words as in the Hebrew.

HEBREW.

|           |          |         |         |
|-----------|----------|---------|---------|
| Havel     | havelim  | ha col  | havel.  |
| Vanity of | Vanities | and all | vanity. |

\* Life of Father Maunoir. † Ibid. ‡ Lives of the Saints, p. 532.  
§ Father Boschet.

|         |         |         |        |
|---------|---------|---------|--------|
| BRETON. |         |         |        |
| Havel   | havelon | hac ol  | havel. |
| Wind of | winds   | and all | wind.  |
| WELSH.  |         |         |        |
| Awel o  | awelau, | ac oll  | awel.  |

In 1716, died Henriette de Castelnau, countess of Murat; born at Brest, 1670, and known in the literary world by some charming romances; among others, by her "Goblins of the Castle of Kernose." At sixteen years, adorned with the graces of youth, she quitted Brittany, and appeared at court in the costume of the Breton country maids, whose language she spoke with facility: this novel dress, together with the wit of Henriette, acquired her at that time some celebrity.

In 1719, the famous Mathurin de Lacroze became an inhabitant of the abbey of Landévenéc, for the purpose of learning Breton; he already was acquainted with several languages, Hebrew, Syriac, Egyptian, Arab, Copth, Chinese, Armenian, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, Basque, English, German, Sclavonic, Anglo-Saxon, and French.

William Baxter, who died in 1723, about this time, composed his "Glossary of the British Antiquities;" and he affirms that without the assistance of the Bas-Breton, it is impossible to understand the oriental languages; at the age of eighteen he did not know a single letter of the alphabet, and only understood Welsh and Cornish.

In 1728, in order to prove that the Breton language could without difficulty conform itself to the measure, grace, and harmony of verse, Father de Tournemine translated into Breton verse "The Loves of Daphnis and Chloé."

Poinsinet de Siory, alias little Poinsinet,\* the author of some comic operas at Paris, was drowned by accident in the Guadalquivir, in 1769. A versifier and a wit, he joined to some talent an extreme credulity, so much so that it being told him that, in order to share the liberality of the Empress Catherine, who intended him to be received as member of the academy of Petersburg, it was first necessary he should learn Russian, he fancied he was studying that language, and at the end of six months found he had learnt the Bas-Breton.†

In 1742, a royal declaration, which excludes from the concurrence for the curacies of Lower Brittany those persons unacquainted with

\* Thus named by Voltaire.

† The Russian is only the Sclavonic combined with the Celtic and modern Greek, so that Breton might be of service in learning Russian.

the language of the country: art. ii. "No person shall be admitted to the concourse for those parishes where the Breton language is used, if he does not know and speak it with facility."

In 1776, the castle of Bresal, near Landernau, became the rendezvous of all that was amiable to Lower Brittany. Nothing could be more lively and delightful than the veillées of Breal; there, every evening, were inspired Breton and French verses; there, alternately, sometimes together, were seen the Abbé of Boisbilly, Father de Querbœuf, and the Abbé of Pentrez; they were the troubadours of the castle, and we have seen the collection of their poems.

Paul Testard and Claude Lelaé were also two poets who lived at that period; the first of whom, author of some fugitive pieces, had translated into Breton verse the odes and epistles of Horace, but, unfortunately, this translation has not been published; like Anacreon, he sang of love and pleasure to the last moment of his life, which, similar to that songster of Téos, after a long career, terminated gently in the midst of the smiles and graces.

Claude Lelaé was, at the same time, the Scarron, the Vade, the Piron, and if we may so express ourselves, the Boileau, of Lower Brittany; his poem, entitled Michel Morin, is a masterpiece of style and gaiety; he has written songs, satires, and, above all, epigrams. It is impossible for those who understand, or, as they say, even for those who do not understand, his verses, to hear them without being almost suffocated with laughter, but it is impossible to give even an idea of them in French.

At the end of this century lived the celebrated Jacques le Brigant, author of many works on the idiom of his country, and who considered the Breton as the primitive tongue, as that which was spoken before the deluge, nay, even before the creation; *Celticâ negatâ, negatur Orbis*. According to him, the Almighty spoke Breton; which assertion he imagines to prove in this manner: the world was in chaos when God said "Let there be light;" and light was: IEHI OR VA IEHI OR.\* These Hebrew words are also Bas-Breton, and signify in both languages, "Be there light, and it was light." It was, therefore, in Bas-Breton that God commanded the creation of the world; and, consequently, that language existed before the creation.

How shall we on this point raise from antiquity the veil loaded with the weight of so many ages? happy if in the wreck of time we can meet with some scattered fragments: but let us not flatter ourselves that, by the aid of such feeble materials, we shall be able to reconstruct the edifice of the primitive ages.

\* Word for word: Ie-hi-or, may go the opening or light; a iéet-hi-or, and gone is the opening or light. Vide his Prospectus, p. 28.

*Nineteenth Century.*

At the very dawn of this society appeared the Celtic academy, which has since changed its name to that of "The Antiquarian Society of Paris." One of its founders and first president was Jacques de Cambry; who, before he died, caused himself to be painted in the costume of a Druid.

In 1813, Colonel Pascal,\* a young Breton hero, who fell in the Russian campaign, when at the head of the Breton cohorts, commanded them in the language of their country, and led them to the charge exclaiming, "Tor a pen," break their heads.

In 1814, the rural communes of the country of Leon sent a deputation to the king, and the new ambassadors went to Paris in their Armorican costume, where they had an audience of Madame the duchess of Angouleme, who made them a short compliment in Bas-Breton.

Here terminates the history of the Celtic-Breton language, and it now remains for us to fulfil our promise by describing

THE ACTUAL STATE OF THAT LANGUAGE IN THE  
OLD AND NEW WORLDS.

What a remarkable circumstance is it, that a few obscure portions of nations should through so many ages and revolutions, though scattered over different points of the globe, have preserved the precious remains of that language, whose dialects present a surprising analogy, and are the living witnesses of the extent of territory long since occupied by the nation whose posterity they are!

The Celtic is still spoken, with more or less alteration, in Little Brittany—Wales, the island of Anglesey, Scotland, the Hebrides, Ireland, the isle of Man, in Biscay, and in some other countries, which we proceed to notice as briefly as possible.

*Of that part of Brittany where Breton is still spoken.*

The Celto-Breton is at this day† the language of the whole of

\* Born at Roscott, near Saint Pol-de-Leon.

† And for a long time past, since Alain Bouchard, in 1490, says, "that in three bishoprics of this province, as Dol, Rennes, St. Malo, they only speak French. In three others, Cornouaille, St. Paul, and Trequer, they speak only Breton; and at Nantes, Vennes, and Saint Brienne, they commonly speak French and Breton. The Breton language has lost scarcely any ground since the latter epoch, (vide Rostrenen, pref.) but they now speak French and Breton in the towns of Lower Brittany; at the gates of the same towns, only the ancient language.



Finisterre, which includes the dioceses of Leon and Cornouaille, Quimper, of a great part of the Côtes-du-Nord, of the country of Trequier, as far as Chateaulaudren, and of a part of Morbihan, from Pontscorff, to the banks of the Vilain, towards Muzillac and Arzal; and it is still spoken in a small canton of the Lower Loire, the bourg of Batz,\* which is enclosed by the Gallo country, where it forms a colony, which may be considered as almost foreign to the surrounding communes, whose language is the old French of Joinville.†

Similar to the majority of living languages, the Breton is divided into several dialects, which the Bretons reckon by dioceses, and which might more properly be computed by bourgs, villages, and hamlets, as is implied by the proverb:

“Kant bro, kant kis,  
Kant parrez, kant ilis.”‡

Of these, the Trecovian dialect is the most concise; the Leonique the mildest and most mellifluous;§ the Cornouaillian the most harsh, and contains the greatest number of aspirates;|| as to that of Vannes, less pure than the others: it has been compared to Greek from its infinitives in EIN.¶

Of these dialects, the Leonic is, undoubtedly, superior to the others by its sweetness and harmony; in a word, it is the Italian of the Breton; and as such, to it of right belongs love, poetry, elegy, romance, &c.; and we here present our readers with a specimen of it:

Ar galon é poa digu roet,  
Va doussig coant, d'a viret,  
N'emmeuz collet, n'a distroet  
N'a d'uzach fal é lakéet;  
Mesket emmeuz gant va ini  
N'oun ken pini é da ini.

*Literal Translation.*

Le cœur que tu m'avais donné  
Ma douce amie, en gage,  
Ne l'ai perdu, ni détourné,  
Ni mis a mauvais usage  
Je l'ai mêlé avec le mien  
Je ne sais plus quel est le tien.

\* A small glossary of the idiom of Batz would be very desirable: it is said to have more affinity with the Breton of Leon than that of Vannes.

† Whence is derived the appellation of Gallo, in Breton, Gallec, which signifies French.

‡ One hundred countries—fashions, too, we know,  
Churches the same, and parishes I trow.

This is the proverb made use of to designate the diversity of the Breton dialects.

§ The great number of z's which enter into its composition, in reality gives it that character of sweetness and amenity which distinguishes it from the other dialects.

|| “The Cornouaillian,” says Pelletier, “have the throat and lungs extremely well formed for the pronunciation of strong aspirates, and in speaking, they seem to sing; their accents are very frequent; and they raise and lower their voices as if their words were noted; they are also great musicians and amateurs of haut-bois and pipes, and the airs of their songs, though rude, are not without charms.”

¶ L'Armerge, Dictionary of the Dialect of Vannes.

My sweetest girl, the heart with me  
 Which, as a pledge of love, you left,  
 I have not lost, nor soil'd shall be,  
 Nor of its innocence bereft ;  
 And it is mix'd so close with mine,  
 That, sure, I know not which is thine.

*Of Wales.*

That the Welsh and Bas-Bretons understand each other is a certain fact, and well known to the common people.\* “Nothing is more common than to see Welsh and Breton sailors, whom the fortune of war has placed in each other’s power, astonished to find that they speak the same language. In their surprise, they returned thanks to heaven for so favorable a singularity, and enjoy the pleasure of understanding each other.”†

The English general, Melville, related to M. de Luc that, during the war of Flanders, in an inn at Ghent, while he was present, a French Bas-Breton officer, and a Welsh officer of the county of Caernarvon were disputing together, when the servant of the first, also a Bas-Breton, wishing to terminate the difference, spoke to his master in patois, on which the master, in the same patois, ordered him to leave the room. The Welsh officer was greatly astonished at understanding their conversation ; and, the dispute soon after being finished, the two officers conversed together the rest of the day, the one speaking Armorican, or Bas-Breton, and the other Welsh.‡

In support of this anecdote, we offer to those who wish to compare the two idioms, the Breton and Welsh translations of the Lord’s Prayer.

## ARMORICAN BRETON.

Hon Tad pehini zo en effou  
 Oc’h hano bezet santelét ;  
 Deuet déomp ho rouantelez ;  
 Ho youl bezet grêt var au  
 Douar evel en effou ;  
 Roit déomp hirio hon bara

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\* When you examine the map of Wales, you fancy yourself in Lower Brittany, and the names of places are absolutely the same. Coatbroch, Coëtulo, Cordfrank, Doulas, Elian Eles-meréh, Guenlian, Keringar, Lanbader, Lannidi, Lantivi, Lanargvét, Lannunven, Lanrust, Newen, Penbrok, Penygen, Penguern, Trélec’h, Trévigner, Tydon, &c.

† Las Casas’ Grand Atlas.

‡ Other anecdotes may be found in the Dict. Geogr. of La Martiniere, in the History of the Gauls by Picot ; in the Delights of England ; in Freron, 1753.

Bemdezic ; ha pardonit déomp  
On offañon, evel m'a pardonomp  
D'ar ré o dewz hon offañet ;  
Ha n'hon digañit quet en  
Tentation, hoghed hon delivrit  
Euz an droug. Amen.

WELSH.

Ein Tad, yr hwn wyt yn y nefoedd,  
Sanctieddier dy enw ; deued dy deyrnas ;  
Bydded dy ewyllys ar y ddaear  
Megis y mae yn y Nefoedd ;  
Dyro i ni heddyw ein bara beunyddiol  
A maddeu i ni ein dyledion  
Fel y maddeuwn ni i 'n dyledwyr  
Ac nac arwain ni i brofedigaeth  
Eithr gwared ni rhag drwg.\* Amen.

The purest Breton in Wales is that spoken in the county of Caernarvon, opposite the isle of Anglesea, in Denbigh and Merioneth-shires, though Davies prefers the dialects of the Venedotes and the Demetes, who inhabit the west and north of the Principality.

*Of the Isle of Anglesea.*

This isle, which nearly touches the shores of Caernarvon, is the cradle of the Welsh language ; and it was formerly called Mon, mam Cymry, that is to say, Mon, mother of the Cimbrians, or Cambrians, (the Welsh.)

Est Mona Cambrorum mater, Mammona putatur,  
Nam Mon, mam Cymri, lingua Britanna docet.

About 960, Edgar, king of the Anglo-Saxons, having subjugated Wales and the Isle of Mona, imposed upon the prince of these countries, an annual tribute of 300 wolves' heads, which was paid during three years, and the wolves were annihilated.

“C'est par là que de loups l'Angleterre est deserte  
On y mit notre tête à prix.”

*La Fontaine.*

England by wolves ne'er visited was yet,  
Since on our forfeit heads a price was set.

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\* In Welsh, the w sounds like ou : drwg, droug.

*Of Cornwall.*

In our century, the Breton language became entirely extinct in that part of England;\* and in 1793, there was but one woman, near Penzance, who spoke it, who died a few years ago, as we are informed by an English Judge.

The learned Baxter wrote upon the ancient language of Cornwall, and he states that in his time, 1720, it had already degenerated. We here give the Paternoster in that language, and it will be seen that it approaches nearly to the Armorican Breton.

Nei Taz ba oz en nêv, bonegas  
 Boez tha hanv, tha glasgarn doaz;  
 Tha bonagath bogweez en nôr pokara  
 En nev; Dreu d'honei diithma gen  
 Kenevyn bara; ha givians nei gen  
 Pêhou, kara nei givians gele; tha na  
 Lédia nei idu tentation, by'z dilver  
 Nei thart thart drôg. Amen.

*Of Scotland,*

Where is spoken a dialect composed of the Celtic, the Gaelic, or Erse, which was the language of Ossian, the Homer of the Caledonians. "The Erse or Gaelic language, which is spoken in the highlands of Scotland, and in the small island of St. Kilda, one of the Orkneys, appears to have preserved a great affinity to the Celtic."†

\* The cause of it is attributed to the working of the mines; besides, this country advances like a point into the ocean; surrounded with harbours, it carries on a great trade, which also contributes to extend the English language. The ancient names of places are still kept as in Brittany: there are found Berrien, Beuhie, Caradoc, Caerphilli, Hervaen, Huel roc'h, Karne, Kerbran, Kerveun, Kerven, Keryer, Lanyon, Lanyssel, Lansalos, Morvan, Penrose, Penwuth, Portguin, Porthmelin, Talwarn, Thiverlon, Tregonec, Tregonia, Trévardrés, Treveren, &c.

† Latour-d'Auvergne, Orig. gaul Buchanan.

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[We fear that some errors may have crept into the Breton specimens; a melancholy domestic event having deprived us of the assistance of the gentleman who has the peculiar superintendance of this portion of the work.—Ed.]

## WELSH WIGS.

AMONGST the variety of historical facts connected with the manners and customs of the inhabitants of Brittany, which, independently of traditional lore, serve to illustrate the striking similarity in habits and customs between the people of Armorica and the ancient Britons, and to establish the fact of, at least, a common descent, we may direct the attention of the curious in such matters to a very peculiar article of dress common to the modern Bretons, and the people of Wales, and to them exclusively, up to the present day, or, as regards the former, certainly up to so recent a date as the year 1732, and, in all probability, to a much later period. The circumstance has not, we believe, been adverted to by any writer on Gallic antiquities; we allude to that snug, unsophisticated, comely, and useful covering for the head, yclept, *par excellence*, a "Welsh wig;" in our humble opinion the very acmé and sublimation of warmth, ease, and comfort,—an eulogium, to the justness of which we have no doubt every experienced outside traveller on a stage-coach, Welshman, Scot, or Saxon, who may have invoked its benign protection in a cold and foggy December night, on the northern road, will cheerfully subscribe.

Happening, a short time since, in the exercise of our editorial labours, to be hunting over a quaint but erudite tome, videlicet, the "Dictionnaire Français-Celtique, ou Français-Breton," of the worthy "Father Rostrenen," we chanced to light upon a passage wherein he assures us that in his time (1732) there was still among the Bas-Bretons "une sorte de perruque du petit peuple, faite de *peau de mouton, avec sa laine*," or, in the Breton language, "*mautenn*," very generally worn. It would be difficult to give a clearer or more concise definition of the modern Welsh-wig, undoubtedly of all but antediluvian antiquity: the family likeness is complete and indisputable; from the expression that it was "still worn," &c., we may safely infer that amongst the Bretons the custom was by no means of then modern date. We leave the fact therefore without further note or comment. At the same time, however, be it understood, that, did we feel inclined to enter upon the discussion of this species of periwig at greater length, we are quite capable, time and the occasion warranting, of making no mean display of learned research on the subject: we could quote sundry hard and very imposing names on the occasion, much to the edification of our readers, and propound, for instance, that Suidas gives *κιδάρις* as "a covering for the head, made either of hair or wool:" that *κιδάριον* was a little wig,—a periwiggikin of the same class; that the Latin *galerus* was derived from the Greek *γαλή*, a *cat*, the first coverings for the head being formed from the skin and fur of that animal; and that Virgil, speaking of

a certain set of warriors, declares, that "they defended their heads with coverings made of the skin of the wolf:"

— Fulvos lupi de pelle galeros  
Tegmen habent capiti:\*

to say nothing of a variety of other strange and very learned quotations, much more than sufficient to evince the fact of our being very deep in the matter of periwigs. Further, we might expatiate scientifically on the comfort, convenience, cleanliness, salubrity, and picturesque beauty of wigs (that is to say, of the Welsh wig), a portion of our subject which we feel we should treat with becoming respect, (seeing that we ourselves, at this present writing, happen to wear a regular Gwallt gapan,) and withal so gravely, and with such "words of learned length and thundering sound," as fairly to astonish our readers:

"Still should they gaze, and still the wonder grow,  
That one small wig should carry all we know."

But this we defer till a more fitting opportunity.



## OLION.

*Letter from M. Oost Von Klischjorsci to the Editors.*

MESSIEURS EDITORS,

IN turning over the worm-eaten pages of a volume of the Annual Register, called Dodsley's, for the year 1773, my attention was excited by the following morçeau of what I should be inclined to deem "the wild and the wonderful," if we were not assured by geologists that there exist among the mountains of Wales many proofs that volcanic eruptions happened there in ages far gone by. As several clever and interesting articles on geology have appeared in your able periodical, I can fix upon no better source for eliciting the truth of the paragraph than submitting it, through your medium, to the learned of your country.

"*Holywell, Flintshire; Feb. 2.* The memory of man cannot recollect such quantities of snow to have fallen in these parts as last week; my house is three stories high, and I can hardly lay me down with security in the garret. Men, women, children, and

\* Virgil *Æneid*, lib. vii. v. 688.

cattle, have found their tombs in the snow. The night before last, Moel Famma, a very high mountain in this neighbourhood, was heard to utter, as it were, deep groans; the adjacent hills trembled from their roots. The noise, at eleven o'clock, was like the sound of a distant thunder, from the rolling of huge stones down a craggy precipice. At twelve, there was a loud clap, and the vertex of the hill threw up, in the same instant, vast bodies of combustible matter; liquid fire rolled along the heaps of ruins; at the close of all, nature seemed to make a grand effort, and rent one side of the mountain, which was solid stone, into a hiatus, whose breadth seems to be about 200 yards; the summit of the hill tumbled into the vast opening, and the top appears level, which before was quite perpendicular. All is now hushed; but in the places where the fire melted the snow, the earth throws out the verdure of May. At Ruthin, as two persons were foolishly endeavouring to make their escape from the danger, they were buried in a drift; several made their escape from St. Asaph into the sea, and fell victims to their timidity."

I am quite sure that, after reading this, your curiosity will be excited as much as mine is, and that that alone would probably induce you to seek for an authentication of it; but I have other reasons—I lately travelled through Great Britain. The picturesque and beautiful Cambria, and her exemplary, moral, and brave, peasantry, interested me more than any portion of his Britannic majesty's dominions; and as I am now preparing for the publication of my Tour through Britain, I am extremely anxious to be satisfied on this head.

I rest assured that you will pardon the liberty, and excuse my proper want of expression in the English language.

Your servant, very faithfully,

F. L. OOST VON KLISCHJORSKI.

*Leipzig, Markt Straat;  
August the 10th.*

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*Inscription written by the Author, in the Fifth Edition of "The Pursuits of Literature," to the late Lord Kenyon.*

Honoratissimo  
Lloyd Baroni de Kenyon,  
&c. &c. &c.  
Eruditissimo simul et integerrimo Viro  
Legum et Libertatis Vindici,  
Ob egregio in Rem-publicam merito  
Lauro Propriâ Donato  
Auctor Ignotus.

*Inscribed by the Author of "The Shade of Alexander Pope,"  
to the late Lord Kenyon.*

Viro Inprimis Digno,  
Memorando, Colendo, Ornando,  
Moribus sanctissimis, Fide Illibatâ, Studio Indefesso,  
Cujus Ingenio, Doctrinæ, Vigilantiæ Integritati,  
Plurimum Debet Britannorum Respublicæ,  
Legum, Libertatis, Morum, Religionis,  
Fautori, Custodi, Vindici Accerrimo,  
Lloyd Baroni de Kenyon,  
Summo Angliæ Justiciario, &c. &c. &c.  
Poema Hocce,  
Scriptor  
Amicus, Fidus, Ignotus.  
Feb. 1799.

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*A Welsh MS. in Manchester.*

*To the Editors.*

GENTLEMEN,

Among the many valuable institutions with which the opulent town of Manchester abounds, the almost princely library founded by the patriotic and celebrated Humphrey Cheetham, is worthy of particular notice. The number of mss. however, is but small, and relate principally to the counties of Lancaster and Chester; but among these is one marked in the catalogue as follows: "6715 Pembrokeshire, Visitation of, with arms blazoned and pedigrees." It is a folio volume, in a good state of preservation, and justly merits a minute inspection. At the top of every page the arms of each family in the county of Pembroke are neatly and carefully drawn and emblazoned, and below each of which is a pedigree of every family, with ample room to carry forward the same for centuries. To the ms. is prefixed a printed title page and preface, or introduction, without any name of the author; but the titlepage informs us that it was printed by John Winter, London, 1671. The paper adhering to the cover or binding is covered over with writing in a very small and neat hand, and contains many curious remarks. As I had not time to examine it with the attention which it merits, I request your insertion of this notice of it among your *Olion*, as it may lead others to do it justice, and will add one more to the lists of Miss Angharad Llwyd and Aneurin Owen, esq.

ELVAELIAD.

October 5, 1830.



REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

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*History of England.* By Sir James Mackintosh; in Lardner's Cyclopædia.—Longman and Co.; and Taylor, Gower street.

FUTURE generations will, undoubtedly, owe much to Dr. Lardner for the magnificent literary enterprise of which the present volume forms a part. The Cabinet Cyclopædia is not only inestimably valuable from the division of intellectual labour, which ensures an ample discussion of every particular subject, and from the assurance we possess that each individual topic is in almost every instance confided to the very man who is more peculiarly fitted to do it justice than any of his contemporaries; it is also highly interesting as a picture of the diversified genius of the age in which we live. There are obvious reasons, for instance, why the History of Scotland should elicit all that is characteristic in the style of Sir Walter Scott; the English annals are in a similar way suited to the mind of such a writer as Sir James Mackintosh. We do not here allude to the studies and acquirements of these two distinguished persons; we allude entirely to that difference of taste and temperament which seem originally to have belonged to them, and to which the diversity of their pursuits in after-life may be ascribed. The History of Scotland presents little in its earlier periods that throws much light on the science of legislation, yet it is rich in romantic interest, in chivalrous incident, and grotesque manners; on the other hand, the history of the southern part of the island assumes, in its very commencement, the grave solemnity of interest that might be expected in the annals of the conservators of liberty. The annals of Scotland are in their very nature the romance of history, as those of England are its philosophy.

The introductory chapter consists of an able and graphic contrast of the mental characteristics, fall, and fortunes of the Teutonic and Celtic nations. We are of opinion, however, that our author's picture of the political effects of Druidism is too unfavorable; we would refer him, for an ample consideration of the subject, to the splendid work of Godfrey Higgins. To advert to obvious facts; we cannot conceive how Druidism could have been a system of debasing priestly tyranny, when we recollect how conspicuously the Britons displayed, in their opposition to Rome, the full energies of freedom. Nor are the accounts given by the Roman writers of the conventional licentiousness of the Britons, very reconcilable with the fact, that Boadicea and her subjects were roused to insurrection by an insult offered to one of her daughters. This fact is decidedly inconsistent with a disregard to female chastity.

As to the elevated spirit of the Saxon race, we think it is, as he expresses himself, "an illusion," though a pleasing one. With the exception of Alfred, whose character was formed, and life recorded, by a Cambro-British monk, we look in vain through the whole Saxon annals for any conspicuous traits of genius or magnanimity. After the conquest, they became a mere race of bondsmen, and distinguished only by the torpid apathy with which they accommodated themselves to the yoke. Permitting Sir James to indulge in his "illusions," we will claim for our share simple historical fact, and, resting on that basis, we may observe, 1st, that at this very hour there are not a people in Europe under so degrading a despotism as the pure Saxon race of Germany: 2dly, that no part of the world afforded so brave a resistance to the Roman arms as our British forefathers: and 3dly, that no part of this island has done or suffered so much for liberty as Wales; that whilst the Saxons were vanquished in a single battle, the Welsh for centuries set at defiance the Norman conquerors of England, Sicily, Cyprus, and Jerusalem. To descend from the past to the present; how is it that the poets of the present day, Scott, Southey, and Milman, have chosen British subjects, and not one of them a Saxon subject, except it be that the times and actions of Caractacus and Boadicea, and Arthur, are more poetical, i. e. intrinsically more noble and sublime than those of Edwy and Harold, and even Alfred?

The next chapter is a rapid, yet instructive sketch, of the rise and decline of the Roman power in Britain. It concludes with a summary of the influence that the History of the British Arthur has had on the literature of England and the continent; and a summary of the causes to which "it may probably be ascribed, that in a few centuries a Cornish or Welsh chieftain came to share the popularity of Charlemagne himself." His speculations on this subject concur with those which appeared in our last July number, derived from Welsh literature exclusively.

The Anglo-Saxon period thus commences:

"The British islands are naturally destined to be the seat of maritime power. Their coasts are much more extensive, compared with their inland territory, than those of any other great and civilized nation. Their position on the globe, reaching almost to the northern verge of that portion where the whole sea is open to navigation throughout the year, is better fitted than any other to render their numerous mariners hardy, daring, and skilful. Had it been more southerly, these qualities would have been incompletely exercised; had it been farther north, some part of the year, which now serves to train their seafaring inhabitants, would have been lost to that purpose. Their soil and climate neither withdrew their pursuit from the resources of the sea, nor refused the produce which might be exchanged by navigation for the produce of other countries. Their advanced position, as it were, in the front of Europe, favored that disposition towards adventurous voyages and colonial establishments, in which, after a fortunate exclusion from the neighbouring continent, the genius and ambition of the people were vented with lasting, grand, and happy consequences to mankind. Popular governments give dignity to

commerce: it\* promotes navigation, one of the occupations of the lower and middle classes; and it is disposed to encourage the only species of military force which cannot be made the instrument of its overthrow. It is not unreasonable to add, that the settlement of so many pirates in England, the natives of every country from the Elbe, perhaps from the Rhine to the North Cape, between the sixth and tenth centuries, may have contributed to cultivate those nautical propensities which form a part of the English character."

Our next extract shall be a passage which we venture to predict will be admired as long as the illustrious subject of it will be venerated.

"In any age or country such a prince would be a prodigy. Perhaps there is no example of any man who so happily combined the magnanimous with the mild virtues, who joined so much energy in war with so remarkable a cultivation of the useful and beautiful arts of peace, and whose versatile faculties were so happily united in their due place and measure as to support and secure each other, and give solidity and strength to the whole character. That such a miracle should occur in a barbarous age and nation, that study should be thus pursued in the midst of civil and foreign war by a monarch who suffered almost incessantly from painful maladies; and that it so little encroached on the duties of government as to leave him for ages the popular model for exact and watchful justice, are facts of so extraordinary a nature, that they may well excuse those who have suspected that there are some exaggeration and suppression in the narrative of his reign. But Asser writes with the simplicity of an honest eyewitness. The Saxon chronicle is a dry and undesigning compend. The Norman historians, who seem to have had his diaries and notebooks in their hands, choose him as the glory of the land which was become their own. There is no subject on which unanimous tradition is so nearly sufficient evidence, as on the eminence of one man over others of the same condition. The bright image may long be held up before the national mind. This tradition, however paradoxical the assertion may appear, is, in the case of Alfred, rather supported than weakened by the fictions which have sprung out of it. Although it be an infirmity of every nation to ascribe their institutions to the contrivance of a man rather than to the slow action of time and circumstances, yet the selection of Alfred by the English people, as the founder of all that was dear to them, is surely the strongest proof of the deep impression left on the minds of all, of his transcendent wisdom and virtue; juries, the division of the island into counties and hundreds,† the device of frankpledge, the formation of the common or customary law itself, could have been mistakenly attributed to him by nothing less than general reverence. How singular must have been the administration of which the remembrance so long procured for him the character of a lawgiver, to which his few and general enactments so little entitled him!

"Had a stronger light been shed on his time, we should have undoubtedly discovered in him some of those characteristic peculiarities which, though always defects, and generally faults when they are not vices, yet belong to every human being, and distinguish him from his fellow men. The disadvantages of

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\* Commerce, we suppose.

† Mr. Whitaker, in his *History of Manchester*, vol. i. p. 369, most satisfactorily proves that hundreds, or, as they are called in Welsh, *cantref*, hundred-towns, were instituted by the British princes, before the invasion of the island by the Romans, and kept up under the Roman government. The inundation of Cautref Gwaelod, the lowland hundred, happened about 500.

being known to posterity by general commendation, instead of discriminating description, is common to Alfred with Marcus Aurelius. The character of both these ornaments of their station and their species, seems about to melt into abstraction, and to be not so much portraits of man as models of ideal perfection. Both furnish a useful example that study does not disqualify for administration in peace, or for vigor in war; and that scrupulous virtue may be combined with vigorous policy. The lot of Alfred forbid him to rival the accomplishments of the imperial sage. But he was pious without superstition; his humbler knowledge was imparted with more simplicity; his virtue was more natural; he had the glory to be the deliverer as well as the father of his country; and he escaped the unhappiness of suffering his authority to be employed in religious persecution."

How different is the moral impression of such a picture as this, at once fervent, charitable, and discriminating, from the sneering apathy of Hume, who calls the annals of these times as uninteresting to us, as the battles of kites or crows!

His sketch of the state of society and government during the Anglo-Saxon times is eminently intelligent and satisfactory; he fully exposes the fallacies of the day-dreams of both whigs and tories, who have sought the realization of their respective Utopias in a state of things which utterly precluded all analogy with them. He next touches on the subject of Ossian; his remarks are strikingly accordant with the opinions of Mr. Davies, which we have analysed in another part of this number. In alluding, however, to our national poems, he falls into the mistake of terming them the triads. These latter are, as their name imports, a species of triple moral apophthegms, *not in verse*.

There are few passages in this volume that will be read with deeper interest than a discussion of the question, "Were the crusades just?" It is treated in a way well worthy of the writer's extensive learning as a philosophical jurist, and of his eloquence as an orator. We regret that our limits permit us to extract only a part. After speaking of the dangers impending over Christendom from the Mahometan power, and laying it down that the Musselman tenet of proselytizing by conquest, was in itself a standing aggression against the whole world, he thus proceeds:

"But were not the feelings of the people perfectly justifiable? Is it true that nations, while they may maintain at the point of the sword every rock and islet of their own possessions, are forbidden to defend the undisturbed exercise of religion, which may, and if it be real, must, be their dearest and most precious interest? The assault on their territory cannot more wound and degrade them, than outrage towards what they must reverence. They had acquired, by an usage older than Mahometan power, a right peaceably to visit Bethlehem and Calvary, and their rulers were morally bound to protect that right.

"As every state may maintain its honour, because it is essential to its safety, so Europe had a right to defend her common honour, which consisted materially in resisting, or averting by chastisement, attacks on her common religion.

"It is not true that every war which is disinterested and generous, which is

waged for our fellow Christians against persecution, or for our fellow men against tyranny, is on these accounts forbidden by the true principles of international law. Though it be dangerous to allow too much latitude where virtuous motives may be used as pretexts, yet it is also certain that every nation which supinely contemplates flagrant wrong done to others, weakens its spirit as well as lessens its reputation. They, on the other hand, who draw the sword for justice on behalf of other wronged nations, carry back to their own defence a remembrance which gives them the strength of an approving conscience in their own cause. A just and brave people may be wrongfully deprived of the confidence and esteem of other nations; but they cannot be bereaved of the efficacy of such remembrances, in assuring them that they who fought for justice alone in the case of others, may contend more for right than interest in their own. If it be good for an individual to be disinterested, to help the miserable, to defend the oppressed, these virtues must equally contribute to the well-being, the honour, and the safety of communities.

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“Much doubt has been brought on these questions by the general condemnation of religious wars. This is an equivocal phrase. Wars to impose religion by force are the most execrable violation of the rights of mankind: wars to defend it are the most sacred exercise of these rights.”

He thus expresses himself of the conquest of Wales, and the present intellectual pretensions of that country.

“The mind is often perplexed about estimating the comparative demerits of both parties in such contests as that between Edward and Llewelyn. But the only principle by which a just judgment can be formed is that of invariable regard to the intention of the contending chiefs. Edward's object was aggrandizement. Whatever occasional breaches of treaty or violations of humanity the Welsh may have committed, their deliberate aim never could have reached beyond the defence of their rights. His ambition tainted all his acts, and renders his conformity to the letter of the law a fraudulent evasion of the rules of justice. Their cause was in itself sacred, and entitles them to some excuse for having maintained it by those means of warfare which the barbarity of that age deemed lawful.

“The massacre of the bards is an act of cruelty imputed to Edward without evidence, and inconsistent with his temper, which fitted him for what stern policy required, but was not infected by wanton ferocity. It is one of those traditions of which the long prevalence attests the deep-rooted hatred of a nation towards conquerors. From the death of Llewelyn, one of the most ancient branches of the Celtic race lost their national character. For two centuries more Wales suffered all the evils of anarchy and misrule. The marches were governed by arbitrary maxims; in the interior the people suffered alike from banditti and from tyrannical magistrates. It was not till the reign of the Tudors, “*Britannia's issue*,” that wise attempts were made to humanize them by equal laws. Their language withheld many of them from contributing to English literature; and yet their small numbers, their constant disorder, and their multiplied links of dependence, repressed a genius which might have otherwise assumed a national form. If considered, as they now should be, as a part of the people of England, their contributions have been by no means inadequate to reasonable expectations. But the mental produce of a nation has been inconsistently expected from a people robbed of national character, and who are only now re-appearing on a footing of legal and moral equality with all other Englishmen.”

The whole of his observations on the subject are such as we ought to feel grateful for; we regret that we can only extract a part. Indeed, one of the most pleasing features in this volume is the fairness with which he holds the balance between the different nations who now compose the British empire: ridiculous as it may seem, there is scarcely an English historian that we remember, who does not write on the conquest of Wales in the very same temper as if he had been secretary to Edward the First. Thus we have Sir Richard Hoare talking of the "turbulence" of the Welsh, i. e. their preference of liberty to life; and even Mr. Sharon Turner casting out insinuations against the conduct of Sir Rees ap Thomas without the shadow of a reason.

Our author dwells on the career of Glendowr *con amore*.

"The insurrection of the northern chiefs was chiefly kept up by the successful valour of Owain Glendowr, a gallant gentleman of Wales, descended from the ancient British princes, who was educated a lawyer in London, and had served the late king as one of the esquires of his household; he adhered to his unfortunate master till that prince's surrender had in effect released all followers.

"He had been engaged in a dispute about the boundaries of his lordship of Glendowr, with Lord Grey de Ruthyn, an Anglo-Norman, whose seignories lay immediately adjoining; being refused what he thought justice in the first parliament of Henry, he made lord Grey prisoner, and laid waste his barony. The revolt, which was at first confined to North Wales, terminated in a general amnesty, with no other exceptions than Owain of Glendowr, Rice ap Tudor, and William ap Tudor.\* Welshmen were forbidden to reside in the towns of the marches, they were disabled from becoming citizens or burgesses in any part of the kingdom, and they were rendered incapable of holding lands: for three years no Englishman was to be tried in Wales, except by judges and juries, a provision differing little from an universal denial of justice.† In the midst of these acts of proscription, the uplifted arm of Glendowr was not disregarded by his enemies. The king granted a formal license to Lord Grey to purchase his liberty from the Celtic chieftain by the payment of a liberal ransom. The prophetic songs of Merlin once more resounded through his country in honour of a Welsh hero. An ordinance‡ was passed by the king to prohibit minstrels, bards, and rhymers from infesting the territory of Snowdon, where the remains of a national spirit still glowed.

"Sir Edward Mortimer, the uncle of Lord March, had been sent at the head of some troops against the Welsh. Owain defeated and made him prisoner. Henry could not be persuaded to take measures for the ransom of a Mortimer; but the long confinement of that prince disposed him to be a partizan of Owain, to whose union with the Percies he is believed to have contributed.

"The spirit of Glendowr, actuated the numerous classes of his countrymen, whom their various pursuits had now spread over England. On the 21st of February, 1401, the commons complained to the king, and lords in

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\* Rymer, viii. 181.

† Hen. IV. chap. xii. xvi. xvii. xviii. xx. Statutes of the Realm, ii. 124, 129.

‡ Ordonance de Gales. Rymer, viii. 184.

parliament, that the Welsh scholars who studied at Oxford and Cambridge had departed to their own country to aid the rebellion, and that even the Welsh labourers in every part of the country, having provided themselves with armour, bows, and other implements of war, had escaped to Wales, doubtless for rebellious purposes.\* The English writers tell us of the horrible indignities offered by Welsh women to the remains of the English soldiery. The fact, if it be true, is a signal mark of the odium to which the English, by their administration of Wales, had exposed themselves. Nor can such successes ever be lawfully objected to the Wallaces and Glendowrs, unless it could be maintained, without absurdity, that uncivilized nations must not be roused for the defence of their most sacred rights, because they, in their just warfare, follow the usages as much as adopt the weapons of their age and nation. Such was the terror of Glendowr's name, that the king publicly attributed his successes to necromancy. Owain, under the title of Prince of Wales, sent ministers, with powers, dated at Dolgelly, in the fourth year of his reign,† to conclude an alliance with Charles, king of France. No one, who has not diligently perused the series of Henry's proclamations, can adequately conceive the alarm legible in them at the victories of the Welsh prince, who held his throne by a more undisputed assent of all his subjects than Henry of Lancaster could truly boast. Worst of all, if not defeated, by the mountaineers, he gave, perhaps, a stronger proof of apprehension, by raising to the new dignity of lord lieutenant of Wales his gallant son, Henry of Monmouth; to whom he entrusted the conduct of the war, the right of commanding all fencible men in the border counties of Salop, Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, together with the highest prerogatives of justice and mercy.‡ The young hero gained a victory over Owain's son at Gromont, in Monmouthshire, and reduced the castle of Lampeter, in Cardiganshire. In the fourth year of that prince's reign, he lost the whole country of South Wales. It is from accidental mention of this brave man, that we discover those traces of his 'unconquerable spirit,' for which we look in vain in the writings of his ungrateful countrymen. He was excepted from Henry's pardon in 1411.§ In the ensuing year, David Gam, an apostate Welshman of distinguished prowess, is licensed to obtain his liberty by payment of a ransom to Owain.|| Three months before the battle of Agincourt, Henry the Fifth commissioned his celebrated captain, Sir Gilbert Talbot, to treat with the still unconquered Glendowr.¶ And three months after that victory, such was either the generosity of the English monarch, or the virtue of the Welsh chieftain, perhaps such was the effect of both qualities united, that the same illustrious officer was again empowered to make peace with Owain and his adherents.\*\* It is consolatory to all lovers of their own country to see the champion of his people thus preserve his dignity to the last glimpse of his glorious character which history can perceive.

"Many years afterwards the memory of Owain was still fresh in the minds of his enemies, however it might be disregarded by his thankless or broken-

\* Rot. Parl. iii. 457.

† 4th May, 1404, in Rymer, viii. 356. The treaty itself was concluded at Paris, on the 14th June following. Ibid. 365.

‡ Rymer, viii. 291. Commission, 7th March, 1405; and the like commission to his son, Thomas of Lancaster, to be lord lieutenant of Ireland.

§ Rymer, viii. 711.

|| Ibid. viii. 753.

¶ Ibid. ix. 283, 5th July, 1415.

\*\* Ibid. viii. 331, 24th February, 1416.

spirited people. In 1431, the commons besought the lords to enforce the forfeiture of the lands of Owain Glendower, whom they style a traitor excepted out of the general pardons; of whom, as if to mark the nationality of his cause, they said that his success would have been 'to the destruction of all English tongue for evermore.'\*\*

The delight we experienced in perusing these passages, which combine so much of profound research with expression at once terse and graceful, was slightly alloyed by one phrase, viz. "the writings of his ungrateful countrymen." Now, we should be the last to contend that the Welsh have, as a nation, shewn due veneration to the memory of this brave patriot, and, according to the knowledge of his age, profound military genius. No imputation does, however, attach to the *writers* of Wales; on the contrary, it is highly creditable to them, that, during a time when their countrymen showed great apathy on national topics, so much should have been written on the wars of Glendower; it is enough to refer to two elaborate lives of him, one by Mr. Thomas, and, another by Mr. Humphreys Parry, in the Cambrian Plutarch; and, as an instance of the labour and ingenuity that has been lavished on the remotest incidents relating to him, we could also call the reader's attention to an excellent dissertation in the Cambro-Briton, on the site of his palace, generally ascribed to the pen of the learned bard of Manafon. So much for the historians; as for the poets, it appears from Sir James's own narrative that they were persecuted for their enthusiasm in his cause. It may be interesting to Sir James to learn that we possess many entire poems in his praise, written by these very contemporary bards at the hazard of their lives. Nor has the theme been neglected in our own times; witness the animated song by our fair countrywoman, Mrs. Hemans, addressed to the Comet, which was supposed to promise success to his arms, beginning,

"Saw you the blazing star?  
The Heav'ns look down on Freedom's war,  
And light her torch on high."

Notwithstanding all this, we should be ungrateful were we to deny that Sir James's sketch is in some interesting points perfectly original. But, as the alleged neglect of the history of Glendower is evidently intended as an accusation against Welsh writers of a neglect of national antiquity generally, we shall enter somewhat at length into the subject.

Perhaps the noblest addition to Welsh literature that has been made in our time was the Myvyrian Archaeology, a collection of the poets and prose writers of Wales down to about the middle of the 15th century. The history of this great undertaking, which cost some thousands, is thus stated in a short sentence in the

\* Rot. Parl. iv. 377, 9 Hen. VI.



Quarterly Review.\* “If it be asked to which of the gentry, or nobility, of the Principality the merit of this great work is due, we answer to none of them but Owen Jones, the Thames-street furrier.” Thus it appears that the most conspicuous of the contributors to Modern Welsh Literature not only gained nothing by his labours, but spent a fortune for the privilege of labouring. Of the reward that awaited his coadjutors, we need only state that one of them was a stone-mason till the time of his death; of the treatment experienced by the other we never have spoken, and never shall speak, in any other terms than those of indignation. We do not cite these facts by way of eulogising the patriotism of the gentry of the Principality, we only adduce them for the purpose of proving that the three greatest Welsh scholars of our days, Owen Jones, Edward Williams, and William Owen, were as patriotic as they were learned.

We have the greatest possible contempt for the argumentum ad hominem generally, we shall, however, on this occasion set up Sir James against himself, for two reasons; first, because we highly respect him as an authority, and, secondly, because we really believe that on this question he will rejoice in being confuted. Sir James thus expresses himself of M. Thierry's *Hist. de la Conquête de l'Angleterre, &c.*: “A writer equally admirable for eloquence and research, and whose citations have generally appeared to us faithful.” Now, we entreat our author to look once more into M. Thierry's volumes, and he will find that this very praise which he has bestowed on his research completely destroys the force of the reflection he has cast on the diligence of modern Welsh writers; for he will find that the British part of that work is founded almost exclusively on the researches of Cambro-British writers *now living*, whereas through the Norman and Saxon periods M. Thierry is obliged to undergo all the labour of searching the original documents himself! In the course of his first thirty pages he has quoted no less than five large works, written by Welshmen in our own time; whilst he hardly or never alludes through his whole work to one English publication from which he had derived any assistance!

But let us go a little further, and quote M. Thierry's explicit statement on this point. “It was necessary,” says he, “to give these brief explanations, in order to prevent the reader from being surprised at finding in this book the history of a *conquest*, and, indeed, of *several conquests*, written in a manner quite *the reverse* of that hitherto adopted by modern historians, all of them taking a course which to them has appeared natural. Go from the *conquered to the conquerors*, they are more willing to enter the camp

\* Review of a work on fairy legends, we believe a translation from the German. We quote from memory, we are sure of the substance though not of the precise words of the reviewer.

of the triumphant than that of the fallen, and they represent the conquest as completed so soon as the conqueror has proclaimed himself master, leaving out of the account, like him, all these subsequent efforts of resistance which his sword or his policy has baffled. Thus in none of the authors, who have treated of the history of England, do we find *any mention* of Saxons after the battle of Hastings, and the coronation of William the Bastard; and it was left for a romance-writer, a man of genius, in these latter times, to reveal to the English people that their forefathers were *not all vanquished in a single battle*. P. 14.

Our readers will recollect that Sir James Mackintosh has imputed to the scholars of Wales ingratitude to their country, on the simple ground that a *few* incidents in the life of *one* of our heroes has escaped their diligence and sagacity. Now, what is the account which a writer, whose fidelity he admits, has given in the preceding passage, of the antiquarian labours of England? M. Thierry states, and this statement it must be recollected he puts forth not as a minor feature, but the very main principle of his history, that his book "contains the history of a conquest, and of *several* conquests," written in a manner quite the *reverse* to that adopted by modern historians; he accuses them, that is, of course the English historians, of being more willing to enter the camp "of the triumphant than that of the fallen;" of making no mention of Saxons after the battle of Hastings; of leaving the English people ignorant that "their fathers were not all vanquished in a single battle." Thus it seems that whilst the needy pundits of Wales are to be lashed for overlooking a few minor events in the history of Glendowr, the portly Anglo-Saxon professors of England have been blind to a resistance that continued for centuries, and ungrateful to the accumulated patriotism of ages! Such, then, is the result of this comparison; a comparison urged by us not for the sake of ostentation, but of justice: if the *institution* of such comparison is calculated to provoke a smile, its result is no less so!

If our author were called upon to select the most valuable contributions that have, of late years, been made to English Archæology, we are tolerably well assured that he would name Sharon Turner's "Anglo-Saxons," and Dr. Meyrick's "Ancient Armour." We presume that such would be his opinion, because we know of no other antiquarian works that have been noticed by an able periodical, which is generally supposed to speak his sentiments. Now, Dr. Meyrick is a Welshman, and Mr. Sharon Turner, though an Englishman, has made an honourable proficiency in the Welsh language, and owes much of his peculiar knowledge to his knowledge of our Welsh literati, and his familiarity with their writings. Such, then, we repeat again, is the result of this comparison!

We have sometimes been accused of treating Wales as a country more distinct from England than she ought in the present day to be considered. We entirely deny the charge; we never have

sought to revive obsolete distinctions or preposterous animosities; but, when distinctions of the most invidious character, as against us, are drawn by our neighbours, is it for them to accuse us of national vanity, merely because we exclusively undertake to disprove a charge of which we are made the exclusive objects?

If there be in the present day a class of writers against whom the charge of indifference to national literature is peculiarly inapplicable, it is to the Welsh literati of our times. No less than four periodicals have appeared within the last thirty years, devoted solely to discussions of Welsh literature; most of the oldest Welsh bards have been translated once, many of them two or three times; a work has been published on the Costumes and Customs of the Ancient Britons, every line of which is the fruit of the most elaborate research,\* and which literally has exhausted the subject; the obscurest questions of primeval antiquity have been examined. There is scarcely a county of Wales of which the history has not been learnedly and laboriously compiled; and, as it was said by Addison, of Italy, "There not a mountain lifts its head unsung," so it may be said of Wales, that there is not a mountain, nor a stream, nor a secluded valley, of which the name has not been philologically analyzed by her Celtic scholars, whose ardour leads them to follow every clue, however frail, that promises to guide them to a clearer view of the history of their country.

Nor has this spirit of generous curiosity been confined to Wales and her literature; Welshmen have, in our day, explored the wildest recesses of the Alps, in search of those traces of the Celtic race which, according to Bishop Heber, are to be met with from our mountains to the Cimmerian Bosphorus; some ardent spirits have even attempted to track the descendants of Madoc in the woods of America.

But we have no hesitation in pronouncing the first chapters of the work under review as the most forcible refutation of the unjust censure it contains; for in them are adopted the important historical opinions, that the Gael and the Cambrian are of the same Celtic stock; and the inference, that the Celts were the first inhabitants of Britain, drawn from the names of streams and mountains. Now, when and by whom were these observations first made, and these conclusions demonstrated? The evidence of these facts exists in Llwyl's *Archaologia*, which was published in 1707; a work remarkable for two reasons, as being the fruit of five years' travels in Wales, Brittany, the Highlands of Scotland, Ireland, and Cornwall; but still more, as being an instance of the proof of historical facts by philology alone, a century before the days of the German linguists. Now these facts, we must observe, are the very commencement of British history! Yet, far

\* By Dr. Meyrick.

be it from us to accuse our author of wilfully turning round against the sources of his knowledge; we believe that he took these facts from Thierry; still we think he should have looked to M. Thierry's *references*, in order to learn whence M. Thierry himself had taken them. This he should have done before entering on his attack on Welsh Archæologists.

If this, indeed, be the case, would it not be the more reasonable charge of the two, to accuse the scholars of Wales of wasting on local attachments, talents worthy of a more comprehensive range of thought, of consulting their own good feelings too much, and of regarding the mercenary invasion of modern literature too little? To mention two names only, Dr. Meyrick and Mr. David Williams, founder of the Literary Fund, each of these men has condescended to write the history of a Welsh county, and we are sure these are two of the last men whom Sir James Mackintosh would wittingly have attacked. One instance more, and we have done: we will speak of the man who occupies the highest place in Celtic learning; in early youth he sacrificed all his worldly prospects to a simple-minded love for the literature of his country: nay, more, we are well assured that every publication that ever issued from his pen was a source of a direct pecuniary loss to himself. And yet at this moment, though broken down with disease and suffering, he is ready to publish the ancient romances of Wales, and to undergo a considerable part of the expense himself, provided the gentry of Wales will share the remainder of the burthen amongst them.

Our object is not to praise the gentry of the Principality; all that we affirm is, that the writers of Wales cannot be accused of ingratitude to their illustrious countrymen. Were our object to extol our more opulent countrymen, we should choose another time, and a happier example. We trust, however, that we have said enough to show how unworthy the remark, we allude to, is of a work that will go down to posterity as a text-book of the British constitution.

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*The Claims of Ossian.* By the Rev. Edward Davies, F.R.S.L.  
H. Griffith, Swansea; Longman and Co. London.

ONE portion of the claims of Ossian have long ago been decided; the intrinsic beauty of sentiment and imagery diffused over the poems that go by his name have long been appreciated by the whole civilized world. The prophecies of the Roman poets, on the progress of literature amongst the barbarians of the North, have been, as it were, inversely accomplished; instead of Ovid or Claudian becoming familiar to the Caledonian peasant, the bard of Selma and of Ultima Thule has been translated into the dialect of Italy; and the Poetical legends of the king of Morven have had

the same influence over the mind of Napoleon, as Achilles and the Iliad possessed over that of Alexander. Such considerations as these must leave the national honour of our Gaelic brethren totally independent of investigations such as those pursued in Mr. Davies's volume; to their honour, it is immaterial when and by whom these poems were composed, so that they belong to the Gaelic people.

We have seldom met with any work which presented to us so many points deserving of our high praise and admiration as the present. There is a fullness of language and a richness of imagination in it, united with vigour of reasoning, and truly Christian mildness of sentiment, that render it a model to Celtic inquirers. We would recommend it to the earnest perusal of those sober-minded gentlemen who seem to lose all their sobriety as soon as they approach an antiquarian subject: the M'Cullochs and Pinkertons on the one side, and the M'Phersons on the other. The magic words are Celt, Goth, Pict, &c., induce pretty nearly the same soft and equable tone of mind, in gentlemen of this stamp, as the war-whoop instils into a wild Indian. Credulity, extravagance, and ill-temper, have been indeed the bane of Welsh and of all Celtic literature, to an extent at once ludicrous and deplorable.

Mr. Davies's performance may be said to consist of two parts: first, an inquiry into the origin of these poems; and secondly, an elaborate and learned history of this species of poetry amongst the different Celtic nations. Our present review is confined to the volume in the former point of view. The first question is, Were the Ossianic poems really written by Ossian, a blind bard of the third century, as represented by M'Pherson, and contended by the Gaelic literati?

Mr. Davies shows, by a series of masterly and we think conclusive arguments, that it is impossible to consider these lays as the production of a bard of the third century. We shall attempt to give an imperfect summary of them.

1. The first objection is an anachronism. Fingal, the Ossianic hero, is always represented as making war both with the Romans and the Norsemen of Scandinavia. Mr. Davies adduces evidence that the invasions of the Norsemen commenced only in the 8th or 9th century. This objection loses none of its weight from the oft-recurring narratives of the victories of the Gaelic kings in Lochlin, the Norseman's territory; these victories must have been somewhat marvellous at a time when the Gael were harrassed in their own mountains, both by the Romans and the Norsemen themselves.

2. The manners and equipments ascribed in these poems to the heroes, both Gaelic and Irish, are quite out of character. The ancient Irish wore no armour, nor has any ancient armour been

found in Ireland; the Caledonians, in the time of the Romans, are not said to have worn any; but of the Ossianic chiefs, it is said, "The mail rattles on their breast, and pours its lightning from every side;" and the shield of Cathmor, an Irish chief, is depicted as emblazoned like that of Achilles or *Æneas*.

3. The manners ascribed to the warriors are Gothic and Celtic. The duties allotted to the bards are so likewise; "Fingal," says Mr. D., "has his thousand bards at a time, when his army seems to have consisted only of a few hundreds." These bards are made to animate the warriors to battle; the Scalds of the Gothic nations were in the habit of doing this; the Celtic bards were *prohibited* from *meddling with warfare*. We might remark that Fingal's attack on Loda, or Odin, the god of the northern nations, is also in the spirit of these northern Goths, and not a Celtic characteristic; the Suevi were said to be fearless in fight, even of "the immortal gods." A variety of other incongruities are added, to show that the implicit confidence imposed by some learned writers in the historical truth of Ossian was premature. Such are, this very incident of Fingal's conflict with Loda; Oscar, single handed, defeating the whole host of Caros, or Carauseus; the Utopian excellence of the character of Fingal himself, evidently the creature of fiction, and not of sober history.

4. Supposing Ossian to have been the author of the poems, how were they transmitted to posterity? No bards appear to have learnt them from his mouth: in the conclusion of the war of Caros, he thus addresses Malvina: "Bring me the harp, O maid, that I may touch it when the light of my soul shall arise. *Be thou near to learn the song; future times shall hear of me.*" So that, concludes our author, "the drooping daughter of Toscar might listen; but reason tells us she was not competent to the oral preservation of the tale; and it does not appear that she had a friend in the world to receive it from her mouth."

Towards the close of the book, Mr. D. combats the arguments of Sir John Sinclair. The latter proves ancient traditions and historical notices of a Fin M'Cowl, the Irish name of Fingal. To this it is replied, that these traditions make against the genuineness of Ossian, since they are totally silent as to any poems concerning him, and represent Fin M'Cowl as a giant, and in every respect the reverse of the chivalrous Fingal. Mr. D. disposes of the argument, that many names of places attest the historical truth of the adventures of Fingal, by remarking, that fiction as well as history is often the source of names. P. 255.

"But, however these names are to be understood, we cannot admit them as evidence that Fin ever visited the places in which they occur. The renowned Arthur has a chair of considerable dimensions in Scotland; he has another in Brecknockshire, 3000 feet high; but what man in this enlightened age supposes that Arthur ever sat in either of these magnificent seats; that he baked

his bread in his capacious oven in North Britain; and that he played with quoits thirty or forty tons weight; or that his cloth has been spread on all his grey tables throughout the Principality of Wales?"

Having thus established the impossibility that these poems can be ascribed to a period of very high antiquity, the next question is, what proofs have the Gaelic antiquaries produced that they were circulated in their country at a period in any sense remote. This question our author very satisfactorily solves, by observing that, M'Pherson himself admits that bards were in the habit, till within sixty years of the time at which he was writing, of composing poems in the name of Ossian; and neither M'Pherson nor Dr. Smith could distinguish these from the genuine poems of Ossian. It is also remarkable that this concession derives additional force from the boast of the Gaelic literati, that their language is unchangeable, since they thus concede that there is nothing in the *dialect* of Ossian to distinguish him from the bards of the time of M'Pherson.

"M'Pherson," pungently remarks Mr. Davies, "frequently boasts that he could *equal his original*. For all this I give him credit; but it remains to be proved, that from the beginning of the 4th to the middle of the 18th century, no Caledonian genius had arisen who could have equalled the blind bard and his editor. Mr. M'Pherson did not surely mean to assert that Scotland never produced a poet except Ossian and himself!"

The next subject of inquiry is, whether M'Pherson was himself the inventor of these poems, or whether they actually were current in the Highlands, in his time. Mr. Davies adopts an intermediate conclusion between these two, which he established, with admirable ingenuity, from undesigned admissions of the Scoto-Celtic literati themselves. The latter, with the intention of clearing up all doubts and difficulties, confided the publication of the Gaelic originals to the care of Sir John Sinclair, according to the worthy baronet. Whence were these originals derived? Why, from the mss. in M'Pherson's own hand-writing; whilst the originals of eleven of M'Pherson's English poems are omitted. Why? Because the Highland gentlemen were scrupulous about making any addition to the mss. of Mr. M'Pherson. This, surely, is a strange mode of confirming the literary integrity of Mr. M'Pherson.

The next authority Mr. D. deals with is the Rev. Mr. Farquharson, who had made a collection of the poems of Ossian. But the evidence of a relative of Mr. Farquharson is, that that gentleman was continually complaining of the *inaccuracy* of M'Pherson's translation; so that Mr. Farquharson's evidence tends to show that M'Pherson innovated on the originals.

He then produces the undesigned admissions of a distinguished Gaelic scholar, Mr. Smith, of Kilbrandon, in Argyleshire, to the same effect: that gentleman represents the original poems as *rude* lays, but those published by M'Pherson as *perfect*.

Mr. Smith, speaking of the originals of Ossian as they came to his hands, observes :

“After the materials were collected, the next labour was to compare the different editions, to *strike off* several parts that were manifestly spurious, *bring together* some episodes that appeared to have a relation to one another, though REPEATED SEPARATELY, and to restore to their proper places some incidents that seemed to have run from one poem into another.

“No wonder,” fairly argues our Cambrian commentator, “that Ossian is so *ancient*, if every passage and expression that savoured of recent times and manners could be struck out *ad libitum* ; no wonder that he is so *beautiful*, if all the choice flowers of Caledonia have been culled to decorate his muse ; or so *regular*, if the polished wits and critics of the eighteenth century have selected episodes, transposed incidents, formed and connected the tale, from the resources of their own learning and genius.”

According to the account of the Gaelic scholars, there are a certain species of tales called *sgeulachds* current in the Highlands, which are supposed to form a sort of prose narration of all the events contained in the Ossianic poems. Mr. Smith professes to have made a most extraordinary use of these traditions. From these he admits that he had “*supplied* the defective versification of one poem, and *altered* the form of others from what is found in any single one of the editions from which they are compiled.”\*

We believe that enough has been quoted from the able work under consideration to satisfy any unbiassed mind that the idea of these poems being the genuine productions of a poet of the third century, or of any remote period, is one of the wildest chimeras that was ever entertained by the literary world. That some romantic poems were in the days of M'Pherson floating in the traditions of his country, the very respectable testimony of Dr. Smith, Mr. Farquharson, and other Gaelic gentlemen, utterly precludes us from disbelieving ; but that *some* alterations were made in these poems by Mr. M'Pherson has also, we believe, been pretty distinctly established both by Mr. Farquharson's complaint of the *inaccuracy* of M'Pherson's translation and Mr. Smith's avowal that, the originals which came to his hands were *rude* ; i. e. were inconsistent with the English Ossian ; and, by his statement, that they supplied imaginary inaccuracies. We confess, that it is upon this last branch of the inquiry that we entertain the greatest difficulty ; we are not satisfied as to the precise *extent* of the liberty taken by M'Pherson with his originals. The expressions employed by Dr. Smith, we must allow, do not, after all, seem to imply any other collation of his original than might be warranted by some rule of criticism well known to Gaelic scholars, and well known to be founded in sound reason. It will however, we think, be necessary for them, if this be the case, more fully to develop these principles ; and we are happy to state that we have been

\* Gaelic Antiquities, p. 129.



given to understand that a Highland gentleman, well qualified both by his acquirements and his near consanguinity to a writer whose works on the subject of Ossian have been frequently alluded to in the course of this review, intends to make our Magazine the medium of some observations on this topic, and in reply generally to Mr. Davies's volume. For our part, we wish him every success, though, except on the point above alluded to, we are not fond enough to expect that he will obtain much.

That a monarch and warrior, the prototype of Fingal, or Fin M'Cowl, did, in some remote period of time, exist, we do not doubt; and we think Mr. Davies has given some tolerably satisfactory arguments to induce us to place him in the days of Alfred and Harold Harfagre. It may have been also that he numbered amongst his adherents a bard who commemorated his praises, and whose name has come to posterity invested with the borrowed glories of more enlightened times. But we think it is impossible not to come to the conclusion that this Fingal became in after-times nothing more than a varying personification of whatever our chivalrous brethren of Morven regarded as most glorious in the history of their land; a tablet of sand on which the bard of each successive age wrote the fluctuating impression of each advance in the march of civilization. In the remoteness of antiquity we catch a glimpse of him as a species of Hercules, a giant, the mere rude personification of brute and barbarian prowess. In more modern times, "a change comes o'er the spirit of the dream;" every characteristic is gone; the club of the rugged Caledonians of old is exchanged for the shield and lance of the "Preux chevaliers" of the 15th century; and the stern features of the savage apparition relax into the courtesy of the Spenserian knight-errant. These poems, we are told, were not reduced to writing till the 18th century; they were then taken down from oral recitations, sometimes imperfect, and essentially varying from each other. The Highland bards, too, we are told, were in the habit of composing poems in the name of Ossian till a very recent period; and the poems which they suppose to be the genuine productions of Ossian, *differ nothing* in language from these imitations. This fact, and the circumstance of the absence of all obscurity in these poems to the minds of the present inhabitants of Morven, are to us the most conclusive of all arguments against their claim to a remote antiquity. It is utterly contradictory to all experience, much more to the history of other Celtic dialects, that the Gaelic should thus have remained, even for a couple of centuries, without some change that would cast an air of perplexity over its ancient poetry. If Shakspeare requires the industrious acuteness of a whole host of commentators to elucidate him, is it very likely that the bard of Selma would have been so very unambiguous, considering the many revolutions of empire and of sentiment that have

occurred since his time? We possess a perfect parallel to the case of Fingal in our own Cambrian traditions of King Arthur. That such a person as the latter existed, is tolerably certain; but all the shifting hues of glory that float around his name are, no doubt, the gift of imagination, the produce of the accumulated genius of after-times of the bards of Brittany and the troubadours of Provence. Nor can we see how the admission of this inevitable conclusion tends in any way, in the one case more than the other, to detract from the honours of the Celtic race; on the contrary, it essentially adds to them. That the Highland people should have had a bard amongst them centuries ago, whose genius they are as unable to rival as an ordinary mortal to wield the sword of "the Douglas," must surely be little better than an emphatic emblem of their own degeneracy. Far more honourable to them is that firm, abiding, and industrious spirit of poetical devotion, which was the common possession of their bards, to the most recent times; and the patriotic ardour which still retained, through all changes, the ancient defender of freedom in their recollection, and made him the focus and model of the noble sentiments, even of modern times. We quote with pleasure and applause the sentiments of Mr. Davies.

"And what would the brave Caledonians lose by the candid avowal, were it now to be made? it might compel them to abate something of their *new* pretensions to early refinement, and to the possession of an ancient uncorrupted language; on the other hand, it would remove their temptation to violate all history of their own country and of the Celtic nations in general; the merit of these interesting compositions would still be their own, for the slender aid which their bards have derived from Ireland could hardly be deemed a drawback upon their fame. What critic detracts one atom from the fame of Virgil, because Homer composed in hexameter verse, and sung the tale of Troy some ages before the Roman poet was born? Instead of vaunting of one solitary poetic genius, whose very existence is not recognised by history, the proud Caledonian nation might justly boast of many: instead of recording that the harp had sounded amongst their mountains in an age with which we have so little to do at present, they might declare to the world, that the muse still loves to haunt their romantic glens, the banks of their wizard streams, and the recesses of their echoing rocks. Would the reputation of living genius do less credit to their country than the bare recollection of a bard, of whom, according to their computation, it could only be said, in the last fifteen centuries, *Ossian has been!*"

"But, at whatever period, and by whomsoever, these poems were composed, I am by no means disposed to detract from their intrinsic merit; they do credit to Caledonia. The Gaelic originals constitute a splendid monument of its language. The *Fingal* and *Temora*, upon subjects so interwoven with the feelings of the people, set this corner of the island far above poetic competition, not only with any Celtic tribe, but we may almost say with any nation in Europe."

Differing, as we do, from them in their conclusions, we cannot but regard with respect the unanimous zeal with which the Gaelic literati have supported the claims of their national poetry, and the

generosity with which they have done every thing to elucidate it. There are few countries where the example might not profitably be held up to imitation; there is but one, perhaps, to which it will probably be a standing reproach.

—

*No. I. Views in Wales.—1s. plain, 2s. India paper.*  
Jones, Finsbury square, London.

WE read upon the envelope of Mr. Jones's first number his intention of publishing "the most picturesque and beautiful scenery in that romantic country, (Cambria,) unequalled in Europe." This is declamation with a vengeance; though we are prepared to accompany Mr. Jones very far indeed in his admiration of our native Principality, yet we cannot in conscience uphold these his most extravagant encomiums; that Wales has ever been celebrated for her romantic grandeur, is unnecessary for us to repeat, but that she is "unequalled in Europe" for the "picturesque" and "beautiful," is, to say the least of it, a startling proposition. We should have thought that Henry Gastineau might have been consulted here with advantage, by our, in this instance, somewhat over-partial and exclusive panegyrist. Has he ever visited the blue regions of the Jura, and, perched on the giddy heights of Fort l'Ecluse, traced the blue waters of the "arrowy Rhone" through the awful ravines of its enchanted valley? Has he faced the stupendous grandeur of Mont-blanc,

— "The monarch of mountains,  
Whom they crown'd long ago,  
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,  
With a diadem of snow.  
Around whose waist are forests braced,  
The Avelanche in his hand?"

Has he ever climbed, "with weary steps and slow," to the *valley* of Chamouny, and stood on that vast sea of ice, encircled by the many-tinted glaciers, whose needle-summits seem to pierce the blue heaven, and, like the glittering lances of some mighty embattled host, to guard its precincts from the intrusion of mortal footsteps? Has he penetrated the dark forests of the Grindenwald, and gazed on the beauteous Jungfrau, rearing her pure and virgin form of dazzling snow from amidst the black pine trees by which she is surrounded, and to whose fair brow the mountain eagle might strive in vain to soar? or has he passed the grand St. Bernard, and suddenly, from that alpine height, beheld the garden of Europe, the sunny vales of Italy extended in all their pride of beauty at his feet? Let him but have seen the least of these, and, our word for it, (we speak advisedly and from experience,) he will

hasten to recal the utterance of a rhapsody, the lecture of which, however palatable and satisfactory it may possibly be to the "Sir Hughs" and "Fluellens" of our time, must, by the travelled and lettered, be deprecated as a puff. We hate severe criticism, but we must be just to the public and the publisher. We are really sorry that he should have, in the slightest degree, attached bombast to a work whose general propriety and beauty are quite sufficient to gain for it a fair meed of the public notice.

The frontispiece is a vignette engraving of Menai Straits: it is strikingly effective; the sky is good, the water is good, and the foliage exquisite. We had seen no representation of Menai bridge conveying so just an idea of its immense reality; on the left, beyond the bridge, rises the Anglesca column; the back-ground is well softened, the point of view, we believe, from the grounds of Gorphwysva, *Anglicè*, "the resting place." It may be just necessary to explain to strangers why it is so called, for we find no historical notices attached to the present number: The late Lord Lucan, a nobleman possessing considerable landed property in Ireland, divided the greater portion of his time between London and Ireland: whether the fascinations of town or the charms of his own beautiful country had still left some inclination for variety, we do not know; but it is well recollected that his lordship invariably, upon his travels to and from Ireland, passed a week or two at this part of the Caernarvonshire coast; he had no estates here, but rented a small tract on the banks of the Menai, and there built a tasty retreat, on which the Welsh, with their customary fondness for incidental terms, bestowed the nomenclature of "resting place." About twelve years ago it was in the possession of Owen Anthony Poole, esq. a gentleman celebrated for hospitality; though, we believe, when in his occupation, and since, Gorphwysva has not been kept up in that fastidious and *recherché* style of elegance for which Lord Lucan was proverbial.

The first view in the body of the work is Abermaw (the mouth of the river Mawddoc), ridiculously modernised into "Barmouth," a title bearing no signification. Here we fancy ourselves quite at home: the whole engraving is executed with uncommon fidelity; we see the old building, on the left of the foreground, said to have been once a custom-house, the little inn, and even the stable where our horses rested, "true to the very life," as a Milesian friend exclaimed, when we handed him the plate for recognition: the abrupt rocks, with their scanty and broken vegetation, are skilfully executed.

The next is Rhuddlan Castle: this is also worthy of Gastineau; even the little sailing-boat under the bridge evinces taste, and something more than taste often aimed at by artists, yet seldom so happily executed as in this landscape: the towers of the old castle appear, we think, rather too near each other; this is very

possibly the effect of our being unacquainted with the point of view, and therefore our ignorance of their exact perspective from thence: the distant pyramidal top of Tal Coch is a fine feature in the scene: the only fault we can find in its minor details is the mausoleum to the left of the church; for, though completely in the shade, still we think it should not have been so very indistinct; the object alluded to is the mausoleum of the Shipley family, erected by the late Dean of St. Asaph, on the scite of an ancient sepulchral chapel of the Conways of Bodryddan. The engraver of these two views is Mr. H. Adlard, and they do him credit.

*Llyn Tegid, or Bala Lake.*

This is beautiful: the artist has taken his drawing from the southern side of the Llyn, upon a spot considerably elevated; those who know how difficult it is to produce panoramic effect beneath the spectator will duly appreciate the effort: the foreground is correctly bold, the peasant with his horse ascending the hill finely contrasts with the distant expansive waters: the effect of Glan Llyn, a seat of Sir Watkin W. Wynn, peeping through the woods beyond the pool, is really exquisite, though the banks of Llan Tegid are certainly not so richly clothed generally with timber as represented here: the bold curvature of the mountains far—far away, complete this charming engraving. No wonder that one of our ablest modern Welsh scholars should have selected “Tegid” for his bardic appellation, the choice is poetical in the extreme.

The fourth and last specimen is Menai, viewed from the Anglesea coast; as in each of the plates, we are here particularly struck with Mr. Gastineau’s attention to correct detail; we do not see “Royal Georges,” or “Glorious Arethusas,” but real coasters: while we notice them we must not forget to eulogize the “Ocean’s Bosom,” the ripple on its waters is most natural; here is no glassy stiffness, as if they were frozen and immoveable, a difficulty which many artists of no mean talents could ever manage to fully eradicate from their works. T. Barber is the engraver of Menai and Bala Lake.

We have viewed with delight the landscapes of Varley, of Robson, and those of other eminent draughtsmen, who made Wales the object of their study; we have admired H. Hughes’s woodcuts in his “Beauties of Wales;” the clever mezzotintos accompanying Broughton’s poetry, Robinson’s recent lithographic drawings, and various others; and though it is absurd to make comparisons between distinct departments of the art, we are only doing simple justice in declaring, that we have never seen the productions of any engaged upon Welsh scenery which have given us higher gratification than the little work before us: it is within the reach of

most persons, from its extreme cheapness, and two shillings, we think, cannot be better expended than in the purchase of a copy.

It is accompanied by four pages of letter-press, fairly enough written, but, as they contain nothing in the shape of novelty, they do not elicit from us either approbation or dispraise.



#### LITERARY NOTICES.

To be shortly published, "*The Beauties of Welsh Poesy*," selected from the works of the most admired bards, ancient and modern: together with original poems and translations, by THOMAS LL. JONES, of Denbigh.

The Literary and Translation Society of Wales publish their "*Introductory Essay*" in the course of a few weeks.

In February, 1 vol. 8vo., "*Welsh Superstitions and Fairy Tales*," on the plans adopted by Sir Walter Scott and T. Crofton Croker, esq., in their Scotch and Irish legends, by WILLIAM HOWELLS, of Tipton, Staffordshire. Extracts from Mr. Howells' ms. are introduced in page 68 of our present number.

In 1 vol. large 8vo. a poetical volume, entitled, "*A Trip to Paris*," by T. S. ALLEN, author of "*Original Rhymes*," &c. &c.; to be published by T. Stanley, of Dudley.



#### LONDON AND PROVINCIAL NEWS.

##### ECCLESIASTICAL.

THERE has very rarely been an instance of such respect being paid by any country to the virtues and the talents of one who never so much as set foot on their shores, as in the honours heaped in America upon the memory of Bishop Heber. Among various monuments and inscriptions to the same effect, the inhabitants of Canandaigue, a village situated in the interior of the State of New York, in the direct road to the falls of the Niagara, have caused his name to be engraved in letters of gold on a rock of granite, which forms a part of the outer foundation of their episcopal church.

The Lord Bishop of Llandaff has instituted the Rev. John Jenkins, of Whetton, Radnorshire, to the rectory of Llangua, in the county of Monmouth, on the presentation of the patron, John Lucy Scudamore, esq.

The Lord Bishop of St. David's has instituted the Rev. T. Davies to the perpetual curacy of Llanfhangel-uwch-Gwily, Carmarthenshire, on the presentation of the Rev. W. Morgan, vicar of Abergwily.

The Lord Bishop of St. David's has been pleased to license the Rev. John Jones, late assistant tutor of St. David's College, to the curacies of St. Peter's, Carmarthen and Llangunor, in that county.

The Rev. Arthur Hill Richardson, of St. David's College, has been instituted to the perpetual curacy of Llanrhythen, in the county of Pembroke.

The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of St. David's has instituted the Rev. T. Vaughan, M.A. and chaplain to the Right Honourable the Countess of Antrim, to the rectory of Llandevellog, in the county of Brecon, on the presentation of the king. His lordship has also collated the Rev. J. Davies, vicar of Llanbyther, to the Prebendal Stall of Llandygydd, in the collegiate church of Brecon, vacant by the death of Doctor Roach.

CHARITIES.

Copies of the following letter have been received by the secretaries to the Welsh Dispensaries under mentioned; it is most gratifying to notice this example of charity, so disinterested, and so honourable to the benevolent individual from whom it proceeds:

“ TO THE SECRETARIES OF THE WELSH DISPENSARIES.

*Bendithion o ffynnon y Dawn.*

“ As a friend to these charities, I have always enjoyed the introduction of them as a great blessing to my worthy compatriots in humble life, where there was no medical relief when disease or accident happened to afflict them. You will find deposited in the bank of Messrs. Williams, Hughes, and Co. Chester,

For the united Carnarvonshire and Anglesea } Fifteen Guineas.  
Dispensary, at Bangor..... }

For the Denbigh Dispensary ..... Ten Guineas.

For the Holywell Dispensary ..... Ten Guineas.

These Institutions, as well as being a source of mental gratification to their supporters, have also the happy effect of endearing our medical friends to their country by their generally humane and laudable attention to their poor patients.

The Town of Bala, in the extensive uplands of Merionethshire, has as yet no Dispensary. It will give me pleasure to put Ten Guineas on the *foundation stone*.  
R. LLWYD.

*Chester; Sept. 15, 1830.*

The following is the abstract of a Bill, now before the House of Commons, to declare in what cases the possessions of certain charitable institutions shall be liable to the payment of rates for local purposes.

The preamble sets forth, that doubts as to the legality of assessing charitable institutions for local purposes have arisen.

Clause I. therefore enacts that hospitals, houses, &c. of charitable institutions of royal foundation, used only for patients, shall be exempted from parish assessments.

II. This Act not to extend to houses, &c. not actually occupied by patients, nor to houses of governors, &c.

III. This Act to extend only to such hospitals, institutions, &c. in England, as shall have been, or shall be, founded and endowed by some grant, charter, or letters patent of some king or queen of England or of Great Britain, or of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland; and shall extend to any such hospital or institution, although the same may be increased, supported, or assisted by any other funds or revenues besides those with which the same may be so endowed by such grant, charter, or letters patent, or by any other means whatever.

We have much pleasure in stating that the ladies of Conway, and its neighbourhood, have, by subscription, established a Charity School in that town, where nearly one hundred poor girls are taught reading and sewing. We earnestly recommend to all who have the means, to come forward in aid of this truly philanthropic undertaking, so as to raise funds for the building or purchase of a suitable school house, which would give a permanent foundation to this useful, pious, and patriotic institution.

MOLD POST-OFFICE.

We understand that by the exertions of Sir Edward P. Lloyd, bart., the patriotic member for the Flint boroughs, the post-master-general has converted the receiving house at Mold into a regular post-office, and that in future all letters and newspapers will be delivered without any fee beyond the legal postage. Hitherto each letter and paper has been charged with a penny on delivery.

COAL DUTIES.

At a meeting of the coal-proprietors, ship-owners, merchants, and other inhabitants of Swansea, lately held, it was unanimously resolved to petition Parliament to repeal the existing duties on coal and culm, particularly on such as are carried coastwise.

Thomas Lovett, esq., of Fernhill Hall, is the mayor elect of Oswestry; the present recorder is the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn; and the high steward, the Hon. Thomas Kenyon.

SHERIFFS NOMINATED.

*North Wales.*

*Anglesea.*—Owen Owen, of Llanfigael, esq.; John Paynter, of Maes-y-llwyn, esq.; Andrew Burt, of Llwynogau, esq.

*Carnarvonshire.*—Rice Thomas, of Coedhelen, esq.; John Wynne, of Byrnyneuadd, esq.; Owen Jones Ellis Nanney, of Gwynfryn, esq.

*Merionethshire.*—Hugh Lloyd, of Cefnbodig, esq.; Lewis Williams, of Fronwon, esq.; Sir William Wynn, of Hendregwenllian, knt.

*Montgomeryshire.*—Robert Maurice Bonnor, of Bodynfol, esq.; John Palmer Bruce Chichester, of Gungrog, esq.; Sir Charles Thomas Jones, of Broadway, knt.

*Denbighshire.*—Wilson Jones, of Gelligunan, esq.; Jones Panton, of Derwen Hall, esq.; John Townshend, of Trevalyn, esq.

*Flintshire.*—Sir Stephen Richard Glynn, of Hawarden Castle, bart.; Edward Lewis, of Bryn Edwin, esq.; Edward Lloyd, of Cefn, esq.

*South Wales.*

*Carmarthenshire.*—Edward Hamlyn Adams, of Middleton Hall, esq.; Sir James Hamlyn Williams, of Edwinstford, bart.; John Waters, of Sarn, esq.

*Pembrokeshire.*—William Jones, of Heathfield, esq.; Charles Poyer Callen, of Merrixton, esq.; John Mirehouse, of Brownslate, esq.

*Cardiganshire.*—John Palmer Bruce Chichester, of Llanbadarn fawr, esq.; John Hughes, of Althwyd, esq.; John Williams Lewis, of Llanairon, esq.

*Glamorganshire.*—Richard Hoare Jenkins, of Llanharran, esq.; Frederick Fredericks, of Dyffryn, esq.; David Tennant, of Pantgwidir, esq.

*Breconshire.*—William Hibbs Bevan, of Beaufort, esq.; William Henry West, of Glliffaes, esq.; Fuller Maitland, of Garth, esq.

*Radnorshire.*—Richard Duppa, of Llanshaw, esq.; John Wayman, of Grif-fenlloyd, esq.; John Russell, of Knighton, esq.

*The Border Counties.*

*Shropshire.*—William Owen, of Woodhouse, esq.; Sir Edward Smythe, of Acton Burnell Park.

*Cheshire.*—John Hoskins Harper, of Davenham Hall, esq.; Sir Thomas Stanley Massey Stanley, of Hooton, bart.; John Hurleston Leche, of Carden, bart.

*Herefordshire.*—Joseph Blissett, of Letton Court, esq.; Kedgwin Hoskins, of Strickatennings, esq.; John Arkwright, of Hampton Court, esq.; Walter Mozeley, of Buildwas, esq.

*Staffordshire.*—John Stevenson Salt, of Standen, esq.; Thomas Fitzherbert, of Swinnerton Park, esq.; Thomas Kinnersley, of Clough Hall, esq.

*Warwickshire.*—Francis Canning, of Foxcote, esq.; George Lucy, of Charlecote, esq.; Edward Sheldon, of Bralles, esq.

*Worcestershire.*—John Howard Galton, of Hadsor House, esq.; John Somerset Russel, of Powick, esq.; Osman Ricardo, of Bromsberrow Place, esq.

Mr. Taunton, (the leader on the Oxford Circuit,) Mr. Pattison, and Mr. Alderson, have been nominated judges under the new Act for Assimilating the Judicature of Wales to that of England.

The Earl of Powis has resigned the recordership of the borough of Welsh Pool, and David Pugh, esq., of Llanerchydol, has been elected to the office.

At Holyhead Harbour considerable progress has been made in finishing the south pier; fenders have been constructed for the protection of the steam packets whilst lying alongside the great pier, and a clock has been fixed up for regulating the departure of the packets.



At Howth Harbour, 1603 tons of rock and sand have been raised by diving-bell and dredging machines, and the depth of the harbour proportionably increased.

THE CYMMRODORION; OR, THE ROYAL CAMBERIAN INSTITUTION.

The society has voted the sum of £50 towards the expense of publishing the *Mabinogion*: £25 to be paid into the printer's hands, when the ms. is in the press, and a further sum of £25 when the edition is printed off. The work, we understand, is to be printed at Denbigh, under the immediate superintendance of the learned editor, Dr. William Owen Pughe.

We understand that the Bishop of London has it in contemplation to establish evening service, in the Welsh language, in one of the churches in London. Several attempts have been made by individuals to carry so praise-worthy an object into effect, but want of patronage from the higher quarters, and private interests, have hitherto stood in the way. Much praise is due to the dissenters from the established church for what they have done in the cause of Christianity in the metropolis. While the members of the church of England were slumbering, the separatists established no less than four or five places of worship for their fellow countrymen. With pride and gratification have we at all times pointed out the humble Cambrians, proceeding to their places of worship on Sunday—respectable in their dress, and in their demeanor unexceptionable; while their fellow subjects, of the same grade, both English and Irish, might be seen, at the closed doors of the public-houses, stupefied with liquor, uttering the most detestable and horrible expressions. We are bound to bear witness to the praise-worthy conduct of the Welsh dissenters; if they had not stood up in the cause of religion in the metropolis, we fear that our poorer countrymen must have lost all feelings of religion.

The Rev. J. Price, of St. John's College, Cambridge, is patronized by the Cymmrodorion Society as the proposed lecturer. We know Mr. Price to be a man of talent; and we wish him every success.

The subjoined letter has been received by the secretary to the Institution:

*Christ Church, Oxford;*  
*November 21, 1830.*

“DEAR SIR,

“I have the honour to present to the library of the Cymmrodorion Society a copy of my translation of the Book of the Prophet Isaiah, and also my ‘Defence of the Reformed System of the Welsh Orthography,’ together with a Welsh Essay on the same subject; and I shall thank you to present my best regards to the members of the Society, hoping that they will do me the honour of placing them among their books. The Welsh translation of Isaiah will soon follow, and I shall feel great pleasure in presenting that also to the Society.

“I shall thank you to acquaint them, that it is the intention of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge to publish a new edition of the Welsh Bible, with large type and marginal references, and with two maps, as in some of the old editions of the Bible. The University of Oxford having appointed me as the proper person to undertake the important task of bringing this work through the press, I thought it right first to draw up a plan of orthography, which, in my opinion, would be received favorably and generally throughout the Principality. This plan I had the honour of submitting to the Bishop of St. Asaph, and by his lordship to a committee of clergymen formed by him in the diocese of St. Asaph; and, I am happy to add, it has met with their warmest and most cordial approbation. The St. Asaph Committee consists of the Rev. Walter Davies, of Manafon; Mr. Rowland Williams, of Melfod; and Mr. Henry Parry, of Llanasa, editor of Dr. John Davies's Welsh Grammar, printed at Oxford. Last Saturday, at the particular request of the Bishop of St. Asaph, I attended a special committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge: at this meeting the Bishop of London presided, and was supported by the two Welsh bishops, St. Asaph and Bangor; when it was agreed, that copies of the specimen of orthography, which

I now enclose for you, should be sent to the four Welsh bishops, and by them distributed among their respective clergy for their sanction and approbation. But as the Cymmrodorion Society is so well known to the Welsh clergy, and the character of its members duly appreciated by them as Welsh scholars and supporters of every thing national, I deem it a duty incumbent on me to submit to them my plan of orthography, in order to have their sentiments on the subject. In this plan I followed the middle path, between the old and new system of orthography, in order to reconcile both parties, if possible. Those who know what prejudices I have to encounter will forgive me, or rather will commend me for pursuing the path I have adopted. The advocates for the old orthography cannot well be offended with me, and the supporters of the new system cannot but approve of my conduct.

“ Having said so much, will you be so kind as to submit my ‘specimen’ to the members of the Cymmrodorion Society, and convey to them my anxiety and desire to have it sanctioned by them. And should they approve of it, to state the same in a letter to the Bishop of Asaph. Signed by every well-wisher to so great and important an undertaking, as that of presenting to the natives of the Principality a faithful, and, if possible, a perfect edition of the Holy Scriptures in the Welsh language. I have the honour to be, dear sir,

With my best wishes for the success of your Society,

Your most obedient humble servant,

The Secretary of the Cymmrodorion  
Society, &c. &c.

TREGID.”

It is proposed,

1. That the prefix *cym*, in preference to *cy*, be adopted in *cymmergd*, *cymmydog*, *cymmal*, *gorchymmysyn*, &c.

*cy*, in *cynghar*, *cymhar*, *cymhell*, *cymhorth*, *cymhoys*, &c.

*cys*, in *cyssegr*, *cysylltu*, &c.

*cyn*, (mutation of *cyd*) in *cynnorthwy*, *cynnal*, *cynnwys*, &c.

*can*, conj. (rather than *cyn*) in sentences like *can wynned*, *can gynted*.

*cen*, (rather than *cyn*) in *cenfigen*.

*an*, (a primitive particle) to be preserved in *annwioel*, *annoeth*, &c.; but that the *n* be allowed to coalesce in *anghof*, *anghyfawn*, &c. to prevent the uncouth appearance which the words would otherwise have, as *annghof*; but *am* rather than *an*, be used in words like *ammarod*; not *ammharod*.

That *di* be considered both as an affirmative and negative particle.

2. That the prep. *a*, *ag*, (with) be invariably circumflexed, as *â*, *âg*; except in composition, as *gyda*, *gydag*.

3. That *gydag* be adopted in preference to *gyd âg*;

*tuag at* - - - - *tu ag at*;

*oddi wrth* - - - - *oddiwrth*;

*oddi ar* - - - - *oddiar*;

*oddi mewn* - - - - *oddi mewn*;

*yn y fan* (llilcô) - - - *yn y man*.

4. That the prep. *yn*, be allowed in certain instances to coalesce; as in *ynghadw*, *ynghalon*, *ynghanot*, *ynghyd*, *ynghylch*.

5. That, for greater degree of euphony, *y* (the) rather than *'r* (contract of *yr*) be used in sentences like the following: *Wedi kido dreulio y cwbl*; not *dreulio'r Galw y doethion*; not *gaho'r*. But in others, *'r*, as, *y mabwysiad, a'r gogoniant, a'r cyfammodau*; not *ac y*. A laddodd lago *â'r* cluddyl; not *âg y*: *a'r ser a syrth o'r nef*; not *oc y*. *Nac t'r tir*; not *i y*.

6. That the apostrophe be omitted in *ni's*; since *nis* is a negative, as well as *ni*, *nid*; and as such cannot require it.

7. That *h* be discarded where it is not required as an aspirate, or as a constituent part of the word; as in *brehinoedd*, *cenhedloedd*; from *brehin*, *cenodl*: but to be preserved in words which require it, as *byrhâu*, *byrhâd*; *anhardd*, *anharodd*.

8. That every word should have its proper complement of letters; as *dannedd*; *mediannau*, from *dant*, *meddiant*. Also *gynddottediad*, where two *t's* are necessary.

9. That where double consonants are not absolutely necessary, one be deemed

sufficient; as in *colynau*, *rhesymau*, from *colyn*, *rheswm*. Also *ataf*, *ateb*, from *at-af*, *at-eb*; *bynta*, *gwreica*, *pysgota*; from *buyd*, *gwraig*, *pysgod*.

10. That *sy* (is) be used before consonants, and *sydd* before a vowel; as, *y neb y sy ganddo*: both *sydd yn luddias*.

11. That in words like *torri*, *tynnu*, *mynnu*, *hynny*, *honno*, the two consonants be suffered to remain.

12. That the following words be thus spelt; *angen*, *cadben*, *canmawl*, *corph*, *creulawn*, *cyfreithlawn*, *darllen*, *deheu*, *diammhu*, *digllawn*, *dwylaw*, *dywod*, *eisien*, *fyddlawn*, *gworandaw*, *sarph*, *tymhestil*, *warred*, *ymadau*, *ysbryd*.

The Society highly approve of the intended alteration as far as it goes. The members were of opinion at the last meeting (Friday, the 3d of December,) that the learned gentleman might safely and judiciously go still further, particularly with regard to the substitution of the letter *v* for *f*.

It is intended by the Royal Cambrian Institution, we believe, to hold an Eisteddod and Concert in the month of May, for the peculiar gratification of the families of such of the members as subscribe to the Institution, for the purpose of cultivating our native music, and the encouraging that branch of science.

It is contemplated to offer the royal medal for the best poem in English upon any subject connected with Wales by a native of the Principality. The poem must be in length above 100 lines. The Society do not intend to confine the candidate to any particular style or school of poetry, but recommend that the subject be modern, or rather of a later date than the Conquest of England by the Normans. In connexion with this subject, we trust that the observations of a bard of a sister isle will be disapproved, and that Wales can furnish poets in the English language, in addition to her numerous Celtic authors. A prize will also be offered for the best essay on an inquiry into the coinage or circulating medium of the Ancient Britons and Welsh.

Mr. Robert Davies (*Bardd Nantglyn*) was the author of the poem signed "Galarus," mentioned in our last number; the medal will be presented in May next, at the Eisteddod.

#### SCIENCE.

We have heard that a number of scientific individuals connected with the Principality are engaged in forming an Institution analogous to the principles of the leading Societies in England, Ireland, and Scotland. We have long felt the want of a Society for the Promotion of Knowledge and the Improvement of the Useful Arts in our country; and we most sincerely wish the promoters of the project every success, and trust that they will meet with the encouragement which they deserve from the wealthy and leading men of our country.

#### COAL IN RADNORSHIRE.

Some attempts having been lately made to induce a search for coal in the county of Radnor, the following observations on the subject have appeared in the Hereford Journal, wherein reasons are given for inferring that a search of the kind would be to no purpose. It is known to geologists that the regular coal formation belongs to a series of beds, and commonly lies in a basin, of which the old *red sand-stone*, as it is called, is the lowest member. Of this old red sand-stone, the greater part of the county of Hereford is composed. It is under this stratum that the limestones, and slaty rock which occur in Radnorshire, are placed; and as the order of succession of the different strata never varies, though particular strata are sometimes altogether wanting, it is physically impossible to find any coal in that county. The trap rocks, which occur in different parts of Radnorshire, belong to a regular series, being probably of an igneous, or volcanic origin, and certainly have no connexion with the coal formation. Those who propose sinking coal pits in the county of Radnor, should shew one of two things, either that the county contains higher strata than the old red sand-stone, the transition lime-stone, transition slate, and trap, or that the established principles and facts of geological science are false.

## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

*Births.*

- At Carnarvon, the lady of T. B. Haslam, esq. of a daughter.  
 Mrs. William Griffith, of Lower Eaton street, Grosvenor place, London, of a son.
- At Bryn Gomer, Monmouthshire, the lady of the Rev. D. D. Evan, Baptist minister, at Porthydrun, of a son.
- In Seaville street, Canal side, Chester, Mrs. Dean, wife of Mr. Richard Dean, in the employ of the Ellesmere and Chester Canal Company, was safely delivered of three children; two of them have since died.
- The lady of Charles Morse, esq. of Fern Hill, of a son.
- The lady of J. P. A. Lloyd Philipps, esq. of Dale castle, Pembrokeshire, of a daughter, stillborn.
- At Tenby, the lady of the Rev. R. R. Bloxam, chaplain of His Majesty's dockyard, Pembroke, of a daughter.
- At Eccles, the lady of Edward Foulkes, esq. of Miesford Bank, North Wales, of a son.
- At Bangor, the lady of C. Cottingham, esq. of a daughter.
- At the Priory, Carnarvon, the lady of the Rev. W. W. Williams, of a son.
- At the Rectory, Aberffraw, Anglesea, the wife of the Rev. John Roberts, of a daughter.
- At Holyhead, the lady of the Rev. John Jones, B.D. late fellow of Jesus College, Oxford, and perpetual curate of Holyhead, of a son.
- In Torrington square, London, the lady of J. H. Lloyd, esq. barrister, of a daughter.
- The lady of the Rev. J. B. Williams, vicar of Llantrissant, Glamorganshire, of a son.
- At Bronwydd, in the county of Cardigan, the lady of Thomas Lloyd, esq. of a son.
- At Stanley hall, the lady of Sir Tyrwhitt Jones, bart. of a son.
- At Hawarden Rectory, the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Neville Greville, of a daughter.
- At the residence of her mother, the Roe, St. Asaph, the lady of the Rev. Edmund Williams, vicar of Llangerniew, of a son and heir.
- At Llangoedmore place, Cardiganshire, the lady of Major Herbert Vaughan, of a son.
- At Emlyn, in the county of Cardigan, the wife of David Lewis, esq. of that place, of a son.
- The lady of Colonel Jones Parry, of a daughter.
- The lady of the Rev. John Griffith, Cymmud, Anglesea, of a daughter.
- At Plas Penmynydd, Anglesea, the lady of Thomas Owen, esq. of a daughter.

*Marriages.*

- In Lower Mount street, Dublin, with special license, by the Rev. Sir G. W. Bishop, bart. and afterwards by Dr. Murray, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, Captain the hon. George Lawrence Vaughan, second son of the Earl of Lisburne, of Crosswood, Cardiganshire, to Mary Josephine Roche, daughter of Henry O'Shea, esq. Madrid, and co-heiress of the late General Sir Philip Keating Roche, K.C.B.
- At St. Marks, Kennington, by the Rev. William Otter, Copner Oldfield, esq. of Perth y Terfyn, Holywell, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Charles Francis, esq. of Vauxhall.
- At Llandoverly, by the Rev. William Morgan, vicar of Cayo, William, son of John Sayce, esq. recorder of Bishop's Castle, to Ann, eldest daughter of the late James Jenkins, esq. of Caerleon, Monmouthshire.
- The Rev. John Leyson, rector of Llanvigan, Breconshire, to Anna Maria, only child of the late Francis Rigby Brodbelt Stallard Penoyre, esq. of the Moor and Hardwick, Herefordshire, and of Batheaston Villa, Somersetshire.
- At Market Drayton, county of Salop, Thomas Goddard, esq. to Anne, relict of Z. Jones, esq. late collector of his Majesty's customs, at Carnarvon.

At St. James's Church, by the Rev. R. Crawley, vicar of Steeple Ashton, Wilts., the Rev. John Griffith, fellow of Emmanuel college, Cambridge, and prebendary of Rochester, to Mary Elizabeth, only daughter of the Rev. James Baker, of Hildersham Hall, in the county of Cambridge.

At Llanbedr, Breconshire, Robert Sayer Cox, esq. of Bedminster, Somerset, to Laura Elizabeth, daughter of John Powell, esq. of Moor park.

At Llanfihangel Genan'r'glyn, the Rev. Lewis Jones, vicar of Almondbury, in the county of York, to Catherine, the second daughter of the late James Watkin, esq. of Moelcarnie, in the county of Cardigan.

At Capel Curig church, by the Rev. Morris Hughes, of St. Ann's Llandegai, George Ashley, of St. Ann's Terrace, Brixton, county of Surrey, esq. to Margaret, the third daughter of the late Mr. Griffith, of the former place.

At Lauegwad church, John Davies, minister of the Independent chapel at Penygraig, to Mary, daughter of Mr. Jones, of Cwmgwyn, in the parish of Llanegawd, Caermarthenshire.

At Llanbadarnfawr, Cardiganshire, by the Rev. Thomas Jones, curate of Aberystwyth, the Rev. William Thomas, of the vicarage house, in the parish of Nantmel, to Helen, only daughter of the late Daniel Reid, esq. of Penlanolau, in the county of Radnor.

At Mary-le-bone church, London, Mr. Thomas Watkins, of Monmouth, to Miss Mary Morgan, daughter of Mr. John Morgan, of Clehongar, Herefordshire.

At Llanbadarn, Mr. J. Davies, nephew of M. Davies, esq. banker, to Betsy, daughter of Mr. Evans, of Aberystwyth.

At St. George's, Queen square, London, Sir J. Owen, bart. M.P. of Orleton, Pembrokehire, to Mary Frances, daughter of E. Stephenson, esq. of Farley Hill, Berks.

At Dolgelly, Gregory Hicks, Anderton, esq. of Ipash Hill, Worcestershire, to Ann Elizabeth, daughter of E. Owen, esq. of Garthangharad, Merionethshire.

Robert, son of the late William Boodle, esq. of Clay house, Flintshire, to Miss Price, of Shocklach Hall, Cheshire.

At Llangristiolus, Anglesea, by the Rev. David Gryffydh, Mr. John Evans, of Bleddyngyrog, to Jane, eldest daughter of Mr. Robert Prytherch, of Cerrig Gwyddel.

At Llanbadarnfawr, Cardiganshire, the Rev. Richard Evans, vicar of that parish, to Mrs. Edwards, widow of the late Mr. Edwards, of Dungeness.

At Abergwilly church, D. Owen, esq. of Danygraig, in the said parish, (and late of Pontselly, Pembrokehire,) to Mary, only daughter of the late Rev. Henry Lewis, clerk, of Ainsbury, in the county of Wilts.

At Kinnerley, by the Rev. Henry Rogers, B.A. Mr. John Heyward, of Osbaston, son of the late E. Heyward, esq. of Crosswood, Montgomeryshire, to Martha, second daughter of Mr. Thomas Lloyd, of Osbaston wood, Salop.

At Wile, Shropshire, the Right Hon. the Earl of Chesterfield, to the Hon. Miss Forester, daughter of the late Right Hon. Lord Forester.

At Llanvrechva, Monmouthshire, Mr. Ebenezer Harris, Bristol, to Hannah, third daughter of the late George Conway, esq. Pontnewidd, near Newport.

At Cardigan, Mr. John M'Cord, head master of Cardigan Mathematical and Classical Academy, to Miss Ann Davies, the youngest daughter of Mr. Evan Davies.

At Nannerch, Edward Garven, esq. of Warrington, to Helen, second daughter of the late Edward Dakin, esq. of that town.

At Hanmer, Mr. Joseph Wynne, of Bronington, to Miss Martha Harding, of Tybroughton.

At Dodelston, Mr. Murthwaite, wine merchant, Liverpool, to Miss Matilda V. Roberts, youngest daughter of Mrs. Roberts, Sandy-lane, Kinnerton, Flintshire.

At Penmynydd, Mr. John Owen, of Beaumaris, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Mr. John Williams, of Sarnfaben.

At Llanfairpwllgwyngyll, Anglesea, by the Rev. David Gryffydh, Mr. Edward Jones, of Plas Brereton, near Caernarvon, to Miss Catherine Owens, formerly of Redwharf, Anglesea.

The Rev. Henry Vaughan, eldest son of the Rev. C. Vaughan, to Elizabeth, second daughter of Thomas Johnson, esq. of Penmyarth, near Crickhowel.

At Llanboidy, Mr. David Lewis, of that place, to Mary Ann, daughter of the late Rev. J. Jones, vicar of Llanboidy.

At Llandyssil, Cardiganshire, D. Howell, esq. of Penrallt, Carmarthenshire, to Anna, daughter of J. Jones, esq. of Gellymaharen, Cardiganshire.

At Clynog, Mr. Ebenezer Thomas, alias *Cybi o Eivion*, to Miss Mary Williams, second daughter of Mr. Thomas Williams, near Clynog.

At Towyn Meirionydd church, by the Rev. Mr. Edwards, Mr. E. Evans, of Ty Mawr, Towyn Meirionydd, (*Ieuan Glan Towynwy*), to Miss M. Jones, of Tyddyn y Berlean, of the same place.

Mr. Hugh Hughes, of Landrygarn, to Miss Lettice Owens, of Tyddyn Isaf, Anglesea.

#### Deaths.

At Wrexham, in the 32d year of her age, after a very long and painful illness, Charlotte, wife of R. M. Lloyd, esq. of that place.

Aged 64, the Rev. Charles Wicksted Ethelston, M.A. rector of Worthenbury, Flintshire, fellow of the Collegiate Church, Manchester, and many years an active magistrate for the county of Lancaster.

At the rectory, Tenby, the Rev. Nicholas Roch, D.D. rector of Tenby and Talbenny, Pembrokeshire, and magistrate for the county.

At Choolsbury, Berks, in his 85th year, the Rev. David Roderick, a native of Llandilo, Carmarthenshire, and brother of the late Mr. Roderick, of Llanely. The Rev. gentleman left Llandilo in early life, and became second assistant at Harrow school, during the period that the celebrated Dr. Parr held the situation of first assistant. On the death, in 1771, of Dr. Sumner, the then master of the school, Dr. Parr declared himself a candidate for the situation, but was, by the secret influence of the governors, rejected. His services and merits being thus neglected and undervalued, he resigned in disgust, and determined to form a similar establishment at the neighbouring village of Stanmore. On the resignation of Dr. Parr (says the Rev. W. Field, in his memoirs of the learned Doctor,) the Rev. David Roderick was solicited by the governors to remain at Harrow, and to fill up the place of head assistant under the new master. But from concern or indignation at the wrong which had been done in defeating claims so just as those of the rejected candidate, he resisted their entreaties, and announced his determination to follow the fortunes of his friend, and to support, by his name and his services, the intended establishment at Stanmore. The credit of an honourable name, tendered in a manner so encouraging to Dr. Parr, was joyfully accepted by him, and the services of an instructor of tried fidelity and known ability, were received with respectful and grateful regard.

At Grianbwll Fawr, Llanddaniel, Anglesea, aged 38, Mr. William Roberts, dissenting minister. He left a widow to deplore his loss.

Mr. John Roberts, of Ynys Goch, Llanellian, Anglesea.

At Ty Isa, Llansaintffraid-Glan-Conway, Francis Ann Williams, only daughter of the late Rev. P. Williams, M.A. rector of Botwnog.

At St. Asaph, Ann, wife of the Rev. Jonah Lloyd, independent minister of that place, aged 43.

Universally respected, Hugh Owen, esq. solicitor, Bala, aged 71.

At Tenby, aged 12 years, Marianne Georgiana, eldest daughter of the late William Walter Jones, esq. of Garry, Carmarthenshire.

At Bodlewyddan, Sir John Williams, bart.

At Kenyon college, Ohio, North America, after an illness of three days, the Rev. John Herbert, son of the Rev. David Herbert, vicar of Llansaintffraid, Cardiganshire.

At the family seat, in Flintshire, the lady of the late Sir Thomas Hanmer, bt.

At Oswestry, at an advanced age, Mary, widow of the late Rev. E. Hamar, rector of Hirnant, Montgomeryshire, and mother of twenty-one children.

In London, aged 26, Anne, daughter of Mr. W. Pierce, of Tai Hirion, Anglesea. Suddenly, at Caermarthen, Lieut. Col. Edwards, of Langhorne, aged 81.

The Rev. J. Thomas, incumbent of Llanano and Llanbadarn-fynydd, Radnorshire, leaving five infant children in indigent circumstances.

At Wrexham, Catherine, relict of Mr. William Penson, artist, in her 33d year, leaving three young children to lament their irreparable loss.

At his house, Westgate cottage, Abergavenny, aged 58, William Lewis, esq. formerly surgeon of the Sussex Light Dragoons.

John Roberts, esq. of Bryn-y-Cerau, Carmarthenshire.

In Bunhill row, deeply regretted, aged 23, Elizabeth, wife of David Lewis, esq. of puerperal fever; she has left a family too young to comprehend the extent of their irreparable loss.

Jones Panton, esq. eldest son of Jones Panten, esq. of Plasgwyn, in the county of Anglesea.

At sea, on his return from India, on board the *General Palmer*, Lieut. T. Panton, third son of Jones Panton, esq. of Plasgwyn, aged 28.

At Maesyndla, near Caernarvon, after a short illness, Captain Hugh Williams, of Caernarvon.

Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. Rice Williams, of Dinas, near Moeldon, and wife of Mr. Peter Williams, of Foel Graig, near the Anglesea column.

In Upper Woburn place, London, J. Humphreys, esq. barrister, of Lincoln's inn, and of Ham Frith, Essex; an eminent practitioner. Mr. Humphreys was a native of Montgomery, and collaterally descended from some of the old princes of Powis.

John Griffith, esq. of Llanrwst, aged 58.

John Robert, the infant son of Thomas Hughes, esq. of Astrad, near Denbigh.

At Poonah, East Indies, aged 25, William, third son, of C. B. Trevor, esq. of Plas teg, Flintshire.

At Dane lodge, Barnet, Catherine, the wife of the Rev. Charles Scott Luxmore, dean of St. Asaph, the youngest daughter of the Right Hon. Sir John Nicholl.

Mrs. A. T. Jones Gwynne, of Tyglyn, Cardiganshire.

At Pigeonsford, Cardiganshire, Col. Price, of that place, and one of the magistrates for the said county.

Suddenly, aged 98, Mr. Edward Lewis, of Cefnmaur, Montgomeryshire.

Aged 67, Sir Robert Williams, of Fryars, bart. M.P.

Capt. Robert Thomas, of Caernarvon, deeply and universally regretted.

Griffith, the infant son of Mr. Griffith Jones, of Cleifog, near Holyhead.

Mr. John Howell, of Llandovery. A correspondent has favored us with the following memoir:--Mr. John Howell was a native of Abergwilly, in the county of Carmarthen, where he obtained the confined education which he received. In early life he was apprenticed to a weaver, and, in following the labours of the loom, some of his younger years were occupied. His genius, however, being excursive, he could not well brook the confinement which his trade required, and having a taste for music, he engaged himself as one of the performers in the band of the Carmarthen militia. In this situation, his good conduct, and the proficiency which he attained in music procured him the respect of the officers of the regiment, and caused him to become file-major. His appointment in the band allowing him many leisure hours, they were very laudably spent in supplying the deficiency of his education, and gaining knowledge; Welsh poetry, and mathematical science, more particularly engaging his attention. Having remained in the regiment to the end of the war, and it being deemed that his services would not be any longer wanted in the band, overtures were made to him to accept the office of schoolmaster of the national school, at that time about to be established at Llandovery, an employment which was considered to be suitable to his taste; and for which, from the pains he had taken in improving his natural talents, he was well qualified. Having accepted the appointment, he removed to Llandovery about the year 1816, at which place he continued to reside as schoolmaster during the remainder of his life, except a few short intermissions, when he resided at Carmarthen, Kidwelly, and some other places. At the Eisteddfod, or grand literary and musical session held at Carmarthen, July, 1819, Mr. Howell was candidate for the principal prize offered for the best *Awdl*, or Welsh Ode, on the death of the late General Sir Thomas Picton; and although, in consequence of his having powerful competitors, he did not succeed according to his wishes, his composition was much admired, and he received a premium as an acknowledgment

of its merit. This Ode has been since published, and is the second of the compositions in the Eisteddfod collection of poems, called *Awen Dyfed*, published at Carmarthen, 1822. Also, in 1822, he was a candidate at Brecon Eisteddfod, for the prize offered for the best Welsh Ode on the brilliant period of his late Majesty's regency; and, though again unsuccessful in not being adjudged the best writer, his composition was reported by the judges to be regular, both as to style and matter, and to contain sentiments which were just and appropriate. This Ode is the second in the collection of Brecon Eisteddfod poems, called "*Ffrwyth yr Awen*," published 1823. His proficiency in Welsh poetry becoming known, he was appointed to be one of the judges of the Welsh poetic compositions sent in for adjudicature previous to Carmarthen Eisteddfod, in 1823—a respectable and confidential office. And at the same Eisteddfod, Mr. Howell gained the medal offered by the Carmarthen society of Cymreigyddion, for the best set of Englynion, or Welsh stanzas, on occasion of the national meeting. On this medal was the representation of an old bard invoking the muse to be propitious, and to afford him assistance in composing his poetic strains. In the year 1824 he published, "*Blodau Dyfed*," containing a selection of unpublished Welsh poems, written by the bards of the district of Dyfed, during the last and present centuries, in which he has inserted nineteen pieces of his own. This work was published by subscription, and the Cambrian society in Dyfed subscribed for as many as thirty copies. In the titlepage of the volume, is a copy of the representation on the medal which he received from the Carmarthen society of Cymreigyddion, in the preceding year. For several months previous to his decease, he was afflicted with an internal complaint, considered to be an ulceration of the stomach, similar to that of the late French emperor; and although his case was to others evidently hopeless, yet he flattered himself with the idea of recovery to the very last, when he rather suddenly expired, on Thursday the 18th day of November, 1830, aged 56 years. His funeral took place on the following Saturday, when his remains were interred in the churchyard of Llandingad, the parish church of Llandovery, attended by a great many of the inhabitants of the town. As a Welsh poet, he was deemed to possess very considerable merit; and his compositions, although not distinguished by much poetic fire and sublimity of thought, were, notwithstanding, acknowledged to contain strong marks of genius, and to be written with great metrical correctness and propriety of diction. In music he had attained so much science as to be enabled to tune musical instruments, in which capacity he was employed in the district wherein he resided. He likewise rendered himself useful as a teacher of psalmody; and, in addition to his proficiency in music, he was a tolerable mechanic, having himself constructed the spinnet on which he performed. Having travelled a good deal, and resided in various districts when in the regiment, and possessing a retentive memory, he had acquired a considerable fund of anecdote; this, combined with his friendly and cheerful disposition, and his inoffensive manners, made his presence welcome wherever he was inclined to go. Accordingly his death will prove no small loss to his associates, by whom he will for some time continue to be lamented and regretted.

PRICES OF SHARES OF CANALS IN WALES.

Brecknock and Abergavenny, 105; Glamorganshire, 290; Montgomery, 80; Shrewsbury, 250; Swansea—.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Closing price 18th December.—Brazilian, 55½; Chilian, 10; Colombian, 15; ditto, 1824, 17½; Danish, 56½; Greek, 21; Peruvian, 15; Portuguese, 39; Prussian, 1818, 90; ditto, 1822, 90; Russian, 1822, 86; Spanish, 1821 and 1822, 15½; ditto, 1823, 11½; Dutch, 41; French Rentes, 87; ditto, 57.

ENGLISH FUNDS.

December 22.—Bank Stock, 195; 3 per cent. red. 80½; 3½ per cent. 89½; 3½ per cent. red. 90½; 4 per cent. 98½; Long Annuities, 16.

ERRATA.

P. 7, line 22, for "in January next," read "in the course of the present month:"—  
P. 56, line 1, for "Joan," read "Ioan."



THE  
CAMBRIAN  
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

AND  
*Celtic Repertory.*

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No. 10.—APRIL 1, 1831.—VOL. III.

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THE PRESENT STATE OF SOCIETY IN WALES.

THERE was a time when the Principality of Wales was justly regarded as the land of peaceful repose and open-hearted hospitality, as a country peculiarly distinguished by the courteous and charitable disposition of the rich, and the unaffected and graceful respectfulness which characterised the demeanour of the peasantry. The conflict of party-sentiment, ever at work in other parts of the kingdom, seemed destined never to ruffle that general harmony of feeling which made the people of Wales appear, to one of her bards, like "the children of one family." This tranquillity was more striking when contrasted with the turbulent grandeur of the scenery of the country, and the numerous relics of the strife of other days, which are to be met with on almost every rock and mountain. We are far from meaning to imply that the good feelings which once so closely united all classes of society, are entirely lost; we believe, however, that they are considerably weakened in degree, and that they are every day growing more feeble in their influence, and of this there are many causes.

Among the most prominent, we may allude to causes which affect the condition of the yeomanry and the labouring classes in the whole southern portion of the island; such as the depreciation of agricultural produce since the war; the contraction of the currency; the abuses of the established church, first, in the injurious mode in which the stipends of the clergy are levied, and secondly, in the still more injurious mode in which those revenues are distributed. Every one of these evils has tended to weaken the moral influence of the higher classes, both because they all have pressed upon the industrious classes of society, and because it is the nature of all misery to make men dissatisfied with existing institutions. It must also be allowed, that the tone and habits of the

rich to the poor, have of late years, especially on the borders, grown more uncourteous and domineering.

The two first circumstances, the termination of the war, and the contraction of the currency, are undoubtedly the chief causes of the distress that weighs peculiarly on the agricultural classes, or rather, the only criteria to which we need resort in determining how far their present distress is to be traced to the relations existing between landlord and tenant, and how far the tenant may justly look up to his landlord for relief. Now, as regards the first circumstance, the merits of the case lie in a simple statement of fact: the present rent of land was raised to its present average at a time when the tenant could afford to pay it, by the superior value of the produce of his farm; but now that the value of that produce is diminished, every principle of justice demands that the rent should be adjusted to this fall of value; not only ought this adjustment to be adopted prospectively, but we are clearly of opinion that such an adjustment should be applied to cases in which the landlord has every thing in his own power, where the contract has already bound the tenant to pay for his comparatively sterile tenure, the now ruinous rental of the times of Napoleon. We must guard against misconstruction; we know that the tenant has no legal claim to such a concession,—we speak not of pettifogging technicalities,—we speak of the course which we think is the only one consistent with the character of a merciful, or even of a just landlord, the only one not derogatory to the fairness of a gentleman.

The effects of the contraction of the currency, by the withdrawal of the small notes, may be easily understood: to diminish the quantity of money in a country is precisely analogous in its effects to the diminution of any other commodity whatever, absolutely necessary for the purposes of life; it gives additional value to what remains: when a large portion of the coin or coal of a country is destroyed, what remains of it gains a higher value by scarcity, on precisely the same principle that corn rises in price by the destruction of corn stacks. By the term “higher value,” is of course meant, that a given quantity of the article in question will fetch, in exchange, a greater quantity of other articles. Now to put these principles in application: a farmer takes a farm at the rental of £100; now the common sense and the undoubted principle of such an agreement is not, that the tenant will pay this sum of £100 under all changes of the circulating medium. No changes in the currency are contemplated; the yeoman anticipates no such fluctuation in the standard assumed; and it may be taken for granted, that the bargain is concluded under the impression that the interests of neither party will be affected by any extrinsic circumstance. In the natural equity of the agreement, £100 is understood to mean a *certain fixed value with relation to all com-*

*modities*, and not a hundred pieces of gold or paper, which may lose one third of their value between the time of the agreement for rent and the payment of it. Then comes Mr. Peel's bill for the neutralization of small notes, i. e. the destruction of a vast portion of circulating medium; a bill which has had precisely the same effect in raising the value of money, as Captain Swing's efforts have had in raising the price of corn, and a bill most injurious to the industrious portion of the community. The poor yeoman thus finds himself (without any fault of his own) placed in the same plight as the delver for fairy treasure; his golden coins turn out, upon rubbing, to be mere dirt and dry leaves.

We express our unhesitating conviction, that a landlord who condescends to take, in gold, the full amount of that rent which was contracted in paper, is acting neither wisely nor virtuously; nay, we will say more, in wringing from his tenantry a sum which is identical only in name with that which they have stipulated to pay, he is acting in the spirit of the lowest practitioner that ever twisted the imperfect provisions of human law to the subversion of substantial justice. Whilst the farmer is thus ground down, by being compelled to pay to his landlord a higher rent than he ever, in effect, pledged himself to pay, his gains are regulated by the actual value of the currency. This is a naked and unsophisticated statement of the case; we mean to cast imputations on none, nor shall we flinch from that duty of sincerity which, at this crisis, we owe to all. But then it will be said, rents *must* come down soon; why then attempt to lower them by arguments? We know very well that rents must come down *some time*, because it is quite plain that no farmer will now take a farm for a rent which will never be repaid to him; but what consolation is this to those who are *already* bound to pay this rent? Rents, no doubt, will come down to those who will succeed them in their tenures; but, in the mean time, they must pay the *present* rent, or, as the phrase is, be "sold up," that is, driven to beggary and desperation, merely because they were not prudent enough to foresee that the legislature might impose a more severe and searching and secret burden on the industrious classes of the community, than ship-money, or perhaps any other tax which openly violated their constitutional privileges. We repeat, we question not the legal rights of the landlord to claim his rent according to the supposed uniform value of the currency; doubtless "it is in the bond," but we trust to God that the pound of flesh will not be demanded. We trust that the landlords will relinquish an equitable portion of their legal dues, appending the condition that the tenant employ an additional number of labourers. Were this measure acted upon generally, we doubt not it would be attended with very extensive benefits; it would lessen the load of idleness and pauperism that now presses upon the country, and would, in fact, relieve the

yeomanry from the weight of poor rates, whilst it would compel them to support an industrious peasantry.

The subject of the poor laws will at some future period be discussed in our pages, by a gentleman whose experience and profound sagacity eminently qualify him for the task. The progress of pauperism, on the borders of the Principality, has been very rapid during the last quarter of a century; suffice it to say, at present, that this evil, and the degradation of moral sentiment which is at once its cause and its consequence, may generally be traced to the want of vigilance in the higher ranks, and their habitual disregard for the most harmless feelings of the people. Nothing but the most absurd and ludicrous ignorance could ever have represented us as wishing to preclude our peasantry from benefiting by any modern light that may cross their path, or from acquiring the English language; yet we never have, on the other hand, disguised our contempt for that part of our squirearchy who, with "modern intelligence and refinement" perpetually on their lips, evince, by their conduct, that their notions of these two words consist chiefly in keeping their fellow men at an austere distance, and ridiculing as barbarous the venerable usages of our peasantry. "Why keep up this language? why preserve this absurd usage?" exclaim these conciliatory philanthropists. We answer them in one short sentence, —they are rooted in the best affections of our people; they are to them like the wild mountains around us, associated with every thing that is good and holy. So soon and so far as they are injurious to the advance of intelligence, let ancient usages be forgotten; but, with that exception, we shall respect the tastes and prepossessions of the poor as much as their pecuniary interests, and as much as the fashionable follies of the rich. It is not a wise, or, indeed, an amiable disposition, that sets men to seek distinction by mere cavilling, without any substantial reason for it. Is there any thing more unintellectual in the sound of the Welsh than in the dialect of the ring, the attic accents of Scroggins, Mendoza, and Belcher? It may be a very unaccountable fancy to heave the men on Easter Monday, and the maids on Easter Tuesday; but what good reason can be given for the last fashion of Sir Bryan Blunderhead's surtout. The poor have their whims, and their odd harmless frolics and fancies, as well as the rich; it is the part of the right-minded and right-hearted man to join in good-humored sympathy with the one as well as the other, and not to quirk and quibble away his poorer neighbours' enjoyments, with all the misguided pertinacity of a puritan. We recollect full well the time when we were laughed at for talking in this style; yet many of those who scoffed at us, as visionary declaimers, have since then come to see the duty of identifying themselves more completely with the feelings of the people. We know of no species of sentiment at once so weak and so contemptible, as that which we formerly designated as

the anti-national spirit of the Welsh borders : we allude not to the advocates for the English language, or of a closer amalgamation with England ; we allude to those who, by birth Welshmen, habitually vilify the character and capacity of their countrymen. How any class of men could have chosen so indecent a course is a paradox, unless it be under the enlightened supposition that, as the wages for attacking their country, that is, their neighbours, the poor more especially, they themselves will be exempt from all ridicule, and that they will derive somewhat the same sort of advantages which a thief gains on turning king's evidence. On this subject it is not for us to decide ; it is not for us to detect those peculiar consolations which these gentlemen may enjoy ; all that we affirm is, that the Principality will long rue the day when she gave birth to a set of men who were vain and unfeeling enough to barter, for the pleasure of calumniating them, the affections of an attached and open-hearted people.

We shall conclude with a statement of what we believe to be the sentiments of the poor, and the conduct that should be pursued towards them.

First, as to the sentiments of the poor. We feel thoroughly convinced that the great majority of our population are sincerely loyal. Yet we should not shut our eyes to the fact, that some vague reports of recent events in France and Belgium have reached even the remotest districts of the country ; and the impulse of a certain undefined and visionary presentiment of change has very much unsettled the minds and principles of our peasantry. Nothing is more common than to hear them complain, that they have, of late years, been treated with less kindness by the gentry : the great folks of former days, they say, would talk with them, and jest with them, and were, in every respect, more "lowly" than those of the present day. For these complaints, as we have before observed, there is, in many instances, but too much foundation : the essence of the anti-national spirit is, in fact, a spirit of shameful calumny against our peasantry, a disposition to shun all participation in their enjoyments, all sympathy with their feelings.

Secondly, as to the conduct to be pursued towards the people. The main principle of conduct towards them should be confidence ; every feeling of dissatisfaction has sprung solely from the system recently adopted by the higher classes ; their habits of sternness and reserve ; their keeping their people severely at a distance, as if they were inhabitants of a conquered country. If they were to resume the habit of communicating openly and freely with the people, nothing would be more easy than to dissipate the incipient impulses of disloyalty. We are by no means disposed to recommend any thing like an extreme or elaborate style of conciliation ; this we think gives them perhaps the notion, however absurd, that the motive is intimidation. All that we contend for, when

we recommend confidence, is the principle that the lower classes are open to argument; and that even where they have adopted views destructive to the well-being of society, those views are quite as easily, or even more easily dispelled by reasoning than the speculative errors of their superiors. This we state from experience, and we state it without any hesitation whatever. But we have a most thorough belief that those arguments are most effectual with the poor which savour most of boldness and candour, and have less the semblance of self-interest. The naked truth should never be compromised, that an avidity to enrich themselves at the expense of their wealthy neighbours has nothing to distinguish it from the crime forbidden in the eighth commandment; they should never be permitted to forget that Christianity enjoins obedience to a heathen and a foreign king as preferable to anarchy and rebellion; and that, at a time when all human power was arrayed against it, its prophetic records represent the disposition to "speak evil of dignities" as one of the marks of the worst offenders against the will of Providence. Arguments drawn from reason should be more sparingly used; yet we think that those simple and obvious arguments should not be wholly omitted, which evince that a gradation of ranks is necessary for the prosperity even of the lowest rank, and that to forbid inequality of property is, in fact, to forbid industry: these arguments should be used rather as a comment on the scriptural obligation of obedience, than as in themselves constituting the ground of obligation. Nor should the peasant be allowed to forget that whatever may have been the faults and follies of his superiors, much of the present misery amongst the labouring classes has arisen from their own dishonest practice of marrying on the strength of the poor rates; and that the alienation of their rich neighbours from them is, in many respects, to be ascribed to this profligate spoliation on their part. This last observation, we are well informed, has great weight with them.

We think it proper to make these practical remarks at the present crisis, as we have observed, amongst the higher classes, a foolish tendency to extremes, in their opinions of the moral feelings of the people. One set of persons regard them as too firmly rivetted in loyal principles to be affected by any evil influence; whilst another deem them so profligate, and so selfish, that, had they an opportunity, they would plunder and ravage without remorse and mercy. But we have generally found them much more like the beings which we should be led by reason to expect them; frail, but not abandoned men, in whom good and evil passions, selfishness and virtue, blend in varying proportions, as in ourselves. Like their superiors, they are too ready to harbour envy, and ambition, and revenge, under the self-delusion that they are a form of patriotism; but the experience of past ages, no less than of the earlier times of Christianity, assures us that the poor are of all men the most easily "convinced

of sin," and that it is no difficult matter, by free and fearless reproof, to awaken them to the evil of those peculiar impressions, in which the sophism of the head and the sinfulness of the heart are dimly and deceitfully blended.

These sacred truths, it is the duty of the clergy to inculcate, both from the pulpit and in the course of their pastoral intercourse with the people. We are convinced it is an error, no less in policy than in principle, to strive to keep them in darkness as to what is going on in the world; we shall most generally find that a statement of the truth is the best mode of dissipating fantastic apprehensions, and of giving vigour to their dispositions in favor of good order and peace.

Once more, and perhaps for the last time, we call upon the gentry of Wales to adopt a different tone towards their country, or, in other words, their peasantry. It is incalculably dishonourable to any man to profess openly that he has no attachment to his country, or his countrymen; it evinces a want of feeling, and of natural affection, and the voice of all mankind has ever condemned it. Ask our more opulent countrymen to consider well whether recent events have not proved their fondness for depreciating their own countrymen to be as unjust as it is unnatural. Not a single fire has occurred through the whole of North Wales, from one end of the country to the other; the scenes of massacre, and bloodshed, and rebellion, which are always going on in Ireland, are utterly unknown in Wales; the system of riot and incendiarism that has spread itself in England is regarded by the Welsh peasantry with awe and religious abhorrence. In the peasantry of Wales we have ourselves the most perfect confidence; and we feel quite convinced that if they ever go astray, it will be the fault of those whom Providence has made the guardians of their welfare,—they will never go astray unless their gentry estrange themselves from them. Truth is not to be sacrificed even to patriotism; but we sincerely believe, that in all that deserves respect or admiration, the Welsh peasantry are at least equal to the same class in any part of the united kingdom; there is no part of the kingdom whatever that has been so uniformly tranquil for centuries as Wales. The history of Picton and his little band of fusileers proves that there are no braver soldiers in the field than the Welsh. The Welsh peasant, in his attachments, is as warm as an Irishman, and as constant as the Scotch, and has generally a good deal of the frankness of an Englishman. If this picture savour too much of partiality, it is not so far untrue as to leave a shadow of excuse for contemptuous anti-nationality; and even if we are in error, if we do think too nobly of the land of our hearts and of our homes, we envy not the wisdom of her traducers.

## THE EXILE'S SONG.

“Ah! l'on ne peut transporter ses dieux pénates dans les foyers des étrangers.”

MAD. DE STAEL.

A SONG came from the exile's dwelling,  
Broken and slow,  
Like many blended voices telling  
One common woe;  
And, as I listened to that mournful band,  
It seemed an echo, from my father-land,  
Of strains that haunt the exile's dreams, and wake  
That burning of the heart, no tears may slake.

“Look forth! the joyous spring is hasting  
To clear the skies,  
Her brightest gifts profusely wasting  
On heedless eyes;  
Coldly we see her buds of hope expand,  
She was more lovely in our father-land!

“When summer's lavish hand is strewing  
All paths with flowers,  
And tears, more sad than night's, are dewing  
The bloom of ours,  
We, sighing, think how western breezes fanned  
The glorious summer of our father-land!

“When Autumn's ripen'd stores are glowing,  
On field and tree,  
A soft and mellow'd radiance throwing  
O'er earth and sea:  
Though rich her bounties on this foreign strand,  
We loved her better in our father-land.

“As gloomy Winter, closing o'er us,  
Chills ev'ry heart,  
Like that dark way which frowns before us,  
Where friends must part,  
We mourn while heaping high the smoking brand,  
The glad bright hearth-fires of our father-land.

“Our father-land! love's fondest blessing  
Is on our breath;  
No joy, save memory, possessing,  
We wait for Death;  
One thought alone gives terror to his hand,—  
We shall not slumber in our father-land.”

E.



*To the Editors.*

GENTLEMEN,

SOME time ago, I copied from one of the mss. in the Cotton Library, in the British Museum, marked C. 10, p. 154, a document connected with the history of Montgomery castle, intending it for your highly valuable and well-edited Magazine. Since then it has appeared in print, from the pen of Mr. Nicolas; but, as it was given with all its contractions, and without any translation, I send it in this new form, in case you should be of opinion that it is worthy of a place in the Cambrian Quarterly.

Mr. Nicolas has prefixed to his publication of it, the following biographical notice of the two parties in the transaction. "Bogo de Knoville was an eminent soldier, and served in most of the military expeditions during the reign of Edward I. and was summoned to Parliament.\* As early as the 3d of Edward I. the castle and hundred of Montgomery was granted to him.† In the 15th of Edward I. he was constable of that castle,‡ and he probably continued to fill the situation until the 29th year of that monarch's reign, (the date of the present document,) during the greater part of which he was engaged in the affairs of Wales. In the 18th of Edward I., being then the king's bailiff, he complained that Edmund de Mortimer had tried several men, who fled from the liberties of Montgomery, for having killed some persons belonging to the bishop of Hereford, in his court of Wigmore, and executed them, instead of remanding them to the king's jurisdiction in Montgomery. For this offence, Mortimer was fined 100 marks, and it is a curious picture of the times, ordered to deliver, to Knoville, effigies of the criminals in their names, which effigies the bailiff was directed to hang up as representatives of the offenders.§ William de Leyburn was also a baron, and a distinguished soldier, and in the siege of Carlaverock|| he is described as a

"Vaillans homs sans mes et sans si."

Valiant man, not always saying *but* and *if*.

The document is an inventory of the contents of Montgomery castle, on Bogo de Knoville resigning the same into the hands of William de Leyburn, in the year 1301.

\* Parliamentary Writs, p. 539.

† Rot. Orig. 3<sup>th</sup> Edw. 1. m. 3.

‡ Parl. Writs, p. 539.

§ Rot. Parl. 1, 45.

|| An heraldic poem, re-edited by Mr. Nicolas. If any one of your correspondents, who has opportunity, would search the public records, now publishing, the history of all the castles and religious places of Wales would be easily collected.

Transcriptum Indenturæ inter Dominum W. de Leyburn recipientem, et Dominum Bogonem de Knoville liberantem castrum Montis Gomerici.

Memorandum quod die lunæ proximo post festum Sancti Lucæ Evangelistæ anno regni regis domini Edwardi xxix°. Bogo de Knoville liberavit Domino Willelmo de Leyburn castrum de Monte Gomerici cum omnibus rebus in eodem continentibus, videlicet cum tribus personis de Scotia per Dominum Regem ibidem prius missis; liberavit etiam eidem xiii galeas primi valoris—xxviii capellos ferri primi valoris—xx balistas lesas et x milia quadrellorum pro balistis unius pedis et i miliare quadrellorum pro balistis duorum pedum—III bandrellos pro balistis duorum pedum, et II viceas pro balistis extendendis. Item liberavit eidem III balistas cornuas ad viceas integras, et unam lesam, et III balistas cornuas ad II pedes, et duas ad unum pedem de dono Domini Bogonis ad optimum principem. Item XII targas et III scuta primi valoris, et unum incudem et I martellum et II suffletis primi valoris. Item liberavit eidem III paria coopertorum ferri, et II testeras et v loricæ cum capite et v, sine capite de veteri opere cum pluribus defectibus. Item I mola ad manum sine hoper—I ollam æneam et I eractam—xvi paria firgearum et III catheras ad pontes—I habendum.

Item de ornamentis capellæ, liberavit eidem unam parem vestimentorum integram cum corporali—III manutegia debita et tertia partem unius antiphonalis et tertiam partem unius gradalis et unum coferem prædictis ornamentis imponendis et II crueti et unam pixidem et unam campanam pendentem in capella et III<sup>or</sup> cistas cum cooperturis et III sine cooperturis et III dolia vacua.

The transcript of an indenture between Sir\* William de Leyburn, on receiving, and Sir Bogo de Knoville on delivering up, the castle of Montgomery.

Memorandum, that on the Monday immediately after the festival of St. Luke the Evangelist, in the 29th year of the reign of the king our lord Edward, Bogo de Knoville delivered to Sir William de Leyburn, the castle of Montgomery, with all its contents, viz. with three persons from Scotland, first sent thither by our lord the king. He delivered also to him thirteen helmets as good as new, twenty-eight chapelles de fert† as good as new, twenty damaged crossbows, and ten thousand quarrels‡ for crossbows of one foot, and one . . . of quarrels for crossbows of two feet§; three belts for crossbows of two feet, and two moulinets for winding

\* Dominus is still the appellation given to Bachelors of Arts at Oxford, which is Englished by the title of Sir.

† Conical iron skullcaps.

‡ The arrows for the crossbow, so called, because their heads were *quarré*, square.

§ This probably refers to the length of quarrel required.

up crossbows. He also delivered to him three crossbows of horn, with moulinets complete, and one damaged, and three crossbows of horn for two feet, and two for one foot, the gift of Sir Bogo to the best of princes (Edward I.) Also twelve targets,\* and three shields as good as new, and one anvil, and one hammer, and two bellows as good as new. Also he delivered to him three pairs of housings of mail, and two testierest†, and five hauberks with hoods, and five without hoods, of old work, very full of defects. Also, one handmill, without a hopper, one brazen mortar, and one pestle; sixteen pairs of . . . and three chains for drawbridges, one to be had‡. Also, of the ornaments of the chapel, he delivered to him one entire pair of vestments, with a corporale; three gloves wanting, and the third part of one antiphonal, and the third part of one gradale, and one coffer to hold the aforesaid ornaments, and two cruets, and one pix§, and one bell suspended in the chapel, and four chests with covers, and three without covers, and three empty casks.

I remain, Gentlemen,

Respectfully yours,

SAMUEL R. MEYRICK.

*Goodrick Court, in the Marches of Wales,*

18th Jan. 1831.

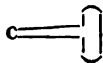
\* The target, as well as the buckler, was round, yet differed not only by being larger, but generally put on the arm instead of being held in the hand.

† Coverings for the horse's head and neck.

‡ From this it would appear that the castle had two drawbridges, and such the earthworks still indicate.

§ To hold the consecrated wafer.

*Note.* Numerous vestiges of ancient weapons, such as broken swords, arrow-heads, cannon-balls, &c. have, from time to time, been found among the ruins, and in the vicinity of Montgomery castle; but curious relics of a different nature have also been obtained. About six-and-twenty years ago, part of the ruined walls gave way; and a labouring man discovered, among the disjointed masonry, seven old silver instruments; the handles were about the size of modern dessert-spoons, and their entire shape very similar to the subjoined figure.



The labourer, influenced by an absurd idea that Earl Powis would seize them, kept the discovery very secret, and a travelling dealer in jewellery passing through the town, he sold them to him, doubtless for much less than their value.

A few years afterwards we gave, from recollection, as well as we could, a description of these curious instruments, to the late Rev. John Brickdale Blakeway, of Shrewsbury, a gentleman possessing extensive antiquarian knowledge; he was of opinion, that they were used in the catholic ceremony of unction; ornaments in very high relief covered their surface, and some remains of gilt, plate, or wash, were still discernible.—*Editors.*

## THE ULTRA-WELSH SPIRIT OF OUR QUARTERLY.

MR. EDITOR,

I READ, at the close of your last year's publication, an effusion that smacked strongly of double-distilled vinegar, which you term the "Anti-national Spirit of the Welsh Borders!" Good words and true, sir, I doubt not; but will you permit me, as a plain man, who have never had an Ultra or an Anti in my family, to ask, in a spirit of humble curiosity, who, and what, and where is this formidable band of conspirators against you, and your "good fame, and good feelings." You seemed, in your last, to listen with great and patronising patience, to the inquiries of M. Kochioskiwouski, or some such Sclavonian name, about the extinct volcanoes of Moel Famau; can you answer a simple Englishman whence it is that those Welsh feverish, (I beg pardon, those nervous) sensibilities which belong to your nation, poured themselves forth in one volcanic burst, in the article alluded to. It surely cannot matter much to the generality of your readers, what those personages whom you so sonorously denominate "the gentry of the Welsh borders," think about your periodical or you, the world is just as likely to consult the "Welsh gentry of the borders" on the merits of Dr. Meyrick's *Costumes and Customs*, the *Cambrian Quarterly*, &c. &c. and other works of the same stamp, as Dr. Monck is to get their advice on the next edition of his *life of Bentley*. These same illustrious persons, to whom you exclaim with so much dignity, "strike us, but hear us," are, I suppose, pretty much the same sort of persons as other country gentlemen, and just as likely to be moved by this classic appeal. To talk in this style, "to die with dignity," and so forth, has a tremendous touch of the old Roman in it; but take a simple hint on a simple question,—to reproach the diligent critics of the last Poaching Act, and the racing calendar, in this vein, is to make love to a washerwoman with a quotation from *Metastasio*. Do not mistake the matter, the good name of your country is not like a fair damsel pent up in an enchanted castle, and sternly guarded by the hunting whips of those fierce votaries of the ring and turf. The battle has been fought and won; the world has now done ample justice to your claims as a nation; few enlightened men will now affirm that Wales has contributed less than her share to the intellectual stores of the kingdom. Webster, the great English philologist of his day, has paid more deference to the opinions of your countryman, Owen Pughe, than to those of any other linguist; you have all the first English historians of the day amongst your supporters. Mackintosh defends you as a nation; Southey advocates your literature; Sharon Turner has written a

book on purpose to prove the interest and authenticity of your oldest documents; and M. Thierry writes as if he had been fed on buttermilk and flumry.

Mr. Editor, I am fully aware that the result of all this may be to puff up the strut and swell of your literary department in a tenfold degree; but hear me out, listen to the moral; if thy praises are thus sounded, even in the Saxon camp, why shouldst thou stoop to be thine own trumpeter. Pray let us have henceforward less of this perpetual extract of Metheglin. Imitate the most rational, yet the most sagacious people of the earth; mix up a little of the common literature and hum-drum events of the present day, with thy Celtic lore, and Celtic irritability; do not take it for granted, in every page of thy work, that it still remains for thee to convince us that thy countrymen can really count beyond twenty, and digest other aliment than toasted cheese. Much less needest thou soar aloft in prose run mad, for the purpose of satisfying us that there is in thy land a mysterious race of beings, yclept country squires, who are drinkers of wine, and haters of water, and who abhor all species of print, that of the Cambrian Quarterly not excepted.

I know this will excite all the bile and bitterness of the Jenkin Thomas's and Peter Jones's, &c. &c. in the Principality. I know very well that thou must expect to find, amongst thy countrymen, many men whose notion of national spirit does not go one step beyond the Welsh language. Such men there are in every nation, and, judging from the tone of some parts of thy periodical, I suspect that there are not a few even in thy native Goshen men, who are so wedded to your old Llewelyn's and Taliesin's, that they cannot at all understand how Sir Thomas Picton's bravery did any honour to his country, or Sir William Jones, when he opened the literature of the East to us. In this point also be advised; do not let thy vehicle be dragged into the ruts by these ultra-pro-national gentry; remember well, that if thou art a true friend to thy country, thou shouldst instruct her in Belles Lettres and Science, as well as in her own mystical lore; thou shouldst assert her rights to fairer dealings in church matters; thou shouldst expose the abuses in her foundation schools, and so on. Thou shouldst give her a good insight into the literary doings of the continent, and mix up with thy Celtic lucubrations some Teutonic effusions, like the following translation

*From the German of Goëthe.*

THE FISHER AND THE WATER SPIRIT.

The torrent rushed, the torrent swelled,  
A fisher lay upon the brink,  
And, wrapt in dreamless trance, beheld  
His floatwork flutter, soar, and sink.

*The Ultra-Welsh Spirit of our Quarterly.*

He watched the waste of waters dreary,  
 In many an antic fabric wrought,  
 Till his own heart grew sweetly weary,  
 With the white waves wild frenzy fraught.

And as he gazed, in chill repose,  
 His dim eye with the breakers roaming,  
 A form of mad'ning beauty rose,—  
 Rose bright amid the severed foaming.

She sang to him, she spake to him,  
 All mortal tones excelling,—  
 "Fling not thy floating darts to dim  
 Thy lady's azure dwelling.

"Oh! hadst thou seen my beaming hall,  
 Those mansions of the billow;  
 Nor earth nor heav'n could e'er recall  
 Thee from thy wat'ry pillow;

"Most glorious is the sun, his light  
 In ocean's dew's resigning;  
 The meek moon, on her throne of night,  
 For the blue wave is pining.

"O! lovelier far than heaven's blue halls  
 So far above thee swelling;  
 The heav'n beneath the waterfalls,  
 Thy lady's azure dwelling."

The storm is rising, rolling, yet,  
 And now his sandals, hood, are wet,  
 And still all joy, all hope, he raves  
 Deaf to the thunder of the waves,  
 As if the gathering shroud of foam  
 Were but his lady's welcome home.

And still the spirit spake and sang  
 Still rose that frenzied river,—  
 He downward sank, he onwards sprang,  
 He sank, and sank for ever!

A CANTAB.

*Note.* The article on the "Spirit of the Welsh Borders" embraced two topics, the apathy of the gentry to their nation's literature, and their demeanour to their peasantry.

First, of literature. We approve of these hints of our correspondent, and we intend henceforth to enter more into subjects of a general nature, though Celtic literature shall always be a great object with us.

We never can, however, treat the country gentlemen of Wales with contempt; for we do not feel it; and it would be hypocrisy in

us to affect it. We affirm that they are generally intelligent, and often highly educated; still we cannot deny that they have fallen into a most cockneyish knack of confusing two very different propositions; the advantages of extending the light of modern days, and the necessity of extinguishing the luminaries of ancient times. But even thus we cannot protect them from the formidable inuendo, that such a confusion is in itself a sure mark of an uneducated mind, and that it has always been so regarded since the burning of the library of Alexandria. God grant that the gentry of our land may yet listen to the warning voice, and see, ere it be too late, the dishonour that is impending over them. The clamour that is raised against them does not proceed from the lips of their own bards and minstrels, but from the very literary oracles of the 19th century. Assuredly, it is a most strange mode of imitating English refinement, to draw down on one's self the keenest satire of the most enlightened and philosophical of Englishmen. We are convinced, however, that a better spirit is beginning to spring up, and we need no other proof of it than the universal good humour with which the article on the "Anti-national Spirit, &c." was received.

We feel convinced that the gentry of Wales are not the most blameable; we regret to say that there are a few who, owing all they possess to national feeling, have not scrupled to point their ridicule against that very feeling. We would gladly look only to the brighter side of the picture, but, in justice to that kindness which has been thus shamefully abused, we cannot pass over this subject in silence. We cannot help observing, that the most scrupulous regard to our immediate avocations can never atone for a forgetfulness of the friends of our youth. Nor should it be forgotten, that the pang which ingratitude may inflict, is not the less poignant because Christian principles may preclude clamorous reproach; and of all species of ingratitude, that assuredly is the worst, which converts the object of patriotic benevolence into a mortifying instance of the worthlessness of the patriotism of its benefactor. We trust it will not be necessary for us to allude again to this subject.

Second, the austere demeanour of the border gentry to their peasantry. We warned the Welsh gentry against the incipient practice of imitating the very worst peculiarity of the English gentleman, his austerity to his inferiors, a peculiarity, by the by, which has made the name of Englishman odious over the whole continent, and gives to his best actions an air of assumed superiority and domineering ungraciousness. Have the events that have occurred within the brief space of time since that article appeared, disproved any of our views? A general spirit of blind and brutal hostility among the populace to their superiors, the country around us in flames; such has been the scene we have recently

witnessed in once happy England. We accuse not her gentry of insensibility to the sufferings of their poorer neighbours; all that we say is, that the English gentry have made themselves unpopular, by their disregard to external kindness of demeanour, in their intercourse with their peasantry. "A small unkindness is a great offence" no less to the peasant than to the peer. It is a melancholy lesson for a Christian people; and we trust it may teach the gentry of the Principality, that these are not times when they would act wisely in contemning the sympathy of their humbler neighbours, or in deviating from the simple manners of their forefathers.

EDITORS.

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#### EMIGRATIONS FROM WALES.

THERE are notices of several emigrations in ancient times from Britain, in the Triads, and other authorities. The one by Madog ab Owain Gwynedd and his followers, as recorded by Welsh historians, is not now believed to have any foundation, notwithstanding several late attempts to authenticate the narrative. The first emigration from Wales to America took place in the reign of the licentious Charles II. At this period, several Acts of Parliament compelled thousands of non-conformists, and especially members of the Society of Friends, to seek peaceful settlements beyond the Atlantic. The great William Penn was instrumental in sending 10,000 Welsh and English to colonize his well-earned *Sylvania*, on the banks of the Delaware: but Thomas Sion Evan, a native of the neighbourhood of Bala, Merionyddshire, emigrated in 1681, the year before Penn himself went over, the second time, to lay the foundation of his future metropolis. About the year 1684, the Mervinian emigrant married, and became the father of eight children. In 1705, a relative of his in Meirionyddshire sent a letter with some of his neighbours, to be delivered to the son of the emigrator, born in Pennsylvania, and then about twenty years of age. This Welsh letter was answered in due time, and in the same language, by the native of the American forest. This answer has already been published in its original dress in the *Greal* (a London Welsh miscellany), in 1806, and again in the *Gwylidydd*, at Bala, in the Number for January last. As the writer breathes the sentiments of filial piety, and manifests a feeling of respect for the *natale solum* of his parent, so very uncommon to be met with, or even heard of, among the misanthropic emigrants of later times; his letter, replete with simplicity,



has been thought worthy of a translation into English for the Cambrian Quarterly Magazine; and if the editors of that interesting miscellany think it deserving of insertion, it is at their service.

SEISYLLT.

MY DEAR KINSMAN, HUGH JONES,

I received a letter from you, dated May 8, 1705; and I was glad to find that one of my relatives, in the old land of which I have heard so much, was pleased to recollect me. I have heard my father speak much about old Cymru: but I was born in this woody region, this new world.

I remember him frequently mentioning such places as Llan-y-Cil, Llan-uwchlyn, Llan Vair, Llan Gwm, Bala, Llangower, Llyn Tegyd, Arèinig Vawr, Vrondderw, Brynllys, Pen-y-bryn, Cyffdy, Glan Llavar, Vron-Goch, Llaethgwm, Havod Vadog, Cwn-Tir-y-Mynach, Cwm Glan Lleidiog, Traws Vynydd, Tai Hirion-ym-Mignaint, and many others. It is probably uninteresting to you to hear these names of places; but it affords me great delight even to think of them, altho' I do not know what kind of places they are; and indeed I long much to see them, having heard my father and mother so often speak in the most affectionate manner of the kind-hearted and innocent old people who lived in them, most of whom are now gone to their long home; frequently, during long winter evenings, would they, in merry mood, prolong their conversation about their native land till midnight; and even after they had retired to rest, would they sometimes fondly recall to each other's recollection some man, or hill, house, or rock. Really I can scarcely express in words how delighted this harmless old couple were to talk of their old habitations, their fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, having been now twenty-four years in a distant and foreign land, without even the hope of seeing them more. I fear this narrative will be irksome to you; but I cannot forbear when I think of these innocent artless old people.\*

\* As a striking contrast to the laudable spirit in which this letter is written by an American-born son of an emigrant in the reign of Charles II., we here state the conduct of a son of another Welsh emigrant in the reign of George III.

The Rev. Goronuy Owain, A.M., was the son of a poor inhabitant of Anglesey. When a boy, the sagacious eye of Mr. Lewis Morris selected him, as a genius of the first order, from among the peasantry. Under his patronage, he acquired a classical education at Jesus College, Oxford, and was ordained a deacon in the year 1745. He was known and admired as a poet of very superior talent; but being worn out with unavailing expectations of obtaining some small preferment in his much beloved native land, he resolved upon emigrating, with his family, to America: and thus, (says the learned author of the Cambrian Biography,) was "the fairest flower of British genius trans-

And now, my friend, I will give you an account of the life and fortunes of my dear father, from the time he left Wales to the day of his death. He was at St. Peter's fair, at Bala, (July 10th,) when he first heard of Pennsylvania: three weeks only after this, he took leave of his neighbours and relations, who were anxiously looking forward to his departure for London on his way to America. Here he waited three months for a ship; and at length went out in one bearing the name of William Penn. He had a very tempestuous passage for several weeks; and when in sight of the river Delaware, owing to adverse winds and a boisterous sea, the sails were torn, and the rudder injured. By this disaster they were greatly disheartened, and were obliged to go back to Barbadoes, where they continued three weeks, expending much money in refitting their ship. Being now ready for a second attempt, they easily accomplished their voyage, and arrived safely in the river Delaware on the 16th of April, being thirty weeks from the time they left London. During this long voyage he learned to speak and read English tolerably well. They now came up the river 120 miles, to the place where Philadelphia is at present situate. At that time, as the Welsh say, there was *na thy nac ymogor*—(neither house nor shelter,) but the wild woods; nor any one to welcome them to land.

A poor look out, this, for persons who had been so long at sea, many of whom had spent their little all. This was not the place for remaining stationary. My father therefore went alone where chance led him, to endeavour to obtain the means of subsistence. He longed very much at this time for milk. During his wanderings he met with a drunken old man, who understood neither Welsh nor English, and who, noticing the stranger, by means of some signs and gesticulations invited him to his dwelling, where he was received by the old man's wife, and several sons, in the most kind and hospitable manner: they were Swedes: here he made his home, till he had a habitation of his own.

As you shall hear, during this summer, 1682, our governor, William Penn, esq., arrived here, together with several from England, having bought lands here. They now began to divide

planted to wither in the ungenial clime of America. He emigrated in 1757, and settled, as a minister, at Williamsburgh, in Virginia: the last intelligence received from him was a most masterly piece of composition,—an elegy on the death of his first patron, L. Morris, esq., in 1767, which he sent over to his brother, Mr. Richard Morris, of the Navy office. About the year 1798, some members of the Gwyneddigion Society, in London, admiring, with enthusiasm, the talents of the author of such exquisite poetry, addressed a letter to his son, inquiring whether his father, the most favored son of the awwen, were yet alive: but the son was, by this time, so much infected with the American spirit, that he only answered, dryly, "Who will pay me for my trouble?" No further correspondence was practicable with such a brute.

the country into allotments, and to plan the city of Philadelphia, (which was to be more than two miles in length,) laying it out in streets and squares, &c. with portions of land assigned to several of the houses. He also bought the freehold of the soil from the Indians, a savage race of men, who have lived here from time immemorial, as far as I am able to understand. They can give no account of themselves, not knowing when or whence they came here; an irrational set, I should imagine; but they have some kind of reason too, and extraordinary natural endowments in their peculiar way; they are very observant of their customs, and more unblameable, in many respects, than we are. They had neither towns nor villages, but lived in booths or tents.

In the autumn of this year several from Wales arrived here: Edward ab Rhys, Edward Jones, of Bala, William ab Edward, and many others. By this time there was a kind of neighbourhood here, although as neighbours they could little benefit each other. They were sometimes employed in making huts beneath some cliff, or under the hollow banks of rivulets, thus sheltering themselves where their fancy dictated. There were neither cows nor horses to be had at any price. "If we have bread, we will drink water, and be content," they said; yet no one was in want, and all were much attached to each other; indeed, much more so, perhaps, than many who have every outward comfort this world can afford.

During this eventful period, our governor began to build mansion-houses at different intervals, to the distance of fifty miles from the city, although the country appeared a complete wilderness.

The governor was a clever intelligent man, possessing great penetration, affable in discourse, and a pleasant orator; a man of rank, no doubt, but he did not succeed according to his merit; the words of the bard Edward Morys might be applied to him:

"Ni chadwodd yr hennodyn o'i synwyr wriwsionyn:  
Mi giliodd i ganlyn y golud."

At this time, my father, Thomas Sion Evan, was living with the Swedes, as I mentioned before, and intending daily to return to Wales; but as time advanced, the country improved. In the course of three years several were beginning to obtain a pretty good livelihood, and my father determined to remain with them. There was, by this time, no land to be bought within twelve miles of the city; and my father, having purchased a small tract of land, married the widow of Thomas Llwyd, of Penmaen.

"Chwi glywsoch son yn Nyfryn Clwyd,  
Am domas Llwyd o Ben Maen."\*

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\* This Penmaen is near Dolgellau. Thomas Llwyd was a bard of note in his younger days, before he was converted to the society of "Friends."

He now went to live near the woods. It was now a very rare, but pleasing thing to hear a neighbour's cock crow. My father had now only one small horse; and his wife was much afflicted with the tertian ague. We might suppose that many things would be revolved in the mind of a man in such a situation as this; but I never heard him complain of the difficulties under which he laboured. Every thing was agreeable to these innocent people: although in want of some present necessaries, yet they were peaceable and friendly to each other. In process of time, however, the little which he had prospered, so that he became possessed of horses, cows, and every thing else that was necessary for him, or even that he wished; indeed he never coveted much. During the latter years of his life, he kept twelve good milch cows. He had eight children; but I was the eldest. Having lived in this manner twenty-four years, he now became helpless and infirm, and very subject to difficulty of breathing at the close of his day's labour. He was a muscular man, very careful and attentive to his worldly occupations. About the end of July, \*\*\*\* years ago, he became sick, and much enfeebled by a severe fever; but asthma was his chief complaint. Having been thus five weeks indisposed, he departed this life; leaving a farm each for my brother and self, a correspondent portion for my sister, and a fair dower for my mother. My sister married Risiart ab Thomas ab Rhys, a man whom I much respected prior to his marriage, and still regard. My brother and I continue to live with our mother, as before, endeavouring to imitate our father in the management of his affairs; but we are in many respects unequal to him. Our mother is seventy-three years old, somewhat infirm; but enjoying pretty good health, considering her age.

And now, my kind friend, I have given you the history of my father and self and I hope you will be pleased with it. Do send me some news; if you should have any thing remarkable to mention I shall be glad to hear it.—I must conclude my letter.

Your kinsman,  
HUGH JONES.

There are excellent verses of his published in the *Gwyllydydd* for March 1824, on the subject of his conversion. It is probable that he died in Pennsylvania soon after his arrival, for according to this letter his widow married a second time in 1684, and was the mother of the writer, and still living in 1705.

## THE WELSH FUSILEER,

A TALE OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

To . . . .

You observe that there exists no period so fertile in tales of interest as the Peninsular war. In that opinion I heartily coincide, and have frequently regretted, now that I have bade "farewell to the plumed troop and the big wars," I did not, during my campaigns in that country, take pains to impress events more firmly upon my memory; but I dare say, if that æra in my existence were renewed, I should evince just as much inclination as I could find leisure, to keep a note-book. God knows, our time was too busily occupied, and our knapsacks too heavily laden, to admit of the introduction of even four or five ounces of paper, and I doubt much, whether I should not, upon more occasions than one, have turned that same, if I had one, into a fricassee, seasoned, as it doubtless would have been, with scenes of blood and of heart-rending misery.—*Le Marchand du Tabac.*

Ev a ragwan rai rheiniawg;  
Esgyll gevawr oedd waewawr Duawg.

LLYWARCH HEN.

He made an onset before the men of spears;  
Like the wings of the dawn was the gleaming of the  
lance of Duawg.

*Bruxelles; Jan. 1831.*

It was at the battle of Albuera, well known as one of the most bloody and terrific conflicts which happened during the war, that I noticed the determined and desperate bravery of a young man who had recently joined our battalion. He was a native of Flintshire, about two and twenty, strong and athletic for his years, withal extremely active, and one of the smartest men in the battalion. Notwithstanding, however, his apparent cheerfulness when on duty, I frequently perceived, during his solitary rambles about the camp, or bivouack, that he was occasionally troubled with fits of despondency. I thought that I had seen his face before, and addressed him; I was not deceived: he was a person whom I considered far above the necessity of enlisting into the ranks, and whose conduct could not have betrayed him at a thoughtless moment, to accept the fatal shilling. I inquired why he had taken that step; "Ah!" said he, laughingly, "I could not afford to purchase a commission, so took this method of becoming a Gene-

ral, a tedious path I'll allow." A sigh, and heaviness on the brow, denoted that the motive assigned was not the real one, and I hesitated to press him upon a subject that was evidently grating to his feelings. We, however, became bosom friends from that time forward, and managed to get into the same company through a little interest; thenceforward we brushed our siaccedau against each other, and shared our rations like good brothers.

We were lying before Badajoz, when an order commanded the fusileer brigade to join the main army at Albuera, where our commander-in-chief, Beresford, had proceeded to intercept Soult on his way to the relief of that fortress. Our march was commenced before daybreak, and, of course, a hasty one; many a poor fellow lost the remnant of his shoes, in travelling along the infernal road; the morning too was dismally dark and rainy; however, we were all in good spirits, having become heartily tired of the monotony of the siege. An English soldier never argues upon the tactics of the General, if he allows himself to reflect upon them; but there were some individuals, however, who doubted the bottom of our large body of allies, and their opinions seemed confirmed by our sudden march out of the trenches, to support our countrymen, who were about 5000 men only.

We were at no great distance from the ruined village of Albuera, when the roll of artillery gave notice that the French army had made its appearance; every minute it seemed to increase; our colonel and officers encouraged the men on, who answered with cheers, and quicker paces. The strife was becoming fiercer, and the continuous and heavy roar of musquetry denoted too truly, that the conflict was a dreadful one; a heavy mist, and driving showers of rain, darkened the atmosphere, and prevented our discerning anything at a distance. I recollect an officer came up, and begged that we would hasten on, that every thing depended upon our arrival. We rested a short time, and made a hasty breakfast of biscuit and brandy. We saw no prisoners, which was rather ominous to a veteran, but the wounded fell back among us, and gave a most disheartening account of the strife. One of the 57th, whose arm hung helplessly at his side, cried out, "for God's sake, my lads, get on, all is lost; Colonel Colburne's brigade has been destroyed, and General Houghton fell by my side." "Push on, if you value the honour of the army," cried an officer of the 29th, as he was carried to the rear, "the English regiments are retrograding!"—"We shall be in the middle of it in a few minutes," I observed to my comrade; I had hardly made the observation, when Sir Lowry Cole directed us to advance, and our young and gallant colonel to lead us on. "Now then," cried my friend, "to victory and promotion." "Forward! forward!" cried the officers; loud and shrill were our huzzas. We ascended the disputed heights, from the valley, covered as they were with

wounded, in the agonies of death, cheered on by many of these poor fellows, who had hardly strength to express their wishes. "Revenge us, my lads!" "We will!" was the emphatic and general reply. We were crowning the brink of the ascent, the brave Sir William Meyers, hat in hand, cheered us on; "this," cried he, "shall be a glorious day for the fusileers!" he had hardly closed his lips, when he fell covered with wounds. The fire of the enemy was the most tremendous I ever experienced, they seemed to riddle our ranks through and through. You may imagine the movement, if you have ever ascended a hill, on a strong windy day; for a moment, on gaining the ascent, the tempest is so powerful as to take away the power of respiration, and you are compelled to retrograde; thus overpowering was the firing that saluted us when we crowned those cursed heights; we recoiled, involuntarily, for a few seconds, and as instantaneously recovered our ground, and displayed the bold fronts of Britons. Now we felt ourselves on an equality with our more numerous enemy,—desperate was the conflict, and severely did we revenge our fallen countrymen. My comrade, Rhys, was at my side, stern and commanding; we uttered not a word to each other, but loaded, took our aim, moved on, and fired. This continued for some time, we charged, and drove the enemy back upon their reserve. A brigade of guns then came up, they fired a few rounds at the enemy, when they were attacked in front by the polish lancers, from whom our army had suffered so severely at the onset. We charged them in return, drove them back in confusion, and almost annihilated them, and retook the artillery. The day was our own, it was a battle won by the fusileer brigade, glorious for the 4th division, and the British army. When charging the lancers, I had for a moment lost sight of Rhys, and began to be apprehensive that he had fallen. The smoke, however, cleared away, and I saw him grappling in front with a dismounted general officer, whose horse I afterwards found, he had shot. The moment the animal fell, Rhys darted forward to seize his prey; the officer disengaged himself, and, with the assistance of a common soldier, who seemed determined to rescue him, attacked the fusileer, and, in return, a tremendous blow was levelled at Rhys, with a sabre; but, fortunately, he parried it off with his musquet, and, in an instant, his bayonet was through the officer's body; it was a conflict of death, the soldier fell by a chance ball at the same instant. We shouted in triumph, and Rhys tore the decorations of the legion of honour from the General's bosom, as a memorial of his prowess. The French then retired across the Albuera in confusion. It is well known that the victory was dearly bought; nearly one half of our battalion had been destroyed, or disabled, and some of our very best officers; it, however, proved a lasting monument of the firmness and bravery of the British army. Marshal Soult felt its power, and will never forget the determined and cool bravery of

the Islanders. Of 7000 English that marched into the field of battle, 3000 only were capable of doing duty.

I escaped without injury, but my friend was not so fortunate; a pistol ball passed through the fleshy part of the thigh, which injured some of the tendons or muscles, and from which he suffered severely. His bravery, however, had been observed by the officers, and he was immediately promoted to the rank of sergeant; I also got up a step, being made a corporal. I was truly rejoiced to find that Rhys had been promoted; he went into the battle with the determination of signalizing himself; if he had not succeeded, the service would have lost the exertions of as brave a soldier as ever wore an uniform.

It was some time after this event, when in the Pyrenees, that Rhys and myself retired with our rations, from the din and confusion of the camp, to a more secluded spot, for we had been sorely distressed for the last few days with hard fighting, and the movements that we were compelled to make, now that Soult had taken the command of the army of Spain, and a great addition made to the French forces. We were, however, inured to it, for we had fought many battles after that of Sa Albuera, and stormed together the breach at Badajoz, and could bear witness to every crime that the fury of an enraged and maddened soldiery dictated, without having it in our power to check them. We had both been wounded at Salamanca, and one of us at Vittoria. We had also received promotion; my friend to that of sergeant major, and myself to senior sergeant; and were now carrying on that mountain warfare which eventually compelled the French army to cross the Alpine frontier of Spain. It was in the cool of the evening that we had seated ourselves under the pleasant shade of a small clump of trees, on one of the summits of a long ridge of lofty eminences, many thousand feet above the level of the ocean, from whence we surveyed the fertile plains of Gascony and the Bay of Biscay; below us was the position of our battalion; on our right, a group of officers were smoaking cigars, and raising a loud and joyous laugh at a string of mules that had loosened themselves from their tethers, and were darting in full liberty down the mountain, to the discomfiture of the groups of soldiers, who were busily occupied in furbishing their arms, and cooking their rations; on our left, a couple of young officers were busily occupied in sketching a picturesque scene down the valley; and all around we heard the busy hum of men, occasionally, however, disturbed by the loud bray of the trumpet, and the roll of the drum. But for the multitude of human beings, the variegated hues of their dresses, and the glittering of arms, the scene would have reminded us of some of the rugged passes among the Snowdonian Alps; indeed, the whole of the Pyrenean mountains strongly put me in mind of Wales; and the Basque population, especially the women, of the inhabitants of



the Principality. We could see the French army occupying some heights at no great distance, and the smoke that rose in huge volumes over their camp, indicated that they were cooking their victuals, which led us to conceive that the fatigues of that day were over. I had much curiosity to know the reason of my friend's enlistment, though I had not spoken to him upon the subject for two years; he gave me an opportunity of breaking the ice, by alluding to the scenery, and that it reminded him of Wales. "You have proved yourself a soldier," I observed, "and a brave one, but I never thought that your first morsel was presented to you on the point of your father's sword." The moment I made the observation, I almost despised myself, for I could perceive that my friend was immediately affected; he, however, dissipated all unpleasant feelings, by disburdening his mind, and gratifying my wishes.

"You may well be surprised," said Rhys, "at my abandonment of a peaceful home, and the apparent enjoyment of every comfort. When I reflect upon the bitter past, and recur to the joyous scenes of my earlier boyhood, with the fond hopes which I then so warmly cherished, the contrast is painful indeed. Thank God! the excitements that almost incessantly occupy our thoughts here, and the arduous duties we have to fulfil, seldom permit our minds to wander and seek after imaginary evils, or the misfortunes that we have already experienced; in a soldier's journal, the pages are generally occupied with the present; the occurrence of yesterday has vanished like a transient dream, and the future forms but a chaos of gloomy uncertainties. There are periods, nevertheless, when the past moves vividly before my mind's eye, when my imagination grapples with my reason, and nearly o'ermasters it; in the awful and silent solitude of the camp, surrounded by the unburied dead, and midst thousands who lie stretched under the canopy of heaven, buried in brief slumbers, divesting themselves of their fatigues, and dreaming of old England, hearths, and comforts, have I sat on the green sward, and in the dim shadows of midnight, traced, in the outlines of the surrounding rocks and mountains, the bold alpine scenes of my own loved country. Then have I converted the dark and solitary cork tree, as it overhangs a beetling cliff, into the ruined fortress of one of our ancient princes, or the turrets of a convent into the mouldering hold of the oppressive Marcher; the bleached tents peering in the moonlight from the wooded brow of a distant rising ground, into one of those picturesque little villages that adorn the cultivated mountains of Cambria. Often have I fancied that I saw, in reality, the pretty low roofed Hafod, with its Gothic-capped chimneys, standing before me; the capacious porch before the door, with the green ivy, and the variegated honeysuckle, trailing luxuriantly around it in the wildest whims of nature. The casement windows, with their diminutive lozenge-panes, thrown open to

admit the pure breeze of the evening as it ascended through the little quiet valley. Ah, I almost fancy I see it now, buried in its grove of beech and walnut trees. The venerable old man, too, with his hairs silvered with age; tush! I shall play the fool with myself, and allow some of these heartless fellows to laugh at me. But you knew him, Morgan, and the happiness that I revelled in; but it has all vanished for ever—it has fled away as suddenly as a sunbeam on the mountain side in a dark and lowering storm; I see nothing but a hopeless and gloomy vista in life's perspective. Wretched, however, I cannot describe myself, for I am upheld by one selfish wish, which stimulates me forward in my country's service to deeds of honour and of daring; the hope, Morgan, of returning, some day—to my home I can no longer call it—but to my own country; not the despised and humble soldier of the rank, but with honourable promotion and an independency. Will she, who—ah! if you knew how my feelings have been lacerated, you would pardon this unaccountable excitement; but fill, man, fill! our canteens are not always charged with good Xeres wine: here's to the gallant 23d, and Colonel Ellis at their head; may their deeds continue to add lustre to the army of Wellington; and may his dispatches still speak of the enthusiastic bravery of the glorious 4th division. It wants an hour till the muster-roll, and I may as well, now that I have somewhat excited your curiosity, gratify your wishes. It is a subject that I am not, as you have had reason to know, long ere this, been gratified to converse about; but, being somewhat in the vein of egotism, I shall no longer keep it a secret.

“The worthy old man just alluded to, and his exemplary and kind-hearted wife, upon the death of my parents, in my second year, took compassion upon me, and brought me up with their last surviving child, a daughter of my own age. We grew like brother and sister, all our childish thoughts and innocent amusements were centered in each other; it was an age of bliss! The first bad stroke of fortune that I experienced, and I recollect it well, was on leaving my quiet and secluded home, and my little playmate, for a village school. It was upwards of three long miles off, a distance wholly beyond my comprehension. The novelty of the thing at first pleased my youthful fancy; I looked forward to a joyful return on the fifth day, with a stock of learning that would completely put the boasted knowledge of the men servants, the oracles of my infancy, far beneath my wonder and respect. The prospect gratified my vanity inordinately.

“The day of departure at length arrived; my little stock of linen packed up; and the old grey horse was announced properly saddled and equipt. The bustle and confusion suited to the importance of the moment. Poor little Rhys had, however, repented

sorely; he was nowhere to be found, and the hue and cry became really distressing. At last, however, he was discovered in the garden, hidden between the rows of peas, and heart-sick with weeping. It was of no use to beg and pray for a respite; the heart of my mother, which had never, on any other occasion, shewed the least unkindness, was obdurate to my entreaties, and hard as the flint; my Reading made Easy, with its magnificent illuminations dragged out of its hiding-place; and I was lifted behind the maid on old Smiler's back; and off we jogged, like Darby and Joan reversed, to the scene that was now about to open in the drama of life. I recollect it as well as yesterday: "Dacew yr Esgol, Rhys," said the maid. My little heart palpitated. I had pictured the school as something after the fashion of the hafod; it looked gloomy and repulsive; there was something that did not suit my whims of comfort and happiness. There were no stabling about it, no straw to tumble about in, no sign of cattle about the place; and then, such a troop of great ill-conditioned lads and lasses came romping out, and staring impudently at the new scholar. I did not see a face I liked; there was no little Nancy among them. However, we at last alighted, and the gouvernante came to the door, and welcomed our arrival. She looked awful, I fancy I can see her now; her ample gown of linsey woolsey, which she had spun herself, probably twenty years before, with the sleeves extending over the elbow, and exhibiting the arm attenuated with age; her face bore the remnant of beauty, but in character totally different from the Welsh cast of countenance; the nose prominent, the mouth drawn slightly in, which gave the chin a relief somewhat prominent; her eyes peered through an antiquated pair of spectacles, with a tortoiseshell rim of at least a quarter of an inch in width. From under her well bleached cap, which was bridled with a broad black ribband, escaped a few white hairs. I thought she looked the majesty of a queen; but her voice, language, and style of speaking Welsh were utterly strange and discordant to my notions of propriety: she addressed me in English, her own language, for she was a Cheshire woman. I attempted to answer her, but my fright and apprehension took away the power of utterance. The school was the first place we entered into; a long dreary room, with a multitude of long benches and heaps of books, and a huge frame, like the bottom of a bed, where sat some four or five young lasses, busily quilting—all wonders to me. The room in which the old lady lived was adorned with a variety of samplers, in black frames, and divers wonderful pictures of Death and the Lady, the Farmhouse on fire, and the Map of the world, with the Ten Commandments, over the fireplace, done in needle-work,—to say nothing of a corner cupboard, filled with her choicest china, thrown open for the admiration of her visitors. A huge straw-matted easy-chair at the fireside, and a dresser, of fine black carved wood,

bearing some two dozen plates, of the reign of the Stuarts. Every thing was new to me, and consequently a matter of wonderment: the old lady proved better upon acquaintance. The Saturday, however, was a bright and a glorious day; with what joy did I recognise the lad who was sent for me. I had so many things to tell him, and so many wonders to describe at home, that I was an oracle in my own imagination for eight and forty hours: little Nancy too, how she ran up to me, and how our little lips met; I even then used to say, that she alone should be my wife—delusive hope.

“Things went on pretty much after this fashion, until I was sent to a more lofty and aristocratic school; my visits to my home were, however, weekly. Nancy had grown a tall blooming girl, and seemed to feel that she was a woman before I could fancy myself a man; it pained my young heart sorely when she was sent from home: and she, at that time, evinced the same feeling on her separation. We met but seldom; but, some how or other, our greetings were, upon every succeeding meeting, less joyous and confident; I felt an unaccountable diffidence in approaching her; I thought she seemed cool in her address, and that she fancied I was beneath her notice: in fact, a thousand wild reasons presented themselves. Many were the hours that I spent in thinking about her, and various were the letters I wrote without possessing the courage to present them. I declined entering into any way of business but that of a farmer; and accordingly took the active management of my old friend's concern off his hands, and, for a time, every thing proceeded with apparent prosperity. However, I did not much like the appearance of a lawyer occasionally; the old dame, too, and her husband, were frequently to be found conversing over their affairs, and calculating as to the sale of their stock, and the probable amount of money to be raised; and, from their conduct, led me to imagine, they did not wish that I should be privy to their conferences. The daughter had been taken by an old lady in the immediate neighbourhood as her companion, and accompanied her, for the season, to Bath. I had hitherto been buoyed up by hope, and deemed that we, who had been wedded in affection from our earliest childhood, would at last share each other's pains and pleasures. My little stock of money, the whole substance of my parents, which had been religiously preserved, I knew would be something to place in the scale as a counterpoise to her fortune, and I resolved to broach the subject when she returned; and it was with pleasure that I heard that the long absent Nancy was on her way home, if not at home at that moment. I had returned from a fair-market, where I had succeeded in disposing of some heifers at a good price; it was in the beginning of May, every thing looked lovely and delightful. She had returned; I saw her back as I passed the window; she was seated with her parents, and I almost hoped

that they were talking of the absent Rhys. She did not perceive my entrance; the old man smiled when he perceived me, and so did his dame. On tiptoe I walked up to her, placed my hand on her shoulder in ecstasy of joy; she turned slowly round, my lips met hers; but, good God! how altered her greeting, how cold and petrifying was her manner. I held back, and supported myself on her chair; my frame trembled, that I could hardly stand, and cold perspiration stood like dew on my forehead; I could not, for some minutes, summon words to answer her cold-hearted observation. What am I then forgotten, Nancy? are the many happy hours we passed together departed, like our infancy. Aye, aye, I thought as much; these fine silks are but ill matched with the fustian jacket. She sat down as if I were too contemptible for notice; gracious heaven! how insignificant I felt myself, how despicable! I waited not for another word, but started out of the house, firmly resolved upon a desperate act. I recollected the money which I had taken at the fair, and a letter for the old man; I returned to hand them over to him. When I entered the room, they appeared to be in serious conversation with the daughter, remonstrating with her; I listened not, nor dared cast a look towards her who had just blasted my happiness; the old man as I handed the money and letter, pressed my hand; it was more than I could bear, and I sunk upon the settle as helpless as a child, and, I am almost ashamed to confess it, with tears in my eyes; but I checked them.

“I was roused from my reflections by a heavy blow on the table, and, in broken accents, the old man exclaimed that he was ruined, irretrievably ruined; the daughter had left the room. “Good God! what is the matter?” demanded the wife. My poor old father’s hands were convulsively grasping his few white hairs. “For God’s sake read that letter,” said she; I did read it, and I found what I had before guessed at, that the cruel fangs of the law were already grappling with his substance. The letter was from his lawyer, who stated that he could not succeed in getting the time for redeeming a mortgage extended, and that if the money was not paid on the morrow by twelve o’clock, the farm would be lost to my poor old friends. “The rascal! cried the old man, the cursed villainous rascal! a robbery as barefaced as that on the highway.” “How much is the debt,” I demanded? “Only £380, and I have been offered £1000 for the land; the rascal! the oppressive scoundrel! if he had not deceived me, by vile and insidious promises—it is now too late, the land is lost, and I am a poor helpless miserable pauper, after labouring and toiling all my days; a poorhouse must be my future home, and the parish my only resource. That girl, too; oh, God! that I had died but yesterday.” I endeavoured to comfort him; and, that the matter might not be so desperate as he anticipated—a thought at that moment struck me—my own

money; why not devote it to the assistance of my foster parent; but for him it would long ago have been wasted. I resolved that it should, and not a moment's time was to be lost in carrying my intentions into effect; my conduct might regain the esteem of Nancy, though I almost hated her for her despising look when I kissed her, and that cold-hearted contemptuous expression; still I should have fallen on my knees and worshipped her, did she but extend her hand,—nay, had she but smiled upon me. I left the house, after whispering to my mother, that she alone could comfort her almost broken-hearted husband, saddled one of the horses, and started off to the town of ——, for the purpose of saving the property. It was a serious question that I was debating on my way; if I redeemed the land, for whom was the benefit? not for the old man and his dame; they were fast sinking into the grave; but for the perjured Nancy and her too probable Saxon husband. I had almost sworn that I would not; that I would fly to America, and there bury myself in the woods and back settlements, far from the taunts of fickle woman; but then the old man, my kind, my affectionate, my more than father; and my mother, too, the good old soul that had always spoken of, and hoped to see us married; they could not help their daughter's wayward conduct; I swore that I would rescue them from misery, and prove to their daughter that Rhys, though an humble orphan, could forget and return good for evil. On the following morning I waited on the lawyer; I had my whole worldly wealth in my pocket; I told him that I had come to pay the mortgage off, and reclaim the deeds. He seemed staggered, for he evidently did not anticipate this result. I begged that he would hasten the matter, that I could not wait, that I supposed that he had every thing prepared. He raised some paltry objections; that the hour had not arrived, and that he was not bound to receive the money till twelve o'clock. I had had my lesson beforehand, and had anticipated the answer; I immediately required the account. £380, I demanded? how! the mortgage is but £250; “but the arrears of rent, and the expences, make up the difference.” What was to be done, I knew not; my money amounted to £330, and not a penny more, £50 short. I did not, however, betray my difficulty, and told him that it should be forthcoming at the place appointed, and that he must get the documents ready. After giving him, mentally, many hearty curses, I banged his office door in his face, and walked out. I was standing, in a brown study, opposite the hamlet cross, having tried the good offices of many supposed friends, and utterly disappointed of raising the £40, when the bellman pasted a handbill against it, to the following effect:

‘ WANTED,  
A SUBSTITUTE FOR A PERSON;  
WHO HAS ENLISTED INTO THE 23D.  
BOUNTY FIFTY GUINEAS;  
APPLY TO THE CLERK OF THE PEACE :’

the very thing that suited me; it seemed a God-send; without a moment's thought, I started to the office of the clerk of the peace in breathless haste, for fear any one should anticipate me. A soldier's life would be a panacea for all my woes and miseries; I might meet death honourably in the field, and I should be able to repay my kind foster parents for their many acts of paternal friendship.

"I told my business, and was ushered into the presence of a respectable clergyman, a rakish-looking young man, about nineteen years of age, and the serjeant. I shall never forget the expression in the old gentleman's countenance; he seemed, at first, as if he was unconscious of my visit, and then a smile of joy o'er-spread his venerable countenance, and tears stood in his eyes; he clutched me by the hand. "Young man," said he, "thou art sent by heaven to my relief;" he then fell upon his unworthy and vagabond child's neck, who seemed ashamed of himself; the old man wept like a child. The business was soon settled, the serjeant well pleased with the exchange; the clergyman handed me over the fifty guineas; I was sworn in; and after receiving his fervent blessing, I marched out after the serjeant, almost doubting my own identity. I requested Serjeant Williams to accompany me to the lawyer; I paid him the money, and received the title deeds. The serjeant and myself dined together; and, for the first time in my life, did I drink success to our gallant regiment. I knew the veteran well, and he permitted me to return with the horse and the deeds to the Hafod that night, and appointed to meet the recruits at Caerwys, on their road to Chester, the following morning.

"On my return to the Hafod, I did not venture to speak to the old people; I, however, wrote a letter, stating that the land had been redeemed, and enclosed it with the deeds, which I addressed to my father. I, besides, intimated that I was about to take a long and perilous journey; that, in all probability, they would never see me more, and begged their daily prayers for my welfare and happiness. It was a sore trial; after giving some small trifles to different friends, as simple remembrances of the past, and enclosing a wedding ring, which I had foolishly purchased for my marriage with Nancy, and writing on a slip of paper, in which it was enclosed, the simple word "Farewell," I threw myself on the bed upon which I had lain from infancy, for the last time: not to sleep, for my thoughts were too numerous and oppressive; but to reflect upon the amazing alteration in my affairs within a few brief hours. Dawn had hardly broken over the adjoining hills ere I was in the bedroom of my second parents, watching over their slumbers. I gazed upon the pair with tears in my eyes; and after depositing the deeds on the chair at the bedside, and imprinting a kiss upon their hands, I darted out of the room, and

turned my back upon the home of my infancy for ever. But there was still a task to undergo; that I had hardly reflected upon: I had to pass through the village churchyard, the spot that contained the ashes of my parents; a spot which I had been, from earliest infancy, taught to revere. I stood at the foot of the almost imperceptible mound, in mute despair, when I began to reflect upon my departed happiness; how desolate did I feel myself; how many times had I walked with Nancy, hand in hand, to this little hillock, and plucked the weeds from it; how many times had we both adorned it, at Christmas, with slips of box and yew, and in the spring, with the earliest offering of nature; how many times had we not both, on bended knees, called them parents, begged that their spirits, which we were taught to believe hovered around, would bless us. I leant against one of the windows of the church; there was the open pew that I had, for eighteen years, without missing a Sunday, sat in; our books were still undisturbed; the simple and unadorned altar too, where I had hoped to be joined to her, and towards which I had, I know not how often, bent my knee, and uttered a mental prayer for her happiness: all conspired to make me miserable, and assured me of my desolation. Farewell, resting place of the departed, farewell all! spirits of my parents, protect and hover over me: and, oh! hover over and protect her who has left me desolate on the face of nature: I still breathe the same wish, and I feel that I am listened to. Ah! Gryffyth, you will not deride the feelings, though there may exist some who cannot comprehend them. I rushed out of the village, and dared not cast back a look towards my early home. I dared not take a last glimpse of the smoke, as it must ere then have curled above the grove; it would remind me of the quiet hearth, and the many hours of bliss that I spent there. Ah, Griffith! few but those who experienced them, know the comforts and the happiness of the cottage fireside. I was passing a farmhouse, a young rosy-cheeked lass was busily engaged in scouring her milking utensils, and singing, with a merry glee, at the highest pitch of her voice, a penill that I never before heard, but, being peculiarly applicable to myself, it has never ceased to retain its hold in my memory.

‘Trwm y plwm, a thrwn y cerig,  
 Trom yw calon pob dyn unig;  
 Trymaf peth tan haul a lleuad,  
 Canu'n iach, lle byddo cariad.’\*

“What a relief it afforded me when I descended the barriers of my own valley, the rubicon was at last past, and I felt myself free.

\* Heavy is lead, and so is stone,  
 So is his heart that lives alone;  
 But heavier far it is, they tell,  
 To say to her one loves—farewell.



Under that huge and venerable tree, which has stood for ages in the midst of the village of Caerwys, I joined my comrades. They were principally strangers, and from the upper country; strong active young lads, many of whom have gained a name in the regiment, and done honour to their country, but many more have met an early and a blood-stained grave on the plains of Albuera and Salamanca. But, listen! the drums beat to arms!—a gun, by heaven! another, another—there's something in the wind."

We were, in less than two minutes, at our posts; the officers came running in, in breathless haste; we were soon satisfied that there was work preparing for us, and that Soul was about to attack the village of Sorausen, so as to acquire the communication by the road of Ostiz; a fire of musketry commenced along the whole line, and continued till dark. We did not make any vigorous defence, and the French marshal took possession of the village, and retained it during the night.

Every one of us looked forward with anxiety to the morrow, (July 28,) for we were fully convinced that our commander would never allow matters to stand in this position, and the struggle, we well knew, would be deadly. We stood to our arms during the night, and heavily did the time pass on. My friend called upon me early in the morning, and stated that he had just received a packet from Wales, the communication appeared to give him satisfaction. "I have no time," said he, "to tell you every thing, but, at our next interview, we shall talk the matter over. In a few minutes afterwards we were ordered to occupy some wild irregular heights, on the left of the valley; the 6th division, which had joined us that morning, formed across the valley in our rear, resting their right upon a small village, and their left on the heights which we occupied. The latter division was attacked by a large force of the enemy from the village of Sorausen; it was a beautiful sight to see them forming in the valley beneath us, and within a very short distance, throwing out their tirailleurs, who took advantage of every bush and brake. Now and then you would see one of them fall by the firing of the light troops of the 6th division; they soon threw out their columns of attack upon the centre of the division last mentioned, but they suffered severely from the troops on the heights to the left, and by the tremendous fire of our division (the 4th) on the right; in fact, we surrounded the devoted columns, they were taken in front, both flanks, and rear; the carnage became terrific, but with inconsiderable loss to ourselves. The enemy, in order to extricate the troops in the valley from the certain annihilation that awaited them, now attacked the heights upon which our division had formed; for a moment they took possession of the ground occupied by the Caçadores, but our brigade came to their assistance, charged the Frenchmen, and hurled them down the heights and precipices, with tremendous loss.

The battle became general along the whole front of the heights, occupied by our division, and of the most desperate character. The French advanced enthusiastically, with cries of "vive l'empereur," to effect the purpose with the bayonet. Columns upon columns seemed to rise out of the earth to attack us. The 23d had already made successful charges three successive times, and I verily believe that every shot which they fired, told. The slaughter was terrific, every man among us seemed to imagine that upon his energy alone depended the result of the battle: our officers performed acts of chivalrous valour, almost unexampled in the annals of the Peninsular war. It was about an hour and a half after mid-day, that I beheld my friend Rhys standing a short distance from me, in the most picturesque and determined attitude. He leaned on his sword, which was already tinged with gore; his right hand wielded a musket, which he seemed to have picked up; and he stood surveying a fresh column of the enemy, as it ascended in a gallant style up the mountain; we were just by each other, and he recognised me, though I was somewhat disfigured by a slight wound on the forehead. "Now," said he, with strong nervous excitement, "comes the tug of battle, I neither long for a peerage, nor Westminster abbey, like Nelson, but I'll either win a commission, or an honourable death." I begged that he would not expose himself too much. A shout of the enemy, however, rendered it hardly possible that he could be benefited by my words of caution. We reserved our fire till the enemy had approached within a very few paces, and then poured a volley into their ranks, charged almost at the same instant, and drove them down the heights in the greatest confusion, and with prodigious loss.

No individual in the army signalized himself more than my friend at this battle; he took the command of a company himself, the officers having been disabled, and led the men on to the charge repeatedly. In the last struggle, he had marked one of the French eagles, and darted into the retrograding ranks of the enemy, and seized it by main force out of the hands of an officer; he had obtained possession of the prize, when one of the enemy presented his piece at him; instantaneously he levelled him to the ground with the brazen image, which separated from the staff, and, at the same moment, poor Rhys fell. I was at his side, "it is all over," said he, "my career is ended." I encouraged him to keep up his spirits; Colonel Ellis came up, and desired some of the men to assist in carrying him to the rear, and send for a surgeon. "No! no!" he faintly articulated, "let me rest where I am, I feel that I am dying; bravo my lads," he cried out convulsively, "drive the bayonet home, thrust to the muzzle!" he fainted, and we carried him as directed; a surgeon was soon at his side, and he revived; the wound having been staunched, hopes

were entertained that it was not mortal. He lingered on for three or four days, sometimes rallying, but evidently sinking rapidly. We had much fighting during this period, Soult disputed every inch of ground; in fact, it was a continuous war of posts, which became extremely harassing to the men.

Whenever an opportunity offered, I paid my friend a visit. I found, one day, Colonel Ellis in the cottage, with two or three officers. The poor fellow saw me at the door, and he beckoned me. "There's my commission," said he, "I have had my wish at last, and shall now die contented."

If it were in my power to describe the last hours of my friend's life, it would afford little amusement. He requested me to give his apparel to those most deserving of it in the regiment, that it might not be sold, "and, as to the commission," said he, "take care of it, send it to Anne Howell, and tell her that Lieutenant Roberts died honourably in the service of his country, and that his last words were of her, and his last wish for her happiness. I had hoped to return, but it has pleased God"—he was dying, and could hardly utter farewell, ere his spirit departed.

We wrapped him in some blankets, and buried him on the summit of the heights, where his exploits had been so conspicuous, and where he won his commission. On the following day, our regiment again traversed that mountain, in one of our frequent evolutions, and raised a *carnedd* on the grave of the hero.

By this time, probably, many a sage tourist, and erudite antiquary, has assigned to the rude heap of stones, honourable record in his journal, as the resting-place of a mighty hero of the ancient Celts, and a date antecedent to the foundation of Rome.

In examining my poor friend's kit, I discovered the packet which seemed to afford him so much satisfaction; it had been secreted in an inside pocket of his waistcoat; the fatal ball had passed through it, and which with the blood that flowed from the wound, obliterated a great portion of the writing. I however, could elicit sufficient to assure me that his beloved Anne had written to him the day after his departure, repenting of her conduct, and claiming his forgiveness, and that her hand, if he could forgive her fickleness, awaited his return. The letter had been detained, from some unaccountable reason, for more than two years, at the war-office, where it was addressed, and at last found its way, accompanied by another, written sixteen months afterwards, again craving his forgiveness, and the satisfaction of a line, to assure her parents of his existence, and to afford them the consolation, on their death-bed, whenever it should please Providence to call them to another and a better world. For herself, she could hope for nothing but remorse, and the poignant

feelings of an almost broken heart. She concluded with a stanza, that I had repeatedly heard poor Rhys chaunt forth to the air of one of our sweetest melodies, when he thought of the past.

“Dod dy law, ond wyd yn coelio,  
Dan fy mron, a gwilia 'mrifo ;  
Ti gei glywed, os gwrandewi  
Sw'n y galon fach yn torri.”\*

I had but one other sad and melancholy duty to perform. I forwarded, in accordance with the dying wish of my friend, the commission which he had won by his bravery, and a letter from our colonel, announcing the death of “as brave a man as ever fell in the service of his country.”

When last in Wales I visited the domicile of the old people and little Nancy. It was the silent grave. May they all rest in peace!

HYWEL.

*Llinellau a gyfansoddwyd wrth glywed MISS PATON yn canu yn  
Chwareu-dy Marchnad y gwair.*

Ha! ha! y falch nef Wialchen ;† heb boen,  
Chwibanu yn llawen ;  
Wrth dy lais synnais heb sen,  
Gywreiniawl, fenyw groenwen.

Drych cyson, pob tŷn wyt ti ;      ëangder  
Eu teilyngdod profi ;  
Yn edlym, pan anadli ;  
Rhoi gysur, i'n natur, ni.

Drwy fy llon galon mae 'n gwau ; ryw nifer  
O nefol synniadau :  
Felysed yw clywed clau,  
Ganiad, o'th fywiog enau.

Diau o nef mae dawn hon ;      yn ollawl,  
Enilla pob calon ;  
Saetha a'i gwiwleis weithion,  
Drwy y llys, belydrau llon.

Pob tyner, dymher arn dân ;      wen eneth  
Enyni yn fuan  
A gwledd fai ar d'enu glan  
O! Gael gosod trwsgl gusan.

O. W. T.

*Watling street.*

\* “Place on my breast, if still you doubt,  
Your hand, but no rough pressure making,  
And, if you listen you'll find out,  
How throbs the little heart in breaking.”

† Mwyalchen.

## BIOGRAPHY OF RICHARD WILSON,

## THE LANDSCAPE PAINTER.

THERE have been assertions made as to the time of Wilson's birth,\* differing from each other, but in this as in several controverted points, we shall follow Dr. Abraham Rees, whose authority we hold superior to the rest: the Doctor was a native of Llanbryamain, a small village distant about nine miles from Wilson's place of birth, and it is but reasonable to suppose that he had better means of finding the truth than men who, however qualified in point of erudition, were utter strangers to circumstances referring to the artist, and whose information could be derived only through the uncertain medium of metropolitan celebrity, where genius either shines like a meteor or becomes lost in obscurity. Had Dr. Rees, in his invaluable Encyclopædia, devoted more space to inquiry regarding his countryman, the biography had been complete; and perhaps the somewhat laborious, but in the main gratifying task might not have devolved on us, of placing on record the life of one of the most celebrated men of his day. Of Allan Cunningham's recent sketch it must not be supposed we wish to speak in terms of disparagement; it is a most important biography, beautifully written, and containing much valuable information which we could have obtained nowhere else, and we shall extract largely from it; but Cunningham is certainly incorrect in some particulars, and, with every respect due to so talented a contemporary, we shall, in such instances, rely upon those sources of correct knowledge which we have been so fortunate as to obtain of our great but neglected countryman.

Richard Wilson was the third son of the Rev. John Wilson, rector of Gwaenysgor in Flintshire, and afterwards of Penegoes in Montgomeryshire: Richard was born at the latter place, in 1714; and, having received a good classical education, he was, at the age of fifteen, sent to London. But it is necessary first to trace the progress of his juvenile studies; for he had, like West, given very early indication of the natural bias of his mind: the walls of his father's house, and the fences enclosing the fields, built of broad stones, of that slaty quality found in the vicinity of Plinlimmon, were covered with rude attempts in outline: a burnt stick was his pencil. That he made some progress in drawing under such disadvantageous circumstances is to be presumed, from the fact of his sketches attracting the notice of his relative Sir George Wynn, who persuaded the father of our embryo artist to give him an opportunity of receiving proper instruction: consent was obtained, and young Wilson proceeded to London with Sir George in 1728,

\* We have been enabled, through the kindness of the present respected rector of Penegoes, to have the parish registers of the last century carefully examined: unfortunately they are in a state of mutilation, and no entry exists respecting Richard Wilson.

the year his father died according to the register of Penegoes: the document records, that "John Wilson, rector of this parish, died 31st day of August, and was buried at Trefeglwys, 1728." Fate had ordained that the great abilities of Wilson should be opposed, in the very outset of his career, by obstacles such as no common genius could surmount; perhaps his father's death was not the greatest misfortune; for he was ignorantly apprenticed to a person of the name of Wright, scarcely capable of instructing in the first rudiments of the art, a needy portrait painter, whose talents were as mediocre as his circumstances were indigent; but the pupil outstripped the preceptor. Dr. Rees tells us, "after a lapse of six years, he commenced professor, under the patronage of Dr. Hayter, bishop of Norwich; he soon afterwards had the honour to paint the portraits of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, both then under the tuition of the bishop: he continued to practise portrait painting some time in London, but with no great success, and at length went to Italy to cultivate his taste; even there he continued to practise it, still unacquainted with the genuine bias of his genius, although occasionally exercising his talents and employing his time in studies of landscape. At Venice, Wilson painted the portrait of Mr. Lock, of Norbury Park, one of the most creditable of his performances in that branch of his art; and it was there that accident opened his eyes to his own peculiar qualifications, and led him into that path, by pursuing which, he obtained a name among the worthiest in art."

Cunningham says, the portraits of Wilson's execution were not distinguished "by any of those happy and graceful touches which please so much in his landscapes;" whilst Edwards, in his anecdotes of painters, tells us that he was equal to any of the artists of his time; "that his treatment was bold and masterly, and his colouring in the style of Rembrandt."

Although comparatively no great length of time has elapsed since Wilson's death, yet among the countless portraits extant, Wilson's are generally unknown; and we should have no means of ascertaining which of these very opposite assertions approaches nearer to truth were it not for Dr. Abraham Rees, and his testimony is certainly in favor of the artist. Allan Cunningham appears not to have known of the short life of Wilson by Dr. Rees, or if aware of it, not to have been acquainted with the facilities the latter possessed of gleaning materials, and consequently he has underrated it.

During his stay abroad he had the honour of an introduction to the Earl of Dartmouth, a nobleman whose fine discrimination enabled him to discover in the young Welshman, those abilities, which were afterwards suffered to droop, not only unappreciated, but even ridiculed. The Earl, to his honour be it said, proposed that Wilson should travel with him to Naples; the offer, of course,

was accepted, and the Artist had now ample opportunity for producing many fine pictures; these are still in the family of his noble patron; one, an uncommonly fine drawing of Rome, was splendidly engraved by Middleton.

Cunningham's account of "a great and salutary change" in Wilson, is so well drawn, that we give it entire.

"A great and salutary change was soon to be wrought in the character of his productions; in his six and thirtieth year\* he was enabled by his own savings, and the aid of his friends, to go to Italy, where his talents procured him notice, and his company was courted by men of sense and rank. He continued the study and practice of portrait painting, and it is said with fair hopes of success, when an accident opened another avenue to fame, and shut up the way to fortune. Having waited one morning till he grew weary, for the coming of Zucarelli the Artist, he painted, to beguile the time, a scene upon which the window of his friend looked, with so much grace and effect, that Zucarelli was astonished, and enquired if he had studied landscape. Wilson replied that he had not, 'then I advise you (said the other,) to try, for you are sure of great success.' The counsel of one friend was confirmed by the opinion of another. This was Vernet, a French painter—a man whose generosity was equal to his reputation, and that was very high. One day, while sitting in Wilson's painting-room, he was so struck with the peculiar beauty of a newly finished landscape, that he desired to become its proprietor, and offered, in exchange, one of his best pictures. This was much to the gratification of the other; the exchange was made, and with a liberality equally rare and commendable, Vernet placed his friend's picture in his exhibition-room, and when his own productions happened to be praised or purchased by English travellers, the generous Frenchman used to say, 'don't talk of my landscapes alone, when your own countryman Wilson paints so beautifully.'

"These praises, and an internal feeling of the merits of his own performances, induced Wilson to relinquish portrait painting and proceed with landscape. He found himself better prepared for this new pursuit than he had imagined; he had been long insensibly storing his mind with the beauties of natural scenery, and the picturesque mountains and glens of his native Wales had been to him an academy when he was unconscious of their influence. He did not proceed upon that plan of study—much recommended, but little practised—of copying the pictures of the old masters with the hope of catching a corresponding inspiration; but he studied their works, and mastered their methods of attaining excellence, and compared them carefully with nature. By this means he caught the hue and character of Italian scenery, and

\* According to Rees he was a year younger.

steeped his spirit in its splendor. His landscapes are fanned with the pure air, warmed with the glowing suns, filled with the ruined temples, and sparkling with the wooded streams and tranquil lakes of that classic region. His reputation rose so fast that he obtained several pupils. Mengs out of regard for his genius, painted his portrait, and Wilson repaid this flattery with a fine landscape."

Previous to his return to England he rejoined his old friend Mr. Lock, for whom he painted many admirable pictures: these were, till lately, and we presume, are still, in the collection at Norbury park.

After studying abroad for more than six years, Wilson, at the recommendation of his friends, returned to England; this was in 1755. His fame had preceded his arrival, and his return to London at first seemed propitious; men of learning, men of virtue and fashionable cognoscenti, all flocked to his studio; the number of his pupils rapidly increased: Hodges and Farrington were the most distinguished. His elegantly furnished apartments over the North Piazza of Covent Garden were, according to Cunningham, those wherein "Lely, Kneller and Thornhill had lived and laboured." On his taking possession of his new residence, he dressed in a style corresponding with the expence of his furniture; and thus, in point of external appearance, he vied with the most fashionable of his acquaintance. His favorite suit was green, braided with gold lace; this added to a portentous wig with a club tail, a three-cocked hat, and his tall muscular frame, must have given him a commanding appearance: nor were these external embellishments the only attraction, for his mind was well stored with valuable knowledge. But the great recommendations of his superiority as an artist, and his unimpeachable character as a man, did not secure to him the encouragement they ought to have commanded, and after a time he was doomed to encounter the galling indifference of a tasteless public, and the wretched intrigues of jealous rivals. That Sir Joshua Reynolds condescended secretly to compromise the character of Wilson we are certain, and in so doing he compromised his own to the claim of every honourable feeling—and who and what was his victim?—We dare not trust ourselves in the defence of our deeply injured countryman; but Cunningham's elegant summing up of his character is all we can desire. Wilson, he says, "loved truth and detested flattery, he would endure a joke but not contradiction. He was deficient in courtesy of speech—in those candied civilities which go for little with men of sense, but which have their effect among the shallow and the vain. His conversation abounded with information and humour, and his manners, which were at first repulsive, gradually smoothed down as he grew animated. Those who enjoyed the pleasure of his friendship agree in pronouncing him a man of strong sense, intelligence, and refinement."



Such was the independent, but unfortunate Wilson. To secretly undermine so rare a character was an act as mean as it was cruel. The disreputable conduct of Reynolds demands our strongest denouncement, and his *peculiar* faculty of irritating and insulting Wilson shall not go unrecorded. The thrusts of Reynolds were those of the assassin. Cunningham admirably depicts the state of things between the two Artists, he says, "the cold calm temper of Reynolds gave him a manifest advantage over an opponent irritable by nature, and soured and stung by disappointment and misfortune; the coarse and unskilful vehemence of *poor Richard* was no match for the cautious malignity of the President, who enjoyed the double advantage of lowering his adversary's talents in social conversation, and *ex Cathedra* in his discourses. Reynolds seems to have been a master in that courtly and malevolent art, ascribed by Pope to Addison, of teaching others to sneer without sneering himself, and 'damning with faint praise.' As a specimen, I transcribe the following passage from one of the President's discourses.

"Our ingenious Academician, Wilson, has, I fear, been guilty, like many of his predecessors, of introducing gods and goddesses, ideal beings, into scenes which were by no means prepared to receive such personages. His landscapes were in reality too near common nature to admit supernatural objects. In consequence of this mistake, in a very admirable picture of a storm, which I have seen of his hand, many figures were introduced in the foreground, some in apparent distress, and some struck dead, as a spectator would naturally suppose, by the lightning, had not the painter injudiciously, as I think, rather chosen that their death should be imputed to a little Apollo who appears in the sky with his bent bow, and that these figures should be considered as the children of Niobe. The first idea that presents itself is that of wonder in seeing a figure in so uncommon a situation as that in which Appollo is placed; for the clouds on which he kneels, have not the appearance of being able to support him."

Even death had not satisfied Sir Joshua, for this criticism was not made till Wilson was no more. We think Allan Cunningham's defence of the picture, so unsparingly censured, is all-sufficient, and that we may not be convicted of partiality, we prefer giving his vindication to writing one ourselves.

"The man whose landscapes obtained him a high name for poetic feeling and elegant nature, was not likely to select a common scene for the tragic representation of the death of Niobe and her children; and, as that mournful story was his subject, it was necessary to people the landscape with the proper historical actors. Niobe and her offspring are on earth—their destroyer is in heaven—and as the scene is very grand and magnificent I cannot conceive that any thing is out of place, or out of cha-

acter. The Apollo is proportioned to the picture, and seems too buoyant and aerial to need even the support of a cloud; neither is he kneeling, but floating majestically away on one of those boding clouds which accompany thunder. While accusing Wilson of introducing gods and goddesses, Sir Joshua forgot, that he himself was in the practice of baptizing the living ladies of England after heathen goddesses; and that he was a dealer in the common-place flattery, of raising ordinary mortals to divine honors. He was aware, when he wrote his criticism, that Wilson had had a hard contest with fortune for existence, and that he died heart-broken by poverty and disappointment."

At an assemblage of the members of the Royal Academy, Sir Joshua Reynolds proposed the health of Mr. Gainsborough, as the best landscape painter in company; this was evidently an attack on Wilson, who immediately said, in a tone loud enough for all the company to hear, "you have forgotten the secondary part of the art, you should have added also that he was the best portrait painter." Reynolds could be obsequious, and he was not wanting on this occasion; he entered into a long apology, pretending that he had not seen Wilson in the room. This was adding, in public, an untruth to an insult: Wilson said little, but he felt much. At this time he was actually in want of bread, and so open an attack, peculiarly influenced by circumstances, went to his very soul. One would have supposed his cup of misery had already been filled to overflowing, but he was yet to endure much. We must borrow again from Cunningham, for we are not in possession of any other authorities, for this part of the biography, nor can we so well describe them.

"Nor was the President of the Academy the only person who distressed him with injurious opinions: a certain coterie of men, skilful in the mystery of good painting, came to the conclusion that the works of Wilson were deficient in the gayer graces of style, and sent Penny, an academician, whom Barry worshipped as one of the chief painters on earth, to remonstrate with the artist, and inform him, that if he hoped for fame, or their good opinion, he must imitate the lighter style of Zucarelli. Wilson was busied on one of his works when this courier from the committee of taste announced himself, and delivered his message: he heard him in silence, proceeded with his labours, then stopped suddenly, and poured forth a torrent of contemptuous words which incensed the whole coterie, and induced them to withdraw any little protection which their opinion had extended over him."

"As the fortune of Wilson declined, his temper became touched; he grew peevish, and in conversation his language assumed a tone of sharpness and acidity which ill accorded with his warm and benevolent heart. Some men are raised to stations where the meanness of their nature shows but the more deformed and re-

pulsive by the contrast; while others, originally of amiable character, soured by neglect, and stung by undeserved insult, forget by degrees dignity in despair, and allow their minds to become as squalid as their dress.

“ Wilson had, nevertheless, spirit enough at all times to resent impertinence. When Zoffani, in his satiric picture of the royal academy, represented him with a pot of porter at his elbow, he instantly selected, like Johnson on an occasion little dissimilar, a proper stout stick, and vowed he would give the caricaturist a satisfactory thrashing. All who knew Wilson made sure he would keep his word; but Zoffani prudently passed his brush over the offensive part, and so escaped the cudgelling.

“ He was fond of the company of Sir William Beechey, and at his house he frequently reposed from the cares of the world, and the persecution of fortune. He was abstemious at his meals, rarely touching wine or ardent spirits; his favorite beverage was a pot of porter and a toast; and he would accept them when he refused all other things. This was a luxury of which he was determined to have the full enjoyment; he took a moderate draught—sat silent a little while, then drank again, and all the time eyed the great vessel with a satisfaction which sparkled in his eyes. The first time that Wilson was invited to dine with Beechey, he replied to the request by saying, ‘ you have daughters, Mr. Beechey, do they draw? All young ladies draw now.’ ‘ No Sir,’ answered his prudent entertainer, ‘ my daughters are musical;’ he was pleased to hear this, and accepted the invitation. Such was the blunt honesty of his nature, that when drawings were shewn him which he disliked, he disdained, or was unable to give a courtly answer, and made many of the students his enemies. Reynolds had the sagacity to escape from such difficulties by looking at the drawings and saying ‘ pretty, pretty,’ which was invariably explained into a compliment. His process of painting was simple; his colours were few, he used but one brush, and worked standing. He prepared his palette, made a few touches, then retired to the window to refresh his eye with natural light, and returned in a few minutes and resumed his labours. Beechey called on him one day and found him at work; he seized his visitor hastily by the arm, hurried him to the remotest corner of the room, and said, ‘ there, look at my landscape, this is where you should view a painting, if you wish to examine it with your eyes, and not with your nose.’ He was then an old man, his sight was failing, his touch was insecure, and he painted somewhat coarsely, but the effect was wonderful. He too, like Reynolds, had his secrets of color, and his mystery of the true principle in painting, which he refused to explain, saying, ‘ they are like those of nature and are to be sought for and found in my performances.’ Of his own future fame he seldom spoke, for he was a modest man, but when

he did speak of it he used expressions which the world has since sanctioned, 'Beechey,' he said, 'you will live to see great prices given for my pictures, when those of Barrett will not fetch one farthing.'"

Actual poverty caused him, on the death of Hayman, to solicit the office and salary of librarian to the Royal Academy, that academy of which he was so bright an ornament; his greatest enemies could not for shame oppose him in so moderate a request, and he was elected. This kept him from starvation; and it is an error that some biographers have fallen into, when they assert that Wilson had contracted habits of intemperance; even had he done so, how many circumstances were there calculated to obtain for him the pity of all generous minds; but it is untrue: small as the salary was, poor Wilson found it nearly enough, for he had long since parted with all pretension to gaiety; he had quitted his elegant lodgings, and disposed of the furniture to the last chair—not to indulge in intoxication—alas, 'twas to buy him necessary aliment, of which he was often in absolute want. He had long slunk from the impertinent eye of curiosity, and his abode of misery was known only to a few. "His last retreat in this wealthy city, (London,) was a small room, somewhere about Tottenham-court-road; an easel and a brush, a chair and a table; a hard bed with few clothes; a scanty meal, and the favorite pot of porter, were all that Wilson could call his own. A disgrace to an age which lavished its tens of thousands on mountebanks and projectors—on Italian screamers and men who made mouths at Shakspeare."

Such was the treatment experienced by Richard Wilson, of Penegoes—so uninterrupted a series of neglect and insult, was too much for human endurance—his sensitive mind worked upon his robust constitution, could it be otherwise? We have seen that the Aristocracy lavished immense fortunes on exotics and baubles, while they suffered the greatest landscape painter of his own, and of most other ages to perish by degrees—and why? confessedly because he could not flatter and cringe—because his heart forbad him to act the part of debased subserviency. Many instances are recorded of his losing that patronage which would have kept him from penury, but he preferred truth to falsehood; honor to adulation; this stern virtue has gilded his memory with a brighter escutcheon than his equally talented contemporary, but less frigid moralist, Sir Joshua Reynolds. Both their characters are in a great measure known; but the smallest incident tending to throw further light is greedily received, and Wilson now gains from comparison, by posterity, what the age he lived in unjustly refused, an equal share of reputation as a great artist, but a far juster claim to the appellation of a gentleman. The unfortunate Richard Wilson stands surpassed by no man for integrity, that true nobility of mind. He was a gentleman by birth, and he lived

and died one. His conduct is an example to all Welshmen seeking honorable employment beyond the pale of their native country. That their fate would be that of their precursor, in pursuing the path dictated by feelings such as his were, we think, in the present liberal and intelligent age, is impossible.

It is not true, that by the death of a brother, Wilson came into the possession of a small property in Denbighshire; but the result of a correspondence between him and an old female relative of the name of Jones was, that the infirm artist should go down to Colomen-dy, the residence of his relative, and there endeavour to recruit his health: we are not in possession of the particulars as to the exact time the journey was undertaken; but he turned his back on London for ever. Cunningham says his last interview with Sir William Beechey was very affecting. Sir William had been a steady friend to Wilson: and while the rest of the world neglected him, Beechey forsook him not. Poor Wilson felt all this forcibly, and the feelings of the two friends at parting were painfully acute.

Mountain air, and the attention of kind friends, could do little towards curing the broken heart of Wilson; his stamina was gone, yet he crawled about, viewing with silent gratification the beauties of his native country. The mountains and ravines struck him as forcibly as ever; he did enjoy them, but the enjoyment was transient, and when lost in reverie, the pains of a decayed frame would recall his mind from the temporary elisium: he had now comparative ease; but he had not the power of enjoying it; he was rapidly sinking, his steps became more and more feeble, and his emaciated frame convinced his distressed friends that the last scene of sadness was not far distant. One evening he had eaten a little mucilaginous food, and had with extreme difficulty tottered as far as a wood, where, at his request, a rustic seat had been placed; it was an evening in the month of May 1782; he had gone to observe the beautiful tints of the evening sky, that sky, in the delineation of which he has never been excelled,\* when it pleased Providence suddenly to stretch him helpless on the ground, and to withdraw from him the power of contemplation. How long he remained in so pitiable a state cannot be known, but a dog which had followed him, returned alone; this caused alarm, a search commenced, and he was found as described. A partial restoration took place, but his dissolution was fast approaching in a few days nature gave up the struggle, and he expired, apparently in much pain, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

It will, perhaps, be observed that our tone of admiration throughout Wilson's biography has been somewhat overstrained; if the remark be made in reference to his character as a man, we

\* Wilson's skies are proverbially beautiful, or rather admirable.

reply, that by far the greatest number of encomiums, *are quotations*, which we have purposely selected, in preference to laying ourselves open to the charge of partiality. Should our observations on Wilson, as an artist, be considered in the slightest degree *ex parte*, we cannot do better than present, entire, the written opinion of no less an authority than Fuseli, adopted by Cunningham. "Wilson observed nature in all her appearances, and had a characteristic touch for all her forms. But though in effects of dewy freshness and silent evening lights, few have equalled, and fewer excelled him, his grandeur is oftener allied to terror, bustle, and convulsion, than to calmness and tranquillity. He is now numbered with the classics of the art, though little more than the fifth part of a century\* has elapsed since death relieved him from the apathy of the cognocenti, the envy of rivals, and the neglect of a tasteless public; for Wilson, whose works will soon command prices as proud as those of Claude, Poussin, or Elzheimer, resembled the last most in his fate, and lived and died nearer to indigence than ease."

Some very characteristic anecdotes of Wilson have survived him; we select one only: on a particular occasion he accompanied a friend to view the waterfall at Terni; he could not for a length of time give utterance to what he felt: after much struggling and gesticulation, he loudly exclaimed, "well done water, by G—d."

We subjoin a list of some of his most celebrated efforts. View from Zucarelli's house; City of Rome, for the Earl of Dartmouth; Death of Niobe, for the Duke of Bridgewater; Phæton; Morning; Villa of Mæcenas at Tivoli; Celadon and Amelia; View on the Po; Apollo and the Seasons; Meleager and Atalanta; Cicero at his Villa; Solitude; Lake of Narni; View on the coast of Baiæ; the Tiber, near Rome; Ceyx and Alcyone; Temple of Bacchus; Adrian's Villa; Bridge of Rimini; Rosamond's Pond; Llangollen Bridge; Castle Dinas Bran; Temple of Venus at Baiæ; Tomb of the Horatii and Curiatii; Broken Bridge of Narni; Nymph's Bathing; to which we may add some very beautiful specimens in the Picture Gallery at Gyrn, near Holywell. In the latter part of his life our artist was the victim of those rapacious vermin, styled "Picture Dealers," ever on the look-out to prey and fatten on the misery of indigent and neglected talent; for, like Morland, Wilson was beset by Pawnbrokers, who paid him not the hundredth part of the value of his performances; and Cunningham asserts that his "Ceyx and Alcyone" was painted for a pot of porter and the remains of a Stilton cheese!!! He is buried in Mold Church yard, and we believe there is not the slightest monumental record to point out the spot of earth which covers the ashes of Richard Wilson.

\* This was said in 1801.

## REMEMBRANCE.

*From the French.—By JAMES CONOLLY, Esq.*

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“Away! away! my early dream,  
Remembrance never must awake.”

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BYRON.

AND can my wounded, wasted heart  
Forget that joys were once its own?  
Is it forbidden to revert  
To all that's faded, past, and gone?

Forget! Oh no, remembrance ever  
Floats on the wreck of former days,  
And stifles every strong endeavour,  
Wounded pride and scorn may raise.

What dream is this comes o'er my soul,  
In all the fervent force of truth,  
Reviving scenes beyond control,  
Recalling happy, gladsome youth?

Behold a fête! a joyous crowd  
Approach me as a Queen of May;  
They dance, they sing, they call aloud,  
They hail me on my natal day.

Dear natal day! how memory clings  
To that sweet time of young delight!  
And what a charm remembrance brings,  
Of joys so sweet, so pure, so bright!

My mother (sainted, hallow'd name!)  
Embrac'd and kiss'd her idol child;  
Her smiles and tears alternate came,  
Whilst I with joy was nearly wild.

Each guest presents the fragrant flower,  
To grace my head, or charm mine eyes;  
But *one* there is, of magic power,  
Close to my beating heart it lies.

“Who gave that lovely rose?” they said;  
The question oft was ask'd of me;  
It kept its place, e'en in my bed,  
And none knew whence it came, *save thee*.

*Remembrance.*

*My dream is chang'd.*—In all the glare  
Of splendid, courtly, regal scene;  
Where men adore, where list the fair,  
And many a heart is lost I ween.

There see me smiling 'mid the throng,  
Delighting, winning, yet still free;  
Why did my heart remain unstung?  
'Twas proof 'gainst all the world *save thee*.

*My dream is chang'd*—affliction's rod  
Hath sorely press'd my soul, with tears  
I bend beneath the awful nod  
Of him who reigns above the spheres.

Deep grief is in my heart—my brain  
Is shaken now, in frenzied force;  
Distracted with my weight of pain,  
I fall beside my mother's corse.

I wake—I breathe—I look around,  
Some earthly comforter to see;  
All, all are gone, not one is found,  
To help or bless me, none *save thee*.

*My dream is chang'd*—beneath the tall  
And shadowy, trembling, moonlit grove,  
I walk alone, yet sure that call  
Must come from thee—'tis I, my love!—

Vain hope! 'twas but the wind that sigh'd,  
To think how faithless thou couldst be,  
To leave a heart so fond, so tried,  
As hers, thy doating Coraly!

*My dream is past*—but in my heart,  
The worm which dies not dwells with me;  
Tho' slow the poison, sure the dart,—  
By whom inflicted? *Oh, by thee!*



## TOUR IN BRITTANY.

*(Continued from p. 25.)*

HOWEVER the province of Brittany may have led the way in the revival, or rather the entire new formation, of European literature, by exciting a spirit of composition, and supplying the materials of thought, in that interesting department which constitutes one of the principal characteristics of the modern school; and, however the same country may, in later times, have contributed towards the advancement of learning, by giving existence to men of distinction, in various branches of science, yet, from the secluded situation of the Bas-Bretons, and the limited patronage which their ancient language has for some centuries experienced, it must not be expected, that, at the present day, their vernacular literature can be in a very flourishing state. Nevertheless, when it is recollected that the Bas-Breton is the language of the peasantry, and lower orders only, we shall perhaps find that, with regard to its literary character, it is upon an equality with most of the provincial dialects of Europe. At least, we may venture to affirm that, with the exception of the Welsh, it possesses a greater command of the press than any other Celtic dialect, either as a patois, or a distinct speech. Indeed, whenever they have opportunities, the Bas-Bretons, like their relatives, the Welsh, appear to be great patrons of the press; though it is to be lamented, that in Brittany, there are many causes in existence which tend greatly to obstruct the beneficial operations of that noble engine.

As an instance of the favorable disposition evinced by the Bas-Bretons towards the cultivation of their native tongue, I need only notice the success which has attended the typographical labours of Mr. LEDAN, the spirited and patriotic printer of Morlaix; who, having for many years devoted his time to the editing of Breton books, has always found the demand to keep pace with his exertions; and who, if I might judge from the appearance of his shop and warehouse, has not to regret the want of pecuniary remuneration, having found those depositories almost entirely filled with publications in the Breton language, whilst the rolling of his printing press was continually heard over-head, employed upon similar works, as appeared by the proof sheets brought to him for examination, during the time I was standing by.

On seeing such a quantity of printing in the Bas-Breton, I naturally felt a wish to ascertain the description of his readers; and, before he had time to answer the inquiries I was making, my curiosity was gratified by seeing several young persons, in peasants' habits, enter the shop, speaking Bas-Breton, who asked for some

small tracts in that language, and, after selecting such as they wanted, paid a few halfpence for them, and departed; upon which Mr. Ledan took the opportunity of telling me, that this was the class of people which formed the bulk of his customers, and that, if I remained there some time, I should see others constantly coming in upon the same business. He also assured me that the Breton peasants are much more disposed to cultivate a taste for reading, than the same class of persons among the French; and I must add, in confirmation of this statement, that I do not think there exists, in any other part of France, a printing establishment entirely supported by the peasantry, and lower orders.

It may possibly here be asked, of what description those publications are which occupy so much of the printer's attention, and so crowd his warehouse; as it may reasonably be supposed that there must be among them many things of importance in a literary point of view. To this I can only answer, that the existence of the foregoing facts will afford us gratification, merely as evidences of the taste of the people for reading their native tongue; for, it must be acknowledged, that the contents of the publications are, for the most part, of a very inferior order. And, although the perusal of such works, must, in strictness of speech, be denominated *reading*, yet, as far as the cultivation of the mind is concerned, it is little else than the sheer act of deciphering so much letterpress, without the acquisition of a single new idea that can at all conduce towards improvement. It, however, familiarizes the eye with the appearance of a book, and so far, of course, is not without its utility. I would by no means wish to detract from the merits of Mr. Ledan; he has perhaps done as much as is compatible with his own principles, and the restrictions under which he labours; but I would solely wish to furnish those of my countrymen, who feel an interest in the subject, with such information as I may chance to possess, relative to Bas-Breton publications, of which this establishment at Morlaix supplies, by far, the greatest portion; and, having purchased a copy of every publication there for sale, I feel myself competent to speak, with some degree of certainty, of their contents. It is therefore not without considerable regret, that I am forced to acknowledge, that, although there is a shop and a warehouse nearly full of these publications, and a printing press unceasingly employed in their production, yet, when an assortment is made, consisting of a single copy of each work, the whole collection will occupy but a *very* small space in a library. It is much to be lamented, that a people who evince such a strong predilection for books, should remain so long unsupplied with some more profitable matter than that which they are now permitted to possess. I took the liberty of suggesting to the printer the expediency of establishing some Breton periodical, similar to our *Seren Gomer*, &c.; but he did not appear to receive

the hint in such a way as to give me any hopes of his acting upon it. Indeed, were he disposed to undertake such a work, there are insurmountable difficulties in the way of his conducting it upon an enlarged and liberal plan; for as this gentleman, in addition to his being himself a staunch Catholic, is also printer to the bishop of Quimper, and all his publications have to pass the censorship of that prelate, and to receive his imprimatur, permitting their being printed and circulated through the whole diocese (*dre an oll Escopti*) before they can be put into the press; and, as the Breton clergy would look with no small jealousy upon whatever should, in the remotest degree, interfere with their particular views, it is morally certain that any periodical work upon general topics, however cautiously edited, could not fail of coming, sooner or later, in collision with their prejudices.

Such, at least, was the state of things among the Bas-Bretons a few months ago. What effects the late revolutionary proceedings may have produced, or may be likely to produce, I have no means of ascertaining; but it is probable that their moral influence will be far greater, and more permanent, than those of the first revolution, in proportion as the people have been prepared for their reception.

The former revolution had to enter into immediate conflict with all the ancient prejudices of the nation, both political and religious. It had to encounter the prepossessions of a people, whose isolated situation, and dislike of innovation, had established among them a sentiment of the most devoted attachment to the reigning family and existing order of things; and whose local and detached dialect had operated as an effectual barrier against the introduction of those sceptical principles so generally diffused over other parts of the kingdom.\* Whereas, the last convulsion found a people, who, for almost a whole generation, had been accustomed to similar changes, and to a considerable portion of whom they were by no means unwelcome: for, notwithstanding that the Bas-Bretons have generally retained a strong attachment to the Roman Catholic religion, and, as far as might be collected from outward appearance, a stranger would hardly suspect that the present inhabitants had in the least deviated from the example of their forefathers; yet, at the same time, it is scarcely possible that they could have passed through thirty years of revolutionary agitation without, in some degree, partaking of its influence, even in their religious observances. However this may be, it is quite certain, that in political matters, there is no equivocal demonstration of feeling.

\* It is but justice to that ancient language to remark, that although its limited application, as a medium of intercourse, may subject it to the charge of having perpetuated the superstitions of popery, it nevertheless possesses the merit of having, by the exclusion of the works of Voltaire and his associates, preserved the country from the contamination of infidelity.

There, the first revolution has effectually done its work, in Brittany as well as in the rest of France. It was evident, even long before the late movements were in the least anticipated, that although the Bourbons had succeeded in repossessing themselves of the throne, they had never been able to regain their influence over the people. For in that instance, by some singular and extraordinary fortune, the empire of Napoleon had continued to survive his personal defeat, and the overthrow of his dynasty. During the short time I passed in Brittany, this alienation of homage was continually thrusting itself upon my observation, in the manner and style of expression of those with whom I chanced to converse, and was afterwards more decidedly evinced in the conduct of the people: for, when the Bourbons, on their expulsion from Paris, despatched emissaries into Brittany and La Vendée, to endeavour to rouse those provinces to take arms in support of their cause, they were utterly unable to make any impression in their favor. And when the heads of the old Vendean families sent to those of the Chouans, of Brittany, to know their sentiments upon the subject, the result of the consultation was an unanimous determination to make no further exertions in support of the Bourbons.\*

One of the effects of the last revolution has been the establishing of a complete religious toleration; so that the church of Rome is no longer in possession of that paramount authority which it previously enjoyed. The way is now *legally* open to the introduction of Protestant principles. What success any attempts at conversion would meet with among the Bas-Bretons remains to be seen: the priests would, of course, endeavour to retain their influence, and offer every resistance to whatever might militate against their creed. But it is a curious fact, that the New Testament has, within these four years, been, for the first time, translated into the Breton, and also printed in that language; and the translation of the Old Testament is also in a state of forwardness. When these weapons shall be brought into the field against the legends of Popery, the result of the contest will be a matter of no ordinary interest.

But, to return to the Breton press at Morlaix. Of the works which I purchased at that establishment, the following selection may serve as a specimen.

The first that presents itself, and the most important, in point of size and literary value, is the old dramatic romance of the Four Sons of Emon, already noticed in the last number.

The next that comes to my hand is a duodecimo, entitled *AN DEVEZ MAD, THE GOOD DAY*, containing short prayers and reflexions for

\* The Breton associations are of a nature too exclusively political to be noticed in the present work; they will however, one day, occupy an important page in modern French history.

every portion of the day, adapted to the station of every member of a family, some of which are marked by great simplicity of character, though perhaps not always happy in their explanation of scriptural texts. For instances, the females when they sweep the house (*pa scubit an ti*) are instructed to recollect the self-abasing expression of St. Paul, "we are the sweepings of the earth," "for that we are but earth and ashes, like this dust which I sweep;" "*Ne'n on nemet douar ha ludu evel ar poultr-man a scuban:*" and to seek the purifying of the soul, as well as the cleansing of the house. The men, when they cut wood (*pa drochit coat*) are taught to reflect upon the expression, "now is the axe at the root of the tree;" "*E'màn ar vochel e grien ar vezen.*"\* "Death will lift up his sithe to cut off my life, as I cut down this tree;" "*Ar maro a sao he falch da drechi va bue, evel ma trochan ar vezen man.*"

This volume also contains Breton verses, descriptive of the various ceremonies of the mass (*an Oferen*), together with some Latin extracts from the mass-book. Among the Breton verses, there is one upon the renouncing of the seven mortal sins, which appears to possess some merit, as far as its easy flow of language is considered. The first stanza will serve as a specimen of the whole.

Renonç a ran  
 Dide, Orgouill, pechet Lucifer  
 Renonç a ran,  
 Dide adieu a lavaran :  
 Te cheus collet hon Tadou qenta  
 Va choll a rafes ive brema.  
 Renonç a ran.†

\* This is not from Le Gonidec's translation; the sentence is by him rendered much more literally, *Râg ar vouchal a zô a-vrêma likêad out grisien ar gwéz.*

† *Gran* is an inflexion of the verb, *Ober*, to do. This is one of the many instances of the general imperfect state of all existing languages, and of the manner in which the inflexions of one word are borrowed to eke out the deficiencies of another. *Ober* is doubtless of the same origin with the Latin *opero*, and appears under another form in the Welsh *peri*, to cause, and the Hebrew *bara*, to create; whereas, *gran* is evidently the Latin *creo*, as may be seen in its inflexion *great*, made; the resemblance of *ran*, to the Greek *δραν*, seems likewise something more than a mere coincidence. The corresponding Welsh word to the Breton *gra*, seems to be *gwna*.

Why *ober*, in quality of regular inflexions, is indebted to its synonyme *gran*, let those answer who can explain the same irregularity in the English *go* and *went*, *am* and *be*; the Welsh *myned* and *aeth*, *wyf* and *byddaf*; the Latin *sum*, *es*, *fui*, &c. are not these the distorted fragments of some great primeval language, shattered at Babel, and dispersed among the various nations of the earth?

Renounce I do  
Thee Pride; the sin of Lucifer  
Renounce I do:  
To thee I say adieu;  
Thou didst cause the perdition of our first parents,  
Thou wouldst also work my perdition now.  
Renounce thee I do.

As this book contains the licenses of two Breton bishops, for its printing and circulation, I shall copy those documents here as examples of the jealousy with which the Breton priests watch over the movements of the press.

## APPROBATIONOU.

Ni Escop a Sant-Briec, goude beza laqet examina ar scrit dom-en brezonec euz al levric-mâ, hanvet "AN DEVEZ MAD," a bernet d'an Autrou LEDAN, Imprimer-Librer e Montroulez, e imprima hac e verza.

+ MATHIAS,  
Esc. St. Briec.

En Kær-Ahes an 30 a Ebrel, 1822.

Ni Yan-Lois Keramanach, Cure euz Montroulez, carguet gant an Outrou Për-Viçant Dombidau de Crousheilles Escop a Guemper, da examina al levric bian hanvet AN DEVEZ MAD, ha de approuvi, mar bize a propos; goude beza en examinet mat, o veza n'hon euz cavet ennan petra control d'ar feiz Catholic, o veza er chontrol cavet penaoz e vezo util meurbet evit sanctification ar Vretonet hon euz permetet d'an Autrou LEDAN e imprima hac e zistribui dre ann oll escopti.

J. L. Keramanach  
Cure a Vontrovez.

E Montroulez,  
an 20 a vis Even, 1822.

## APPROBATIONS.

We, the Bishop of St. Brieux, after having caused to be examined the Breton manuscript of this little book, called "THE GOOD DAY," do permit Mr. LEDAN, printer and bookseller, of Morlaix, to print and sell it.

+ MATHIAS,  
Bishop of St. Brieux.

Carhaix; 30th April, 1822.

We, John Louis Keramanach, Curé of Morlaix, charged by the Lord Për-Viçant Dombidau de Crousheilles, Bishop of Quimper, to examine the little book, called "THE GOOD DAY," and to approve of it, if it should be proper; after having examined it well, we have found in it nothing contrary to the Catholic faith, we have, on the contrary, found that it will be exceedingly useful to the sanctification of the Bretons, and we have permitted Mr. LEDAN to print and distribute it through the whole diocese.

J. L. Keramanach,  
Curé of Morlaix.  
Morlaix, 20th June, 1822.

This book, like all others sold ready bound, has, on one of the inside corners of the cover, a small square piece of paper pasted in, similar to the advertisements of stationers in general, and of which the following is a copy:

## AVIS.

Caout a r er e ty LEDAN  
 Imprimer-Librer e traon  
 Ru ar Vur e Montroulez,  
 a bep seurt Levriou la'in  
 gallec ha brezonec; pl n  
 liou, paper, &c. &c.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

To be had at the house of LEDAN, printer, and bookseller, at the bottom of Wall street, Morlaix; and every sort of Latin, French, and Breton books; pens, ink, paper, &c. &c.

There is likewise another small volume, called *Raglamant ar Vuez*, The Regulation of Life; *evit an dud divar ar meaz*, for Country People. It is nearly a counterpart of the foregoing, and contains *Ar Pedennou\* deus ar mintin hac eus an nos*, *Gousperou ar Zul*, &c.; *The prayers for morning and night, Sunday vespers*, &c. It is probable that considerable portions of these, and other works of the same description, are only translations from the French.

Also, *Christian Instruction for young People*, 12mo.: containing moral and religious duties, with examples and illustrations from various authors, both sacred and profane.

The Historical Catechism of the Abbe Fleury, 12mo. There is another translation of this work by Le Gonidec, more complete in its contents, as well as in style and orthography.

The Lamentations of Jeremiah, in Breton verse.

In addition to these, I have a Breton almanac, such as is published annually: and also a collection of about sixty pamphlets, mostly small, and seldom exceeding eight pages each, containing religious dialogues, generally in rhyme, together with songs of various descriptions, to the amount of seventy or eighty pieces.

These, like the same class of composition in England, are

\* The word *peden* and *beden*, a prayer, and also *pedi*, to pray, are evidently taken from the Latin, *peto*, to entreat, as is also the German, *beten*, to pray, as well as the English, *bead*, which originally signified a prayer, as may be seen in the expression, "to tell one's beads," i. e. to say one's prayers; although the word has long been transferred from its proper signification, and applied to the little tallies strung together, and used by the Roman Catholics to assist in keeping a register of their prayers. In the Principality of Wales, there are several churches which bear the name of *Bettws*, the etymology of which has not a little puzzled antiquaries, and has been variously given, as *Abbatis*, *Beatus*, *Bead-house*, &c. Now, the latter word, could the difficulty of its Saxon origin be removed, would afford a very plausible explanation of the term: but it is not easy to conceive how an English word could have been so generally adopted in Wales, while it does not appear that it occurs at all in England itself. But if we consider the priority of the Latin word, and the exclusive use of that language in ecclesiastical matters, during the dominion of the church of Rome, the objection will, in a great measure, be obviated, though I must confess the last syllable remains as unintelligible as ever.

printed on a paper of the coarsest sort, though they differ from the long scroll-shaped English ballad, in being made to fold into duodecimo pages. They have generally the name of the tune to which they are to be sung, annexed to the title, such as *Var ton, An dour hag an tan; on the tune, Fire and Water: Var ton, Labourer Sul ha Gouel; Labouring Sunday and holiday: Var ton nevez; on a new tune: Var ton Galleg; on a French tune, &c.* The Canticles, or religious songs, which, as might be expected from a press so entirely under ecclesiastical superintendence, form the most numerous class, have also the names of the tunes annexed; and those are, for the most part, of a more serious character. *Buez Job; the Life of Job;* for instance, is composed to the tune *Va Doue leun a drugarez; My God full of mercy.*

Some of these last appear to be composed by men of education, probably clergy; and could they be divested of the superstitious and puerilities of the Romish creed, by which they are so encumbered, they would not be altogether devoid of merit. But they are, for the most part, evidently the compositions of illiterate persons, and exhibit the efforts of the rustic muse in all her native untutored simplicity.

The Breton poets, like the sons of genius in all countries, are not without their aspirations after fame and immortality. And lest their poetic merits should not be duly assigned to them by their readers, they often contrive to make the last stanza a medium for conveying to the world a knowledge of their name, residence, occupation, &c., precisely after the manner of their fellow-rhymers in Wales.

In the modern Welsh ballads, and other rustic compositions of the Principality, it is very usual to find these important circumstances announced at the conclusion, in such words as the following:

“Os gofyn nèb yn unlle  
Pwy ddododd hyn ar gân,” &c.

So in a poetical dispute, between a ragman and a papermaker, in the Breton language, now before me, the author informs “all that may be curious to know who composed this song, that it was *John ar Guen*, of Treguier, a native of Plougrescant, who, ever since his youth, has lived in the parish of Plouguiel.”\*

\* The word *Plou*, which commences so many Breton local names, signifies a *parish* (Wallise *piwyf*), and is, by the Breton etymologists, derived from the Latin word *plebs*. It is remarkable that the word *Llan*, a *church*, which, in the same manner, commences the names of Breton parishes, as *Lanion, &c.*, has become so completely obsolete in Brittany, that I never met with any one in that country acquainted with its signification; but as the word is also seen perpetually occurring in Welsh names, as well as Breton, it is suspected by the Bretons that it must be of British origin, and they most absurdly derive it from the English word *land*.



“An ini a vo curius a deuyo da choulen  
 Piou en eus grêt ar chanson var ar Bapererien :  
 Yan ar Guen eus a Dreguer, natif a Blougrescant,  
 E chom e paros Plouguiel abaoa ma voa yaouanq.”

He also talks of lodging at *Melin Pont ar Vern, e ti Yan-Frances ar Moen*; at the *Mill of Pont yr Vern, in the house of John Francis Moen*.

This Yan ar Guen seems to be not only possessed of that ambition so becoming his character as a poet, but also to be a man of no small industry in his pursuits, if I may form a judgment from the number of his compositions which I have chanced to meet with. However, he does not mean to rest satisfied with the empty possession of a name, even after the termination of his mortal career; as he takes the opportunity of making the posthumous celebrity which he prepares for himself, the means of procuring much more solid advantages than are ever dreamed of by his Welsh fraternity. Yan ar Guen, in his autobiographic summary, at the conclusion of his compositions, does occasionally, in the most adroit manner possible, introduce a hint that his readers, when they hear of his death, will say a prayer for the deliverance of his soul out of purgatory.

“Pa glefot e vo maro, lavarit ur beden  
 En deliveranç da ene ar Chaner Yan ar Guen.”

It is true, that in consequence of this post-obit demand, the patrons of Breton bardism have an extra call upon their attention, yet they are in other respects possessed of privileges which some of our countrymen would regard with feelings of envy, as they are totally exempt from the system of the cyghanedd, or alliteration, so unremittingly pursued by the generality of our modern Welsh bards. The Breton poetry, like the language itself, being of the most plain and simple construction, I do not recollect a single instance of even accidental alliteration in the whole language; nor do I suppose that the Bretons have the slightest notion of its application to the purposes of poetry, either as necessary or ornamental. The only passage I can call to mind as in the least partaking of this style, is the following :

“Mervel da greis an hanter nos,  
 Mervel bemde, mervel bemnos.”

*I. e.*—Wallicè *maro beunydd, maro beunos.*

It must be allowed, that in unskilful hands, when sense is sacrificed to sound, and when superfluous and unmeaning expressions are had recourse to, in order to fill up vacancies, this system of alliteration becomes intolerably tiresome and disgusting; but,

when judiciously employed by men of genius, it is a most valuable auxiliary, and contributes exceedingly to the sweetness and harmony of versification; and, however deservedly its abuse may be censured, yet, doubtless, the Welsh language owes much of its copiousness, flexibility, and energy of expression, to the cultivation of the bardic cyghanedd.

From the errors of this system the Bretons are at present free, but they are, at the same time, unacquainted with its advantages. Nevertheless, their poets do sometimes succeed in giving considerable effect to their compositions, as, for instance, in the song of "*Come to the Charnel*," which, though extremely simple in its language and ideas, yet is so admirably adapted to the subject, as well as to the taste and comprehension of the people, that upon those in whose native tongue it is written, it cannot fail of making a deep impression. The first stanza commences with a call to come to the charnel-house, and behold the relics of our brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers, nearest relatives, and dearest friends, &c.

"Demp d'ar Garnel, Christenien guelomp ar religou  
Eus hor breudeur, choareset, hon tadou, hor mamou,  
Demeus hon amezeyen, hor brassa mignonet,  
Guelomp ar stad truezus e pini int rentet."

This commencement does, somehow or other, remind me of the opening address of the ancient British elegy on Cynddylan, by Llywarch Hên, though in other respects it bears no comparison with that beautiful composition. There is a boldness of thought and expression in the works of our ancient bards, together with a wild independence of style, which gives them a character in the highest degree striking and decided, and which modern poets have hitherto, for the most part, wanted either the courage or the genius to imitate.

From the foregoing extracts it will be seen, that the Bretons, although unacquainted with the alliterations of the Welsh, or the blank verse of the English, yet do, in common with them, acknowledge the use of rhyme in the construction of poetry, and that not merely as an occasional ornament, as among the English, but an indispensable qualification. They have also the knowledge of various metres, according to the subjects of their compositions and the airs to which they are intended to be sung. Nor have I remarked any thing in the genius of their language, to prevent its being moulded into any known species of verse; but the measure which appears to have been adopted as the heroic, is the Alexandrine couplet, of which the following specimens, from the tragedy of "*Pevar mab Emon*," will suffice:

“Rac-se eta, Roland, it hardivar al lis,  
Ni a rêy hor possubl da ober dêch justic.”

“Ha chouï a voar bremâ ar pouez demeus va lanç?  
Ne vo qet pel Roland, o pezo recompanç.”

This is precisely the French heroic metre; and, although the accent of the Breton is more distinguishable to an English ear, yet, upon the whole, the cadence of the French and Breton poetry seems to have sprung from the same original source, though it would be difficult to determine in which language this metre was first used. Of course I may be biassed in my judgment by national prejudice, but I have never been able to persuade myself that this style of verse is so well adapted to epic poetry as the shorter metre of the English. Whether the constant use of this lengthened measure, and the rigid adherence to rhyme, has tended to create that habit of prolonged declamation so general among the French dramatic writers, I will not take upon myself to decide; but there most certainly is in the French heroic measure, even in their most celebrated compositions, and when recited by their ablest tragedians, a monotonous and singsong cadence, which imparts to it a character, partaking more of the ballad, or elegiac strain, than of the masculine dignity of an epic composition.

I will acknowledge that this style of measure has often been successfully used in English, and that too in subjects of an heroic description. CAMPBELL has managed to give it a character of exceeding energy, in some of the commencing lines of one of his songs, The address to the Mariners of England:

“The spirits of your fathers shall start from every wave, &c.”

But then Campbell used it merely in a song, and would probably hesitate before he adopted it for a tragedy, or an epic poem.

But, notwithstanding its defects, this lengthy kind of metre seems to have been very general, a few centuries ago, among most European nations. And although the Bretons do not possess documents of sufficient antiquity to enable us to determine the date of its first appearance in that country; yet it has evidently been long naturalized among them. However, there is no proof of their having brought it over with them from Great Britain; the measure most congenial with the taste of the ancient British bards was one of a very different description, being generally shorter, and more irregular, and what may be properly distinguished by the term *Pindaric*.

But, however this may have been with regard to the early bardic writers, the measure in question has, in later times, been long a favorite among the Welsh, as may be seen in the instance of those

old and popular verses, called the *Prophecies of Merlin*, of which the following stanza will serve as an example :

“Ceir gwel'd ymladdfa greulon ar Gefencethin fryn,  
Ceir gweld y gwaed yn llofo ar hyd cleddyfau'n llyn,  
Fe fydd y cyrn yn canu o gylch i Abernant;  
Ar Ben rhiw y cyrph ond odid fe leddir llawer cant.”

There will be seen a fearful conflict on Keven-kethin hill,  
And blood in torrents streaming along the sword-blades down,  
The war-horns will be sounding round about Abernant;  
On the height of the steep of corpses there will be many a hundred slain.

This stanza, which I quote from memory, forms part of a long rhapsody of similar “skimble-skamble stuff,” relating to the fortunes of Britain; and though not the identical strange concealments concerning the Molewarp and the Ant, alluded to, by Shakspeare, as having been dwelt upon by Glendower, so much to the annoyance of his confederate, Hotspur; yet this curious composition has long been current in the Principality as the production of Merlin, and, like all others attributed to that extraordinary personage, it has obtained no small influence among the people: one instance of which I shall here notice, as having occasioned the present occurrence of this metrical specimen to my recollection, and likewise, affording an example of the manner in which accident may sometimes contribute towards the confirming of prejudices and superstitious notions.

A few years ago, when the colliers and miners of South Wales had struck for wages, and entered into a determination of redressing their own grievances, it was their custom to meet upon the mountains in bodies of several thousands, and having there formed themselves into parties of a hundred men each, to move about the hills in that order, for the purpose of visiting the several iron-works and stopping the furnaces, &c. Now, it so happened that one of their places of rendezvous was on the side of the mountains of Carno, to the south of *Crikhowel*, and not far from *Nant-y-glo*, another place named in the poem:

“Ceir gwel'd y gâd a'r dyrfa yn dōd i Nantyglo :”

“The battle and the tumult will be seen approaching Nantyglo,” &c.

And the above-quoted prediction of Merlin was applied to that occasion; the word *Penrhiw-cyrph* being, by a very easy mistake, changed into *Penrhiw-cyrn*; the summit of the steep of the *carns*;\* and was thus continually repeated through the country with the greatest earnestness, as about to come to pass. It

\* *Cyrn* is in this part of South Wales used as the plural of *Carn*, as in this instance of *Mynydd y Cyrn*, *Wain y Cyrn*, &c.; there are several Carns upon this mountain, which, from the stone coffins they contained, are evidently sepulchral, and their situation seems to indicate that they were also intended as beacons.

also happened while these misguided men were thus ominously hovering along the sides of Penrhiwcyrn that a strong body of military was actually marching up the other side of the adjacent valley, for the purpose of dispersing them; and had they encountered them among the fastnesses of Carno, it is not improbable that the natural advantages of the ground would have tempted them to resistance, and occasioned the slaughter and bloodshed described in the prediction.

Where Penrhiwcyrph may be, I cannot tell, or Kevenkethin either; but Abernant is among the iron-works of Glamorganshire, and had this mischance occurred, the difference between carns and corpses would not have been sufficient to deprive the sage enchanter of the honour of having foreseen the whole event.

*(To be continued.)*

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### GIVE ME MY SWORD.

#### A CAMBRIAN MELODY.

GIVE me my sword! the trumpets sound!  
Exclaim'd the land's defender,  
This little spot of sacred ground  
In life we'll ne'er surrender!  
Unfurl our banner to the wind,  
Soon victory shall wreath it;  
That flag the foe a cloud shall find,—  
The lightning, we beneath it.

Now! now they come! the hero cried,  
No other words were spoken;  
And on they came, a mighty tide,—  
But soon their ranks were broken!  
Then proudly flashed the hero's eye,  
As fast they fell around him:  
He fought for life, for liberty,  
And victory nobly crown'd him!

S. R. JACKSON.

TRANSLATION OF THE BEGINNING OF THE ILIAD,  
IN A NEW STYLE.

MR. EDITOR,

As I have been given to understand that the Cambrian Quarterly will henceforward occasionally admit articles on general literature, I transmit you an attempt to translate the beginning of the first book of Homer's Iliad. The translation, I am fully aware, has nothing of merit *in itself*, it is intended only as an example of the *mode* in which Homer ought, according to the author's notions, to be translated. Pope has made the Ionian bard a sort of polished gentleman, of Queen Anne's time; whereas, he approaches in spirit much more nearly to the Lochiels and the Glyndwrs; in other words, startling as the expression may, at first sight, appear, Homer's genius belongs to the romantic, and not to the classic school; if by the word romantic be meant wild, abrupt, and grotesque sublimity, in opposition to beauty, elegance, and pacific symmetry.

MÆLOG.

O goddess! sing of Peleus' fearful child  
Whose wrath, all baleful, worked on Grecia's band  
A thousand sorrows, and to Hades wild  
Sent many a gallant soul of Grecian land;  
Whose limbs heroic, (such the will of Jove,)  
To dogs, and every bird of heaven, were flung,  
Since first, the king of men, Atrides strove  
With Peleus' warrior child of heavenly mother sprung.

Sing thou, what god this fierce contention bred,  
Apollo, Jove, and fair Latona's son,  
O'er all the camp a fierce contagion spread,  
Fired at the wrongs the king of men had done  
On priestly Xryses; when the holy man,  
Through all the Grecian host a suppliant trod,  
But chief to Atreus' sons his prayer began,  
Whilst in his hand he reared, on golden rod,  
The myrtle, emblem of the archer god.

"Ye sons of Atreus, well mailed Grecians all,  
Oh, may the gods who throng Olympus' hall  
Give Priam's city to your arms to fall;  
And may you gain in peace your native shore,  
But, oh, to me my own dear child restore!  
Restore the maid,—this proffered gold receive,  
Nor rashly seek the archer god to grieve."

## THE BORDER CHIEFTAIN.

*A Dramatic Sketch from Welsh History.*

## SCENE I.

A large gloomy hall, furnished with a dais, or elevated upper end; a long table thereon for the lord, and his more dignified guests; another along the side for the feudal retainers. The roof lofty, crossed with long beams, a falcon pluming itself on the *nen-bren*, or principal beam; the chimney-piece of rude heavy architecture, with the arms of the several branches of the family sculptured and emblazoned in different compartments. Three harps are seen in the recess of a window. The walls decorated with ancient swords, spears, and crossbows, breastplates, backpieces, and helmets.

A female, with a child asleep in her arms. A knight leaning on his sword, and gazing wistfully at the infant; he is armed, and wears upon his helmet the figure of a wolf salient, or in the act of leaping on his prey. Three or four men at the end of the hall, armed with sword and buckler, but without defensive armour. The cognizance of the salient wolf rudely embroidered on their green surcoats; they all wear a tuft of red silk, as emblematic of the rose of Lancaster.

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*Reinallt ab Gryffydd ab Bleiddyn.*—My child, my own beloved, emblem of thy sainted mother, the last remaining sapling of the old withered oak, that has stood the brunt of the tempest, and the merciless fury of the storm,—rest, rest my infant, and may thy life ever continue innocent as the dream that now plays joyously on thy lips. My own beloved, I could gaze upon thy slumbers for hours, and wish myself with thee, alone, far from the bitter haunts of men. One kiss of thine would sooth my fury, even in the battle fray. Bear her hence old Mair, and do nought to curtail her quiet, innocent sleep;—how lovely she looks! and oh, how ignorant of the crimes and miseries to the state of man inherent! bright cherub of heaven, thou alone art my joy, my only hope; poor orphan, adieu.—Has Gwgan Rhys returned?

*Attendant.*—He has, my lord.

*Reinallt ab Gryffydd.*—Empty handed, or loaded with the spoil of the Saxon traffickers.

*Attendant.*—The band that followed the wild and headlong retreat of the merchants, after their sudden surprisal at the Wurddrug fair, are amply remunerated for their scanty, broken pates, with many a heavy web of broad cloth, good stores of arms, and other warlike harness.

*Reinallt ab Gryffydd.*—Good! Gwgan Rhys has an eye and a hand devoted to his leader's service;—harness said ye;—a fair

beginning for Margaret of Anjou. Our retainers have long lacked bright breastplates, and well-tempered blades of Sheffield steel; the buckler-makers of Saxon Wrightesham have already supplied our stores with tough leathern shields;—bid Gwgan Rhys attend us. Now, by my gauntlet, a happy exploit, well devised, and better executed. These same Cestrians, the despicable scum of Hugo Lupus' rabble, long will they repent the crossing of the border; loud even now is the widow's wail, and many bedizened sons of Chester's merchants will toast the name of Reinallt ab Gryffydd in brimming cups of luscious sack, for ridding them of their thrifty fathers.—Ha, Gwgan! thanks, thanks, my friend; our first duty at Henry of Lancaster's chair of state, shall be to declare thy worth and valour, and demand for thee the honourable distinction of the golden spurs. Thanks, faithful squire;—but, to particulars;—the mayor, of him I wish to hear.

*Gwgan Rhys.*—May it please you, the mayor even now trembles under the roof of Reinallt tower.

*Reinallt ab Gryffydd.*—What! caught—taken,—at last in my power! Now, by the bright and noble blood of my ancestors, thou hast done a deed worthy the achievements and fair renown of Gwgan Rhys. How didst succeed?

*Gwgan Rhys.*—My good shaft pierced the mayor's proud Norman steed, as he was leading his spearmen to charge a portion of our band, who had intercepted the retreat; the mayor fell, but arose uninjured; the cowardly followers, when they saw their leader fall, fled among the rocks, but were cut down by our scouts; the mayor I soon disarmed, and the packhorses and wains became our booty. We did not wreak our vengeance upon this boastful Saxon, but brought him here, that you might punish him for his transgressions; knowing well that our own revenge would be amply gratified in that of Reinallt ab Gryfyd, the deadly hater, the exterminator of the Saxon. This I promised my followers, who would have punished summarily the wretch who foully murdered their youthful, gallant leader.

*Reinallt ab Gryffydd.*—My son! my gallant Owain! thy young blood calls, even now, loudly forth for vengeance, and thou shalt have it.—No! no! I have sworn before the shrine of St. Mary, to perform one deed of mercy, and have had assurance good, that one solitary act of forgiveness will do more than all the paid prayers of priests, and holy masses said, to redeem his soul from purgatory: but the mayor shall rue it sorely. I'll do more than take his poor life away; damn him in his own estimation,—beggar him utterly. What ho, seneschal! bring forth the base Saxon churl, to answer for himself. By holy St. Beuno, if he dare defy the puissance and authority of Reinallt ab Gryffydd, he shall be crushed like the worm we tread upon: bring him forward to



the hall of justice and of retribution. Ha! by the rood, he is here, and in the tinselled trappings of official dignity. Now, haughty upstart, what wouldst give wert in thy gloomy chambers in the Rows, doling crowns to some needy springald, or thriftless son of a too thrifty father. Wilt thou ransom?

*The Mayor.*—Show me thy terms, give me full assurance of safe convoy hence, and our city fund shall answer full thy charges of redemption.

*Reinallt ab Gryffydd.*—Ha! Ha! still thrifty in extremity: must the poor worn-out artisan's paltry pittance be drafted out, to ransom the wealthy draper's portly person? Methinks thine own coffers, mayor, might answer well so high a purchase: ransom or no ransom, down on this substantial oak shall every golden piece be paid and meted: five thousand marks, the money. Nay, start not, nor fold thy sables round thy person: five thousand marks of Henry's royal coin shall glitter on this polished board, ere thou wendest forth from Reinallt tower.

*The Mayor.*—Five thousand marks! an earldom's ransom. Not all the treasure in Chester's ruined trade would scarce make half the sum. Nay, good knight, thou art gibing; thou knowest well the sum far exceeds the worth of any man in England in ready coin.

*Reinallt ab Gryffydd.*—Gibing! do my withered looks denote it? do these eyes that beheld, on thy city gate, the ghastly visage of a murdered son,—aye, mayor, murdered by thyself in savage vengeful exultation; does my character—my appearance—do my actions betray one ray of pity? By the holy rood, I have sworn everlasting hatred to the Saxon, and long as life shall retain power over this frame, worn as it is with toil and inward suffering, the sword of vengeance never shall be sheathed. I tell thee, knave, that when a widowed mother gave me birth, she devoted me to revenge the murder of my father by the Saxon,—on the point of my parent's sword did my lips first taste food. No, I would not allow the ransom of thy carcass, thou despicable waresman, for all the wealth of England, if thy coffers would not avail the cause of Henry, more than my own selfish purpose: thou shouldst be tried by a judge that holds the scale of justice with a steady hand; one that never listens to the insidious whisper of the prosecutor, or the supplication of the culprit; by one whose powers, within his own dominions, none dare question; and if thy doom were death, as assuredly such it would be, judging from thy past offences against virtuous Henry and myself, so surely should thy livid headless trunk be conveyed hence to Chester, to glut the eyes of the savage rabble herd, and thy head decorate the highest point of the scathed pine in the gloomy dell, the midnight scene of many a ghostly revel. If five thousand marks be paid, before yon refulgent

orb, which now rides triumphantly in the cloudless sky, shall again beam forth its rays on that mountain-peak and glad the earth, thou wilt be free to depart hence with well-acknowledged pass.

*The Mayor.*—Thy request, Reinallt ab Gryffydd, is too exorbitant,—say one half.

*Reinallt ab Gryffydd.*—Not one groat less than five thousand marks, sound unclipped golden coin.

*The Mayor.*—Then I'll give thee half, knight, with a well-attested bond to pay the rest within a period specified.

*Reinallt ab Gryffydd.*—I tell thee, no! bandy one word more in merchant fashion, and by my hatred of thee and thine, I'll hie thee hence to judgment.

*The Mayor.*—I know, Reinallt ab Gryffydd, that thou art a fearful man, and a desperate; that, from thy youth upward, every evil passion of thine has been gratified to the utmost stretch of human wish and power: I know thy lawless followers are equally merciless; and, above all, that I am in thy hold, a known enemy, and in chains; that the iron portals of this border prison-house ne'er released an English prisoner, except from the pains and mortifications of this life by a blood expiation. Allow me then the means of communicating with my friends; give me ink and paper, and a messenger to convey it.

*Reinallt ab Gryffydd.*—Thy wish is granted; be thou the first who hath entered here in security, that departed hence with life; retire, and let thy epistle be brief, for the day is wearing fast.—Gwgan Rhys, do thou select a trusty messenger to bear the prisoner's letters; supply him too with a horse swift and surefooted; stay,—a thought strikes me,—let Stephen Dutton, Saxon though he be, prove his faith by bearing forth the message; he will suit our views the better,—he may wait upon the prisoner.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same hall, but dismantled of its ornaments: from a huge iron loop, or staple in the *nen-bren*, hangs a noosed rope, which floats backwards and forwards, as the gusts of wind pass through the open windows. Armed men are reclining on the floor, and others sitting round a huge fire. Enter Reinallt ab Gryffydd ab Bleiddyn, and his squire, Gwgan Rhys: the inferiors rise and retire to a distant part of the hall.

*Reinallt ab Gryffydd.*—Let me, once more, cast my eyes over the transcript of the wily Saxon's letter. "To the Worshipful Recorder of the good City of Chester, these; you may trust the messenger, he is our countryman, and bears no friendly feeling to the savage Welshmen,"—hum! "The wolf's band are scattered

about the country, the tower easily surprised at sunrise,"—doubtless! "Two hundred men, led by the bearer to ambush, who will rush in when the gates are opened to admit the messenger, and disarm the guard;"—Well devised, by St. David! "Save our marks, and add largely to them, by seizing the traitor,"—good!—thanks to the gratitude of the Saxon Dutton, for saving his neck from the well-earned halter, for this timely warning: is the prisoner well guarded?

*Gwgan Rhys.*—He is, my lord.

*Reinallt ab Gryffydd.*—Have a strict watch over him, let the guard be doubled; are the faggots collected and safely housed?

*Gwgan Rhys.*—They are, with a goodly store of pitch and hemp scattered among them.

*Reinallt ab Gryffydd.*—"Tis well;—hast removed the money and other valuables?

*Gwgan Rhys.*—I have, and under stealthy guard to the widow's hut.

*Reinallt ab Gryffydd.*—The light of morning is already tinging the dusky robe of night with frigid grey; 'tis time that we resolve: the city force are, doubtless, at no great distance off; hie thee, with a trusty few, to watch their movements; bid those on duty wait on us. Lead the prisoner forward.—Now, Robert Brigne, draper, and eke mayor, how stands thy heart? beats it joyously with hope for freedom? dost already anticipate a kindly welcome from thy dame? or hast been disturbed by heavy dreams, and fearful forebodings?

*The Mayor.*—I have had but sorry lodgings in thy castle, they suit but ill the accustomed comfort of a merchant; but fervently I look forward to repose on my own quiet humble couch, ere the gleam of the evening sun shall glitter on the vane of St. John's.

*Reinallt ab Gryffydd.*—And where dost thou suspect that Reinallt ab Gryffydd ab Bleiddyn shall then lay down his head?

*The Mayor.*—That is more than I can foresee, or perhaps he himself anticipate.

*Reinallt ab Gryffydd.*—Aye! his carcass may, ere then, be food for the kite, the raven, and the wild fox; and his head, by the bleached skull of his dear beloved son, on the highest summit of the bridge gate; the remnant of his faithful retainers hunted along these wild rocks and barren mountains, like beasts of prey. Execrable villain! thou pitiful spawn of a false Saxon churl! how I despise thee! Aye! turn pale and tremble, for thou art discovered, wretched man; and thou art now brought forward to answer for thine offence, and to expiate it, if found guilty. Stand

forward, my brave companions in arms, and judge the offences of this Saxon.—What is the doom of him who hath slain your gallant youthful leader?

*All.*—Death!

*Reinallt ab Gryffydd.*—What is the doom of him who hath offered marks for the head of your chief?

*All.*—Death!

*Reinallt ab Gryffydd.*—What is the doom of him who hath entered into terms of ransom, and hath forfeited his plighted word; and, under the guise of temporary friendship, hath sought to betray the house of his entertainer, and conspired the destruction of him and all his followers, the innocent with the guilty? Answer me, my friends.

*All.*—Death; instant death, ignominious! not by the sword of the brave, but the hempen cord.

*Reinallt ab Gryffydd.*—Be it so!—Aye, tremble, Robert Brigne, at that swinging cord: tremble, for thou standest now on the brink of eternity: down on thy bended knee crave pardon for thy sins from high heaven, and the holy saint's intercession.

*The Mayor.*—I tell thee, Reinallt ab Gryffydd, that I fear not to die in a just cause, and am ready to lay down my life for the good of my country; but I tremble from agitation, from bitter disappointment,—that thou hast discovered my plan to rid the earth of the basest, the blackest of tyrants, the robber and the murderer! recollect that a day of retribution will yet arrive, and thou shalt answer for this foul offence to the noble King Edward. Now wreak thy spiteful vengeance upon me, defenceless: with my dying breath I tell thee, that hadst thou ten sons, and all an infant brood, by St. Thomas à Becket, I would have exterminated such reptiles from the face of nature. I glory in my judgment of thy son. I declare to thee even now, that while sitting on the judgment seat, I hurled my iron gauntlet at his face, when he taunted me with my humble birth, and made his hot blood start in streams from mouth and nostril,—it was I who—

*Reinallt ab Gryffydd.*—Monster! villain! I'll hear no more.—Ill strangle thee with my own hands!—No, no! that were defiling myself: by the holy St. Beuno, I would rather touch a polluted Israelite. Up with him.

In an instant, the rope that depended from the staple fixed in the nen-bren of the hall, was dropped down over the head of the victim; he was hurled up at the same moment, and the stillness of death was only interrupted by the convulsive struggles of the mayor, and the rattling of the cord as it passed rapidly through the iron loop.

*Reinallt ab Gryffydd.*—Now my men, to arms! the villain has paid the forfeit of his offence; let him remain where he is, a gaudy spectacle for the next visitor. In a few hours we shall be on our march to Harlech, to join King Henry, our gallant countryman, brave Jasper Tudor, earl of Pembroke, and his youthful nephew Harry Tudor, earl of Richmond, the hope of the Cymry.

*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A mountainous country, with a strong, square, border tower, embattled and defended with a deep ditch and drawbridge; lights in the small windows; armed men lying around in ambush. Reinallt ab Gryffydd advancing, is met by Gwgan Rhys.

*Reinallt ab Gryffydd.*—Now then, Gwgan Rhys, what news? are they on their advance?

*Gwgan Rhys.*—They are, my lord. Two hundred men, the flower of Chester's city bands, well armed, and elate of heart, with Stephen Dutton at their head. I saw them from the decayed oak.

*Reinallt ab Gryffydd.*—Hast given Stephen his lesson?

*Gwgan Rhys.*—I have: they are to be led by him to the sheds adjoining the inner barrier; he'll enter, followed by the Saxon spear and bill men, and escape through the secret passage into the wood, and join us.

*Reinallt ab Gryffydd.*—Is he faithful?

*Gwgan Rhys.*—As true as my own good sword and buckler. They come: see ye not their arms glittering in the copse below?—there goes Stephen, stealthy as a cat, followed by the band, under the shade of the tower wall. They stop,—frightened at an owl's whoop, by the holy saints! they proceed again. Bravo Stephen.

*Reinallt ab Gryffydd.*—Are the lights ready? Now, my brave comrades, be ready; the marches shall long bear in remembrance the revenge of Reinallt ab Gryffydd, and distant ages shall shudder at this deed of vengeance: he cares not for the world's opinion. Oh, ye wives of Chester, and doting mothers! had ye but known the dangers that awaited your husbands and sons, when you greeted them forward to the certain overthrow of the Wolf of the Border, you would have fettered them with chains of precious gold. Listen! he knocks at the gate: it is opened,—by Heaven, they are retreating! No, no, they return; he enters,—they rush in. Hark at their shouts of triumph.—Now, my men, quickly forward; let every man cast his load of faggots at the gates; throw torches in at those windows where the lights are seen; allow not a living soul to escape: now for vengeance! Sound the trumpets,—Reinallt! Reinallt! the wolf! the wolf! to the death!

Quick as thought, the mountaineers rushed forward, and piled the faggots at the great gate; their perfect dryness produced immediate ignition; torches were thrown in at the windows, upon the heaps of flax, pitch, and other combustibles; the flame extended like wildfire around the building, and blazed with a most tremendous roar. Loud cries of agony from the inmates made the scene perfectly appalling, but they had no effect upon the iron hearts of Reinallt and his followers. The soldiers were seen in the midst of the flames, endeavouring to effect their escape from the fiery furnace; some hurled themselves from the walls upon the spears of their enemies, some supplicated rescue, and others stood in the midst of the raging element, maddened with despair, calmly waiting the death that was inevitable; those who escaped with slight injuries, and were trying to hide themselves in the thickets, were cut down without mercy; and few, if any, returned to the city to tell the dreadful deed of vengeance.

Reinallt ab Gryffydd having collected his band, proceeded with his valuable caravan of personal wealth to the castle of Harlech. He led them forward on a fine black charger; a smile of inward and savage satisfaction at the gratification of his vengeance, sat on his hard but handsome features, and only gave way to milder feelings when he opened the folds of a litter that contained his last-surviving offspring, the hope of his old age, and the only object of his affection.

LLWCH.

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FOR A MONUMENT AT HAVOD,

CARDIGANSHIRE.

WHEN thou hast pass'd, O stranger! o'er each chann  
 Enshrin'd within the mazes of these scenes,  
 Learn, Nature here was late a savage rude,  
 A garbless victim to the season's ire,  
 Yet beautiful withal, a virgin stately.  
 A spirit of the sunny climes came here,  
 TASTR his name, the son of Grace and Rapture;  
 And he beheld her with a lover's eye—  
 And he ador'd her with a lover's warmth;  
 Rear'd high her temple and array'd her form  
 With Spring's own verdant mantle: on her brow,  
 Her lofty brow, the wood nymph's favors shone,  
 And Flora deck'd her bosom; at her feet  
 The hoary Genius of the Flood appear'd,  
 And hail'd her queen of all the wond'rous scenes  
 Where Grandeur bows to Beauty for his crown,  
 And wild Romance invests with magic garland.  
 Gay Summer smil'd at her baptismal font,  
 With gentle benediction nam'd her HAVOD.

MADOC MERVYN.

## ADAPTATION OF REFLECTORS TO SIR HUMPHREY DAVY'S MINERS' SAFETY LAMP.

THE original humane invention of the Mining Safety Lamp, by Sir Humphrey Davy, was far from the least in importance of that philosopher's discoveries; and the adaptation of reflectors to it, recently contrived by Mr. J. Roberts, of Queen street, Cheapside, London, is, we think, an extremely important addition to the original instrument. No persons are more indebted to Sir Humphrey Davy than the immense population engaged in working the mines and collieries in Wales; and if, by giving to the invention an extended publicity, we are enabled, in the slightest degree, to ameliorate the hardships to which so numerous and industrious a class of the lower orders are exposed, we shall have attained to the utmost of our wishes on the subject. The society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, in London, have lately presented their silver Isis medal to Mr. Roberts, for his valuable improvement of the safety lamp, and it is from their recently published volume of Transactions, that we collect the following information.

The principal objection to the use of Sir Humphrey Davy's safe lamp, is the feeble light which it gives, in consequence of the flame, which is not large, being enclosed in a cage of wire gauze; and this defect is generally increased when, as often happens, the miner is at work in air mixed with so much inflammable gas, or carbonic acid, or a mixture of both, as to occasion the lamp to burn with a pale smoky flame. The explosion which in some circumstances would probably take place, is, it is true, prevented by this admirable invention; but any means by which the light of the lamp could be increased, or at least rendered more available to the miner, without impairing its safety, would greatly add to its utility. Each miner has, or ought to have, his own lamp, of which the only part of the light that is directly useful to him, is that which falls on the spot where he is working; it is obvious, therefore, that if a reflector were placed behind the flame, much of the light that would otherwise be lost, may be thrown to the precise part where it is wanted. The reflector employed by Mr. Roberts is of no regular curve, but approaches to that of the concavity of about a third part of the wire gauze cylinder. It may be made of copper silvered, or tin, or of polished tin plate, which is not only the cheapest, but, on the whole, the best material, as being far less liable to tarnish by the contact of sulphureous vapour.

In certain collieries, where the beds are thick, as at Whitehaven, and in the ten-yard-coal of Staffordshire, the miners are often

required to work in the upper part of the galleries, where fire-damp is very liable to collect, and where a lamp, even with a reflector annexed, in this inflammable air, will give but little light. For such cases, Mr. Roberts employs a second concave reflector, attached to the outside of the lamp by a jointed rod, which enabling it to turn in any direction, allows the miner to place the lamp on the ground, where the air is the purest, and consequently where the flame is the brightest, and, by adjusting the exterior reflector, to direct the rays condensed by the interior one, to the place where the light is wanted.

Trial has been made of Mr. Roberts's apparatus in a colliery near Bolton, the under-looker of which reports, that by means of it, a degree of light quite sufficient for every purpose, may be obtained at a distance of from fifteen to twenty yards from the lamp.

Mr. Roberts, who is a practical coal-worker, stated to the committee, the following circumstances, which, though not directly connected with the subject of the preceding notice, may perhaps without impropriety, be recorded.

Signs of the presence of inflammable air in a coal-mine, are when the flame of the candle or lamp has a blue top, the length of such blue top being an indication of the proportion of inflammable air, and therefore of the hazard: this blue top is sometimes two and a half inches long; and when an explosion is imminent, it begins to dance on the top of the proper flame of the candle.

Signs of the presence of carbonic acid gas, are when the candle burns dull, and finally becomes extinct; previously to which, the flame becomes smoky, is somewhat enlarged, and the least agitation of the air will extinguish it.

Signs of the presence of a mixture of both the above-mentioned gases, are when the flame has a long, broad, bushy top, sometimes six inches high; the flame is then, in Staffordshire, said to be *fire-fangled*. In these circumstances, no explosion takes place; but if the proportion of carbonic acid increase, the flame goes out. Those confined parts of a colliery which are imperfectly ventilated, and which, when cold, cannot be safely entered with a candle, cease to be so hazardous when warm: in such places, the miner first enters without a light, takes off his jacket, and shakes it about to stir the air, and then falls to working with all his might, till he is in a profuse perspiration, in order that the place may get warm; he then steps out as quick as possible for his light, lest the place get cool: it is now safe, as long as the miner continues hard at work, but if he ceases, even for a short time, the inflammable air shows itself by the blue top to his light, and the place becomes hazardous. If he leaves the place for a short time, he must re-enter it without a light, and with all the precautions above mentioned.



After a miner has been thus working, the vapour, as the place cools, will stand in drops of dew on the surface of the coal.

The efficacy of the above proceeding seems to depend, in part, on the carbonic acid produced by the breath of the miner, but chiefly by the aqueous vapour of his excessive perspiration; in confirmation of which, Mr. Roberts found, while working in the coal-mines at Whitehaven, that he obtained immediately the same advantage by throwing down before him a lump of quick lime, and pouring water over it.

Dr. Clanny's safe lamp depends on the same principle of diluting the gas with steam.

So far we have, with some little correction, adopted the language contained in the last report of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c. in London; but as our object in republishing the report is utility, we beg to add a few remarks of our own, in connexion with the philosophical effects and results of the experiments alluded to in the latter paragraphs.

There is an evident want of perspicuity, and sometimes even an occasional blunder perceptible, throughout the above *rationale* of the effect of the miner's *hard working*. The fact of *the place getting warm* because the workman "*is in a profuse perspiration, &c.*" is, to say the least of it, somewhat apocryphal: the very contrary effect would be produced; since the perspiration, by evaporating, would deprive the place of a great portion of caloric. But again, we learn that "*the efficacy of the above proceeding seems to depend in part on the carbonic acid produced by the breath of the miner, but chiefly by the aqueous vapour,*" &c. Here we have cause and effect with a vengeance, (the mine is not sufficiently stocked with carbonic acid, and therefore recourse is to be had to the miner's lungs for a further supply;) and again, "*in confirmation of which,*" &c. Now the plain fact is, that owing to the *superabundance* of carbonic acid, or of carburetted hydrogen, in the mines, the flame of a candle is extinguished for want of oxygen, or atmospheric air, to support combustion; and in consequence of its specific gravity, the noxious vapour lies much lower than the atmospheric air; the miner by "*shaking his jacket about, working with all his might,*" &c. expels the carbonic acid, the place of which is then filled by atmospheric air, and the candle continues burning. It is for this reason, therefore, that by "throwing down before him a lump of quick lime, and pouring water over it," Mr Roberts "obtained the same advantage;" and not for the awkward, confused, and unscientific reasons assigned by the Society's report. The quick lime, having a great affinity for carbonic acid, absorbs it in large quantities from the surrounding space, and becomes converted into chalk, or *carbonate of lime*. Against the "*diluting the gas with steam,*" "the vapour cooling and standing

in drops of dew," &c., the danger of the "place getting cool," and the other strange, and facetious imaginings of the Society's reporter, we beg leave modestly to enter our protest; at the same time confessing we are somewhat puzzled, considering the style, the grammar, and, (as regards the *fire damp* portion,) the matter of this report, to account for its appearance in the "Transactions."

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FOR A MONUMENT AT LLANDEWI BREVI,  
CARDIGANSHIRE.

SAINT David triumph'd here; and won a name  
Imperishable. Oh it was a scene  
Memorable in the annals of the land,  
When the grave fathers of the British church,  
In sacred synod, here assembl'd all,  
To purify the nation's tainted faith  
From the wild errors of Pelagius.—  
Cities and towns, and villages and hamlets,  
Pour'd out their thousands, and attently heard  
In one vast silent concourse.

David the Monk  
Then little known of royal Arthur's line,  
Appear'd at length, when all had spoke effectless;  
Truth on his lip, fire in his eye, and on his tongue  
Surpassing eloquence, prophetic zeal,  
The energy of Heaven's inspired son:  
Conviction shot into the hearts of all,  
Like lightning flashes that illumine the gloom  
In the dark night of tempests. Never more  
Own'd men that schismatic's convicted creed!  
Honour on earth, a truly sainted fame,  
The archiepiscopal pall and mitre,  
Were David's glories,—and a crown in Heaven.

MADOC MERVYN.

## THE BARD, TO HIS MOUNTAIN HARP.

BY ROBERT FOLKESTONE WILLIAMS.

A SHADOW dwells upon my spirit,—wild,  
 And dark and gloomy is the shade it flings  
 Over the waters pure and undefiled,  
 The deep and secret springs  
 From whence the gushing tear will quickly rise  
 Into the humid eyes.

My soul is weary of the world, and strives  
 To shake off the dull clay that still adheres  
 To its light pinions,—clinging to our lives  
 With the full weight of tears,  
 And leaving the young heart as dark and lone  
 As a monumental stone.

Harp! thou hast been to me a much loved friend,  
 And I have learnt much knowledge of thy work;  
 Canst thou not now some consolation send,  
 To bind me to this earth?  
 For I am weary of the vice and crimes  
 Of these degenerate times.

Come, let me press my fingers on thy strings,  
 And raise the memory of the olden time;  
 Come, bringing throngs of wild imaginings  
 In sweet harmonious rhyme;  
 With snatches of those everlasting lays,  
 The light of other days.

Cambria! my harp has many a lay for thee;  
 Many a wild sweet chord its strings have given  
 That stirred the feelings of humanity  
 To rise in songs to heaven:  
 Remembrances that throng upon the mind,  
 Of thee, and of thy kind.

Thou wert among the glorious ones of old,  
 And thou art still the beautiful and bright;  
 Thine were among the fearless and the bold,—  
 The mighty in the fight.  
 Many a time and oft the legions fled  
 Before thy brave—and dead.

Thine were the bards of high and tuneful song,  
 The palm-crowned sacred ones, whose voices gave  
 Strength to the musing of the battle throng,  
 And glory to the brave:  
 Thine was the Druid eld, whose name still thrills  
 The hearts of thy young hills.

*The Bard, to his Mountain Harp.*

Art thou not beautiful, my own wild Wales?  
 Is not as grand each cloud-robed mountain's brow?  
 Is not the beauty of thy native vales  
 As bright and lovely now,  
 As when those hills and valleys could enfold  
 The mighty ones of old?

And though no independence can belong—  
 No separate crown may ever dwell on thee,  
 Are not the arms of thy brave sons as strong,  
 Are not their hearts as free,  
 As when they met the Roman in his might,  
 To show how freemen fight.

Harp! have I not deep cause to love thee well,  
 For waking that sweet music that abounds  
 In the lone heart, as if there was a spell  
 In thy melodious sounds  
 To gather up those memories that rest  
 Deep in the troubled breast.

Now from thy chords there comes a tone that floats  
 On the calm breezes gently stirring here,  
 As if they were but echoes of those notes  
 Still, still to memory dear:  
 Years have passed by, others arise, and yet  
 I cannot these forget.

Why—why do such things still possess a power  
 To throw their shadows o'er our hopes and fears,  
 And in the silence of the lonely hour  
 Moving the heart to tears.  
 The tones which came from that sweet voice is gone,  
 Yet *here* it still sounds on.

And here it will remain, 'till life and breath  
 Is separate in the dark and final strife;  
 When that fond love, which is as strong as death,  
 And lies as deep as life,  
 Shall be dissolved,—shall perish, and decay;  
 Then shall it pass away.

Harp! I have found much pleasure in thy numbers  
 That come from off thy strings so sweet and clear  
 Waking the soul from its insensate slumbers,  
 To sounds it once held dear.  
 The sadness from my spirit now has gone,  
 The shadow has passed on.

*March 1831.*

*To the Editors.*

GENTLEMEN,

I ENCLOSE to you a copy of the original writ, returning Colonel John Jones (the regicide), Knight of the Shire for the county of Merioneth. Should you deem it worthy of a place in the Cambrian Quarterly Magazine, I shall feel gratified at having placed it in your hands. To this I have subjoined a short biographical sketch of Colonel Jones, extracted from a somewhat rare work, giving an account of the trial of King Charles's judges: I have also added some brief notices of a few of the persons whose names occur in the writ.

I am, gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

W.

HÆC INDENTURA fact' in pleno Com' Comitatus Merioneth' tent' ap'd Harlech die Martis (vizt.) decimo secund' die Octobris Año Regni dñi nri Caroli Dei grac' Anglie Scotie francie et Hib'nie Regis fidei defensoris, etc: vicesimo tertio, inter Lodovic' Owen Ar' vicecom' Com' p'd'cti ex vna parte, et Owinu Salesbury Ar' Gruffinu Nanney Ar' Johannē Lloyd Ar' Humffreidū Hughes Ar' Gruffinu Lloyd Ar' Rowlandū Vaughan Ar' Johē Nanney Riceū Lloyd Ricū Lloyd Willmu Wynne Robtū Wynne Ricū ap' Robt Wynn Robtū Maesmor Willmū Nanney Willmū Humffreys Johē Vaughan Hugonē Davies Theodorū Vaughan Hugonē Lloyd Edwardū Lewis Mauriceū ap' Rees David Lloyd Elliceū Wynne Edwardū Wynne generosos Edwardū Lloyd Cleric' et multos alios p'so n' Com' p'd'ct' et Elect' vnus Milit' ad Parliament in bre' huic Indentur' consut' specificat' ex altera parte qui vt maior pars totius Com' p'd'ct' tunc ib'm existens Jurat' et examinat' secund' vim forma' et effectū diūsor' statut' inde edit' et p'visor', elligerunt Johanē Jones Armigē infra Comū p'd'ct' comorant' gladio cinct' milit' habilem, et maus idoneū et discret', dantes et concedentes p'd'ct' Milit' plenā et sufficient' potestat' p' se et tot' Com' Com' p'd'ct', ad faciend et consentiend' hiis que ad Parliament' in d'cto brevi de comūni consilio Reg' d'ct' d'ni Regis nunc Anglie contingerint ordinari sup' negotiis in d'cto brevi specificat'. In cuius rei Testimoniū vn' parti huius Indentur' penes d'ct' dominū Regem remanent' partes p'd'ct' Sigilla sua apposuerunt, alteri vero parti eiusd'm Indentur' p'd'ct' vicecom' Sigill' suū apposuit. Dat' die Año et loco suprad'ct.

Lodovicus Owen

Ar' Vicecom' Com' p'd'ct'.

JOHN JONES. "Mr. John Jones came of a mean family in Wales, and was a man of no mean reputation before the war. He was sent up to London to be put to a trade, but was placed as a serving-man to a gentleman, and afterwards was preferred to Sir Thomas Middleton, lord mayor of London, with whom he lived many years in the same capacity.

"At the beginning of the war, he ran with the rebels, and had a captain's place of foot for his first post; but his factious spirit recommending him to Cromwell's party, he was made a member of Parliament, and an instrument in all his plots and treasons against the king: for a reward of which service he was raised through several successive employments, till he was made one of the commissioners of Parliament for the government of Ireland. This office he discharged with great tyranny, persecuting all that were contrary to his principles, raking up old laws concerning the brewing of ale and beer, plaguing all the houses in Dublin that sold drink, and not suffering any one to enjoy a public employment who was seen to go into an alehouse; so that, to go into an alehouse, or regular church, were crimes equally dangerous and punishable.

"His favorite chaplain was one Mr. Patients, formerly a stock-footer in London, whom he appointed to preach every Sunday before the council of Ireland, in Christ church, Dublin. After some time he was recalled, and married Cromwell's\* own sister, in hopes of getting more preferment; but Oliver dying, and his hopes failing him, he made it his business to unhinge his cousin Richard's government. From henceforward his fortune played with him: one while making him a governor, and then a cipher, till he ended his course as the before-mentioned regicides had done."

"At his execution, he ingeniously acquitted the king, as having done nothing but the part of a loving son to a father, and the court, as acting by law according to the best of their understandings." [From an old and somewhat scarce work, entitled, "The Indictment, Arraignment, Tryal, and Judgment, at large, of Twenty-nine Regicides, the Murderers of His Most Sacred Majesty King Charles the First, of Glorious Memory."]

LEWIS OWEN. Lewis Owen, the sheriff of the county of Merioneth, in this year, was the eldest son of Richard Owen, of Morben, in the county of Montgomery, by Margaret his wife, heiress of Peniarth, in Merionethshire. He was himself elected knight of the shire for this county in 1659.

OWEN SALESBURY. He was the possessor of Rhûg, near Corwen,

\* He was married, also, to Margaret, daughter of John Edwards, of Stasty, in the county of Deabigh, who must have been his first wife.

now the residence of his descendant, Lieutenant Colonel Vaughan. He is said to have become a convert to the Roman Catholic faith; and during his possession of the Rhûg estate, the private chapel now standing was erected.

GRIFFITH NANNEY, of Nanney. This mansion is now the residence of Sir Robert Williames Vaughan, bart., the present member for the county. Sir Robert's grandmother was the daughter and coheirress of Hugh Nanney, esq., a lineal descendant of this Griffith.

GRIFFITH LLOYD. He was of Maesyneuadd. His daughter and heiress married Maurice, second son of William Wynne, of Glynn, esq.: and their lineal descendant the Rev. John Nanney, is the present possessor of Maesyneuadd.

ROWLAND VAUGHAN was of Caergai, near Bala, a mansion now belonging to Sir W. Williams Wynn, bart.

WILLIAM WYNNE was of Glynn, near Harlech, an estate now possessed by his descendant, Mary Jane, the wife of William Ormsby Gore, esq.

ROBERT WYNNE was of Sylvaen, near Llanaber, and the eldest son of William Wynne, before mentioned. He was sheriff of the county in the years 1657 and 1666.

JOHN VAUGHAN was probably of Cefnbodig, near Bala. If so, he was afterwards representative for the county in Parliament.

THEODORE VAUGHAN was the possessor of Caerynwch, near Dolgelley, now the property of Richard Richards, esq., whose mother, the lady of the late respected lord chief baron, was a descendant of this Theodore.

## OLION.

*Welsh Orthography.*

GENTLEMEN,

WHILST I feel grateful to your learned correspondent, Tegid, for his valuable communications in the Cambrian Quarterly, yet I cannot pass over in silence, much less can I approve of some parts of his proposed "Reformed System of Welsh Orthography." He proposes, "that *di* be considered both as an affirmative and negative particle." With all due deference to Tegid's superior abilities, I cannot avoid saying, that this proposal is not only objectionable, but absurd: its adoption would introduce confusion in the language, both in speaking and writing. What should we think of an algebraist, if he were gravely to propose that + should be a positive and a negative sign in all future algebraical productions. Equally absurd is it to propose that *di* be both affirmative and negative in the Welsh language. Again, I object to the use of contractions, either on account of euphony, or on account of any other cause or motive whatever. I can hardly tolerate them with the bards: but these are a privileged race, and claim a right to mutilate and murder words, in order to preserve *cynganedd*. Yet, whatever license may be permitted to the children of song, contractions should never be allowed in prose composition: they weaken the masculine energy of the language, they produce confusion in sounds and sense, and they grievously offend the eye, both in writing and in print. I hope that Tegid will reconsider the matter, and, instead of consulting bishops, mere Englishmen who certainly can know but very little about Welsh orthography, rise so superior to all prepossessions and prejudices as to present us with a "Reformed System of Welsh Orthography," which may be in harmony with the philosophy of the language, and free from valid objections.

Before I conclude, I beg to observe, that however excellent Tegid's version of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah may be, (Cambrian Quarterly, p. 58,) it is not free from objections, because it does not faithfully express the sense of the original. For instance, in the fifth verse, Ioan Tegid has the phrases *am ein troseddau ni am ein camweddau ni*. But the Welsh *am* does not represent the force of the Hebrew *Mem*. The latter denotes cause, origin, the instrument or agent of action, and therefore out of, from, by, and as such is the sign of the ablative case. The proper translation, therefore, is, *gan ein troseddau ni*, &c. for the prophet decidedly



asserts, that the illustrious character to whom he refers was smitten and destroyed *by* or *through* the vices and crimes of his countrymen. I know that lexicographers often render the Hebrew *mem* by *for*, *to*, &c. but these gentlemen are little to be depended upon; they follow each other like Indians in a single file, and seldom think for themselves in a free and unbiassed manner. In opposition to their statements, I venture to affirm, because I have facts to bear me out, that the Hebrew *mem* never signifies *for*, and consequently ought *not* to be translated into Welsh by *am*. There are other defects in Tegid's fifty-third of Isaiah, but I forbear.

ELVAELIAD.

Jan. 22, 1831.

*Moel y Vammau.*

GENTLEMEN,

IN the last number of the Cambrian Quarterly, p. 90, is a letter from F. L. O. Von Klishjorsci, requesting information respecting a supposed irruption or volcano on Moel y Vammau. I have been exceedingly amused with the extract which he has made from Dodsley's Register, and am not at all surprised that he should be "inclined to deem" the account as "wild and wonderful."

We have often deep snows in Wales, followed by terrible drifts; and, as many of the cottages are built snugly under precipitous hills and impending cliffs, they may occasionally be partially covered, when the snow is deep, and the drifts are heavy and continued: but for the snow to reach the garret of a house three stories high, so that the writer could "hardly lay down with security," is too extravagant for credence. In short, I do not believe one word of it; and it is my opinion, that the writer either intended to hoax the Saxon, or that he was under the influence of a diseased imagination.

Then, with regard to Moel y Vammau, its groans, its trembling, its spouting forth liquid fire, its top falling in, and the terrified inhabitants running away from St. Asaph into the sea! really, all this out-Herod's Herod. About four years ago I visited the very summit of this noble mountain, and declare, for the satisfaction of your correspondent, that it presents no appearance whatever of having been disturbed, either by an earthquake or volcanic fire; that the summit is sound, and rounded nearly to a cone; that on the very top, which Dodsley's correspondent represents as having fallen in, a lofty monument rears its proud head towards the clouds, and which was erected to commemorate the 50th year of the reign of George III.; that the prospects from the summit of

the hill are grand and beautiful; and that if Von Klishjorsci be for publishing an account of his Tour through Wales, I trust, from the specimen which he has introduced, that he will seek for better authorities than Dodsley's Register.

ELVAELIAD.

Jan. 22, 1831.

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*The Antiquity of Welsh Customs and Superstitions.*

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

DURING the appearance of the Aurora Borealis this winter, it was a common notion amongst the peasantry that it portended wars and convulsions of nations. We have always heard them draw a similar prognostication from any meteoric phenomenon in the heavens: this idea prevailed amongst the Greeks in the time of Homer. In the third book of the Iliad, when Jupiter sends Minerva to break the truce between the Greeks and the Trojans, the goddess is described as descending like a meteor "from which many sparkles are emitted:" and one of the soldiers of the two contending hosts is made to predict, on seeing her thus descend, a continuance of the wars.

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MODE OF BURIAL IN WALES.

The "Gwyllydyd," a small monthly periodical, in the Welsh language, conducted by some patriotic clergyman of the established church, contains a good deal of antiquarian information, particularly on ecclesiastical topics. We translate the following from the number published in May last: "In ancient times, it was customary for all who attended a funeral, to carry each a sprig of rosemary in his hand, and throw it into the grave as the minister was reading the last words of the funeral service." A custom analogous to this prevailed amongst the ancient heathens; they used to throw cypress wood into the grave in the same manner. The reason why they made choice of the cypress was, because its branches do not bud when thrown into the earth, but perish altogether; it thus was an expressive symbol of their opinion, that the bodies of the dead would never rise again. On the other hand, the Christians threw the rosemary into the graves of their brethren, to express that hope of a joyful resurrection with which their faith had inspired them.

## RHYFEDDODAU ANIAN.

*Cyfieithiad o'r Saesneg gan MR. THOMAS ROBERTS, Llwynrhudol.*

OGOF ANTIPAROS. O'r holl ogfeydd tanddaearol a wyddis ym awr am danynt,\* ogof Antiparos ydyw yr un fwyaf hynodol yn gystal, o ran ei helaethder, ag o ran harddwch a dysgleirdeb ei chrawenau. Chwillwyd yr ogof enwog hon gyntaf gan un Magni, teithydd Italaidd; ogyrch can' mhlynedd yn ol, yn Antiparos, Ynys yn yr Ynys-fôr (*Archipelago*.)

"Gwedi cael hysbysiad" eb efe, gan frodorion Paros, bod Delw gawraidd i'w gweled wrth safn yr ogof sydd yn ynys fechan Antiparos, yr hon sydd o gylch dwy filltir oddiwrth y llall, llwyrfwriadwyd y byddai i hi (y negeydd masnachol Ffrancaidd a minnau) ymweled a hi. Yn ol y llawn fwrriad hwn, wedi i ni diriaw ar yr Ynys, a cherdded o ddeutu Pédaif milltir trwy ganol gwastadoedd teg, a llechwedd-dir coediog, nynti o'r diwedd, a ddaethom hyd at rhyw fryn bychan; ar ochr pa un, yr agorai y ceudwil erchyll, yr hwn tŵy ei gaddug, yn gyntaf a'n tarawodd a brow nes i hyny braidd atal yr Anturiaeth. Beth bynnag wedi y syndod cyntaf; nynti a aethom i fewn yn Eön; a chyn myned mwy nag ugain cam, pryd yr ymddangosai i'n golwg ddêl w y Cawr ffugiawl.

Nynti yn fuan a ganfyddasom, nad oedd yr hyn a ddychrynasai y brodorion anwybodus, megys Cawr, ddim mwy nag ysgolpion cyd-dyfawl ffurfiedig trwy ddiferiad dwfr o gronglwyd yr ogof, ac yn raddol wedi caledu yn y llun hwnw, pa un a ffurfiasai eu harswyd i anghenfil. Annogwyd ni trwy yr ymddangosiad rhyfeddol hwn, i fyned eto yn mtellach i chwiliaw am bethau newyddion yn y breswylfa tanddaearawl hon. Mal yr ae'm yn mhlaen ymddangosai rhyfeddodau newyddion, yr ysgolpion wedi eu ffurfiaw mal coedydd a manwydd oeddynt fal llwyn carregawl; rhai yn wynion, rhai yn wyrddion, ac oll yn enciliau yn wir raddol olygiant.

Hwy a'n tarawasant a mwy o syndawd o herwydd y gwyddem nad oeddynt ond effeithiau Anian yn unig, yr hon hyd yn hyn, a wna'i yn ei thymor chwariëus wisgaw y cyfun-ddrych mal pe i'w dyfyru ei hunan. Ni y pryd hyny oeddynt heb weled ond ychydig o ryfeddodau y lle; ac nid oeddynt ond yn unig wedi ein harwain i borth y deml ryfeddol hon. Yn un lloches o'r ddirgelfa hanner oleuol ymddangosai agorad o gylch tair troedfedd o led, pa un a ymddangosai i arwain i le hollol tywyll, ac un o'r brodorion a haerai, na chynnwysai ddim ond cronfa o ddwr.

Ar hyn o hysbysiad, nynti a wnaethom brawf o hyny trwy dasfu cerryg i lawr, pa rai trwy eu twrf ar hyd ochr y ddiscynfa ychydig

\* Namyn Ogof fawr Kentucky yn America, hanes pa un a gyfieithwyd i'r Gymraeg gan yr un gwr.

amser; yr oedd y swm yn ymddangos i ddystewi mewn llyn o ddwr yn y diwedd.

Yn ganlynol, beth bynnag i fod yn fwy hysbys, nyni a anfonasom Forwr dwyreiniol, yr hwn, trwy addo iddo wobr da, a anturiodd i mewn i'r agorad cyfyng hwn a chanwyll byg yn ei law. Gwedi iddo aros yno o gylch pymtheg munud, efe a ddychwelodd yn ol, yn dal yn ei law dalpiâu heirdd-wych o ysgolpion gwynion, y rhai na fedrai cywreinrwydd eu cystadlu na'u cyffelybu. Ar ol iddo hysbysu i ni, bod y lle yn llawn o'r fath grestïadau tlysiôn, mi a eithym i mewn ar antur gyd âg ef, o gylch deg cam a deugain, yn bryderus ac yn bwyllog gan fyned i wared, hyd ffordd serth a pheryglus.

Canfuasom ein bod gwedi dyfod hyd at ddibyn yr hwn a arweinïai i gylchynfa äang, (os caniateir i mi ei galw felly) eto yn ddyfnach nag un parth arall, nyni a ddychwelasom yn nol, ac wedi ymbaratoi ag ysgol, canwyll byg, a phethau ereill i brysuero ein discyniad, ein cymdeithion oll, bob un o honynt a anturiasant i mewn i'r un Agorad; ac a ddaethant i wared y naill ar ol y llall, nyni yn y diwedd a ganfuasom ein hunain oll gyda ein gilydd yn y lle mwyaf ardderchog yn yr ogof.

Yn awr yr oedd ein canwyllau oll yn oleuedig, a'r holl le yn gyflawn lewyrchiawl, ni ddichon i lygad byth ganfod mwy o ddysgleirdeb a'r fath olwg ardderchog.

Yr oedd y nen i gyd yn grogedig, o bibonwy cyfangorff tryloyw mal gwydr, eto yn galed fal mynor.

Prin y gallai y llygad gyrhaedd y M<sup>ŵ</sup>d uchel Ardderchog, yr oedd yr ochrau wedi eu ffurfïaw yr rheolaidd o wydr-faen, a'r cwbl yn ymddangos i'r amgyffred fal chwareufa lewyrchiawl ardderchog, gydag anfeidrawl ormodedd o oleuadau.

Y llawr oedd o faen mynor cyfangorff; ac mewn amrafael fanau, ymddangosai colofnau ardderchog, gorseddau, allorau, a gwrthrychau ereill, mal pe buasai anian wedi amcanu, i watwor y celfyddydau cywrain.

Ein lleisiau, wrth lefaru, neu ganu oeddynt wedi eu codi i uchelder anghyffredin; ac ar saethu a drull, y swm a'r adseiniad oeddynt agos yn ddigon ag ein byddaru. Yn nghanol yr amgylchfa codasai carn cyd-dwfedig o gylch pymtheg troedfedd o uchder yr hwn mewn gradd oedd yn debyg i allor; oddiwrth pa un y cymmerasom yr amgyffred, ni a berasom i wasanaeth yr Offeren gael ei weinyddu yno.

Y colofnau heirdd pa rai a amgylchasant yr allor, a ymddangosant fal canwyllron; a llawer o wrthrychau anianol ereill a arddangosant mal addurnau defodawl a berthynai i'r ddefawd hon.

Oddi tan hyd yn oed yr ogof äang hon, ymddangosai ogof arall; i lawr i ba un yr anturiais gyda fy morwr blaenorol, ac a ddiscyn-

asom o gylch deg cam a deugain wrth raff. Myfi yn y diwedd a ddeuais i le bychan gwastad, lle yr ymddangosai y gwaelod yn anghyffelyb i'r un yn yr amgylchfa, yr oedd yn gyfansoddedig o glai meddal, ac i ba un y gwthiais ffon i chwe' throedfedd o ddyfnder.

Yma beth bynnag, mal uwch ben, yr oedd nifer o feini grisial heirddion wedi eu ffurfiau; un o y rhain, yn neillduol a debygai i fwrdd.

Ar ein ymadawiad o'r ogof ryfeddol hon, nyni a ganfuom Yagrif Roëg ar graig wrth y drws, eithr gwedi ei dad-lythyru mewn rhan gan amser, fel nas medrem ei darllen yn iawn.

Yr oedd yn ymddangos i arwyddocâu ddarfod i un *Antipater*, yn amser Alexander, ddyfod yma; ond pa uu bynnag a dreiddiasai i ddyfnderoedd yr ogof ai naddo, ni thwybiwyd yn addas ein hysbysu. Yr hanes hwn am y fath olwg prydfferth a hynodawl, a all wasanaethu i roddi i ni ryw ddrychfeddwl am ryfeddodau anian tan y ddaear.

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*Unpublished Order not to demolish Powis Castle, but only the Outworks.*

[FROM THE POWIS CASTLE MSS.]

*Saturday, y<sup>e</sup>. 28<sup>th</sup>. of April, 1660.  
At the Councill of State at Whitehall.*

Whereas by an order of this councill there were some persons appoynted to joyne with others formerly appoynted to demolish Red Castle in Wales, which place as since it appears to the Councill doth not belong to the State, and it alsoe appearing that the owners and proprietors thereof have given security that the sayd Castle shall not be employed or made use of to the disturbance of the peace of the nation or in prejudice to the Parliament and Comonwealth: ordered that the former order made for demolishing of the sayd Castle, be and hereby is made null and voyd, otherwise than the demolishing of the outworkes about the sayd Castle, and so make some breaches in the Walls about the Castle to the end it may thereby be made indefensible in case of any trouble or insurrection that may happen hereafter, which being done the sayd Castle is to be at the disposall of such person or persons, who have right to, and property in y<sup>e</sup>. same.

Signed in y<sup>e</sup>. name and by order of the Councill of State appoynted by authority of Parlam<sup>t</sup>.

ARTHUR ANNESLEY, President.

*Unpublished Letter written by the first Lord Herbert, of  
Chirbury, to —.*

[FROM THE POWIS CASTLE MSS.]

SIR,

Peruse this letter in God his name. Be not in any way disquieted, I reverence your old age, and altho' it be true that in your son I find too much folly and lewdness, yet in yourself I respect gravity and wisdom. It hath pleas'd your son of late to challenge a man of mine in behalf of a friend of his who, as he said, was as good as myself. Now if he is as good as myself, it must be either for virtue, birth, or for ability, or for calling and dignity. As for virtue, I think your son meant it not, for it is a matter which far exceedeth his shallow judgment. If for birth, he must be the heir male of an Earl and heir general of twelve Earls (for in testimony thereof I bear their several coats) besides he must be of the blood royal, for by Grandmother Devereux I am lineally and legitimately descended out of the body of Edward the 4th. If for ability, he must have £1000 a year in possession, £1000 more in expectation, and must have some thousands in substance besides. If for calling and dignity, he must be a Lord of several Seignories in several Kingdoms, a Lieutenant of a County, and a Counsellor of a Province. Now to lay all superfluous words aside, be it known to your son, or to any one else who doth say, or dare to say that I have spoken untruly, or acted unjustly, or stained my character in this hing, or any thing else wherein your son is exasperated, doth lie in his throat, and my sword shall maintain my word upon him wheresoever he dare, and where I stand not sworn to observe the peace. But if they are such as are within my governance, and over whom I have authority, I will for their reformation chastise them with justice, and for their malapert misdemeanour, bind them to their good behaviour. Of this sort I account your son and his like, against whom I shall incontinently issue my warrant; if this my warrant doth not reform him, whereof I thus advertise you, and leave you to God.

ED. HERBERT.

*Traddodiad o berthynas i Lanfihangel y gwynf.*

Dygyddodd ar dro yn yr hen amserau ddarfod i'r di—l gynyg chareu ei gastiau digrifawl yn awydd Drefaldwyn, ac y'mlith llefydd ereill Efe a ymwelodd a Llanfihangel; gwedi iddo gaffael Havgen a'i holl eppiliaid i gyd-uno yn y difyrwch, ac mewn minyrdyn pan yn anystyriawl hwy a aethont i fewn i'r Llan fechan

ac a chareusont y drwg, eithr yr hen Elyn a gymmerasai y rhagofal i gael Tywysawg yr Awyr i wiled o'r tu allan, rhug i'r Clochydd ddyfod a rhwystro eu difyrweh, gan ddywedyd, "Arosweh chw i yma nes y delwyl fi ym ol," eithr ni ddawth y di— byth wedi hyny allan o'r llan, ac y mae y gwynt eto yn disgwyl am dawo fo y tu allan i'r drws.

Y mae traddodiad cyffelyd naewn bod, o berthynas i un o'r Eglwysydd yn Rhufain.

*Unpublished Letters of Edward Lhwyd, of the Ashmolean Library, Oxford.*

(Continued from No. VIII., p. 398.)

No. V.

Oxf.; March 3, 94.

DEAR FRD.

I recd. yr. obliging Letter of Jan. 23 for wch. Mr. Anwyl and my self return you our hearty thanks. He is much obliged to you for ye. kind offer you make as to ye. schole, but he is not inclin'd to medle with it at all, and if he likes it, I presume he would never own it as long as you can keep it.

Yr. condition must be very uneasie; since you are (as you say) in constant expectation of being dismissd. Nothing can be more miserable than to be exposed to ye. mercy of ye. vulgar. In this case, ye. onely remedy that there is, you are (God be prayd) well provided of. I mean a sense of ye. mutability of all humane affairs; and therefore neither to doat upon worldly preferments, nor yet to despise them. I see not many reasons why men in low conditions, may not live as happily as they who are better provided for as to advantages of honour and profit, especially if instructed in learning and piety. I understand by happynesse a serenity of minde, and a disposition to doe good. The greatest obstacle yt. I find herein is yt. we are too much pitied by our friends and acquaintance. Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se, Quā quod ridiculos homines facit.

Mr. Anwyl will be elected into Mr. Rosendal's fellowship abt. a fortnight or three weeks hence; and I suppose W. Wyn ye. Chancr. of St. Asaph's brother, will also come in this Term.

Yr. account of ye. marble found at Coed Marchan, was acceptable. Pray lets have what account you can conveniently, of that and any other sort of fossils, &c. I have a strong fancy that I may (if it please God I may live 7 years longer) meet wth. some encouragement towards ye. writeing some part of the History of

Wales; and therefore I must desire my friends to make such observations as will occur in ye. interim. I have found, in several places, variety of stone yt. have ye. perfect grain of wood. But it is not yet agreed amongst naturalists whether such stones are wood petrified, or whether they have of their own nature that kind of texture. For my part I incline at present very much to ye. former, but will not yet conclude but that there may be both in rerum naturâ. Are there any of those Pillars now to be seen at Y Voelass, wch. Mr. Camden mentions to have strange Characters on ym.? He has also a kind of an unaccountable inscription upon a stone at Clocaing, AMILLIN

FOVISATOC.

Pray give my hearty love and service to my old friend, Mr. R. Jones, and the rest, as you meet with them.

I am (D. G.)

Your most affectionate and obliged frd.

[No direction, but docketed,

E. LHWYD.

NED LLOYD'S; March 3d, 9½.]

No. VI.

DEAR SR.

I OUGHT to answer the two last, but as it falls out, I have no time at present. The occasion of this letter is to acquaint you that the Bishop of London has been enquiring for a man qualified as you are, to be chaplain to one Coll. Nicolson, Governour of Mary Land, and also to be his commissary there. I have enquired w<sup>t</sup>. the place may be worth, and they tell me at least £150 or £200 per annum: but of this I have not yet got any certainty.

You must know that the Bp. of London is a man curious about plants, which makes him enquire after one, yt. knowes somewhat that way, and Mr. Nicolson (whom I know to be as good a man as any can desire to live with) is very ingenious and curious, and consequently a true lover of such as are so. Now Sr. I doe not rightly know how you stand affected at present, as to the case of the Oathes, and therefore I hope and humbly entreat your pardon for mentioning this to you, for it proceeds from nothing else but ye. affection and service due to you from

Yr. veteran and never failing Friend,

ED. LHWYD.

Dr. Lister wrote to me to desire my thoughts in this case: and therefore pray write with all speed yr. Answer.



My Frd. ye. Rector of Dolgelhen sent me a dismal account of ye. burning of 12 hay ricks, with some kind of unaccountable fire, which did ye. men yt. endeavoured to save them (in ye. night) no dammage at all: also of cattle dyeing, grasse poyson'd, &c.; he and others of the country suppose that all this has been done by Witchcraft. I have already answered him, and told him that I was of opinion that they were locusts yt. had done most of that mischief, if not all, and advised them to cover their hay and corn with wormwood (if they can get enough), and to burn fern, cowdung, gwmmwm, &c. where the ground is poyson'd, or to plough it, or burn it, (chosci beating,) which will destroy their eggs, and prevent a devastation next summer.

Let me know for certain (as soon as you can) ye. time w<sup>n</sup>. locusts were seen in Meirionydshire, first. I recd. one out of Pembroke-shire; but have sent it to be engraved in ye. Philosophical Transactions, if you can procure any, pray let's have them. Dear Brother, w<sup>t</sup>. say you to this motion? let me have yr. opinion tho' ye. Oaths will obstruct at present, I w<sup>d</sup>. be glad to be resolv'd w<sup>t</sup>. to answe're another time to such a proposal.

To ye. Revd. Mr. John Lloyd,  
Schole master at Ruthyn,  
Denbighshire,  
North Wales.

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No. VII.

Oxford; Febr. 16, 1731.

DEAR S<sup>r</sup>.

I HAVE recd. yr. kinde letter, and am very sensible of that friendly confidence you put in me, from yr. so ready acceptance of the person I recommend. Perhaps Mr. Wyn means ye. same man; but should he mean any other, I am fully satisfied he cannot find (of that quality) a fitter man for your purpose. I have shew'd him what he must depend upon as mentioned in yr. letter, and he's not onely very willing, but even very desirous of ye. place, he's a great reader of classic authors, and nothing suits more with his genius than such an employment, I know no faults he has that are very material: I never saw him fuddled, but I am told sometimes he will take a small strut: *At quid tum fecere alij, item boni.*

Pray be mindfull of yr. promise of writing to us about a fortnight hence, and then let's know to a day when you would have him come down, in case it will soe fall out.

Mr. Wyn has forgotton yt. ever he told me what I communicated to you in my last: but (I thank God) I'm not troubl'd with the fault of inventing things of that kind; and if I were in this

case, 'twould be but imprudence, and I could propose to myself no end in it.

I know not yet whether I shall travail, or continue at Oxford: but for y<sup>r</sup>. part I know no travailing y<sup>t</sup>. might suite with your conveniency (should you resign yr. place) but into Germany and Italy, as Governour to some Gentleman or Nobleman. This is the course (tho' in these times it seems hazardous) which some Gentlemen in y<sup>r</sup>. circumstances have made choice of: but that's a conveniency a man may long wait for. I shall adde no more at present, but that I am, (dear veteran,)

Yr. most affectionat  
and cordial Friend,

EDW. LEWYD.

[The direction is torn off.]

—  
No. VIII.

Oxford; May 16, 1693.

DEAR JACK,

I RECEV'D y<sup>r</sup>. letter, and have communicated y<sup>t</sup>. part of it to Mr. Anwyl, y<sup>t</sup>. concerned him. As for my friend John Davies, he has not y<sup>e</sup>. least reason to be dissatisfied; especially since you were so cautious and prudent as not to assure any thing; but only to write conditionally. I think you have discreetly provided for the Pry-coppin, and also for y<sup>r</sup>. self, since I doubt not but you have almost an unimitable contentednesse in y<sup>r</sup>. condition. And in reality he that has that, has enough, 'tis the contempt and censure of other men y<sup>t</sup>. commonly makes us far more miserable than our own misfortunes, *Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se. Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.*

Yr. former letter came not by Elis Price, but by post, sometime after he was enter'd. Mr. Anwyl promis'd to write to you his apology, &c. He says Mr. Wyn bad him acquaint Mr. Price, in case he should see him, that his Nephew might be entered of *Jesus* if he pleas'd. In short I shall not pretend to excuse either of them. But it seems to me that Mr. Wyn ought to acquaint Mr. Price by Post, in a matter of y<sup>t</sup>. consequence.

My intended voyage to y<sup>e</sup>. West Indies is quite laid aside: Poor Robin Parry went as minister to y<sup>e</sup>. Barbadoes, and died the third day after he landed.

I should be very glad of a constant correspondence with you, but then we must be carefull, in every letter, to give each other a Theam; otherwise we shall want matter, and our intercourse will have long and frequent interruptions. To begin, therefore, I desire you will send me a catalogue, in your next, of all y<sup>e</sup>. ancient

Towns, Castles, and Forts yt. you can reckon in Meirionydh-Shire and Denbighshire; with what account you can give of ye. names of each as may be interpreted, such as, ex. gr., Dinas Emrys, *Civitas Ambrosy*; Castell Dinas Brân, *Castrum Corvinum Anpotius Brensi?* &c. I desire chiefly ye. names of such ancient, and at present mean places, as are not mentioned in ye. Maps, tho' indeed those that are in ye. Maps and in Authors are so false written, that only such as know ye. Country very well, can understand them, I would also gladly have a Catalogue (I doe not mean a compleat one, but *talem qualem*,) of the mountains and lakes of Merionydhshire with yr. Brother David's interpretation and glosses on them, for I believe he's able to give some Acct. of divers of them. My Desygn in this is partly to observe ye. method our ancestors used in naming places; and partly to gratify a very ingenious Gentleman who is writing ye. History of ye. Kingdome of Northumberland: viz, Mr. William Nicolson, Archdeacon of Caerlile, w<sup>o</sup>. writ some part of ye. English Atlas, and is a person of great name in ye. North, for his learning and other excellent Qualifications, I have helped him already to explain diverse of the names of their Northern Rivers from ye. names of those in our Country, and he promises himself some light from ye. names of our Towns and Castles, and Mountains and Lakes. Take ye. two former yr. self, and deliver ye. charge of ye. Mountains and lakes, with my most humble service, to your Brother David, as being his proper province.

I am, Dear Sr.

Yr. most Affectionat

Kinsman and humble Servant,

Edw. Lhwyd.

Yr. Friends here are all very well, my hearty respects to Lepid Cardo, Ned Humphreys, and Pedro, but as for ye. Cronie, I know not whether he be dead or alive. Ellis has received Ned Humphrey's Letter, but he's always negligent of his answers: when you see him you may tell him that I shall not be much at ease till I doe something in ye. matter about which he wrote to Ellis.

I have lately communicated a Latin Epistle concerning Form'd Stones, to be inserted in ye. Philosophical Transactions, and must deferre my intended Prodrumus Lithologiae Britannicae for some considerable time, for I have been diverted from it by a legacy of books which Mr. Ashmole has left us, I have now almost finished ye. catalogue of them, and it takes up above a hundred sheets—Adieu.

For ye. Ravenend Mr. John Lhwyd,  
at Ruthyn, in Denbighshire,  
North Wales.

Chester Post.

## No. IX.

Oxford; Dec. 21, 93.

HOND. SR.

I AM obliged to return you my humble thanks, for that favourable encouragement you are pleas'd to give me, in your letter to Sr. Roger, and am much concerned y<sup>t</sup>. my present occasions are such as allow me not to come to the Country, to receive your Kindnesse. The truth is, the booksellers concerned in this new edition of Camden, are not willing to be at such charges with the persons they employ, as to enable them to survey their respective Provinces, all they require are onely such additional notes, as may render this edition preferable to any y<sup>t</sup>. hath been yet publish'd, and that it will prove so, there is no doubt at all, for to my knowledge there are several persons employ'd (for the English Counties), who are generally allow'd to be men of learning and worth, and some of these are resident in those Counties they have undertaken to illustrate; particularly Dr. Plot for Kent, Dr. Tod (of Unvers. Coll.) for Cumberland, Mr. Nicolson, formerly of Queen's Coll., for Northumberland. Mr. Machel for Westmorland, and Mr. Kennet for Oxsh.; but to come nearer home, I hope you'll pardon my boldnesse if I beg of you some contribution towards Flintshire, or any other part of Wales. I had address'd myself to you long since, but that I had no thoughts till of late meddling with any more than y<sup>e</sup>. three Counties of Denbigh, Merioneth, and Montgomery, but the Gentlemen y<sup>t</sup>. had once undertaken y<sup>e</sup>. other Counties of N. Wales, imagining some difficulty in it, have altr'd their thoughts.

Sr. Roger is pleas'd to inform me, that there is an inscription on a stone near Mostyn, whereof I also found mention in a ms. of one Mr. Aubrey, r. of y<sup>e</sup>. n. s. who says it is called *Maen y Chwyfan*, which seems so strange a name that I cannot devise what should be the origin of it, an accurate copy of this inscription would doubtlesse be acceptable to y<sup>e</sup>. public; the same ms. informs me that there has been a stone chest or coffin full of Urns found in y<sup>e</sup>. *Carnedd*, called *Arffedogaid y wrdch*, and that there is, hard by the Abbey of Vale Crucis, an inscription on a stone (which when it stood) was above 7 yards high, concerning a battle between y<sup>e</sup>. K. of Powys and the Saxons; he says it begins thus, *CONGEN-FILIVS ELISEG*: but he has no more of it, and this was never copied from y<sup>e</sup>. Stone, but onely told him by Mr. Meredyth Lloyd. But I need not give any hints of what would be acceptable on this occasion to one that's a farr better judge of it than myself: I have sent to some friends a few general Queries which I hope have come to y<sup>r</sup>. hands, to which I have nothing else to add but that, no in-

formation or assistance is more desired than your's, and that I hope you will please to encourage the endeavours of,

Hond. Sre., Yr. very humble  
and obliged Servt.

E. LHWD.

For ye. hond. Richard Mostyn,  
Esqr. at Penbedw,  
in Flintshire.

*Chester Post.*

No. X.

*Oxford; Dec. 5, 93.*

HOND. SA.

I recd. yr. Letter ye. last Post, and am more sensible of my obligations for your favourable encouragement than I can readily expresse. Yr. contributions which you a pleas'd to stile mechanical, are like to be the most curious, and acceptable to the learned of any that shall be publish'd in our province. I am sorry you have been disappointed as to ye. inscription. I have met with ye. same fortune two or three times in Caermathenshire and elsewhere, the common people calling such carving as you mention, (and sometimes crosses alsoe,) inscriptions. Yr. etymon of the name implyes yt. the people who called it so were vanquished there, because otherwise they need not call it ARCHWYNFAEN, which if granted theyl urge yt. twas not proper for ye. Conquer'd, nor customary to put up such memorials, we may then suppose it put up by ye. other party, &c. Whatever ye. name may impart, ye. bones make it clear that there has been a slaughter of men, and tis more than probable yt. ye. stone, is either in memorial of ye. battle in general, or of some particular person then killed. Yr. Pen y Gorsedden, answers to ye. five (or 7) Barrows on Salisbury Plain, the word seems to imply only high seats or places: in Cardiganshire and Caermardhenshire these ancient tumuli are called Crigen, and doubtlesse thence it is yt. mound is call'd Y Wydhrig, i.e. Tumulus Conspicuus, which being render'd in Latin *Mons Altus*, became thence called by ye. modern name of Mold. Yt. ye. first Syllable in Gwydhrig signifies altus conspicuus, &c., I gather from Gwydhfa (i.e. Deus Conspicuus) which is ye. highest peak of Snowdon hill, and herfaen gwydthog (i.e. Colossus Conspicuus) a mear stone about 18 feet high in ye. confines of Caermardin and Caerdiganshire. If yours be a very high stone, and caled Y Gwyfaen, I know not but this etymon may also come in play; but enough of this: ye. name of Gorsedhyr yr Iarll is remarkable; I have seen elsewhere *Crig y Dyrrn*, which I interpret Tumulus Tiranni Sive Regis, for from this *Tyrn* comes, doubtlesse, our usual word *Tyrnas*

Teyrnas, a kingdom. I am not satisfied whether this word hath be of English or British original, but suspect y<sup>e</sup>. late<sup>r</sup>, I know y<sup>e</sup>. English Saxons had EORL, but the Germans have no such word, who instead thereof have GRAAF. Sr. Roger has been pleas'd to shew me his catalogue wherein I finde several mss. y<sup>t</sup>. would be instructive to such as are studious of British Antiquities, of some of which I may hereafter intreat the perusal, but perhaps there may not be very much amongst them pertinent, upon this occasion my desire being chiefly an account of such observables as you propose. The history of y<sup>e</sup>. Britans in Cumberland is news to me, having never heard of any such ms., nothing can be more acceptable than some account of y<sup>e</sup>. antiquities you mention at Glodhaith. I wish there be still remaining an account where they were found y<sup>t</sup>. we may mention y<sup>m</sup>. in their proper places. Such as have been brought out of England will not be of use to our present design. A draught of y<sup>e</sup>. noble medal you mention, with y<sup>e</sup>. particular place where twas found, would be acceptable to the Publick. After so much impertinent scribbling, I cannot too abruptly subscribe myself

Hond. Sr.

Yr. much obliged and humble Servt.

E. LEWYD.

To y<sup>e</sup>. hond. Richard  
Mostyn, Esqr.  
at Penedw, in  
Flintshire.

*Chester Post.*

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*Unpublished Letter from Susanna Puleston, of Emral, to her  
Grandfather, Sir Roger Mostyn.*

London; June 1, 1678.

EVER HONOR. SA.

THE great assurance I have receav'd, from my Uncle, of your fatherly care and affection, gives me no small encouragement to pray my duty to my grandmother and your selfe at Mostyn, w<sup>ch</sup>. God knowes I ever had in my heart, although there hath bene noe arguments left to make both my brother and my selfe otherwise. I shall omit the generale, because I suppose you have already a perticular account, I am in hopes of my brother's cominge with me, which will keepe me somethinge longer then I intended, for he beinge so strictly watcht every opportunity will not serue, but as asoone as I am certaine whether he will come or not y<sup>m</sup>. shall have a further account; in the meane time pray Sr. please to give my most humble duty to my Grandmother, with the same to your-

selfe; hond. Sr. I can never be thankfull enough for your good intentions towards my Brother and my selfe, but as long as I have a being I shall remaine, notwithstanding many misrepresentations which have been made, your most

Thankfull and dutyfull Childe,

SUSANNA PULESTON.

Pray Sr. pardon this presumption and give the fatherless leave to shelter themselves under your protection.

For Sr. Roger Mostyn,  
at Mostyn.  
*Northop bagg.*

*Chester Post.*

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*Unpublished Letters of Thomas Pennant and Emanuel da Costa.*

SIR,

I INCLOSE a list of the things collected in my last summer's journey worth seeing. You will oblige me your opinion of each, especially Nos. 1 and 2. I am sorry that my leasure is not sufficient to make the collection you desire, which is what of late I am obliged to refuse to every body.

The parcel set out last week according to your directions and car. paid, and will be at the Blossom's Inn, I believe, next Saturday.

I am, sir,

Your humble servt.

THOMAS PENNANT.

*Downing; July 11, 1773.*

[The subjoined list of specimens.]

- I. Skie: what?
- XII. Arran: what?
- XIII. Ilay: what?
- XIV. Ibid.: query?
- XV. Invernesshire: what?
- XVI. Ibid.: Asbestos.
- XVII. Ibid.: ditto.
- XVIII. Ibid.: Blacklead.
- XIX. Found in the Clyde frequently: what?

SIR,

I RECD. your favour of the 11th of last month, and also the small parcell of fossels you collected in your last summer's journey, not well known to you: I here shall give you my opinion of them concisely, as well as I can for the notice you give of them, being only of the county where found, without any other circumstances necessary to illustrate their natural history, too sterile an account (and what I never should have expected from so learned and accurate a naturalist as Mr. Pennant) obliges also to be concise, for want of proper information.

No. 1, are the Rockstones called Colithes by authors: I have described them in my Hist. Fossils.

No. 2, I believe to be a Glass Lava from some volcano; it may perhaps be a glass scoria from some forge: from what slight information I received, I think is Plumbiferous Fluor, or *Vitrescent Spar*, improperly so called.

No. 4, an Iron Ore: it may perhaps be of same qualities and use as Emery.

No. 5,

No. 6, agreed. } Asbestos.

No. 7, agreed. }

No. 8, agreed, Blacklead.

No. 9, I shall call them Figured Rivulet Stones: these, and others like, are found in several places.

I have made a rude sketch of what you desire; namely, the Lithography of Sheppey Isle, and in a short time shall correct and send it you. Excuse me, Sir, for not answering your letter sooner, for I have very little unemployed time.

As I am now fixed in lodgings, pleased to direct your future favours to me, at the shoe warehouse, opposite Arrundel street, in the Strand.

Pray have you seen a 4to. work, intituled Vosmeer's account of the Beasts and Birds in the Prince of Orange's Menagerie, with elegant illustrated plates; for there is in it a large bird called Sagittaire, from the Cape of Good Hope, so anomalous, that I think it must confuse some of your *Orders* or *Divisions*.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

EMANUEL DA COSTA.

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[It has been suggested by a correspondent that the word *Mutrell*, perhaps *Mütrell*, in p. 54, may signify the town of *Montreuil*, near Boulogne.]



## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

SKELTON's *Illustrations of Ancient Arms and Armour, from the Collection at Goodrich Court, Herefordshire.*—2 vols. imp. 4to.

THERE are some persons who deem an Act of Parliament omnipotent, and we are far from wishing to underrate its extensive powers; but even in the despotic reign of our eighth Harry, we cannot allow that it altered the face of nature; mountains rear their proud tops, and rivers flow on in majestic or rapid torrents, notwithstanding the decrees of man; and natural boundaries will not alter, though the three estates of the realm coalesce to pass their mighty fiat. Notwithstanding, therefore, the limits of Cambria have been greatly curtailed by law, there still exists in what are considered the marches, sufficient internal evidence to shew that they are part and parcel of the mother stock. Confining our observations to one small portion, we will assert that the hundred of Wormelow, which formed the greater part of Yr Ergaing or Urchenfield, abounds in Welsh appellations for its parishes, townships, farms, and even fields, as well as inhabitants. We can still trace it as belonging to the dominions of Caractacus; or, as Tacitus has it, to the "validam et pugnacem gentem Silurum." Thus Goodrich Court is immediately surrounded by Y Crwys, Bryngwyn, Pencrdg, and Pwll dt; and therefore has a name of Danish origin, which, though ancient, is foreign to the soil.

Yet this very title is owing to a Cambrian source; for it was to check such incursions into the English pale, as had been conducted by the enterprising and daring talents of Bleddyn and Rhiwallon, that, on the return of the army under Harold, Earl Godwin's son, Godric, the prior of Winchcombe, to whom the lands belonged, erected, eight hundred years ago, a fortress, called, in aftertimes, Godric's, or Goodrich castle. Hence the denomination of the parish; and thence Goodrich Court, the residence of our correspondent, Dr. Meyrick.

Now this very building is in itself an object of the highest interest: wholly of architecture which succeeded the conquest of Wales, not imitated from castellated or ecclesiastical, but taken purely from original domestic specimens, it stands boldly on a precipitous steep, more than a hundred feet above the clear and navigable, yet sparkling, foamy, Wye, and arrests the traveller as the first object in the tour of that enchanting river. Surrounded

by a diversified country that forms a beautiful panorama, it is so constructed as by allowing a regular plan, while uniformity is avoided, to become picturesque, casting, by its bold projections, strong and effective shadows. Nor is the interior unworthy of this external appearance: in spite of the maxim, *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, the inquisitive tourist will not be disappointed; he will gain instruction, *pari passu*, with amusement; for the objects of *verût*, with which the place abounds, are so classified and arranged, that inspection is almost a lecture in archæology. Thus there are apartments which, *separatim*, shew us the decoration and furniture of the reigns of Edward II., Henry VI., Henry VIII., Elizabeth, Charles I., Charles II., William III., and Queen Anne, that make us wonder at the cost and discrimination which have produced such results. Among these, the chamber dedicated to Sir Gelly Meyricke is eminent as a fine specimen of the art of carving in wood; the paneling done by Italian artists for the Spaniards, in the middle of the sixteenth century, once surrounded the apartment of a house at Malines, where Rubens used to paint: yet the chimneypiece had more of interest for us, bearing on it the badge of the ragged staff fired, and the motto,

"Awen heb ddoethineb  
Tân yn llaw ffolineb;"

Inspiration without wisdom  
Is a firebrand in the hand of folly;

derived from the armorial bearing of Cydavael Ygnad, the ancestor of the family.

But that for which this edifice is most celebrated, is its unrivalled collection of ancient armour, and to it we would more particularly direct the attention of our readers. The first display is in the entrance hall, where weapons of antique form, and implements of the chace, are so disposed as to occupy, as it were, the foreground; while our eyes are directed towards the fine oriel window on the staircase, which, filled with painted glass, contains the portraiture of Meuric ab Llewelyn, of Bodorgan, in Anglesey, wearing an emblazoned tabard over his armour, "esquire of the badge to Harry VII., and standardbearer to Harry VIII.," as the inscription underneath in letters of olden time informs us. Here we would observe, that the example which the policy of Louis XI. of France, in his establishment of a body-guard of Scottish archers, had held out, was readily adopted by the Earl of Richmond, on ascending a throne which might be menaced, as it had been, by the preponderance of Lancastrian or Yorkist: this he formed of Welshmen, on whose devoted attachment he could rely; and from this period, to the accession of the Stuarts, our countrymen partook largely of royal favor. The ardour of a youthful imagination, added to the general taste for expense, and the convenience of a full treasury, induced the eighth Harry, on becoming king, "to ordain fiftie gentlemen to be speares, every of them to have an archer, a demi-lance, and a custrell, and every speare to

have three great horses to be attendant on his person; of the which band, the Earl of Essex (whose estates were in Pembroke-shire,) was captain, and Sir John Pechie lieutenant," and of this corps Meuric ab Llewelyn held the honourable post of standard-bearer. "This ordinance continued not long, the charges were so great, for there were none of them," says honest Stow, "but they and their horses were apparelled and trapped in cloth of gold, silver, and goldsmith's worke." The inscription on the window is borne out by the attestation of our celebrated herald, Lewys Dwn, who was contemporary with the grandsons of Llewelyn ab Meuric.

From the hall of entrance, turning to the right, we are ushered into the anti-room to, and the Asiatic armoury itself, both of which glitter with the splendor of eastern arms and armour. From that we are led to a room containing the more sombre, yet no less interesting, South-sea weapons; and passing on, come suddenly before the splendid suit of Alfonso II., duke of Ferrara, the patron of Tasso; arabesqued with inlaid gold, and covered with bas-reliefs: this is probably the finest specimen of ancient armour that exists; and the target, partisan, sword, dagger, and other appointments, being of the same character, render the figure well worthy of longer contemplation than can be allowed. We then enter the banqueting-hall, with its magnificent oaken ceiling, highly calculated to display the good taste which pervaded the architecture of the reign of our second Edward; and having glanced at the whole-length portraits which adorn its walls, step into the Hastilude chamber. Here we have a spectacle, the coup d'œil of which is as instructive as it is pleasing: we can fancy the whole pomp and circumstance of the tournament from what is so happily grouped, the impetuosity of the combatants, the anxious impatience of those knights who are obliged to wait their turn, the dignified state of the heralds with the rewards of victory, and the royal box with its tapestried hangings.

We turn our backs upon this chamber, and the grand armoury, with ten equestrian, and six and thirty figures on foot, chronologically disposed: the next apartment for inspection equals our fondest anticipations. Here we find a knight of the time of Edward III., bearing on his shield the arms of Ierwerth ab Tydyr, and another of Henry VI., whose horse is housed in those of Heylin ab Einion. A gallery on three sides of this noble apartment, contains, in glass-cases, the more curious specimens; and of these, one is wholly appropriated to the offensive and defensive arms, of the ancient British people, before and subsequent to the arrival of the Phœnicians.

Of so comprehensive a collection, it would be impossible to remember a hundredth part; and therefore Mr. Skelton has done well to make of it a substantive work, and to give amongst his plates such as depict the chambers we have described.

Our friends on the continent have more feeling for engravings in outline than we in this island; yet, as taste progresses, we have no doubt they will secure their claim beyond the tinsel glitter of gaudy colouring, and their utility is pre-eminent in preserving details, neither side being lost in shadow. The Italians take the lead in publications of this kind, for nothing can exceed the truth and beauty of "Il real museo Borbonico," issued from the Neapolitan press. The artist who has engraved Retsch's designs in Germany, and those who practise in France, are entitled to great praise, while Skelton has shewn that Moses is not the only engraver that has given life and spirit to such productions in England.

The work before us consists of 150 plates, containing above 1200 various specimens which are picturesquely grouped, while being accompanied with scales, they serve for what architects call working drawings. By the aid of compasses, we are instantly made acquainted with the dimensions of every weapon and each piece of armour: the plan we think well adapted for the purpose, and of infinite advantage to the historian and the painter of history. In the centre of a plate, for instance, appears a figure habited, and in the attitude of the original at Goodrich Court; and then the several parts of the suit it has on are placed around, so as to show the straps, buckles, and other fastenings, while the ornament, or some interesting portion, is given of its full size. Thus, at one glance, we learn all that need be required; and, as these are numbered to correspond with the letterpress, that is rendered a glossary of military terms explained by pictures: the whole are from the drawings of Dr. Meyrick, whose pen has written the descriptions. That gentleman has contrived to neutralize the mere form of a catalogue raisonnée, by the pleasing interspersions of apt historical notices, and passages from authors whose works are now only to be found on the shelves of the curious; and besides, what is of the greatest benefit, a copious index has prefaced the work with four and twenty pages of introductory matter. We feel a strong inclination to epitomize this very interesting portion of the book, but our space will not admit of gratifying the desire. Dr. Meyrick has fully exposed and traced the causes of many impositions hitherto unblushingly palmed on the world; has shewn that collections of armour for exhibition, are not of earlier date than the time of the emperor Charles V., and concluded with many substantial reasons to establish the value of an acquaintance with this subject. He says: "a due knowledge of armour is absolutely necessary to all who undertake the task of topographers, in order correctly to describe a monumental effigy, a painting on glass, or an ancient seal; from thence it is that the true date, if wanting, can be ascertained. It is equally instructive, from the same cause, to the

antiquary, and is in a great degree serviceable to the historian. The utility of a collection formed on the principle of that at Goodrich Court will be evident, when it is considered that there is no surer criterion of date than costume; and recollected that down to the time of Charles II., our ancestors represented every subject they had to produce in the fashion of their own time. In proof of this we ourselves have seen a silver snuffbox of the last-named period, on which was embossed the choice of Hercules, and the age of which is determined by this mythologic personage being whimsically arrayed in the full flowing wig of that æra. The writer then proceeds to cite many instances, from which he draws the conclusion, that "hence it becomes of service to the collector of manuscripts and early printed books; nay, the great question as to the priority of printing between Germany and Holland may perhaps be decided from this criterion, the "*Speculum Salvationis*" being adorned with woodcuts, the armour in which is of the commencement of the reign of Henry VI.

We can assure our readers, that this work has been got up, to use the technical phrase, in the very best style; and, considering its extent, is very far from being a dear book: it ought to be in all public literary establishments, for it contains a fund of information no where else to be found. We beg leave more particularly to impress upon all gentlemen who have castellated mansions, that it is as essential to their libraries as furniture is to their rooms; that, should they choose, or already possess, such ornaments as are more especially treated of in this work, they cannot have a better instructor; and that, with this in their hands, they hold a master-key that can discover falsehood and shew *y gwir yn erbyn y byd*.

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*Crotchet Castle.* By the Author of *Headlong Hall*.—Hookham, Old Bond street. 1 vol. fcp. 8vo. pp. 300.

WE have formerly had occasion to speak in terms of eulogium of the writer of this production, in our review of the "*Misfortunes of Elphin*," also from his pen; and we commenced the perusal of the work now before us, with the pleasing anticipation of an improval on further acquaintance: nor have our hopes, in the main, been deceived; the style of "*Crotchet Castle*" is lively and pleasing; the incidents, (with some small allowance for overcolouring,) well conceived; the dialogue, which forms the principal ingredient of the work, is replete with humor; and, but for the somewhat too frequent use of the *caricatura* and *grotesque*, we should pronounce the volume before us to be the wittiest production that has appeared for some years. The portraiture of some scenes, indeed, are, we think, quite unjustifiable: these strongly illustrate the

difference between *ridiculing* any grade of men or individuals, and of *attempting* to do so: on these points we shall not fail to break a lance with the satirist. From the heading to his chapters, and his, not inapt, quotations, throughout the work, he appears to hold Rabelais in great esteem, and there are to be found occasional passages, in which we can recognize, at least, a very near approach to the spirit of the great moral satirist. The novel, if such it may be termed, (seeing that it consists almost entirely of dialogue,) is made the vehicle for a castigation of some of the prevailing follies of the day; and albeit we cannot chime in with all the author's ideas, yet must we confess, that the last is frequently well applied. Few persons, we think, will feel at a loss to apply the several feigned characters of the dialogue to the proper niches allotted to them in the temple of public opinion: but, in order to introduce them to our readers, we shall premise, that Mr. Mac Crotchet, a retired stockbroker, has purchased a "villa" on the banks of the Thames, which said "villa" being "castellated," has furnished the author with the sonorous title of "Crotchet Castle" for his work.

"Ebenezer Mac Crotchet, esq. was the London-born offspring of a worthy native of the "north countrie," who had walked up to London on a commercial adventure, with all his surplus capital, not very neatly tied up in a not very clean handkerchief, suspended over his shoulder from the end of a hooked stick, extracted from the first hedge on his pilgrimage; and who, after having worked himself a step or two up the ladder of life, had won the virgin heart of the only daughter of a highly respectable merchant of Duke's place, with whom he inherited the honest fruits of a long series of ingenuous dealings.

"Mr. Mac Crotchet had derived from his mother the instinct, and from his father the rational principle, of enriching himself at the expense of the rest of mankind, by all the recognised modes of accumulation on the windy side of the law. After passing many years in the alley, watching the turn of the market, and playing many games almost as desperate as that of the soldier of Lucullus,\* the fear of losing what he had so righteously gained, predominated over the sacred thirst of paper-money; his caution got the better of his instinct, or rather transferred it from the department of acquisition to that of conservation. His friend, Mr. Ramsbottom, the zodiacal mythologist, told him that he had done well to withdraw from the region of Uranus or Brahma, the Maker, to that of Saturn or Veeshnu, the Preserver, before he fell under the eye of Jupiter or Seva, the Destroyer, who might have struck him down at a blow.

"It is said, that a Scotchman returning home, after some years' residence in England, being asked what he thought of the English, answered: "they hanna ower muckle sense, but they are an unco brow people to live amang;" which would be a very good story, if it were not rendered apocryphal, by the incredible circumstance of the Scotchman going back."

"He was desirous to obliterate alike the Hebrew and Caledonian vestiges

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\* Luculli miles, &c. HOR. Ep. II. 2, 26. "In Anna's wars, a soldier poor and bold," &c.—POPE'S *Imitation*.

in his name, and signed himself E. M. Crotchet, which by degrees induced the majority of his neighbours to think that his name was Edward Matthew. The more effectually to sink the Mac, he christened his villa Crotchet Castle, and determined to hand down to posterity the honors of Crotchet of Crotchet. He found it essential to his dignity to furnish himself with a coat of arms, which, after the proper ceremonies, (payment being the principal,) he obtained, videlicet: crest, a crotchet rampant, in A sharp: arms, three empty bladders, turgescant, to shew how opinions are formed; three bags of gold, pendent, to show why they are maintained; three naked swords, tranchant, to show how they are administered; and three barbers' blocks, gaspant, to show how they are swallowed." P. 2.

But, alas! neither the delights of his villa, nor the study of heraldry, sufficed to ward off the approach of the demon of *ennui*. In vain did his rustic neighbours dub him a squire, "Squire Crotchet of the Castle;" the tedium of non-occupation gained rapidly upon him.

"But as, though you expel nature with a pitchfork, she will yet always come back;\* he could not become, like a true-born English squire, part and parcel of the barley-giving earth; he could not find in game-bagging, poacher-shooting, trespasser-pounding, footpath-stopping, common-enclosing, rack-renting, and all the other liberal pursuits and pastimes which make a country gentleman an ornament to the world, and a blessing to the poor; he could not find in these valuable and amiable occupations, and in a corresponding range of ideas, nearly commensurate with that of the great King Nebuchadnezzar, when he was turned out to grass; he could not find in this great variety of useful action, and vast field of comprehensive thought, modes of filling up his time that accorded with his Caledonian instinct. The inborn love of disputation, which the excitements and engagements of a life of business had smothered, burst forth through the calmer surface of a rural life. He grew as fain as Captain Jamy "to hear some argument betwixt ony tway," and being very hospitable in his establishment, and liberal in his invitations, a numerous detachment from the advanced guard of the 'march of intellect' often marched down to Crotchet Castle." P. 7.

Most persons will agree with us, that, in the use of the *argumentum ad absurdum*, our author is powerfully clever; but we ask, in the name of decency, what is meant by this attack upon the "true-born English squirearchy?" we have no hesitation in pronouncing it grossly unjust, and totally uncalled for; evil dispositions are to be found in all collective grades of society, from the most exalted aristocrat to the basest helot. In our conception, this splenetic tirade, (for it is no more or less,) is utterly non-effective; and we congratulate all honest men, in these precarious times, that it is so. But to return to the "marchers:" foremost in the van of this "advanced guard," is the Rev. Doctor Folliott, vicar of a neighbouring village, "a gentleman endowed with a tolerable stock of learning, an interminable swallow, and an indefatigable pair of lungs." The doctor is a sworn enemy to Scotch metaphysics, the "modern march of intellect," the "learned friend and

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\* *Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret.*—Hor. *Ep.* I. 10, 24.

his sixpenny treatises," and paper currency; and, above all, to the claims of the "modern Athens." He is introduced to Mr. Mac Quedy, the economist, Mr. Skionar, the transcendental poet, Mr. Firedamp, the meteorologist, and Lord Bossnowl, son of the Earl of Foolincourt, and member for the borough of Rogueingrain.

After a dialogue, in which the several subjects above enumerated, (including the merits of Thames trout for breakfast,) have been learnedly discussed, a water party is proposed and agreed upon, *nem. con.*, to the mountains of North Wales. But let the author speak for himself, and vindicate, if he can, his geography.

"MR. CROCHET, JUN.

"I hope, Mr. Firedamp, you will let your friendship carry you a little closer into the jaws of the lion. I am fitting up a flotilla of pleasure boats, with spacious cabins, and a good cellar, to carry a choice philosophical party up the Thames and Severn, into the Ellesmere canal, where we shall be among the mountains of North Wales; which we may climb or not, as we think proper; but we will, at any rate, keep our floating hotel well provisioned, and we will try to settle all the questions over which a shadow of doubt yet hangs in the world of philosophy.

"MR. FIREDAMP.

"Out of my great friendship for you, I will certainly go; but I do not expect to survive the experiment.

"THE REV. DR. FOLLIOTT.

"*Alter erit tum Tiphys, et altera quæ vehat Argo Delectos Heroas.\** I will be of the party, though I must hire an officiating curate, and deprive poor Mrs. Folliott, for several weeks, of the pleasure of combing my wig.

"LORD BOSSNOWL.

"I hope, if I am to be of the party, our ship is not to be the ship of fools: He! He!

"THE REV. DR. FOLLIOTT.

"If you are one of the party, sir, it most assuredly will not: Ha! Ha!

"LORD BOSSNOWL.

"Pray sir, what do you mean by Ha! Ha!?"

"THE REV. DR. FOLLIOTT.

"Precisely, sir, what you mean by He! He!

"MR. MAC QUEDY.

"You need not dispute about terms; they are two modes of expressing merriment, with or without reason; reason being in no way essential to mirth. No man should ask another why he laughs, or at what, seeing that he does not always know, and that, if he does, he is not a responsible agent. Laughter is an involuntary action of certain muscles, developed in the human species by the progress of civilization. The savage never laughs.

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\* "Another Tiphys on the waves shall float,  
And chosen heroes freight his glorious boat."

VIRG. *Ecl.* IV.



"THE REV. DR. FOLLIOTT.

"No, sir, he has nothing to laugh at. Give him Modern Athens, the "learned friend," and the Steam Intellect Society: they will develop his muscles." P. 35.

Of Mr. Crotchet, jun. it is requisite to say a few words. This gentleman,

"The hope of his name and race, had borne off from Oxford the highest academical honors; and who, treading in his father's footsteps to honor and fortune, had, by means of a portion of the old gentleman's surplus capital, made himself a junior partner in the eminent loan-jobbing firm of Catchfat and Company. Here, in the days of paper prosperity, he applied his science-illuminated genius to the blowing of bubbles, the bursting of which sent many a poor devil to the jail, the workhouse, or the bottom of the river, but left young Crotchet rolling in riches.

"These riches he had been on the point of doubling, by a marriage with the daughter of Mr. Touchandgo, the great banker, when, one foggy morning, Mr. Touchandgo and the contents of his till were suddenly reported absent; and as the fortune which the young gentleman had intended to marry was not forthcoming, this tender affair of the heart was nipped in the bud." P. 10.

The *affiancée* of this worthy, Lady Clarinda, is the Beatrix of the motley group; and, as a specimen of her peculiar talent, we extract the following dialogue:

"LADY CLARINDA (*to the Captain*).

"I declare the creature has been listening to all this rigmarole, instead of attending to me. Do you ever expect forgiveness? But now that they are all talking together, and you cannot make out a word they say, nor they hear a word that we say, I will describe the company to you. First, there is the old gentleman on my left hand, at the head of the table, who is now leaning the other way to talk to my brother. He is a good tempered, half-informed person, very unreasonably fond of reasoning, and of reasoning people; people that talk nonsense logically: he is fond of disputation himself, when there are only one or two, but seldom does more than listen in a large company of *illuminés*. He made a great fortune in the city, and has the comfort of a good conscience. He is very hospitable, and is generous in dinners; though nothing would induce him to give sixpence to the poor, because he holds that all misfortune is from imprudence, that none but the rich ought to marry, and that all ought to thrive by honest industry, as he did. He is ambitious of founding a family, and of allying himself with nobility; and is thus as willing as other grown children, to throw away thousands for a gew-gaw, though he would not part with a penny for charity. Next to him is my brother, whom you know as well as I do. He has finished his education with credit, and as he never ventures to oppose me in any thing, I have no doubt he is very sensible. He has good manners, is a model of dress, and is reckoned ornamental in all societies. Next to him is Miss Crotchet, my sister-in-law that is to be. You see she is rather pretty, and very genteel. She is tolerably accomplished, has her table always covered with new novels, thinks Mr. Mac Quedy an oracle, and is extremely desirous to be called "my lady." Next to her is Mr. Firedamp, a very absurd person, who thinks that water is the evil principle. Next to him is Mr. Eavesdrop, a man who, by dint of a certain something like smartness, has got into good society. He is a sort of bookseller's tool, and coins all his acquaintance in reminiscences and sketches of character. I am very shy of him, for fear he should print me.

"CAPTAIN FITZCHROME.

"If he print you in your own likeness, which is that of an angel, you need not fear him. If he print you in any other, I will cut his throat. But proceed—

"LADY CLARINDA.

"Next to him is Mr. Henbane, the toxicologist, I think he calls himself. He has passed half his life in studying poisons and antidotes. The first thing he did on his arrival here, was to kill the cat; and while Miss Crotchet was crying over her, he brought her to life again. I am more shy of him than the other.

"CAPTAIN FITZCHROME.

"They are two very dangerous fellows, and I shall take care to keep them both at a respectful distance. Let us hope that Eavesdrop will sketch off Henbane, and that Henbane will poison him for his trouble.

"LADY CLARINDA.

"Well, next to him, sits Mr. Mac Quedy, the Modern Athenian, who lays down the law about every thing, and therefore may be taken to understand every thing. He turns all the affairs of this world into questions of buying and selling. He is the Spirit of the Frozen Ocean to every thing like romance and sentiment. He condenses their volume of steam into a drop of cold water in a moment. He has satisfied me that I am a commodity in the market, and that I ought to set myself at a high price. So you see, he who would have me, must bid for me.

"CAPTAIN FITZCHROME.

"I shall discuss that point with Mr. Mac Quedy.

"LADY CLARINDA.

"Not a word for your life. Our flirtation is our own secret. Let it remain so.

"CAPTAIN FITZCHROME.

"Flirtation, Clarinda! Is that all that the most ardent—

"LADY CLARINDA.

"Now, don't be rhapsodical here. Next to Mr. Mac Quedy is Mr. Skionar, a sort of poetical philosopher, a curious compound of the intense and the mystical. He abominates all the ideas of Mr. Mac Quedy, and settles every thing by sentiment and intuition.

"CAPTAIN FITZCHROME.

"Then, I say, he is the wiser man.

"LADY CLARINDA.

"They are two oddities, but a little of them is amusing, and I like to hear them dispute. So you see I am in training for a philosopher myself.

"CAPTAIN FITZCHROME.

"Any philosophy, for heaven's sake, but the pound-shilling-and-pence philosophy of Mr. Mac Quedy."

"LADY CLARINDA.

"Next to Mr. Skionar, sits Mr. Chainmail, a good-looking young gentleman, as you see, with very antiquated tastes. He is fond of old poetry, and is something of a poet himself. He is deep in monkish literature, and holds that the best state of society was that of the twelfth century, when nothing was

going forward but fighting, feasting, and praying, which he says are the three great purposes for which man was made. He laments bitterly over the inventions of gunpowder, steam, and gas, which he says have ruined the world. He lives within two or three miles, and has a large hall, adorned with rusty pikes, shields, helmets, swords, and tattered banners, and furnished with yew-tree chairs, and two long old worm-eaten oak tables, where he dines with all his household, after the fashion of his favorite age. He wants us all to dine with him, and I believe we shall go.

"CAPTAIN FITZCHROME.

"That will be something new at any rate.

"LADY CLARINDA.

"Next to him is Mr. Toogood, the co-operationist, who will have neither fighting nor praying; but wants to parcel out the world into squares like a chess-board, with a community on each, raising everything for one another, with a great steam-engine to serve them in common for tailor and hosier, kitchen and cook.

"CAPTAIN FITZCHROME.

"He is the strangest of the set, so far.

"LADY CLARINDA.

"This brings us to the bottom of the table, where sits my humble servant, Mr. Crotchet the younger. I ought not to describe him.

"CAPTAIN FITZCHROME.

"I entreat you do.

"LADY CLARINDA.

"Well, I really have very little to say in his favor.

"CAPTAIN FITZCHROME.

"I do not wish to hear any thing in his favor; and I rejoice to hear you say so, because—

"LADY CLARINDA.

"Do not flatter yourself. If I take him, it will be to please my father, and to have a town and country house, and plenty of servants, and a carriage and an opera-box, and make some of my acquaintance who have married for love, or for rank, or for any thing but money, die for envy of my jewels. You do not think I would take him for himself. Why he is very smooth and spruce, as far as his dress goes; but as to his face, he looks as if he had tumbled headlong into a volcano, and been thrown up again among the cinders."

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"Next to him is Sir Simon Steeltrap, of Steeltrap Lodge, member for Crouching-Curtown, Justice of Peace for the county, and lord of the united manors of Springgun-and-Treadmill; a great preserver of game and public morals. By administering the laws which he assists in making, he disposes, at his pleasure, of the land and its live stock, including all the two-legged varieties, with and without feathers, in a circumference of several miles round Steeltrap Lodge. He has enclosed commons and woodlands; abolished cottage-gardens; taken the village cricket-ground into his own park, out of pure regard to the sanctity of Sunday; shut up footpaths and alehouses, (all but those which belong to his electioneering friend, Mr. Quassia, the brewer;) put down fairs and fiddlers; committed many poachers; shot a few; convicted one third

of the peasantry; suspected the rest; and passed nearly the whole of them through a wholesome course of prison discipline, which has finished their education at the expense of the county.

“CAPTAIN FITZCHROME.

“He is somewhat out of his element here: among such a diversity of opinions he will hear some he will not like.

“LADY CLARINDA.

“It was rather ill-judged in Mr. Crotchet to invite him today. But the art of assorting company is above these *parvenus*. They invite a certain number of persons without considering how they harmonize with each other. Between Sir Simon and you is the Reverend Doctor Folliott. He is said to be an excellent scholar, and is fonder of books than the majority of his cloth; he is very fond, also, of the good things of this world. He is of an admirable temper, and says rude things in a pleasant half-earnest manner, that nobody can take offence with. And next to him again is one Captain Fitzchrome, who is very much in love with a certain person that does not mean to have any thing to say to him, because she can better her fortune by taking somebody else.

“CAPTAIN FITZCHROME.

“And next to him again is the beautiful, the accomplished, the witty, the fascinating, the tormenting, Lady Clarinda, who traduces herself to the said Captain by assertions which it would drive him crazy to believe.

“LADY CLARINDA.

“Well, I will tell you a secret: I am writing a novel.

“CAPTAIN FITZCHROME.

“A novel!

“LADY CLARINDA.

“Yes, a novel. And I shall get a little finery by it: trinkets and fal-lals, which I cannot get from papa. You must know I had been reading several fashionable novels, the fashionable this, and the fashionable that; and I thought to myself, why I can do better than any of these myself. So I wrote a chapter or two, and sent them as a specimen to Mr. Puffall, the bookseller, telling him they were to be a part of the fashionable something or other, and he offered me, I will not say how much, to finish it in three volumes, and let him pay all the newspapers for recommending it as the work of a lady of quality, who had made very free with the characters of her acquaintance.

“CAPTAIN FITZCHROME.

“Surely you have not done so?

“LADY CLARINDA.

“Oh, no! I leave that to Mr. Eavesdrop. But Mr. Puffall made it a condition that I should let him say so.” P. 78.

Our author seems to forego no opportunity of evincing his dislike of the “country gentleman:” their tastes and pursuits probably do not coincide with his own: but here he appears to confound the mere country squire, and the man of genius and research, in one sweeping tirade of indiscriminate ridicule: for our parts, we should rejoice to see a few more Chainmails, a few more personages attached to the twelfth, or, indeed, to any other century: the Stukelys of the last age, the Chalmers, the Meyricks,

and the Wm. Owen Pughes of our time, whose elaborate research has rescued our history from the confusion and uncertainty which disfigured it: their names, we repeat it, will go down to posterity, when Crotchet Castle, and its author, shall have sunk to that oblivion "from which no novelist returns."

After a side blow at "the learned friend's" (Brougham's) charity commissioners, the novels of "the great enchanter" are brought on the tapis.

"LADY CLARINDA.

"The great enchanter has made me learn many things which I should never have dreamed of studying, if they had not come to me in the form of amusement.

"THE REV. DR. FOLLIOTT.

"What enchanter is that? There are two enchanters: he of the north, and he of the south.

"MR. TRILLO.

"Rossini?

"THE REV. DR. FOLLIOTT.

"Aye, there is another enchanter. But I mean the great enchanter of Covent Garden: he who, for more than a quarter of a century, has produced two pantomimes a year, to the delight of children of all ages; including myself at all ages. That is the enchanter for me. I am for the pantomimes. All the northern enchanter's romances put together, would not furnish materials for half the southern enchanter's pantomimes.

"LADY CLARINDA.

"Surely you do not class literature with pantomime?

"THE REV. DR. FOLLIOTT.

"In these cases, I do. They are both one, with a slight difference. The one is the literature of pantomime, the other is the pantomime of literature. There is the same variety of character, the same diversity of story, the same copiousness of incident, the same research into costume, the same display of heraldry, falconry, minstrelsy, scenery, monkery, witchery, devilry, robbery, poachery, piracy, fishery, gipsy-astrology, demonology, architecture, fortification, castrametation, navigation; the same running base of love and battle. The main difference is, that the one set of amusing fictions is told in music and action; the other in all the worst dialects of the English language. As to any sentence worth remembering, any moral or political truth, any thing having a tendency, however remote, to make men wiser or better, to make them think, to make them ever think of thinking; they are both precisely alike: *nusquam, nequaquam, nullibi, nullimodis.*" P. 163.

The party now moored their pinnaces in the Vale of Llan-gollen, by the aqueduct of Pontycysyhty, and determined to proceed, and employ some days in inspecting the scenery of Merionethshire, the land of all that is beautiful in nature, and all that is lovely in woman. It is in this neighbourhood that Miss Susannah Touchandgo, the forsaken of the junior Crotchet, has taken up her abode "as the inmate of a solitary farm in one of the deep valleys under the cloudcapped summits of Meirion, comforting her wounded spirit with air and exercise, rustic cheer, music, painting, poetry, and the prattle of the little Ap Llymrys." She has received

a letter from her father, the runaway banker, who has succeeded in establishing a thriving *bank* at Dotandcarryoneton, state of Apodidaskiana, in the United States. He remarks,

"The people here know very well that I ran away from London; but the most of them have run away from some place or other; and they have a great respect for me, because they think I ran away with something worth taking, which few of them had the luck or the wit to do. This gives them confidence in my resources, at the same time that, as there is nothing portable in the settlement except my own notes, they have no fear that I shall run away with them. They know I am thoroughly conversant with the principles of banking, and as they have plenty of industry, no lack of sharpness, and abundance of land, they wanted nothing but capital to organize a flourishing settlement; and this capital I have manufactured to the extent required, at the expense of a small importation of pens, ink, and paper, and two or three inimitable copper-plates. I have abundance here of all good things, a good conscience included; for I really cannot see that I have done any wrong. This was my position: I owed half a million of money; and I had a trifle in my pocket. It was clear that this trifle could never find its way to the right owner. The question was, whether I should keep it, and live like a gentleman; or hand it over to lawyers and commissioners of bankruptcy, and die like a dog on a dunghill. If I could have thought that the said lawyers, &c., had a better title to it than myself, I might have hesitated; but, as such title was not apparent to my satisfaction, I decided the question in my own favor; the right owners, as I have already said, being out of the question altogether. I have always taken scientific views of morals and politics, a habit from which I derive much comfort under existing circumstances.

"I hope you adhere to your music, though I cannot hope again to accompany your harp with my flute. My last *andante* movement was too *forte* for those whom it took by surprise. Let not your *allegro vivace* be damped by young Crotchet's desertion, which, though I have not heard it, I take for granted. He is, like myself, a scientific politician, and has an eye as keen as a needle, to his own interest. He has had good luck so far, and is gorgeous in the spoils of many gulls; but I think the Polar Basin and Walrus Company will be too much for him yet. There has been a splendid outlay on credit, and he is the only man, of the original parties concerned, of whom his majesty's sheriffs could give any account. P. 191.

Through the help of the usual episodes, viz. a lake, a precipice, a ruined castle, &c., in such cases made and provided, Mr. Chainmail contrives to fall in love with Miss Susannah Touchandgo; and the upshot is, of course, a marriage, and installation of the bride, in Chainmail hall. To the lovers of hair-breadth escapes and precipice horrors, we recommend the perusal of the fourteenth chapter; as for ourselves, we prefer the well drawn scene of Welsh hospitality exhibited in the cottage of the worthy Mr. Ap Llymry.

"The children ran out to meet their dear Miss Susan, jumped all round her, and asked what was become of her hat. Ap Llymry came out in great haste, and invited Mr. Chainmail to walk in and dine: Mr. Chainmail did not wait to be asked twice. In a few minutes the whole party, Miss Susan and Mr. Chainmail, Mr. and Mrs. Ap Llymry, and progeny, were seated over a clean homespun tablecloth, ornamented with fowls and bacon, a pyramid of potatoes, another of cabbage, which Ap Llymry said 'was spoiled with the pacon, and as coot as marrow,' a bowl of milk for the children, and an

immense brown jug of foaming ale, with which Ap Llymry seemed to delight in filling the horn of his new guest.

"Shall we describe the spacious apartment, which was at once kitchen, hall, and dining-room,—the large dark rafters, the pendent bacon and onions, the strong old oaken furniture, the bright and trimly arranged utensils? Shall we describe the cut of Ap Llymry's coat, the colour and tie of his neckcloth, the number of buttons at his knees,—the structure of Mrs. Ap Llymry's cap, having lappets over the ears, which were united under the chin, setting forth especially whether the bond of union were a pin or a ribbon? We shall leave this tempting field of interesting expatiation to those whose brains are high-pressure steam engines for spinning prose by the furlong, to be trumpeted in paid-for paragraphs in the quack's corner of newspapers; modern literature having attained the honorable distinction of sharing with blacking and Macassar oil, the space which used to be monopolized by razor-strops and the lottery; whereby that very enlightened community, the reading public, is tricked into the perusal of much exemplary nonsense; though the few who see through the trickery have no reason to complain, since as 'good wine needs no bush,' so, *ex vi oppositi*, these bushes of venal panegyric point out very clearly that the things they celebrate are not worth reading.

"The party dined very comfortably in a corner most remote from the fire; and Mr. Chainmail very soon found his head swimming with two or three horns of ale, of a potency to which even he was unaccustomed. After dinner, Ap-Llymry made him finish a bottle of mead, which he willingly accepted, both as an excuse to remain, and as a drink of the dark ages, which he had no doubt was a genuine brewage, from uncorrupted tradition.

"So passed the time till evening, when Mr. Chainmail moved to depart. But it turned out on inquiry, that he was some miles from his inn, that the way was intricate, and that he must not make any difficulty about accepting the farmer's hospitality till morning. The evening set in with rain: the fire was found agreeable; they drew around it. The young lady made tea; and afterwards, from time to time, at Mr. Chainmail's special request, delighted his ear with passages of ancient music. Then came a supper of lake trout, fried on the spot, and thrown, smoking hot, from the pan to the plate. Then came a brewage, which the farmer called his nightcap, of which he insisted on Mr. Chainmail's taking his full share. After which, the gentleman remembered nothing, till he awoke, the next morning, to the pleasant consciousness, that he was under the same roof with one of the most fascinating creatures under the canopy of heaven." P. 234.

As a specimen of poetry interspersed in scraps throughout the work, we quote the following ballad, from page 243:

### "LLYN Y DREIDDIAD VRAWD.

"THE POOL OF THE DIVING FRIAR.

"GWENWYNWYN withdrew from the feasts of his hall:  
He slept very little, he prayed not at all:  
He pondered and wandered, and studied alone,  
And sought, night and day, the philosopher's stone.

"He found it at length, and he made its first proof  
 By turning to gold all the lead of his roof:  
 Then he bought some magnanimous heroes, all fire,  
 Who lived but to smite and be smitten for hire.

"With these, on the plains like a torrent he broke;  
 He filled the whole country with flame and with smoke;  
 He killed all the swine, and he broached all the wine;  
 He drove off the sheep, and the beeves, and the kine;

"He took castles and towns; he cut short limbs and lives;  
 He made orphans and widows of children and wives;  
 This course many years he triumphantly ran,  
 And did mischief enough to be called a great man.

"When, at last, he had gained all for which he had striven,  
 He bethought him of buying a passport to heaven;  
 Good and great as he was, yet he did not well know  
 How soon, or which way, his great spirit might go.

"He sought the grey friars, who, beside a wild stream,  
 Refected their frames on a primitive scheme;  
 The gravest and wisest Gwenwynwyn found out,  
 All lonely and ghostly, and angling for trout.

"Below the white dash of a mighty cascade,  
 Where a pool of the stream, a deep resting-place made,  
 And rock-rooted oaks stretched their branches on high,  
 The friar stood musing, and throwing his fly.

"To him said Gwenwynwyn: 'Hold, father, here's store  
 For the good of the church, and the good of the poor;  
 Then he gave him the stone; but, ere more he could speak,  
 Wrath came on the friar, so holy and meek:

"He had stretched forth his hand to receive the red gold,  
 And he thought himself mocked by Gwenwynwyn the Bold;  
 And in scorn of the gift, and in rage at the giver,  
 He jerked it immediately into the river.

"Gwenwynwyn, aghast, not a syllable spake;  
 The philosopher's stone made a duck and a drake:  
 Two systems of circles a moment was seen,  
 And the stream smoothed them off, as they never had been.

"Gwenwynwyn regained, and uplifted his voice:  
 'Oh friar, grey friar, full rash was thy choice;  
 The stone, the good stone, which away thou hast thrown,  
 Was the stone of all stones, the philosopher's stone!'

"The friar looked pale, when his error he knew;  
 The friar looked red, and the friar looked blue;  
 And heels over head, from the point of a rock,  
 He plunged, without stopping to pull off his frock.



"He dived very deep, but he dived all in vain,  
The prize he had slighted he found not again:  
Many times did the friar his diving renew,  
And deeper and deeper the river still grew.

"Gwenwynwyn gazed long, of his senses in doubt,  
To see the grey friar a diver so stout:  
Then sadly and slowly his castle he sought,  
And left the friar diving, like dabchick distraught.

"Gwenwynwyn fell sick with alarm and despite,  
Died, and went to the devil, the very same night;  
The magnanimous heroes he held in his pay,  
Sacked his castle, and marched with the plunder away.

"No knell on the silence of midnight was roll'd,  
For the flight of the soul of Gwenwynwyn the Bold:  
The brethren, unfeed, let the mighty ghost pass,  
Without praying a prayer, or intoning a mass.

"The friar haunted ever beside the dark stream;  
The philosopher's stone was his thought and his dream:  
And, day after day, ever head under heels  
He dived all the time he could spare from his meals.

"He dived, and he dived, to the end of his days,  
As the peasants oft witness'd with fear and amaze;  
The mad friar's diving-place long was their theme,  
And no plummet can fathom that pool of the stream.

"And still, when light clouds on the midnight winds ride,  
If by moonlight you stray on the lone river-side,  
The ghost of the friar may be seen diving there,  
With head in the water, and heels in the air."

The "old English festivities" of Chainmail hall, are interrupted by a visit from Captain "Swing," which affords occasion for some pithy remarks from Dr. Folliott, applicable to the political circumstances of the day.

We have no space for further extracts, or we could quote many other passages in support of the favorable opinion we have advanced of "Crotchet Castle," as a work replete with original thought and humorous delineation of character.

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*The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties; illustrated by  
Anecdotes. Vol. II. Charles Knight, Pall Mall.*

WE have seen but few works, among modern publications, possessing so useful a tendency as this admirable volume. We have

elsewhere had occasion to speak of its worth, when reviewing the first volume,\* nor does the appearance of the second incline us to alter our opinion of its merits. To the student, who is endeavouring to surmount the difficulties, which more or less will embarrass the progress of all who are in pursuit of knowledge, this must be an invaluable work. Here are instances produced, under circumstances the most depressing, in occupations the most unpropitious, and over impediments the most formidable, genius has triumphed, and learning has progressed. The unconquerable perseverance which triumphs over the disappointments and discouragements that too often are the stumbling-blocks over which genius and talent fall, to rise no more, is displayed with a spirit of philosophic philanthropy that must make a deep impression on the ardent and anticipating, and hold out the most encouraging prospect to the dissatisfied and despairing disciple of learning. When enthusiasm is the most prominent feature in the human intellect, it sometimes rises superior to all the disadvantages thrown in its progress; but too often, from the effects of some cruel disappointment starting up in the full career of its success or anticipation, it sinks into the most unbearable of all human evils—aberration of mind, or degenerates into the most pitiable of all maladies—mental imbecility. A persevering energy will always triumph when there is sufficient genius to direct its progress, but that ardent enthusiasm which generally accompanies a powerful genius, will often sink under difficulties, which perseverance of a patient and enduring character would have enabled it to surmount. Let all those who are eager to possess the advantages of learning, and yet would acknowledge themselves incapable of enduring the disappointments that may await them; and let those possessing intellectual gifts, perhaps of a high order, be not cast down by the discouragements that bar their progress, but learn from the numerous instances produced in these volumes, that, to persevere, is invariably to prosper.

In "The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties," many extraordinary instances of self-improvement are produced, among which are some, who, from the splendor of their talents, or the sublimity of their genius, reflect a glory upon the country of their birth,—our own "Wild Wallia." Yet how few are they in comparison with the almost innumerable self-taught geniuses, whose homes were among the mountains of Cambria, but whose fame seldom proceeded beyond the boundary of their native hills. Wales is peculiarly characterized by the advances in the paths of science and learning, made by the humblest of her children. In some respects there is an assimilation between the peasantry of the Highland districts of Scotland and those of Wales; similar impulses, acting with a similar degree of power, and developing

\* *Cambrian Quarterly*, vol. ii. p. 234.

that moral principle which gives to the human breast a desire of intellectual advancement.

From the illustrious men connected in any degree with the honour and glory of Cambria, who have found a biographer in the author of this cleverly written volume, we shall select the celebrated William Edwards, whose works are imperishable monuments of his abilities as an architect and engineer. He was born in the parish of Eglwysilan, Glamorganshire, in the year 1719. Self-taught in every thing, except the acquirements of reading and writing his native language, he became a most important acquisition to the country that gave him birth. Even at an early age he excelled in the humble object of repairing stone fences; his workmanship was marked by a degree of expertness and skill which no other labourer possessed; it attracted the attention of the farmers and gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and the daily labour of young Edwards enabled him to increase the comforts of his widowed mother, and her family, of which he was the youngest. The knowledge which became afterwards of so much value to him, was founded upon observation and experiments. He advanced, step by step, gaining more confidence as he proceeded, and learning the mysteries of masonry and architecture by continual practice and constant use of the materials used in his profession. From building stone fences, he was not long before he erected a house; succeeding in that, he undertook to build a mill, and that gave him an insight into many of the secrets of his art. But it was not before his twenty-seventh year that he attempted any of those extraordinary efforts of architectural skill which marked him as an original genius of the highest order,—an example for succeeding generations to profit by.

“Through his native parish,” says the author, “in which he still continued to reside, flowed the river called the Jaff, which, following a southern course, flows at last into the estuary of the Severn. It was proposed to throw a bridge over this river in a particular spot, in the parish of Eglwysilan, where it crossed the line of an intended road; but, to this design, difficulties of a somewhat formidable nature presented themselves, owing both to the great breadth of the water, and the frequent swellings to which it was subject. Mountains covered with wood, rose to a considerable height from both its banks, which first attracted and detained every approaching cloud, and then sent down its collected discharge in torrents into the river. Edwards, however, undertook the task of constructing the proposed bridge, though it was the first work of the kind in which he ever had engaged; accordingly, in the year 1746, he set to work, and in due time completed a very light and elegant bridge, of three arches; which, notwithstanding it was the work of both an entirely self-taught, and an equally untravelled artist, was acknowledged to be superior to anything of the kind in Wales. So far his success had been as perfect as could have been desired, but his undertaking was far from being yet finished. He had both, through himself and his friends, given security that the work should stand for seven years, and, for the first two years and a half of this term, all went on well; there then occurred a flood of extraordinary magnitude; not only the torrents came down from the mountains, in their accustomed channels, but they brought along with them trees of the largest

size, which they had torn up by the roots, and these detached, as they floated along by the middle piers of the new bridge, formed a dam there; the waters accumulated behind, which at length burst from their confinement, and swept away the whole structure. This was no light misfortune in any way to poor Edwards, but he did not suffer himself to be disheartened by it, and immediately proceeded, as his contract bound him to do, to the erection of another bridge, in the room of the one that had been destroyed. He now determined, however, to adopt a very magnificent idea—to span the whole width of the river, namely, by a single arch, of the unexampled magnitude of 140 feet, from pier to pier. He finished the erection of this stupendous arch in 1751, and had only to add the parapets, when he was doomed once more to behold his bridge sink into the water, over which he had raised it; the extraordinary weight of the masonry having forced up the keystones, and of course at once deprived the arch of what sustained its equipoise. Heavy as was this second disappointment to the hopes of the young architect, it did not shake his courage any more than the former had done: the reconstruction of his bridge, for the third time, was immediately begun with unabated spirit and confidence. Still determined to adhere to his last plan, of a single arch, he had now thought of an ingenious contrivance for diminishing the enormous weight which had formerly forced the keystone out of its place; in each of the large masses of masonry called the haunches of the bridge, being the parts immediately above the two extremities of the arch, he opened three cylindrical holes, which not only relieved the central part of the structure from all overpressure, but greatly improved its general appearance, in point of lightness and elegance. The bridge, with this improvement, was finished in 1755, having occupied the architect about nine years in all, and it has stood ever since.

“This bridge over the Taff, commonly called the *New Bridge*, and by the Welsh, *Pont y Pridd*, was, at the time of its erection, the largest stone arch known to exist in the world; before its erection, the Rialto at Venice, the span of which was only ninety-eight feet, was entitled, as Mr. Malkin remarks, to this distinction among bridges, unless indeed we are to include the famous aqueduct bridge at Alcantara, near Lisbon, consisting in all of thirty-five arches, the eighth of which is rather more than 108 feet in width, and 227 in height. The bridge in Alcantara was finished in 1732. Since the erection of this bridge over the Taff, several other stone arches of extraordinary dimensions have been built, both in our own country, and in France. Such, for instance, as the five composing the splendid Pont de Neuilly, over the Seine, near Paris, the span of each of which is 128 feet; the central arch of the bridge, over the same river, at Mantes, which is of the same dimensions; the Island bridge, as it is called, over the Liffey, near Dublin, which is a single arch of 106 feet in width; the bridge over the Tees, at Winston, in Yorkshire, which is also a single arch of 108 feet, nine inches wide, and which was built in 1762, by John Johnson, a common mason, at a cost of only £500; and the nine elliptical arches, each of 120 feet span, forming the magnificent Waterloo bridge, over the Thames, at London. But no one of these great works rival,\* in respect of dimensions, the arch constructed by *Edwards*. The bridge over the Taff, we may add, rises to the height of thirty-five feet above the water, and is the segment of a circle of 170 feet in diameter. Buttressed as it is, at

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\* A bridge is, however, being built at Chester, which is the largest single arch in the world, being 200 feet span. A bridge over the Severn, lately built in Gloucester, is 150 feet span, and the arches of the new London bridge are larger than that of Pont y Pridd.

each extremity, by lofty mountains, while the water flows in full tide beneath it, its aspect, as it is seen rising into the air; may well be conceived to be particularly striking and grand.

"This bridge which is looked upon as a wonder to this day, spread the fame of Edwards over all the country. He afterwards built many other bridges in South Wales, several of which consisted also of single arches of considerable width, although in no case approaching to that of the arch over the Taff. One which he erected over the lawy, near Swansea, had a span of eighty feet; another at Llandovery, in Caermarthenshire, was eighty-four feet wide; and a third, Wychtree bridge, over the lawy, was of the width of ninety-five feet. All the bridges that Edwards built, after his first attempt, have their arches formed of segments of much larger circles than he ventured to try in that case, and the roads over them are consequently much flatter, a convenience which amply compensates for their inferiority in point of imposing appearance. He found his way to this improvement entirely by his own experience and sagacity; as indeed he may be said to have done to all the knowledge he possessed in his art. Even his principles of common masonry, he used himself to declare, he had learned chiefly from his studies among the ruins of an old Gothic castle in his native parish. In bridge building, the three objects which he always strove to attain, in the highest possible degree, were,—first, durability; secondly, freedom for the passage of the water under the bridge; and, lastly, ease of traffic over it.

"In commencing architect, Edwards did not abandon the business of his forefathers; he was likewise a farmer to the end of his life. Nay, such was his unwearied activity, that, not satisfied with his weekday labours in these two capacities, he also officiated on Sundays as pastor to an Independent congregation, having been regularly ordained to that office, when he was about thirty years of age, and holding it till his death. He accepted the usual salary from his congregation, considering it right that they should support their minister; but, instead of putting the money into his own pocket, he returned it all, and often much more, in charity to the poor. He always preached in Welsh, although early in life he had also made himself acquainted with the English language; having embraced the opportunity of acquiring it under the tuition of a blind old schoolmaster, in whose house he once lodged for a short time, while doing some work at the county town of Cardiff. He is said to have shewn all his characteristic assiduity of application in this effort, and to have made a corresponding rapid progress."

"This ingenious and worthy man died in 1789, in the seventieth year of his age, leaving a family of six children, of whom his eldest son, David, became also an eminent architect and bridge builder, although he had no other instruction in his profession than what his father had given him. David's eldest son is also said to have inherited the genius of his father and his grandfather."

We make no apology for the length of our extract; the interest of the subject must render such unnecessary; and in conclusion we must observe, that, besides the excellence of the matter it contains, this unpretending little volume is embellished with beautifully engraved portraits of Watt, the engineer, Barry, the artist, and of Sir Richard Arkwright, the ingenious inventor of the machine used in cotton manufactures; and possesses the advantage of being one of the cheapest volumes that has been produced in this age of cheap literature.

*Views in Wales, Nos. II. to V.* Jones, Finsbury square, London.

IN examining the more recent numbers of these Views, we are of the same opinion as that expressed by us in our Magazine of January, namely, they are superior to existing publications of a similar kind; and, what is of general importance,—in cheapness; but, while we so decidedly praise this work, we must be understood to do so *comparatively*. During a cursory examination of numbers II. to V. we shall have faults to point out, for we propose to enter into the scrutiny with strictness; so that, if our well intended advice be received in the same spirit with which it is proffered, we expect to see the future numbers free from several minor blemishes with which some of them have hitherto been most decidedly disfigured.

As long, indeed, as the crowded beauties of our British alps are reduced by the engraver to so diminutive a parallelogram as three inches by five, it will be totally impossible to render any thing like justice to the fine drawings of Mr. Gastineau; and we venture to affirm, that there is not one of the artists employed in engraving a plate of any single specimen in the work, who has not anticipated this observation, nay more, who has not been conscious that, in working to so small a scale, he was exerting his skill rather in disparagement, than in embellishment of the pattern drawing.—The first view in No. II. is

*Beddgelert, in Carnarvonshire,*

and, generally speaking, a clever representation of one of nature's most splendid retreats, but, to us, the mountain in the background appears too distant and indistinct, the left central ground is also too highly cultivated, or rather too intersected with fences, unless enclosures have been made there within the last four years. On the right, beyond the bridge, is Bond street, and a very good street it is, if neatness and comfort constitute goodness. Mr. Thomas Jones, of Bryn Tirion, built, and we believe christened, this same Bond street. There is a smack of the whimsical in its nomenclature, and we must refer inquirers on that head to the respected proprietor. The foreground of Beddgelert, as is the case throughout the work, is unexceptionably good.

*Llyn Idwal, Carnarvonshire.*

This is very grand, and its legendary interest, as in Beddgelert, to us who delight in imaginative ramblings, contribute not a little to enhance its romantic impression on the eye. Cwm Idwal is traditionally pointed out as the place where Prince Idwal, the son of Owain Gwynedd, was murdered by a confidant, to whose care the father had intrusted him. Broughton has written some very beautiful lines on the story, but the poet assuredly has not succeeded better than the painter; the immensely lofty gloomy rocks, chiefly in shade; the contrasted light

thrown strongly on a part of this craggy domain ; a similarly contrasted sky ; the mountain prills tumbling over the ledges, glittering like so many wreaths of diamonds ; Llynidwal at the bottom, black and shining, with dim reflexions, so like nature ; even the birds and cows are worth especial notice, so different from the touches of inferior artists. There is "a pretty little cow," with her glossy black coat, and ray of light upon her horn, alone sufficient to remind us of a May morning ; and there are two sheep, very humble in themselves, that add much to the general effect of the engraving : we doubt whether Mr. Gastineau ever more happily succeeded. The engraver of Beddgelert, and Llyn Idwal, is Mr. J. Varrall.

*Tre Madoc, Carnarvonshire,*

With its spire rising in puny similitude to the sharp summits of Moel Hebog, to the right beyond it ; Tan yr Allt, under the wood, above the church, is a sweet little object, which, with the road winding on the left, round the rock, and the other objects in view, produce a very charming landscape. The drawing is taken from Morva lodge. Everybody has heard of the late Mr. Maddockes, a man of undoubted scientific acquirement, and strong natural abilities, and a sort of modern Prospero in buildings, and other gigantic undertakings. Tre Madoc is a place solely of his creation : to those who may not have heard of this enterprising man, some idea can be given of the nature of his operations, by remarking that, previous to an embankment against the sea, formed by him, the flood-tide rose so high as to inundate the entire flat seen in the picture. By the by, the engraver has not been over felicitous in some of his figures : query, is the leading animal, before the peasant on horseback, a cow or a sheep ?

*Rhaiadr Dû, Merionethshire.*

There is a glow about this engraving that betokens good sport to the disciples of honest old Isaac, who are fly-fishing in the pool below the waterfall. Perhaps the reader will exclaim, "God wot this is no criticism !" but with us, who make our own flies, from the gaudy dragon to the finest gnat, the digression is unavoidable. The hanging and crowded foliage in which Rhaiadyr Dû is embosomed, give to it a richer appearance than many of the waterfalls in Wales possess : around them there is a sterility—a desolation, which, though combining a very strong character, is not to us so pleasing as the style in this engraving, where the mass of clustering foliage is exceedingly well done : the hand of taste is plainly discoverable in the way the light and shade are thrown on the trees in the foreground, and also to the left in the middle distance. The engraver of Tre Madoc and Rhaiadyr Dû is Mr. H. Adlard.

*Flint.*

In scenic effect, we do not perceive any thing interesting in this engraving ; its execution, as a specimen of the arts, is credita-

ble : perhaps we may qualify the above remark with an exception ; we allude to the long narrow neck of land in the extreme distance. This land comprises the hundred of Worrall, and, by jutting out far into the sea, it divides the rivers Dee and Mersey. Mr. Gastineau has, with good judgment, introduced small craft going up the former river to Chester, and a much larger vessel bound up the Mersey. We are to suppose the large vessel bound for Liverpool, and therefore it conveys to the observer a very just idea of distance. The foreground, in our impression, is bold and clear.

*Flint Castle.*

We have no observation to make regarding this engraving, further than it is well executed, and a faithful picture. But, when we view its gloomy ruins, our mind naturally reverts to the scene of treachery enacted within its walls ; of course we allude to the betrayal of King Richard II., by Percy of Northumberland, into the hands of the duke of Lancaster. Alas ! where is the mouldering remain of Norman power in Wales, which is not connected and disgraced with some story shocking to humanity ? Mr. S. Lacy is the engraver of Flint, and of the castle.

*Llanrwst Bridge, Denbighshire.*

In our copy this is, by many degrees, the best engraving in No. III. The elegant bridge in the foreground, the view up the river through its arches, the little church to the right, and the towering hills in the distance, form a specimen very characteristic of North Welsh scenery. Of this bridge, built by Inigo Jones, and its indisputable claim to true geometrical construction, we may remark, en passant, that we shall, in some future number, make further mention. We are now collecting materials for a Life of Inigo, who, we have good reason to believe, was a native of Wales : by this allusion we hope to imbue our countrymen with an anxiety to see native talent properly recorded and appreciated. The most trifling information, well authenticated, in connexion with this subject, we shall gratefully receive.

*Llanrwst Church.*

This is pretty. The Gwydyr chapel, or that part of the edifice embattled, and with Gothic windows arched by two segments of a circle, were also designed by Inigo Jones, for Sir Richard Wynn, of Gwydyr. The two last views are engraved by Mr. J. Thomas.

*Bangor, Carnarvonshire.*

Our impression of Bangor is full of point and clearness ; as far as Beaumaris in the left distance, and beyond Beaumaris, the minutest object is distinctly portrayed ; the smooth surface of the sea is uncommonly well done, and the little white barks, with their refulgent shadows, are excellent. From this view the spectator may, in some measure, form an idea of the magnificent bay



of Beaumaris, but we do not here embrace the terrific mountain vista at the back of the bay, so striking when seen from various parts of the Anglesea coast. Impartial and competent judges have asserted that this prospect, as combining the grandeur of maritime and coast scenery, is equal to the far-famed Naples.

*Bangor Cathedral.*

This plate is also very fine and clear. In the south transit reposes all that mortality can claim of Owain Gwynedd. When the cathedral was repairing, four or five years ago, a friend of ours had the curiosity, when the tomb was opened, to examine its contents: the bones were much decayed, but still preserving their form; they were the dimensions of those of a moderately sized man. Considering his theatre of action, there never lived a greater hero than Owain; and the deeds of the patriot have been embalmed in the strains of poetry, from the days of *Cynddelw-brydydd mawr*, *Gwalchmai*, and *Llywarch prydydd môch*, to the present time; nor must we omit to notice the rapturous flights of poetic feeling in which our queen of song, Felicia Hemans, has indulged herself on this thesis. Mr. William Wallis is the engraver of the two last plates.

*Denbigh Castle.*

This is very well done, and we are only sorry that Mr. Gastineau has selected the present point of view. We have seen very many drawings and engravings of Denbigh castle, and they almost all embrace the same part of the ruin, namely, the gateway, over which stands the fragment of Lacy earl of Lincoln's statue.

*Denbigh Town*

Is taken near a farm-house, called the Graig: the foreground is good, but here we must cease our commendation; the rest of the plate is bad, decidedly bad, both in execution and truth of copy. In making such unqualified remarks upon the demerits of this engraving, we can be actuated by no feeling beyond a sense of justice to the public, and we assure them that this specimen (with the exception of the foreground,) is totally unworthy of the work: we find fault with the draughtsman, with the engraver, the proprietor, in short with the whole coterie, who may have had any influence in introducing to our notice so inferior a thing as the view before us. It is two years since we visited Denbigh, but, to render certainty doubly certain, we consulted several gentlemen who are natives, or otherwise well acquainted with Denbigh and its localities; they all agree with us that it is vilely done. Why, in truth's name, did Mr. Gastineau take his stand to make that hideous windmill so conspicuous an injury to the picture? We know the disadvantages artists labour under in a strange country, and, perhaps, hurried in time and engagements; but had he chosen his view from the Ruthin road, with his powers, we should have had a more than creditable addition to the work. Mr. William Radcliffe is the engraver of Denbigh castle, and of the town.

*View near Aber.*

This plate is truly alpine; nothing can be better than the rivulet hastening over its rocky stratum, and dashing between the great misshapen fragments of stone; the little bridge, too, is very picturesque, and the narrow winding fissure beyond it, confining the mountain torrent, is effective; the groupage of figures on the left are also good. We have been twice asked what is intended by the white curved mark on the distant mountain; one observer supposed it to be a road, another thought it a torrent of water; it is very badly defined, indeed: but we are pretty sure the imperfection, in the present instance, is the result of reducing Mr. Gastineau's drawing. Our word on it, Messrs. Editors, do ye but increase the size of your plates, and you not only enhance the value of the work, but render greater justice both to subscribers and artists.

*Llyn Gwynant, Carnarvonshire.*

Here we are perfectly satisfied, the entire plate is good, and the view is beautiful; the lake, the mountains, the sky, and figures, are all very well done.

*Overton Church, Flintshire.*

Really we are beginning to get tired of churches, and, as we may appear captious on the point, it is but fair that we explain ourselves. Now there is a never ceasing variety of "sea and heather, rock and mountain moor" in Wales, and an artist should, we think, exclusively bestow his time on characteristic scenery: if we want a pretty church, why we seat ourselves in a cabriolet, and take a cockney drive to Acton or Ealing, nay Kensington will do; any morning, we will undertake to shew a dozen or two churches, within as many miles of London, to the full as good as Overton (for, be it remembered, we have no single atom of its lovely vicinity here.) We do not find fault with the church, as a church; it is a pretty edifice, well engraved, and possessing a sweet repose, that reflects credit on the artist. By the by, a clever architect, with whose name we are unacquainted, has lately added to the north aisle some good Gothic, the pinnacles particularly are universally admired. Inside Overton church we remember to have noticed several very handsome monuments erected by the families of Gwernhayled and Bryn y Pys.

*Vale Crucis Abbey, Denbighshire.*

The point of view is well chosen, and the lancet-formed windows cannot fail of attracting attention; the interlineation of lofty trees, with the ruin, produce good effect. Vale Crucis was a Cistercian monastery, founded by Madoc ab Grifydd Maelor.

The border county of Salop would well repay Mr. Gastineau for a visit to its many fine old ruined abbeys and monasteries: Wenlock, Buildwas, and Aumond, are three of the finest ruins in

Britain. We do not know whether such an arrangement would be compatible with the plans of the publishers, or Mr. Gastineau; and we merely throw out the hint for their consideration. Vale Crucis is the last plate in the published numbers.

We are compelled to defer our critique upon the letter-press accompanying the work.

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*Cambrian Superstitions; comprising Ghosts, Omens, Witchcraft, Traditions, &c.; to which are added, a Concise View of the Names and Customs of the Principality, and some Fugitive Pieces.* By W. Howells. Danks, Tipton. Longman and Co. London. 12mo.

IN our preceding number our readers will meet with copious extracts from the pages of this small publication. We trust the specimens there introduced will be a sufficient reason why we should refrain from culling any further from Mr. Howells' collection of mysteries.

Those individuals, like ourselves, though in the autumn of life, who take an interest in *yr hen wraig's* tales of other days, and have listened in their youth, with breathless attention, to many of those romantic popular legends that are afloat among the peasantry of all the nations of Europe, (some of which lately emanated from the German press, and have since been translated into English,) cannot but award to Mr. Howells their thanks, however they may regret that the task has been delayed till the all-absorbing march of intelligence has well nigh chased that innocent and interesting amusement from the land of our fathers. We can safely recommend this collection of superstitions as a literary curiosity: Mr. Howells has, we know, laboured under many disadvantages, and we are accordingly indulgent in our scrutiny of his book; he has evinced one important ingredient, requisite for an author, namely, industry; and he deserves to be encouraged. The volume, as a specimen of provincial typography, is very inferior.

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#### LITERARY NOTICES.

Shortly will be published, "*A Dictionary of the English Language; containing a New System of Etymology, connecting the Teutonic and Celtic Dialects with those of Western Asia, more particularly the Hebrew.*" The etymological part of this work is an attempt to explain the phenomena of language by causes now in operation. We possess sufficient evidence that language is in its nature fluctuating, independently of violent or unusual influences, such as conquest; we are informed also of the nature of these changes. Thus we know the original identity of the Breton and Welsh, and that the German and the Anglo-Saxon part of the English language originally belonged to one language; yet on examining them, we shall not find any proof that either of them has adhered in every instance to a more primitive form than the other. On the contrary, we shall find, in English, many old words of

origin undoubtedly Teutonic, which are now obsolete in Germany, and that the Bretons are in possession of many ancient Celtic words which the Welsh have forgotten. A similar principle, we are informed by Mr. Webster, has already begun to sever the language even of England and America. Such being the relation between languages originally the same, the author has attempted to determine whether it does not exist, though in a remoter degree, between those ancient dialects of Western Europe (of which the English is composed,) and the Celtic and Oriental languages. The result has been a conviction, that a similarity prevails, in this case, of a like nature to that which exists between dialects known to have been once identical; we may safely infer, therefore, from analogy, that, in this case also, resemblance arises from original identity. Of the Oriental dialects his attention has chiefly been turned to the Semetic, and in forming conclusions that the latter are far more widely connected with those of Europe than has generally been believed, he was guided and encouraged by the opinions of Pughe, Parkhurst, and Pritchard. The question of what are called the Indo-Germanic tribes will also be made a subject of discussion; but he has dwelt more at length on the Semetic affinities, as the subject has received much less attention.

Examples of the Hebrew affinities in the Teutonic and Celtic languages.

Ideas connected with Fire.

BURN—Bore, Fire, *Heb.*  
Pur, *Greek.*  
ASHES—Ash, Fire, *Heb.*  
Eu|o Enso, to burn, *Gr.*  
IRE—He. r. e, to heat, burn, be incensed, *Heb.* Ira, *Lat.*  
RANCOUR—He. r. v. n. and He. r. n. Heat, Wrath.  
WAM—He. r. reem, a place burnt up with heat.  
HEAT—Hth. e. to keep fire alive, *Heb.* Hautsh, Heat, *Pers.*  
TREAD—D. r. d. to tread, *Heb.* Traed the feet, *W.* Traed. en. *Goth.* (This word is supposed by the Welsh scholars to have been adopted by the Saxons from the Britons; it is plain, however, we must look to a remoter source.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

WET—Hu|o, to water, *Gr.* Wy, water, *W.* Wet seems a passive participle from the *Greek* root Hu|or the Welsh Wy, as Water|ed is from Water.  
LAD and LO|DES—(*Welsh*) a girl. Eel. d, to give birth to. Eel. d, a boy. Ee. l. d. e, a girl. (Thus the Welsh and English words are masculine and feminine of the same root preserved in *Hebrew.*)  
HEN—Eun, a bird, *Gaelic.* OION|OS, a bird, *Greek.*  
H.MA—To be agitated.—Butter which is formed by agitation, *Heb.* Eem, butter, *Gaelic.* Ymenyn idem, *Welsh.*

The etymologies will be printed in Hebrew and English characters.

In the press, in a neat portable volume, the "*Welsh Interpreter*," consisting of a concise vocabulary, and a collection of useful and familiar phrases, with the exact mode of pronunciation, adapted for tourists who may wish to make themselves understood by the peasantry, during their rambles through Wales; preceded by an explanation of the mutations, and other peculiarities of the language, the whole arranged on the plan of Blagdon's Interpreter. By THOMAS ROBERTS, Llwynrhudol.

In the press, in three vols. post 8vo. the "*Welsh Decameron, or Tales illustrative of Cambrian Life, Customs, &c.*" Report speaks highly of this work.

The Rev. WM. PROBERTS' (of Walmsley, near Bolton,) "*Hebrew-English Grammar*" is now in the press. Some eminent Hebraists have spoken strongly in favor of the plan and execution of this Hebrew-English Grammar.

Just published, in one vol. small 8vo. "*Sketches of Genius*," in poetry of different metres

Published in February last, and to be continued in weekly and monthly parts, the "*Christian's Magazine; or Weekly Miscellany of Religious Essays, Anecdotes, Literature, Biography, Intelligence, and Poetry.*"

Mr. WILLIAM DAVIES LEATHART, the Secretary to the Gwyneddigion, is preparing a republication of his "*History of that Society, from its formation to the present time.*" It will contain specimens of all the Celtic dialects, viz. of the Welsh, Irish, Gaelic, Breton, Manx, Cornish, Basque, and Waldensian languages. It will be recollected, that when this work was nearly ready for publication last year, it was entirely destroyed by the destructive fire in Bartholomew-close.

## LONDON AND PROVINCIAL NEWS.

### ECCLESIASTICAL.

THE Lord Bishop of St. David's has been pleased to collate the Rev. T. Lloyd, to the rectory of Llanfairoerllwyn, in the county of Cardigan, vacant by the death of the Rev. Samuel Davies.

The Rev. Henry Weir White, A.M. Fellow of Jesus' College, Oxford, is instituted to the rectory of Dolgelly, (vacant by the death of the Rev. J. J. Roberts;) Patron, his Majesty.—The Rev. John Jones, M.A. (late of Llanychan,) was collated and instituted by the lord bishop of St. David's, to the rectory of Llangynhafal, in the county of Denbigh, vacant by the cession of the Rev. John Griffith, clerk, the former incumbent thereof, and late fellow of Emmanuel college, Cambridge; Patron, the said lord bishop.—The Rev. John Davies, (late of Llandyrnog,) was collated and instituted, by the said lord bishop, to the said rectory of Llanychan, vacant by the cession of the said John Jones, clerk.

The Lord Bishop of St. David's has been pleased to institute, by commission, the Rev. William Rees, A.M. to the rectory of Talbenny, in the county of Pembroke, vacant by the death of Dr. Roach, upon the presentation of Sir J. Owen, bart. M.P.; commissary, the Rev. D. A. Williams.

Two sermons were lately delivered in the Tabernacle at Newport, on behalf of the Pembrokeshire Branch Bible Society, by the Rev. James Richards, of Fishguard, and the Rev. Thomas Jones, from Luke, xv. 7; and Psalm, cxix. 126. A collection was made at the close of the service, and the result proved that the congregation were favorable to the cause.—A sermon was delivered in the church, at the same place, by the Rev. Henry Vincent, from Psalm, cxlvii. 15. In the afternoon, another meeting took place; George Bowen, esq. having taken the chair, the Report of the Society was read by the Rev. Ll. Thomas; and resolutions were moved by Mr. Joshua Hughes, Rev. Henry Vincent, Mr. Evan Williams, Mr. Rowland Daniel, Rev. Thomas Davies, Thomas Davies, esq. and the Rev. William Davies; which were seconded by the Rev. Messrs. Thomas Mortimer, James Richards, David Meyler, John Owen, Thomas Jones, William Harries, and John Davies, esq. Several addresses were delivered on the occasion, and the account of the progress of the society was very satisfactory.

### PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

*Tuesday, 1st March.* In pursuance of the pledge given by government, in the person of Lord John Russell, that hon. member, on this day, brought forward his proposed measure on the all-engrossing subject of parliamentary reform. From the length of the debate, the vast nature of the subject, and the numerous and vital interests it embraces, it becomes impossible that we can even attempt to present our readers with anything like an analysis of the various sentiments delivered upon it by the different speakers. We must therefore con-

tent ourselves, as well as our subscribers, with a bare outline of the provisions of the Bill.

The honourable mover, in the outset, disclaimed all idea of disturbing the settled institutions of the country, which he described as having ever rested on the confidence and the love of Englishmen; whilst he expressed the wish of ministers to place themselves between the two hostile parties of the country, neither agreeing with the one, that no reform is necessary, nor yielding to the other, that none but the most extravagant changes can by any means be satisfactory to the people.

It is proposed to utterly disfranchise sixty boroughs, such boroughs not having contained 2,000 inhabitants in the population returns in 1821. Forty other boroughs, not, at the same period, containing 4,000 inhabitants, are to be deprived of the right of sending more than one member. The first sixty boroughs have hitherto sent 119 members; the forty-seven other boroughs, with one member each, would be 166; and with two taken from the four now sent by Weymouth, would make 168. The remaining close boroughs are to be taken out of the hands of select corporations, or of the possession of the few, and thrown into that of the great body of the inhabitants. The qualification for a vote in boroughs is to be granted to all householders paying rent to the amount of 10*l.* a year; at the same time, the present electors are not deprived of their votes, provided they are residents within the borough. Non-resident voters to be disqualified. The qualification for a vote in the counties shall be extended to all persons holding copyhold property of the value of 10*l.* a year, who are qualified to serve on juries, to all leaseholders having a lease of not less than twenty-one years, provided such lease shall not have been renewed within two years. The vacancies in the House, created by the disfranchise of the smaller boroughs, are not to be altogether filled up, and thus the benches of the Commons will be considerably reduced. Seven large unrepresented towns are to return two members, and twenty others one member each. Those that are to return two members, are

|                         |                                    |                                |
|-------------------------|------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Manchester and Salford. | Greenwich, Deptford, and Woolwich. | Bristol and Sedgley.           |
| Birmingham and Ashton.  | Wolverhampton.                     | Sheffield.                     |
| Leeds.                  |                                    | Sunderland and the Wearmouths. |

The following are the names of places, each of which are to return one member:

|                              |               |                                         |                             |                |
|------------------------------|---------------|-----------------------------------------|-----------------------------|----------------|
| Brighton.                    | Warrington.   | Whitehaven, Workington, and Hartington. | Stockport.                  | Bradford.      |
| Blackburn.                   | Huddersfield. | Kendal.                                 | Dudley.                     | Frome.         |
| Macclesfield.                | Hallifax.     | Bolton.                                 | Tyemouth and North Shields. | Wakefield.     |
| South Shields and Gateshead. |               |                                         | Cheltenham.                 | Kidderminster. |
| Weston.                      |               |                                         |                             |                |

Eight members are to be added, to represent certain districts in London, at present unrepresented, viz.: the Tower Hamlets district, containing 223,000 inhabitants. The Holborn district, including the extensive parishes of St. Pancras and Mary-le-bone, and containing 210,000 inhabitants. The Finsbury district, number of inhabitants not stated, and the district of Lambeth, including parts of Surrey in the vicinity of the Borough, containing 128,000 inhabitants. The next proposition is an addition of two to the number of members for the larger counties. This is a system of reform of which Lord Chatham was the first author. These counties are twenty-seven in number, and contain, every one, more than 153,000 inhabitants, viz.:

|           |              |            |             |                                            |
|-----------|--------------|------------|-------------|--------------------------------------------|
| Chester.  | Northampton. | Worcester. | Cumberland. | Nottingham.                                |
| Darham.   | Devon.       | Derby.     | Cornwall.   | Northumberland.                            |
| Lincoln.  | Gloucester.  | Essex.     | Essex.      | Southampton, and use to the Isle of Wight. |
| Somerset. | Suffolk.     | Essex.     | Kent.       |                                            |
| York.     | Surrey.      | Suffolk.   | Stafford.   |                                            |
| Warwick.  | Leicester.   | Wilt.      |             |                                            |

All elections, as well in counties as in cities and boroughs, shall be arranged as follows: At a stated period of the year, the parish-officers and churchwardens are to make out lists of the persons who are occupiers of houses of the value of 10*l.* a year each, the names of whom are to be affixed to the church door. When these lists are complete, they shall be published, (every individual having the right to a copy,) and shall be considered as the roll for the electors for the ensuing year. At the actual elections, no question shall be asked, except as to the identity of the voter, and whether he has before voted during that election. The duration of polling is to be shortened, by the erection of different booths:

so that the whole poll shall be taken in two days, in order to lessen the expense to the candidates. With regard to the lists for the counties, there shall be present a barrister of certain standing at the bar, to be appointed by a judge at the assizes, who shall go a circuit during the year, to hear all claims to vote, to dispose of such claims, put his name at the bottom of the list, and transmit it to the clerk of the peace, and this list will then contain the county voters for the ensuing year. The elections to be held in different hundreds or districts. The poll, in such places, to be kept open for three days, at the expiration of which time the different poll-clerks will cast up their books, and come with them to the sheriff at the county town, who will, at the next county-court, declare the return of the successful candidates. No voter shall have to travel more than fifteen miles, and there shall not be more than fifteen polling places in any county. It is proposed, that in the larger counties, which are to return two additional members, there shall be two districts, with two members returned for each district. These districts are to be settled by a committee of the Privy Council. In boroughs, where the number of persons rated at 10*l.* shall be under 300, commissioners shall have power to add to their number from the adjoining parishes. When any town is to be enabled to send members to parliament, the property which qualifies an individual to vote for the time, will not enable him to vote for the county also. But this exception does not apply to 40*s.* freeholders, having a right to vote for the county, but whose freehold may be situate in any such town.

The following is a list of the boroughs intended to be disfranchised :

|                          |                 |                       |                            |                  |
|--------------------------|-----------------|-----------------------|----------------------------|------------------|
| Aldbrough, (York-shire.) | Higham Ferrers. | Corfe Castle.         | Newton, (isle of Wight.)   | Old Sarum.       |
| Aldbrough, (Suffolk.)    | Hilston.        | Dunwich.              | Oschatonpton.              | Seaford.         |
| Appley.                  | Hitcham.        | Eyn.                  | Orford.                    | Steyning.        |
| Badwin.                  | East Loos.      | Fovey.                | Petersfield.               | Stockbridge.     |
| Barnston.                | West Loos.      | Gatton.               | Flyampton.                 | Truro.           |
| Bishop's Castle.         | Lostwithiel.    | Ludgershall.          | Queenborough.              | Wareham.         |
| Bitchingly.              | Bosminy.        | Malmesbury.           | Reigate.                   | Wendover.        |
| Boroughbridge.           | Brackley.       | Midhurst.             | Romney.                    | Woolchurch.      |
| Haslemere.               | Bramber.        | Milborne Port.        | St. Maw's.                 | Winchelea.       |
| Heyden.                  | Buckingham.     | Minehead.             | St. Michael's, (Cornwall.) | Woodstock.       |
| Heytesbury.              | Callington.     | Newport, (Cornwall.)  | Saltash.                   | Wootton Bassett. |
|                          | Camelford.      | Newton, (Lancashire.) |                            | Yarmouth.        |
|                          | Castle Rising.  |                       |                            |                  |

The following is a list of those boroughs to be allowed the return of one member each :

|             |              |                 |                |              |
|-------------|--------------|-----------------|----------------|--------------|
| Amerham.    | Hythe.       | Tamworth.       | Guildford.     | Richmond.    |
| Arundel.    | Leamington.  | Clitheroe.      | Lyme Regis.    | Thetford.    |
| Ashburton.  | Leominster.  | Cockermouth.    | Lymington.     | Thriak.      |
| Bewley.     | Lisakard.    | Dorchester.     | Malden.        | Totness.     |
| Bodmin.     | Rye.         | Downton.        | Marlborough.   | Truro.       |
| Bridport.   | St. Germans. | Droitwich.      | Marlow.        | Wallingford. |
| Chippenham. | St. Ives.    | Evesham.        | Morpeth.       | Westbury.    |
| Helston.    | Sandwich.    | Grimsby.        | Northallerton. | Wilton.      |
| Hepton.     | Saibury.     | East Grimstead. | Penryn.        | Wycombe.     |
| Huntingdon. | Shaftesbury. |                 |                |              |

As respects Wales, in the representation of which so many of our intelligent readers are greatly interested, Lord John Russell expressed himself as follows: "With regard to Wales, the only alteration I propose to make, besides introducing the same right to the franchise into all the boroughs there which they have in England, consists in adding to the towns, in Wales, which already send members, the neighbouring unrepresented towns, so as to give them a share in the representation. It is proposed, for instance, to add Holyhead to Beaumaris, Bangor to Carnarvon, Wrexham to Denbigh, Holywell and Mold to Flint, Llandaff and Merthyr Tydvil to Cardiff; Welsh-Pool, Llanfyllin, and three other places, which returned members to parliament formerly, but which were disfranchised by a decision of the House of Commons, I believe, in the time of Sir Horace Walpole, to Montgomery; St. David's, Fishguard, and Newport, to Haverfordwest, Milford to Pembroke, Presteign to Radnor; and I further propose, that a new district of boroughs should be erected, consisting of Swansea, Cowbridge, Langharn, and three other places, which should have the privilege of returning one member to parliament. These are the only additional members which it is proposed to add to the representation of Wales."

In Scotland, every person who has what is called the dominion of the land to the amount of 10*l.* a year, which, according to Lord John Russell, will be about

equal to our 10*l.* freeholder, shall have a vote at the county election, as also every leaseholder of twenty-one years of 50*l.* a year. The Scotch counties to be settled as follows: Peebles and Selkirk to be joined, and elect one member together; Dumbarton and Bute, Elgin and Nairne, Ross and Cromarty, Orkney and Shetland, and Clackmannan and Kinross, with certain additions, to do the same. The remaining twenty-two counties, each singly to return one member. Burghs to be as follows: Edinburgh and Glasgow to have two members each; Aberdeen, Paisley, Dundee, Greenock, and Leith, (with the addition of Portobello, Musselburgh, and Fisherrow,) each singly to return one member. The East Fife district of burghs no longer to return, but to be thrown into the county. The remaining thirteen districts of burghs, each to return one member, with these variations; that Kilmarnock shall take the place of Glasgow, in the district of burghs, to which Glasgow formerly belonged; that Peterhead shall take the place of Aberdeen, and that Falkirk shall be added to the districts of Lanark, Linlithgow, Selkirk, and Peebles. With these alterations, fifty members, instead of forty-five, will be returned for Scotland. In the elections there shall be no longer delegates, but in every burgh every person having the right to vote shall do so personally, and the gross numbers be summed up and taken, instead of taking the balance, as it were, of the number of voters as heretofore.

In Ireland, it is proposed that the same qualification in boroughs, as that now proposed for England, shall be introduced. Belfast, Limerick, and Waterford, to send one member more than at present; the right of voting to be reserved to all persons at present entitled to vote. The period of election will terminate in Ireland, within the same time as in England.

The result of the whole measure, as regards the number of members, will be as follows. The present number is 658; the number proposed to be disfranchised is 189; which, deducted from the former number, will leave 490. There will then be added five for Scotland, three for Ireland, one for Wales, eight for London, thirty-four for the large towns, and fifty-five for the English counties; making, in all, 106, which number being added to the 490, will make the number 596. Take 596 from 658, and there will appear a decrease in the number of members of sixty-two.

It is calculated that half a million of persons will thus be added to the electors of the kingdom; and, as Lord John Russell said, "half a million of persons, be it observed, connected with the property of the country; persons having in themselves a valuable stake in the country, interested in preserving the property of the country, and upon whom will depend, in any future struggle this country may have to sustain, to support this House, to support parliament, and to support the throne in carrying that struggle to a successful termination."

The Right Honourable C. W. Williams Wynn, in consequence of some parts of the plan of reform being in opposition to his views of policy, has resigned the secretaryship at war. We very much regret the cause which induced the right honourable gentleman to tender his resignation, well acquainted as we are with the indefatigable attention and talent with which he has conducted government business; independent of which, his retirement from office is a serious misfortune to the Principality. We can state without fear of contradiction, that no official man of the present day ever conferred one tenth of the patronage on Welshmen which Mr. Williams Wynn has done. Welshmen, indeed, generally, are completely shut out from all chance of participation in government situations; but it should be understood, that Mr. Wynn's mode of distributing patronage, was far from being exclusively in favor of his countrymen. The secretary at war has comparatively very limited patronage.

#### THE ARMY.

It affords us infinite satisfaction and pride, to notice, that his most gracious Majesty has been pleased to approve of that brave and splendid corps of infantry the 41st, being in future styled the "41st or the Welsh Regiment of Foot." It is well known that this regiment signalized itself at Detroit, Queenstown, Miami, and Niagara, in North America, and exhibited the most enthusiastic valour during the Burmese war. "Ava," alone, added undying lustre to its laurels. If the question had been put to us, "What corps should you deem worthy of being nominated as your national regiment, in addition to your invincible Fusiliers?"



We should unhesitatingly have fixed upon the heroes of "Ava." We heartily congratulate our countrymen on the good feeling which his Majesty most graciously evinces to the Principality. We highly approve of this mode of nationalising the army, being firmly convinced that a national spirit of emulation has, and ever will tend to ensure success and victory in the battle-field. The splendid actions of the Welsh Fusileers, the Scottish Highlanders, and Irish regiments, during the peninsular war, incontestably prove the fact.

The following appointments in the Flintshire yeomanry have been gazetted—Rich. Visc. Belgrave to be major commandant; the Right Hon. Robt. Grosvenor, John Wynne Eyton, esq., Trevor Owen Jones, esq., Sir Stephen Richard Glynn, bart. to be captains. *Mayor Corps*: Francis Richard Price, esq. to be major commandant; the Hon. Lloyd Kenyon, Sir John Hamner, bart., Thomas Wynne Eyton, esq., Edward Edwards, esq. to be captains; Richard Burton Phillipson, gent., Henry Kenrick, gent., John Smith, gent., Thomas Maddocks, gent. to be lieutenants; Thomas Kelly, gent., Wm. Roberts, gent., Robert Bateman, gent., Henry Crane, gent. to be cornets; John Barnett Lane, gent. to be adjutant; John Bassett, gent. to be surgeon.

WELSH CIRCUIT.

The following appointments have been made relating to the Southern Division of the Welsh circuit: Thomas Jones, esq. *Clerk of the Assize*; John Willy, esq. *Associate*; Walter Maybery, esq. *Clerk of Arraigns*; and John Evans, esq. *Clerk of the Indictments*.

CYMMRODORION IN LONDON.

It has been resolved, at the request of Dr. OWEN PUGH, that the *MABINOGION* be published at Denbigh, under his superintendence; and that the sum of £50 be applied towards the expenses to be incurred therein; £25 thereof to be paid to the printer when the work is in the press, and the further sum of £25 when the edition is printed off.

The Society will purchase ancient manuscripts, or rare books connected with Wales, (if approved,) at a fair and liberal price.

The Society encourage the translation into English of the works of the most esteemed authors and bards of Cambria; and receive specimens from individuals who propose undertaking the labour; as it has been resolved, in co-operation with the provincial Societies, to publish, periodically, in a cheap and popular form, the most interesting portions of the literary remains of the Cymry. The *Mabinogion* will form the commencement of the series.

A Museum of subjects in Natural History, indigenous to Wales, specimens of minerals, &c. is to be formed: it is also intended to establish regular courses of lectures on antiquarian, scientific, and other subjects connected with Wales.

The rooms of the Institution, at the Freemason's Tavern, are open at seven o'clock precisely, on the evening of the first Friday in every month, until further notice, and some very interesting Discussions have lately taken place.

Sir Thomas Phillips, bart. has been elected a member of the Institution. He has also presented the Society with a scarce copy of a valuable work on the "Antiquities of Glamorganshire," of which fifty copies only were printed for private distribution.

On the 18th ult. a special meeting was held, for the purpose of entering into arrangements for the immediate publication of the "*Mabinogion*," and also the publication of some valuable manuscripts. It is probable that the poem of *Lewis Glyn Cothi* will form the first volume.

A METROPOLITAN BISTEDDOD, and NATIONAL CONCERT, will be held at the Freemason's Tavern, on the 26th day of May next, under the patronage of the Institution.

The following subjects are proposed for contest, and the medals and premiums hereafter set forth to be awarded to the successful candidates.

1. "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." [In English.] (*The Royal Medal, and Five Guineas.*)
2. "An Account, or Biographical Sketch, of the most Eminent Individuals the Principality of Wales has produced since the Reformation." [In English.] (*The Royal Medal, and Five Guineas.*)
  3. "The Causes which, in Wales, have produced dissent from the Established Church." [*An Essay*, in English.] (*The Royal Medal.*)
  4. "A Poem, by a native of the Principality, of not less than 100 lines, on any subject connected with Wales, but the period to be subsequent to the Norman Conquest." [In English.] (*The Royal Medal.*)
  5. "An Argumentative Essay on the Advantages or Disadvantages of cultivating the Welsh Language as a Living Tongue. [In Welsh.] (*Three Guineas.*)
  6. "The best Englyn on "WOMAN." [*The prize will not be awarded to any individual who has, upon any other occasion, been a successful competitor.*] (*A Medal.*)

**GWYNEDDIGION.** This patriotic society held its sixtieth anniversary festival on the 10th of January; Mr. John Williams in the chair; and Mr. W. Hughes, the Secretary of the *Cymrodorion*, officiated as Vice-President for Mr. David Lewis, whose regretted absence was owing to a severe domestic affliction.

A variety of loyal and patriotic toasts were given; nor were those natives of the Principality who had distinguished themselves, either in the senate, the field, or the church, forgotten. *Pennillion* singing with the Welsh harp, also some excellent English songs, enlivened the scene.

Amongst the singers, with and without the harp, were the Chairman, Mr. John Parry, Mr. W. D. Leathart, Mr. Michael Denny, Mr. John Griffiths, &c.

#### HIGHLAND LITERATURE.

[An obliging correspondent has favored us with the following interesting information regarding the state of literature among our Highland brethren; it cannot fail to interest every branch of the Celtic family.]

**AN TEACHDAIRE GAELACH, OR THE GAELIC MESSENGER.**—It is now considerably more than a twelvemonth since the "Gaelic Messenger" was first announced to the public, and the surprise of every person was, that such a confessedly useful and interesting publication should have been so long unthought of, among the various benevolent schemes that have for a considerable time past been devised for the moral and intellectual improvement of the Highlanders. A well conducted periodical must be allowed to be the surest means of rapidly disseminating knowledge in any country. In the Highlands its operation may be rendered doubly useful, for it is calculated not only to generate a taste for reading, but to perpetuate an ancient and original language, still the medium of communication among a large portion of the population of this country, and through which alone knowledge can reach them.

This being the case, it is not to be wondered at that the "Gaelic Messenger" was hailed by every Highlander with the most intense interest, and the auspices under which it started warranted a strong hope that the laudable views of the projectors would be crowned with complete success. It cannot however be denied, that this hope has not been hitherto fully realized. We have been among the most sanguine admirers of the plan; but we regret to learn that since the novelty of the undertaking has subsided, it is not so generally sought after as might be expected from the well known anxiety of the Highlanders for knowledge. From some recent intercourse with the Highland peasantry, we think we can account for the cause without derogating from the talents or zeal of the learned editor, than whom, from his knowledge of the language and intimate acquaintance with the manners and habits of the people, none better qualified for the task could be found. The limited demand for it, if we mistake not, is entirely attributable to a mistaken idea of what is best adapted to their capacity and wants, which the conductors appear to have estimated by a standard far too low, and quite inapplicable to the present state of knowledge among them, which has made considerable progress within the last few years.

However paradoxical it may at first appear, we have no hesitation in saying

that the Gaelic Messenger, as it has hitherto been conducted, is better calculated for enlightened minds or refined tastes than those for whom it is more immediately intended. This will be sufficiently apparent, at least to those who are conversant with the peculiar ideas of the modern Highlanders. It is well known that, although their ancestors have been, and a few of the present generation still are, very fond of listening to and reciting old traditional stories of flood and field, ghost and fairy, and all the absurd and imaginary fables which superstition and vivid imaginations have invented to amuse the ignorant and beguile their leisure hours; all this is now on the wane, if not entirely consigned to the shades of darkness, from whence they originated. The dawn of knowledge which has for some years been gradually illuminating the Highlands, has dispelled these chimerical fancies; and a spirit of exertion and enterprise has sprung up in their place, mingled with a feeling of contempt for these old-wife stories, that were formerly prevalent in the country. The natives, in consequence, evince a great anxiety to obtain "*book learning*," for which they have the greatest veneration and respect. He who is supposed to possess most of this knowledge is always sure of being looked up to with deference: it has, therefore, become a matter of great ambition with them to obtain this enviable distinction.

This being the real state of the people to whom the "*Gaelic Messenger*" is more particularly addressed, it may be easily conceived how far it has fallen short in gratifying this praiseworthy ambition and keen thirst for knowledge, filled as it generally is with the very identical old tales with which they are already so well acquainted. To an educated person it may be amusing to trace the superstitious customs of a rude people in a dark and barbarous age; but to the unlettered highlander the legends of his native country have not even this charm: they are already familiar to him from his infancy, and do not add to his stock of knowledge or contribute to his mental improvement. They are insufficient to satisfy the cravings of the newly awakened appetite for knowledge, in a primitive but acute race, struggling for the smallest glimpse of intellectual light. To answer the object for which it was intended, the pages of the Messenger should be filled with *new* and *useful* information, such as will enlighten the people on what they are really ignorant of. At present we have occasion to know it is received more as a depository or record of antiquated tales already nearly forgotten and sinking fast into oblivion, the revival or preservation of which the bulk of the people care little about; so that unless it speedily aims at higher objects, we fear it will soon have but few readers among the lower class of highlanders.

We do not by any means wish to decry the work, in which there are several excellent articles that would do credit to any periodical in the country, but even its best friends must admit that there are others, and not a few, of a trifling and puerile character. We beg, however, not to be understood as wishing to lower the book in the estimation of the public; on the contrary, our wish is to see it more extensively useful. The great error in the execution seems to have sprung from the erroneous supposition that the fables and legends alluded to would be more acceptable to the highlanders, and sooner give them a taste for reading, than subjects of which they were comparatively ignorant. Perhaps they may have had this effect in some degree, but to command their permanent respect and attention, the work must take a higher and wider range. It must impart interest by the *novelty* and *utility* of its contents. These should consist of selections from popular works on natural history, geography, astronomy, mechanics, history, and especially voyages and travels, of which they are remarkably fond. In particular the recent travels of Captain Basil Hall in the Canadas, whither thousands of their poor countrymen annually emigrate, in almost total ignorance of the state of the country, could not fail to interest them. And a considerable portion should be dedicated to translations of approved passages from our numerous English classics, calculated to inculcate virtuous and ennobling sentiments, and which at the same time would contribute to improve their taste, and qualify them for relishing the beauties of literary composition.

We understand that a periodical publication exists in the kindred language of Wales conducted on a plan similar to that we have suggested, and with the happiest results.\* We trust the patrons and conductors of the Highland Messenger

\* Not only one but many periodicals exist in the Welsh language; the inhabitants of Wales are decidedly a literary people.

will take an example from their southern brethren, and we have no doubt the same beneficial result will follow. The Highland Messenger will then be sought after, and perused with avidity, by all who can appreciate the beauty and sublimity of the language in which Ossian poured forth his immortal lays; and what will be still higher praise, be the means through which our countrymen may once more "enjoy the benefits of knowledge, and the blessings of religion."

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SOCIETY FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE WORKING POPULATION  
OF GLANORGAN.

[We have great pleasure in announcing that a society, entitled as above, has been recently formed: the following important programme was lately published and forwarded to us, by the secretary.]

The first object of the society is to diffuse a knowledge, generally, of the circumstances on which the well-being of the labourers, and their families, depends; and particularly to point out the effects of the institution of property on society; to teach the principles which regulate the price of labour, and to show the manner in which that price is affected by machinery.

The means of promoting this object are,

The printing and sale at low prices of short Tracts, in English and Welsh, compiled from the best authorities, and expressed in the plainest language, on the above-mentioned subjects; and the circulation of such works as the committee, hereafter specified, shall deem applicable to the circumstances, and within the comprehension, of the working population. Also the translation into Welsh of such works as the committee shall desire to circulate in that language.

Every tract printed by the society shall have been submitted in ms. to the revision of the committee, and shall be circulated under the sanction of the society, expressed at the head of the publication.

The tracts will be sold by all booksellers, besides which the society will take out a hawkers' license for some trustworthy person, who shall offer for sale, from house to house, as well the publications of this society, as any others the committee may wish to circulate: this person will be, to all intents and purposes, the servant of the society, and will lose his place, if he carry with him, or negotiate in any way, any article not put into his hands by the committee, at one of their meetings; or if he engage, directly or indirectly, in any speculation of his own. A further means will be the establishment of a Lending Library, in every town and village that shall appear to the committee sufficiently populous to admit of it, consisting of works of instruction and amusement, selected by the committee.

The second object of the society is to extend and improve the existing system of education.

This is to be provided for by the establishment of Infant Schools, wherever it may be found practicable, and other means for the advancement of general education.

As it will have been shown, that the well-being of the labouring class must depend on their knowledge, prudence, and industry; and as their improvement in knowledge will have been provided for—the third object of the society will be to promote all possible measures for cherishing in them prudent and industrious habits. With this view is contemplated the more extended establishment of Friendly Societies, and Savings' Banks, and receiving places for deposits in the Banks.

The operations of the society shall be strictly confined to the objects above specified, to the exclusion of temporary or party politics, of controvertible doctrines in religion, and of all other topics, however important in themselves, which are not within the scope of the present design.

It has also been resolved by the Society:—

1. That every subscriber of 5s. a year to the fund of the society be a member.
2. That every subscriber of 10s. a year, or upwards, be eligible on all committees.

3. That any person intending to discontinue his subscription, and to withdraw from the society, may at any time do so at the end of the then current year, upon his giving six months' notice of such intention to the treasurer or secretary.

4. That Dr. Malkin be appointed chairman; Francis Taynton, esq. treasurer; and Mr. Charles Redwood, secretary, of the society and the committee.

5. That the chairman, treasurer, secretary, and the following gentlemen, namely, Mr. Edward Ballard, jun., Colonel Morgan, the Rev. Mr. Paul, and Llewelyn Traherne, esq. be forthwith appointed a temporary committee, for the purpose of examining the list of subscribers from time to time, and selecting the most influential persons for forming a general and standing committee; and that the general committee, so formed, shall have the power of adding to its numbers, as occasion may require.

6. That quarterly meetings of the members be holden in Cowbridge, to receive information from the committee respecting the measures they are from time to time pursuing, for the furtherance of the general interests. The day for each of these meetings to be advertised in the Cambrian.

7. That the quarterly meeting held some time in May, be considered an anniversary, when a public lecture, setting forth the advantages of the Institution, and illustrative of subjects connected with it, will be given to the members and strangers, introduced by tickets from the committee. At this anniversary, a report of the proceedings of the past year will be submitted by the committee, for the sanction of the members at large: and the members, and others introduced by tickets to the lecture, will dine together at an early hour.

8. That the members of the committee, individually, and the bankers and others in the county, be requested to receive subscriptions.

Subscriptions are also received in London, at Hughes's, St. Martin's le Grand, and Messrs. Longman's, Paternoster row.

#### ST. DAVID'S DAY.

The 117th anniversary of the Society of Loyal and Ancient Britons, was celebrated at the Freemasons' Hall, on the 1st of March.

The Hon. George Rice Trevor, M.P. took the chair for Lord Rodney, who was prevented by indisposition from attending, but his lordship sent a donation to the Welsh Charity-School of £100. The Chairman was supported by Sir W. W. Wynn, Lord Kenyon, the Bishops of St. Asaph and Bangor, the Hon. Lloyd Kenyon, O. Morgan, Esq. &c.

About eight o'clock, the children of the Welsh School passed round the hall, amid the cheers of the company; a select number of them sang an Ode, written for them by Mr. Parry, to the air of "*Nos Galan*," *New-Year's Eve*, in a beautifully simple and expressive manner, which was rapturously *encored*; the tribute paid in it to the memory of his late Majesty, who had contributed upwards of £7000. towards the funds of the charity, was enthusiastically applauded; and afterwards attended to, in an excellent address by the Lord Bishop of St. Asaph, as well as by Lord Kenyon, who pleaded the cause of the children most eloquently; as also did the Lord Bishop of Bangor, and the President of the day.

During dinner, a military band and a Welsh harper performed alternately; and afterwards, a variety of national songs, glees, &c. were sung by Messrs. Collyer, J. Smith, E. Taylor, Fitzwilliams, Parry, and Parry, jun., the latter was *encored* in the pretty ballad of "*the Maid of Langollen*," accompanying himself on the harp. Mr. Parry performed on a newly invented patent instrument, called "*the Symphonian*," which is not larger than a snuff-box, but capable of some very extraordinary and beautiful combinations of harmony; it is but justice to state, that both Mr. Parry and his son gave their professional services on the occasion. Mr. Sergeant Jones, Vice Treasurer, after an animated address, read a long list of subscriptions. Among the donations were, the King, 10*5*l.; Lord Rodney, 100*l.*; Bishops of St. Asaph and Bangor, 20*l.* 5*s.* each; Sir W. W. Wynn, 50*l.*; Lady W. Wynn, 20*l.*; Lady Harriet W. Wynn, 20*l.* 5*s.*; Miss W. Wynn, 5*l.*; Right Hon. C. W. Wynn, 10*l.*; the Marquis of Anglesey, 25 guineas; Lord

Kenyon, 25 guineas; Sir C. Morgan, 50*l.*; Charles Morgan, Esq. 50*l.*; Octavius Morgan, Esq. 10*l.*; Lord Clive, 50*l.*; Hon. G. R. Trevor, 30 guineas; Sir Thomas Mostyn, 25 guineas; Colonel Wood, 20 guineas; Captain Wood, 20 guineas; William Wilkins, Esq., 20 guineas; several of the stewards, 10 and 20 guineas each; which amounted, together with sundry small donations, to 1131*l.* 13*s.*, a very large sum, considering the pressure of the times, and also the question of Reform in Parliament occurring on the same evening.

The Hon. George Rice Trevor, M.P. has consented to preside next year.

#### BIRMINGHAM ST. DAVID'S SOCIETY.

The members and friends of the Birmingham St. David's Society assembled on the 1st of March, to commemorate the seventh anniversary of their charity. In the unavoidable absence of their Right Hon. president, Lord Plymouth, the chair was filled by T. F. Ledsam, esq. supported by the Rev. Dr. Booker, Edward Lloyd Williams, esq., the Rev. Charles Eckersall, John Meredith, esq. and other clergymen and gentlemen connected with the charity, whose eloquence and enthusiasm in the cause of *Hên Cymru* greatly heightened the social enjoyment of the evening.

The children of the St. David's School, having previously partaken of an excellent dinner, given annually to them at the house of a Welsh lady resident in the neighbourhood, were received by the president of the day, and their other benefactors, with much kindness; and the healthy and cleanly appearance of the children was the subject of universal remark.

On the same day the more humble, but equally national members of the Cymmrodorion Society celebrated their annual dinner in the true spirit of warm hearts glowing with patriotic reminiscences and *cwrw da*.

The Birmingham St. David's Charity School was, in 1824, established by a few Cambrian residents, impressed with the expediency and value of such an Institution, to that numerous and increasing Welsh population, which the intercourse between the iron and coal works of the Principality with those of Staffordshire, and the adjoining counties, had drawn into the midland districts, consisting chiefly of the labouring classes, who, having no parochial settlement in England, are subject to severe deprivations. Many cases of peculiar interest and distress, have, through the St. David's Society, been discovered, and the deserving objects received under its protection, from which (after receiving clothing and education from nine to fourteen years of age,) they are placed in situations, or returned to their friends, blessed with a knowledge of their Creator, and the means of offering to his service, and the good of their families and fellow-beings, the fruits of a religious and useful education.

The printed annual reports of the secretaries (the Rev. Benjamin Howell, rector of Hughley, and Mr. Edward Tilsley Moore, of Birmingham,) and treasurer exhibit gratifying statements of the patronage and support given to the institution by the nobility, clergy, and other individuals connected with, or interested in the Principality, and its increasing means of good may justly be anticipated from a more extended knowledge of its truly benevolent and useful results.

The day was celebrated by convivial meetings in nearly all the towns in Wales

#### BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

##### *Births.*

At Lancing Vicarage, in the county of Sussex, the lady of the Rev. Charles Griffith, M.A. of a son.—The Lady of the Rev. John Nanney, of Belmont, Denbighshire, of a daughter.—At Cae-bwld, the lady of Capt. G. T. Parker, of a son.—At Penyglaig, the lady of Roderick Richards, esq. of a son.—At Cheltenham, the lady of Hugh Owen, esq. M.P. of a daughter.—At Tanygraig, the lady of the Rev. H. E. Graham, of a son.—At Aston Cottage, the lady of William Hancock, esq. of a son.—At Southsea, Lady William Paget, of a son.—In Chester, the lady of Sir John Salusbury, of a daughter.—At Bryngwyn, the lady of James Philipps, esq. of a son.—At Crogen, the lady of John James Turner, esq. of a son and heir.—At Carnarvon, the lady of Robert Williams, esq. of a son.—At Llandoverly, the lady of the Rev. William Morgan, of a son.—

The lady of Wilson Jones, esq. of Gelli-gynan, high sheriff of the county of Denbigh, of a son.—The lady of John Lloyd, esq. of Dinas, Breconshire, of a son.

#### Marriages.

At Liverpool, Evan Evans, esq. Carnarvon, to Anna, daughter of the late James Cosnahan, esq. of Lark hill, Isle of Man.—At Llanfairisgaer, Frank Jones Walker Jones, esq. of Bryntirion, to Jane, eldest daughter of William Turner, esq. of Parclau.—Lieut. Wm. Gray, a.n. to Miss Bradley, of Cowbridge, Glamorganshire.—The Rev. James Cozens, rector of Gurfreston, Pembroke-shire, to Crisley, only daughter of John Thomas, esq. of Ynys-y-Plwm, Glamorganshire.—At Trevarthin church, Monmouth, W. F. Geach, esq. of Bristol, to Miss Williams, only daughter of Lewis Williams, esq. Abergavenny.—At Prender-gast, William Evans, esq. Haverfordwest, to Miss Warlow, Springfields.—At Llysfaen, William Jones, esq. St. Asaph, author of the "Primitive Sounds of the Welsh Language Elucidated," to Ann, daughter of the late Tristram Maries Madox, esq. Greenwich.—At Caermarthen, Wm. Maurice, esq. of Haverfordwest, to Ann, only daughter of the late Joseph Maurice, esq.—At Brixton, the Rev. T. Philpotts, only son of John Philpotts, esq. M.P. to Mary Emma Penelope, only daughter of the late Ulysses Hughes, esq. of Grovesend.—At Llanfair, Carnarvon, John Williams Ellis, esq. eldest son of the Rev. Thomas Ellis, rector of Llanfachraeth, to Harriet Ellen, only child of James Henry Clough, esq. Plas Llanfair, county of Anglesey.—At Llangadwaladr, Anglesey, William Hughes, only son of Richard Hughes, esq. of Plas bach, Cerrygeinwen, to Jane, youngest daughter of Mr. Maurice Humphreys, Plas bach, Llangadwaladr.—At Llanbadarnfawr, John Cole, esq. M.D. to Miss Humphreys, both of Aberystwyth.—At Llanfechell, Mr. Evan Williams, of Machynlleth, to Miss Phebe Elias, only daughter of the Rev. John Elias, of Anglesey.—At Towyn, Capt. W. Williams, to Miss Ann Roberts, daughter of the late Rev. Mr. Roberts, Vriog, Meirionethshire.—At Denbigh, by the Rev. Thomas Jones, Mr. Thomas Ralphs, of Liverpool, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Robert Parry, esq. of the former place.—At Cheltenham, the Rev. Hugh Gwynne Evans, rector of Fraystrop, Pembrokehire, to Eliza Ann, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Howell, esq. of Haverfordwest.—At Bristol, by the Rev. Mr. Capel, William Maurice, esq. of Haverfordwest, to Ann, only daughter of the late Joseph Maurice, esq.—At Bassaleg, Monmouthshire, James Ashwin, jun. esq. of Bretforton, Worcestershire, to Jane, youngest daughter of J. D. Collins, esq. of Duffryn, near Newport.—Charles H. Smith, esq. of Gwern Llynwith, Glamorganshire, to Emily, fourth daughter of Sir George Leeds, bart. of Glyn Clydach, in the same county.—At St. Arvan's, Monmouthshire, the Rev. F. C. B. Earle, of Newton, Wilts., to Harriet Claxton, eldest daughter of N. Wells, esq. of Piercefield.

#### Deaths.

Mrs. Bonsall, of Queen's square, Bloomsbury, relict of George Bonsall, esq. of Glanrhydol, Cardiganshire.—In Switzerland, H. V. Salusbury, LL.D. brother of Sir Thomas Salusbury, bart.—Aged 94, Mrs. Jane Owen, of Tanlan Llysfaen, Carnarvonshire.—At Llannerchbrochwel hall, Montgomeryshire, Richard Lloyd, esq.; for many years an active commissioner of his majesty's taxes.—At Swansea, John Richardson Tripp, esq.—Thomas, youngest son of the Rev. Lewis Evans, vicar of Llanfihangel Gneu'r-glyn, Cardiganshire.—On the 1st inst., at Holywell, aged 38, Peter Williams, esq.—Miss Jones, of Bath, only sister of Thomas Farry Jones Parry, esq. of Madryn, in the county of Carnarvon, and Llwynon, in the county of Denbigh.—Wm. Davies, esq. of Plasleaf, in the county of Meirioneth.—Mrs. Owen, wife of Owen Owen, esq. of Caerau, Anglesey.—Hugh Evans, esq. of Hênblas, Anglesey.—In Caermarthen, the Rev. Thomas Jones, minister of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists.—At his residence, near Llandoverly, Capt. Richard Davys, of the Royal Caermarthen Fusiliers; he was an active magistrate for the counties of Caermarthen and Brecon.—At Pembroke, Mrs. Lord, daughter of the late Gen. John Owen, esq. of Orielton, and mother of Sir John Owen, bart. M.P. &c.—At Bishopston, the Rev. Edward Davies, whose learned work, on "The Claims of Ossian," we reviewed in our last Number, and whose powerful talents rendered him one of the most distinguished literary characters in Wales. He was rector of Bishopston and of

Llanfair-oerllwyn, Cardiganshire; incumbent of Llanbeder, Radnorshire; chancellor of Christ's College, at Brecknock; and associate of the royal society of literature. The works which he published were, 1, *Aphtharte*, the Genius of Britain, a poem, 1784. 2, *Vacunalia*, consisting of Essays in verse, 1788. 3, *Eilza Powell*, or *Trials of Sensibility*; a fictitious Tale, in two volumes, 1795. 4, *Celtic Researches on the Origin, Traditions, and Language of the Ancient Britons*, 1804. 5, *The Mythology and Rites of the British Druids*, 1809. 6, *Sermons on Church Union*, 1811. 7, *Immanuel*; an Essay on the Prophecies relating to the Messiah, 1816. 8, *A Sermon against Smuggling*, entitled "Public Duties obligatory on a Christian Conscience", 1817. 9, *The Claims of Ossian examined and appreciated*, 1825. To which may be added, 1, *The Translation of Armes Prydain Fawr*, which was published in the second volume of the *Cambrian Register*, 1799. 2, *Specimens of an English Metrical Translation of the Poems of the more ancient Welsh Bards, and of Dafydd ab Gwilym*, which were thirteen in number, and twelve of them were published in the third volume of the *Cambrian Register*, in 1818. 3, *Remarks on the British Chronicle*, called *Brut Tysilio*; and 4, *An Essay, containing Thoughts and Conjectures on the book of Job*. The last two were transmitted by him, 1826 and 1827, in ms. to the Royal Society of Literature, of which he had, on account of his eminence in literature, been appointed one of the royal associates in 1824.

At Presadded, Mrs. King, daughter of the Rev. John Bulkeley, of Dronwy, and great granddaughter of John Owen, esq. of Presadded.—At Llanarmon-yn-yale, the Rev. John Denman.—The Rev. Charles Cowper Cholmondeley, rector of Hodnet, and perpetual curate of Moreton Stay, Shropshire.—Harriet Charlotte, the infant daughter of Sir John S. P. Salisbury.—The Rev. Robert Hill, of the Hough, Cheshire, fifth son of the late Sir Rowland Hill, bart. of Hawkstone.—The Rev. Williams Allen, many years rector of Llanvihangel, Monmouthshire, and vicar of Hay, Breconshire.—The Rev. John Thomas, Calvinistic methodist preacher, (and brother of the late *Dafydd Dda o Eryri*, the celebrated Welsh poet.)—At Denbigh, Catherine, second daughter of the late Mr. Edward Jones, and sister of the Rev. Edward Jones, head master of Ruthin school.—At the house of his brother, Richard Duppa, esq. high sheriff for Radnor.—Miss Thomas, of Cefnmine, sister to Robert Thomas Carreg, of Carreg, esq. Carnarvonshire.—After a short illness, the Rev. Robert Hall, A.M. pastor of the Baptist church, Broadmead, Bristol, formerly of Leicester.—At Jesus College, Oxford, Maurice, only son of the Rev. Maurice Hughes, of Bevan Grove, Denbighshire.—Griffith Thomas, esq. for forty-two years Collector of the Customs at Pwllhell, aged 73.—Charles Henry, eldest son of Charles Gabell, esq. of Crickhowell, leaving an amiable widow, to whom he had been married only two months.—At Crickhowell, Mrs. Rumsey, widow of the late John Rumsey, esq. of that place.

#### PRICES OF SHARES OF CANALS IN WALES.

Brecknock and Abergavenny, 105; Glamorganshire, 290; Montgomery, 60; Shrewbury, 250; Swansea—.

#### FOREIGN FUNDS.

*Closing price 21st March.*—Brazilian, 57½; Chilian, 21; Colombian, 14½; ditto, 1824, 15½; Danish, 57½; Greek, 22; Mexican 6 per cents. 36; Peruvian, 14; Portuguese, 45; Prussian, 1818, 96½; ditto, 1822, 96; Russian, 1822, 89½; Spanish, 1821 and 1822, 16½; ditto, 1823, 14½; Dutch, 42; French Rentes, 60, 52.

#### ENGLISH FUNDS.

*March 19.*—Bank Stock, shut; 3 per cent. cons. 76½; 3½ per cent. 85½; 3½ per cent. red. shut; 4 per cent. shut; Long Annuities, shut.

\* \* \* We regret that some errata occurred in our last Number; our Welsh editor was, at the time, incapacitated from attending to his literary duties: arrangements have been made to prevent a repetition of similar errors.



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

No. 11.—JULY 1, 1831.—VOL. III.

THE REFORM BILL,  
AND ITS OPERATION IN WALES.

In our last publication we gave a brief notice of the great measure of Parliamentary Reform, introduced into the House of Commons, on the 1st of March, by Lord John Russell, as the official organ of his Majesty's ministers. This important subject having occupied the almost exclusive attention of the country since its introduction, and its merits and bearings having been so fully and ably discussed by the public journals, it will be unnecessary for us here to add more on the general question, than a mere outline of its leading features. But it is our intention, *as in duty bound*, to enter more at large on the provisions of the measure, with respect to its operation in that part of the kingdom, in which most of our readers are peculiarly interested.

The whole measure was laid before the last parliament, by means of three Bills. The first of these, and "the bill" on which the general debates arose, is intituled "a Bill to amend the Representation of the People in England and Wales:" there is a similar bill for Scotland; and a third for Ireland.

The bill begins by reciting, that "It is expedient to take effectual measures for correcting divers abuses that have long prevailed in the choice of members to serve in the Commons House of Parliament, and to deprive many inconsiderable places of the right of returning members." And accordingly, by the first clause or section, it is intended to enact, "that certain boroughs, enumerated in schedule (A) to the bill annexed, shall cease to return members to parliament;" and by the next clause, "that certain boroughs, enumerated in schedule (B), shall return one member, and no more." These two clauses, together with the third, (which takes two members from Weymouth,) are the *disfranchising clauses* which have excited so much discussion. According to the last arrangement, as announced to parliament by Lord John Russell,

on the 18th of April, it is intended to include in schedule (A) fifty-five boroughs, returning altogether 109 members; and in schedule (B), according to the same arrangement, 44 boroughs; thus making, (with the 2 members to be taken from Weymouth,) the total reduction amount to 155 members.

The boroughs in schedule (A) contained a population under 2000 in the year 1821, according to the parliamentary census then taken; and those in schedule (B) under 4000, according to the same census: and they are all situated in England.

Certain provisions in the bill satisfy that part of its preamble, which recites the expediency "to grant the privilege of returning members to serve in the Commons House of Parliament, to large, populous, and wealthy towns, and to increase the number of knights of the shire."

With this view, it is to be enacted, "that certain towns enumerated and described in schedule (C), shall each return two members; and that the towns enumerated in schedule (D) shall each return one member."

According to the last arrangement, (to which we have before alluded,) thirteen towns and districts are to be included in schedule (C), which will, therefore, return twenty-six members; and schedule (D) is, we believe, to comprise twenty-four towns: thus contributing altogether, by both of these schedules, fifty new members.

The places enumerated in schedule (C) contained respectively, a population exceeding 20,000, according to the 1821 census, and those in schedule (D) above 10,000: and these are, likewise, all situated in England.

Wales is to retain all its present representatives, and two others are to be added to their number. It is to be enacted, "that the towns of Swansea, Loughor, Neath, Aberavon, and Kenfig, shall be taken as one borough, and shall return one member to serve in parliament; and that no person, by reason of any right accruing in any of the places last named, shall have any vote in the election of members for the borough of Cardiff; and that the votes shall in such elections be taken, at the town or place within which the persons having the right of voting shall severally reside, by the mayor or other municipal officer of such town or place, who shall transmit the poll taken before him to the portreeve of Swansea, who shall be the returning officer of the said borough."

With respect to the increase in the number of county representatives, two additional members are to be given to every county which exceeded in population 150,000 in 1821, (with the exception of Middlesex, which will be otherwise fully represented); and this will empower Yorkshire for the future to return six representatives; and twenty-six counties enumerated in schedule (H) to return four

each; and, by the last arrangement, eight other counties, namely, Berkshire, Buckinghamshire, Cambridgeshire, Dorsetshire, Herefordshire, Hertfordshire, and Oxfordshire, with the Welsh county of Glamorgan, (each of which contained a population of above 100,000 in 1821,) are to be allowed to return one additional member respectively. And the Isle of Wight is to be entitled to choose one representative.

The above provisions will add sixty-three members to the county representation, which will make, with the fifty-one new borough members before referred to, (including the member for Swansea) altogether 114 new members, towards balancing the account of the disfranchising clauses; by which we have seen that 155 members for small boroughs are to be reduced. As, by the bills for Ireland and Scotland, five new members are to be granted to each of those portions of the kingdom, it will be perceived that the total reduction meditated, according to the arrangement last made, amounts to thirty-one members.

Thus, therefore, there is to be an addition of only one new member to the borough representation of Wales; but several places in the Principality not hitherto contributing to the return of either of its representatives, are, by the bill, empowered to exercise that high privilege. And we may here, by the way, remark, that the system of allowing several small boroughs to contribute to the return of a joint representative, which system has so long been advantageously practised in Wales, might, perhaps, with equal advantage, be extended to certain districts of England.

The selection of new contributories for the Welsh boroughs, appears to have been, in most instances, very judiciously made. The clause which grants the addition, enacts, "That each of the places named in schedule (F) shall have a share in the election of burgesses to serve in parliament, for the shire town, or borough, to which such place is annexed in the said schedule (F); and that every person having the right of voting in any of the said places, shall and may give his vote in respect thereof at the place in which he resides, before the mayor or other chief officer of the place, who shall transmit the poll taken before him, to the returning officer of the shire town, or borough, to which such place may be joined for the purposes of election."

The following is the schedule referred to:

SCHEDULE (F).

| Places sharing in the election of Burgesses. | Shire Town, or principal Borough.   | Places sharing in the election of Burgesses. | Shire Town, or principal Borough. |
|----------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Holyhead                                     | { Beaumaris,<br>county of Anglesey. | Aberstwith<br>Lampeter, and<br>Adpar         | } Cardigan.                       |

| Places sharing in the election of Burgesses. | Shire Town or principal Borough. | Places sharing in the election of Burgesses. | Shire Town, or principal Borough. |
|----------------------------------------------|----------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Llanelli . . .                               | Caermarthen.                     | Llanidloes . . .                             | Montgomery.                       |
| Pwllbell . . .                               | Carnarvon.                       | Welsh Pool . . .                             |                                   |
| Newin . . .                                  |                                  | Machynleth . . .                             |                                   |
| Conway . . .                                 |                                  | Llanfylling . . .                            |                                   |
| Bangor . . .                                 |                                  | Newtown . . .                                | Haverfordwest.                    |
| Ruthin . . .                                 | Denbigh.                         | Narberth . . .                               |                                   |
| Holt . . .                                   |                                  | St. David's . . .                            |                                   |
| Wrexham . . .                                |                                  | Fishguard . . .                              |                                   |
| Rhyddlan . . .                               |                                  | Milford Haven . . .                          | Pembroke.                         |
| Overton . . .                                | Flint.                           | Tenby . . .                                  |                                   |
| Carwis . . .                                 |                                  | Wiston . . .                                 |                                   |
| Caerгонly . . .                              |                                  | Knighton . . .                               |                                   |
| Holywell . . .                               |                                  | Rhayadar . . .                               | Radnor.                           |
| Mold . . .                                   | Cardiff,<br>county of Glamorgan. | Kevinleece . . .                             |                                   |
| Llandaff . . .                               |                                  | Knucklas . . .                               |                                   |
| Cowbridge . . .                              |                                  | Prestelgn . . .                              |                                   |
| MerthyrTydvil . . .                          |                                  |                                              |                                   |
| Aberdare . . .                               |                                  |                                              |                                   |
| Llantrissant . . .                           |                                  |                                              |                                   |

We will now proceed to examine the changes which will thus take place with respect to the contributory boroughs :

BEAUMARIS has, for a length of time, been reduced to the pitiful character of a close borough; and the addition to it of the improving town of Holyhead, will tend much to raise its political importance.

On the first return of members from Wales, in the reign of Henry VIII., Newborough, now a decayed village, was the county town of Anglesey; and Beaumaris then joined with it in the return of a representative; but Newborough being exempted by an act of parliament in the reign of Edward VI. from the payment of the members, the privilege was limited to the borough of Beaumaris, which has, from that period, returned a representative alone. There are no entries on the parliamentary journals of any dispute on the subject until the reign of Queen Anne; when, in 1709, a petition was read of certain burgesses, both of Newborough and Beaumaris, complaining of an undue return of Henry Bertie, esq., the *aggregate* majority of the burgesses of *both* boroughs having voted for Sir Arthur Owen.

We then find the following among the entries :

“ *March 18th, 1709.* It was reported from the committee of privileges and elections, that the counsel for the petitioners alleged the right of election of burgesses for this borough to be in the mayor, bailiffs, and burgesses in general, of the boroughs of Beaumaris and Newborough.

“ They first read the statute of the 27th of Henry VIII., which enacts, ‘ That every borough which is a shire town within the dominion of Wales (except Merioneth,) shall choose one Burgess; and the burgesses’ fees shall be gathered as well of the boroughs

as they be burgesses of, as of all other the ancient boroughs within the same.

“ Read also the statute of the 35th of the same reign, which enacts, ‘That the burgesses of all the boroughs which shall be contributory to the payment of the burgesses’ wages of the said shire towns, shall have like voice and authority to elect, name, and choose the burgesses of the said shire towns, as the burgesses of every the said shire towns have or used to have.’”

Counsel alleged, that Newborough was a shire town till the reign of Edward VI., and read the statutes of the 2d and 3d of Edward VI., for keeping the sessions and county days for Anglesey at Beaumaris; which, after appointing the great sessions, shire, or county days, and sessions of the peace, to be held at Beaumaris, discharged the borough of Newborough from payment of the wages to the burgesses returned for Beaumaris; which exemption they insisted was given for the removal of the county court to Beaumaris.

“ Read also a charter of 17 Edward II., whereby it appeared, that Newborough was then a corporation.

“ For Mr. Bertie it was insisted, that the right was in the mayor, bailiff, and capital burgesses of Beaumaris only; and that Newborough was not now a corporation: for, although they had a charter of 17 Edward II., yet the last charter, which superseded all those previously granted, was in the 15th Henry VIII.; and this last-mentioned charter was surrendered the year following.

“ Read the statutes of 2d and 3d Edward VI., reciting, that the great sessions, &c. had been held for 250 years at Beaumaris, and had been removed, above forty-five years before, to Newborough, upon a false representation to Henry VII.; and that because the *village* of Newborough was not fit for the said purposes, the said courts were to be removed back to Beaumaris; and the counsel insisted, that as the surrender of the charter determined the corporation, so the statute, by absolving them from the payment of the burgesses’ wages, determined their right of voting for members of parliament for the said borough.

“ Read also a charter of Queen Elizabeth, whereby the right of election of a burgess for this borough was vested in the mayor, two bailiffs, and twenty-one capital burgesses; and also, the return of a burgess in the 39th Elizabeth, in which case they appeared to have elected in pursuance thereof.”

Upon the whole, the committee was of opinion,

“ That the right of election of a burgess to serve in parliament for this borough was in the mayor, bailiffs, and capital burgesses of Beaumaris only.

“ That Henry Bertie, esq. was duly elected for the said borough ; to which the house agreed.”

At a subsequent period, the question was again mooted, and several petitions were again presented on the subject : but in 1729 we find a resolution of the committee, which confirmed the one previously made as to the exclusive right of Beaumaris ; and that town, or rather its corporation, has ever since continued to monopolize it.

“ By these decisions the *people* of Beaumaris were deprived of the right of voting, as well as those of Newborough ; and this right became vested in a select body of twenty-four individuals.

CARDIGAN will not be affected by the bill with respect to its contributory boroughs ; as Aberystwith, Llampeter, and Adpar, have long maintained an exclusive right to join in the return of its member ; although, formerly, Tregaron laid claim to a participation, as is proved by the following resolutions of the committee of privileges :

“ *May 7th, 1730.* Resolved, That the burgesses of the borough of Tregaron have not a right to vote in the election for the town of Cardigan.

“ Resolved, That the right of election is in the burgesses at large of Cardigan, Aberystwith, Llampeter, and Adpar, only.”

CAERMARTHEN has hitherto enjoyed the exclusive privilege of returning its own representative ; but the addition to it of the very improving town of Llanelly, which has, in a commercial point of view, a common interest with Caermarthen, cannot but tend to their mutual advantage.

CARNARVON has hitherto been joined, in the return of its members, by Pw'lhely, Nevin, Conway, and Criccieth. It will be seen, that, in lieu of Criccieth, the city of Bangor is hereafter to contribute.

We have before observed, that the operation of disfranchisement does not extend to any of the members at present returned by Wales. The same observation will also apply to all the contributory boroughs at present participating with the chief towns in the return of their representatives with only one exception, or rather *apparent* exception. By one of the clauses in the bill it is to be enacted, “ that no person shall have the right of voting at the election of members to serve for the town of Carnarvon, in respect of any supposed right of voting in the place called Criccieth.”

This is, we repeat, only an *apparent* exception to the general rule maintained in preserving the Welsh boroughs, as the little town of Criccieth has, long since, ceased to have any *legal* right to contribute to the return of the member for Carnarvon, which

the following statement will prove: Criccieth was incorporated by Edward I.; the constable of the castle, under the charter, being mayor, *ex officio*, before whom the bailiffs and burgesses were to be sworn; the mayor was, therefore, an integral portion of the corporation. It appears that there has been no constable of the castle since Edward II.; and, consequently, that the corporation, from that time, has become extinct. Carnarvon first returned members in the 27th Henry VIII.; and in the 35th of the same reign, other ancient boroughs were admitted to participate in the election. Criccieth being, for want of a mayor, defunct, could not come under that denomination, nor are burgesses of that place mentioned in any of the returns. Carnarvon having become subject, like too many of the Welsh boroughs, to the influence of a few individuals, there has not been an opportunity, for many years past, of calling to question the right of voting, which has been claimed by the inhabitants of Criccieth. In the contest between Lord Newborough and Colonel Wynne, during the last century, the Criccieth burgesses appear on the poll-book as admitted *de bene esse*; but there was, subsequently on that occasion, no necessity to inquire further into their claims. Several votes having been lately attempted to be made for Criccieth, which, if allowed, might almost overpower the more legitimate influence of the superior town of Carnarvon in the return of its member, it appears an act of justice as well as policy, to put an end to all doubts as to the supposed rights of Criccieth, the maintenance of which could never, by possibility, be attended by any real advantages.

DENBIGH is to be hereafter joined, in its election, by Wrexham, in addition to Ruthin and Holt, which are its present contributories.

FLINT is to have Holywell and Mold added to its four present contributories.

It will be perceived, that in lieu of Swansea, and four other boroughs now contributing to the return of the member for CARDIFF, and which will be severed from it by the bill, in order to return a separate member; the populous town of Merthyr-tydvil, together with Llandaff and Aberdare, and also two of the present contributory boroughs, namely, Cowbridge and Llantrissant, are hereafter to join with Cardiff in the return of a representative.

MONTGOMERY is to be joined by old associates. Welsh Pool and the other places, which will hereafter contribute towards the election of its member, formerly participated in the same invaluable right; until, in 1728, one of those resolutions of the House of Commons which have, from time to time, been sweeping away, not the members indeed, but the *constituents* of most of the English boroughs, extending the arm of authority to Llanidloes, Llanvyllin, and Welsh Pool, declared the right of election to be in

the burgesses of Montgomery only. The following are extracts on the subject from the journals :

“ *May 23, 1685.* A petition of Charles Herbert, esq. touching the election for the shire town of Montgomery; also, a petition of the mayor and burgesses of this town, and of the boroughs of Llanidloes, Poole, and Llanvyllin.

“ *June 10.* The house proceeded in the hearing of the merits of the said election; and the counsel being called in, and heard at large upon the matter,

“ Resolved, That the election of a burges to serve in parliament for this shire town *doth not* belong to the burgesses of *Montgomery only.*

“ That the several burgesses of the several boroughs of Llanidloes, Poole, and Llanvyllin, in the county of Montgomery, have a right to vote at the election of a burges to serve in parliament for this shire town.

“ That William Williams, esq. is not duly elected.

“ That the late election of a burges to serve for this shire town is a void election, and that a warrant be ordered for a new writ.

“ *April 26th, 1728.* Resolved, That the right of election of the said shire town *is* in the burgesses of the said shire town *only.*”

The town of Machynlleth, though an ancient borough, and previously a contributor towards the elections, does not appear to have claimed its right at either of the above periods.

The resolutions of 1685 and 1728 being at variance with each other, the burgesses of Llanidloes, Welsh Pool, and Llanvyllin, have had a power to assert their right of voting for a member for Montgomery, before another committee of the House of Commons, by a statute of 28 Geo. III.; and also an appeal within twelve calendar months against any future decision, is given by the same Act. They were all equally entitled to this privilege by the 27th of Henry VIII., which empowered Wales to send twelve representatives for the counties, and as many for *all* the ancient boroughs. Welsh Pool, Machynlleth, Llanvyllin, and Llanidloes, were four of these ancient boroughs; and they continued to exercise the right of voting for nearly two centuries (from 1536 to 1727,) when it was resolved that the right of election was in the borough of Montgomery only!

Haverfordwest, the only place in Wales, not a shire town, which was imprivileged to return a representative by the 27th of Hen. VIII., has, since that period, enjoyed the privilege exclusively; but the promising seaport of Milford-Haven, and three other neighbouring towns, have been judiciously selected to participate, for the future, in the choice of its member. This borough was originally endowed with the privilege, in order to make up the



number of twelve borough members for Wales; and, to supply the deficiency occasioned by the denial of one to Merionethshire, in consequence of its not possessing at the time any boroughs which were adjudged of sufficient importance to be fixed upon for the purpose of electing a Burgess. This fact proves to us, that some regard was had at that time to the equality of representation, and that care was taken not to constitute a representative without constituents.

PEMBROKE has ever been aided in the election of its member by the same two boroughs as are hereafter to contribute; namely, Tenby and Wiston, although the right of the latter was formerly disputed.

In 1710 Lewis Wogan, esq. petitioned against the return of Sir Arthur Owen; the votes of 239 electors of Wiston, in favor of Mr. Wogan, having been refused to be received, and the poll having been taken of the burgesses of Pembroke and Tenby only, of whom there were,

For Sir Arthur Owen, 207  
Mr. Wogan . . . 124.

The following are among the resolutions of the committee:

“Feb. 22, 1710. Resolved, that the mayor and burgesses of the ancient borough of Wiston have a right to vote at the election of a member to serve in parliament for the borough of Pembroke.”

And it having been proved that 239 burgesses of Wiston had tendered their votes for Mr. Wogan, but had their rights denied, the committee further resolved, “That Sir Arthur Owen was not duly elected; that Lewis Wogan, esq. was duly elected:” whereto the House agreed, and ordered the return to be amended.

RADNOR, in addition to the contribution of the four boroughs at present attached to it, is, by the bill, to acquire that of Presteign; which, though not actually the shire town, has virtually been so for some time past, as the great sessions, or as they now are, the assizes, and other public meetings, are ever held there; and Radnor, or *New Radnor*, as it is called, has dwindled down into the rank of an inconsiderable village. Presteign, however, will not have to exercise its right for the *first* time, under the powers given it by the bill; as the burgesses of Presteign, as well as those of another place in Radnorshire, called Painscastle, formerly exercised the elective franchise, until the committee of Privileges thought fit to deprive them of *their* privileges in a similar manner to that in which we have already seen them treating the electors of so many of the other boroughs.

On the 12th of November, 1690, they came to the following resolution:

“That the right of election of burgesses to serve in parliament

for this borough, is in the burghesses of Radnor, Rhayadar, Knighton, Knucklas, and Kevenillece only."

The foregoing statement clearly proves, that with respect to many of the new contributory boroughs, which the bill will admit to a share in the representation, it will merely restore to them rights and privileges which they have heretofore actually exercised.

There is a very extraordinary fact connected with one of the new representatives which is hereafter to be allotted to Wales: we allude to the return of a second knight, by the county of Glamorgan; which privilege, it will be seen, is now to be enjoyed for the first time. In the *reformed* parliament which was summoned by Cromwell in 1654, among the many county members which he added to the representation, we find that he allotted one extra representative to *Glamorganshire*; as, on referring to the list of that parliament, we find the following amongst the returns:

"*Glamorganshire*, PHILIP JONES, esq.  
(one of his highness's council.)  
EDMUND THOMAS, esq."

As the second representative for the county of Glamorgan was the only additional member which was at that time given to Wales; and as, in every selection, Cromwell seems to have been guided by the importance of the constituency, we may infer, that as well then, as at the present time, Glamorganshire took the lead of the several counties of the Principality. Of 400 members, which represented England and Wales in the parliament to which we have just alluded, 270 were chosen by the counties. The rest, says Hume, were elected by London, and the more considerable corporations. As 130 members only were thus allowed at that time to represent the boroughs of England and Wales, and the Welsh boroughs were allowed to return their usual *quota* to that parliament, the havock then made amongst the English boroughs, must have been infinitely greater than it is now contemplated to produce by the formidable schedules (A) and (B.) In the succeeding parliament, which was summoned by the Protector in 1656, Glamorganshire again returned two representatives.

We have not yet alluded to the general extension of the right of voting, which will form a most important part of the projected measure. It is intended to enact, "That every male person of full age, and not subject to any legal incapacity, seized of, and in any lands or tenements, for an estate for life, or for any larger estate of at least the yearly value of *ten pounds*, above reprises, holden by a copy of court roll of any lord or lady of any manor, or by any customary tenure; and every person holding lands or tenements by lease for any term not less than (*twenty-one*) years, whereon a yearly rent of not less than *fifty pounds* shall be received, shall

have a right to vote in the election of knights of the shire in all future parliaments."

And "every male person of full age, and not subject to any legal incapacity, who shall occupy any house within such cities and boroughs, of the clear yearly value of *ten pounds*, or *bond fide* subject to the yearly rent of *ten pounds*, or which shall be rated to the relief of the poor, or to the duty assessed upon inhabited houses, at a sum not less than *ten pounds*, shall have a right to vote for such cities and boroughs." Much difficulty is apprehended as to the mode of ascertaining the *bond fide* value of these houses, and it is said to be doubtful whether the means provided in the last clause, or some other will be resorted to for the purpose. A circular, dated the 30th of May last, has been sent from the office of the home secretary, to the overseers of all the parishes to be affected by the operation of the measure, requesting them to transmit, *with the least possible delay*, for his lordship's information, a return of the "Number of houses, or houses and land held together, in the parish of —, rated to the poor rates at ten pounds and upwards; stating whether the rate is made on the *full rack-rent*, or on what proportion of it." In the absence of other information, some conclusions may, perhaps, be drawn from this official communication.

The right to vote for knights of the shire, according to the laws now in force, in respect of freehold property, rent charges, annuities, or otherwise, is to remain undisturbed by the bill; and every person now in being having the privilege of voting for any city or borough in virtue of any corporate right; or who, if a minor, may be hereafter entitled to such right, is to retain the same for his life: such persons also as are now entitled to vote at borough elections, by reason of owning or occupying any tenement, are to be still allowed so to do, as long as he owns or occupies the same or any other tenement in the same place, by reason of which ownership or occupation he would have a right of voting by the laws or customs now in force. A *general registry* is to be periodically made both in counties and boroughs, of all persons in any way qualified to vote for their respective representatives. The ten-pound householders are not to be entered on the borough registers, unless they shall have occupied the tenements in respect of which they shall set up their claims, for *six* months previous to the periodical settlement of such registers. This rule is, in like manner, to extend to all other borough claims, in respect of ownership or occupation; and every person claiming in respect of any corporate right, must also be duly registered, and is only to be entitled to registration, provided he shall have resided for *six* months previous thereto, within *seven* statute miles of the usual place of election. No leaseholder is to be entitled, under the bill, to the privilege of voting at the county elections by virtue of

any lease renewable every year, or which shall have been renewed within two years preceding the respective periods of settling the registers. This last provision is intended to prevent any undue influence being exercised by landlords over this class of electors, which reason also dictated the suggestion, on the part of ministers of so long a term as twenty-one years, to confer upon the same class the right of voting. With all this precaution, however, weighty objections have been raised to the admission of these leaseholders on any terms, and these objections have in many instances sprung from some of the warmest supporters of the general measure; amongst whom one of the noble members for Northamptonshire, the intimate associate of his ministerial colleague, has borne a conspicuous part. And it therefore appears, at present, uncertain whether there has not taken place a fresh decision on this particular point.

Neither of the two description of voters for the county representatives, which it is in contemplation to create, will cause much addition to the constituency in Wales; copyhold tenure being very uncommon there, and the farm takings, besides being usually from year to year, are in general so small, as to exclude them, in most instances, from the application of the clause in favor of their class, provided it should be allowed to remain part of the bill. In Wales, however, the general distribution of the land being extended to a greater number of owners, the relative proportion of freeholders there is consequently much greater than in England; as was particularly evinced in a late instance: we allude to the Pembrokeshire election, where, with a population of about 80,000, nearly 4000 electors were polled, and at the close, many cases still remained undecided by the assessor, as will appear by the statement in our account of this contest.

The admission of the ten-pound householders to a share in the elections will, we think, operate very beneficially in some of the boroughs in Wales. This observation is, of course, most applicable to the close boroughs; but even in those, which boast at present of a more extended right of suffrage, the mode of electing the electors is, in many instances, open to so much partiality, and private influence, that these very boroughs can be considered as little more independent than such as are directly subject to the control and actual nomination of individuals.

The following is an extract from one of the returns lately made to the House of Commons relating to its representation, and from it may be deduced an accurate estimate of the present number of votes in most of the Welsh boroughs, as well as the extent of those boroughs. This return was made to the House in March last; and we annex its title to the extract :

“ A statement of the number of houses in 1821 in each city, borough, and

town, sending members to parliament in England and Wales, and of the greatest number of electors polled at any election within the same, during the last thirty years, as far as the same can be ascertained from the returning officers."

|                     | <i>Houses.</i> | <i>Electors Polled.</i>           | <i>Observations.</i>                                                                   |
|---------------------|----------------|-----------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Beaumaris . . .     | 462 . . .      | No poll during the last 30 years. |                                                                                        |
| Brecon . . .        | 977 . . .      | No poll during the last 30 years. |                                                                                        |
| Cardiff . . .       | 671 . . .      | 702 . . .                         | This includes the votes of seven contributory boroughs; Cardiff only polled 116.       |
| Cardigan . . .      | 448 . . .      | 1096 . . .                        | This includes the two contributory boroughs; Cardigan polled 725.                      |
| Caermarthen . . .   | 1128 . . .     | 633 . . .                         |                                                                                        |
| Carnarvon . . .     | 1148 . . .     | No poll during the last 30 years. | Carnarvon has four contributory boroughs.                                              |
| Denbigh . . .       | 1400 . . .     | 546 . . .                         |                                                                                        |
| Flint . . .         | . . .          | The poll books are lost.          | Flint and its contributory boroughs contain, at the present time, 1217 electors.       |
| Haverfordwest . . . | 906 . . .      | 318 . . .                         | The whole number of electors is about 500.                                             |
| Montgomery . . .    | 227 . . .      | 85 . . .                          | Many electors did not vote.                                                            |
| Pembroke . . .      | 869 . . .      | 1401 . . .                        |                                                                                        |
| New Radnor . . .    | 422 . . .      | 268 . . .                         | In 1790, 922 voters were polled, and 116 rejected, being the whole number of electors. |

By the above return, it appears that in three of these boroughs there has been no poll during the present century: on an investigation of their history, it will appear equally certain that without reform there would be little probability of a poll during the next.

We have already taken a peep into the pleasing history of Beaumaris, one of the three which have so unanimously chosen all their members, without condescending to have recourse to the plebeian usage of provoking contests.

BRECKNOCK, or BRECON, as it is more generally called, is another of these amicable boroughs; and as we have not yet had occasion to allude to it, we will now avail ourselves of the opportunity. This town first returned a representative at the same period as the rest of Wales; in the reign of Henry VIII.: but the charter under which the corporation now act, was obtained in the 2d and 3d of Philip and Mary. This document granted, that thenceforward the borough of Brecknock should become a body corporate and politic; and it then directed, that this body corporate and politic should consist of a bailiff, two aldermen, a common council consisting of fifteen persons, (among whom the bailiff and aldermen were to be three,) a recorder, town clerk, two chamberlains, two

sergeants at mace, and other officers, all of whom were to be elected by the *capital* burgesses of the said borough.

It appears, on old authority, that "in 1698 there were 160 burgesses who gave their votes in a contested election between Thomas Morgan, esq. and Sir Jeffrey Jeffreys; besides about forty others that voted not." By this it appears, that there were as many as 200 electors at that early period, when the limits of the town were infinitely more confined than at present. This, however, was one of the last contests for this borough, the influence of Mr. Morgan and his descendants having ever since stood preeminent: and during the last century, the body corporate and politic have been gradually reducing the number of their co-electors, by declining to supply the vacancies which occurred; until, about fifty years ago, they at length attained the *ne plus ultra* of corporate policy: they became reduced to the tractable number of seventeen, comprising the recorder, common council, and town clerk, of whom only the electorate body has ever since consisted, even down to the present day! In so doing, they may, possibly, have kept within the bare limits actually *prescribed* by their ritual; though that proposition is more than doubtful; but what honest juryman would find that the framers of this or any other similar charter ever contemplated the creation of such political nonentity. An attempt was made, in 1818, by the inhabitants of Brecon, to return a gentleman in opposition to the nominee of the corporation, on the ground of the latter having forfeited its charter; but they did not, however, succeed in their independent efforts.

By this redoubtable charter the *town* of Llywel, as it is there called, was allowed to share in the civic privileges with the shire town of Brecknock; but, though endowed with the above appellation and privileges, the place appears never to have been of any extent, and has long since been reduced to the level of a ruinous and decayed village. The historian of Brecknockshire suggests the probability, from its name, which he interprets, "the resort or resting place of the army,"\* that Llywel was the residence of the reguli of Brecknock, prior to Brychan: and he adds, that this was the only reason he could assign for its having been united to the town of Brecknock. However this may be, we have no account left us of any of the inhabitants of Llywel having ever formed part of the body corporate of Brecknock, or of their ever having contributed to the election of its members. But it would, nevertheless, be a proper precaution to insert in "the bill" a clause similar to that which puts an end to the "supposed right" of voting in Criccieth; in order to prevent the possibility of litigation hereafter on the part of any ten-pound householders, who might chance to emanate from Llywel; the admission of whom, under the above frivolous claims, would be an absolute subjection of reason to romance.

\* Llu-wâl, or Llu-weli.

We have extended our observations to a length, perhaps tedious, on the charter and body corporate of this borough; but we have done so chiefly, in order to display a fair example of the rule of subtraction which has been worked so generally throughout the kingdom by these bodies, under the pretended sanction of their dotaged titles.

The borough of *Carnarvon* is the third which, according to the above return, has been so long uncontested. At the late election, however, there was a contest of much interest, which it was reserved for these *stirring* times to excite.

*The present qualifications* of the electors in the more open boroughs in Wales, are of various kinds: but the right is, in general, vested in the burgesses at large; the titles to become such being derived from hereditary claims, as well as in some instances from property; too frequently, however, from voluntary election, a system ever pregnant with abuse. For the town of Flint, the right of election is in the inhabitants of that town and its contributory boroughs, paying scot and lot, which has been decided by the following resolution of the *privileged committee*:

“*May 21, 1728. Resolved, That the right of election of a burgess for the town of Flint is in the inhabitants of Flint, Rhyddlan, Overton, Caerwys, and Caergurley, paying scot and lot.*”

Doubts formerly arose in these boroughs, which have scarcely yet subsided, as to the qualification of tenants, through the payment of scot and lot by their landlords; but it is impossible for any thing to be more explicit than the following resolution in the negative, which we find, in continuation, on the journals:

“*April 5th, 1737. Resolved, That the inhabitants of the above boroughs, renting lands or tenements, for which the landlords thereof only pay scot and lot, have not a right to vote.*” The latter resolution was also afterwards confirmed in 1742, by another to the same effect.”

We have before observed, that the claims of voting at borough elections of every person *now in being*, in virtue of any corporate right, or any peculiar ownership or occupancy, according to the existing laws, are, on certain conditions, to be hereafter fully allowed. This indulgence, however, is not to be extended to their posterity; and accordingly, in the next generation, qualified householders will be the only borough electors. In many of the smaller boroughs, which are still to retain one member, or even two, the number of *ten-pound householders* would scarcely exceed that of the *closest* corporations; and without some saving provision, we should soon have had a return of the present *nominee* system, and under circumstances far less pardonable. The framers of the bill, however, have not overlooked this; and they accordingly intend to provide that such cities or boroughs as are to retain the privilege of

sending members to parliament, but do not contain more than *three hundred* houses of the yearly value of *ten pounds*, or rated or assessed as of that amount, shall have annexed to them respectively, adjoining parishes or townships, so as in every case to furnish at least the above number of electors. A committee of the Privy Council, to be named by his Majesty, is to determine the above annexations. This committee will probably not be under the necessity of extending their labours into Wales; as in the smallest boroughs there, the contributories will, we believe, raise the electors much above the requisite number.

On the score of its population, we are enabled to shew that Wales has rather less than its share of representation.

According to the population returns of 1821, which indeed have been the only references made in framing the measure, the ratio which Wales bears to England is as 1 to 15.69, or, about 1 to 15½, whereas the number of members to be allowed the former is less than 1 to 17.

And it will further appear, on comparing the respective amounts of population, that allowing 446 members to England, Wales would be, at least, entitled to 28, or two more than was intended to be the case.

But it would be impossible to reduce all to rules of arithmetic, or to keep up the exact proportion between one district and another. If this, indeed, were a just ground of complaint, many of the larger counties of England must be considered as hardly used, and some of the smaller counties as proportionately favored. When compared with the latter, individually, some of the Welsh counties seem fairly entitled to another member.

The county of Caermarthen is rapidly rising into importance, and it exceeds in population those of Bedford, Huntingdon, and Westmoreland; but Caermarthenshire is still to return only one representative. A county meeting has, however, been recently held there, and a petition on the subject resolved upon, the prayer of which will, we hope, be attended to.

Similar observations may be extended to some of the other Welsh counties; but a new light will probably be thrown on the whole of the measure before our present publication shall have issued from the press.

Whatever may be the alterations which the house may sanction, we trust they will display the same wisdom as was evinced in framing the great original.

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*To the Editors.*

GENTLEMEN,

PERMIT me to hope that the expression "ungrateful countrymen," used by Sir James Mackintosh, in one of the most beautiful historic compositions in the English language, has been excited by the enthusiastic feelings consequent on contemplating the character of Owain Glyndwr; for, connected as he is with the Principality,\* I am sure his only wish is, *palram qui meruit ferat*. While I think with him that every thing connected with the brilliant, though short, career of the Cambrian chief, must interest all liberal breasts, I submit that much allowance should be made for the scanty supply of documents, which, in the Principality, have been suffered to escape the barbarous destruction and scrutinizing vengeance, that immediately followed his downfall. Indeed, it is possible that Sir James is not aware of the "Memoirs of Owain Glyndwr," which were published in the same volume as the "Supplement to the Mona Antiqua," as they certainly entitle their author to great praise for diligence and research. "Rymer's Fœdera," the "Rolls of Parliament," &c. are books of too expensive a character to be found within the reach of the literati residing in Wales, nor can the stores of the British Museum be explored by the Cambrian, except at the expense of a long journey. Some idea of these last mentioned may be formed from the collection of no less than a dozen contemporary letters, shewing the dread inspired by the activity and vigilance of Owain's character, published in "Mr. Ellis's Second Series."

While Sir James has managed to condense the most striking facts in the history of this great man, there is one circumstance overlooked, which, as it tends greatly to justify his conduct toward Lord Grey de Ruthyn, ought in fairness, not to be suppressed. Henry had issued summonses to all landed proprietors to meet him, with their followers, on a certain day; and this nobleman contrived to be the bearer of that to Glyndwr, upon the ground of vicinage. It was withheld until time would not admit of compliance; and, as Lord Grey calculated, he was pronounced guilty of treason, and his lands forfeited. Owain prayed to be heard in his defence, and it was when he found that there was no redress, that he first threw off his allegiance.

What I am about to trouble you with is of minor importance, but, as yet, has escaped all inquirers. I mean the portrait given of the military appearance of the Welsh hero, by a contemporary writer, Juvenal des Ursins, in his Life of Charles VI. of France; for though a boy at the time, it was still within his recollection. Speaking of the year 1404, his words are:

"Depuis la mort du Roy Richard, qui estoit fils du vaillant Prince de

\* Lady Mackintosh was a Miss Allen, of Dale Castle, Pembrokeshire.

Galles (Edward the Black Prince), les Gallois faisoient guerre aux Anglois. Et envoya le prince de Galles (Owain Glyndwr) en France devers le roy pour avoir argent, et du harnois et aide de gens. Dont le roy fut content et luy envoya un beau bassinet bien garny, un haubergeon et une espée. Et au surplus dit aux messagers, que tres-volontiers il l'aideroit et conforteroit, et luy envoyeroit gens. Et pour y aller ordonna le Comte de la Marche de son consentement, lequel assembla navires et gens, et trouva soixante et deux vaisseaux d'armes garnis de toutes choses, qui se rendirent tous à Brest en Bretagne."

Now as the bassinet was "bien garni," we must suppose it furnished with a moveable ventaille, wherewith to cover the face, a gorgerette of mail to guard the throat, and encircled by a prince's coronet, and as we can hardly suppose Owain to have been destitute of armour for his legs and arms, which in his day was of plate, we have him with the chain-mail haubergeon, in a complete suit of armour. In addition to this, I would observe, for the instruction of an artist, that over this haubergeon he would wear a jupon emblazoned with his arms, having the three lions, two and one, both on his breast and on his back. This would be kept in its place by a military belt, from which, on the right side, would depend his sword, and on the left his dagger. All the monuments of principal persons of the period in question exhibit this character.

Of the personal courage of Owain Glyndwr, the following passages from Gruffydd Llwyd may be taken as a specimen.

"With thy bright shining helmet thou art the brave and ever conquering son of the renowned Gruffydd Vychan. Thou art equal to nine heroes: thou hast in battle a generous heart: thou Owain, impetuous in onset, didst force thy way with thy trusty sword: thou shalt be esteemed for thine actions. When thy toils prest heaviest upon thee, in besieging hostile walls, thy ashen lance, terrible in battle, with its steel head, was, from the force of thine attack, shivered in pieces. Much to thy praise, quitting the grasp, thy hand eagerly seized the upper part, and by a firm hold, intrepidity of heart, strength of arm, shoulder, and breast, thou didst cause splinters and flashes of lightning to sparkle from the steel. Thou art a wise and able warrior, equal to a two edged sword. In thy white garment (the jupon) thy onset in the field of battle is terrible. Not only with thy sharp piercing lance, hast thou struck terror and amazement into hundreds, but by thy glorious name and valour. Thou art secure and undaunted as steel, and a Cambrian with every excellence. No sooner did the terrible fight discontinue than thy fame was swiftly wafted into Wales, and all knew of your successful toils and wounds in battle."

Making every allowance for the enthusiasm of poetry there is enough here to shew that Owain was the life and soul of all the brilliant encounters with the English, which history has recorded; and we find the splendid bassinet and trusty sword, given by the king of France, thought worthy of notice.

The date, 1415, assigned to the death of Owain Glyndwr, in the before-mentioned Memoirs, by the Rev. Thomas Ellis, rector of Dolgellau, is not correct, as in the following year Henry V.

tested a writ directed to Sir Gilbert Talbot, of Goodrich castle, "de recipiendo Glendourdy et Wallenses ad gratiam."

He probably passed the remainder of his days in Herefordshire, as is asserted, and died at the house of one or other of his daughters,\* in that county, for his own estates had been confiscated to the crown, and bestowed, by Henry IV., on the earl of Somerset.

The next curious information as to costume, that I wish to notice, relates to Edward the Black Prince, and occurs in his own will, when speaking of his funeral. The words are,

"And we will, that at that hour, that our body shall be brought into the town of Canterbury, as far as to the priory, that two coursers covered with our arms, and two men armed in our arms, and in our helmets, shall go before our said body; that is to say, the one for war with our arms quartered, and the other for peace with our badges of ostrich feathers, with four banners of the same suit, and that every one of those who bear the said banners, shall have a chapeau of our arms; and that he who shall be armed for war, shall have a man armed, bearing after him a black pennon with ostrich feathers."

Thus we have two pictures, as it were, of this prince of Wales; his appearance in war, and that at the tournament. In the former, the housing of his horse and his own jupon, are emblazoned with the royal arms, and his helmet surmounted with a lion; for such, from another part of this document, we find to be the meaning of "our helmet," and, therefore, attired as we find on his monument; and attended by two banners, of the royal arms, and a black pennon, with ostrich feathers. In the latter, himself and horse in black caparisons, powdered with white feathers, and two banners, sable charged, with three ostrich feathers, two and one.

It will be perceived that he calls the feathers his badges, and they were equally so, with certain variations, of all the royal family. It was a fancy of his own, therefore, to emblazon them in a shield, when from the practice of the day they would necessarily be reduced to three in number; but it is curious that while in his will he directs that the word *Houmout* should be placed alike over the shields thus charged, and those with the royal arms, on the monument itself, this motto is confined to the latter, and *Ich diene* put over the former. *Ich diene*, therefore, appears to have had nothing to do with his wars, but to be confined to the just, where its meaning "I serve," would equally suit a tenant or a challenger. The posthumous story of the king of Bohemia having this motto is, consequently, very questionable.

Trusting I have not quite uselessly troubled you,

I remain,

Most respectfully yours,

SAMUEL R. MEYRICK, LL.D.

Goodrich Court;  
May 12, 1831.

\* Eliza, wife of Sir John Scudamore, of Kenchurch; Janet, wife of John Croft, of Croft castle; and Mary, wife of Monington.

## THE DRUIDS,\*

*By Joseph Sumner Brockhurst, of St. John's College, Cambridge.*

—  
 "Deep in desert woods revered."—*Pope.*  
 —

WHILST Rome triumphant saw the world her slave—  
 And Tiber mirrored in his wood-crowned wave  
 Proud domes, where art her marble splendor raised,  
 And sages spoke, and senates heard, and praised—  
 And the sweet muse in dreamy rapture strayed  
 Where vine-clad slope, green mead, and olive shade  
 Drank the warm tint of those empurpled dyes,  
 That bathed the languid light of Latian skies,  
 —Far Albion nursed a rude unpolished race,  
 Sons of the cave, and children of the chace—  
 For them no fruits, that cultured summer knows,  
 No harvests smiled, no town's blue turrets rose—  
 But sunless woods, whose waving grandeur sighed  
 O'er floods, where never sail was seen to glide,  
 Reed-whispering swamps with stagnant vapours hung,  
 Bleak hills, and glens where birds unheeded sung,  
 And trackless wastes, which man disdained to till,  
 Marked the wild scene, but man was wilder still;  
 And all the ills of savage life combined  
 To spread the darker desert of the mind!

Yet there—e'en there religion's wandering ray  
 (As meteor-lights o'er clouds of evening play)  
 In error's beauteous mist obscurely bright  
 Flashed its dim splendor on the Druids' sight!  
 Hail, holy seers! 'mid battle's stormy clang  
 Full oft your harps' soul-stirring music rang—  
 And oft, when peace her calmer bliss restored,  
 And bowl and banquet crowned the festive board,  
 Ye sung the fair-haired chiefs of days gone by,  
 And the blue charm of beauty's languid eye!  
 But when at length the mighty and the brave  
 Sunk to the dreamless slumber of the grave—  
 And woman's cheek—how soft and smooth soe'er  
 It once had been—was rudely pillowed there—  
 O'er the low spot, where all he loved was laid,  
 The faithful bard his mournful requiem made,  
 And sad as winds their forest moanings swell,  
 Harped to the heedless dead his wild farewell!

\* Written for the Chancellor's Medal 1827.

And e'en where vigour fled the wasting frame,  
With charms, and healing roots the Druid came;  
And well the sage each herb and floweret knew,  
That sipped the sweetness of the valley's dew,  
Or loved in brooks its imaged growth to see,  
Or bloomed—a banquet for the mountain bee!

For he had learned in solitude to scan  
Earth's mystic laws—a meditative man—  
Where gloomy groves for ever frowned away  
The moon's mild glances, and the glare of day—  
Where moss-grown oaks their massy shadows spread—  
And mellow waters o'er their pebbly bed  
With many a soothing echo tinkling near  
Made music meet for contemplation's ear—  
There oft 'twas his to list the sultry hum  
Of insect life at noontide never dumb;  
There oft he watched, in lonely caverns laid,  
The stars, till morning smiled them into shade;  
And there his temple rose!—No fretted aisle,  
No vaulted roof adorned the simple pile—  
But—clouds above them, and around—the wood—  
Roofless and vast the circled columns stood!  
Such relics still the wondering shepherd sees  
Where ocean rocks the storm-clad Hebrides—  
Where Keswick's lake expands its glassy breast—  
Or Mona's cliffs conceal the eaglet's nest—  
Or where dull silence, holds her spectral reign  
O'er Scotia's heaths, and Sarum's lonely plain—  
Time spares them still—to tell how short the span  
Assigned to earth's uncertain wanderer—man;  
How long his works, like summer's twilight ray,  
Outlive the sunset of his own decay!

Yet there the Druid never knelt before  
His own device—to worship and adore—  
Nor blindly deemed that human art could 'throned  
A God's bright presence in a form of stone—  
O! no—he turned his philosophic eye  
To the broad ocean and the boundless sky:  
He saw the day diffuse its lovely light;  
Felt the still rapture of the spangled night;  
And from the mountain and the torrent caught  
That deep and stern sublimity of thought,  
Which bade him kneel at Nature's shrine, and see  
Above, around, pervading Deity!

But other creeds must awe the savage breast,  
In blood-stained pomp, or gloomy fiction drest:  
Hence Albion's sons, when thunder shook the sky,  
Believed 'twas Taranis who spoke on high;  
And deemed Teutates swayed the shades of hell,  
And Hesus smiled where slaughter'd heroes fell!

And Rumour told the Druid's magic strain  
 Could hush the anger of the stormy main;  
 Could chain the winds, or send them forth to sweep  
 The heaven's clear azure, and the waveless deep;  
 Could quench the planets in their midnight blaze,  
 And demon shapes, and forms unearthly, raise;  
 And, when his wand, its silent summons gave,  
 Unbodied spectres, trooping from the grave,  
 (While rocks and blasted trees hung trembling round,)  
 Beneath the sickly moon their dance of terror wound!

But darker scenes appall'd the conscious night,  
 And Fancy shudders from the grove's foul rite,  
 When, calm beside his altar's lurid blaze,  
 The white-robed priest, with coldly curious gaze,  
 Saw man, e'en man, for hell's dire banquet slain—  
 Watched the red torrent from the quivering vein  
 Gush o'er the stone, or reek upon his knife,  
 And marked the last faint agonies of life,  
 Heave in the breast, and flutter in each limb,  
 Till the strained eye grew motionless and dim,  
 And death's unchanging aspect darken'd o'er  
 The cheek, whose hue was fix'd for evermore!

O! if, as legends tell, the dead have power,  
 To walk the earth at midnight's fearful hour,  
 In dreams, perchance, the victim's shade arose  
 O'er the first Cæsar's canopied repose,  
 Reveal'd where Britain, bosom'd in the foam  
 Of western waves, was still unchain'd by Rome;  
 With shadowy fingers bared his breast of gore,  
 And ask'd for vengeance on that barbarous shore!

It came—that day of vengeance! sword and flame  
 To Mona's isle with Rome's stern legions came!  
 Nor shrunk the Druids then: "Not now," they cry,  
 "Sons of the brave! the hour to fear or fly;  
 O! shun not death, its bitterest pang must be  
 More sweet than life to him who lives not free;  
 From its spurn'd clay, on glory's rapturous wing,  
 To those blest isles the chainless soul shall spring,  
 Where the bright year, unhill'd by northern snows,  
 Immortal bloom, eternal summer, knows;  
 No flow'rets wither there, no fruits decay,  
 No tempests cloud the never-dying day;  
 But viewless harps their airy strains prolong,  
 And every whispering zephyr seems a song;  
 And beauteous forms, for this low world too fair,  
 For Albion's brave, the rich repast prepare;  
 And sweet for them the sparkling mead shall flow  
 From the white skulls of many a slaughter'd foe!"

In vain! though valour's firmest efforts there  
 Seem'd link'd with all the wildness of despair;

Though the fierce Briton urged in panting speed  
 His scythe-arm'd chariot and his foamy steed,  
 And Druid maids, their dark locks streaming wild,  
 Shook the red torch, and shriek'd, and madly smil'd:  
 In vain!—still Fate, with partial kindness pour'd  
 The beam of conquest on the Roman sword!

Day sunk on Mona! Druid grove and shrine  
 Caught the soft splendor of her calm decline;  
 But ere the night her misty veil withdrew,  
 Wide through their groves the blaze of ruin flew,  
 And morning flung her smile unheeded o'er  
 Their rifed shrines and desolated shore:  
 Still to those shrines the Druids wildly clung,  
 Their wands all shiver'd, and their harps unstrung,  
 Frown'd their dark looks of menace and of pride,  
 Undaunted fought, and still undaunted, died!



### Y GWRACHYRIBIN.

#### A LEGEND.

A LEARNED individual, whose name I really forget, states, that drunkenness is the vice of a bad memory: a singular mode of accounting for a vicious propensity that has been, more or less, a moral stain upon every grade in life, from the ermined potentate, to the thing of shreds and patches, ycleped a beggar.

I take it for granted that the reader is puzzled—that he already feels quite impatient to solve this enigmatical mode of disposing of that fashionable habit. The sequel, however, will afford the most satisfactory illustration, and verify how profound was the philosopher's knowledge of poor weak and erring human nature.

The hero of the tale bore the same cognomen as the redoubtable HE of Glyndwr. Whether Owain Fychan inherited the surname from his long line of plebeian ancestry, or whether it was conferred by the generous public, as indicating his shortness of stature, I cannot pretend to say; he was, however, considerably below the ordinary standard of the lords of the creation; but, though little, he could arrogate to himself, like his spirit-raising namesake, that he was "not in the common rule of men:" in breadth of chest he was herculean, stalwarth, muscular, and active, and withal, a thorough roisterer. He had challenged and beaten all his contemporaries at prison bars; and though so far below par in height, there was not a man from the marches to Llanfair Pwll-gywn-gyll, were he tall as Golliah of Gath, or strong as Sampson

Agonistes, who dared stand in the ring against him, or run the risk of a general *melée*, or right royal row at fair, wakes, or election. He was famous at bagging badgers, and trapping otters, kept the best breed of game cocks in the Principality, and had the honour, besides, of being a poacher; but I am inclined to think that that moonlight accomplishment was the only one which he did not figure in with credit to himself, being a confoundedly bad shot. Owain Fychan was, however, in chief command—*summam imperii tenebat*, wherever he went, a downright monopoliser, for he boasted that he possessed the prettiest *hogen* in the country, something less than wife, and more than friend; and half a dozen others in *commendam*.

Truly, he was a sad dog, and a confirmed rake; the constant occupier of the chimney corner at the ale tap *Tafarndy*, (the Arch Druid:) high and mortal was the offence if any one had the impudence or temerity to usurp that throne in his absence. There used he to sit of a winter's evening, assuming sovereign authority over all around, his *cettyn* in his mouth, and a takard of *curw* at his side, exciting mirth, and producing roars of laughter after every sentence that he deigned to utter. He was the life and soul of the village pothouse, and drew infinitely more visitors than the grim visage of the Druid and his misseltoe, or the *telyn* of the harper. He had his song and his pennill ready upon all occasions. No one ever sang the forty-three stanzas of Morgan Jones with greater pathos; a sigh, and a silent tear,—the simple offerings of sympathising souls for the woes and wrongs of poor Morgan Jones,—amply repaid him for his loss of breath and fatigue.

It was on the 31st of October, in the year —, that Owain Fychan, and about a dozen lads and lasses were celebrating *Nos galan gauaf*,\* drinking *bragod*, roasting crab apples, cracking and burning nuts, and a thousand other old customs, too numerous to mention; singing pennillion with the harp, and reels were also resorted to, to enliven the festival. Some one intimated that he had seen a ghost recently: the conversation immediately turned to spirits and hobgoblins; the party shrunk tremulously around the glowing fire, their hands resting on their knees, whilst they cast the most furtive glances around the room, and at each other. The *curw* and the *tybacco* were in general request, and a frightful ghost story was forthwith entered upon: the subject was a GWRACHYRIBIN, that horrible monster in the shape of human form, that chills the blood with its cold withering petrifying look, and whose dreadful shrieks sink so deeply into the heart, that years will hardly wipe away the recollection of it. The peasant who told the tale alleged, *myn diawl*, that he had encountered the spectre

\* All Saints' Eve, or the Eve of Winter vernacularly.



himself, and that he, the peasant, had fled through brake and briar to avoid it.

Owain Fychan was a bold man, and a valiant; he told the relater flatly that he did not believe him, and maintained his position by a firm look of discredit, and a determined aspect of defiance.

"I don't believe in ghosts: I have travelled," said Owain Fychan, "over every hill and dale in the country, at every hour of the night; have sat at midnight on a gatepost at a cross road over the grave of a suicide, and played *Hob-y-deri-dandó* on the *ysturmant*.\* I have slept upon a gravestone under the gloomy yew, and kept Vigil at a Cromlech; and never saw aught but my own shadow in the moonlight, or the gambols of the jack o'lantern—but let me see a Gwrachyribin, and we'll see whose scream shall be the loudest and the shrillest. I fear neither man nor devil."

No one dared contradict the hero of the *Pentre* when he once volunteered and pronounced his opinion; but the peasant intimated that he might yet be gratified with the sight of a Gwrachyribin.

A loud click from the antiquated clock started the party, and intimated that it wanted but three minutes of an hour; the horrible account of the goblin had, however, frozen the peasants to their seats, and not one dared rise to see what hour was on the point of expiring. The poor *Hogen*, who acted as waiter, barmaid, and scullion, had more courage than the rest; but ere she approached the index of time, the bell rapidly, but lengthily, noted the midnight hour. Hats, pattens, cloaks, lanterns, for it was pitch dark, were in immediate requisition, and lucky was the he, or the she, who had a companion on the homeward path. They all mated except Owain Fachan—he did not care, *myn diawl*,—he would dash his fist into the face of the first *bogan* that made itself visible,—he had his *pastwn*† under his arm, a *cettyn* in his mouth, and his *shercyn* buttoned up to the throat, ready for action. Having ravished a kiss or two from the lasses, he wished them all *nostawoh*, and nearly tumbled, by way of *salaam*, over a pigtrough that stood at the door, most conveniently conducive to broken shins.

"Inteed truth," said the landlord to his wife, who was an Englishwoman, while clearing away the vessels and collecting the remnants of ale, "Owain Fychan has done the handsome thing, he has cleared seven pints of ale and a noggin of gin; he is a hearty fellow, inteed, and the pest customer we have, that he is."

"I ha' not seen him," said the wife, "so mooch i'the coops since Thlangothlin wéakes." "Name a dear Mally, why don't you pronounce Llangóllen like other people? why don't you do as Mister Robetch taught you? Put the tip of your tongue at the root

\* Jew's harp.

† A species of shillelagh.

of your front upper teeth, and plow; you will then say Ll-an quite natural,—gootness me, you put me quite in a faver. I shall never be able to *learn* you the most peutfil lankwedge in the wort; as to *perchill*, (little pigs,) I am really sick of the sight of them, because I can't *learn* you to pronounce the wort; you are fery stupid, that you are."

"Oi tell you Oi am not stupid, John; it is the language."

"The lankwedge! tid'nt you hear Mister Jons say, that the Wels was the most perfect lankwedge, name a gootness me? Let's go to pett. Poor Owain Fychan! he has a stark night, and a frightful roat."

He had truly a gloomy road to pass along, and one that few less valiant than himself would have ventured upon. He trudged on, nevertheless, sometimes on one side of the way, and sometimes on the other, zigzag, taking on both quarters, with an occasional halt, for he was drunk—very drunk. "Hollo, there! Nostawch!"\* exclaimed the traveller; "umph, a fettered jackass." The moon now began to shine at intervals, as the drifting clouds passed along the horizon, but it afforded little assistance to our home-bent hero in his devious path; the *coelcerthi*† on the hills were expiring fast, and the flickering embers looked like numerous glow-worms in the distance.

Owain Fychan had now arrived at the most frightful part of the road; a declivity into a small rugged valley, the overhanging woods on each side, and the branches of the trees intermingling with, and embracing each other, over the road, made it totally dark. The wind moaned and whistled most frightfully, the withered leaves rustling through the branches; and an owl, occasionally disturbed, uttering its loud whoop, would have terrified the imagination of a romantically inclined wanderer; but he walked heedlessly on, *pastwn* in hand, singing away some love pennill or other. The moon again broke forth from her shroud of white clouds, and opened to full view, the descending road. Owain looked—stopped, and looked again: "A woman, umph! rather late; a companion, no bad thing." He tried to overtake her; his course was still bent most provokingly right and left, instead of straight a head. "Hollo there! don't walk so fast, it's Owain Fychan; don't you know Owain Fychan? Who the devil are you? No answer?" He started forward rather briskly, and observed, upon approaching a little closer, that she was dressed in a round hat and blue cloak, the usual dress of the female peasantry. "*Rhoswch, rhoswch, y ngariad i!*"‡ No, she would not stop, nor would she even condescend to answer him. Owain's pride was piqued, and he said to

\* Good night.

† It is the custom in Wales to light bonfires on All Saints' Eve: on that night the mountains are covered with them.

‡ Stop, stop, my sweetheart.

himself, "Some canting methodist, no doubt." He was not the man to be foiled, never had been, and cared for neither methodist or baptist. By persevering, he got alongside of the stranger, as they gained the hollow, across which flowed a shallow stream, which was passable, for footpassengers only, by a rude wooden footway, or *pont-bren*; the hood of the cloak was now drawn over the head. "*Yn enw Duw rhoswch*,"\* observed the gallant, as he reeled breathlessly to her side, and laid his brawny hand amorously on her waist, to assist her along the narrow pathway;—but oh, gracious powers! what a terrific sight presented itself—at that instant the moon shone brilliantly upon them both—the moment he touched her, the hat and cloak had vanished into air—a being—a devil, stood in the most threatening attitude before him. Black dishevelled hair, thickly matted and unsightly, fell profusely over a countenance horribly ghastly and disgusting; eyes large, dim, and motionless; cheeks deeply furrowed, and formed of loose flakes, or folds of withered corpse-like skin, the under lip hanging loosely over the chin, and exhibiting long fangs, black as jet, issuing out of colourless gums. The neck and bosom excoriated, with deep, raw, cadaverous fissures,—horrible monster, there it confronted him. The spectre stooped down to the stream, and splashed the water with its skeleton hands, and uttered a loud, wild, and doleful shriek, that absolutely froze the very blood in the veins. "*Och! Och! Och!*" it groaned, as it floated around, and lifted up its long lank withered fleshless arms, ready to fold Owain Fychan in its deadly embrace, "*Fy Ngwr! fy Ngwr! Och! Och! fy Ngwr! fy Ngwr!*"† he crawled along the wooden bridge, with eyes half averted from the spectre to the other side of the stream. "*Fy Ngwr! fy Ngwr!*" was again shrieked with woful agony, and died away on the wings of the wind in the distance.

Strong as Owain Fychan was, the *Gwrachyribin* struck such terror into his soul, that he became totally helpless; he fell down insensible at the foot of the bridge, and was there found, on the following morning, by one of his companions of the preceding evening. "*Och! Och!*" he screamed, as he was aroused from his stupor. "*Fy Ngwr! fy Ngwr!*"—the terrific vision was for days afterwards vividly in his imagination; the repetition of the words of the spectre alone satisfied those around him that he had not altogether lost the powers of utterance.

He never was the man that he appeared to be before *Hallow-eye* but, infinitely a better one: the alehouse door was never again darkened by his entrance, or enlightened at his departure.

One of his fellow "termors" called upon him, some weeks after the event recorded had taken place, and tried to persuade him to join his boon companions again. "Why should I?" demanded

\* In God's name, stop.

† Oh, my husband! my husband!

Owain Fychan. "Why? for the pleasure of the thing." "Ah, my friend," said Owain, "my memory is now so good that I *recollect the pleasures of getting drunk, and shall never forget the pains of getting sober.*" H.



MEMOIR OF THE LATE JAMES HUMPHREYS, ESQ.

(*For the Cambrian Quarterly Magazine.*)

THE life of a conveyancer, or as our non-legal readers will, perhaps, better understand the phrase, of a chamber-counsel, passed mostly in seclusion, little broken by variety, cannot be expected to afford abundant materials for the pen of the biographer. But, however extensive a survey we may take of the walks of life, we shall recognise few individuals whose happy or unhappy lot it has been, to stand conspicuous among their fellow men by the dazzling distinctions of genius and power, exerted in a wide and open range. Of such it is easy to compose a record which all will peruse with delight. The history of those sons of Anak is replete with a thrilling interest, which the image of their giant power, ever present to the mind, reflects from the dullest page; the pulse beats prouder whilst we read; we feel the species exalted by the grandeur of the individual, and glow with the enthusiastic, though unavowed resolve, that we, too, if placed in like circumstances, would act with equal energy and self-denial. But our sober reflection soon dispels these dreams: to the mass of mankind, the distant glories of genius must ever be unapproachable. We may gaze at its meteor-like track, with wonder, perhaps with admiration, sometimes with delight, and by far too often, if philosophy incline us as it ought, with pain, at its misdirected powers, or with detestation at the boundless mass of misery which, since the world began, has been wantonly inflicted on mankind, to supply its vain-glorious and consuming career. But who, out of myriads, can hope, how seldom should he even wish, to succeed in a like flight? When the book is closed, and the spell is past, all that the mind retains is, at best, but a picture on the imagination, gorgeous, gloomy, or serene, according to the colouring imparted by the character of the actions recorded, or the temper of our own feelings. Usefulness, then, if we desire to apply that principle, is by such a medium entirely shut out, or but scantily admitted.

If we turn to the annals of more humble actors in a less imposing station, we shall find matter far more congenial to blend

and harmonize with the common interests and sympathies of mankind. All that is related to us of this class assimilates, more or less closely, with our past experience or our future hopes. Every incident conferring or leading to success, every error and rebuff, the feelings induced by reverses or prosperity, may all find some actual counterparts in the past life of the aged reader; while the fancy of the youth may shadow out the resemblance of what is good, and avert the occurrence of what is evil, in his own life yet to come. The contemplation of average talent encountering the ordinary difficulties of life; bearing misfortune with patience, until it is worn out by perseverance; ever striving onward, and, finally, forcing its way through the press of opposing circumstances, into ease and consideration,—cannot but be interesting, and attended with benefit to the mind which sees the same contest preparing for or surrounding itself, and may hope that, by the exercise of like qualities, a like triumph may be its own. Our sympathy is, perhaps, more cheerfully accorded to the combatant in this arena who attains success, though unhappily that is not an invariable attendant. In all these last points of view, the life of the late James Humphreys would form a pleasing and a useful record: we must premise, however, that our limits, and the information, accurate but not copious, which we have been able to obtain of his history, will not suffer us to give any thing approaching to a regular and full biography; and we must, therefore, content ourselves with the mere outline of the life of a man whose talents and acquirements, and whose hard and fair-earned reputation, his native country cannot be disinclined to acknowledge, however imperfect may be their narrative. But, not to waste more time in prefatory remarks, we address ourselves at once to our task.

James Humphreys was born at Montgomery, about the year 1768, the youngest but two of a family of eight children of Charles Gardiner Humphreys, a solicitor of extensive practice, and not inconsiderable property for those times. The large number, however, of the younger children afforded but a small pittance to each, after the bulkier share of the eldest son had been duly reserved in right of primogeniture; so that James, on starting into life, was not without the spur of poverty to urge him to exertion.

He was placed early at the ancient grammar school of Shrewsbury, which has since attained so much celebrity under the learned and skilful direction of Dr. Butler. It was then of comparatively little note; nor did Humphreys carry away from it any marked scholastic acquirements; but may, indeed, be strictly said to have educated himself afterwards, on entering into life; a discipline mostly found to be unavoidable by men of talents and ambition, more especially in the case of those whose original tuition has taken place at a public school.

The classics, which form the mainspring of that tuition, are doubtless, within their appropriate range, excellent instruments of intellectual and moral discipline, provided they be properly applied. This, however, we deny to be the case at public schools: in proof of which, we will simply adduce the fact, that, by nine men out of ten, who have been fundamentally instructed in them at Eton, Westminster, Harrow, or we care not where, with a general summing up at the university, they are loathed in the whole course of after-life. But, even supposing a process that should extract their utmost value, how can they be considered by themselves sufficient samples of that living and ever-increasing knowledge, and how can their exclusive instruction possibly confer those habits of reasoning, and powers of combination, by means of all which the affairs of the world are, or ought to be, carried on? The answer is but too plain—that they cannot, as far abler pens than ours have so clearly demonstrated, and as experience has so repeatedly proved: yet the system is not only persisted in, but upheld and commended. The advocacy of this all-sufficient virtue of Greek and Latin as the means of education, reminds us of the kindred arguments in favor of virtual representation, so gravely urged by the quondam boroughmongers, who contended that the benign influence of Gattou and Old Sarum was shed alike over all the interests of the British dominions, from Liverpool and Manchester, to Calcutta and Benares. Humphreys, we well know, entertained, from his own experience, the sentiments we have broached upon the deficiencies of public schools. This, however, did not prevent him from making himself afterwards a tolerably proficient Latin scholar, and from entering on an earnest and well-sustained attempt upon Greek, until his other urgent occupations unavoidably turned him aside from the task. Virgil was his favorite classic.

He left Shrewsbury when very young, for the office of the late Mr. Pugh, of Caer Howell, near Montgomery, a most respectable and well employed solicitor in his day, to whom he was articled as a clerk. During the three years which Humphreys passed at this office, he shewed an assiduity and talents which gained him the esteem of his master, and induced him, we believe first, to discourage his pupil's intention of practising as a solicitor, and, in lieu of it, to turn his thoughts to conveyancing, which would afford a wider field for the development of his powers.

Humphreys ever recurred with gratification to the early and happy years which he passed at Caer Howell. The house is delightfully placed on the banks of the Severn; and in the waters of that national stream he rendered himself an expert swimmer, under the able tuition of a fine Newfoundland dog, a favored inmate of the family, who was always willing to impart his instruc-

tions, and, happily, with more success, than his classic predecessor at Shrewsbury. Humphreys separated from Mr. Pugh in mutual feelings of warm regard, which continued unabated to the death of the latter, who oftentimes afterwards was visited at Caer Howell by his grateful pupil and friend, in the happy periods of the long vacation, which sends so many a toil-worn lawyer from the metropolis, on his way into the country, rejoicing. He likewise formed an intimate acquaintance with the only son of Mr. Pugh, a co-member with Humphreys of Lincoln's Inn, and a brother counsellor, but never, we believe, in practice, since he possessed an ample patrimony, which is continued to be enjoyed by him in elegant hospitality, and with universal neighbourly good will, at Brynllwarch, his present seat in Montgomeryshire.

From Caer Howell, Humphreys was transferred to the office of an attorney at Worcester, of the name of Yeomans. Of this his new master, he formed, with his prompt sagacity, but a cheap estimate, and used, for some years after, to display the draft of a deed, more curiously than learnedly, framed by the said Yeomans, which he kept by him as a vindication of his judgment on the man's efficiency. He had not been at Worcester long before his father died, on which event he gave up his unsatisfactory connexion with Yeomans, and shortly afterwards, availing himself of the opening which circumstances offered to gratify the bent of his inclination, and by the encouragement of several of his friends, proceeded to London, where, in 1787, he entered, as a pupil, the chambers of Charles Butler. This amiable and venerable man has outlived most of his contemporaries, and is the daily survivor of his juniors, his life having now embraced nearly two full generations. The prime of his life was passed in active and friendly intercourse with men to whom we already look back as in the far-off distance of history, so changeful and so momentous has been the revolution of intermediate events. Amongst these men, as amongst their successors on the scene, his sound learning, his varied and elegant acquirements, his liberal and enlightened views, his unwearied industry, so fruitful in good works, have ever maintained him in a forward rank; whilst his forbearing and benevolent disposition has never invited hostility, and therefore, throughout the course of his lengthened career, he has never found an enemy.

Some notice of two or three remarkable fellow-pupils of Humphreys, at Butler's, may not be thought altogether out of place. A large proportion were, as might be supposed, catholics; one of them, however, Mr. James Bramstone, though now the catholic bishop of the London district, came of an old protestant family in Northamptonshire; the history of his conversion is singular.

He was the senior pupil, and very proficient, so that all matters of peculiar difficulty were usually assigned to him; but he possessed, besides, a large store of general information and great social talents, which were aided by a handsome and striking figure. He mixed freely in society, and was far from neglecting his professional studies, when, to the surprise of all his friends, he suddenly left London for the Jesuits' college at Lisbon, where in due time he took priest's orders, and has since attained the high sacerdotal office which we have already mentioned. No one was less prepared for this unexpected conversion than Mr. Butler himself; for though many circumstances must have arisen out of the connexion existing between a master and his pupils (unreserved and hospitable as this invariably was on the part of Butler,) to make impressions in favor of catholicism, on a mind predisposed to receive them, like Bramstone's; yet it is certain, as we know from the impartial observance of an intimate acquaintance of both parties, that nothing whatever was done by Mr. Butler to originate or promote his pupil's religious conversion, which was the result of his own secret studies of the controversial topics of the two churches, and his consequent conviction, however mistaken, of the superior efficacy of the Romish creed.

Among other catholic students at Butler's, was Mr. Throckmorton, who practised afterwards as a conveyancer, doing considerable business, chiefly for the great catholic families. His son, Mr. Robert Throckmorton, is the heir presumptive of the extensive family estates of the Throckmortons in Berkshire and elsewhere, and is now, as is well known, one of the members for that county. Another catholic contemporary was the celebrated Harry Clifford, of O. P. notoriety. He was a great ally of Humphreys, who was considerably his junior, and, at first, no unwilling companion of his frolics about town; but poor Harry soon overshot the retrievable limits of youthful dissipation, and Humphreys discontinued his companionship, though their intimacy remained till Clifford's death.

Through the means of these and other acquaintances which he made at Mr. Butler's chambers, or at his open and hospitable table, Humphreys gradually enlarged the circle of his friends. It was at a time, too, the early part of the French revolution, when men's minds were set loose and afloat in every direction, and congenial spirits readily banded together. Humphreys, in early life, professed and advocated popular principles on the widest basis, and became a member of the Society of Reform in Parliament, and the Society of the Friends of the People, and, at a later period, the Whig and the Fox Clubs, where he took up the more liberal of the Whig tenets, to which he was a steadfast adherent throughout the whole of his life. These associations brought him,



at different periods, into contact and intimacy with Horne Tooke, Dr. Parr, Sir Samuel Romilly, Sir Francis Burdett, Lord Grey, Ferguson, late advocate-general in Bengal, Pearson, the present advocate-general there, and many other eminent individuals of that party. At the political meetings which then frequently took place, Humphreys was a pretty diligent attendant, but a silent one: whether it was a constitutional infirmity, or an insurmountable diffidence which prevented his taking the first decisive step, he never could bring himself to deliver his ideas in public: he was, however, of great use, from the accuracy and strength which characterised his written compositions, in the drawing up of resolutions, and the like. His conversational talents, too, were of the first order, and in many instances he shewed himself extremely happy in short and cutting remarks. Of this nature was the bitter toast "More taxes and less revenue," given by him at the time when Pitt had commenced his system of taxation, considered, at the outset, unbearable by the nation, but upon which his successors have well known how to improve.\*

His intimacy with Horne Tooke often led him to the latter's house at Wimbledon, to join the political junto dining there, on Sundays; and he was in the habit of returning late on foot, in all the simplicity and vigour of a democrat. These marked expressions of his political tenets could not escape the then jealous and prying eyes of the government; and he was accordingly noted as a zealous and dangerous partisan, which was doubtless not without its influence upon his subsequent professional career. Humphreys commenced business as a conveyancer, immediately on leaving Mr. Butler's chambers, but his progress at first was slow and cheerless; so much so, indeed, that he entertained at one time serious thoughts of relinquishing altogether this branch of the law, and actually went two or three circuits with that view: by degrees, however, he formed a connexion in his native county, and the adjoining parts of the country, which afterwards became very extensive, though at no time, if we except, perhaps, the two years immediately preceding his death, did he enjoy a very large town practice.

\* The meaning of the sentence is pretty obvious, and is similar to the illustration applied by Voltaire to a different subject, which, not impossibly, may have supplied the hint of the above epigram. He had got, it seems, into correspondence with a well-meaning German, on the subject of their respective monasteries and convents, and had intimated that certainly the French had shewn a due sense of devotion in the endowment of their different abbeys, &c., yet he still considered that these were not rich enough, but ought to possess ten times more wealth. The German, in surprise, asked him his meaning; upon which he wrote to him as follows: "My dear sir, There was once upon a time a young man, to whom it was proposed to marry a woman sixty years old, who should bequeath him all her property by will; but he answered, that she was not old enough." The German required no further explanation.

We are now come to a period of Humphreys' life, to which there will be found a parallel in the lives of most distinguished lawyers, with a few brilliant exceptions, when, having got into a clear and beaten track, he plodded along it steadily to the end of his days, in the pursuit of that one great and absorbing object of mortal toil, money. In this, after a due course of years, he was tolerably successful; but, as the general tenor of his life was henceforward perfectly uniform, we will convert our remaining narrative into a selection of such detached passages of it only as we think may afford any interest to our readers.

Humphreys enjoyed the high distinction of being frequently referred to by Sir Samuel Romilly on matters of conveyancing; and, at his suggestion, was joined with him occasionally in consultations; in particular, it was through Romilly's recommendation that Humphreys was employed in drawing up a part of the argument in the great *Thelsson* case. It so happened that in 1807, just about the time when the Whigs were turned out, a case, upon which Humphreys had some time before given his opinion, was returned, with an intimation that the "Solicitor General" differed from him on a certain point. He forgot the change of ministry, and thinking that he was in collision with Romilly, sat himself down earnestly to reconsider the case; and, as it was one of importance and urgency, he gave to it the greater part of the night. After exhausting all the authorities and arguments that he could possibly bring to bear on the point, he retained his original opinion, and returned the case in the morning with an answer to that effect. In a short time the case came back to him again, with a request on the part of Sir Thomas Plumer, the solicitor general, that he would again consider his opinion. Humphreys' chagrin was extreme, on discovering the opponent who had made him undergo so much labour and discomfort; he took no pains to conceal his vexation, and declined, in not the most courteous mood, to go over the papers again.

He was always on very intimate terms with Dr. Parr, although the distant and fixed positions of both prevented their frequent meeting. Still the doctor seldom came to town that he did not pass a convivial evening with a select body of friends at Humphreys' chambers; and when this occurred in the summer time, the learned divine was wont to place himself after dinner with his pipe at the open window, which looked into Lincoln's inn gardens, and was trellised with a vine hanging over the balcony; and there, rolling out clouds of smoke, and exhibiting the full blown honours of his far-famed wig, he delighted the company with his rich and varied conversation, and afforded, at the same time, no small wonderment to the passers by. Parr, if he did not originate in Humphreys' mind the plan of his celebrated work, certainly incited him strongly to the task; and when it was accomplished,

after Parr's death, we have more than once heard Humphreys express his regret that he should then want the countenance and effectual assistance which the doctor could have afforded him on many points.

We shall here take the liberty to present our readers with the following anecdote, as a fair trait of character, and a proof at once of Humphreys' physical and moral vigour. Shortly after his arrival and settlement in town, he came down to his own country in the vacation, as he was accustomed to do; and, having stayed a few days at Shrewsbury, was desirous of going on to Bishop's Castle to visit his sister, then married to the Rev. John Wingfield, a most worthy and kind-hearted man, whose acquaintance was extensively courted, not more from his amiable and engaging manners, than from his warm and benevolent disposition: Humphreys accordingly ordered a chaise and pair to carry him to Bishop's Castle; but mine host, taking advantage of the lateness of the hour, (it being dusk,) refused to let him have less than four horses, on the plea of bad roads, and a long stage. Humphreys saw directly through, and detested the imposition; and at no time very profuse of words, wasted not another on this occasion, but ordered his bill, paid it, and shouldering his small portmanteau, containing, like the honourable Mr. Dowlas's blue pocket-handkerchief, all his travelling goods and chattels, he marched out of the house, to the surprise and chagrin of honest Boniface, and walked the whole way to Bishop's Castle, a distance of twenty-one miles and upwards, over many a bleak and rugged hill: he reached his destination about one o'clock in the morning, and knocked up his sister's household, by whom he was received with not less hospitality than surprise.

The intervals of leisure which were allowed to him by his professional avocations were mostly spent by Humphreys in literary amusement: this, however, was confined to reading; he was by no means a light and rapid writer, and the constant occupation and anxieties imposed upon him by business, left him but little inclination to undertake any important and laborious composition. Doubtless, however, he was long collecting materials for his meditated work, but he published no other, if we except some detached articles connected with his branch of the profession, in the "Supplement to Viner's Abridgment," of which the principal one is the article "Devise," published in 1800. He was a great admirer of the arts, and fully indulged his taste for them in numerous trips to the Continent after peace had laid it open. Architecture was perhaps his favorite study, nor did he confine it to mere theory, for he erected a villa, in excellent taste, near Westham, in Essex: in fact, another opportunity soon after occurred of repeating this architectural essay; for the villa, when complete, (wanting only the furniture and some superficial fittings-

up,) was set on fire by the carelessness of the workmen, and burnt to the ground. Unfortunately, the fire took place two or three days *before* the intended insurance of the house; yet Humphreys bore the misfortune with great seeming equanimity: it occurred in the earlier part of the night, but, the house being deserted, was not discovered until in a blaze, when an express was sent to Humphreys' chambers, to inform him of the matter: he was accordingly knocked up, at about four o'clock in the morning, to receive this unpleasant communication; and, as soon as he had comprehended, by dint of a few questions, through the unopened door, that the building was in a hopeless state of conflagration, he bid the messenger go about his business, whilst he himself returned to his pillow. It so happened that he had that very day invited a party of friends to dinner, who came, and enjoyed all the convivialities of the evening, and departed, without hearing or even guessing at the misfortune of their host, who retained his wonted composure and sociality. The walls of the house were so strong and admirably constructed, that they not only stood proof themselves against the fire, but, in some places, preserved a portion of the internal structure, and it was chiefly in consequence of this, that Humphreys was afterwards induced to rebuild the villa, as soon as he had got over the vexation, which, as may be supposed, he felt in reality.

We must now say a few words about Humphreys' famous work, upon which undoubtedly his claim for reputation with posterity will rest. It will be fresh in the recollection of our readers, that, about seven or eight years ago, a spirit of inquiry and speculation regarding the abuses of the law, and their reform, originated and kept alive for many preceding years by the efforts of a few persevering and talented individuals, had at length become pretty general throughout the country. Its fruits shewed themselves chiefly in various amendments of our criminal law, and in the issuing of the chancery commission. Humphreys, as we have already intimated, had been revolving, through a long period of his professional life, and had partly composed, the plan of an effectual reform of his own branch of the law; and he was now prompted by the manifest bent of the public mind to put the finishing hand to his work, which accordingly he brought out, in 1826, shortly after the chancery commissioners published their report, under the title of "*Observations on the Actual State of the English Laws of Real Property, with the Outlines of a Code.*"

Never perhaps was publication better timed, and, accordingly, it had scarcely left the press when it was taken up by partisans and opponents, for commendation or criticism, with all the alacrity and spirit which characterizes every novel and popular impulse. It has now been several years before the public, and has passed through two editions; but, since its technical character must have

prevented its being familiar to many of our readers, a brief statement of the general design and scope of the work may not be unacceptable.

The author's main object was to prove, that the plan of reform which he had conceived, namely, the entire removal of the existing system of real property law, and the substitution of an entirely new body of laws in its place, was preferable to partial amendments engrafted on the old system, and, which is more material, was equally practicable. With this view, he divided his work into two parts: the first containing a detailed and methodical exposition of the existing law, with appropriate comments displaying its defects; and the second, the outlines of his proposed code,\* the latter part being prefaced by a dissertation, giving the different arguments for and against mere revision and partial amendment on the one hand, and total abrogation and renewal on the other; and awarding preference to the latter plan. The mode in which he conducts his main argument, and arrives at his conclusion, is extremely ingenious; but as we could not convey to our readers a clear and accurate impression of his design, and the way in which he works it out, without the use of numerous technicalities, we will spare them that infliction. Nor do we consider ourselves called upon in this place to express our own opinions on the plan or the details of the work; indeed, if we had contemplated such an attempt, we could not have carried it into effect with justice to the author, or satisfaction to ourselves, without a far more extensive discussion than our limits will possibly allow on the present occasion. But we cannot let pass this opportunity of adverting to the influence which the amended state of our representation must almost necessarily have upon the question, so sorely and repeatedly agitated, as yet with but little practical result, of the defects and abuses of our legal system, and the required remedies. We think we may venture to predict, without any very great assumption of sagacity, that the popular voice will ere long be raised loudly and irresistibly in demand of legal reform, and we therefore think it incumbent upon every man, and in particular every landed proprietor, to prepare himself to take his part in the impending changes, to help in clearing away the obstacles which have been ever thrown into the path of social improvement, by the selfish and dishonest, or the ignorant and timid; and, at the same time, to check and moderate any crude or abrupt attempts at alterations, which may be well meant, but ill considered.

Humphreys' publication produced numerous pamphlets for and against his proposals. One of his chief opponents was Sir Edward Sugden, who, in a letter of some length, expressed his unqualified

\* Or, as altered in the second edition, "The Outlines of a Systematic Reform."

disapprobation, both of the general plan of reform, and of several of its details. The details we will pass, but his objection in *limine* to a systematic and entire reform so far as circumstances will admit, as contrasted with partial amendments, is one urged in common by most of the opponents of Humphreys' proposal, and may therefore be thought worthy a brief consideration. It may as well be expressed in his own words: "Where is the man whose bold aspiring can lead him to believe, that he can at a blow destroy the wisdom and experience of ages, and furnish a better system in its place. You cannot build a house without quickly discerning many wants which time and inhabitancy alone, can point out and enable you to supply."\* And by another illustration, he tumbles a whole city about our ears, as a fearful type of the destruction of the legal Jerusalem, and then asks whether it is so easy to build it up again in a convenient way? Indeed, he shews himself particularly ambitious of metaphor in several places. Imagery is doubtless a brilliant, sometimes a keen cutting, but often a dangerous weapon of argumentation, especially when applied to abstract subjects. What is there in common between the framing of laws and the consolidation of brick and mortar? Is it not clear that the *mental* structure, the code, act, or any other name given to the amendment, may be ready to rise at once on the site of the old, incongruous, and imperfect fabric, or any distinct portion of it, as that which vanishes at the voice of the legislature. But in plain prose, the objection derives any appearance of authority which it may wear, merely from its vagueness and indefiniteness, since strictly it does not apply. Neither Humphreys, nor any other man in his senses, would think of entirely sweeping away the material of our ancient laws, if indeed such a process were possible; but after throwing aside what was obsolete and superfluous, and correcting whatever might be repugnant to the dictates of reason, or to natural feeling, the remainder would simply be cast into a different mould from that in which it previously existed, resembling it of course as much as possible. Many deficiencies are at first to be expected; but it is observable, that they would arise either from the scantiness of the materials furnished by the old law, and therefore already exist, (for we disregard the preposterous fiction, that the common law is all comprehensive, which in practice comes to this, that the judge makes the required law instead of the legislature,) or else the deficiency apprehended must be occasioned by some mistake or omission in the department of compilation, not very likely to occur to any important extent, if the plan be well laid down, and, where it might occur, easily remedied.

Humphreys wrote an answer to Sugden's letter, and published a controversial article in the "Jurist," in answer to some strictures

\* Sugden's Letter to Humphreys, 2d edit. p. 7.

upon his work, and the applicableness of some foreign authorities quoted by him. All the rest of the pamphlets and reviewing articles directed against him, some of which were intermingled with personal remarks ill suiting the nature of the subject, Humphreys disdained to notice. The second edition of the "Observations" came out in 1827, with several alterations, none of which, however, affected the principle of the work. Its author was noticed with strong terms of eulogium in parliament, on numerous occasions which brought the subject of law reform before the House, yet government refused to place him upon the Real Property Commission, which was issued in 1828, rejecting him for the avowed reason, that he had expressed himself too strongly upon the principle of the measure!

The public however did not generally concur in the sufficiency of this reason, and we happen to know that his business was greatly increased after the publication of his work; no mean criterion, we conceive, of public confidence and approval.

Upon the general course of Humphreys' life, until its close, little more remains to be said. In 1822 he married Miss Charlotte Goodrich, daughter of Bartlett Goodrich, esq. of Saling Grove, Essex, a gentleman of extensive landed property and established local influence, and his closing years derived much comfort and enjoyment from this alliance.

His health was for a long period of his life by no means strong nor confirmed. As early as 1809 he had an attack of illness so dangerous that he was given over, but (such is the mysterious power of nature,) by far the more laborious and important half of his life was yet to come. The shock, however, most probably reached the springs of his constitution, for he was ever after periodically subject to attacks of illness, which latterly became from year to year more aggravated, exhibiting symptoms of an increased disorganization. The crisis was probably hastened by a fall from his horse, in the autumn of 1829. After this accident he quitted his couch but for brief intervals, until he sunk in the beginning of the winter of 1830. He preserved his faculties to the last, and met death with great calmness and composure.

Though Humphreys never enjoyed robust health, he received from nature a sound constitution, which carried him through many severe attacks. His stature was rather below the middle size, but his frame was knit in perfect symmetry: his countenance presented a somewhat unhappy expression, owing, we believe, chiefly to the effect of a series of fits in the nature of paralysis, with which he was visited at successive periods of his life; the earliest and most violent brought on by the excessive coldness of a bath, which he incautiously entered while heated by exercise; yet his features, as a whole, were far from displeasing, and when lighted up by

excitement, displayed great animation and sagacity: his forehead, in particular, was prominent and striking. He never refused society; and in conversation he shone, though his general manner was somewhat cold and reserved.

Such is a slight and rapid sketch of James Humphreys. All that the dead can benefit mankind, lies in their example and their surviving works, the former the fruit of their experience in good or evil, gathered by the perception of others, the latter that fruit prepared and offered by themselves. Our departed compatriot has afforded us a good share of either benefit. As we have already had occasion to intimate, his example is the more useful, that it presents no dazzling brilliancy, approachable only by the few. Though the powers of his mind undoubtedly rose above the common level, they reached not to the higher range of genius; but, by steadfastly persevering in the track which his judgment had once struck out as best conducive to its objects; by toiling hard, by striking opportunely; by a heedful attention to all the minor virtues of prudence, with the aid doubtless of considerable talents; by these means, and in spite of many discouragements physical and moral, he at length mastered those two grand objects of human struggle, the attainment of either of which the world is willing to accept as the crown of successful exertions; wealth, amply sufficing for all its real purposes of enjoyment; and fame, which, in spite of cavils, will attend his memory, as the first efficient demonstrator of reform in his own department of the law; as the pioneer through the "jungle of conveyancing."



#### EPIGRAM.

Is there a man possessed of power and skill  
To stem the torrent of a woman's will?  
If she says I *will*, she *will* you may depend on't;  
If she says I *wont*, she *wont* and there's an end on't.

#### TRANSLATION.

Oes neb yn meddu ar allu, grym neu serch,  
I wneuthur rheol ar ewyllys merch?  
Os dywed *gwnafl*, hi *wneiff*, diogel yw;  
Os dywed *na*, ni *wneiff* er undyn byw.

TEGID.



## SIEGE OF PAINSCASTLE.

TWENTY-FIVE years had rolled away, pregnant with most important events, since I had visited *Cantrev Elvael is Mynydd*, in Radnorshire, and roved in careless mood along the flowery banks of the humble, but, to me, interesting stream of the *Bachwy*, from its source, to its efflux in the silver Wye. During my peregrinations and difficulties, "fond memory" had often retraced the steps of my early boyhood, and given warm and vivid tints to a scenic outline of country which no length of time can efface from the memory. Most pure, therefore, was the pleasure which I felt, when an opportunity presented itself, by means of which I was enabled to revisit the abode of my early jocund days, and to retrace, once more, those outlines of hill and dale, and those picturesque scenes, which had been so familiar to me in early youth. I also expected to see my former friends, both young and old; to gaze upon features which will ever be dear to me, and to hear those accents which had often cheered me onwards to deeds of honour, whilst they judiciously moderated the exuberance of that flow of spirits so natural to the impetuosity of inexperienced youth. I further anticipated great pleasure in hearing, from their lips, the deeds which they had achieved, the difficulties which they had surmounted, the progress which they had made in knowledge and civilization, and the rustic honours which they had won, with various other et ceteras; whilst, in my vanity, I intended to astonish them, in return, with an account of my progress among the Saeson and other nations. All this, and ten times more, did I anticipate; but, like other anticipations, they fell far short of the reality; and have left little besides serious and bitter reflections. I found, indeed, that the hills preserved their ancient forms, that the rocks frowned as awful and majestic as formerly, and that the *Bachwy* maintained its usual course, with slight variations, incident "to flood;" but oh, what changes had taken place in other respects! I sought in vain for the former inhabitants. In answer to all my inquiries, the reply was, "*Y mae wedi marw.*" or, "He is dead, or left the country." Yes, my former friends and associates had either quitted the stage of life, or had been dispersed in distant parts. A new race had sprung up, to whom I was a stranger in the land of my fathers; and whilst I was making interrogatories and seeking information, the question was often put to each other, in a sort of suspicious whisper, "Who and what is he?" Where houses formerly stood, and where I had more than once joined in the social circle around a glowing fire, even the very foundations, were now turned up by the plough; others were sorely dilapidated and untenanted; the language was changed, for, instead of the old, manly, and expressive Welsh, I heard only a sort of bar-

barous gibberish, which was neither Welsh nor English; and even my favorite oak trees, under which I had used to sit, and the delightful groves of stately timber, through which I had roamed, listening to the sweet melody of birds, had disappeared; and yellow corn waved before the breeze, where the monarch of the forest once spread his branches, alike regardless of the whispering breeze, or the reverberating roars of the "harsh thunder."

After visiting the source of the *Bachwy*, at a place now whimsically named *Ireland*, and following its course by *Rhôs Goch*, down to *Craig Pwll Du*, near to where it mingles its waters with the beautiful *Wye*, I returned to Painscastle with feelings I cannot express. Disgusted with the dilapidated and wretched state of the village, I avoided the inquisitive gaze of the inhabitants as far as possible, and visited the lofty mount where the castle of Pain once stood, and thought "of the days of former years." I walked round the moat; I endeavoured to trace the form of the castle, but in vain. A greensward covered the whole: the draw-bridge was gone; the moat was dry; and silence and solitude reigned on every side. The sun was setting in purple clouds "far in the flaming west," and the evening breeze was mild and agreeable. I laid down on the ruins of the great tower, which looked to the south-west, and gazed intensely on the surrounding scenery. By this time the sun had set behind the *Aberedw* hills, the evening star shone with pleasing brilliancy, whilst the moon rose in "clouded majesty" above *Cleirw* hill, and shed a soft lustre over hill and dale. The hum, the noise, and the vacant laughter of the villagers, had died away, and nothing was heard save the breeze whispering through the long benty grass which more or less covered the ruins of the castle. "How changed," thought I, "is the scene! Lofty towers once reared their heads in this place with pride and majesty, but their glory is laid low in dust and rubbish, and even their ancient bulk and strength are covered over with a mantle of green. Within these walls lordly barons and high-born dames often met; but they are gone; and their very names are forgotten. Within these dungeons, captives have poured forth groans, and pined away in years of hopeless misery and wretchedness; but their pains and sufferings are over; the weary prisoners are at rest; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. From under the dread portcullis, which guarded those massive gates, armed and iron-cased bands frequently sallied forth to scour the country, and to plunder the helpless and unfortunate inhabitants; but their arms are unnerved by the hand of death; their nodding plumes have long ceased to wave before the breeze; their flash-gleaming swords are corroded by time; and the widow, the orphan and the defenceless, have long since ceased to complain of their unjust and merciless ravages. How perishable are human productions! how mutable is human grandeur! With all our hopes and fears,

our labours and our toils, a few years will bring us to the goal of eternity; a new race will spring up and tread as carelessly and as merrily upon our graves as we have trodden upon those of our predecessors."

I had continued for some time in this musing mood until the moon, emerging from behind a cloud, shone brightly on *Craig yr Wyddva* and Llanddewi hills. The breeze began to blow with increasing vigour, and the nightingale to pour forth melodious music from a neighbouring brake. At that moment I heard the sound of footsteps. I turned and saw a man near me with a military cloak wrapped around him. Upon perceiving me, he seemed disposed to retire, when the wind blew so rudely, that the folds of his cloak flew open, and discovered a noble and manly figure, upon whose breast was the decoration of an officer of the Legion of Honour. I exclaimed, "Star of the brave!" and hastened towards him. The stranger did the same, we gazed for a few moments on each other in uncertainty—the recognition was mutual, we at the same time exclaimed, "Gwilym," "Owain." After mutual expressions of congratulation, I briefly related my own little adventures, and then said, "And now, Gwilym, favor me with your history. We are here amidst the stillness of night, and reposing upon the ruins of Norman pomp and power. Come, my old schoolfellow, indulge the friend of your youth, who has regretted your absence and sighed for your return." "Most readily," was the reply, "and as we are here free from intruders, I will unbosom myself without reserve." He spoke as follows:

"You recollect the painful circumstances which induced me to abandon this dear country. I saw and loved my beautiful Jane, and had the happiness to ascertain that I was beloved in return. Her father, however, disapproved of our intimacy, and harshly forbade all further intercourse. *My anwyl Ianw* possessed the finest sensibilities, and like a delicate flower that cannot resist the storm, the pure beautiful girl drooped, and notwithstanding all my efforts to cheer and comfort her, sunk into the grave. Though forbidden by her unnatural parent, I attended her remains, and when the earth descended upon her coffin, my feelings were inexpressibly dreadful; I do think death would have ensued had not a flow of tears come to my relief. I hovered near the spot until all had retired; I collected flowers; and amidst the silence of the night ornamented her *oer wely* with the flowers which I had gathered. I cannot describe, Owain, that horrible night; nor, soldier as I am, recur to it now without the most painful emotions. *Ianw* was my first, my only love, and with her died my affection for the fair. At the dawn of day I reluctantly tore myself from the sacred spot. The world appeared as a dreary blank, and its inhabitants cold and egotistical. Disgusted with all around me, I abruptly left the country, and succeeded, after great dif-

facilities, in reaching the coast of France. A war raged around; the veterans of France were encamped in the vicinities of Boulogne and Ambleteuse, full of ardour and enthusiasm to invade Great Britain; and the emperor was with the army. I entered the army as a common soldier, but under a feigned name; and, having a predilection for arms, soon learned the art of war, and thus endeavoured, though vainly, to forget my griefs and my irreparable loss. But though I had entered into the service of France, I felt a repugnance in employing my powers to invade my native country; and heard, I must confess, with pleasure, that Pitt had succeeded, by means of British gold, in inducing Austria to take the field. At length our camp was raised; we received from the emperor the glorious appellation of *the grand army*; and, full of the highest enthusiasm, we marched for the field of Austerlitz. So well did our immortal hero manœuvre, that Ulm, the Danube, and Vienna, offered but slight resistance, and did not for a moment retard the march. A few days before the battle of Austerlitz, our army was encamped upon an eminence in front of the enemy. The regiment to which I belonged was ordered forward, as sharpshooters, in order to drive back the foe, and to clear the ground. We dashed forwards accordingly, and speedily performed the service required. Elated with success, we thought that we could do more; we advanced imprudently, regardless of danger; I warned our colonel and those around me of our situation, but to no purpose; we continued to advance, and were speedily charged by nearly 3000 horse. At the first onset every officer was killed; and the emperor and the army, who, from an eminence, were spectators of the unequal struggle, thought that we were all lost. In this desperate situation, I took the command of the regiment, and the men cheerfully obeyed my orders. We gained a wood; we defeated the foe, and rejoined the army. This brilliant feat of arms excited admiration. I was sent for to head-quarters; and approaching with my body covered with blood from a severe sabre wound which I received across my brow, the marks of which you now see, a Welsh soldier, who previously knew me, and was then on guard near the emperor's tent, exclaimed, "Gwilym! *Gwelais drabludd . . . ac ar grân cynran man-rudd!*" the English of which is, you know, "I saw hard toiling, and on the chieftain's brow a crimson gash." I was most graciously received by the emperor, and closely interrogated respecting my country, and my education. The result was, that the hero decorated me with the cross of the Legion of Honour with his own hands, transferred me to his imperial guards, and granted me an officer's commission.

Soon after, the battle of Austerlitz was fought. I was engaged in it, and with my comrades decided the victory by routing the Russian imperial guards, after a struggle of a quarter of an hour,

in which we were engaged man to man, and foot to foot, and were so intermingled with each other that we durst not fire a shot: the bayonet was the only weapon. From that immortal day I rose rapidly, and was with the hero at Jena, Eylau, Friedland, Wagram, the march to Moscow, and the campaign of Saxony; which last, though so honourable to our heroism and bravery, was terribly disastrous in its results, by means of Saxon perfidy, (mind me Owain,) and the infamous conduct of Bernadotte. I was also actively engaged in the campaign of France, where the emperor was justly named the *hundred thousandth man*; and I had the pain of being present at the first abdication. I accompanied my sovereign to Elba, and I returned with him in his triumphal march from Cannes to Paris: I thought that I then saw every stain wiped away from our eagles, and that France was rising more powerful and more glorious than ever; but fate decreed otherwise: the demon of war breathed forth mischief and slaughter from every quarter, and we marched for Waterloo. Such were the skilful movements of our chief, and the rapidity of our march, that notwithstanding the treachery and desertion of Bourmont, Villoutry, and Clouet, we surprised the enemy and gained the brilliant victory of Ligny: indeed, if the brave and unfortunate Ney had not lost eight hours in stupid hesitation; if, when he marched upon Quatre Bras, he had not left his rear guard three leagues in the rear; and if d'Erlon had not marched so foolishly and without orders, by means of which the arms of 30,000 men were rendered useless, the campaign would have been finished on the 16th. As it was, Ney's hesitation of eight hours gave the British time to come up, and d'Erlon's stupid movement retarded the march of the left wing of the army upon Ligny for a full hour, by which means, in conjunction with the approaching night, Blucher and a considerable part of his army were enabled to escape. On the 17th, we should have destroyed your army during its retreat to Waterloo, if d'Erlon and some other chiefs had obeyed orders and done their duty. On the 18th, we fronted your army at Waterloo; and whatever has or may be said to the contrary, we had only sixty-nine thousand men, and you had ninety thousand. We intended to attack you at break of day, but the state of the weather prevented us. It was nearly twelve o'clock at noon before any real action took place, and then only on the left of the French and right of the British. Before the grand attack of our right and centre was unmasked, thirty thousand fresh men under Bulow entered your line, and threatened to turn our right wing. We were obliged to order fifteen thousand men to the right, to oppose the new force: this manœuvre weakened the army, and disarranged the plans of our chief; but, notwithstanding such immense disproportion, we beat you, and nothing but the arrival of night, and of Blucher with thirty thousand more men, saved you from total destruction. You gained the victory, it is true, but as you gained it

with 150,000 men over 69,000, and even then with difficulty, you have not much to boast of. I do not mean to detract any thing from British bravery: on that day the British soldiery did their duty, and did it well; but still, without the aid of the Prussians, they would have been completely routed in spite of all their bravery. I entered into line with the imperial guard towards the close of the action; I witnessed the heroic conduct of the Welsh fusileers; but, brave as they were, we should have swept them away as dust, if the Prussians had not come up, or if the wings of our army had supported our charging movement. Deserted by the army, we were isolated, and without protection: the British line durst not have charged us without the aid of the Prussians; and, when they made that charge, it was three against one. Whatever, therefore, your favorite, LE MARCHAND DE TABAC, may say, your army plucked no laurels from our plumes on that disastrous day; and though we were overwhelmed by numbers, and the conduct of traitors, it will be some time before John Bull will boast again, that 'One Englishman can beat three Frenchmen.'

"I succeeded, Owain, in escaping from that battle, with my sabre broken and myself covered with wounds, and finally reached America. Upon learning the recent revolution in France, I determined to return: a few days since I landed in Wales: I hastened to the grave of my *Ianw*: recalling to memory her loveliness, her affection for me, the cause of her early death, I watered afresh with my tears the greensward which covers her. *O vy anwyl Ianw!* I came here to visit this spot once more before my return to France, but little thought I should have the pleasure of seeing your face, my dear Owain! I have observed with feelings of unfeigned regret the wretched and dilapidated state of the village of Painscastle: you recollect that when we were boys, old Pughe used to exclaim, 'Painscastle is gone to the dogs! When we were boys, a regiment of soldiers could not have taken it; but now, fifty men could master it.' I wonder what the old veteran would say if he were alive to see it in its present wretched condition."

"So, Gwilym," replied I, "you are going to France, and I presume then that you intend to offer your services to the French government." "You mistake me, Owain," was the answer. "I would willingly live here, but having borne arms against Great Britain, should be treated with disrespect, if not with contempt, were I to stay: in France it may be in my power to breathe more freely. As for offering my services to the French government, that is out of the question: after serving the greatest captain of the age, and enjoying something of his confidence, my noblest ambition is satisfied; and I will never sully my honour by serving a Bourbon, though that Bourbon boasts of Valmy and Jemappe. But before we bid each other adieu, Owain, allow me to put into your hands a Welsh manuscript relating to the siege of Painscastle: I have

had it in my possession for some time, and have spent many a solitary hour in its perusal; it throws much light upon a portion of Welsh history: take it,—it is the only thing in my possession I estimate, excepting the badge of honour presented me by the great Napoleon,—that I cannot part with.”

We separated with expressions naturally emanating from men between whom there had been an early friendship interrupted by a long separation, during which each had experienced the extreme vicissitudes to which our nature is subject. The worm-eaten manuscript ran as follows:

SIEGE OF PAINSCASTLE.

“In the year 1194 Rhys ab Gruffydd . . . gained the castle of Radnor after a severe battle with his enemies in which he conquered and completely routed them with great slaughter. After that he took Painscastle from William de Breos, and then returned triumphantly to Yetrad Tywi.”

*History of the Princes.*

About the time that Bernard Newmarch conquered Bleddin and seized upon his possessions, another Norman, of the name of De Paine, gained the hundred of Lower Elvael, in Radnorshire, and built a castle on a rising ground which he deemed favorable for his purpose. This spot has a steep on all sides, except the north, and even there the ascent is considerable. Indeed it is so formed by nature for a place of defence that the Welsh had raised a strong rampart or military station upon its summit, which they were subsequently necessitated to abandon, through the encroachments of the Normans and the deadly quarrels of their native reguli. Paine, therefore, found the rampart made nearly to his own mind, at the time when he and his armed knights unjustly took possession of the country; but as he erected there a strong castle, and surrounded it with a deep moat, the name was changed from *Caer yn Elvael* to *Painscastle*, or *Elvael castle*.

At the foot of the castle is a hollow, inclining to the north-east, on which Paine built a village, which he occupied with his dependants and vassals, who were well armed, and always ready when the trumpet sounded, either to defend the castle or to scour the adjacent country with their lord, in collecting booty and in oppressing the natives. Many were the lawless deeds which these unprincipled men performed under the command of their iron-cased chief, and great were their rejoicings when, after a successful inroad, they returned home, driving before them large flocks of cattle and sheep; but the savage and triumphant shouts of these lawless men are heard no more, and their village, which rose under the protection of the strong and lofty towers of the castle,

decayed with their fall, and will soon be reduced to a state of wretchedness and desolation.

Upon the death of Paine, this castle, with its territories, fell to the Mortimers, and, subsequently, it was held by De Breos or De Bruce; but though it changed masters, there was no change in the system of injustice, of rapine, and of blood. The miserable natives were obliged to fight for a lord whom they detested, and were often, upon the most trivial offences, imprisoned in the deep dungeons of the castle, or tortured amidst external pomp and show. The martial display of the great feudal lord and his knights, the sounds of music, the revelry of the halls, and the jousts and tournaments often held on the castle green in the presence of high-born dames, were gaudious enough, but the dungeons were filled with wretched captives, and the burning tear trickled down the cheek of oppressed innocence.

In this state things continued until the year 1194, when Richard I. was king of England, Llywelyn ab Iorwerth was prince of North Wales, and Rhys ab Gruffydd reigned in South Wales. Rhys ab Gruffydd had for some time been the obedient vassal of Henry II., and, upon the death of that monarch, renewed his allegiance to Richard I. For this apostacy from the sacred cause of freedom and of Cambrian independence, he was severely punished by the disobedience and rebellion of his sons, who were, as it is thought, secretly instigated to revolt from all allegiance to their father by Henry II. The policy of England required continual discord and war between the native Reguli. The English kings had learnt, by dearly bought experience, that so long as the Welsh chiefs remained united, they were invulnerable against the world in arms, and were more than a match for the mightiest armies that England could bring in the field; but that disunited, and directing their swords against each others' bosoms, they were assailable at every point, and easy to be brought under subjection. After many struggles, Rhys succeeded in overcoming his sons, and threw them into prison. Disgusted with the lofty and overbearing spirit of Richard I.\* and discovering the ambitious policy of England, with respect to Wales, he threw off his allegiance to the English monarch, and boldly drew his sword to assert and maintain the independence of his country. His first efforts in the cause of liberty being crowned with success, he marched his forces to the English border, taking and destroying the castle of Clun, after a fierce resistance.

\* As a proof of this, we are told that when Richard ascended the English throne, Rhys went as far as Oxford to do him homage, conducted by the earl of Moreton. Learning there that Richard would not meet him personally, as his father had done, he fell into a great passion, and immediately returned to his own country with feelings of indignation against the English monarch. *Brady's History of England*; p. 459.



In order to account for the fall and destruction of Painscastle, it will be necessary here to state several circumstances,—and to detail various facts in connexion with the affair,—as they mutually throw light upon each other, and show what important events sometimes result from causes apparently light and trivial.

On the banks of the river Wye, and a little below the romantic village of Aberedw, is a lovely spot of land, surrounded with beauty and grandeur, and admirably sheltered from storms and tempests by the encircling mountains. In this low and almost impervious situation, a Welsh chieftain, of the name of Idnerth, built a mansion for himself, which he named *Yscrain*, but which is now vulgarly called *the Scrine*. Idnerth was a well-formed and handsome man, and as brave as handsome: he loved his country with a patriot's love, sighed over the miseries which afflicted it, and bitterly lamented the dissensions and evil policy of its chiefs. Being a patriot and a warrior from his youth, he constantly ranged on the side of freedom and Wallian independence; and invariably resisted every temptation to bear arms against his country: hence, when Rhys ab Gruffydd and Owain Cyveiliog sided with the English, he refused to support them, and suffered for his unbending patriotism. Though his heart was torn, his soul was unmoved; and in the midst of general defection and calamity, he looked forward with hope, that his native princes would reassume their dignity and inalienable rights; and, at the head of their brave people, recover their ancient independence. In the midst of these thoughts, he heard that Owain Cyveiliog had at length shaken off the yoke of the foreigners, and was already in the field: this news produced a delirium of joy. He hastily put on his armour, grasped his spear, took an affectionate leave of his family, and, accompanied by a few friends, directed his steps to the scene of action: he was received by Owain with all the warmth of genuine friendship: the army hailed him with enthusiasm, because they knew his prowess and appreciated his virtues; and even his enemies, whilst they dreaded the vigour of his arm, revered the unbending greatness of his soul. The battle of Maelor was fought soon after, in which Idnerth behaved in a gallant manner: the struggle was long and doubtful, but victory finally perched upon the banners of the Welsh, and the rout of the foe was complete. The loss, however, even on the side of the victors was very great; many brave men had fallen; and with the rest, the gallant Idnerth: he was found next morning among the thickest of the slain, with his face towards the foe: he was stiffened in death, grasping the shaft of his spear in his hand, and with his grey hair dappled in blood. Owain and his warriors wept over the fall of so brave a man, and considered their victory as too dearly bought: the army buried him with all the military pomp known and practised in those days, and raised a lofty tumulus over his remains.

The fall of Idnerth threw a gloom over his native district, and accelerated the death of his wife Angharad: her frame was naturally delicate, and her nerves highly susceptible of the slightest impression. Upon hearing the intelligence of the death of her brave Idnerth, she drooped as a flower which is nipt by the unkindly blast; and within the space of one short month the church of Llandeilo Graban received her remains. She was followed to the grave by Owain and Helen, the dear and only pledges of their conjugal love: Owain was nearly three years older than his sister Helen, but both were young at the time they became orphans, and had only acquired reason sufficient to ascertain the greatness of the loss they had sustained. Morgan with his wife Gwladus, two favored and faithful domestics, and both advanced in years, became the guardians and protectors of the orphans; and well and ably did they discharge their duties to the children of their honoured lord and lady. The times, indeed, were stormy, and many a fierce inroad was made in the country, by armed bands; but all parties agreed to respect the lands and the orphans of Idnerth, on account of his bravery, his patriotism, and his generosity: and hence the Yscrain and its inmates were treated with reverence, amidst the glare of beacons, the burning of towns, the screams of the sufferers, and the shouts of the victors.

Old Morgan was something of a scholar, and having frequently followed his lord to the field, he had learned the art of war, and well knew how to bend the bow, and to poise the spear: he took young Owain under his particular care, and taught him to read and write. These were no mean acquisitions in those days, as many Norman lords, and even bishops, were ignorant of these arts, and could only confirm grants by making a rude sign\* of the cross. Young Owain strongly resembled his father: he was tall and handsome; and few could bear the piercing glance of his fine grey eyes. In his early youth he was impetuous, active, and always in motion: but, as he advanced in years, he became grave, retired from society, read with avidity, and meditated profoundly. With a mind open, frank, and as ingenuous as the day, and with a soul deeply imbued with honour, truth, and honesty, he was highly respected by all who were able to appreciate his merits, and who loved moral excellence. Morgan saw these dispositions and judiciously encouraged them; he also taught him the use of arms, and the art of war; and so rapid and great was the proficiency of his pupil that few could bend so strong a bow, or direct the arrow with so sure an aim, as Owain ab Idnerth.

Whilst the faithful Morgan was engaged in instructing Owain in the art of war, the history of his country, the noble actions of

\* From this rude practice have originated the English word and phrases *signature*, *sign manual*, and to *sign a letter or document*. Transl.

his father, and the twenty-four feats, or excellencies of the British code of education, Gwladus was equally attentive to Helen. Helen was distinguished by the symmetry of her form, and the exquisite gracefulness of her person; her auburn hair flowed in ringlets down her neck, and her fine blue eyes shone with almost angelic beauty: in her person and manner were combined the nobleness of her father, with all the pleasing softness of her mother. Under the attentive care of Gwladus, she was early inspired with virtuous dispositions, compassionate feelings, and all those excellencies which so peculiarly adorn the female sex. Wherever she went, the aged tottered to their doors with the aid of their crutches, and blessed her as she past; whilst the young regarded her as the lily of the vale, and a perfect model of feminine excellence. Her beauty attracted many suitors, but none were regarded except Gwilym ab Huw, of Aberedw: his birth and fortune equalled those of Helen, and their minds, dispositions, and feelings, were similar. Their love was approved of by Owain; indeed, their parents had long been friends, and had often mutually wished that Gwilym and Helen might be united.

In this state, things continued until the commencement of the year 1194, when the faithful Morgan and Gwladus died, and were interred in the church of Llandeilo Graban, amidst the tears of Owain and Helen. Their death retarded the wedding-day of the lovers; and, from feelings of respect for the memory of their departed friends, it was agreed that it should not take place till the following summer. Alas! how vain are human calculations; and how frequently are the best matured and judicious designs frustrated by the force of circumstances, which can neither be foreseen by human penetration, nor prevented by mortal efforts.

Early on the 1st of May, Owain slung his quiver of arrows over his shoulders; and, taking his bow in hand, he sallied forth on his accustomed morning walks. He assured his sister that he should return by noon; and, as he had always been punctual to his promise, she parted with him without any uneasiness, or apprehension of danger. The hour of noon arrived, but Owain did not return: after waiting for some considerable time, she became uneasy, particularly as her ear caught, upon the passing breeze, distant sounds of martial shouts; messengers, sent in various directions, returned without any tidings of their lord; and it was not until the Brecknockshire side of the vale was covered with the shades of night, and the setting sun threw his last rays on Aberedw rocks, that he made his appearance. Helen saw by his looks that something of importance had happened; and, as he tenderly embraced her, she could not refrain from shedding tears. "Ah, Owain," said she, "how unhappy I have been by your long and unexpected absence! I fear that you have either been in

danger, or that danger is near; do not deceive me, my beloved brother; but tell me what has occurred to delay your return, and to produce that change in your countenance." "Dearest sister," replied he, "fear nothing, the danger is past, and I will tell you the adventures of the day. I went forth this morning, as usual; and, after sauntering for some time on the banks of the Wye, I ascended to the summit of Towyn y Garth, in order to enjoy the lovely prospects around: I walked round the camp, wondering by whom and when it was erected, and gazed on the tumuli near it, concluding that a battle must have been fought there, and that these mounds cover the ashes of the fallen warriors: I mused upon the insatiable ambition of man, his cruelty to his fellow-man, and the various horrors incident to war. 'These hills and these vales,' I observed to myself, 'preserve their ancient forms; the finely variegated river Wye maintains nearly its usual channel; the rich scenery around invites to repose, meditation, and contentment; but man, the acknowledged lord of creation, is ever restless, ever changing.' Whilst absorbed in these thoughts, screams of terror burst upon my ear. Roused by these piercing sounds, I turned my eyes towards *Craig Pwll Du*, and saw that monster of crime, *Garwgilwyd*, dragging a female down the steep, to his den or castle, situated on the rock of *Craig Pwll Du*. He was closely pursued, but such were his strength and speed, that he gained his castle, closed the door, and let down the strong portcullis, before the friends of the victim could possibly arrive. You have often heard of the amazing strength, the deep cunning, and the swiftness of this monster." "Oh, my dear brother," said Helen, "I have often heard of them, and have as often trembled for myself, for you, and for others; but tell me what followed;—was the lady liberated?" "She was not rescued, Helen; she was sacrificed. I hastened down the brow as fast as possible, until arrived within half-bow shot of the castle. I heard her friends thunder at the massive gate in vain: they might as well have directed their blows against a rock of granite; the monster knew this, and replied to their strokes with loud and fiendish laughter. I could not see him, for he was concealed by the high and strong walls of the castle: I, however, fitted an arrow to the string, and drew it to the head, in hopes that he would at length appear, and I was not deceived; for presently he heaved up the swooning victim of his diabolical passions, and threw her over the battlements into the deep black pool below, according to his savage custom.\* At that moment my arrow flew, and Providence directed its point; for it pierced the monster's head, and he fell backward with a horrid yell. Your Gwilym then joined me, exclaiming, 'Well done, my gallant brother! let us descend,

\* Tradition still says that such was the practice of this fiend to all who fell in his power.—*Transl.*

and see whether the lady be still alive.' We did so, but saw nothing but blood trickling down the rock; the mangled and lifeless body had sunk to the bottom of the deep pool. We ascended the southern bank, and joined our efforts with those of the friends of the murdered. After almost incredible exertions, aided by fire, we finally succeeded in forcing the gate, and in breaking down the portcullis: there we found the savage stretched on the ground, and terrible even in death; my arrow had pierced through his right eye, and penetrated to the centre of the brain; he breathed his last in our presence, cursing God and man. By means of drags, we finally succeeded in recovering the mangled remains of the lady, and restored them to her friends: we then threw the body of Garwgilwyd over the battlements into the pool below, and finished by hurling upon his detested carcass, the whole of his castle; so that not a stone remains upon the rock of that polluted den. While Gwilym and myself returned up the steep ascent on this side, our comrades ascended the Llan Ystyfan bank, bearing with them the corpse. Such is the outline of my story;—but come, my Helen, I am hungry and fatigued, order me some refreshment."

Most cheerfully was this order obeyed: after he had satisfied the wants of nature, and added a draught of generous mead from the long blue horn of his hall, he resumed the conversation as follows, "Gwilym would have accompanied me home, had not the evening been so far advanced: he wished me, at parting, to say to you, on his part, every thing that is kind; and to add that he has made arrangements for a select party of pleasure to-morrow on Llanbychlyn lake, and sincerely hopes that you will be there to grace the scene: to this request, my Helen, I join mine; we will sail upon the tiny billows of the lake, angle for the finny tribe, and admire the works of nature."

"It is planned like Gwilym," said Helen, "his soul, like yours, my brother, is always noble, kind, and honourable. Most willingly will I accompany you; but I know not how it is, I have a melancholy foreboding of impending danger, and cannot repress my apprehensions of some approaching misfortune."

"Away with your fears, my beloved sister; Garwgilwyd is dead, and cannot harm you: our boat is sound and tight; no storms arise at this delightful season of the year; and Gwilym and I are skilful and careful rowers."

"My fears, brother, are not of Garwgilwyd; for, thanks to God and to your skilful arm, that fiend in human shape is no more; neither have I any apprehensions of storms, or of your want of skill and care, but I dread the power and the stratagems of De Bruce, of Painscastle. I bitterly regret having accompanied you and Gwilym to witness the last tournament held on the Castle green: De Bruce there saw me, and, singling me out from the rest, had the base-

ness to make me dishonourable proposals; and, as I rejected them with scorn, he even proposed to repudiate Lady Bruce, if I would marry him. As I rejected these offers with all the firmness which insulted modesty could evince, I saw a scowl upon his brow, and a malignant smile playing upon his lips, as he left me, and joined the throng of his warrior-knights. Oh, my brother, I fear that bad man, who has skill to plan, and power to execute, any wicked scheme which his evil heart may devise."

"You describe him rightly, Helen, but fear him not. Were he to offer any violence to the children of Idnerth, all the country would immediately rise, and pull his castle down, stone by stone, about his ears. This he knows, and dare not insult you with impunity; besides, were he to attempt any thing of the sort, I swear by the valour of my father, that my arm shall redress the violence which you fear, and that I will call either De Bruce, or any other who may offer you an injury, to a severe account."

"I do not doubt your affection, Owain, nor your readiness to protect me; and I know that if any attempt were made, the country would instantly rise; yet, how could your single arm strive against a hundred men cased in iron, and what impression afterwards could an unarmed and an undisciplined multitude make upon the massive walls of that lofty and hated castle?"

"Spoken like a sagacious warrior, sister; but know you that the Lord Rhys is up in arms for our country, and already on the borders; he has taken Clun castle, and levelled it with the ground; he is now before Radnor castle, and will soon, with his gallant men, destroy that also: De Bruce trembles for his own safety, and hardly dares look over the castle walls. By the heavens, Helen, I am much to blame that I am not with him on the field of honour and of strife! my father's warlike spirit seems to frown upon my inactivity; nothing induces me to stay at home but you, Helen; and I here declare, upon the honour of a Welshman, that the moment you and Gwilym are united, I will join my gallant countrymen, and, under the banners of freedom, urge my father's purple spear against the breast of the stoutest foe."

"You are my brother, Owain, and I have long observed in you the electric fire and noble-mindedness of our gallant but unfortunate father."

"Call not his end unfortunate, Helen; no, it was glorious. He fought, he bled, he died like a brave soldier, in defence of the liberties of his country. To fall on such a field, and for such a cause, to be crowned with victory, and to be bedewed with the tears of an army, are honours greater than monarchs can bestow: I rejoice that I am the son of so brave a man, and I ardently pray that my end may be equally glorious and honourable. But

enough of this for the present : take your harp, my sister, and play the *March of the Men of Harlech* ; that tune has a martial grandeur in it, which fires my soul, and is in harmony with my feelings ; and oblige me further by accompanying the instrument with your own sweet voice : we will sing the Address of Owain Gwyned to his Army, at the gallant stand which he made at Corwen against Henry II. ; the words are by your Gwilym, and I know that you have committed them to memory."

The harp was accordingly produced, properly tuned, and whilst her slender fingers swept the strings, they sang the following song :

I.

Cymmry ! here we take our station,  
Daring Henry's fierce invasion ;  
Be the war-cry of the nation,  
    Death or liberty.  
    Draw your swords with fire,  
    Bend your bows in ire ;  
        Advance your spears,  
        With freedom's cheers,  
And make our foes retire.  
Burst upon their ranks like thunder,  
Strike their dastard souls with wonder,  
Drive them back and far asunder,  
    Teach them we are free.

II.

Coward fears cannot affright us,  
Jealousy no more shall blight us,  
Knives no more to feuds excite us,  
    In fierce campaigns.  
    Our sons in torture lying,  
    Our wives in anguish crying,  
        Our mothers' cares,  
        And daughters' prayers,  
    To us for succour crying.  
Shall we tamely see their anguish,  
As in tyrants' chains they languish,  
No ! we will invaders vanquish,  
    And break their chains.

III.

Warriors ! see the war descending ;  
Gleaming spears and swords are blending ;  
Stand we firm with souls unbending,  
    For we will be free.

*The Siege of Painscastle.*

The storms of battle lour,  
 And we within this hour,  
     Must stand or fall,  
     Like warriors all,  
 Against this mighty power.  
 Where you see my standard streaming,  
 Where you hear the foe wild screaming,  
 There am I midst swords thick gleaming;  
     Cymmry! follow me.

The song is finished, and the harp is hushed, to sound no more : night has spread her mantle over the face of nature, and the inmates of Ysgrain have retired to rest. Orphans! sleep on in security for this night,—it is the last which you will enjoy in your father's hall; the demon of mischief is abroad; the plan is already laid; and the actors wait only for the morrow to put it in execution.

We now return to Painscastle. De Bruce had never forgotten Helen of Ysgrain, since he had seen her at the tournament: she was foremost in his thoughts, and he was determined, cost what it would, to possess her; though every plan which he devised for this purpose seemed fraught with difficulties and dangers. At length he stated his views and wishes to De Clifford, his bosom friend, whose soul was as dark as his own. De Clifford promised his assistance, and on that very day, when the petty tyrant of Craig Pwll Du finished his infamous career, he went forth, in disguise, to examine the country, and gain information. It was midnight when he returned, but in consequence of a signal previously made with the centinel on guard, he entered without interruption, and found De Bruce pacing the hall of the castle with rapid strides, and in an agitated manner. Two lamps threw but a small and feebly glimmering light around, which struggled with darkness for the mastery, and shewed objects very indistinctly. Upon hearing the sound of footsteps, De Bruce turned, and recognising De Clifford, inquired, "Art thou there, De Clifford? How hast thou sped? and what is thy intelligence?"

"I am here, De Bruce, and have gained important information. I have formed and matured a plan, and, if thou hast courage to execute it, Helen will be thine before tomorrow's sunset gilds the west."

"Speak, De Clifford; and if thy intelligence be correct, and thy plan feasible, I will execute it, though hell should stand in the gap."

"Spoken like De Bruce. Hear then: Garwgilwyd has fallen this day, by the arm of Owain; he and his den are hurled in Craig Pwll Du. I saw the whole from a brake of wood, but kept myself concealed. I followed Owain towards Ysgrain; he was



accompanied by Gwilym, Helen's lover: just before they parted, I overheard their conversation, and learned that they intend to have a small party of pleasure, with Helen, on Llanbychlyn lake, to-morrow. Now, my plan is, that thou and I take horse before to-morrow's dawn, with two trusty servants, and wait in a thicket, which I have marked, near the lake: there we may conceal ourselves in security, and watch for a proper opportunity: they will doubtless come to repose among the willows on the eastern side of the lake: we can rush upon them; and if Owain and Gwilym be present, and offer resistance, we can easily put them to death, and throw them in the water. Say, De Bruce, can thy courage fail?"

De Bruce repaced the hall for some time with rapid strides, then suddenly turning to De Clifford, who stood watching his movements, he said, "Thy plan is practicable, and we will execute it: but I fear the rising of the country, for all revere the orphans of Idnerth; besides, the fickle Rhys ab Gruffydd is in arms against Richard, and has taken Clun castle, though so strongly built, and levelled it with the ground: he is now besieging Radnor castle, and if Mortimer do not speedily arrive with a powerful force, Radnor will also fall; if he succeed with Radnor, and learn intelligence of our exploit, he may take it into his head to march here, and batter these walls down about our ears; for, believe me, Rhys is to be dreaded as a foe; being not only as brave in the field as any Norman in England, but admirably well skilled in planning sieges and taking castles."

"What will the rising of the country signify?" replied De Clifford. "They can make no impression upon the strong walls of this castle; and thy hundred men at arms, with us both at their head, can easily rout ten thousand of such barefooted rabble. As for Rhys, depend upon it, his days are numbered; he has before him a strong and well-armed castle, and the noble Mortimer is close upon his rear, with a numerous force of gallant soldiers. But even if he should succeed, you are both friends, and that friendship will prevent him from entering into a quarrel with thee about a simple girl; yet if it should be otherwise, and he should march upon us in an hostile manner, I can, within a few hours, draw 500 armed men to thy assistance from Court yn Gwyn, the Hay, Huntington, and Clifford castles. Take courage, then, man, and leave consequences to be decided by the fate of arms." "Agreed," was the answer, and both retired to prepare for the execution of their wicked plan.

At the moment the lark quitted his dewy couch and soared upwards to greet the bursting dawn, Owain rose from his bed, and was soon joined by his lovely sister. With two domestics they left their father's mansion, and ascending the height, they hastened forwards to lake Llanbychlyn, where they were met by Gwilym. The sun was rising resplendent with beauty; the grass appeared

green and lovely; thousands of dew drops sparkled like diamonds; the birds sang merrily in every brake; and the waters of the lake were calm and transparent. "This scene, Gwilym," said Owain, "reminds me of the beautiful opening lines in Gwalchmai's poem, entitled *Gwalchmai's Delight*. The rocks of Craig yr Wyddva will be a tolerable substitute for Breiddin's rocks; we only want the sea-mews and the warrior-centinel present, to make it perfect. Come, my pretty Helen, you have committed them to memory; repeat them to me and Gwilym." "I cannot refuse your request, my brother, because I really feel charmed with the scene, and because I look upon Gwilym's interest and ours as the same."

"Mochddwyrëawg huan hav, dyfestin  
 Maws llavar adar, mygyr hëar hin.  
 Mi ydwyv eur-ddeddyv, ddiovyn yn nhrin;  
 Mi ydwyv llew rhag llu, lluch vy ngorddin.  
 Gorwiliais nôs, yn achadw fin.  
 Gorloes rydiau dwyvr Dygen Vreiddin.  
 Gorlas gwellt didryv; dwyvr neud iesin?  
 Gorddyar ëaws awdyl gynnevin.  
 Gwylain yn gware ar wely lliant,  
 Llethron eu pluawr, pleidiau eddrin."

## TRANSLATION.

"Rise, orb of day! the eastern gates unfold,  
 And show thy crimson mantle, fringed with gold:  
 Contending birds sing sweet on every spray;  
 The skies are bright; arise, thou orb of day!  
 I, Gwalchmai, call,—in song, in war renowned,  
 Who, lion like, confusion spread around.  
 The livelong night, the hero and the bard,  
 Near Breiddin's rocks, have kept a constant guard;  
 Where cool transparent streams in murmurs glide,  
 And springing grass adorns the mountain side;  
 Where snow-white sea-mews in the currents play,  
 Spread their gay plumes, and frolic through the day."\*

When Helen had finished, Gwilym said, "How admirably you pronounce our venerable language! how sweet are its sounds, as they flow from your lips! Would that the Saeson, who object to our language, were present; I am sure they would cease to pronounce it harsh, and grating on the ear. But come, my friends,

\* This translation is from the pen of the late Rev. Mr. Richards, of Caerwys, the learned and classical companion of Pennant in his Tour through Wales, and to whom Pennant was indebted for most of the valuable information which his Tour through North Wales contains.

this fine breeze produces a rippling on the surface of the water, and promises us good sport in angling." They accordingly entered the boat, with five servants, three men and two women, and spent some hours in sailing, and in catching trout. The sun had attained the meridian, and shone with brilliancy, when, resting on their oars, Helen said, "Craig yr Wyddva looks grey, and frowns down on the lake; is there any tradition connected with those rocks?" "None that I know of," replied Gwilym, "except that of two men, who, missing their way, fell over them. The accident happened to one when a deep snow lay upon the ground, and a large drift at the bottom broke the fall, so that the traveller escaped, more alarmed than injured: the second who fell over had no snow-drift to receive him, and was dashed to pieces." "Unfortunate man!" said Helen; "but tell me, Gwilym, as you are versed in the traditions of the neighbourhood, what is the legend of lake Llanbychllyn?"

"I wish, Helen, that I could give you satisfactory information upon the subject; after all my inquiries, I am afraid you will consider it very scanty; the substance of what I have learned is as follows: A beautiful and fertile valley once existed where the waters of this lake now spread themselves, and in this valley a populous town stood; it is said that the forms of the houses are still visible at certain times, like shadows in the water. When the town and its inhabitants flourished, there was a large lake on the summit of Aberedw hill, about a mile or a mile and a half southwest of Craig yr Wyddva: it happened that a dense cloud descended upon the hill and rested over the lake; the surrounding country became fearfully dark, and the inhabitants waited for the result in silence; at length, the red glare of forked lightning shot through the murky darkness, tremendous thunder instantly followed, and the cloud burst upon the lake. The vast and sudden accumulation of water broke through the barrier on the southeastern side, and rushed down in a powerful torrent into the valley, drowning the town and its inhabitants, and thus formed lake Llanbychllyn. The remains of a lake on the top of the hill, and the deep and tremendous ravine coming from it by *Cwm Heli*, and pointing for the lake, seem to confirm the accuracy of the tradition: besides, the word *Llan*, as it is generally used with reference to churches and contiguous villages, seems to establish the truth of the old report, that a *trev* or a town, with its church, actually existed at one time in this spot: however, of this I will not be too positive; and as *Llan* also denotes an enclosure, we may say that Llanbychllyn signifies the *enclosed little lake*. You see, my friends, that it is enclosed on almost every side; its outlet is very small, and the water flows through it only in a small quantity, and with considerable difficulty."

By this time the boat, impelled by the breeze, reached the

eastern end of the lake, when the party landed. Immediately after, one of the servants announced that a number of wild fowl were in a small cove about a hundred yards to the right of the station. Owain and Gwilym took up their bows, and commanded the servants to attend them; and, in consequence, Helen and her attendants were left among the willows. The fowl, upon being disturbed, took wing, and alighted among some large reeds nearly half a mile farther towards the west, and were rapidly, but cautiously, pursued by as keen sportsmen as ever drew a bow. Just as they came within bow-shot, and were fitting their arrows to the strings, De Bruce and De Clifford darted from their hiding-place, seized Helen in a moment, mounted her before De Bruce, in spite of her resistance, and galloped off for Painscastle with the speed of racehorses. Owain and Gwilym pursued with all the haste which nimble feet, aided by rage, could effect; their exertions were, however, ineffectual, for by the time they reached the summit of the hill, the ravishers of Helen were already past Llanbedr: perceiving this, they consulted for a moment, and after sending their servants in different directions to solicit aid, they hastened forward in hopes that Helen might be delivered up. Arriving before the castle, they found the portcullises down, the drawbridge up, and the barbican well filled with armed men. Owain sounded his bugle, and wished to communicate with De Bruce: he was answered with shouts of derision: he attempted a second time, when a fatal shot from one of the embrasures in the barbican pierced his heart and laid him dead. Hereon Gwilym recoiled for a moment, but animated by rage at this second instance of diabolical treachery, he rushed forward, determined either to avenge the death of his friend, or to share his fate. At this moment he was arrested by a powerful hand and a friendly admonition: "Gwilym! retire; your single arm is insufficient to redress your dreadful wrongs; come and consult with me; and be assured that prudence is as necessary to the brave as courage."

Without replying, Gwilym followed his adviser, who led him to a retired spot, safe from the view of the centinels, and beyond the range of the Norman crossbows. "I have observed," said the stranger, "the affront offered, and the losses you have sustained by the rude capture of your Helen, and the premature death of your noble friend Owain: I sympathize with you, yet sympathy without assistance will avail but little: hear me, Gwilym; the Lord Rhys is besieging Radnor castle, and has, I trust, by this hour, taken and levelled it with the ground: hasten to him, and, whilst you state your wrongs, urge him to march against these accursed walls: in the meantime, I will raise my friends, and afford you all the aid in my power: nay, do not sigh, man; brace up your nerves for vigorous action; we will avenge the death of Owain and deliver Helen." Gwilym's heart was too full for

utterance; he bowed assent, and grasping the hand of his friendly adviser, directed his steps towards Radnor castle.

During these transactions, Helen awoke as from a trance, and found herself in a room of the castle splendidly decorated. She saw herself surrounded by female domestics, all of whom were strangers; to their assiduities she could only reply by tears, perceiving herself a prisoner to one whose person she despised, and whose power and want of principle she dreaded. In the midst of most bitter reflections, De Bruce, with a sort of Satanic smile upon his face, entered the apartment, upon which the domestics withdrew. A silence ensued for nearly two minutes, when Helen rose from her seat, with dignity, and all the greatness of her father's soul beaming in her face, and asked, "Lord Bruce, what means this violence, this brutal conduct, towards a helpless maid? the daughter of Idnerth ought not to be thus treated; nor is it becoming a Norman lord, who professes to be a champion of chivalry, to shew such discourtesy, and manifest such rudeness. I demand that I may be immediately liberated, and be suffered to return peacefully to my home, and to my brother."

"Fair Helen," answered De Bruce, "the only apology which I can make for this apparent rudeness, is my excessive love for you: I cannot live without you; yield to my love, and honour, riches, and power attend upon you."

"I understand you, De Bruce; but know, wicked man, that though I am in your power, my soul is free."

"Foolish girl! De Bruce is not to be frightened with a woman's threats; and since thou objectest to my proposals, I will obtain my wishes by force." In saying this, he closed with her, and, after a desperate and long-continued struggle, nearly overpowered her. As the strength of Helen became exhausted, and she was almost fainting from her efforts of resistance, the trumpet sounded a long and shrill blast: instantly Bruce ceased his rude violence, locked the door, and ascended the battlements of the castle, where he was met by De Clifford. "What means that trumpet-blast, De Clifford?" "Danger," was the answer: "in fact, De Bruce, the boors have got information of our proceedings, and are beginning to swarm about us like hornets: see the glare of their beacons above Craig yr Wyddva, at Pentre Jwbwb, and on the summit of Llanddewi hill: you hear their angry hum, and, twilight as it is, you see some of their movements round the castle; they know that Helen is prisoner, and that Owain is killed, and they swear they will have vengeance: I learned further that Gwilym, Helen's lover, is off to Rhys. I have sent trusty messengers to the Hay, Court yn Gwyn, Clifford, and Huntington, for assistance: we are able to resist all attacks of the country people; I only fear lest Rhys come and attack us; to prevent which, I have ordered

that our friends from Clifford and Huntington should form a junction on Cleirw hill, send out scouts to watch the movements of those fiery Welsh, and attack the left flank of Rhys's troops, if he should come here with any hostile intention. Our other friends will arrive, I repeat, by daybreak, when we can sally out upon these unarmed and undisciplined vagabonds, and make them feel the force of Norman chivalry. Have I done right De Bruce?"

"Thy measures are judicious, De Clifford, and I will support them to the death. I thought, ere this, to have humbled my pretty prize, when your rude trumpet-braying put an end to my soldier-like wooing, and I have been obliged to leave the wench to her own reflections; but she is in my power and cannot escape me. We must, however, watch to-night, and arrange measures to conjure this storm, and disperse this infuriated rabble."

We shall, for the present, leave these associates in crime, and direct our reader to another quarter. The dawn of morn had just burst forth in the east, and the rising lark was welcoming its approach, when Gwilym reached Radnor castle: there he learned that the forces of Mortimer had been routed the preceding day with dreadful slaughter, and that the castle had been taken by storm immediately after; its smoking ruins attested the genius of Rhys and the valour of his men: whilst some of the soldiers were buried in slumber, in consequence of the severe fatigues of the preceding day, others were busily employed in collecting the booty, and fulfilling orders previously given. On an eminence sat Rhys, pleased with himself and his gallant men, and listening, with profound attention, to the bard Cynddelw, who was reciting his *Dadolwch i'r Arglwydd Rhys*, in respectful eloquence. As Gwilym approached, his ear caught the following lines:

"Taru aergawdd, Aergwl gadarnwch,  
 Torv eurgorf eurgym gyveddwch,  
 Cyveddach Vorach vireinwch;  
 Cyveddvalch cyveddweilch elwch,  
 Elyv draig dragon digrivwch;  
 Alav lyw, lluodd amgelwch;  
 Amgeledd Brython, brythwch—teyrnon  
 Teyrnas yniawch;  
 Teulu Rhys, teilwng gwrys, gwrysiwch;  
 Gwrys arloes eiriões eiriolwch."

TRANSLATION.\*

"A slaughter-galling terror, of the strength of Hercules,  
 The golden-bodied train with golden horns of conviviality,

\* This translation is from the pen of Dr. W. Owen Pughe. See his *Welsh Grammar*, 8vo. ed. p. 34.

Of the splendor of the banquet of Morach;  
Proud with feasting the convivial hawks of triumph;  
Of a leader of pleasure, with power of a dragon;  
The distributor of wealth, the protection of armies;  
The defence of Britons, the dread of the princes  
Of the kingdom of barbarism;  
Family of Rhys, worthy is the contention, contend ye;  
The splendid contention of keen argument do ye invoke."

As soon as Gwilym had stated his case, and unfolded the wrongs committed by De Bruce, the Lord Rhys rose from his seat and ordered his chiefs to attend him. "My fellow-warriors," said the aged veteran, "a cruel affront has just been offered to the children of Idnerth of Ysgrain; his son Owain has been slain by treachery, and his daughter Helen is prisoner to the rapacious De Bruce: prepare instantly to avenge these injuries upon De Bruce's head; we march upon Painscastle."

The army was immediately in motion, full of ardour; and, by the time they reached Newchurch, information was received that large bodies of the enemy from Huntington and Clifford had formed a junction on the hills, with an intention of attacking the left flank of Rhys's troops, whilst in march upon the castle of De Bruce.

The Lord Rhys halted his troops, and said, "Gwilym, I have just learned the enemy's intentions, but we will anticipate him. Take 100 men, and proceed cautiously towards the castle, regulating your advance by mine. I will turn to the left, over Cleirw hill, where I hope to meet these Saxons who intend to surprise me on my march: if I succeed, they shall repent of their temerity."

These orders were instantly obeyed; and as Rhys and his men ascended the height above Gwernwg, they perceived the enemy drawn up in order of battle, on an ascending ground on the other side, about half a mile south-east of *Bedd Siamsin*. The Welsh attacked with their accustomed impetuosity, and were met with all the steady coolness and firmness of Norman discipline. The battle raged with unabated fury for more than an hour; and many brave men fell on both sides: the enemy drew out their horse on the right and left, and made such an intrepid charge upon both wings at the same moment, that the Welsh began to waver. Rhys immediately collected his best spearmen, marched in advance, and pierced the centre: when the Norman horse fell back, and were instantly charged in their turn and broken. From that moment the rout was complete, and the runaways directed their steps towards Painscastle. The field of battle is easily known by the number of long *carneddau*, or barrows, in which the slain are buried.\*

\* The translator has often visited these barrows when a boy, and thirty years ago used to wonder by whom and for what purpose they were formed.

The news of this victory spread with amazing rapidity, and astounded the enemy: De Bruce and De Clifford, at the head of 250 men, cased in iron, charged the country people who assembled round the castle, and killed considerable numbers. Being thus successful, they hoped to achieve greater things; and whilst De Bruce prepared to meet the Lord Rhys, De Clifford advanced secretly, with a few men, to encounter Gwilym, whom he hoped to destroy by stratagem rather than by the open and manly force of arms. About a mile east of Painscastle is a ravine through which the road passes from Rhôs Goch, and there De Clifford took his station, concealed by some bushes. The victory obtained by Rhys had accelerated the march of Gwilym, who, as he arrived upon the left bank of the ravine, wore his beaver up: the glance of a morion in the brake led him to suspect treachery, and he instantly closed it: a moment later, and his death would have been certain, for an arrow from the bow of De Clifford struck the beaver at the time, and rebounded with great force. On rushed Gwilym with his men, and seized his treacherous foe. Learning that his hand directed the arrow, and that he had been the coadjutor of De Bruce in his cowardly insult to Helen, his anger knew no bounds, and De Clifford was instantly hung upon a rising mound on the right bank of the ravine. This bank is still called the *Gallows Jump*, in memory of the transaction.

In the mean time the Lord Rhys descended Cleirw hill, and rapidly advanced towards Painscastle. On the banks of the Bachwy he was met by De Bruce with a strong body of troops, devoted to their chief. The action commenced, and was fiercely contested: the hottest of the fight was in the midst of the stream, which is there broad and shallow: they alternately advanced and retreated, like the meeting of two powerful and furious floods which encounter each other at a single point of junction. After a dreadful struggle, in which the groans of the dying, the screams of the wounded, and the shouts of the combatants were terrific, Gwilym bore down with his men upon the scene of action, and speedily decided the victory in favor of his friends. De Bruce, with the remains of his men, felt happy in being able to retreat to the castle unmolested by the Welsh, as the latter were unable, in consequence of a long march, and fighting two battles, to pursue with the requisite vigour. In this action the Bachwy's stream was coloured with blood, and a carnedd on the right bank points out the place where the slaughtered warriors were interred: it is still visible.

After resting for some time, they advanced towards the castle, turning towards the right, in order to obtain the advantage of ground. Here they were joined by numbers of the country people with such arms as they could muster. The boors of Painscastle, being entirely devoted to De Bruce, wished to oppose their entrance



and in the struggle which ensued, the village took fire. The houses being principally covered with thatch, the flames spread with inconceivable rapidity, and communicated to a thick grove of stately oak trees: the wind at the time blowing strongly from the north-east, the scene became terrific—it was a sea of fire; and, amidst the shouts of the infuriated soldiers, the piercing screams of the helpless and the wounded, who, unable to get out of the way, became a prey to the devouring element, appalled the stoutest hearts. The flames shot forth towards the castle, and scorched and blackened the walls of the fortress; indeed, it would have inevitably been consumed but for its elevated position, and its distance from that dreadful fire. Amidst this awful scene of fire and carnage, the orb of day set over the hills of Aberedw.

When the fire had subsided, the Lord Rhys sent a herald to demand the immediate deliverance of Helen, the unconditional surrender of the castle, and such compensation for the affronts offered, and the losses incurred, as five respectable persons appointed for that purpose should award to the Welsh and their chief. These demands were replied to by scornful derision and defiance; and De Bruce swore, that rather than grant one of them, he and his men would bury themselves beneath the ruins of the castle. It was evident from this reply, that all further parley would be useless, and Rhys wished to attack the castle immediately, but respect for his men, who were weighed down with fatigue, and the gradual approach of night, induced him to desist till the morrow. He, however, discovered and broke off the pipes which conveyed water to the castle, acting as feeders to the deep moat; and under the cover of night he succeeded, notwithstanding the arrows and other missiles which rained upon the men, in cutting through the embankment on the western side, effecting a perfect drainage of this important defence. By these means the garrison were deprived of one very necessary resource of life, and the approach to the fortress was considerably facilitated.

During these transactions, which succeeded each other with great rapidity, the unfortunate Helen was left alone to brood over her sorrows and to mourn the death of her gallant brother: her only consolation was, that De Bruce was too much engaged in defending the castle to annoy her, and her only hope that her lover, aided by Lord Rhys, would speedily deliver her from the prison and the power of that wicked man. Whilst engaged in these thoughts, a secret door opened into her apartment, and a young female entered with a bundle of clothes. Before she could recover from her surprise, the intruder said, “Fair Helen, I am niece to De Bruce, and, therefore, you may not be disposed to credit my words; but I have seen the wrongs you have suffered, and I deeply feel for your misfortunes: I could not visit

you before this moment, lest my cruel uncle should discover me. Now that he is retired to rest, I have brought you an apparel of disguise; I will also alter my dress, and lead you, by a secret postern, out of the castle. Your countrymen have drained the moat, and, in men's attire, we may escape under the darkness of the night: if you dare trust me, imitate my example."

"Fair lady," said Helen, "I have received so many wrongs from your countrymen that you will pardon my hesitation; yet, there is that in your face and tone of voice which bespeaks sincerity and honour. Lead the way,—I will follow. If your proposal be sincere, you shall, through life, be my bosom friend; if otherwise, it is no matter, I cannot be worse off than in this hated place. Hasten, and let us go."

The interesting pair were soon completely disguised, and after proceeding cautiously through many narrow subterranean turnings, they finally reached the postern previously mentioned. They opened it silently as possible, but not without being heard by the sentinels of both parties, who, expecting a surprise, were equally on the alert. Hardly had they passed the centre of the ditch, and were creeping up the sides, when they both fell dead, pierced to the heart by a volley of arrows shot at the same moment by both friends and foes.

At the early dawn of morn their bodies were discovered, brought to the Welsh camp, and recognised. Gwilym stood mute for a long interval, and then exclaimed, "May De Bruce remain unscratched to day till I meet him! may no arm reach him but mine!" The trumpets sounded, and the garrison hoisted the black flag, which was instantly answered by the Welsh. The strong bowmen of South Wales cautiously advanced, taking advantage of every bush and sheltering hillock which offered, and drew their arrows of a yard long, even to the very head, with such force that the best tempered armour could not resist them, and not a man could stand upon the walls.

Under the shower of arrows, which flew on all sides, a strong body of Welsh, commanded by Lord Rhys in person, assailed the walls on the eastern side, and, after a tremendous struggle and the fall of many brave men, succeeded in making a breach, which was soon judged practicable. The command for the assault was given; but, as the Welsh gallantly mounted to the breach, amidst cries of "*Arglwydd Rhys am byth!*" they were met by torrents of red-hot boiling ore, accompanied with shouts of "*Down with the assailants!*" and "*St. George for merry England!*" Driven back by boiling fire, under which numbers sunk, and filled up the moat with their bodies, Rhys ordered forward a moveable machine prepared for the purpose: this being adjusted, he directed his men to mount it with their spears in advance, and

their shields over their heads, to protect themselves from the raging fire. Hardly had the head of the assaulting party reached the walls before a large quantity of oil, thrown by the besieged on the boards of the machine, caused them all to fall from the slipperiness of the footing, and, whilst rolling over each other, they were again assailed with quantities of boiling ore.

The storm of battle alternately advanced and retreated in this quarter, Gwilym, with the men assigned to him by Rhys, attacked and finally succeeded in winning the barbican. Those who escaped slaughter gained the castle with difficulty, when the triple portcullis, being hastily let down, arrested the advance of the victors. Gwilym, cased in iron and with a powerful battleaxe in his hand, advanced in spite of arrows and large stones, which rattled around him like hail, and vigorously attacked the portcullis; his thundering blows, though terrible, would have proved unavailing without the aid of fire and the able support of his followers. De Bruce, who had been everywhere, and had displayed the most determined courage, hastened to the grand entrance just as the portcullis and gates gave way to fire and the ponderous battleaxe of Gwilym. As these burst open, and were dashed to pieces, the two rivals stood front to front; they cast at each other, through the visors of their helmets, a deadly glance, and their followers on both sides fell back instantly, waiting the result of the encounter in breathless silence. Both advanced towards each other, with uplifted battleaxes; they struck at the same moment, and with such tremendous force that their shields were shivered to pieces, and the left arm of each being broken by the blow, hung lifeless by their sides. This did not retard their rage, for the one being stimulated by revenge, and the other actuated by despair, they aimed at each other's heads, and so united and strong were the blows that their helmets and their heads were completely cloven.

Their fall roused the resentment of their followers; quarter was neither given nor taken; and, within the course of a few minutes, the strife was ended, by every man in the garrison being put to the sword. During the fury of the moment, a number of men entered at the great gap of the castle, and perceiving, in one compartment, a large quantity of salt, in another, stores of charcoal, and in a third, the boiling liquid of ore which had caused destruction to so many of their comrades in arms, where Lord Rhys commanded, they imprudently made a communication between the three; the result was, a tremendous explosion, the blowing up of the great tower, and the loss of many brave men, when the whole became a heap of shapeless ruins.

The bodies of Owain, Helen, and Gwilym were conveyed to Llandeilo Graban, where they were interred in the grave of their ancestors, and even the remains of De Bruce were buried with

funeral pomp, in consideration of the valour which he had displayed ; Rhys asserting as a reason that, however hateful his career, it would be improper to insult and mangle the dead, for "the brave are never cruel." When these solemn rites were performed, the Lord Rhys returned in triumph to Ystrad Tywi.

ELVAELIAD.

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PRAYER.

*Translated from the Works of VICAR PRICHARD, a Welsh religious Poet,  
of the time of Charles I. and James I.*

AT dawn, when first thy slumber flies,  
Raise to the Lord of Hosts thy eyes:  
To Him who gave, and watched, and blest,  
Thy hours of helplessness and rest.

Oh, give the first-fruits of thy heart,—  
The first-fruits of thy mind and tongue:  
Last, second thoughts are not the part  
Of Him, to whom all hearts belong.

Soon as she wakes in morning's rays  
The lark begins her song of praise;  
Can man refuse, when night departs,  
The first thoughts of his heart of hearts?

The redbreast, ere her little bill  
She moistens in the morning dew,  
Carols to Him who saved from ill  
Her tiny couch the darkness through.

Alas! that man should wake more dead  
To all the blessings God has shed,  
Than the wild birds which, morn and eve  
With psalms their Maker's gifts receive.

## PROCEEDINGS OF THE ROYAL CAMBRIAN INSTITUTION.

*(Published under Authority of the Society.)*

## PUBLIC ADDRESS FOR 1831.

The most useful political virtues arise from an honest feeling of nationality, and no badge of nationality is more innocent and efficient than the cherished possession of an ancient and, at the same time, peculiar language.

PALGRAVE'S ANGLO-SAXONS.

THE CYMMRODORION SOCIETY was established on the basis of an Institution founded about the year 1750, which, through various causes, had been suffered to sink into inaction. Its principal objects are the preservation of records illustrative of ancient British history, the discovery of Cambrian literary relics, the elucidation of the books of the old bards, the cultivating the national music and the language of the Principality, and the general encouragement of native genius.

In furtherance of these views, several books and documents, both in print and ms. have been diligently sought for, and purchased by the society, and now form a valuable collection.

The premiums which have been annually offered for essays illustrative of certain periods of early history have awakened a spirit of inquiry and deep research that must eventually clear up many doubts and historical inaccuracies, and have already produced papers of extraordinary interest both to the historian and to the antiquary.\*

The society have likewise patronised, both in London and in the Principality, periodical meetings of bards, or musical assemblies; these have been the means of exciting a spirit of emulation among the peasantry of Wales, and have induced a more general cultivation of music, and a more effective performance on the harp, the national instrument of that country.

In encouraging a general study of the ancient British language, the society believe that it will be conducive to the moral good of the people, and will prevent, as they feel assured it has prevented, the introduction of licentious and improper publications among the peasantry, and the dissemination of principles inimical to their well-being and their happiness,—that it will restrain the commission of those crimes and political offences which have, unhappily, during the present century, agitated and disgraced almost every other quarter of the empire.

\* See the Transactions of the Society.

Some may insist that it emboldens an odious feeling of nationality: the society, however, trust that, independently of the reasons above assigned for the retention of the venerable British language, they would deserve the reprobation of every enlightened mind, if they desired the annihilation of the purest and most important relic of a great and ancient people,—a relic that has existed for twelve centuries, uncorrupted by the introduction of foreign words or idioms.\* Of no other European tongue can the like be said, with any degree of justice or certainty. The Anglo-Saxon has perished among its own people; so has the Anglo-Norman: Chaucer, and even Spencer, who wrote little more than two centuries ago, have already become unintelligible to the general reader.

Others may insist that it is prejudicial to the people, in a worldly point of view; that it is the means of keeping them in ignorance; of impeding the introduction of useful knowledge through the medium of a more popular tongue; and of reducing them intellectually in the scale of society, and of moral beings. Our answer is, that no less than fourteen periodical publications, in the Welsh language, issue monthly from the press; through these sources, useful information is communicated to the lower classes, and from them may the searcher after knowledge learn that, through the medium of another language, he may ensure a still wider field for reaping the information which he covets, the which he will not fail to take advantage of, by mastering the difficulties that may obstruct him. That the Principality has produced its share of men of learning, and of talent, is an indisputable fact, and those too from the humblest ranks in life; and we have yet to learn that the lower orders in Wales are inferior in intelligence, and in morals, to their fellow-subjects of the same degree, in England.

To become thoroughly acquainted with the history and antiquities of the British Islands, and the correct etymology of the English language, a knowledge of the ancient British is indispensably necessary. The slightest acquaintance on the part of our learned lexicographers, would have prevented the most extravagant and far-fetched derivations: an English writer is too apt to resort to the dead languages, and to distant countries, for the origin of the most simple word, when he might procure it, with the least trouble, even at his own door.

The following examples will sufficiently prove the strength of the observation. "*Yule*, which formerly signified Christmas," states a learned etymologist, "is derived from the word *ol*, ale,

\* At the present time the names of fields and towns, hills, and rivers, in Cornwall, are the only memorials of the British language, whose extinction cannot be contemplated without sentiments approaching to regret.

which was much used at festivities and merry meetings; and *I* in *Iol*, *Icol*, Cimb. as the *ze* and *zi* in *zehol*, *zeol*, *ziol*, Sax. are premised only as incentives to add a little to the signification, and make it more emphatical. *Ol*, or *Ale*, did not only signify the liquora then made use of, but gave denomination to the greatest festivals, as that of *zehol*, or *yule*, at midwinter." Had this individual possessed even a superficial knowledge of the ancient British language, he would have discovered that the word *yule* was no other than a corruption of *gwyl*, a holiday, pronounced *gool*. Christmas is, in Wales, called *gwyhia*, literally the holidays, Again, Bourne derives carol from *cantare*, to sing, and *rola*, an interjection of joy; Johnson from the Italian, *carolare*:—is it not Welsh, and derived from *car*, love, and *awl*, a panegyric? The song, in Wales, is called *carawl*, in the plural *carolan*, thus *carawl hav*, a May-song; *carawl plugain*, a matin-song; *carawl gwyhia*, a Christmas-song: a thousand other examples might be produced.

It is singular that Vossius, Spelman, Junius, Johnson, and other etymological writers, in their exclusive and prejudiced attachments to certain languages, should have forgotten that the Cimbric, at one time the language of Europe, and more particularly of the British islands, ever had an existence.

The society have entered into arrangements with Dr. William Owen Pughe, F. A. S., for the immediate publication of the *Mabinogion*, or *Legendary Tales* for young persons, so popular among the ancient Cymry. These mythological pieces contain traditions of remote periods of antiquity, and from them emanated most of the chivalrous romances, which, during the middle ages, formed one of the principal amusements of the upper classes of society.

"Weak as the Welsh were, in the twelfth century," observes Monsieur Thierry, in his *History of the Conquest of England by the Normans*, "they still hoped for their enfranchisement from all foreign dominion, and even for the return of the period when they possessed the whole of Britain. Their imperturbable confidence in this chimerical hope even made such an impression upon those who observed it, that, in England and also in France, the Welsh were considered as having the gift of prophecy. The verses, in which the ancient Cambrian poets had expressed, with overflowing souls, their patriotic wishes and expectations, were regarded as mysterious predictions, and their meaning was sought in the great political events of the time: hence the fantastic celebrity attached to Myrdhin, a bard of the 7th century, 500 years after his death, under the name of the enchanter Merlin. Hence, also, the extraordinary renown of King Arthur, the hero of the little people, whose very existence was almost unknown on the continent: but the books of that people were so full of poetry, so strongly tinctured with enthusiasm and conviction; that, when once

translated into other languages, they became among foreigners the most attractive reading, and the theme on which the romancers of the middle ages took most pleasure in constructing their fictions. Thus did the pens of the French and Provençals make, of the ancient leader of the Cambrians against the Saxons, the model of an accomplished knight, and the greatest king that had ever wore a crown."

The scarce works of Lewis Glyn Cothi, a bard of the 15th century, are also for the first time preparing for publication. His various compositions comprise a detail of the different disastrous collisions between the rival houses of York and Lancaster, with odes to the members of the house of Tudor, at that time rising into eminence, and to other historical characters of the day: having fought under the banner of Jasper Tudor earl of Pembroke, and other chieftains, it is almost unnecessary to add, that the information which he furnishes as to that dark period in the annals of England, is most valuable.

These works will be published periodically, and will form a continuation of the Myvyrian Archaiology. It is in contemplation, also, to publish popular and literal translations of the Mabinogion, and other interesting subjects, for the curiosity of the antiquary, and the entertainment of the general reader.

It is confidently trusted that the measures about to be pursued by the society will meet with public encouragement: that the literature of the Cymry has hitherto been a sealed book to almost all but those who have devoted a long and laborious life to the study of the ancient British language, is an indisputable fact; but it is to be hoped, and we have no doubt it will, accompanied by its English dress, be a desideratum to every inquiring mind. We feel persuaded that the undertaking will be the means not only of dispelling the doubts which many enlightened Englishmen entertain as to the authenticity of our numerous records; and of the very existence of such men as Taliesin and Llywarch Hen; but of removing the unfavorable prejudices, which are only to be found among Englishmen, against our national literature.

It is well known that foreign historians and learned men are infinitely better acquainted, than those of England, with the early annals of Britain. They properly appreciate the works of the ancient British writers, and dive into them for information; in perusing every history of the British kingdoms, from that of Camden to the present time, it will be found that modern writers have elicited not one new fact, but have pertinaciously followed and adopted all the faults, imperfections, and wildest hypothetical inferences of their predecessors.\* Is this to be attributed to want of talent, indolence, or prejudice?

\* Mr. Sharon Turner is an honourable exception.



To foreign writers we are to look for sterling information, and few can boast of deeper knowledge of the early history of these islands than the Frenchman Thierry.

THE EISTEDDFOD and Concert were held at the Freemason's tavern, on Wednesday, the 25th of May last, under the auspices of the following distinguished personages :

*President*—Sir W. W. Wynn, bart.

*Vice Presidents*—Marquis of Anglesey; Lord Dynevor; Lord Kenyon; Lord Rodney; Viscount Clive; Lord Ashley; Lord Bishop of Salisbury; Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn; Sir Edward Mostyn, bart.; Sir Charles Morgan, bart.; Sir R. W. Vaughan, bart.; Sir Edward Price Lloyd, bart.; Sir John Owen, bart.; Sir Thomas Phillipps, bart.

*Patronesses*—Her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland; the Right Hon. Lady Lucy Clive; the Right Hon. Lady Harriet W. Wynn; the Right Hon. Lady Dynevor; the Right Hon. Lady Rodney; the Hon. Mrs. Rice Trevor; Lady Mostyn; Lady Phillipps; Mrs. Williams Wynn; and Mrs. Hughes.

*President of the day*—the Hon. George Rice Trevor.

*Conductor*—John Parry, Bardd Alaw.

The subjects for which the Society offered premiums, and the prizes awarded to the successful competitors were :

1. "For 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." [In English.] (*The Royal Medal, and Five Guineas.*)
2. "An Account, or Biographical Sketch, of the most Eminent Individuals the Principality of Wales has produced since the Reformation." [In English.] (*The Royal Medal, and Five Guineas.*)
3. "The Causes which, in Wales, have produced dissent from the Established Church." [An Essay, in English.] (*The Royal Medal.*)
4. "A Poem, by a native of the Principality, of not less than 100 lines, on any subject connected with Wales, but the period to be subsequent to the Norman Conquest." [In English.] (*The Royal Medal.*)
5. "An Argumentative Essay, on the Advantages or Disadvantages of cultivating the Welsh Language as a Living Tongue." [In Welsh.] (*Three Guineas.*)
6. "The best Englyn\* on 'WOMAN.'" (*A Medal.*)

The gentlemen appointed to decide on the merits of the various compositions, were :

No. 1. Dr. MEYRICK.—No. 2. The COUNCIL.—No. 3. Dr. W. OWEN PUGHE.—No. 4. JOHN WIFFIN, esq.—No. 5. The Rev. WALTER DAVIES, of Manafon, and—No. 6, Dr. W. OWEN PUGHE.

\* *Englyn* signifies an epigrammatic stanza ; but exceedingly peculiar and strict in its construction : it must consist of thirty syllables, divided into four lines, viz. ten in the first, six in the second, and seven in the third and fourth lines. To compose a good *Englyn* is always considered the first step towards eminence among the Bards; for a clear elucidation of the *Testyn* proposed is expected; and when the subject given on this occasion is considered, it was no easy task to do it justice in so few words.

## DECISION OF THE JUDGES.

No. 1. "*An Inquiry into the Coinage of the Ancient Britons.*"

This subject was not advertised early enough, to afford sufficient time to do it justice; the committee, therefore, left it open for a twelvemonth longer.

No. 2. "*A Biographical Sketch of the most Eminent Individuals the Principality has produced since the Reformation.*"

The council decided that the Sketch, signed *Caradwg ab Einion*, was entitled to the prize offered. The author proved to be Robert Williams, esq. of Christ Church college, Oxford.\*

## No. 3. Dr. Pughe's remarks upon the essays on this subject were :

"Of the two essays on '*The Causes of Dissent from the Church in Wales,*' little is necessary to be noticed.

"1. Is a short and crude performance, doing no justice to the subject.

"2. Signed '*Caractacus,*' is an elaborate and valuable treatise, and explains the real grounds of dissent, in a most satisfactory manner, bringing forward proofs to awaken conviction, and made interesting by pertinent remarks upon the history of the Welsh church. It would be highly desirable that this essay should be printed by the Cymmrodorion, under the sanction of its author.

"Signed, 'WILLIAM OWEN PUGHE.'

"The author proved to be Arthur J. Johnes, esq. of Garthmayl, Montgomeryshire.

"No. 4. John Wiffin, esq., the elegant translator of Tasso, and author of various poems of great merit, was appointed by the committee to decide on the merits of the poems: he remarked that

"Six poems had been received :

"1. '*The Fall of Cambria.*' By Merddyn Wylt.

"2. '*The Rev. D. Rowlands.*' By Carwr Prydyddiaeth.

"3. '*Cambria.*' By Thomas Jones.

"4. '*A Cambrian Legend.*' By Asser.

"5. '*The Revival of Cambria.*' By Unknown the Younger.

"6. '*The Revolt of Wales, under Glyndwr.*' By Llywarch.

"1. By Merddyn Wylt; was very carelessly written.

\* This subject is still open to aspirants to the prize; but the forthcoming papers are not to comprehend memoirs of individuals contained in Mr. Williams' collection, which will, in due time, be published in our Miscellany.

"2. By Carwr Prydyddiaeth; bespeaks a good feeling, but great inexperience in all that constitutes a poem.

"3. By Thomas Jones; gives promise of something better, when he should have given more study to composition.

"4. By Asser. I think highly of the talent of the author of this poem, there is much poetical fancy and phraseology in his composition, that will sooner or later deserve your prizes. The writer has read much poetry has studied its structure, and writes in a manner that proves him possessed of considerable powers.

"5. By Unknown, the Younger. I regard this as the second best poem; there is in it a subject, conduct, and harmonious versification.

"6. By Llywarch: decidedly the best of the specimens is the one called '*The Revolt of Wales, under Glyndwr.*' The publication of it will discredit neither the prize you offer, nor the pages of your Transactions. The measure is good, as a lyric; its versification and phraseology are equally so; and the writer has learnt the value of compression, which always gives strength and vigor."

The prize was, therefore, awarded to Llywarch, who proved to be Robert Folkeston Williams, esq. of London.

No. 5. "*An Essay on the Advantages or Disadvantages of cultivating the Welsh Language as a Living Tongue.*"

Three compositions were received on this subject.

The Rev. Walter Davies, to whom the essays were submitted, observed of

"1. Signed, 'The Lover of Knowledge:' it is not easy to discover whether this author be in earnest in what he says, or not. If the former, he is the most patriotic Cambrian I have ever encountered; but if the latter, he is a caricaturist, exposing the foibles of his weaker countrymen. The style is occasionally ultra florid; and he writes concisely, and to the point."

"2. By a Lover of his Country: this writer has an exalted notion of the Welsh language, and he is, moreover, a powerful writer.

"3. By Madog ab Owen Gwynedd. The arguments of this writer are also powerful and well applied, they are enumerated in a fluent and energetic style; he observes, that for simplicity, conspicuousness, strength, and elegance, the Welsh language is inferior to none, and he deprecates all attempts at abolishing it. This essay is worthy of being translated and published in the Transactions of the Society. The prize was awarded to the author of this essay, who proved to be the Rev. William Williams, of Llanerchymedd."

No. 6. "*The Englyn on Woman.*"

On this interesting subject, no less than thirty competitors had written. The whole were submitted to Dr. W. Owen Pughe; who writes thus:

"I have selected eight as superior to the rest; and out of those eight, the one signed '*Ab Cyridwen,*' is the best.

"The gentleman who adopted this signature was Mr. William Edwards, of Holywell.

"In the next place, I beg to state that the *Englyn*, signed *Bion*, is the second best. Although to make this statement may be useless, yet, to say so, through the committee, may be some gratification to the author."

A medal was also awarded to Robert Davies, bardd, for an *Elegy* on the Death of the late lamented Treasurer of the Institution, Mr. Thomas Jones, Bardd Cloff.

The successful candidates who were present were invested with the medals by the Hon. Miss Rice, Lady Phillipps, Mrs. Williams Wynn, &c.

The concert gave complete satisfaction: Mr. and Mrs. William Knyvett were encoired in the duet of "*Fairy Elves;*" and Miss Cramer was very warmly applauded in a characteristic melody, called "*Meet me at the Mossy Fountain.*" Miss C. Lyon, who made her debut on this occasion, possesses a fine voice, of great compass, and sung "*Adieu to dear Cambria,*" with effect. Miss Rees and Miss Woodyatt both sang very sweetly, and the latter gave the song "*Love's Minstrel's lute,*" with taste and feeling, and was deservedly applauded. Mr. Horncastle gave "*The Inspired Bard,*" assisted by a chorus, with spirit: and Mr. Parry, jun. was encoired in the "*Maid of Llangollen.*" Puzzi executed two Welsh melodies, with variations, in a masterly manner, on the horn. Similar praise is due to Mr. O. Davies, who played "*Lady Owen's Delight,*" with variations, on the harp. A duet, composed by J. J. Jones, Mus. Bac. Oxon., for the pianoforte and harp, was finely executed by him and Mr. Davies: and the beautiful air of the "*Ash Grove,*" with variations, was particularly effective. Mr. Parry introduced the "*Synophion,*" for the first time in public; his performance, on this novel instrument, was exceedingly skilful.

The Pennillion singing, with the Welsh harp, after the manner of the ancient Britons, was much admired for its novelty, particularly when several amateurs came forward from among the audience, and joined in with the singing in the Welsh language. The harper to the society played the ancient Cambrian melody, with variations, "*Pen Rhaw,*" very sweetly. The national meeting concluded, by the whole of the vocalists singing "*God save the King,*" the solo parts by Mrs. Knyvett, Miss Lyon, and Miss Cramer.

## THE PRIZE POEM :

*For which the Society awarded to the Author one of the Royal Medals.*

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## THE REVOLT OF WALES, UNDER OWAIN GLYNDWR.

BY ROBERT FOLKESTONE WILLIAMS.

## I.

It is an ancient saying, known too long,  
 Which frequent evidence has proved too true;  
 The weak are ever governed by the strong,  
     As are the few,  
 Under the firm control of those who use  
 A power they oft abuse.

## II.

But when the stronger triumph o'er the weak,  
 And work their measures with an iron sway,  
 Bruising the spirit more than words can speak.  
     Or tongue can say;  
 Then 'tis but just for the oppressed to fight  
 Against a tyrant's right.

## III.

Wales, thou hast had much glory on thee showered  
 From many a well fought field, and foray rude;  
 Often triumphant; sometimes overpowered;  
     But ne'er subdued.  
 Roman and Dane, Saxon and Norman, felt  
 The might which in thee dwelt!

## IV.

But by internal discord, and the shame  
 Of many treasons, and of traitors base,  
 There passed away a glory from thy name,  
     And from thy race;  
 And thy dear hills became a subject dower,  
 Unto a mightier power.

## V.

Soon was submission followed by a sway,  
 Stern and tyrannic o'er thy fallen land,  
 And all its loveliness became a prey  
     To the strong hand.  
 The worm will turn when trod on;—shall the brave  
     Live on to be a slave?

## VI.

There came a voice, borne by the rushing winds,  
 That swept the hill-tops to their base, and where  
 The valley in its own sweet peace reclines,  
     It tarried there;  
 Stirring the hearts of men to deeds of strife,  
     For liberty and life.

## VII.

In the deep shadow of the heavens, afar  
 In the clear light of the blue skies, there came  
 The dazzling radiance of a flaming star,  
     To mark the fame,  
 Of one who led to glory and command,  
     The bravest of the land.

## VIII.

Hark! ~~how the hills se-echo~~ to the sound  
 Of that soul-stirring name the glens have heard;  
 There is a ~~gathering in the vales around,~~  
     And at the word,  
 The towns pour forth their armed ones to fight  
     For OWAIN GLYNDWR's right.

## IX.

The Bards are in the ranks, again to wake  
 Their silenced harps to the full joy of song,  
 Rousing the souls of those around, to make  
     Their cause so strong  
 That all the energies which man can show,  
     May speed the destined blow.

## X.

They tell the triumphs which their fathers won;  
 Triumphs which are their glory, and their boast;  
 They tell the deeds that free-born arms have done,  
     Against a host;  
 And the delight shown by the listening crowd,  
     Are plaudits wild and loud.

XI.

They made the bardic harp proclaim the wrong  
Cambria had suffered for so many years ;  
How their domestic hearths had been so long  
Wet with their tears ;  
Then rose the withering curse which marked the weight  
Of their long-cherished hate.

XII.

But when a louder, and more pleasing lay  
Gave forth the praises of their *GLYNDWR*'s name,  
And prophesied his arm should cleave a way  
To honour and to fame ;  
High was the clash of arms, and shouts to go  
Against the coming foe.

XIII.

On came the tyrant, conscious of his strength,  
Eager his rage upon the foe to wreak ;  
With fire and sword he passed, yet found at length  
His power too weak.  
Back rolled the tide of war—the invaders flee—  
My country, thou art free !

XIV.

Soon fell the strongholds of the tyrant's power,  
And they were levelled with the dust—for these  
Were but to mark the dawning of the hour  
When freedom rose,—  
When bonds and chains were shiver'd from their hold  
Upon the free and bold.

XV.

Back rushed the tyrant to restore again  
With a resistless force, the sway he'd lost ;—  
He ravaged as he went—but found how vain  
Was all his cost ;  
For the Unconquered swept upon his track,  
As he was hurrying back.

XVI.

They led him to their fastnesses, beneath  
*Eryri*'s cloud-capt summit, high and bare,  
And many a Saxon slept upon the heath,  
Who woke not there :  
For they were fall'n beneath the overwhelming crush  
Of their resistless rush.

## XVII.

Again, and yet again he took the field,  
 Like a roused lion, issuing from his lair;  
 But still he found a foe that would not yield,  
     His might to dare.  
 And, harassed and defied, returned once more  
 As bootless as before.

## XVIII.

Raise high the everlasting joy of song,  
 Sound the loud praises of the brave in fight;  
 For here the battle was not for the *strong*,  
     But for the *right*!  
 It soothes to know that final triumph must  
 Be always for the just.

## XIX.

Cambria!—my mountain-home—my father-land—  
 Free in whose rocky glens the wild deer dwells,  
 And the young eagle's wings the breeze has fanned  
     That cools thy dells;  
 Home of the unforgotten!—would were mine  
 The fame of thee and thine.

## XX.

For I have dared to wake the swelling song,  
 Such as the mighty ones of old have done;  
 To tell the glory that to thine belong,  
     The fame they won;—  
 Yet oh! I would the humble lay might be  
 Worthier thy brave, and thee.

May 1831.



## CYMMRODORION PRIZE ENGLYN.

Gwir degwch y Greadigaeth—i'r dyn,  
 Er daionus driniaeth,  
 Yw ei *Wraig*, o'i rywogaeth;  
 O law *Duw*, iw elw y daeth.

## LITERAL TRANSLATION.

The essential beauty of creation, for man  
 A goodly solace—is his wife—  
 And of his kind,—and whom the hand of God  
 In blessing did produce.

AB CYRIDWEN.



## THE WANDERING KNIGHT.

CHILDHOOD, and our schoolboy days, are, I am inclined to think, too generally considered as the happiest periods of man's existence:—that cannot justly be called happiness where the mind is unconscious of enjoyment, and ignorant of real sorrow; which is certainly the state of the former period; nor where the pedagogue's rod is ever overhanging the back of the unhappy urchin, in the earlier stage of his schoolboy career; neither at the close of his pupilage, when he is a prey to all the bad and violent passions which then most triumphantly reign over his will, little checked by the voice of reason, and less by that of conscience. In my opinion, the season more peculiarly capable of real enjoyment,—I mean *enjoyment* as distinct from the loose and immoral indulgence of our appetites, which is miscalled enjoyment,—is at the middle period of man's estate, when the petulance of youth has given way to the sobriety of judgment, and the overbearing pride and reckless impetuosity of boy-manhood are superseded by the knowledge, experience, and moderation of the middle stages of life; indeed I would venture to go still further, by maintaining that the advanced age of man is preferable, in point of real enjoyment, to the much vaunted stages of childhood and youth. For my own part, I have passed through the portal which admits each progresser through life, having now but to knock at one more door, the opening of which terminates my pilgrimage; and I speak not what others have told me, nor what I may have gleaned from books, but from experience: can I not recall the bitter tears of anguish which fell from my burning eyes at trifling disappointments, more grievous and heart-rending than any which have since afflicted me? do not I recollect with pain, to this day, the bitter wretchedness which the uncontrollable violence of my natural temper produced? But when manhood stamped its sacred signet upon my brow; when the passions had somewhat subsided in their madness, and gradually became more exercised in what nature had originally intended them; and reason exerted her influence to check their impetuosity; then may I date the commencement of enjoyment, and then did I pass some of the happiest of those days which this life admits of. It was at this period of my life, about thirty years of age, when anxious to supply those deficiencies which school and college do not profess to teach pupils—a knowledge of men and manners, that a friend was projecting an excursion through Wales, and pressed me to accompany him.

I had heard and read a good deal of Wales; and, to my discredit, had never felt desirous of attesting to its beauties, though I had wandered through foreign countries in search of beauty and

variety of scenery. Being more an observer of mankind, than inclined to mingle in the gay circles of life, where all wear masks widely different from those which their counterfeits are assumed to conceal, I was desirous of taking up my residence in some obscure and romantic village, where I might observe human nature in its unsophisticated state, untainted with the pollution of vice and affectation, to be found in every grade in the great world. I pass over the agreeableness of my journey, and the delight which fills every one visiting, for the first time, this romantic country, the land of music and of verse; but I must recall the richness and variety of the scenery, the towering mountains lost in the clouds, the beautiful ruins scattered here and there, exhibiting, in melancholy language, the consuming hand of time; the rapid rivers emerging from the lofty hills, here glittering under the shining sun, and there again disappearing in the deep ravine; now rushing in torrents down the inaccessible rocks, and at the distance meandering silently through the cultivated fields and luxuriant valleys; on one side ravishing the spectator, on the other soothing and gratifying his soul with the labours and exertions of industrious man.

After travelling through the greater part of North Wales, I determined upon sojourning for a few months in the sweet vale of Festiniog, in Merionethshire. I frequently rose very early, with the view of pursuing my botanical studies in the fields, and on the banks of the river running immediately below the village. In my rambles I sometimes met an elderly gentleman, whose venerable appearance at so early an hour, and in so wild a part of the country, had a singular effect. The object of his walks being the same as my own, we soon became acquainted; and I may with truth affirm that I experienced at his hands, to a far greater extent than I have met with in the many different people I have travelled among, that which is the peculiar characteristic of the Welsh, hospitality. We soon became intimate, and my visits could not be repeated too often; for, if I did not visit him at least once a week, (and his residence was nearly five miles from my own,) he would exclaim, "What an age it is since I have seen you! I thought you were lost; what has been the matter?" and, as I had met with some crosses in life, and had more than once been wounded deeply by misplaced friendship, such language very soon endeared the good old gentleman to me, and our intimacy was early cemented into friendship, which death alone terminated.

Under that hospitable roof have I spent most of my happier days, and those too in the middle age of life, in the society of his amiable niece, a lady of about forty, having a remarkably strong intellect, sound judgment, and the warmest heart nature ever placed in human breast; and who was never so delighted as when troubled, by her friends, for advice and assistance under all their difficulties; and who, by the way, were pretty numerous, since every post

brought her a budget of letters from all parts of the country and the metropolis, where she had formerly resided.

The old gentleman had two grandchildren, of about fifteen and sixteen, fair and amiable girls, his sole prop and comfort in his old age; and whom he doated upon almost too fondly for earthly objects: their harp and piano, and merry voices, were always ready to anticipate my solicitations for a song. And lastly, the good old Welsh clergyman himself, whose short history I will record, if, kind reader, you will bear with the prosy discourse of an old man, too prone to indulge in the garrulity incidental to age. There were generally many agreeable persons to be found at the domicile of my venerable friend; his conversation and general knowledge, made him a companion at once agreeable and instructive. On one occasion, while breakfasting with them, I fancied that I observed the good niece and my two younger fair friends more busy and active than usual, and, one after another, they disappeared, to attend to the household affairs. This exemplary notableness being with them a little uncommon, I inquired the cause, when the old gentleman replied, "Do not ask what follies my dear children are now projecting, but, as you are one of the parties interested, you must stay and see." I found they were preparing to celebrate the day on which my ancient friend attained his ninetieth year. I readily assented, and a numerous assemblage of friends met at three o'clock, to drink "the old man's health," as he said, and which, be assured, was done with far more meaning than is generally attached to that form in the present day. In the course of the evening, I begged our host to give us a sketch of his history; the request was eagerly seconded by all present. The venerable man, rather reluctantly, complied, and began his story, which I communicate, in his own words, as nearly as my recollection serves me:

"I was born at Lleprog, in Flintshire, a township which belonged to the monks of Basingwerp, the grant of which was renewed by Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, one of the princes of North Wales. My father was the son of a country squire, whose estate had been in the possession of the family for 400 years, and whose pedigree was preserved, with true and legitimate Welsh pride, in a magnificently gilt frame, covering the whole of one side of the old hall. My mother was a sixth cousin of the Lord Abergavenny, the ancestry of whose distinguished family is too well known and appreciated, for me to make any comment upon.\* My earliest recollections are of the fond endearments of my mother, and the

\* A history of this noble and ancient family has recently been written by a gentleman of the name of Rowland, we believe of Welsh extraction, whose learning and research, so greatly displayed in every page, we shall notice in a future number.

prayers offered to Heaven upon my recovery from a severe illness. I grew up a hale, healthy, lad, loud and boisterous.

“The more juvenile period of my life embraces incidents of too unimportant a nature to interest you, my friends, however gratifying it may be to cherish early recollections; I shall therefore omit them. Arriving at the proper age, my father determined on placing me at a good school. I soon became reconciled to the change, and suffered little from the privation which home afforded. The first two years passed pleasantly and rapidly enough, without a great deal of variety to boast of, much the same as the general run of schools; amidst much punishment, more mischief, some learning, and occasional praises; and at the end of that period, my father, finding that I had made considerably more advancement in my studies than he had expected, thought of sending me to a public school for two years, previously to my going to college. I was to return, for a short time, to my first school; where an occurrence took place that marred all the fair plans which had so wisely been projected. We were never allowed to bathe, except the usher accompanied us, and were particularly forbidden to go into a boat on any occasion. One holiday, a schoolfellow and myself had received leave to spend the day with a friend of my father, who lived a few miles distant: when we set off, we really intended going there; but espying a boat, the thought came across the minds of us both, that it would be a good amusement to row for an hour or two, before we went to our friend: we jumped into it, and both being tolerable boatmen, had no fear of danger, to spoil our sport. By and by, we saw another boat nearing to us, with two youths of pretty much our own age and size: they were evidently not so skilful as ourselves, and perceiving that there was every probability of their falling foul of us, we called to them to keep off; they made no answer, but ran their boat directly against ours. Nettled at being insulted, as we considered we were, by low-born lads, my companion, with a sneering manner and gesture, recommended them to stay at home, if they could not manage their boat better: words were followed by blows, and, finally, in the midst of the scuffle, one of our opponents fell overboard: finding that he could not swim, I extended my hand instantly to assist him, which he violently grasped, and dragged me in after him: the youth was pulled out, with the greatest difficulty, and a doctor sent for, who pronounced him dying. We returned home in despair, not knowing what to do; and at length agreed to run away, considering it more advisable than remaining to be hanged, should the boy die; and with the certainty of a flogging for our disobedience, whatever might be the event: we packed up a few things, and, at break of day, let ourselves down from our bed-room windows and ran off, having first written a note to each of our parents, explaining the cause of

our flight. My friend determined to join a company of theatricals, who were performing in a barn near the next town; but being afraid to stay so near home, I resolved to reach England as soon as I could, and there enlist in some regiment: we parted with mutual regret, after having exchanged our knives and some other little trifles we had about us, by way of keepsakes.

“ Having left my light-hearted companion, I wandered for some miles, in mournful silence; now regretting that I had separated from him, and the next minute, dwelling upon the unhappy cause of my flight. My naturally high spirits, however, coupled with the pure mild air, and surrounding melody of heaven’s choristers, soon dispelled these darker thoughts which I always loved to dwell upon, and conjure up phantom after phantom of imaginary woe, for the pleasure of afterwards destroying, one by one, these fanciful fabrics of the brain. I was greatly fearful of being pursued by constables for murdering the boy, and, shuddering at the idea of being cast into a loathsome gaol, I determined to change my dress at the first village I should come to.

“ Arrived at a small town, I repaired to a kind of general shop, where something of every thing was to be met with; such as grocery, knives, agricultural instruments, sweetmeats, bread, clothes, and flannel. Upon making known my wishes, the shopman informed me that he had a great variety, but perhaps he could not find what would exactly fit me. A flannel jacket was brought, so much patched, and with so great a variety of materials, that it was difficult to discover whether it had originally been made of cloth, callico, or flannel, or what else; and, moreover, was cut out for a man six foot high, the sleeves of which, consequently, hung four inches beyond the ends of my fingers; this difficulty was, however, soon removed by the man’s tucking the superabundant portion over the wrists, and pinning it down. The breeches were next supplied, adorned with the like staring patches, laid on as unsparingly as on the coat; stockings, hobnailed shoes, and a straw hat, concluded my outfit. Thus adorned, with a pike in my hand, to give the air of a labourer, and with my other clothes tied up in a bundle on my back, I sallied out into the wide world to seek my fortune, so metamorphosed that my father himself would not have recognized me. I wended my route I knew not whither, and passed five not-very-charming days, through the roughest part of the roughest country in the world. I had no occasion to resort to my very low coffers, as, whenever I was hungry or weary, my countrymen never gave me occasion to apply twice for a bed, or a meal.

“ Once, after having walked all the morning, I sat down at the foot of a steep and craggy hill, reading a book which I had brought with me, when a man, apparently a labourer, passed me; there was something in his appearance, and manner of saluta-

tion, as he went, which struck me; and on his part some surprise was manifested at my singular clothing, in so wild and romantic a part of the country,—with a book, where reading was a part of education, not considered as altogether essential. On rising to pursue my journey, the countryman, perceiving my approach, immediately slackened his pace, which soon permitted me to overtake him. His manners I found to be extremely winning; though his occasionally assumed clownish discourse would nearly mar the effects of what he could not conceal, namely, that he was a gentleman.

“I soon became pleased with his society, and delighted with the variety of stories and historical anecdotes which he recounted, on passing different spots where battles had been fought, or deeds of blood perpetrated. I had on our first acquaintance, in reply to his indirect questions, told him that my father was a farmer, and that I was going to an uncle who lived at some distance; but my own lips betrayed me, as I could not describe where this said uncle lived; and my companion, casting a glance at my hands, which bore few evidences of manual labour, said, smilingly, ‘My friend, I fear you have not given them much to do in the agricultural way.’ Finding it was difficult to conceal any thing from him, I told him all about myself, at the same time observing that it required little penetration to discover, that he was not what his garb represented him. He acknowledged that he was an Englishman, and had travelled a great deal; and now, wishing to observe the country and manners of Wales as closely as possible, he had assumed a homely dress, that he might mingle unrestrained amongst the lower orders. I became more and more pleased with his conversation and deportment: indeed, I think there is a charm in elegance of manners, that is much more winning and endearing than the greatest personal attractions. We had now arrived at Llangollen, which is a small town on the borders of Denbighshire, seated in a most romantically wild and pleasant spot, the river Dee running rapidly through the valley, and the mountains soaring boldly towards the heavens. The crowded assemblage of rich and sublime objects suddenly bursting on our view, had the effect of imposing a momentary silence upon both; till an expression of admiration escaped my lips, little accustomed to witness a panorama so varied and awfully sublime as the one before us: there was, at the distance, an object indescribably striking, and which rivetted my attention immoveably for a considerable time,—a high mountain, without the appearance of any road leading to its top, on either side, and apparently inaccessible to all, save the goats, and whose summit is crowned with the ancient Castell Dinas Brân: the situation is so exalted, that I thought none but the gods themselves could have placed a castle on such a pinnacle; and I desired of my companion, so well read in historic lore, the name and proprietor of the singularly located castle. He said, that ‘it once

belonged to the ancient house of Trevor, and was the general asylum to whoever sided with that powerful family when they and the Kyffins divided the whole country with their feuds; and within those venerable walls,' added he, 'many a treasonous, as well as patriotic plot has been hatched.' Inquiring whether he could readily recall any of those mighty acts of our noble ancestors? he said that, at the moment, he was thinking of a long story, much too dry to relate. I begged him to favor me with it, observing that, however dull it might be, nothing in those romantic and glorious days could be uninteresting. He replied that, as we had to travel together many miles yet; by way of wileing away the time, if it would give me pleasure, he would endeavour to recollect the leading features of the tale. The story was nearly to the effect following:

“ You are aware, my young friend, that the Earl of Richmond was kept in somewhat rigorous confinement, by the Duke of Brittany, during the whole of the reign of Edward IV. and part of that of Richard III. ; those kings paying the duke liberally for the office: they both had their spies about the youthful earl, to watch his every movement, and to observe whether he was kept by the duke with that suspicious vigilance which their own fears dictated. The duke, conscious of the wrongs inflicted on him, sought to relieve his solitude by occasional visits, and by giving him as great a latitude as he could with safety. There were other reasons which influenced the duke to treat leniently his noble prisoner. The English were, at that period, famed for their unrivalled prowess in the field, and for gallantry towards the fairer sex; and the subjects of the popular songs and music, throughout the greater part of the continental kingdoms, were the noble and gallant exploits of the English, their devotion to their country, and the late dreadful wars in which they had been engaged in their own land, sacrificing everything to support their respective parties. Many of these characteristics the duke fancied he saw in his noble prisoner; united with a prudence and wisdom seldom met with in an age when the violent passions and ungovernable desires of the soul sweep before them all that sober reason would suggest.

“ The tyrant Richard, having waded through blood to the English throne, slighted and treated with hauteur those powerful nobles who had been greatly instrumental in raising him to his greatness: many began to look about for one whose lineage and station would carry sufficient influence with them to command the voice and wishes of the nation, upon an effort being made towards removing the reigning hateful despot. The banishment and sufferings of the ill-fated Richmond had excited in the breasts of many, feelings of deep pity and commiseration; but they dared not breathe their wishes on the subject, since Richard's spies were lying in every quarter, and the vigilant Duke of Buckingham

paid them too well to wish to change their master. Many lords, disgusted with the ingratitude of Richard, and his breach of faith towards them, had withdrawn from the court, and were holding secret meetings amongst themselves in their own castles, planning methods of dethroning him. Some few, more daring, had left England, to reside in Holland or France, and corresponded with the young earl on their future movements. The great object kept in view by Richmond was to avoid the appearance of exciting discontent in the minds of the English, and never to be seen in the society of Englishmen; his keepers without were not negligent in their duty; and no one could enter the castle, where the earl was confined, without the duke of Brittany's permission: not so careful, however, were the guards within; the residence of the royal household was at this castle; and on many occasions a fair lady would pass the guards without interruption; and, by her conversation, lighten the tedious hours which, in spite of the many resources of the earl, would sometimes pass with leaden wings over his head: this lady was the Princess Anne, the noble daughter of the duke. One evening, when the earl was lamenting his unfortunate situation, and declaring how possible it would be to recover his patrimony, or something of more value, could he but once hold conversation with his friends; 'Do you not know,' said the Lady Anne, 'of the secret passage, leading to the grotto where the old witch lives?' the answer was in the negative. The lady then informed him that, about a century previous, one of the reigning dukes, who was not so constant to his duchess as they now more generally were found to be, had made a narrow passage, extending nearly a quarter of a mile from the castle, for the purpose of visiting a lady of whom he was desperately enamoured; but that it had since been nearly stopped up, from its not being used; that scarcely any one knew of it; that her nurse had heard, when she was a child, of the existence of such a passage, but had never seen it. 'I inquired the exact spot,' continued the princess, "and curiosity induced me to try to ascertain the truth of the story; and, last night, I repaired to the place described, and not only found the story to be true, but was able to make my way a great distance, till some rubbish obstructed my progress.'

"This delightful intelligence to the nearly desponding earl, cheered his heart with a distant ray of light to guide him onwards: the princess intrusted him with the key of the small gate which led to the dungeon, from whence, along the passage to the grotto, where no danger was to be apprehended. Armed with a shovel, the earl, that night, repaired to the spot; and advancing without difficulty, reached the entrance of the passage, as far as the obstruction which had prevented the progress of the princess. Applying his shovel, the mass of accumulated rubbish speedily



gave way; and, at daybreak, he returned to his apartment, abundantly satisfied with his night's labours. For three successive nights he continued his exertions; and on the fourth, as he was digging against something which appeared to be a wall, he heard a loud cry, apparently on the other side of that which he was essaying to remove. Alarmed at being discovered, he stood for a few seconds, undetermined whether to proceed or desist, when he heard a voice exclaim, 'Come forward, Sir Knight,—your gallant attempt well merits the praise of the fair ladies and princesses who pray for your success.' The earl perceiving that he was indebted to the princess for this reception, redoubled his efforts; he soon effected an opening, and at last, to his great joy, found himself in the grotto she had described to him. Having at length met with an old woman, he liberally satisfied her, observing that it was his wish to see a few of his friends there occasionally, whom she promised to receive: the earl then inquired how far off the old witch lived; the reply was, 'Not a stone's throw:' whereupon he returned, without losing a moment, and occupied himself for the remainder of the night with writing to his friends, to afford him a meeting at the grotto.

"On the day appointed, the earl received several English lords, who declared that if they could muster men and arms sufficient to make a stand against such forces as Richard might hastily march against them, upon hearing of his landing, they were confident that many lords, whom they named, would join their standard, and the whole country would gladly respond to the call. Various plans were laid, which met with stout opposition from one or another; at length the earl exclaimed, "We have a famous witch in these parts—what say you to obtaining her opinion?" The proposition was warmly seconded by all present; and, without delay, they repaired to the cave close by. They found the old woman busily employed in pouring decoctions of various kinds of herbs into small vessels made of clay and other materials, and which she hung round her small cell, in curious and fanciful shapes. On the party entering, she retired behind a large screen, on which were daubed many strange devices, such as none but a necromancer could expound. The lords, one after another, presented their hands for the old woman to inspect; but the explanations and interpretations of the various lines which traversed their different palms were often not the most comfortable and joyous to their minds. On some were depicted divers transverse crossings of a dusky hue, which was a never-failing symbol of death; but bloody weapons, like halberts, were visible almost to those unskilled in the mysteries of this useful art, which savoured strongly of their dying honourably on the field of battle.

"A heavy sadness seized the gallant spirit of each of the earl's compeers as he left the sibyl; which being perceived, he himself

advanced, bidding Fate do her worst. The witch intently examining Richmond's hand, and occupied in following, with her silver wand, the various curvings of the veins, almost as long as all who had gone before, "Come!" cried the earl, "tell me the worst, I fear it not; it cannot be more than death; and better that, than live in ignoble indolence and sloth, a burden to myself, and useless to mankind:" she then pronounced, with a distinct voice, the following verse:

"I cannot understand  
These signals on your hand.  
I see two brilliant stars  
Like Jupiter and Mars;  
Both in one sky.

"Yet never did two stars appear  
With equal splendor in the same sphere:  
Let me your right hand try."

"The witch was not near the time examining the right hand of the earl, and then, with great vehemence, exclaimed,

"Tis so! the splendor of the larger light  
Appears, e'en now, obscured in night,  
While glitters more the lesser.  
And so the crown of a mighty king  
Shall from his sacred head take wing,  
And light on this hand's possessor."

"The lords stared in mute amaze upon each other, and then upon the earl, who laughingly exclaimed, 'See, even the stars fight in the cause!' One lord, desiring to know how their plans were to be arranged, to secure success, inquired of the witch what should be the first step, who, pausing for a few seconds, replied,

"In west of England's beauteous isle,—  
A land long famed for love and arms,  
For charming woman's loveliest smile,  
For verse, for music, all that charms  
Cambria's fairy spot,—  
A worthy knight, of wondrous fame,  
Has one fair daughter, Geraldine;  
Sir Richard Herbert is his name:  
Who husbands her becomes a king;  
So, brave knight, tarry not."

"The witch's words were received with astonishment by the lords, and they continued whispering together for some time on the expediency of the plan, for well they knew of Sir Richard's great power and riches in Wales.

“The lords perceived that the earl was so grateful to the princess for the assistance she had rendered him in this matter, as also for the compassion which she had evinced towards him during his long and solitary confinement, they began to fear that all their bright schemes would be blighted by his imprudently allowing himself to be carried away by the warmth of his feelings; for well they knew that their own countrymen would not be the best pleased with a foreign queen, unacquainted with their manners and customs, and with no great personal charms to attract their admiration: “The witch’s hint must be carried into execution, without delay,” said they; and ardently urged the earl to accede to the suggestion: he, with some reluctance, gave assent, provided the knight’s daughter should prove to possess all the charms she was represented as being endowed with. The next difficulty was to find a discreet person sufficiently trustworthy to take so important an embassy upon himself; the earl informed them that he knew a brave knight whose sufferings and hardships had made him indifferent of life; who had launched his bark in the tempests of war; and whose experience would, he had little doubt, steer him safely through the numerous shoals which lay so thickly between Brittany and Wales. The lords pronounced such a character a fit person for the undertaking, presuming he were true: the earl told them that he was a tried man, and he would as readily doubt himself as Sir Ieuan. He then apprised his friends, that they must be aware how closely he was watched; and that, if he tarried longer, his absence might excite suspicion. They agreed to meet at the same place, upon hearing from the earl, the result of the mission: then embracing them affectionately, and adding, “Till the knight’s return from my own native Cambria, I leave my fortune in your keeping; when, aided by the support of the powerful Welsh knight, Sir Richard, and such friends as now surround me, and God and justice on my side, who would despond?” he bade them a long farewell, and returned to his apartment, through the secret passage. Sir Ieuan, accompanied by his servant, Hywel, a jolly little Welshman, was ready to leave Brittany’s lofty towers the same night. Sir Ieuan was tall and well-shaped, of a grave aspect, and saturnine complexion; austere in address, and reserved in conversation; and of a studious habit: he was brave, collected, and prudent in the extreme; of about thirty years of age; and one who would never allow a syllable to escape him unguardedly. His rigid temperance prevented his passions gaining the ascendancy of his judgment, and he was exemplarily assiduous in the exercise of religious duties; a man admirably fitted for the task allotted him.

“The knight and his squire arrived at the coast in time to sail by a vessel which had been only waiting for a favorable wind. The former displayed little inclination to associate with the ship’s crew

more than was necessary, and betook himself to his books; while the latter had scarcely been on board a couple of hours, before he was on as friendly and intimate terms with them, as if they had been acquainted for years. He told them every thing about himself; and, in his turn, contrived to ferret out their family histories, pedigrees, occupations, and most secret thoughts: he sang to them his own native Welsh airs, which, from their wildness and sweetness, they were delighted to hear; and, in a very short time, he became a reigning favorite amongst them. Describing the strange adventures he had met with in foreign lands, he sometimes related such marvellously exaggerated accounts of his own exploits, that even the credulous mariners could not, occasionally, give full credence to them. The sailors inquired concerning his master, but all they could learn was, that he had lived in the wars—very like the holy wars—and he, Hywel, would be bound to say, had cut many a bloodthirsty Turk's head off; for he had a sword with so fine an edge as could only have been manufactured for that purpose; that he was surprisingly stiff at times, and when in that temper, would not be interrupted or spoken to, though generally, he was kind and well-favored. They did not, however, like his dark looks and black eyes, which betokened a savage soldier.

They had been at sea but two days when the winds began to rise, and numerous other signs of a coming storm were visible, which the more experienced of the crew pronounced would be 'a cruel heavy one.' An hour had not elapsed, when a dreadful hurricane overtook them; the violence and fury of the winds tore down the sails, and the ship was driven rapidly at the mercy of the waves during the whole night: every thing that could possibly be spared was thrown overboard to lighten the vessel. Thus situated, they were expecting, every moment, to be swallowed up by the waves, between which their little bark was but a mere speck in the ocean.

“ It was now that the knight displayed a generosity which won the hearts of the whole crew; he exerted himself to a far greater degree than any on board: finding that the provisions ran short, and that their allowance must necessarily be reduced, he refused to take the whole of his portion, and insisted upon its being given to one whose labours most merited it. In spite, however, of their efforts, a death more dreadful than that of being swallowed up by the greedy ocean, awaited them: the provisions were not sufficient to last twenty-four hours, and the storm raged with unabated fury. The time at last arrived, when it became the mournful duty of the captain to minister the last allowance to his crew, which he did, while tears gushed from his eyes as he informed them that their means of sustenance were exhausted. The crew devoured their small pittance in silence and despair; on the conclusion of this meal they could not, however, avoid passing a few jokes upon where they should feast next; and wondered who

would then be of the company. The following morning, being all assembled on deck, to discover land, if possible, though they had not the remotest idea what part of the world they were now tossed in, the ravages of famine in their countenances were sadly visible from their sunken eyes and sallow complexions. Hywel was, as heretofore, in the midst of them, tendering his advice spontaneously; until he overheard some remarks on casting lots, to save others: and, instead of requiring, as formerly, one of his native mirthful songs to raise their spirits, perceiving some glances, not to be misunderstood, directed towards his still portly person and well-filled sides, little reduced from recent privations, he deemed it wiser and safer to keep more immediately in attendance on his master in future.

“The same evening, however, many of the crew, after having been for a time engaged in close conversation together, approached the captain, declaring, that as there appeared no prospect of succour, they had come to the resolution of proposing, what indeed was dreadful to think of, and yet far preferable to be dropping off one by one; namely, to cast lots who should die first for the preservation of the rest of the crew. The captain replied, that he feared they had no alternative, and should the lot fall on himself, he would most willingly acquiesce. While they were, with as much alacrity as their little strength would allow them, making preparations for the casting of lots, a Welshman, named Meredydd, stood forward, and said that, since cruel necessity obliged the adoption of such a course, he would offer himself as the first, and, he trusted, the only sacrifice that would be necessary; that, when he had made his peace with his God, he would be in readiness. This generous offer was received with murmurs of approbation, as loud as the exhausted strength of the crew would allow; for though each was next to death's door himself, they were all anxious of living it out, as they called it, to the last. At the time appointed, Meredydd appeared with a cheerful countenance, saying, he had strength and courage to meet his last earthly trial, that he had encountered many trials much more painful than the present. He then offered a prayer to heaven for the crew, and placing a long sharp knife in a hole made for that purpose, he threw himself upon its point; in a few minutes life had departed. A panic thrilled through the spectators; but it was only momentary: for the joy at the prospect of food soon swept away the passing regret at the means by which it was procured. Before the body was well cold, it was cut up and placed before the fire; and when half warmed through, greedily devoured by the starving crew, being distributed to them by the knight, now supplying the captain's place, who was too weak to make the slightest exertion; thus superintending the repast, to prevent the fatal effects likely to attend a too sudden transition from famine to repletion: notwithstanding this precaution, it proved a last meal to many. The

ship continued to be tossed upon the waves, and the crew dropped off hourly, too weak to obtain any effectual relief; and even the knight had greatly and rapidly sunk the last few hours; when, approaching his comrades, he informed them that all methods to save the vessel and their lives had proved abortive; and still there was one resource which they had not applied to, and he took shame to himself for not having thought of it before. The crew murmured out, "we have done every thing, and it wont do; but what do you mean?" "I mean," replied the knight, "we have not applied to our Creator: if you will all join, I will offer up a prayer to God, since, in a few hours, we must stand before Him." "We will join," groaned out many sepulchral voices. The knight then raising himself upon his knees, with uplifted hands, supplicated for deliverance from the dreadful fate which so appallingly threatened them.

"This devotional act concluded, the knight declared, he felt assured that no more lives would be lost; which, indeed, was the result, for the same evening, after beating about a little, they were all taken up by a small English vessel, and safely landed at Excestre. The captain of the vessel, immediately on landing, repaired to the bailiff or principal magistrate, whom he found seated in a corner of his fire-place, with his usual companion beside him, a jug of ale. "How now, master Captain, what news doth thy merry countenance bespeak thee carrying? good, I'll wager a trifle." The captain, approaching the magistrate, whispered in his ear 'nearly a score of 'em; and de'ls in it but one proves traitor.' "Thy activity deserves my praise, and when I write to his mightiness the duke, on the quietude of these parts, he shall be made acquainted with thy merits;—but shew up your men; I like to judge for myself." About sixteen of the crew were carried into the bailiff's small room; he himself, to support his dignity, placing his stool upon the table. "A sorry squad this, eh! captain; if I am to draw conclusions from my premises of their countenances, a scurvy set, indeed!—How now, sirrah!" addressing the nearest sailor, "who, and what are you?" "My name is D., and I was born at ———, and I went when I was about sixteen years of age—" "Hold, fellow, how can I follow you? how can I, in my situation as magistrate of King Richard, tell whether you lie or not, when you volley out your history as a captain would his oaths? your very looks condemn you; but I'll find you out, you rascal. Now, fellow, you say your name is D., will you swear, as you hope to escape h—l, you black-looking d—l; will you swear it,—no lies; tell me, is not that your wrong name?" And thus he proceeded with the whole of them, till he came to friend Hywel, whose ire was greatly excited by the insulting language of the man of power, and the more so, when the worthy justice called him miscreant. "I be as true a man as yourself, master Bailey, and as honest; and may be a bit better born: my

father was steward to Sir Richard Middleton, of Chirk Castle, and his father before him, and so on, for at least fifty generations."—"Like enow;" responded the magistrate.—"Like enow, eh!" cried poor Hywel, whose wrath was greatly on the increase at his word being doubted, "the family papers, hung up and framed in the old hall, will soon shew that to a certainty; and my mother is second cousin to the great knight, Sir William Devereux; so we have small occasion to be ashamed of our lineage, and, you see, there's no lack of proper blood." "What do I care about your blood, you hungry, proud, vile beggar, and a traitor to boot: answer me, knave, where had you been, and where were you going, when you were found sculking, like highway thieves, at the bottom of the ship, a parcel of crusaders, corsairs, and rebels!" "I was going with my master to——." "Which is your master?" Hywel pointed to the knight. "Take the master into the other room; I'll find 'em out, sooth will I." The knight being taken as directed, the justice resumed, "Where did you meet with this said master of yours?" Hywel replied, "at Brittany." "Enough! a vile consort of the traitor and mischief-making Richmond, no doubt: take him to prison, and bring hither that tall, black-looking fellow, the master." The knight re-appeared, wearing a more stern and angry countenance than before, indicative of strong indignation at being obliged to undergo the examination of so impertinent and ignorant a man. "What is your name?" inquired the magistrate. "Ieuan Trevor." "What is your trade?" "I am a soldier." "I understand you; one of your off-hand kind of soldiers, a trader one day, and the next a commander of some of those piratical vessels which so much injure our merchants." "I am a true soldier to my lawful king and country; and one who cares not to have his word doubted:" said the knight, with warmth, which made the justice tremble on his seat.

"I sit here to represent the king; and indignity offered to me is a contempt of the mighty power of King Richard himself: so now you may go to prison, for I shall send you to the king, a higher tribunal, where, mark me, if you lie (drawing his hand across his own throat,) you know what you will meet with." The bailiff then gave orders for some constables to prepare to escort the knight and his servant to London; meanwhile, the man of power hastened with all imaginable alacrity to the parson, to get him to write such a letter to the duke as would convey to his mind an exalted idea of the bailiff's wisdom and faithfulness. For three nights did the parson regale himself with the strong ale of the worthy conservator of the peace, by finding some slight alterations to make to the letter, in improvement of its phraseology. At length, by referring to some books to beautify the diction, the following letter was written in large characters, and a seal belonging to the bailiff for the time being, duly impressed upon it, occupying at least one third of the letter itself:

“ Most grate and mity duke, one of the menest of his Gratenesse’s conservators of the peace, sendeth greeting—The 2 prisoners whiche accompanie this lettere, were discivered in a ship, and taken prisoners after a bluddy battel, whiche the most brave commander Jacob, with wounted bravery, (which your Grateness will humbly please to remember for his good,) headed. I ordered the men to be brought before me, and cunningly examined themn myself, and each gave a clear count of himself save these 2 men sent; the one of which is the servant, as he stileth himself, and the other is the master, (which meaneth) a grate liar, which he verily proveth himself to be, inasmuch he strangely eateth his own words the day before uttered. I did strictly order them to be disallowed to speak or hold converse, one with the other, lest they should plan their tail, and thus escape your Gratenesse’s subtil questioning. I surely divine they be base traitors to our dear and great Kinge, or at the least be base marauders of all that is bad, and disturbers of all good morals; and most particularly doth the master strangely disabuse our good English customs and people, they being from the country called Wales; and great dispite did he offer to my power and office, which he greatly canvassed and doubted. Hoping your greatness will punish for all such wrong doings, I meekly superscribe myself your grateness’ and grace’s devoted slave and justice, Tim. Benbow.

“ They come from the court of that arch traitor, Richmond, where they have sucked in most traitorous and foul matter, which he belches out on all he doth draw nigh to, which doth make my hair stand on my head to hear thereof, and denieth his Saviour. In this important state business, the parson, master Higginsnout, hath gave me grate aid and is poorly supported, not being preferred. Your Grateness most trew, and ever till death,—Tim. Benbow.”

“ The knight and companions arrived in London after many days’ journey, and the justice’s letter was despatched to the Duke of Buckingham’s residence in Aldersgate street; who, on perusing its contents, gave orders for the prisoners to be conveyed to the Tower, till he could see them. Confined in different cells, Hywel requested, in the most piteous supplicating tone, to be allowed to hold a little converse with his master, which they refused, laughing at his foolish request; and the curious melody of his voice afforded considerable mirth to the officers, it being a mixture of English, Welsh, and Norman French: the time passed very heavily with the poor fellow; not so, however, with the knight; though yet very young, he had seen great vicissitudes in life; had encountered the severest trials the world can inflict, the ingratitude and treachery of friends, as well as the cruel and bitter hate of his numerous enemies. “ Open conflicts,” said he to himself, “ tend to nerve the soul of man, and to rouse those



bold and daring powers of his mind, which would, probably, otherwise remain dormant and unknown throughout his life. But when he experiences hate and envy, where the strong ties of blood and friendship would have entitled him to love and confidence, then the heart sickens with disappointment, becomes weary of the world, and sighs for death; the nobler feelings of the soul are warped, and all generous emotions are converted into dark suspicion and distrust; and thus it will prove very shortly with me." The sound of distant bells, proclaiming the meetings on the sabbath-day, now caught the ears of the knight, who, from the train of thought and excited feelings which occupied his bosom, was most deeply moved. Who has not felt the powerful influence of music upon the heart and affections? often recalling events and circumstances of days long since sunk in the great abyss of time, and the thousand various thoughts which cross the memory at the same moment, exemplifying the wonderful operations of the mind, retaining that immensity of ideas we had deemed long since obliterated, and yet unaccountably recurring when the cord is touched which conveys the remote connexion with what may have slept since our childhood.—Such were the melancholy, yet pleasing thoughts which flitted across the mind of the weary knight at the sound of the church bells. "Alas!" cried he, "how long is it since those soothing bells chimed so sweetly, to call me to offer my praises to my God! and when shall I again see the old halls in which my childhood was passed? I think I see the much loved spot: the outer court presented a pleasant shade of towering oaks, and well-trained elm trees; at the end of which was an imposing aspect of the extended front of my ancestral mansion, with the screen of open arch-work, marking off the inner court, the turf of which shone richly between its grey shafts; and the broad porch; the range of gables, with their rude indentures, and gilded vanes; the arched windows, and florid tracery; the magnificent oriels, projecting at intervals, with their painted glass, like embroidered seams on the surface of the building; and the tower-like chimneys, with their fantastic parapets: in the distance, stood the small church, built by my pious ancestors, not nearly so ancient as the mansion, become grey from an existence of two centuries. How oft have I walked, on the sabbath, to that holy spot, where many of my maternal ancestors lie interred! Sometimes, when the sun shone brightly on the green fields, and nature seemed to smile on her goodly works, my heart raised itself to God, and, in silent prayer, blessed Him for his numberless gifts and mercies; and, when the day proved gloomy, and my soul was less excited, I have wandered about the graves, praying that some of the graces which adorned my venerated ancestors, now beneath the cold clod, might descend upon me, and that my chief ambition through life might be to emulate their virtues. Oh, that I may be buried in the same endeared spot, where

the tear of the passing stranger, or the simple villager who knew me, may drop o'er my grave!"

"Thus did the knight reflect upon days long gone by, when the door of his prison creaked on its hinges, and one of the several forbidding countenances about the tower, ripe for any deed of darkness or of blood, made its appearance. "This way;" said the gaoler. The knight followed, ignorant of his fate, but fearless. At the gateway stood two litters: the knight and another man entered: the jolting carriage drove at a slow pace, till they reached a large old stone building, which they entered; the man who accompanied the knight led the way in silence through several long and dark passages, till they reached a large gloomy-looking hall. "Wait awhile;" roughly issued from the man as he disappeared: several voices were audible in the adjoining room, considerably above their natural tone: the knight distinctly heard a part of the dialogue,—“Again, with dauntless heart, and fearless tongue, do I repeat, we must not place our faith on him; he's false as h—ll!” “By heaven! 'tis false and slanderous: there's not a thought that ever rests in his most valiant soul, but straight without concealment is revealed to me: my wife I may suspect, but never Stanley!” “Can I, a lord as noble, and who boasts of lineage fair as thine, submit, by friend or foe, to be thus taunted? Has not my sword proved its owner's skill, in conflicts oft as thine? and should the lie again be hurled back on me, then it shall leave its scabbard, and never more be sheathed until my honour shine with lustre, bright as steel, or the point of this long knife quench my raging thirst in thine heart's blood.” Another contending lord then rose, and with violence of gesture and confused speech, threw defiance in the teeth of his opponent, when a louder voice—at whose sound all kept silence,—exclaimed, “Shame! shame upon ye, noble lords, thus to divide your mighty strength in vain and angry bickerings amongst each other: stay awhile, and I will lead you 'gainst a foe whom to subdue shall be to add to your many laurels, still green with recent victories, fresh honours to your fame: thus let me reconcile your untimely strifes.” Upon which, the knight heard footsteps across the chamber, but what was done he could not discover, except that the heated nobles at length expressed themselves contentedly.

The knight, on the cessation of this war of words, was ushered into a room, where, at a long table, were seated some ten or twelve great peers, with numerous letters, papers, and other tokens of grave import, that had been discussed, and given cause to these much animated debates. One lord now proceeded to make inquiries respecting the birth and movements of the knight, while some declared they had before seen his countenance. Disguising his voice, and feigning a tincture of foreign accent, the knight recounted his various travels through Italy, Spain, and

many parts of Germany; and how, at last, he abode a month or less at Brittany. "The letter here doth say as much," said a lord, perusing the epistle of the worthy bailiff. A lord then rose, and said, "I will just speak apart, my lords, a word to this brave knight, and afterwards leave him to you all, to use him as your cunning may suggest." The knight followed the last speaker into an adjoining room, who asked inquisitively, "How fared the duke of Brittany, and England's traitor, the earl of Richmond called?" The knight replied, "That he had, more than once, set eyes on Brittany's noble duke, but Richmond he had heard was, with his uncle Pembroke, detained in rigid imprisonment, that peace in England might never be disturbed." "Your name and patrimony?" said the lord. "My name is Ieuan Trevor, and my fathers have for ages called their house, Castell Dinas Brân, but time hath made sad havoc in our race, and cruel war still more, for, of fifteen sons trained up to arms, we now count but four; our lands, once rich enough to bring to the battlefield a troop five hundred strong, can barely command four-score; and I, a younger son, who sought to restore our pristine grandeur by fighting foreign foes, now return with means scarce large enough my title to support."

"At this brief history given by the knight, the lord could, with difficulty, conceal the joy that glistened in his eyes, and filled his black heart. "And now thou'lt live in wretched poverty, spurned by rich compeers, shunned by thine own proud kinsmen; as a poverty-stricken relative thou'lt live unknown, and die unpitied. What would you dare, to raise your tottering house to greater grandeur than your fathers ever knew, instead of a needy knight, a mighty baron holding wide domains, your fame so high that mothers their little children shall instruct to lisp your name?"

"The knight replied, "such prospects were too high for his weak vision to gaze upon; but to serve his country, would always be his first desire." "You can do so signally," replied the lord, "and enrich yourself most nobly too; but are you silent?" "As the grave;" was the answer. "A proper man to intrust with great events: mark ye! our poor divided country is sawn asunder, and brought to poverty and ruin, because some discontented souls, the ministers of hell, would snatch the gracious king now reigning o'er us with clemency and wit, and place in his stead another, the vile offspring of illicit love; in truth, a bastard. In vain doth goodly Richard strive to win the favor of many haughty peers who would, by all that's holy, still grumble on should even the generous monarch divide in twain his kingdom, and give them one full half. I know right well the hearts of those brave Cambrians: e'en kings are much beholden to their undaunted courage: they seek, I say, to place on Richard's rightful throne, the mawkin, men call

Richmond, whose life has passed within the tainted air of a polluted court, whose only knowledge is to smile, and bow, and shameless dally with the softer sex: while noble Richard's life has passed in war, in which his soul delights; he scorns the blandishments of women, and hates the winning softness of their sex, as unbecoming the noble mind of man to be subdued by such frail snares. Judge ye whether is most fit to rule great England's sons, a race of warriors whose highest boast it is they never were subdued: Should Richmond reign, then would a foreign despot, with unbridled power, perchance the reigning duke of Brittany, grasp the reins of government from his feeble hands; or the proud peers, little minding to be ruled by hands so imbecile, and feebler intellect, would enact again that tragic scene they so well played upon the brainless second Edward. But should the brave and noble Richard still reign on, whose title to the throne is clear, as t'others is most bastardly, why then would our fair isle her drooping head revive, again recover her wonted strength, so much worn down by oft told civil wars; her commerce, long neglected, be resumed; England, to make brief my words, would rise again, a mighty power among our neighbours; and the glorious days return which marked the triumphs of our conquering Edward and the Black Prince, his son, who humbled our Gallic foes. Dare you heap blessings on your country,—by returning to Brittany's voluptuous court, and, when fair opportunity shall throw her charmed jewels in your way, rid weeping England of her bitterest foe, who agitates her once fair bosom? If riches wear a beauty in thine eyes, name thy price: if honour, the highest that generous, grateful Richard can bestow, are now at thy command."

The lord here paused; when the knight, affecting to be influenced powerfully by the arguments used by him, exclaimed, "Each moment brings fresh reasons to my mind, that England ne'er can breathe that pure and sweetest air of liberty and peace, while this, her cruel scourge, continues to exist. If this weak hand can ever find the strength to effect the much wished object, the deed is already done."

"Spoke like a Trevor; thou need'st not give me proof that gentle blood flows through thy veins," cried the lord, grasping the knight's hand with ecstasy and delight: "thou lackest gold to carry thee to Wales?" "Not so, I have sufficient to carry me there," said the knight; "but when we meet again, I shall hope to be greatly favored and enriched." "Thou shalt possess far more than words can promise, or heart desire." "But shew me the king, that thy words may be confirmed." "Richard stands before thee!" responded the supposed lord. The knight knelt before the king, but was directly desired to rise. "When we meet again," said the king, "it will be to raise you to the proud and exalted situation of an English baron." "When I return to

your gracious majesty," continued the knight, "it will then be in my power to reward my friends, and restore my family to their rights and ancient grandeur?" "Thy fathers have not known the height to which, if faithful, thou shalt be raised:" upon which, the king bade him farewell, and retired, muttering to himself, "He knows not the height, indeed, unless any of his noble house have ever mounted the gallows, a vile assassin, to murder for gold." The knight had also his thoughts, while laughing at the king's credulity, in supposing him so weak as to expect other than death from his instigator in so dark an undertaking. The knight having been supplied by the king with a passport that would prevent him from further interruption on his journey, left the royal palace, and directed his steps towards his own dear native Cambria.

R.

*(To be continued.)*

## SONG,

WRITTEN FOR THE ANNIVERSARY DINNER OF THE BIRMINGHAM  
ST. DAVID'S SOCIETY, MARCH 1, 1831.

"To the land of the leek, be this bumper now quaff'd,  
Bring the spirit of old; bring your hearts to the draught;  
'And while Cymru and Lloyger the goblet shall press,  
The free mountain-land of our fathers we bless.  
See! philanthropy's smile makes effulgent our light,  
And true social wit, like our wine, sparkles bright,  
For the genius of Cambria has hallow'd this night.

"Enthron'd on Eryri, enshrin'd in our hearts,  
The true amor patria her spirit imparts;  
It spoke in her awen on mountain and plain,  
And the souls of her princes rose high to the strain;  
'Twas wisdom in council, and strength to the brave,  
Gave might to the victor, but mercy to save;  
High meed to the poet, and tears to his grave.

"Again is the spirit of Cymru confess'd  
In the song of her muse,\* and each patriot's breast;  
And time, who has bade her stern warfare to cease,  
Comes radiant with knowledge, and fair arts of peace:  
They throw round Eryri a halo divine,  
And long may her brow thus resplendently shine,  
While the hearts of her children in friendship entwine.

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\* Mrs. Hemans.

## HORÆ GRÆCÆ.\*

## THE TROJANS OF EURIPIDES.

MOST of the readers of the Cambrian Quarterly have, in all probability, perused some very able articles published a short time ago in Blackwood's Magazine, on German and Scandinavian literature. The plan adopted by the writer was to give a general outline of a Danish or German play, and intersperse it with translations of the most striking passages: this species of review is peculiarly suited to many of the plays of Euripides. Some of his *chef-d'œuvres*, as the "Medea," it would perhaps be a profanation to deal with in this way; and the reviewer might indeed make himself liable to the charge of having imitated the heroine of the tragedy last alluded to, in her attempt to give youthful energy to old age, by dismembering it in the caldron of delusion. But less popular dramas have confessedly no claim to such superstitious veneration; considered in the light of a tragic unity, they frequently possess no interest in the action, and none whatever in the characters. Yet there are few poets from whom may be selected so many passages of first-rate poetical beauty, considered as lyrical effusions distinct from the pieces in which they occur.

The action of the "Trojans," if so it may be called, is dolefully monotonous; the play is filled from beginning to end with the miseries and lamentations of the Trojan princesses, after the city has been taken by the Greeks; the time occupied, is the period that elapses between the division of the captives, as slaves amongst the conquerors, and the summons from the herald for the whole company to embark for Greece.

The scene is opened by Neptune, who comes

"From the Ægean's ocean depths of brine,  
Where Nereid maids their beauteous feet combine  
In mazy dance."

After lamenting the sad fate of Troy for some time, a city which had always been dear to his heart since first he had with the aid of Apollo, erected its rocky towers, he is joined by Minerva, who, much to his surprise, declares that she will join him in any plan of

\* Though every thing else must give way to Welsh literature, yet we have no objection to admit articles of this description, and essays on miscellaneous subjects, when they are not the means of precluding us from publishing some important addition to Celtic literature.—EDITORS.

revenge on the Greeks, though she had heretofore been their great patroness. The reason of this sudden change of sentiment is the determination of Agamemnon to enslave Cassandra, one of the daughters of Priam, and a prophetess.

The next scene opens with a soliloquy of Hecuba. After pathetically lamenting her desolate condition, she proceeds :

“Woe to the vessels fleet,  
 With many oars that beat  
 The ocean’s purple tide;  
 Each harbour fair and wide,  
 Of all the Grecian land,  
 Has poured its naval band  
 Against thee, holy Troy!  
 Drear boomed the deep pipe’s sound,  
 The shrill fifes warbled round,  
 When Grecian cables bound  
 The land where they came to destroy;  
 Oh, woe! that Menelaus’ hateful spouse,  
 Her brother’s pang, her land’s disgrace,  
 Had power the chivalry of Greece to rouse,  
 To work the ruin of my race.  
 To her my sons’, my Priam’s death I owe,  
 And all my own unutterable woe.”

She then compares her situation, as a desolate captive in the tents of Agamemnon, with her former honours; sadly adverts to the Grecian conquerors having shorn off her grey locks, a common usage towards captives in that barbarous age; and then turns to her fellow-captives:

“Ye daughters of the Trojan land,  
 Sad brides of them with brazen spears  
 Who once the Trojan ramparts manned,  
 Oh! let us shed the bitter tears  
 Which now alone are ours;  
 And, as some wild bird to her young,  
 I’ll sing to you a pean wrung  
 From sorrow’s frantic powers.  
 Alas! no more that strain is mine,  
 Which, as on Priam’s sceptre propped, I trod;  
 I chanted at each Trojan shrine,  
 And led the pageant of each Dardan god.”



## OLION.

*Welsh Orthography.**To the Editors.*

GENTLEMEN,

It was with no small pleasure, that I perused the communication made by our learned countryman, on the proposed Modification of Welsh Orthography, which to him appeared likely to satisfy intelligent Cambrians, without injuring the feelings of the peasantry. But your correspondent *Elvaeliad* wishes a more sweeping change, which if it were proposed for a mere trial in some literary efforts of pure fancy, we should leave such an Utopian scheme to its fate; but the feelings and prejudices of a whole community are not to be trifled with. This last consideration induced the author of the Prize Essay at the Brecon Eisteddvod, in 1822, to make a stand in favor of the established orthography of the Welsh version, knowing well the sentiments of many of the clerical body, particularly in South Wales. But the reverend gentleman who has proposed the modification now referred to, has the full approbation of Ieuan, who, from his not having resided in the Principality for some years, may now, perhaps, be able to form his judgment more impartially on the subject.

As to the objection offered to the rendering of Isaiah, liii. 5, in Mr. J. Jones's version, it applies no more to that than the authorised version, or the admired version of Bishop Lowth. It would indeed appear, gentlemen, that under cover of a literary communication, there is some wish to meddle with theological sentiments; but, by me, leave is only requested for a few philological remarks. The first is, that the classical purity, as well as the suavity and fine flow of Ioan Tegid's version, will make the position easy of comprehension to the Cymro uniaith, "That the Evangelical prophet was a highly gifted bard, as well as endowed with a divine inspiration." Bishop Lowth was a fine poet as well as a profound Hebraist, or he could not have succeeded so admirably in his new version of Isaiah; the same remark is applicable, in a considerable degree, to our Cambrian, for, respecting him, we may say that the learned countrymen of Ioan Tegid have, in this instance, a pleasing opportunity of knowing the man from his works. As to the more immediate objection, that the present new version "does not faithfully express the sense of the original," this charge



is grounded, it seems, on the rendering of verse 5, *am ein troseddau ni, am ein camwedddau ni*. The question seems to be whether all the old esteemed versions, including the Greek Septuagint, as well as our authorized versions, are to be given up; or that sacred critics do what is just and right, in paying attention to those men of "olden days," who may be supposed to be as capable of interpreting the good old Book, as the moderns, not excluding *Elvaeliad* himself. But let any man of good sense, though not at all acquainted with the learned languages, judge whether the version objected to, is not the only one that can accord with what the prophet has in view, the vicarious sacrifice of the Redeemer, according to the second clause of the verse :

" Y gosb ar ein heddwch ni a fu arnoef,  
A thrwy ei gleisiau ef y daeth iachaad i ni."

Paul of Tarsus—no mean man, I trow,—has the very expression objected to, having the prophet, doubtless, in his mind: "He was delivered *for* our offences—*am ein camwedddau ni*;" the just and faithful rendering of the Greek, Rom. iv. 25.

The eulogium with which Mr. J. Jones's version is introduced in the Cambrian Quarterly, is well merited, and is not, therefore, liable to the charge of unfaithfulness. It is a just, as well as a beautiful version, and does great credit to the translator and his country.

Efelly a ddywaid,  
IEUAN BRYCHENIOC.

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#### *Robert Recorde.*

IN turning over the pages of Crabb's Dictionary of General Knowledge, I find, under the article Algebra, the following statement: "These writers were succeeded by Robert Recorde, a mathematician and physician of Wales, who in his works, in 1552 and 1557, on arithmetic, showed that the science of Algebra had not been overlooked in England. He first gave rules for the extracting of the roots of compound algebraic quantities, and made use of the terms binomial and residual, and introduced the sign of equality, or =." Permit me, through the medium of the Cambrian Quarterly, to inquire of your learned correspondents and readers, whether Recorde was a Welshman; and if so, in what part of Wales he was born, and lived? what are the works which he published? and whether he has left any mss.? and also whether we can have any account of his life? I put these questions because,

in the work referred to, he is mentioned not only with respect, but as being the first in Britain who cultivated, and even improved the noble science of algebra. Recorde is also noticed, in the same work, as being one of the first in this country who improved arithmetic; and under the article Mathematics, his name is honourably included among a host of worthies.

At the same time, I respectfully request some of your learned correspondents to furnish us with the lives of Inigo Jones, the celebrated architect, and of the father of Sir William Jones. Both of these glorious men were truly eminent in their day, and I am sure that well-written biographies of their lives will be regarded as high treats by the readers of the Cambrian Quarterly.

ELVAELIAD.

March 1, 1831.

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*Old Welsh Custom on Easter Sunday.*

THE following custom is one of many which are disappearing after long usage, and unless recorded, even the remembrance of it will soon vanish. It is also curious, and, as far I can find by inquiry, peculiar to the town of Aberconwy in Arvon, where, under the name of *Stoccio*, it is well known to the present inhabitants. Annually, on Easter Sunday, there would be observed in the town, and especially in the Porthisav, crowds of boys and men debating on the approaching fête. The first thing to be thought of, was to find out the bridegroom who had been last married, and whose office it had been, from time immemorial, to proclaim on Pentwtil, the laws and regulations to be observed on the following morning. If he was not to be found, as he frequently took himself out of the way on that evening, the one before him was sought for, and when the proclaimer was obtained, he marched at the head of a large procession, who bore sticks of gorse, and proceeded from Porthisav, through Porthyraden, to the hill of Pentwtil, which is about half a mile to the north of the town. On their arrival at the usual spot, the crier mounted a little heap of stones collected for the purpose, and then called the attention of the company, who, respectfully listening with their hats off, heard notice of the following import: That all men under sixty years of age were to appear in the street before six o'clock on the following morning, and all under forty before four, and all under twenty not to go to bed at all, under penalty of being put in the stocks; after proclaiming these, and similar notices, loud cheers were given, and the audience separated; the younger part to form plans for their amusement during the night, for they never transgressed by going to bed, and those who owned

carts or other vehicles, to secure them with chains and locks, as they well knew that they would be in requisition on the following day. Very early on the morrow, the stocks were placed at the bottom of the street, and a party headed by fifes and drums drew a cart or post-chaise, as they never failed in procuring some vehicle for the purpose of conveying delinquents to the place of punishment: when they came to a house where they knew an unmarried man resided, the band played a merry tune, and the storming party tried, by every means in their power, to gain access into the house, and by climbing to the windows by ladders, or by forcing backdoors, they generally gained their end. Having arrested their object, they gave him time to dress himself, if caught in bed, and having brought him out, they placed him in the cart and marched to the stocks, where the proper officer having secured his feet, gave him a lecture upon idleness and breaking an old law; then, taking hold of his right hand, he asked him a few questions, such as these: Whether he liked better, the mistress or the maid, ale or buttermilk; whether he would go through the gate of a field, if open, or over the stile, &c. If, in his answers, he fixed upon what was obviously preferable, his hand was the more thickly covered with some dirty mud, and then he was released with cheers. Although it is far from being pleasant to be pulled out of bed at four in the morning, the sufferer invariably joined, after his release, in searching after others, who underwent the same course. About six the servant-girls might be seen coming out of their houses, to satisfy their curiosity, which was punished in the following singular manner: they suddenly found one of their shoes snatched from their feet by one of the *gwyr isuange*, and it cost them a trifling *douceur* to have it restored, amounting at most to sixpence, or sometimes only a kiss. The sport generally ended at eight, and they went to seek their breakfasts, after which they met at the Castle, where they spent this and the following day, which are always holidays in those parts, in playing at ball. The same ceremonies were observed on Whit-Sunday; but they have entirely ceased at both periods, since the year 1820, when I was an eye-witness, and greatly enjoyed this curious and old custom.

CARADAWG.

*Rhydychain*; Mai 16, 1831.

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### *The Marches Court in Ludlow.*

#### WELSH REPRESENTATION UP TO HENRY VIII.

IN the writer's younger days, probably about fifty years ago, it was a common proverbial remark, when any case of uncommon injus-

tice, oppression, and partiality was the subject of conversation, "*O dyna Gyvrraith Lwydlo!*" "Oh, that is Ludlow Law!" This severe reflection on the administration of justice must have originated in the supposed and alleged, if not actually corrupt and partial mode of conducting the proceedings at the court of the president and council of the Marches of Wales, first erected by Edward IV., in honour of the Earl of March; and then held occasionally (it is the opinion of the writer,) at different places, but generally, if not always, within the English borders: it was afterwards (34 Hen. VIII.) confirmed by act of parliament, and, established at Ludlow, it continued there to be held until 1 Will. III. and Mary, when it was abolished. The Act concerning the court of Ludlow runs thus: "That there shall be, and remain, a president and council in the dominion of Wales, and the Marches of the same, with all officers, clerks, and incidents to the same, in manner and form, as it hath been heretofore used and accustomed; which president and council shall have power and authority to hear and determine such causes and matters as be, or hereafter shall be assigned to them by the king's majesty, as heretofore hath been accustomed and used." Now the writer, and no doubt many of your readers would be glad to be informed what these causes and matters were, more particularly, which were tried and determined there, in order that we may be better able to judge of the alleged corruption and partiality complained of by the Welsh. The first lord president was Lord Rivers, 18 Edw. IV., and the last the Earl of Macclesfield. A correct list of the presidents would be acceptable.

In 44 Eliz., Edward Lord Zouch was lord president of Wales; and, which is rather remarkable, Rowland Lee, bishop of Lichfield, was president of the Marches in the reign of Henry VIII.; for it is recorded of him that, being wearied with the number of *aps* on the jury, he directed that every gentleman should either assume his last name or that of his residence; and that in future the several names of Thomas ap Richard ap Hywel ap Ieuan Fychan, should be reduced to the dissyllable *Mostyn*, which custom soon became general through most parts of North Wales; for soon after that period we read of Coetmore, of Coetmore; Nanney, of Nanney; Bodvel, of Bodvel; Bodurda, of Bodurda; Madryn, of Madryn; Brynkir, of Brynkir; Glynn, of Glynn; and many others; and it would have been well if the practice had continued: for there being so many gentlemen bearing the surname of Jones, Williams, Davies, &c. they cannot readily be distinguished without mentioning the place of their residence.—But, to return to our former subject, it appears, that the lord president of the council of the Marches had a numerous establishment and a princely revenue. This we may partly judge to have been the case from the splendor and magnificence of the procession with which his grace the Duke of Beaufort made his entry into Ludlow, on Thursday, July

17, 1684, and the wonder and astonishment with which it is spoken of. There was likewise the seal of the Marches, as appears from the close of a charter of the manumission of a villain in Orleton, in the county of Hereford, in time of Edward IV. "*Has litteras nostras sub sigillo nostro comitatus nostri Marchia fieri fecimus patentes,*" &c., which seal was laid aside by statute 4 Henry VII. ; whereby it was enacted that all grants and writings of lands or things pertaining to the Earldom of March, should be under the broad seal, and not under a special seal; for this had been a privilege annexed to the estate and possession of the Mortimers, earls of March, from whom Edward IV. was descended, and then abrogated. Besides the officers of the court, there is extant a list (which, if you can obtain, it is desirable you should publish,) of the names of the knights and esquires appointed by the king's majesty's grace in the Marches of Wales, to give attendance with such number of able persons defensibly as they could make to assist the king's commission at Ludlow from time to time, and to have such fees as hereafter ensueth : for the county of Salop, Sir Robert Corbet, Sir Thomas Cornwall, Sir Thomas Leighton, and Sir Thomas Blount, the fee of each of these was £6 13 4: Thomas Shreven, Thomas Mutton, George Manwaring, Thomas Kynaston, and William Leighton, the fee of each of these was 100s.: and then follows, "be it remembered, that the book whereof this copy is taken was signed with the hand (above and under) of the late Sovereign Lord King Henry VIII." I should be much obliged to any of your correspondents who can give me further information on the proceedings at the court of the president of the Marches at Ludlow.

As I was looking over different publications lately on the subject of reform, I was surprised to find that there was no representation in the Commons House of Parliament from either Cheshire or any part of Wales, until the time of Henry VIII. The exclusion of the former from the privilege of sending members to parliament may be accounted for from its being a county palatine : but why Wales should be debarred of such an advantage cannot so easily be explained. The Welsh, indeed, appear to have been greatly oppressed both before and after the conquest of the Principality by Edward I., and even down to the time of Henry VIII., who was the first monarch who began to repeal some of those laws enacted against my countrymen. Several cruel statutes were enacted against them in the time of Henry IV. : by these they were rendered incapable of purchasing lands, or of performing any office in any town, or of having any castle or house of defence. English judges and juries were to decide disputes between English and Welsh ; and Englishmen who married Welsh women were disfranchised, and no Welshman might bind his child to any trade, or breed him up to literature. The poor Welsh have for ages been kept, as it were, in the background, and enjoyed but few advantages when compared with their neighbours ; the prejudice against

them has been sedulously kept up ; and they are generally, even in these enlightened days, considered by their neighbours as slow and stupid, and not possessed of sufficient abilities to attain eminence, or to shine in any profession. But these unjust and unfounded accusations and aspersions on their character are, I hope, daily wearing away ; and with the assistance of the editors of the *Cambrian Quarterly*, the genius, talents, and merit of the Welsh will, no doubt, be represented in such a proper manner, and placed in such a light, that the prejudices of our enemies will soon disappear, and the malevolence of those who endeavour to propagate and perpetuate such unfounded reflections upon a brave people, be completely exposed.

PERIS.

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IAN VANDERSLACHT, ON THE ANCIENT CRWTH.

AN eminent professor of music has informed me that Wales possessed, a few years back, a musical instrument called the *Crwth*, pronounced Crowth ; but that the mode of playing upon it had now become unknown. As your pages are devoted to antiquarian subjects connected with the Principality, and may be considered a legitimate medium for all communications connected with that interesting country, I am induced to trespass upon your attention, hoping that this brief inquiry will not preclude the insertion of more valuable matter. Having already in my possession the tripple-stringed harp, and many other interesting specimens of curious musical instruments, I consider my museum imperfect without the *crwth*. Perhaps some one of your numerous correspondents or enlightened readers, will favor the public with a sketch and a detailed description of the instrument, and the presumed mode of playing upon it, which may be collected, I imagine, from recollection of the peasantry, or from tradition. If any individual in the Principality possesses at the present day a veritable specimen of the *crwth*, I should be happy to treat with him for the purchase ; if this should not be agreed to, perhaps objection would not be made to a model being completed from the pattern, under the auspices of an ingenious artist. Having, upon many occasions, listened with delight to the performance of the peasants of Wales on the harp, and thoroughly satisfied of the intrinsic merit of the Welsh melodies, and the genius of the natives for music, I am the more surprised that this instrument should have been permitted to perish, and become a thing of the past. I trust, for the credit of your country, that it may be revived, and that in a few years we shall see the *crowders* and harpers of the principality of Wales

merit together the applause of the musical world. I am but a poor hand at English composition: my name will, however, render apologies unnecessary.

*Muséé, Utrecht.*

IAN VANDERSLACHT.

P.S. A communication, through the medium of your pages, will afford me the desired information. I shall, however, leave my London correspondent's name with your publisher, should any one be desirous of treating with me for the purchase of the instrument.

*Unpublished Letters of Edward Lhwyd, of the Ashmolean  
Library, Oxford.*

(Continued from No. X., p. 218.)

No. XI.

*Oxf., St. David's day,  
1694.*

DEAR SIR.

I AM very much in yr. debt, but when my present business is off my hands, I hope to correspond with you more warmly. You needed not have sent up yr. money so soon; for 'tis a hard case if I can not prevail to have one or two books at a subscriber's rate, tho' I come later than the time proposed. Yr. ISS. were acceptable; but whether I can get them into Camden or not may be question'd, for Mr. Gibson tells me now, that they have not room for much additions; and that at his revising of all ye. papers sent in, he must so dispose things as that ye. whole work shall appear uniform, &c. which is contrary to ye. agreement we made at first with the printers, and for that reason Dr. Edw<sup>e</sup>. would have me keep my papers: in order to print them apart. But since matters have gone so far, I am resolv'd they shall goe on for me, and, therefore, shall submit to their censure what I have collected.

The kindled exhalation in Meirionydh shire is one of the most remarkable phænomena I ever heard or read of. I conclude it is a meteor or ignite vapor, and not the effect of witchcraft, for that it has operated in the same method now for two months; viz. a kind of *ignis fatuus*, proceeding almost every night from ye. sea shore, and that continued along the sea coast for two or three miles. Now altho' an *ignis fatuus* is no very unusual meteor, yet that it should not only continue regularly for two months together, but also fire hay and corn, and buyldings, is not, that I know of, recorded by any historian or philosopher. The effect, therefore, being so very extraordinary, it seems necessary we should also

search for some cause, exceeding what is usual. To acknowledge freely my thoughts to you, which I desire you will communicate to as few as may be (or rather nobody at all,) I doe imagine there has been a considerable quantity of locusts drown'd in our sea, in their voyage from America, (for thence, I suppose, they came;) which being cast up on the shores about Harlech, produced an infectious exhalation, which poyson'd the cattle, and being kindled up, fired ye. hay and corn, nor is it so strange that their poysonous vapor should thus kindle, when we consider that even whilest alive, *multa* (says Pliny,) *contactu exurunt*. I must confesse not onely yr. self, but also Mr. Ray, Dr. Bathurst, Dr. Lister, and all others to whom I have imparted my thoughts, wholly dissent from me; but as my rule is to be as cautious as I can in making use of my reason, so I am not to be byassed so much with authority, as to acquiesce in the belief of any thing from the judgment of others, for which I have no warrant from my own reasoning. All the account I have had of this fire is from my worthy friend Mr. Jones, of Dôl Gelheu; who seems inclined to believe it witchcraft; and could give me no other account of it, but the particulars of the mischief it has wrought. He living too remote from Harlech to answer queries, and to give a full relation of all circumstances, I shall adde nothing upon this subject, but that I shall be ready to lay down my conjecture when I find good reason for it. What you mention of ye. ground's being infectious long before is confirmed by many others; but 'tis generally confess'd, they never died so suddenly as this year, &c. I have sent queries to Mr. Henry Lloyd; which if he is pleas'd to answer, we may be able to guesse farther, &c.

I am, Dr. Sr.  
Yr. most affect. Kinsman  
& humble Servt.  
E. LHWYD.

For ye. Revd. Mr. Jo. Lloyd,  
Schole master, at  
Ruthyn.

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No. XII.

Oxford; March 8,  
1664.

HOND. SR.

I JUST now receiv'd yr. most obliging letter of the 28<sup>th</sup> of Febr. and ye. excellent draughts you were pleased to send me of *Maen y Chwyfan*, &c. came to hand about a fortnight or three weeks since. I am ashamed that I have put you to so much trouble at



a time so inconvenient, but, being ignorant of it, I doubt not but you'll excuse me. I acquainted you with my receiving y<sup>e</sup>. draughts, in a letter which I guesse might come to y<sup>r</sup>. hands soon after y<sup>e</sup>. date of yours; and added some questions relating to them, all which I find anticipated in your letter. Mr. Gibson, the gentleman whom the printers have employ'd to deliver this book of y<sup>e</sup>. presse, tels us they can allow us to be but brief in our additions; otherwise they cannot afford (as they have engaged in their printed proposals) to sel y<sup>e</sup>. book at lb l 12<sup>s</sup>.: he adds farther, that we must give him y<sup>e</sup>. liberty of so disposing of our notes as y<sup>e</sup>. whole work may seem uniform; which, I fear, includes also a liberty of keeping much of what shall be communicated for a Latin edition or some other use. Upon this account Mr. Kennet, who had undertaken Oxsh. is fallen off; and some others begin to be dissatisfied. Some friends also advise me to break off; but since things are gone thus far, I'm resolv'd to go through with it as well as I can. Before I had recd. your letter, Mr. Dodwel had made y<sup>e</sup>. same objection concerning the letter Æ on y<sup>r</sup>. copper-plate, with that you mention, offer'd by the Bishop of Chester. And when I answer'd, that letter occur'd frequent in Reinesins his *Syntagma Inscriptiones*, he replyed Reins. had taken those iss. out of mss. &c. and not copied them himself from y<sup>e</sup>. stones. But I look'd upon that (pardon my freedom) as onely a disputatious subterfuge, and so acquiesc'd in y<sup>e</sup>. answer: for it seems too hard to imagine y<sup>r</sup>. y<sup>e</sup>. same mistake should be committed in at least 200 inscriptions, copied by several hands; nor can we well suppose (unlesse we suffer prejudice to lead us into dotage) that any one should counterfeit this copper-plate.

Mr. Davies of Newburgh, in Anglesey, writes thus (in all likelihood) of your plate, or discus, but I am fully satisfied he has been misinformed. "About 50 years ago, there was accidentally dug up, in y<sup>e</sup>. parish of Aberfraw, a round large piece of plate, about 18 inches in y<sup>e</sup>. diametr. and thicker in y<sup>e</sup>. middle than round the edges, having this inscription: Socro Romæ. It came to the hands of Owen Wood, of Rhos-mon, Esqr. and was founde to be Corinthian brasse. He presented it to Dr. John Williams, then Archbishop of York, &c." A country fellow, in Caermarddshinshire, described to me exactly such a cake of silver he once found in that county. Having not at that time heard of any such, I was not so inquisitive as to ask him whether it had any letters; neither did I take the name of the place in writeing where it was found. In Lodovico Moscardo's Museo, Lib. I. Cap. xxvi. which is inscrib'd Delli Amuleti, there is much such a head as that you sent me; which confirms what you mention concerning it. I shall venture to say it was found somewhere in North Wales, as I suppose I may safely, since you are so particular as to inform me 'twas found in a well. We have an earthen vessel here in y<sup>e</sup>. Museum, somewhat of y<sup>e</sup>. form of your urn, which we call a Portugal ewer, but

whether truly or not I am uncertain. It ſeems probable that your Crikiaeth urn was alſo to hold water or ſome other liquor in, either at waſhing or ſacrificing, &c. Such Roman burial urns as I have ſeen, had large pieces of burnt bones in them, ſuch as could never be put into ſuch urns as yours. The braſe daggers were found in Merionydſhire, but upon ye. borders of Caernarvonſh. near Bedh Kelert: I was then in ye. country, and procured ſeveral pieces of them, but did not hear then, that any of them were guilt. I took *Clawdh Wat* to be onely a continuation of *Clawdh Offa*, under another name. I cannot gueſſe how this came to be called *Clawdh Wat*, nor whence the Roman way ſo called, has been nam'd *Watling Street*. I have obſerv'd in ſeveral mountainous places, ſmall brooks iſſue violently out of ye. ground, and always judg'd them ſubterraneous currents, having ſeen ſuch at *Wkie hole* and *Ogof Lhan-y-Mynych*, and ſome other caves. As for miraculous wells, I take it for granted that ſuperſtition and ignorance firſt gain'd them that reputation which prejudice and bigotry has ever ſince maintain'd. As for ye. ſcent of ye. moſſe, tis no more than what's natural, and to my knowledge there are other wells (in ye. ſame country) the moſſe whereof is endued with that ſmell. I can adde no more at preſent, than that

I am, Hon<sup>d</sup>. Sr.

Yr. much obliged and humble Servant,

EDW. LHWYD.

To ye. hon<sup>d</sup>. Richd. Moſtyn, Eſq.  
at Penbedw, in Flintſhire.

*Cheſter Poſt.*

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No. XIII.

DEAR VETERAN,

*Oxf. ; July 13, 1694.*

I'm afraid yt. by this time you begin to queſtion whether your old friends at Oxford be *adhuc in vivis*, and my onely hopes are, that my friend Mr. Wyn has, in ſome meaſure, ſatisfied you, that ſince our late active correſpondence, I have been ſomewhat buſy, having yt. ungrateful taſk lay'd upon me of drawing a catalogue of about 1000 mſs. in my cuſtody, beſides that which you have contributed ſo much unto. They have now printed off about 7 or 8 counties, but have as yet but one preſſe at work, ſo that they are not come near Wales. I have ſent in the ſix counties of South Wales, and Monmouthſhire, long ſince, but have not yet, parted with thoſe of North Wales, nor ſhall I be obliged to doe it, till they have printed and ſent me down part of South Wales: which I am ſure will not be this month. Mr. Moſtyn's draughts, together with ſome other antiquities out of South W., (Monmouthſhire chiefly,) will be engraved in a table or two at the end of the

Welsh counties, to which I have also added three specimens of mock plants, whereby I mean, impressions of distinguishable species of plants, on cole slates at 20 fathom depth, &c. I have omitted ye. draught of an urn Mr. Mostyn was pleased to send, because I am told by some of Lllyn that 'twas found amongst ye. alga or *Gwmmun*, so that I am not satisfied as yet, but that it might be cast out of some Portugal vessel, seeing we have such at ye. Museum, by the name of Portugal Ewers, and that in regard, it's like a sand box within, it could not possibly be an urn, for that in urns we constantly find great pieces of burnt bones. I shall take care to observe Mr. Mostyn's orders in not making use of his name; I am troubl'd that Mr. John Williams and Dr. Charlet should both refuse me ye. favour of taking a figure and description of the Torques. Mr. Williams' answer was, that he could not grant it, because he could not call it his own, and Dr. Charlet (who had it a long time in his custody) requir'd Mr. Williams leave before I should take any acct. of it: what ends either of them could propose, is best known to themselves. I had sent up ye. draughts to be engrav'd some time before Sr. Roger purchased it; nor did I know he had til yesterday.

I beg a letter from you at your first leasure, with all ye. additions you can make. I desire a catalogue of such places where either yr. self or friends have observ'd any fossil shells, for I intend to say something in general of such bodies, but have not resolv'd in what county. If you have recd. any tolerable acct. of ye. fire in Merionydshire from some ingenious person, pray send it me, for I would willingly give a full relation of it in that county, tho' I should say nothing to the cause. We have been inform'd. here that it was seen also in Caernarvonshire, of which I would gladly be satisfied. Mr. Ray has added catalogues of the rarest plants in each countie, and (upon my unwillingnesse of being at unnecessary trouble) has drawn up also a catalogue of ye. rarest plants in Wales hitherto observ'd. But we are all so jealous of these printers, that as yet we are unsatisfied what they'l doe, namely, how much or how little they'l print of what we send them. All your friends here are very well. Ned Humphreys' Brother gives you his humble service, and thanks for your kindnesse at his coming up, &c. I hope to see'm a good scholer in a few years, for he seems to be a very toward lad. My hearty service to Lepid Cardo, &c.

I am, Sr. Yr. most affect. Frd. and Servant,

EDW. LEWYD.

Shall I give Price of Lhanvylling a small touch or not?

For ye. Revd. Mr. John Lloyd,  
Schole master of Ruthen, in Denbighshire,  
North Wales.

*Chester Post.*

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Review of the Rev. J. Jones's Answer to the Rev. Bruce Knight, on Welsh Orthography.*

THE subject of orthography has but in a small degree engaged our attention; yet when the interests of religion are at stake, and the importance of correct orthography in the Bible is considered, we are led to notice it further. We have, in general, been too discursive to soberly appreciate the benefit of preliminary aids, and doing as all inquirers ought,—to well weigh the initiatory steps to science, and investigate the guiding elements of our progress: we have been tempted to follow the fairies in their revels, to search out each sylvan elfe, and point out to our readers, the romance attached to our hills, and sequestered and lovely vales. Led by our solicitude to acquire information in every branch connected with the Principality, we have turned aside, on this occasion, the witchery of a fertile imagination, to acquaint ourselves with the merits of this subject. In general, we have viewed the controversies which have arisen in Wales, with complacency, and admired the acumen with which varying opinions have been advocated: and have, in general, considered our interference uncalled for, or our notice of these discussions unnecessary; being alone solicitous to interpose, when attacks have been made in an unfair spirit upon our institutions, our language, or our national peculiarities. We confess that the subject now discussed by the reverend opponents, was not one in which we were versed, or on which we should have been forward in hazarding an opinion: we had perused the publication of Mr. Bruce Knight, and though unfavorably impressed by the vein of sarcasm which pervades it, we considered the grave charges advanced in it of “deranging the language,” &c. deserving of serious consideration. With this impression we were anxious to peruse Mr. Jones's answer, and to be enabled to form a judgment on the merits or demerits of the supposed innovations or amendments. The view it affords of the subject is luminous, and to our minds, he has satisfactorily established his charges of inconsistency and false principles, in the received orthography, sufficiently elucidated by the astounding instances of these defects and in a short table selected from the received version of the Scriptures. We were not aware that blemishes existed to the extent described, and cavil is prevented, by the acknowledgment that the catalogue of errors might be enormously extended: it is to be regretted the elements of orthography had not been more maturely weighed at the com-

mencement of printing, and a more enlightened system adopted; those corrections would then, no doubt, have taken place, which are demanded both by consistency and etymology. It is certain our first essayists in the press, adopted the very debased system in use at their era, when a fatal barbarism had enshrouded both the poetry, and the orthography in which it was delivered: we have examined mss. of all the ages of which we possess specimens, and do not hesitate to assert, that the era of the Welsh princes furnish by far the best specimens of pure language, and an orthography which ought to form the basis of a national system\*. It is most true, that after the suppression of the efforts of Owen Glyndwr, to establish the independence of the Principality, our succession of poets gradually became less inspired with the Awen, and concluded the lowest grade of intellectual power. The genius of poetry has been aroused from its slumbers by the sound of the Eistedvodau; and to this we owe, perhaps, in a great measure, the discussion of the subject. We trust the suggestions in this pamphlet will be attended to, and considered with the care which they merit; and such improvements made as the state of information in the Principality requires.

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*Jeanne la Folle, ou la Bretagne au 13me Siècle; Drame historique, en cinq Actes, et en Vers.* Par L. M. Fonton. Paris, 1830. 8vo.

MR. FONTON'S work displays much boldness and originality of genius. We must begin our critique with cavilling at his title: he calls it Brittany in the 13th Century, yet the main part of the story turns upon the apprehended subjugation of Brittany to William the Norman, king of England. Whether this be William the Conqueror, or William Rufus, is not explained; but as the latter prince died in 1100, we are at a loss to imagine what danger could threaten Brittany from either, in the 13th century. The play consists of the plots of a wicked and deformed younger brother, *Conan*, to rob his amiable elder brother *Arthur* of the affections of their father, *Duke Hoel*; of his birthright; and of his plighted bride, *Alicia*, the daughter of William the Norman. At length Conan involves Arthur in suspicious appearances of parricidal and fratricidal intentions, and obtains a sentence of death against him, the execution of which is only prevented by the intervention of *Jeanne*. This personage, who gives her name to

\* We find the *v* in general use; a letter of singular utility to English readers, and unaccountably discarded and supplanted by the *f*, and which ought, in any general improvement, to be reinstated in its situation.

the play, passes with all her acquaintance for a witch, and is so designated in the *dramatis personæ*; though, as far as we can judge, she is simply mad: her only supernatural feat being the knocking a stout young man (the bearer of Arthur's death-warrant) on the head with a bludgeon, an operation which the audience do not indeed see, the curtain falling as she lifts her club, but which she accurately describes in the next act. In the fifth act *Conan* requires his old doting father to surrender his dutchy to him, during his lifetime, and upon his positive refusal, murders him. We shall translate part of the subsequent scene. *Conan* stands confounded at his own crime, when *Jeanne* rushes in and exclaims,

Aha! the deed is done,—there's blood for blood.

(*Throwing down Arthur's death-warrant.*)

*Conan.* 'Tis well: and Arthur?

*Jeanne.* Rescued.

*Conan.* Rescued!

*Jeanne.* Duke!

He's now no Duke.—Hear'st not the glad acclaims?

*Voices without.* Arthur for ever!

*Jeanne.* Hear'st thou?

*Voices without.* Arthur! Arthur!

*Jeanne.* He comes! young Arthur, our liege lord; our Duke!

*Conan.* Woman, thou hast betrayed me!

*Jeanne.* Aye, indeed!

\* \* \* \* \*

The self-same death we here must die together;  
United by our murders. 'Twas to die  
I came; I, murderess of my foster-son.

\* \* \* \* \*

Did the old man, beneath thy ruthless axe,  
Like him implore for mercy? Was't one blow?  
Did one suffice?

(*Flames are seen thro' the windows.*)

*Conan.* What sudden light? Away!

*Jeanne.* We go not hence! I tell thee—no escape!

See how the fire its hundred arms of flame  
Extends, devouringly t' encircle us!

*Conan.* At least, I'll dearly sell my life.

*Jeanne.* Already

That idle hope is lost. Oh, my precautions  
Are taken! Every path for thee is closed.  
Submit! No human aid can snatch thee hence.

\* \* \* \* \*

My lords of Brittany, pray take the field,  
For crookbacked Conan;—shed for him your blood.  
Expel the English foes:—a throne—a palace!  
Quick, for our crookbacked duke, a stately palace!

There form his court. Bow, haughty vassals, bow  
Your heads before his high deformity!  
Long reign the noble duke! Conan, look up!

(*The flames increase and part of the palace falls.*)

See! there's an opening! Now, escape! escape!

(*He stabs himself, whilst the Sorceress laughs; and the whole palace falls in.*)

French poetry does not, like the English, prohibit the use of identical syllables as rhymes; that is to say, *impel* might, according to French rules, rhyme to *repel*. This kind of rhyme swarms in the pages, and the effect is to our ears peculiarly disagreeable.

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*Guide to Wales and Monmouthshire.* Leigh, London. 1 vol. 8vo.

“GREAT nations,” says Peyron, in his *Antiquities*, “such as have been famous, and made a considerable figure in the world, are sometimes like great rivers, which are never thoroughly known until ascended to their source.” The Abbé’s remark is undoubtedly strictly applicable to many parts of the globe, and partially so to Cambria; yet of late years we could enumerate many works which have appeared on the subject of ancient and modern Wales; but it appears the supply has not been equal to the demand; for new editions of books, and new works, embracing the subject before us, have recently been repeatedly announced. Of the Guides to Wales, we are in duty bound to notice Nicholson’s as superior to them all, and it has secured its title to being the most important in its various departments, for it is not a mere topography, but a casket of well-written general historic information, displaying considerable learning and industry. It is from this book, that the more recent publications have largely quoted, and in many instances, somewhat unceremoniously and unfairly, borrowed whole paragraphs, without acknowledging the fact. We do not charge Mr. Leigh with being guilty of any piratical extraction, but we may name him as an honourable exception to so disingenuous a practice, a practice at once unworthy of the writer, and a wretched trick upon the public. Mr. Leigh’s Guide, in a very considerable degree, consists of selections from other writers, but he gives us the names of his authorities: regarding the accounts of more ancient matters he has not done so, nor indeed is it necessary. What we mean is this: if a man has displayed industry and care in collecting and arranging new matter, it is unfair for another, his contemporary, to adopt the harvest either in signification, or literally, without acknowledging his source of

information: but were an author to crowd his book with authorities for ancient written or traditional materials, we should have a confusion of notes, but ill suited for affording ready reference.

We do not give the editor of the work before us, entire credit for his prefatory assertion, that he has "combined advantages not to be found in preceding works;" and do not conceive his book to be, in its arrangement, superior to many others we could name, nor indeed can we comprehend, after this arrogation of superiority, what he means by his declaration of "shunning the higher flown encomiums, which so frequently raise expectations never to be gratified;" we recommend him to allow the reader to find out the demerits or the excellencies; and to bear in mind, that modesty in an indicative of worth; his claim to superiority is nothing more than an ebullition of foolish vanity. The description of the Wye, (p. 334) is certainly equal to any extant, approaching to its size, and we regret we cannot introduce a quotation of greater length than the first, and part of the second, page.

"This river takes its rise in Montgomeryshire, near the summit of Plinlimmon, and about two miles from the source of the Severn. After dividing the counties of Radnor and Brecknock, it passes through the middle of Herefordshire, becomes a second boundary between Monmouthshire and Gloucestershire, and falls into the Severn a little below Chepstow. In its course it receives the tributary waters of numerous smaller streams, and passes by the village of Llangerrig, and the towns of Rhaiadyr, Buallt, Hay, Hereford, Ross, Monmouth, and Chepstow.

"The scenery from the source to the Hay is very picturesque, but the portion of the Wye to which travellers usually resort is between Ross and Chepstow. The distance by water is thirty-eight miles; that is, twenty from Ross to Monmouth, and eighteen from Monmouth to Chepstow. Few persons, however, now pursue the voyage further than Monmouth, as the new road from that town to Chepstow commands better views of the scenery than those obtained from the boat. We shall give, however, a plan of the voyage for the whole distance, as well as an account of the new road.

Boats for the voyage can be hired at the inns at Ross. The distance from Ross to Monmouth may be performed in five hours, but this will not allow time for stopping to see any of the various objects on the banks. The price of a boat varies, according to the size and accommodation, from 11. 10s. to 21. This may appear high, but it must be recollected that the boats have to be towed the whole of the way back before they can be let again. The same price is charged from Monmouth to Chepstow, and the voyage occupies four hours. The boatmen expect nothing but a trifling donation for beer.

"The general character of the scenery is that of a glen or deep dell, the opposite sides of which rise abruptly from the edge of the water, and are clothed with woods broken into cliffs. In some places the banks approach so near, that the river occupies the whole intermediate space, and nothing is seen but wood, rocks, and water; in others, they recede, and the eye catches an occasional glimpse of hamlets, ruins, and detached buildings, partly seated on the margin of the stream, and partly scattered on the rising grounds. The towering height of the rocky and well-wooded acclivities, the contrast of lines exhibited by their folding successively one over another, and the winding of



the river between them, produce a very striking effect, which is heightened by the wildness of the whole scene, and the deep shadows of the hills."

We have to remark that the work is neatly got up; but the accompanying map of the Principality is not accurate, nor have we ever seen one that was: the embellishments of Menai bridge, Conway bridge and Conway castle, are executed as well as the generality of such things, and the whole forms a portable, and certainly a useful guide to Wales.

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*The Welsh Interpreter.* Leigh, London, 1 vol. duodecimo. 3s.  
Edited by T. Roberts, Llwynrhydol.

THIS volume is a novelty in its way, and if it possesses all the usefulness which the introductory address asserts, assuredly it will be highly valuable.

"If (the Editor remarks) any apology were necessary for presenting "THE WELSH INTERPRETER" to the notice of the public, it might suffice simply to state the impossibility of English tourists being understood by the mass of the Welsh peasantry, of whom it may be exceedingly convenient occasionally to ask a few useful and necessary questions, especially while travelling through the more obscure and remote districts.

"Should an English traveller be in doubt as to the road he must take to reach a particular place, should the evening close upon him before he arrives at the end of his journey, it would add to his dismay to receive no other answer to his anxious inquiries, but that of "*Dim Saesneg*," which means, I do not understand Saxon, or English. To relieve the tourist from such embarrassment, he has simply to refer to the Interpreter, under the head of "*Phrases on the Road*," or "*Travelling over the Mountains*;" he will thus be enabled to find suitable terms for the occasion.

"That such a work will be useful, every person who has travelled in Wales must admit; indeed, any kind of assistance, however slight, that will enable a traveller to ask for breakfast, dinner, tea, supper, a bed, &c., cannot fail to render the trip more agreeable; and if, in addition to these questions of indispensable necessity, the tourist can be further enabled to ascertain the name of a town, a village, a river, a mountain, a country-seat, and other objects of interest, the intention of the editors will be fully answered.

"Pedestrians who may chance to wander from the beaten track, will occasionally find it convenient to ask for information of a peasant, and even to take shelter in his humble cottage. To persons thus situated, this little work will prove of great service; because, on reference to the phrases, "*On Travelling over the Mountains*," "*At a Cottage*," &c., they will find many terms suitable to their purpose. It would be but poor consolation to a weary traveller, who sought the nearest way to the next village, to receive for answer to his earnest inquiries, the eternal repetition of "*Dim Saesneg*," and thus be compelled to continue shivering in the cold, and exhausted for want of a dinner.

"Even when travelling on the great roads, on horseback, or in a carriage, any trifling accident may render it necessary, to solicit aid of the Welsh peasant, to whom the English language will sound quite as strange, probably, as French

or German: in this dilemma, the Interpreter will be required; and, under the head of "*Accidents on the Road*," will be found many well-timed and useful phrases.

"It is true that at all the principal inns on the great roads, English is generally spoken; but at the moment a traveller steps out of the beaten path, then the Interpreter may be referred to, and then its value will be appreciated; more especially in North Wales, where the towns and villages are but thinly scattered, and where the necessity of appealing to the natives for information must be more frequent.

"There are a few words introduced into the Welsh column which do not strictly belong to the language. This is partly owing to its primitive simplicity, there being no words to express things of modern invention: the terms are now, however, so generally comprehended, that the tourist will find no difficulty in making himself understood. In some few instances, *English words* have been introduced between brackets, because they are now more generally understood than the Welsh.

"Useful as this work will most assuredly be found, still it is necessary to premise that, unless the tourist will take the trouble to study with attention the few preliminary Rules and Observations, a perfect knowledge of the pronunciation cannot be obtained."

There is certainly a considerable portion of ingenuity evinced in the compilation of this little work; and we think the plan a good one; but the pronunciation of the Welsh is very imperfectly described in some instances; indeed an exact pronunciation of every Welsh word, expressed by English characters, so as to be intelligible to English readers, would be impossible. The editor in his pronunciation, has therefore rendered a few of his examples more like a jumble of some foreign language, than pure Welsh: however, we give him credit for a full share of attention; and we recommend the study of the work to the English tourist, for without familiarizing himself with the plan of the work, it will be totally useless.

A neat plate of Aberyswith bay accompanies the work.

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*Views in Wales, Nos. VI. to X.* Jones, Finsbury square, London.

*IN* number vi. Snowdon, viewed from Capel Curig, is the first plate. The mountain is seen, we think, from no situation to greater advantage than from Capel Curig, and the artists have done ample justice to its stupendous scenery: it is given with much truth of character; the light is tastefully flung upon the Penrhyn Arms, the toll-house, the little building to the left of the river; and the hut on the right foreground, together with the transparent lake and stream, blend in the composing of a very interesting and well executed engraving.

*Fall of the Ogwen in Nant Frangon.*

Were it not for the bridge, the goats, and the passengers, we might fancy ourselves surrounded by arctic frigidity; not a tree,

and scarce a stunted shrub is seen; which, together with the scattered broken rocks, tend to keep up the delusion, but the natural drawing of the struggling Ogwen dissipates it: we may almost think we see the rushing cataract. Mr. H. Lacy is the engraver of these spirited little plates.

*Pont y Glyn, Denbighshire.*

This romantic chasm forms a fine subject for an engraving; but, in our impression, the foliage is too black in the lower part of the Glyn; the torrent is naturally done; and the birds, to the left, simple as they may appear, have more imitative nature about them than could proceed from an artist of less professional caliber than Mr. Gastineau.

*Pont Aber Glas Llyn, Carnarvonshire.*

There are greater beauties in this, and the preceding bridge, to our minds, than in the more imposing character of Grecian architecture; what can be better, than the tiny span over "the deep mountain flood," backed by such scenery as Pont y Glyn, and Pont Aber Glas Llyn: they are creditable specimens of the artist's power. Mr. J. B. Allen is the engraver.

No. VII. *Tower of Wrexham Church.*

We have nothing to say respecting the repeatedly described architectural beauties of this florid gothic tower, excepting that it is very well engraved; the sky, the monuments, and the shadowing, are peculiarly good.

*St. Winifred's Well, Flintshire.*

The notoriety of this well also precludes us from enlarging on the subject, but we cannot view so good an engraving without offering our meed of approbation: the antique chapel is remarkably well done, and the pellucid water is really equal to any thing of the kind we have ever seen: Wrexham steeple, and St. Winifred's, are engraved by Mr. H. Wallis.

*Pont y Cysyllte, Denbighshire.*

Ancient Rome was celebrated among nations for her bridges and aqueducts, but modern Wales surpasses her. Is not this equal to the Aqueduct near Pamfani, and is not Menai far beyond the Ponte Rotto: the entire plate is well done.

*Llangollen, Denbighshire.*

The foreground of this picture is good, and so is the rest of the plate, with an exception—the bridge consists of four arches; we see

but three here; possibly the other may be hid by a building on the right bank of the river, but the effect of greater distance between the two structures should have been produced, whereas they appear to touch each other. The gleam of light shadowed by a passing shower is very naturally done: Dinas Bran castle is well softened in the distance. Mr. J. C. Varrell is the engraver of the Aqueduct, and Llangollen.

No. VIII. *Beaumaris, Anglesey.*

The hill to the left, the entrance to Barn-hill, the church tower, the sea, and the vessels, constitute a pretty engraving; the sky is cleverly executed.

*Entrance to Beaumaris Castle.*

The lights and shades upon Beaumaris castle are well produced, but the foliage to the left is bad: the distant gateway and figures form a pretty termination to the background. The engraver of Beaumaris and its castle is Mr. F. R. Hay.

*St. Asaph.*

The foreground, as usual, is good here; the water, and the shadows of the trees reflected on its surface, are well done: the cathedral appears to advantage seen from hence; but we can scarcely suppose that the ugly, unmeaning, dark patches on the trees to the left of the cathedral, (intended, we presume, for their trunks,) were to be met with in Mr. Gastineau's pattern drawing; and if they were not, they are certainly injurious to the reputation of the engraver.

*St. Asaph Cathedral.*

The light is very well thrown upon the structure; but like most collegiate buildings in Wales, it is scarcely worthy to form of itself a plate in the work. Mr. H. S. Storer is the engraver of St. Asaph and the cathedral.

No. IX. *Pont y Rhyddlan Fair, Carnarvon.*

No words of ours can do justice to the beauties of this view, and like

*Pistill y Cain, Merionyddshire,*

we must refer the connoisseur to the prints themselves: the rocks producing a thousand eddies in the raging torrent, cannot be adequately described. These two specimens are quite worthy of Mr. Gastineau; and, as engravings, very creditable to Mr. H. Adlard.

*Welsh Pool, Montgomeryshire.*

From the romantic, in its utter wildness, we turn to the picturesque. The park: the Llyn Ddú, (Black Pool,) and the

town, are well engraved; but the Rodney's Pillar, on Breiddin hill, in the distance, is not correctly given; it is too square, and appears more like a turret than an obelisk, nor is the mountain itself portrayed with sufficient attention to its peculiarly abrupt and angular formation.

*Powis Castle.*

The point of view is judiciously chosen, and conveys a very just idea of one of the most interesting castles in Britain. We do not speak of it as at all meeting our ideas of superiority as a modern residence, but coupled with some of the most important transactions connected with Welsh history. The engraver, Mr. J. C. Varrel, has done justice to these two plates.

No. X. *Remains of Castle Dinas Bran.*

A faithful copy. These tottering walls also carry us back to olden time; and they bear a moral on the vanity of all human operation. How are the mighty fallen! Where are the potentials who fretted their hour within these same ruins? Where is the pomp and parade of feudal rule? Where is the Crwth, the Hirlas, and the Harp, that once lighted up the dance, or fired the soul to deeds of war? How many ages have they been silent? And all that now evidences their former existence are a few crumbling fragments, beautiful in themselves, but contemptible indeed, compared with what they once have been. The light and shade is skilfully thrown on the ruins; the sky is cleverly done, and the New Holland road seen across the Dee is well described.

*Eagle Tower, Carnarvon.*

We must not suffer our "mind's eye" to retrograde, or Carnarvon Castle would hurry us on to the contemplation of remote time. This august monument of Norman policy has been so repeatedly and minutely described, that we shall not uselessly intrude upon the reader's patience. It may be sufficient to remark, that the engraving before us is highly creditable to the artists. For light and shade, clearness and point, it is, in our impression, the best plate comprised in the present review. Castle Dinas Bran, and the Eagle Tower, are engraved by Mr. W. Wallis.

*Carnarvon Town and Castle.*

The foreground, the peasantry, and the tree, to the left, are good; but there is an indistinct smuttiness of touch in the graving of the castle and houses, which is a decided blemish: the sky is better done.

*Carnarvon Castle.*

We do not, and we think others will not, regret so large a portion of the number occupied by engravings of noble castles : an artist could not occupy his time upon a more interesting study than the ancient castles of Wales ; nor is there in the Principality so grand a ruin as this. The engraving before us is well done ; but is certainly not equal to that of the Eagle Tower. We are indebted to Mr. H. Hay for the two last plates.

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*Ruins and Scenery of South Wales ; from Drawings by J. G. Robinson. Executed on stone by Messrs. George Childs and J. S. Templeman. Engleman and Co., London.*

As North Wales abounds with natural beauties, so is the South characterized by its peculiar fascinations ; and it is with pleasure we employ a few lines in a consideration of Mr. Robinson's performance. We consider the second number of Messrs. Engleman's publication a creditable work ; and we regret that its late arrival precluded us from noticing it in April. The first view in No. III. is,

*Manaber Castle, Pembrokeshire.*

The drawing, we think, is a trifle too roughly traced, but the effect is good. The foliage agitated by the gathering storm is well described, and the lights upon the castle and trees are well thrown.

*Ozwich Castle, Glamorganshire.*

The large trees on the foreground are very nicely done, the figures are good ; and we are glad to see attention paid to minor detail, for the woman's dress is purely South Welsh ; the bay and vessels are exceedingly well drawn, and the old castle is a very romantic feature, and well executed.

*Dinevor Castle, Glamorganshire.*

The foreground here is, in our copy, not quite so well done as the last, nor are the cattle true to nature ; but the castle on the distant hill is a fine object, and the light and shade of the extreme distant mountain natural ; the sky is also good.

*Chepstow Castle and Bridge.*

The trees to the right are rather indistinct, nor does the rock above them exhibit sufficient force of drawing : the mountains in the background and the sky are very well done ; but we cannot see the twilight effect as stated underneath.

The work is published and got up in very good style, and we hope the publishers and the artists will receive that encouragement which their undertaking certainly deserves.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

Just published, "*The Works of the Rev. Robert Hawker, D.D. late vicar of Charles, Plymouth; with his Memoir.*" By the Rev. Dr. WILLIAMS. 10 vols. 8vo. with portrait, demy and royal paper.

Also, published separately, "*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Rev. Dr. Hawker.*" By the Rev. JOHN WILLIAMS, D.D. of Stroud. With portrait, 8vo.

"*The Cardiff Guide.*" By Mr. W. BIRD, of that town. In 1 vol. 8vo.

"*A Trip to Paris, in Verse.*" By T. S. ALLEN, (author of "Original Rhymes.") 8vo.

## LONDON AND PROVINCIAL NEWS.

## ECCLIASTICAL.

THE Lord Bishop of St. David's has been pleased to institute, by commission, the Rev. Richard Williams, of Old Radnor, to the vicarage of Kidwelly, vacant by the death of the Rev. C. Bowen.—His Lordship has been also pleased to institute the Rev. W. P. Williams, of New Radnor, to the vicarage at Nantmellan, in the county of Radnor, vacant by the cession of the Rev. R. Williams. Both are crown livings, and were presented on the recommendation of the Right Hon. T. F. Lewis, M.P. for the county of Radnor.

The Bishop of Bangor has lately instituted the Rev. John Jones, the former curate of Merthyr Tydfil, to the rectory of Llanaber (Barmouth), in the county of Merionydd, on the presentation of the Lord Chancellor.

The Bishop of St. David's has instituted the Rev. Thos. Octavius Foley, B.A. to the vicarage of Llansadwrn, Caermarthenshire, with the chapelry of Llanwrda annexed, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. W. Morgan, upon the presentation of Admiral Sir T. Foley, K.C.B.; the Rev. D. Jones, curate of Llantillio Pertholey, Monmouthshire, to the vacant rectory of Bishopston, Glamorganshire, on the presentation of the Lord Bishop of Landaff; the Rev. W. Allen, to the vicarage of Bosherton, Pembrokeshire, on the presentation of the Earl of Cawdor; the Rev. F. G. Leach, to the sinecure rectory of Stackpole Elldu, Pembrokeshire, on the presentation of the Earl of Cawdor; and presented the Rev. L. Llewelin, D.C.L. to a prebendal stall in the collegiate church of Brecon; and — Harris, to a prebendal stall in the Cathedral church of St. David's.

*New Church Pwllheli.* The subscriptions for this Christian object, already amount to upwards of 1000*l.*; and we trust a sufficient number of benevolent persons will speedily be found to make up the sum requisite for its completion. The Bishop of Bangor has most generously bestowed the liberal donation of 50*l.*

The Rev. W. Clive, A.M. has been presented to the vicarage of Montford, Shropshire, vacant by the decease of the Rev. John Wingfield, the late incumbent thereof. Patron, the Right Hon. the Earl of Powis.

The Lord Bishop of St. David's has been pleased to collate the Rev. Ll. Llewelin, doctor in civil law, to the prebendary stall or canonry of Llanarthney, in the collegiate church of Christ's, Brecon.

The Earl of Cawdor has presented the Rev. Francis George, to the valuable rectory of Stackpole Elldor, otherwise Cheriton; and the Rev. William Allen, to the vicarage of Boshiston, both in the county of Pembroke, vacant by the death of the Rev. John Jones. The stall at St. David's, held by Mr. Jones, has been given by the bishop to the Rev. Mr. Harries, of Trevancon, in the same county.

The new church at St. Michael Cwmdy, Breconshire, was lately opened for divine service.

## ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

Petitions for the abolition of slavery were presented in the House of Commons, within the last quarter, from the following places in Wales: from the Wesleyan Methodists of Gwaenyngog and Pontrobert; of Bwicheybe; of Machynlleth; of Newtown; of Trefeglwys; of Llanidlos; of Meifod; of Llangurig; of Llandysilio; of Abercegir and Tycerrig; of Caerws; of Llanerfil; of Llanfair; of Caerau; of Pentre-Livior; of Llanfyllin; of Llanfaint-fraid; of Welsh Pool; of Carno; of Independents of Carno; of Llanerfil; of Llanbrynmair; of Llanidlos; of Penarth; of Calvinistic Methodists of Llanidlos; of Wesleyan Methodists of Golan; of Llandegai; of Aber; of Bangor; of Ebenezer chapel, Caernarvon; of Tyddun; of Pwllheli; of Llanbedrog; of Aberdaron; of Welsh Calvinistic Methodists of Tremadec; of Criccieth; of Beddgelert; of Pwllheli; of Independents of Ebenezer chapel, Bangor, &c.

## EARTHQUAKES.

The shock of an earthquake was felt, at Bardsey Island, lately: it lasted about a minute and a half. A similar phenomenon occurred about seventy years ago. This is the second earthquake on the British coasts within the last month; Dover, Deal, Sandwich, and the adjacent parts of Kent, having been affected by a similar convulsion.

## THE MOSTYN FAMILY.

The king has been pleased to grant unto Edward Mostyn Lloyd, of Mostyn hall, Flintshire, esq. eldest son of Sir Edward Price Lloyd, his authority, that he and his issue may, in compliance with a clause in the last will of his maternal uncle, Sir Thomas Mostyn, bart., take the surname of Mostyn, in addition to and after that of Lloyd, Mostyn in the first quarter.

## ABERGWILLY AND LLANDILO AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

A handsome silver vase has been presented by the Abergwilly and Llandilo Agricultural Society, to their treasurer and secretary Mr. Howell, of Lletty'r Gog, as a mark of esteem for his liberal and gratuitous services.

## CYMMRODORION SOCIETY.

We have, through an indirect channel, heard that an individual, who forwarded an Englyn to the Cymmrodorion, has been vituperating the Society and Dr. Pughe, (who had the honour of settling the merits of the different englynion,) in a provincial paper. We shall not advert to the bad taste of such conduct; but it is sufficient for us to observe that the *original* Englyn in question, arrived in time, and was adjudged to be the eighth in literary excellence. By means which we shall not take the trouble of observing upon, this individual discovered, before the Eisteddvod took place, that he was at the bottom of the learned Doctor's list, and he most unfairly forwarded an amended Englyn, *probably an improved one*, direct to Dr. Pughe. We can only state our own opinion, that Gualph or Twrog, whoever he may be, ought not to arrogate to himself, that his second or third attempt enabled him to stand third on the list of competitors.

## MILFORD HAVEN.

Orders have been received at the quarantine establishment in Milford Haven, that all vessels from the Baltic, shall be put under quarantine. This precaution has risen from the unhealthy state of Russia, as regards the plague or cholera morbus.



## Pwllheli.

Lloyd Mostyn Lloyd, esq. has been elected mayor of the borough of Pwllheli, and that gentleman has appointed Mr. John Evans, of Ty'n coed, deputy mayor, and Mr. David Williams, recorder of the borough.

## COMMISSIONS SIGNED BY THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF THE COUNTY OF MONTGOMERY.

Montgomeryshire Yeomanry Cavalry.—Chas. W. Williams Wynn, esq. to be lieutenant-colonel commandant; David Pugh, esq., to be major; Henry Adolphus Proctor, esq., Pryce Buckley Williams, esq., John Davies Corie, esq., Robert Bonner Maurice, esq., to be captains; Edw. Williams, gent., Thomas Beck, gent., David Hamer, gent., to be lieutenants; Edw. Conroy, gent., John Buckley Williams, jun., gent., Evan Stephens, gent., John Robinson Jones, gent., to be cornets; Rich. Griffiths, esq., to be paymaster; Rich. John Davies, to be chaplain; Maurice Lloyd Jones, gent., to be surgeon; John Gwynn, gent., to be veterinary surgeon.

## WELSH CIRCUIT.

Baron Bolland and Justice Bosanquet.

## CONTRIBUTORY BOROUGHES.

The town of Llanrwst has forwarded a petition, praying to be constituted a contributory borough to Denbigh. Similar petitions have also been signed and transmitted to the House of Commons from various places in Merioneddshire.

## RIOTS IN SOUTH WALES.

Previously to our selecting from the varied accounts of these lamentable disturbances, we have a few prefatory observations to make: for, after the wretched attempts of certain newspapers, &c. to stir up inflammatory feeling, for the purpose of effecting their vile object of disaffection from the constitutional institutions of our country, we regard it our bounden duty to exert ourselves to the utmost in stemming the progress of so baneful and so wicked a proceeding.

Violent counsel tendered to the minds of the ignorant is sure to produce one never-failing result; namely, the punishment of the deluded, and generally the escape of the more dangerous, but better informed workers of iniquity, who, by secretly imbuing the minds of the illiterate with ideas of supposed wrongs, render them proportionately desperate and lawless as they are ignorant. That this has been the case (and we are luckily in possession of the proof) in the recent events at Merthyr, does not admit of a question; and, what is more, measures may yet be taken for dragging the demons to light, and exposing them in their hideousness to public view; but let it be recollected, it is not a mere investigation of their conduct that will rejoice us, it is their punishment, so richly merited, which would make all good men rejoice, and strike terror to the hearts of those who draw upon them the just measure of retribution.

We deeply regret, in this instance, the unavoidable sacrifice of blood; but, had it been even more profuse, we cannot admit that it would have been "murder," or "butchery of unoffending" "unarmed men." The reason why government do not notice such distortion of fact, such base misrepresentation, is obvious enough; but, contemptible as these villainies are, we have reason to hope that assertions so false, and so dangerous, will not be allowed to be made continually unheeded. The influence of four or five weekly prints lately established in London is wonderfully great, and only equalled by the insolent, the LYING construction they have placed upon the proceedings of the civil and military authorities employed in restoring the iron districts to order. We now proceed to quote from the different country newspapers, &c.

"With deep regret we state that alarming riots have taken place during the last and present week, amongst the miners and other workmen employed in the vicinity of Merthyr Tidal, in which an unusual spirit of daring was shown on the part of the rioters, and the sacrifice of eighteen lives, and nearly 100 wounded,

has been the consequence of their temerity and outrageous conduct. It appears from some accounts, that the men employed in most of the iron works, including the immense establishment of Messrs. Thompson, Forman, and Co. Messrs. Crawshaw and Co. &c. had struck for an advance of wages; others assign a different cause; but, from whatever motives, on Thursday they assembled in large numbers, and proceeded to acts of violence in Merthyr. About eight o'clock in the evening, the mob attacked Mr. Coffin's house, (the Court of Requests,) and after demanding the books, they commenced their depredations, broke the windows, and destroyed every article in the house, except one room, and attempted to set it on fire, but the wind being in an unfavorable direction, they failed to do so. As the proceedings on the part of the mob indicated the most determined mischief, expresses were sent off to Brecon, and other places, for the military, and at eleven, on Friday morning, a detachment of the gallant 93d Highlanders arrived at Merthyr from the depôt at Brecon. They were drawn up in front of the Castle Inn, into which fortunately about twenty of them had entered with their arms, when on a given signal the mob closed around those on the outside, and a most violent effort was made to disarm the soldiers; a furious struggle was the consequence, in which the noble Highlanders showed the most admirable humanity and forbearance, till at length their major being struck down and severely wounded, and many of their comrades also desperately hurt, and some of them disarmed, self-preservation rendered further lenity equally imprudent and dangerous, particularly as several of the mob were possessed of firearms, and the soldiers in the Castle Inn commenced firing from the windows, to rescue their nearly overpowered comrades in the street. This was effected after a desperate contest."

The following are extracts from letters written by persons on the spot: "From Monday to Thursday they manifested a riotous disposition; a storm was evidently gathering, and fears of its bursting increased as the week advanced. After the continual and urgent entreaties of the shopkeepers, the magistrates at length consented to send for a military force, and accordingly four expresses were sent off on Thursday night. At 10 o'clock yesterday (Friday) morning, about sixty of the 93d regiment of infantry arrived; immediately they marched to the Castle Inn, around which were at that time assembled, a mob of from 15 to 18,000 persons. The soldiers were allowed to form in front of the inn, which movement they had scarcely completed, when the mob made a desperate attempt to disarm them, and at the same time to force an entrance into the inn. Fortunately about twenty of the soldiers were stationed at the upper windows, and beholding the desperate attack upon the house, received orders to commence firing. In a short time, eighteen of the rioters were killed, and upwards of ninety wounded. Every pane of glass in front of the castle was shattered: providentially the mob retreated. Immediately afterwards a large body of the rioters broke into a private house; not the minutest article of furniture escaped their fury; all was quickly shattered to atoms, cast into the street, and there burnt. In the conflict at the castle, eight of the soldiers were wounded, one of them badly, but they are all recovering. The major received a violent blow on the head, and a bayonet thrust in his side, but his wounds have not disabled him. Penderyn house has been, pro tempore, converted into a barrack. You may faintly picture your sister's terrors; six men were lying dead before my door for more than an hour: and as I was at the castle during the whole of the riot, and my family ignorant of the pass-word, without the use of which ingress could not be obtained to the Inn, their suspense was wretched beyond description. Yesterday a considerable number of the Glamorganshire militia arrived in coaches. This morning nearly 200 of the Glamorganshire yeomanry entered the town: they were immediately despatched to meet a supply of ammunition on its way from Brecon, but they had not proceeded two miles, before they were attacked by an immense mob, and driven back to Merthyr. One of the yeomanry had been disarmed, another wounded, and a third had had his horse shot in the leg. Happily these were the only damages they sustained. Thirty-six of the Swansea cavalry arrived this morning, but not before a band of rioters had met them near the town, and had disarmed every man. This afternoon the rioters have as-

sembled at the Ceven, distant a mile and a half from Merthyr; they were armed with upwards of 300 fowlingpieces, a few of the soldier's muskets, which they had obtained in the conflict of yesterday, and the swords and pistols of the Swansea troop of cavalry. During the last two or three days, all the shops have been closed; this evening the proprietor of one of them ventured to open his doors, when instantly the shop was filled with the mob demanding provisions. We are now anxiously waiting the arrival of two regiments of cavalry, the 14th dragoon, and the Enniskillins from Birmingham. One of the avowed purposes of the rioters, is to enter every shop, and seize and burn the account-books. They have already visited the Court of Requests, whose books they have committed to the flames. At this moment, midnight, I hear the distant firing of musketry. I fear we have an eventful week before us.'

From a letter of another eyewitness: "The women were wringing their hands and screaming terrifically, while searching for their husbands. Judge of my feelings when I beheld a mother carrying in her arms the body of her dead son. The soldiers would not permit any other of the killed to be removed. We had no market yesterday, it seemed as though the hand of desolation were upon the land. At present all is quiet; may it not be a treacherous calm before a relentless storm. The iron masters have agreed to accede to the wishes of their men, but the latter now refuse to accede to any terms. The rioters have 300 fowlingpieces, some arms, which yesterday they forced from the soldiers, and pistols and swords of the cavalry, whom they disarmed and requested to go home."

From another correspondent we are happy to announce, "that all fear of further outrage has ceased, and the men have returned to their work."

"The latest accounts from the manufacturing districts in South Wales, state that the forges are again at work, and that the miners and colliers are gradually returning to their employment. Additional troops had arrived in the neighbourhood of Merthyr, and all remained quiet. The leader of the rioters, 'Lewis, the Penderrin huntsman,' was apprehended, during the night of Tuesday, in a wood at Penderrin, in Breconshire, where he had concealed himself, and he was conveyed in safe custody to Merthyr. It is stated that sixteen of the rioters were killed in the encounter with the military, and a great number wounded, but it has not been ascertained how many; four of them have since died of their wounds. None of the military were mortally injured. The colliers in the vale of Towey and Llanelly had struck for an advance in wages and the abolition of tommy shops, but had done no mischief."

Extracts from the Minutes of Evidence taken before Evan Thomas, esq. at the Castle Inn, Merthyr-Tydvil, on Friday, June 17th, one of his Majesty's justices of the peace, acting in and for the county of Glamorgan, on an inquiry concerning the death of John Hughes and others, on Friday, the 3d of June instant: "William Thomas, esq., surgeon, deposed: In about an hour after the mob had dispersed from the front of the Castle inn, eight bodies were removed by his direction into the coach-house behind the inn, and nearly at the same time William Roberts came to him and told him there was a wounded man in his house which was close by. He went there instantly, and found a man, whom he knew to be John Hughes, in Roberts's house: he examined him, and found a ball had entered the centre of his back, and come out rather above the navel. He died between ten and eleven o'clock that night; he has no doubt his death was caused by that gun-shot wound. In about an hour and a half before he died, when the man knew that he was dying, he asked him how he came to be shot. He said that he was running away with a soldier's musket, but before he could do so he was shot: that he had been an old soldier, and in six engagements, and never was wounded before; and that he ought to have died a better death. Witness was present when the firing at the castle commenced by the soldiers of his Majesty's 93d regiment. He came to the Castle inn just as the soldiers halted on their arrival. A large mob accompanied them: a large proportion of the men were armed with bludgeons, some with the handles of mandrels, others with parts of miners' pickaxes; a man amongst them had a red flag on a long

pole. The soldiers halted in the middle of the street, rather above the house. The mob got close around them in a dense mass, so that it was almost impossible for them to use their arms. Some bread and cheese were then brought out to them, after which they were moved to the pavement in front of the Castle inn, and near to the house: here they were hemmed in again: before this movement the sheriff read the Riot Act. He saw a man, called Lewis the Huntsman, get up to the lamp-iron, and support himself with the assistance of the mob below: he addressed them, saying, "We are met here to have our wages raised, instead of which the masters have brought the soldiers against us; now, boys, if you are of the same mind as I am, let us fall upon them, and take their arms away." He then dropped down: his speech was in Welsh: in a minute one or two witnesses observed a movement in the crowd, when a rush was made on the soldiers. Several of them were disarmed. At this moment witness came out to the front door of the house, and there saw the mob, three or four upon a soldier, wrestling for their muskets. Four or five of the soldiers were upon the ground, and at the same instant a volley of stones, cinders, sticks, &c. was sent against the windows. No firing had taken place at this moment. There was a conflict on the steps, the mob three or four times making their way into the house, and being as often repulsed by two soldiers in the passage, and the special constables behind them. The soldiers in the passage had been able to bring down their muskets to the charge: a firing commenced from the windows above, but not till several of the soldiers had been struck down: some one in the passage then gave the alarm that the mob were coming in at the rear of the house; hearing this, witness led an officer and three soldiers into the yard behind; the yard is very narrow; the mob had then advanced half-way up the yard, and were within a very few yards of the back door; they fell back a little, and then assailed the soldiers with a shower of stones and brickbats; the soldiers fired, two or three of the mob fell, and then drew back, and were driven through the stable-yard into the street by the end of the house: it was then said that the mob were approaching by the field; and witness going round to see, met Lewis the huntsman, returning by the river side with a musket in his hand; heard him call out to the others to stop and stand their ground. Witness then went home by a circuitous way through Ynisgoy: the soldiers were firing in the street, and the mob were firing from the cinder bank in the rear of the house: he thinks there was firing from thence, before Lewis could have got there."

Several other witnesses were examined, and deposed to the mob having attacked and deprived some soldiers of their arms before a single shot was fired by the military. The major who commanded the detachment was severely cut: nothing could exceed the exertions of the officers to prevent the unnecessary shedding of blood; they called out to the soldiers to cease firing, even whilst the mob were firing upon them.

The jury brought in the following verdict: "We unanimously find that John Hughes came to his death by a musket-shot wound, fired by a soldier of his Majesty's 93d regiment, whose name is to the jury unknown, and that it was a justifiable homicide."

The facts above quoted have not in the main been exaggerated, nor has there been even an attempt at their contradiction. If, then, this misguided assemblage had been permitted to ransack and destroy, with all their chaotic unbridled passions let loose, coupled with brute force, what must have it ultimately led to? Why, to an immense destruction of property of all kinds, and a deplorable sacrifice, God knows how extensive! of the lives of our misguided countrymen.

We have no words to express our detestation of those wicked men who have so shamefully prostituted the press to the purposes of revolutionary tendency; they are too contemptible to excite our notice, and we quit the subject with an expression of our gratitude to the guardian of all districts and nations, for the termination of these alarming tumults, with a sacrifice of life however deplorable, but which might have been increased to the most appalling extent.

## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

*Births.*

At Llysmeirchion, the lady of the Rev. Mr. Chambres, of a son.—At Mount Sion, near Oswestry, the lady of R. Hill Miers, esq. of a son and heir.—Mrs. Russom, of Summer-Hill Academy, near Carnarvon of a son.—At the Golfa, near Pool, Montgomeryshire, the lady of the Rev. Richard Pughe, B.A. rector of Llanfihangel, in the same county, of a son and heir.—Mrs. Edward Rumsey Williams, of Bangor street, Carnarvon, of a son.—At Fronheulog, Denbighshire, the lady of Charles Dawson, esq. of a daughter.—In Abbey street, Chester, the lady of H. G. Rowlands, esq. of a still-born son.—Mrs. Griffiths, of Hafodonen, near Amwlch, of a son.—Mrs. Davies, wife of Mr. R. Davies, of Aberystwith, of a daughter.—A tradesman's wife, residing at Aberystwith, was lately delivered of three fine children, two boys and a girl: they are all doing well, and likely to live.—At Milford, the lady of Thomas Phillips, esq. comptroller of his Majesty's Customs, at that place, of a daughter.—At St. Mary's cottage, Llandoverly, the lady of Eyre Cooté Lord, esq. receiver general of Taxes, of a daughter.—At Bryneithin, near Aberystwith, the lady of William Eardley Richards, esq. of a son.—At Clemenstone house, Glamorganshire, the lady of Richard Frankles, esq. of a son and heir.—At Gwydyr Ucha, Mrs. Little, of a son.—At Pengwern, the Lady Harriet Lloyd Mostyn, of a son.—In London, Lady Henry Cholmondeley, of a daughter.—In Tavistock square, the lady of John Jones, esq. of a daughter.

*Marriages.*

By the Lord Bishop of Winchester, the Rev. William Gibson, to Eliza, the third daughter of the Bishop of Chester.—At Leamington Priors, by the Rev. R. Downes, William Tringham, esq. M.A. to Eleanor Amelia, widow of the late Lieut. col. Henry Tarleton, of the 60th regiment, and youngest daughter of the late, and sister to the present, Phillips Lloyd Fletcher, esq. of Gwernhayled, in the county of Flint.—At Llanfechell Church, by the Rev. John Lewis, rector, the Rev. William John Lewis, of Tros y marian, to Mary Ann, widow of the late Thomas Jones, esq. of Pentir hall, in the county of Carnarvon, and of Cromlech, in the county of Anglesey.—At Liverpool, John Lloyd Jones, esq. second son of the late Rev. J. Lloyd Jones, of Plas-Madoc, Denbighshire, to Charlotte, eldest daughter of Joseph Lyon, esq. merchant of that place.—At Leicester, by the Rev. Dr. Fancourt, Thomas, only son of James Bowen, esq. of Tyddyn, Montgomeryshire, to Mary, eldest daughter of the Rev. Richard Davies, B.D. vicar of St. Nicholas, Leicester, Welton, Northamptonshire, and Llanwnog, Montgomeryshire.—At Clifton, Gloucestershire, by the very Rev. the dean of Bangor, the Rev. Ellis Roberts, vicar of Llanynys, Denbighshire, to Charlotte, second daughter of the Rev. H. Warren, rector of Ahsington, Sussex.—At Knighton, Radnorshire, Mr. T. Watis, of Knighton, to Miss Meredith, only daughter of the late E. Meredith, esq. of the same place.—At Leicester, Thomas, only son of James Bowen, esq. of Tyddyn, Montgomeryshire, to Mary, eldest daughter of the Rev. Richard Davies, B.D. vicar of St. Nicholas, Leicester, Welton, Northamptonshire, and Llanwnog, Montgomeryshire.—At Chester, Mr. Thomas Pulford, of Wrexham, to Martha, daughter of Mr. Joseph Snelson, of Alvanley, Cheshire.—In London, the Rev. Evelyn L. Sutton, to Amy, eldest daughter of the Rev. Sir Edward Kynaston, bart. of Hardwick, Salop.—At Llansaint, Daniel Carver, esq. of Coedwalter, to Eliza, second daughter of J. H. Bevan, esq. Pengay, both in Caermarthenshire.—At Llanbadarnlawr, Mr. John Evans, to Eliza, only daughter of Mr. Lewis Pugh, Aberystwith.—At Bodedern, by the Rev. Hugh Wynne Jones, chancellor of the cathedral of Bangor, the Rev. James Hughes, perpetual curate of Bodedern, to Jane Catherine, eldest daughter of the Rev. William Lloyd, rector of Llanfaethlu, in the county of Anglesey.—By the Rev. Dr. Howard, Thomas Downward, esq. of Bathafarn park, Denbighshire, to Caroline Eliza, eldest daughter of the Rev. Thomas H. Clough, of Hafodunos, in the same county.

## Deaths.

We have to announce with feelings of sincere regret the decease of Sir Thomas Mostyn, bart. of Mostyn, in the county of Flint, who died of an attack of the gout, at his residence in London. Few men united in a greater degree all the amiable and attractive qualities which are the delight and ornament of private life. Dignity, affability, politeness of manners, ease and propriety of conversation, the open countenance which prepossesses the hearer, and the guileless speech which follows to convince him of the sincerity of the speaker, were peculiarly his, and won for him from all who approached or knew him, the respect and confidence to which he was entitled. Indeed nothing could be more remote from any thing like artifice or contrivance than the whole tenor of his character and conduct: he was upright and just in all his dealings, and a rigid adherent to truth; his word was his bond. He combined with a benevolent disposition, an excellent understanding, the happiest temper, and the soundest judgment; so that being unmoved by the levity of caprice, or the violence of passion, his opinions and demeanour were never in extremes, but such as qualified him for that commendation which a great authority of antiquity thought no mean one, as it might be justly affirmed of him that he was ever observable "*dictorum omnium factorumque moderatione.*" With the different branches of his family, he lived always upon terms of the most affectionate intercourse, and was remarkable not only for the constancy of his friendships, but for a peculiar felicity in conferring favors,—seeming desirous, not only to avoid making them known to others, but even studious to conceal from the individuals on whom they were bestowed, the consciousness of a favor conferred; a rare mode of conduct, the dictate of a delicate and noble mind. As a master, his domestics who could observe the numberless little daily traits which display the man, will attest his worth, and lament his loss: as a landlord possessed of large territorial property, he consulted the interests, and acquired the attachment of his tenantry: as a member of parliament, he seems to have been a man, who, but for his bodily infirmities, was admirably adapted to fill the dignified situation of a county member, and to prove himself on all occasions by the independence of his principles, and consistency of his political career, a trust-worthy representative of the people. Placed by birth and affluence on high vantage ground, he would neither betray their interests, nor compromise with his own conscience for the unworthy, though no unusual, allurements of avarice and aggrandisement. He "served no private ends," he wanted no lucrative place, and to the descendant of ancient ancestry, the coronet which might have glittered upon his carriages or his sideboard, could have no attraction. In his parliamentary duties he was a public functionary, acting from upright motives, and he never gave a vote which was at variance with his conviction. His constituents, therefore, reposed with confidence and satisfaction in the choice which they had made of their representative, because, in general, they believed him to be right, and always knew him to be sincere. Sir Thomas was in his 56th year, having been born in October 1775. He was a pupil at Westminster school, and completed his studies at Oxford, and was the last male survivor of the family of Mostyn, one of the most ancient, flourishing, and respectable, in the principality of Wales. He was a perfect specimen of that class which, in its best and most honourable acceptation, must ever claim our high respect, we mean, the English country gentleman.—*Chester Chronicle.*

At Parke, aged 82, the Rev. N. Rowlands, M.A. formerly of Christ Church, Oxford, chaplain both to the Duke of Gordon and Lady Huntingdon. He was one of the most popular preachers in Wales for many years, in connexion with the old Methodists; but upon their separating themselves from the Church of England and ordaining ministers of their own, he adhered conscientiously to the establishment.—The Rev. Robert Wynter, M.A. rector of Penderin, Breconshire.—In his 86th year, Mr. David Gwillim, of Cefnbnaw, Llanavanawr, Breconshire.—In her 32d year, Margaret, wife of John Lewis, esq. of Machynlleth.—Mrs. Williams, wife of Wm. Williams, esq. of Benar, Dolgelly.—Much regretted, aged 65, Wm. Ruffe, esq. of Glandulas, in the parish of Moughtre, Montgomeryshire.—At his house in Denbigh, Thomas Salusbury, esq. in his 71st year.—Walter Wilkins, esq. of Maeslough Castle, Radnorshire. He is suc-

ceeded in his vast possessions and great property, by his only son, Walter Wilkins, esq.; who also succeeds his late father as leading partner in the old established bank of Wilkins and Co. at Brecon and Merthyr.—Richard, son of the late John Fencott, esq. of Presteign.—At Calgarth Park, Westmoreland, Dorothy, widow of the late Dr. Watson, bishop of Llandaff.—At Exmouth, Mrs. Russell, of Gelly-dowyll and Llwyn-owen, Montgomeryshire, and relict of Robert Russell, esq. late of Exmouth and Exeter. The poor will have long to regret a benevolent and zealous friend.—At his father's house, Bala, of a decline, Mr. G. O. Anwyl, second son of David Anwyl, esq. in the 22d year of his age.—At his residence near Abergavenny, the Rev. Francis Homfray, rector of Llanfair and Llanarth, in the county of Monmouth. He was brother of Sir Jere Homfray, of Llandaff, and of the late Samuel Homfray, esq. of Pen y darran Place, Glamorganshire. The Church of England has lost, in this excellent divine, one of its brightest ornaments.—On the 16th instant, in St. John street, Chester, Harriet Maria, wife of Sir John S. P. Salusbury.—Mrs. Margaret Conway, of Denbigh, in her 81st year.—In the 86th year of her age, Mrs. Boydell, relict of the late Thomas Boydell, esq. of Trevalyn hall.—Suddenly, Roger Jones, esq. of Colomendy, near Corwen, brother of the venerable archdeacon of Merioneth.—Last week, in Carnarvon, Capt. Morris Roberts, greatly respected for his inoffensive manners and integrity of conduct.—At Penglogwyn, Aberach, in this county, aged 102, Mr. James Page, formerly a serjeant in the Carnarvonshire militia.—At Brecon, Mrs. Mary Davies, formerly of Gwernevet, Breconshire, and sister of Henry Allen, esq. of the Lodge, near Hay.—At Bettws, Denbighshire, Elizabeth, widow of the Rev. John Fleming Stanley.—Mr. R. Pendril, surgeon, of Brecon, one of the county coroners, was found dead near the Swansea canal.—At Ynysslaes cottage, Cwm Neath, Mary, the beloved wife of John Randall, esq. much and justly regretted.—At Swan river, Mr. Charles James Roberts, aged 24, second son of the Rev. William Roberts, rector of Llanbewlan, Anglesey.—Aged 72, the Rev. James Evans, of the Goitra, in the parish of Kerrey Montgomeryshire.—The Rev. Wm. Anwyl Roberts, of Carreg-y-lleon, Capt. Garmon, Denbighshire.—Aged 76, the Rev. John Jones, rector of Stainton and Boshilton, Pembrokeshire, and chaplain to the Right Hon. Earl Cawdor.—In his 68th year, Jonathan Raine, esq. k.c. a bencher of Lincoln's-inn, and m.p. for the borough of Newport. In 1816, Mr. Raine was appointed one of the Welsh Judges, and he continued to perform the functions of that judicial office until the recent alterations in the judicature of the Principality, when he retired on the superannuated allowance of 1,000*l.* per annum.

The Right Hon. John Vaughan, Earl of Lisburne, of Crosswood, Cardiganshire, 63; his lordship married, in 1798, Lucy, fifth daughter of the late Viscount Courtenay, and sister of Lady Charlotte Giffard, of Chillington, Staffordshire. By the countess, who died in December, 1821, his lordship has left a surviving family of five children, viz. Ernest Augustus Lord Vaughan (now Earl of Lisborne,) who was born in October 1800; Hon. George Vaughan, born February 1802, captain in the Rifle Brigade; Hon. John Shafto Vaughan, born October 1803; Hon. William Malet Vaughan, Lieutenant 4th Dragoon Guards, born 1807; Lady Lucy Harriet Vaughan, born February 1809, unmarried. The late Earl was advanced to the rank of a colonel in the army, January 1, 1800, and succeeded his brother Wilmot, in the family honours, May 6, 1820. His Lordship was the third Earl and sixth Viscount Lisburne, and bore also the titles of Lord Vaughan and Baron of Fethers, dignities which were granted by William III. to the grandson of John Vaughan, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, in 1663; the Earldom of Lisburne was conferred on the fourth Viscount, in 1776. The titles being Irish, do not give the possessor of them the privilege of a seat in the House of Lords.

On the 21st inst. at Brecon, suddenly, aged 58, Mr. Williams, of the Struet, in that town.—At Penraig, Anglesey, Eliza Anne, fifth daughter of W. P. Poole, esq.—Aged 86, the Rev. Richard Lloyd, a.b. rector of Llanalltgo and Llanaugrad, in the county of Anglesey.—At her mother's house, Chester, in her 19th year, Catherine Isabella Trevor, last remaining daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Trevor.—At Rhuddlan, Mr. John Wynne, son of Mr. H. Wynne.—Price Jones, esq. of Glynn, late of Berth House, near Ruthin.—At

Court Herbert, near Neath, aged 68, William Gronow, esq. one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the county of Glamorgan, and late banker at Neath and Swansea, and Alderman of the town of Neath.—Aged 72, Sarah, wife of Mr. W. Jones, of his Majesty's customs, Liverpool, and formerly of Rhos Llanerchrygog, Denbighshire. Mrs. Jones experienced a most singular vicissitude in the recent restoration of her hearing, a fortnight prior to her death, after having been partially deaf for upwards of ten years.—At the house of Madame Palisse, Plain Plalais, Geneva, and shortly after her return from Italy, where she had gone for the benefit of her health, at the age of 30, Elizabeth, wife of Charles Lloyd, esq. late in the civil list of the Hon. East India Company in Bengal, and daughter of the late Rev. Mr. Williams, rector of Llanbedr, Carnarvonshire.

The Rev. John Jones, twenty years pastor of the Baptist church at Newtown, Montgomeryshire, after a long and severe suffering, arising from a cancerous substance formed on the back of the left hand. His hand was amputated on Monday, the 30th ult., and he appeared, with some intermissions, to be doing well, till the Friday night following, when an alteration took place, and on Saturday morning he breathed his last. On Sunday the body was removed from Shrewsbury, attended by many friends, and a vast number of people who met to witness the mournful scene. When the corpse arrived opposite Rowton Cottage, two stanzas of a hymn were sung, and, the Rev. M. Kent having spoken a few words and offered up a prayer to God, the friends returned back, and the body proceeded to Welsh Pool, where many friends met it, and thence proceeded to Newtown, at which place the procession arrived at ten o'clock on Monday morning. A more affecting scene was scarcely ever witnessed; all the factories were stopped, the shops were closed, and many of the inhabitants were clothed in mourning. The Rev. G. A. Evors, of Newtown Hall (the only magistrate that resides in the town), met the procession about three miles on the Pool road, followed by a large concourse who had assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to one whose loss is universally felt in the town and its vicinity. This highly respected pastor has left a wife and seven children.

In her 70th year, inexpressibly regretted by her relatives and a large circle of friends, Mrs. Barker, relict of the Rev. W. Higge Barker, A.M. vicar of St. Peter's, Caermarthen.—At Ffynnone, in the county of Pembroke, aged 16 years, Hugh Owen, eldest son of Col. Colby.—At Pen-y-bryn, Aber, in the 22d year of her age, Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Captain Crawley, R.N., of Gordinog, Carnarvonshire.—Universally respected, Mrs. Lewis, relict of the late William Lewis, esq. of Llantron, Cardiganshire.—Aged 18 years, John, son of the Rev. Arthur Jones, of Bangor.

#### PRICES OF SHARES OF CANALS IN WALES.

Brecknock and Abergavenny, 105; Glamorganshire, 290; Monmouthshire, 205; Montgomery, 80; Shrewsbury, 260; Swansea, 205.

#### FOREIGN FUNDS.

*Closing price 20th June.*—Austrian 86; Brazilian, 49½; Buenos Ayres 20; Chilian, 19; Colombian, 1824, 14; Danish, 61½; Greek, 19; Mexican, 30; ditto, 1825, 39½; Peruvian, 13; Portuguese, 45; Prussian, 1822, 98; Russian, 1822, 92½; Spanish, 1821 and 1822, 15½; ditto, 1823, 14; Dutch, 42; French Rentes 61.

#### ENGLISH FUNDS.

*June 25.*—Bank Stock, 198; 3 per cent. cons. shut; 3½ per cent. shut; 3 per cent. red. 61½; 3½ per cent. red. 89½; 4 per cent. 98½; Long Annuities, 16½.

#### ERRATA.

Page 283, sixth line from bottom of the page, for *rule* read *roll*.

285, nineteenth line from top of ditto, for *started* read *startled*.



THE  
CAMBRIAN  
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

AND

**Celtic Repertory.**

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No. 12.—OCTOBER 1, 1831.—VOL. III.

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OUR DAYS.

It is hardly possible, we conceive, to contemplate the aspect of the days in which it is our fortune to live, without being struck by their marked and most significant features. That which mainly distinguishes them is, it would appear, the restless and penetrating spirit of inquiry, at this moment and for some time past, busied in decomposing every thing into its first elements, and, as if it had never before undergone the process, critically examining its fitness for the proposed end; so that we might almost call this the "analytical age," if the same spirit were not frequently, also, at work to arrange and combine in a proportion, and after a model, of its own. Many causes have obviously led to this singular posture of affairs.

We are, at present, in the midst of profound peace; and, to a considerable extent, of commercial inactivity, following however a state of war and enterprise, wherein there was a "run," to use a familiar term, upon the general mind, for all its attention, stir, and energy; and which left it in an attitude of preparation, and even of craving, for some species of exertion. Other subjects failing, those connected with domestic economy and polity were seized upon with avidity; and being at once numerous, intricate, and personally interesting, have continued practically to employ a great mass of thought, with various result. Again, party spirit has disappeared; for this, several reasons may be assigned: men had grown weary of its dominion over their tempers, and ashamed of allowing its exorbitant dictations to stand as a "great gulf" between them and the truth; many of its subjects had also ceased to exist; in its progress, however, it had accumulated much talent and vigour of action, and prepared itself, though for its own purpose, with extensive stores of valuable acquirement. Now these, also, stood ready to take up the more peaceful pursuit;

these were so many well-appointed auxiliaries for the cultivation of the substituted, and more profitable and "pleasant" heritage. But it is obvious that this could not have happened without a certain *culture*, as well as vigour, of mind; without, indeed, a pretty general diffusion of them. Our institutions are for the most part so far public property, and so far, also, responsible to public opinion, that they could not at any time be considerably changed, or even modified, unless with the concurrent approbation, if not aid, of many tolerably competent abettors, so competent, that is, from possessing, in addition to other requisites, some measure of available *information*. But of that there is, at this period, perhaps, an unprecedented sum distributed amongst the English people. To assign the fact to any single cause would be idle: it appears, in truth, to be the result of many, to which it will be neither uninteresting nor unimportant very briefly to advert by the way.

A juster sense of the interest of the poor in the word of God than once prevailed, has, of late years, become very general. It has at length grown into a firm and practical conviction amongst us, that they ought to possess, and to read, the Scriptures: this conviction has arisen partly, there can be little doubt, from that preparedness for action, into which, we observed, the general mind was brought, upon the country subsiding into an inert state from one of great activity. To this point it was, amongst others, directed, and no long time would elapse before a truth, so obvious, when there was leisure to advert to it, and so indisputable also, would be acknowledged. The wealth of the country, at the same moment, provided means for acting upon it, giving life and power to institutions for circulating the Scriptures and good books, and enabling the poor, without inconvenience, to purchase them. Sunday and day schools within and without the church, were likewise multiplied and filled. By and by, the power of reading, thus acquired, sought for a wider range; the principle of inquiry, once excited and rewarded, impelled to further advances; and the consequences were, the stimulus imparted to the other ranks of society; the formation of other establishments, more connected with art and general knowledge; and the publication of works upon various subjects, brought down to the level of lowly men's capacities; insomuch that, at the present conjuncture, multitudes more are imbued with a measure of knowledge than at any former period of our history, and are partially employing the faculties thus summoned into action, and the information thus mastered, in swelling, as we said before, the amount of the national scrutiny into the state of the national interests. And all this, let it be added as a very essential ingredient in the statement, when population has enormously increased.

But such a condition of things can scarcely be recorded with

indifference. It is, manifestly, the germ of either extensive good or extensive evil; and the considerate and loyal citizen, much more the conscientious Christian, will not deem it trouble thrown away, to inquire by what means, within his own power, the former may be secured, and the latter prevented; for, (most material it is to be remembered,) through individual conviction, and individual influence, under our own free and mixed government, this must be effected to such an extent, indeed, that there is scarcely a man so low down in life, as not to be a contributor, more or less positive and influential, to the general stock of operative opinion.

From the long period during which some of our institutions have endured in their original dress, it is almost certain that they must now need revision; not because they were, at first, defective relatively to the times or circumstances that produced them, for which indeed they, for the most part, appear to have been admirably calculated; but because the moral position of a people, (especially a speculative, commercial, and free people,) is incessantly undergoing some change, and demanding correlative accommodations. We are far from meaning that every shade of difference in the former is to be followed by a similar difference in the latter, for then there would be no permanency of principle to direct, no stability of thought to recall, from the vagaries of caprice, or passion; no standard to which to refer, for trial and correction, the irregularities or absurdities of crude and restless speculation.

But a people's character and opinions will be observed from time to time to undergo *marked* and *decided* transitions, which will thenceforth continue to distinguish them for a considerable period of their history: and, whilst they still harmonize with the *general principles* hitherto maintained, will nevertheless demand some modification in *practical details*. Besides this, there can scarcely be an institution of any very general interest, which will not be in some points imperfect, if it be uninfluenced by conclusions resting upon an increased, or larger induction of facts in the various departments of inquiry to which it bears relation. Moved by such considerations, then, the reflective and sober-minded will not "at one fell swoop," decry, as mischievous or foolish, every plan of "renovation" (let us call it, rather than "reform,") at the present conjuncture in agitation. The fact will stand up in evidence against them, (and because it is a fact, will only extract from their opposition material for greater triumph on the contrary part,) that some renovation must be more or less generally necessary. They will rather apply themselves to judge whether, in this particular instance, it be requisite, and whether the extent to which it is sought be reasonable and safe; and whether, admitting it to be both, the moment selected is the proper one for making the improvement; and will shape their own practice, and, as far as

they can, and as becomes them, endeavour to shape that of others, accordingly; above all, bringing the measures proposed to the standard of God's word, which does, in fact, contain and propound principles for the solution of the questions wherewith human affairs are complicated.

We have formerly adverted to the state of *religion* amongst us; and, especially, to the very inadequate relation borne by the provisions of the established church to the wants of the people. Let us now turn to certain other circumstances materially influencing it. Peace, on the one hand; and, on the other, increase of population, creating new demands for employment, have greatly multiplied the candidates for orders. Probably, also, their numbers have been enlarged by the Curate's Act, which has materially bettered the general condition of the working clergy; and also, apparently, by a growing respect on the part of the public for that body. Patrons of livings, chiefly the aristocracy of the land, with near connections to provide for, have, latterly, bestowed them very much for that purpose; whilst curates have been furnished from almost every class in the enlarging community, except the very highest and very lowest. Now a consequence of this, is the overstock of the market; for, although no more persons are ordained than are reckoned adequate to the offices to be filled the fact is, unavoidably, otherwise. Unsettledness of disposition, temporary ill health, change of local or personal circumstances unfitness or inability for the particular occupation, disagreement between parties; these, and many similar circumstances, are perpetually making way for new comers, and adding to the ranks of the clergy. But unemployed ministers, of whom there must, thus, be a large and increasing bulk, cannot but bring some hazard to the church. Professional occupation it is, which preserves the freshness and integrity of their character. They are apt to acquire from inactivity a secular taint, and so to lower the character of the establishment itself: yet, in such a posture of things, what an almost audible intimation is there of extensive advantage to the church; and, through that, to religion itself, if we were but wise to avail ourselves of it! An augmentation of our *parochial* clergy, as we have elsewhere said, is not simply *desirable*, that word is poor to express the truth, but positively necessary to the maintenance of our position, as a national church, and what is of more importance to the spiritual instruction of the people. That augmentation, then, is now offered us, at least as far as the preparedness of efficient coadjutors can be said to offer it. It is even pressed upon us, and that at a moment when it is most wanted, and with the peculiar advantage of bringing with it, as now it would, pledges of attachment from almost every rank of citizens.

But, once more,—there never was a period, assuredly, when it did not behove the ministers of the Gospel, in preaching, to “take

heed to the doctrine," being "instant, in season and out of season;" and, in life and practice, to "follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness:" just now, the behoof appears to be nevertheless peculiarly great; they have larger, and, upon the whole, more observant, and even "critical," flocks than ever: nothing, which they do or say, passes unobserved: every fresh bible reader is a fresh witness, in a certain sense, to the soundness or unsoundness of their sermons, and they have, of course, to be on their guard lest the tide of dissent, which is in no small measure of our own raising, should be swelled by any fault of commission or omission in themselves.

But there is, likewise, another reason for our personal watchfulness, to which we would direct attention somewhat more at large; the subject has, indeed, already been taken up by Mr. MILLER, in a University sermon, since made public, under the opposite title, "TRUTH'S RESTING-PLACE AMID THE STRIFE OF TONGUES." We speak of the vast and various issue of books from the press, to meet, often at very low prices, the enlarged appetite of the public mind; and which, from its mere bulk, and attractiveness, appropriating to itself so great a portion of time and attention, cannot but endanger the paramount regard due to the study of Christian truth. Mixed up as they are with the habits of the people, and expected to possess our proportionate share in the literature of the day, clergymen themselves run some risk of diminishing, or adulterating, our biblical and kindred studies, to the extent, as Mr. Miller observes, of even *departing from the simplicity which is in Christ Jesus.*" Hence, therefore, arises, as we were just now saying, a necessity of looking well to our ways, and emphatically "*taking fast hold*" of the words of eternal life; but not hence alone. Our steadiness to the point of duty, our singleness of principle and of action, are of unspeakably greater importance, under such circumstances, to *others*; and our deficiency must be followed by a proportionate prejudice to them.

It is admitted, that those most endangered by the press are the middling and higher classes: the lower have neither time, nor money, to bestow upon multifarious reading; and it is certain that the Bible, where the Bible is read, has for them, in an especial degree, its power to supply the place of many books, and, generally, to satisfy the full demands of their limited opportunities; although even *they* are partially exposed to the distractions and seductions arising from the unsettled, inquisitive, and speculative state of the public mind. But the direction of the religious temper itself forms, in these days, a most weighty claim upon the religious man's consistency. It is a period when, in the midst of much and flagrant misdoing, spiritual interests expect and have an unusual attention. It is a period, therefore, we may be quite sure, when they, who are "of a contrary part," and such are

neither few nor impotent, are on the watch for flaws and failings; and when, if they find them, their rejoicings against us, and their confirmation in error, become the more signal, as our pretensions are larger, and our building of faith assumes a more striking character, and challenges a more critical survey.

This feature of the times is also to be looked at in another point of view. The religious spirit is not "one and undivided," but multifold and diversified, and issuing in practical separations. Now, whatever may be averred to the contrary, the front and face of this want of unity are startling, even to the most confident faith. A sort of indefinite notion attends it, of want of truth; and it is certainly morally possible, that disunion should be carried so far as mightily to cramp the sphere of Christian faith itself. What, therefore, becomes the sincere believer? Is it not this? To seek for a point of probable concord amongst Christians, and having found it, then, if possible, to abide by it? And is not this point our Church of England? We do not mean that any church will, or can, accord with every individual's entire demands: what institution does? what institution, embracing so many subjects of thought, and containing such a body of associates, could? But what we do mean is this: there is, in our judgment, a token in the very restlessness of men's thoughts, paradoxical as it may seem, of a desire to discover a common centre of attraction, and to throng around it; for it is not a restlessness, accompanied by any observable measure of bitterness or strife, but one "labouring for peace," though perhaps unconsciously, and uneasy till it be realized. And we can discern no where a religious community possessing so many elements of conciliation for the spirit of both love and duty, as our own; nor can divest ourselves of a very strong opinion, that, were she only in certain particulars adapted to the exigencies of the day, thousands, and tens of thousands, who now unwillingly leave the courts of her house, would flock into them as into a place of sure refuge. Meantime, upon ourselves, who are already of her party, be the burthen of consolidating and maintaining in its strength and efficiency, by our consistent, though tolerant, firmness in doctrine and in well doing, this "nucleus" for the general religious spirit to wind itself round; our integrity, as members of the establishment, concerning not our own individual well-being alone, but involving the larger stake of "Glory to God on high," and "Good will to men."

But we should give but an imperfect sketch of the "day," were we not to advert to the distress now prevalent in certain parts of the country; for, first, that distress is creating, or rather has created, a spirit of dissatisfaction with our laws, and of coldness towards our rulers; and, secondly, recklessness of all religious restraint is springing out of it. Now disaffection naturally selects the "church, as by law established," for one of the points

to be desolated by either hostility or desertion; on this account, also, its members are called upon to exhibit her in all her "goodly proportions," and with all her individual and collected worth. Symmetry, rule, and order, are amongst her distinguishing characteristics: from the way in which they are perceived to reside and to operate amongst ourselves, a love for the same qualities may possibly extend itself to other parts of the body politic; may, at all events, repress or neutralize the growing dislike of them, rife amongst the distressed and discontented.

These, then, appear to us to be the demands principally made upon the loyal, reasonable, and conscientious, at the present era; and these the several items of personal conduct, which, with God's blessing, may give the decided preponderance to good, political and religious, in the scale, now appearing to be suspended over our heads.

W. V.

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*The Boundaries of ANCIENT POWYS appear to have been at one time very extensive, if we may judge from the following Englyn:*

TERVYNAU ARGLWYDDIAETH POWYS.

O CEVN yr Ais, dur-ais a drig, O Gaer  
I Eisteddva Gurig,  
O Garn Gynnull ar Gonwy  
Hyd y Rhyd Helig ar Wy.

*Literally rendered into English.*

From Cevn yr Ais, and from Chester to Eisteddva Gurig,  
And from Garn Gynnull on the river Conway, to Rhyd Helig on  
the river Wye.

## THE BRECONSHIRE MINSTREL.\*

"COME hither to me, thou joyless child!  
 The winter has fled, with its howlings wild,  
 And spring on the land in its freshness smil'd.  
 Pen-y-van, our mountain monarch, is seen  
 Doffing the snows for his vest of green,  
 Sprinkled with flowers, that warily peep,  
 To list if the winds be fast asleep—  
 And lifting his crown, to be trick'd anew  
 By the buxom sun, in its changeful hue.  
 Come hither, my boy!—for not for thee  
 The wood-bird has told of these sights of glee.  
 The gloom of the winter to thee is no less  
 Than summer in light and loveliness;  
 And that lamp of the firmament, bright to all,  
 Sheds not a beam on thy dark eyeball.  
 Come hither to me, thou sightless Boy!  
 And let me mourn over thy refted joy.—"

'I cannot see the good sunbeam;  
 But I can feel its glow:  
 I cannot gaze on the dark blue stream;  
 But I can hear its flow.

'I cannot all the colours tell,  
 The flowers of June within;  
 But I their sweetest breath can smell,  
 And touch their downy skin.

'Of winged crowds, our glens that throng,  
 And pipe away their cares,  
 I catch, like you, the morning song,  
 And join my own to theirs.

'The face I never yet have scann'd  
 Of friend or kindred dear;  
 But I can press the loving hand,  
 And bless the footstep near.'

"Nor kinsman hast thou, Blind Boy! nor friend—  
 Else why does thy back with its burthen bend?  
 Else why are thy temples all wet with the dew?  
 And why are thy steps so weary and few?"

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\* This was written by a supporter of a very admirable institution in Breconshire, for the instruction of poor blind boys upon the harp, and we have great pleasure in giving it publicity in our Quarterly, and cannot conceive a mode of dispensing "Heaven's attribute" with more utility, than is done by the Brecon Minstrelsy Society; we should be delighted to see their example followed in other parts of the Principality; indeed, our chief object in publishing the poetry, (independent of its beauty,) is under the hope of directing the attention of our Welsh public to the subject.



‘The burthen that I bear is one  
Which old Aneurin\* bore,  
Who struck the harp in times long gone,  
As it is struck no more!

‘My harp, the solace of my day,—  
O stranger,—wish it not away!

‘Helpless and poor I might have pin’d,  
A pensioner on others’ toil,  
A blank amid my sorrowing kind,  
A blight upon the weary soil;

‘But thou, my harp, art strength in my hand  
To pay back the love of my mother-land.’

“And whence came the dowry? for gold must now  
Be barter’d for all;—and what gold hast thou?”

‘It was not lucre, that relieved  
The dark one’s hour of need.  
Of parents and of home bereav’d,  
O, he was poor indeed!

‘It was not crouching at the door  
Of wealth and high estate:  
Better to sail for the foreign shore  
Than tempt the beggar’s fate.

‘But it was mercy, frank and free,  
Unpurchas’d and unsought:  
But it was friendship—e’en to me,—  
That this good ransom brought.

‘Where Aberhonddu’s shadow sleeps  
On Usk’s old bardic tide,  
And still its crested castle keeps  
Watch, in its mould’ring pride,

‘The Cymro and the Saxon met:  
Not, as in times of old,  
Of wrath the thirsty edge to whet;  
Not chiefs and foemen bold:

‘Not with their hosts of mailed men  
To pour the crimson flood,  
And taint the mountain, stream, and glen,  
With Brychan’s dearest blood:

‘Not that the cottage hearth should shriek  
For many a master—dead;  
Nor orphan hearts with wo to break,  
Nor drench the widow’d bed:

‘Not to accurse the barren land  
With thistle and with thorn,  
Where grass should fill the mowers’ hand,  
And fields be white with corn;—

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\* Aneurin.

‘But peacefully they came, to bear  
 “Good tidings” to the ear of care;  
 But bounteously, with “wine and oil,”  
 To heal the bruise’d, and cheer his toil:  
 Samaritans, like him of old  
 Whose mercy age to age hath told,  
 And age to age shall tell again,  
 Whilst man shall live, and earth remain:

‘From them this harp I bear,—and day by day  
 It swells, for them, a Blind Boy’s grateful lay.’

“But yet thou bearest, boy! thy heavy load;  
 And yet the winds are keen, and dark the road;  
 And many a ribald urchin, and rude maid,  
 Shall track thy feet, and taunt thee with thy trade.”

‘Nay, then, my harp! if none might be  
 More sorely burthen’d than with thee,  
 Mine own familiar friend and stay!  
 Unburthen’d were man’s trial-day.  
 Keen are the winds; but keener far  
 The edge of many a rich man’s care:  
 Or dark the road; but darker still  
 That downward road—of wilful ill:  
 And what can gibing youths or maidens say,  
 But that a minstrel takes his quiet way?  
 But gibe they will not: through the world the blind,  
 Girt with his harp, has words and welcome kind;  
 From Conway to the Severn’s briny tide,  
 Young, old, and middle-aged will comfort, guard, and guide.  
 But listen, stranger! listen whilst I tell  
 What charms upon my harpstrings dwell.  
 The Telyn,\* full many an age hath fled,  
 And many a Christian been swept to the dead,  
 And many a change the wide world known,  
 Since that was first heard for my country’s own.  
 ’Twas then that the bard and the minstrel gave  
 Their meed of renown to the good and the brave:  
 And then that Deheubarth’s welfare hung  
 On the solemn verse, and the gifted tongue:  
 And then that the stranger nations bore  
 Our virtues to graft on the Southron shore:  
 And shall I not, while I touch the strings,  
 Muse on these long departed things?  
 Muse, though a dark and a lowly one,  
 On the men that are dead, and the deeds that were done?  
 Quenched is my outward orb of sight;  
 But within, oh, within! there is cloudless light.  
 I gaze, when I list, on the hallowed ground,  
 And the white haired circle standing round:

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\* Harp.

I hear, when I list, the stern decree,  
Which gives to the land its destiny:  
And lift up my voice, and mingle the chords  
For the scourge of their foes, and the mountain lords.  
Aye! bright was the land, and famous were they,  
That wielded its harp in that bright day:  
And I, when I think of their deeds, though fain  
To summon from mine a less noble strain,  
Resolve that the trust, in my hands, shall be  
No blot on the pride of minstrelsy.'

"Still, still, thou art dark:

"Lo! the sun to his rest  
Hath sunk, and his glories all crimson'd the west;  
And the moon, like a bride, in her vesture of white,  
Over tall Pen-y-van sheds her silvery light;  
And the stars in their thousands are glittering their praise  
To Him that hath poised, and illumines their rays;  
And the throne of old Arthur that chief of the dead,  
Is baffling the clouds which would muffle its head.  
All this is my birthright; but what canst thou see?  
Sun, moon, stars, and mountains, are all dark to thee!"

'Yes, they are dark! but God hath sent  
No niggard recompense:  
Thou hast that sight of the firmament,  
And I another sense;  
Another sense I hold from him,  
Keen as that seeing sense is dim.

'Hark! hark! I hear the drowsy bell  
Bidding the parting day farewell;  
I hear the hunted game bird sing,  
To gather the brood beneath her wing;  
The beetle wind his jocund horn;  
And her that complains from the aged thorn;  
The cricket, which chirps to its tiny mate;  
And the waters that glide in their silvery state.  
I hear the chant of the evening breeze;  
And the dirges that sweep through the whispering trees.  
Thou dost not hear them! listen once again,  
And mourn no longer for the Blind Boy's pain.  
The chords of the stricken harp to thee  
Their tides of sweetness fling;  
But the chords have their double sweetness for me,—  
For me, though an "outcast thing."  
Yea, many a tone, for thy dull ear too fine,  
Thrills, with unearthly melody, in mine.'

"Heaven speed thee, boy! I will no more  
Thy lot deplore:  
God tempers to the lamb the winter's wind;  
And thou art blest as I, though poor and blind."

## MEMOIR OF THE REV. EDWARD DAVIES.

IN contemplating the lives of literary characters, all persons of any observation must have noticed that a progress in literature does not always depend on the advantages of education; and that many who, from their infancy, have been duly instructed in the rudiments of learning, and received tuition from diligent and well-qualified teachers, attain but a moderate proficiency; while others, who have had but scanty instruction, and humble means of acquiring knowledge, arrive at an eminence which attracts notice and confers distinction. And in applying this observation to the learned author of the "Celtic Researches," although he was not altogether a self-taught scholar, and had received what advantages of education the sequestered district of his nativity could supply; yet these, when compared, in their utmost extent, with the figure which he ultimately made in the literary world, and especially when it is considered what difficulties and discouragements he had to contend with in his progress, seem so inadequate to attain much eminence, as to occasion surprise, and to cause his extensive acquirements to be contemplated with admiration.

The subject of our memoir was born on the 7th of June, 1756; the place of his nativity was a farm-house, called Hendre-Einion, about three miles eastward from Buallt, in the parish of Llanvareth, in the county of Radnor. He was the eldest son of Edward Davies, by his wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Owens, of Ty'nyllidiad, in the adjoining parish of Llansanfraid. His father was a farmer, and occupied the estate, of which his elder brother was proprietor. His ancestors were respectable, consisting of the yeomanry, or middle class of the district, where they had resided for some centuries; and at the time of his birth, several branches of his family were proprietors of as many as twenty farms in the neighbourhood. Of his ancestors he had, in his youth, seen a long pedigree, of which, however, proper care was not taken, for on inquiring for it in advanced life, he was informed, to his no small regret, that it was lost.\*

\* His grandfather's name was Teague Davies, who, besides his father, had an elder son, named Richard, and also a son, Henry, and a daughter, Beatrice, who married John Davies. His uncle, Richard, inherited his father's farm of Hendre-Einion. His uncle, Henry, had several children, one of whom, James, settled at Hay, Breconshire, and was father to the Rev. Edward Lutwyck Davies, incumbent of Hendre church, in the county of Hereford. Our author had a younger brother, named John, a farmer, who lives at Rhisgog, in the parish of Aberedw, in the county of Radnor, and has two children: Thomas Morris Davies, of Kenchester court, Herefordshire; and Mary, who married Mr. James Evans, and resides at Bullingham, near Hereford.

He received the first rudiments of education from his mother, who taught him to read; and it was observed that at this time, and subsequently, during his childhood, he had so great an aversion to books, that his instructors had no small trouble in obliging him to attend to them: a singular circumstance when compared with his insatiable love for reading, and devotedness to literature in after-life.

At the age of six years he met with an accident which nearly deprived him of sight, and caused the commencement of a defect therein, wherewith he was afflicted throughout life, and which, in old age, terminated in blindness. An orchard near the house where he resided, having been occasionally robbed of its fruit, a gun was kept loaded, to frighten the thieves. On a Sunday, when the elder branches of the family were gone to church, and only he and another child left at home, his little companion and himself were desirous to make the gun explode, to amuse themselves with the noise; but meeting with some difficulty, a live coal was fetched from the hearth to enable them to obtain their purpose; with this, however, not succeeding so soon as he wished, in consequence of the gun having been kept in a damp place, he thought proper, child as he was, to blow the coal over the priming pan, which, at length, had the effect that was desired, but the flash of the priming gunpowder so far injured his eyes, that it was some time before he recovered his sight.

When nine years of age, he was removed, for tuition, from his paternal roof; and Mr. Thomas Bowen, of Bwlch, Llsanfraid, was his first schoolmaster, by whom he was instructed in writing, arithmetic, and English grammar. At the age of ten, his education was interrupted by his having the measles, which affected his eyes, already injured by the before-mentioned accident, to that degree, that he never had subsequently perfect sight. When he returned to school, he hardly knew his own books, and the letters therein seemed distorted, and very different to what they used to appear.

At the age of twelve, he went to school at the Rev. Evan Meredith's, curate of the parish, with whom he commenced reading the Classics, and proceeded as far as Phædrus' Fables. His not having begun classical literature sooner, was a circumstance which he subsequently greatly deplored. The favorable progress, however, which he then made in learning, and his growing fondness for books, were such as to induce his parents to design him for holy orders. His education was, notwithstanding, much interrupted by change of schoolmasters; and he went for instruction, in succession, to the Rev. Rees Mark, of Bwlch, and to the Rev. Evan Williams, of Crickadarn, with the latter of whom he proceeded to read Virgil and the Greek Testament.

Although born in Wales, yet it was in that part of the Principality where the English language was spoken as well as the Welsh, and the service of the church was altogether in English, except, occasionally, a lesson would be read out of the Welsh Bible. As a knowledge of the Welsh language was considered by his parents to be injurious to their children in preventing their acquiring English, they were forbidden to learn it. However, notwithstanding the discouragement shewn to his acquiring Welsh, he gained some knowledge of it by attending to the conversations of his parents and their acquaintance, and from reading the Welsh Bible, and other books which belonged to his father.

In 1772, when sixteen years of age, he commenced writing hymns; and the collection, which, however, was never published, in 1775 amounted to fifty-six. These compositions, although not possessing much poetical merit, evince the early piety of the author. In 1773, he wrote a Welsh hymn, which shews that even then he was not inattentive to the literature of his country, although he had been discouraged from learning its language.

In 1774, he was removed from his paternal residence to the College Grammar School, at Brecknock, over which the Rev. David Griffith so respectably presided. One of his schoolfellows at this seminary was Mr. Theophilus Jones, who was subsequently the historian of Brecknockshire, with whom he contracted an intimacy, which continued for a great many years, and closed only with the death of Mr. Jones, in 1812. The second volume of the History of Brecknockshire was dedicated to him, wherein Mr. Jones styles him "the associate of his youth, the kind correspondent, and assistant in his literary pursuits, and the sincere friend in mature age."

When he had remained at Brecknock school for a twelvemonth, his parents considered that he had acquired a proficiency in learning sufficient to enable him to obtain holy orders; and, like many other persons similarly situated in the Principality, deeming that his continuance at school for a longer period would be incurring unnecessary expense, resolved that he should leave, and get his own maintenance by the teaching of others. Accordingly, although conscious of his deficiency, and desirous of remaining to obtain further improvement, he was obliged to comply with the wishes of his parents, and opened a school at Hay, in 1775.

While at this place he had the good fortune to board with the Rev. Richard Lloyd, who was a well-informed man, and a good scholar; and, although blind, communicated instruction to several private pupils. From the instruction which Mr. Davies received from this gentleman, he gained great benefit, and he acknowledged that he reaped more improvement from him than from all his other

teachers.\* He kept school for a twelvemonth at the Methodists' chapel, and in January 1777, he was, on the resignation of the Rev. John Thomas, elected by the committee of almoners in Christ's Hospital, London, master of the Free Grammar School at Hay, founded by William Pennoyer, esq. Although his parents had a high opinion of his learning when he left Brecknock school, his friend, and late schoolfellow, Mr. Theophilus Jones, was so sensible of his deficiency in classical literature, that he wrote to him after he removed to Hay, expressing his apprehension that he was not sufficiently versed in Greek and Latin to qualify him for the requisite examination previous to obtaining holy orders. In his preparation, however, for the sacred office, classical literature received a due share of his attention, and, in 1779, he was ordained deacon for the curacy of Baiton, in the county of Hereford. At this time his eyesight was so defective, that his friend and correspondent, Mr. Jones, alluding thereto, and to his amusing himself with writing verses, jocularly calls him "the one-eyed poet."

In 1780 he had made so great a progress in acquiring a knowledge of the French language, as to read with pleasure the works of the French dramatic writers, Molière, Racine, and Corneille; and in the following year, he was himself engaged in dramatic composition, and wrote a tragedy, in five acts, which he entitled "Owen, or the Fatal Clemency," and also a comedy in five acts, entitled "The Gold Mine," and a great part of another, which he called "The Guardian." For the nomination entitling him to be a candidate for holy orders, he served the church of Bacton, and also the churches of St. Margaret's, and Turnaston, for a year, without any stipend. Half a year subsequently he engaged the curacies of Dorston and Peterchurch, instead of those of Bacton and St. Margaret's, which, with Turnaston, he continued to serve to the end of 1782. At this time, during the summer months, when there was evening service at Dorston and Peterchurch, he performed divine service five times, and preached thrice every Sunday; and reckoning the distance from church to church, and in going from and returning to Hay, he travelled

\* Mr. Lloyd, and himself, with an acquaintance named Williams, amused themselves with writing verses; a circumstance which produced the following humorous parody from Mr. Lloyd.

The puny bards of these degenerate times,  
Have neither wit, good reason, nor good rhymes;  
Three poets rare the present age have blest,  
Williams, Lloyd, and Davies, much the best;  
The first the bathos has exactly hit,  
The second rhymes without one grain of wit,  
The third some praise for harmony may boast.  
But, read the three, you'll find your labour lost.

upwards of thirty miles; for the performance of all which, his stipend was only £30 a year. It is not improbable that this extraordinary exertion on Sundays, combined with the laborious daily duty of his school, and his very close attention to his literary pursuits out of school hours, were more than his constitution could well bear, and imperceptibly laid the foundation of the long-continued indisposition with which he was afflicted in after-life.

As, therefore, his employment was very laborious, and his receipts inadequate to his exertions, he was desirous of removing to some more eligible situation, and accordingly, when a school-master was advertised for to undertake the duties of the endowed grammar school of Chipping Sodbury, Gloucestershire, he made an application for the office, and, although there were as many as fourteen other candidates, such was the opinion which the electors had of his character and abilities, that he succeeded in obtaining the appointment. Having removed from Hay, he commenced his school duties at Chipping Sodbury, and served the curacy of the parish for a few months, and then became the lecturer, which office, and also the neighbouring curacy of Great Badminton, he continued to serve, in addition to his school, for sixteen years, from 1783 to 1799. In 1783 he married Margaret Smith, of Whittington, Gloucestershire, and his matrimonial connexion enabled him to accommodate several of his pupils with boarding. Soon after his removal to Chipping Sodbury, he was introduced to several gentlemen, who had become sensible of his literary merit. Among these was the Rev. Richard Graves, author of the "Spiritual Quixote," who, on being informed of the nature of his literary pursuits, encouraged him to proceed with his studies, and became his correspondent.

In 1784 he commenced authorship, and the first work which he published was entitled "Aphtharte, the Genius of Britain," a poem written in the taste of the sixteenth century. The name first given to it was "Britannia," which was changed to please an acquaintance. It is stated, in the preface, or advertisement, that the poem was written, by way of exercise, ten years previously to publication, which was the period of his being at Brecknock school, and when he was eighteen years of age: he likewise mentions that he had fixed his epoch at the coronation of his Majesty George III., that he might have an opportunity of alluding to the occurrences of his reign, as to future events, in imitation of the ancient epic poets, who have, in like manner, introduced patriotic episodes into their compositions. Previously to publication he consulted the Rev. Mr. Graves, who gave it as his opinion, "that the poem discovered no common share of genius, extensive reading, a command of poetical language, and abounded with many poetical beauties, especially towards the conclusion." In 1788 our author availed himself of the friendly offices of Mr.



Graves, to endeavour to procure the representation of his tragedy, called "Owen," in the Bath theatre, in order to get it into notice, who, however, to his regret, did not succeed in his application, the managers stating, in their answer, that it was not adapted for the stage, although they considered it to be very well written.

Our author having, as before mentioned, made some progress in acquiring a knowledge of the Welsh language in his youth, a predilection for it continued to more advanced age, and while at Hay, and Chipping Sodbury, he frequently read Welsh books. When, therefore, the inhabitants of the latter place taunted him, saying that the Welsh was a barren jargon, his patriotism was roused in defence of the ancient language of his native country, and he was induced to pay to it more particular attention than before. To enable him to be better informed of the excellency of the language, the merits of which had been called in question, he went several times to Bristol, which was near, to buy books. In one of these journeys he accidentally met with Lloyd's *Archæology*, of which he had not previously any information, but with which he was most highly delighted, as it was such a book as he particularly wanted, and which induced him to commence studying the Irish language. These particulars are the more worthy of notice, as they laid the foundation for his future eminence in Celtic literature. However, although, by dint of unwearied application and the information afforded him by books, he was enabled to acquire a profound knowledge of the Welsh language, yet, in consequence of his not having long resided where it was currently spoken, he was never able to converse in it with fluency.

In the course of this year our author published his second work, which was entitled, "*Vacunalia, consisting of Essays in Verse, on various Subjects, with some Translations.*" Many of the pieces were written as far back as 1773 and 1774. In writing two of them, "Owen," and "the Jail," the author assumed the character of a Welsh minstrel; and the last in the collection is a translation into English verse of the first book of the *Temora* of Ossian. He proceeded to translate several of the books of the *Temora*, in like manner, but they were never printed. With respect to the antiquity of the poems of Ossian, he says, in his preface, that "it was an idea that no one would willingly give up till compelled to sacrifice it at the shrine of truth;" and further states that "to whatever period they are to be assigned, they present a lively and authentic picture of society in the age they describe, and, if not the composition of a princely bard, and distinguished hero in the wars of Erin, must be considered as the effect of the most accurate researches into the old Caledonian history and manners, embellished with an elegant and sublime, yet chaste, imagination, and upon the whole, a very happy effort of

superior genius;" from which may be inferred that our author, although he had his doubts respecting the antiquity of the poems, yet, on account of their great merit, was disposed to give them credit, until conviction of their want of authenticity would compel him to believe the contrary, which is curious, when compared with the sentiments which, on a closer examination, he subsequently formed and published on the subject.

In 1789, when he was pursuing his Celtic studies with diligence and success, they were grievously interrupted by the double misfortune of losing a considerable sum of money, which he had lent and could not get repaid, and of being unable to procure remuneration for the board and tuition of some pupils, from the West Indies, whom he had instructed. This was a dreadful shock to him, as it compelled him to sell many of the scarce books which had occasioned him so much trouble to procure, and from which he had, in the perusal, reaped so much pleasure and information. A kind and considerate friend, commiserating his situation, benevolently offered to lend him what money he might be in want of; yet the possibility that it might never be in his power to repay him, and his strict regard to honest principles, induced him to decline the friendly proposal. Succeeding times were, however, more prosperous, and he was able to repurchase his books; his Celtic studies were again vigorously pursued, and he committed to paper the ideas which occurred to him in his progress, but, in the first instance, on mere scraps, without any intention of publication.

Having observed that Mr. William Owen, who subsequently published the Welsh-English Dictionary, and who is since called Dr. Owen Pughe, had published, in 1790, several interesting articles relating to the Welsh language, in the Gentleman's Magazine, he was desirous to become his correspondent; and, accordingly, in 1792, introduced himself to him by letter; wherein, after expressing a hope that Mr. Owen would publish a complete edition of the ancient British bards, of what is called the sixth century, with an English version, he said, "If any such thing is seriously intended by you, or any of your friends, I shall esteem myself happy in contributing my feeble aid to render the design perfect. It is probable that I have been too sanguine in my hopes, and that such an undertaking seems too arduous to my native countrymen: should this be the case, I still consider these authors are too important to be any longer unknown; and, such is the confidence of inexperience, I am not convinced by Mr. Evans's\* arguments, that they are inexplicable. I have taken some pains to cultivate an acquaintance with the different Celtic dialects, and to be informed of the ancient state of Britain, and I am per-

\* Rev. Evan Evans, author of *Dissertatio de Bardis*.

sueded more light may be thrown upon the Lloegrian bards than they have hitherto received, and that they may be exhibited in a point of view more important to the antiquities and early history of the island, than either Welshmen or Englishmen seem, as yet, to have suspected. It is my determination, either as a private adventure or as an assistant, to attempt something for the elucidation of our ancient bards." To this communication Mr. Owen wrote in answer,—“I heard the first account of your plan from Mr. Edward Williams,\* and it afforded me great pleasure to find you in addition to the short list of those who have any inclination to study the venerable remains of the works of the ancient bards, as it is very discouraging to find one's self almost alone in the pursuit; it will, therefore, be my wish to communicate every thing in my power that may be of use to your present or future purpose. I understand that your plan is a regular history of the bards; it is a most curious subject.”

In the course of the same year, our author transcribed ancient Welsh poetry extensively, and wrote out a folio book of 745 pages, which contained, 1, The works of the earlier Welsh bards, from the ms. book of Mr. William Owen. 2, The Works of the Bards of the Welsh Princes, from the ms. books of Mr. Owen and the Rev. John Walters: Mr. Walters' book had been transcribed from the ms. collection of the Rev. John Davies, of Mallwyd, author of the Welsh-Latin Dictionary, published in 1632. The editors of the “Archæology of Wales,” published in 1801, had the use of the transcript of our author; and the poems, with the letters O. L. E. D. (*Ó Lyfr Edward Davies*), prefixed to them, which are numerous, were printed therefrom. This ms. copy is referred to in the “Mythology of the British Druids,” page 3.† Our author considered the poems of the *Cynfeirdd*, or earlier Welsh poets, some genuine, some forged, some interpolated, and some so badly preserved, as not to be intelligible. He was of opinion that the Gododin was not one poem.

In 1793, he completed his translation of the obscure ancient British poem, entitled *Arymes Prydain Fawr*, (the Armed Confederacy of Great Britain;) a composition in the obsolete dialect of the Britons, who dwelt, in the seventh century, about the wall of Severus, which was as literal as the genius of the English language would admit of; accompanied with Notes, explaining particulars relating to the persons and places mentioned by the British bards.” Our author considered this poem to have been originally written about 630, with the design of arousing the patriotism of the North Britons, at a moment when a combined host of all the Celtic tribes advancing, under the conduct of Cadwallon and

\* Of Flimston, Glamorganshire, usually styled Iolo Morganwg.

† It is at present (1831) in the possession of the Rev. W. J. Rees, Cascop, Radnorshire.

his lieutenant, Cadwalader, (the Cadwallo of Bede,) to encourage them in resisting oppression, in asserting their national independence, and in shaking off the yoke of the invaders. The poem has been attributed to Taliesin, but was considered by our author to have been written by Golyddan, the bard of Cadwalader. It consists of 199 lines, 132 of which appeared, with the author's translation, in the second volume of the *Cambrian Register*, published in 1799, where it is stated that it was to be continued, but no continuation appears in the third and last volume of the same work.

Of this performance, the Rev. Mr. Walters, in a letter, wrote, "I have read your translation with much pleasure, and thank you for the communication. I admire the indefatigable industry of your researches, and the judiciousness of your conjectures. The species of writing, whose characteristic is obscurity, the antiquity of the language, and the inaccuracy of the transcribers, all contribute to the difficulty of tracing out the meaning, and investigating the sense of the bard. All these things considered, you have done wonders, and far exceeded my expectations. I hope you will publish it, and thereby merit the thanks of every admirer of the ancient language, and the ancient history of Britain." Respecting the same translation, Mr. William Owen wrote, "It appears to me, that you have succeeded extremely well in conveying the literal sense of the poem into English. There are several passages in it somewhat obscure, but, upon the whole, your illustrations are very satisfactory. I hope you will persevere, and translate and explain a great many more of the old poems, as you have shewn yourself such a master of the subject as cannot fail of procuring you a very flattering opinion from the learned world. I have blamed Evan Evans for his hasty note upon Ossian, in his *Dissertatio de Bardis*, wherein he asserts that our old poetry is so unintelligible as to present insurmountable difficulties to be explained. To support his remarks, he makes himself the only one capable of translating any of those old poems, from his having studied the language for twenty years. He has also selected some of the most easy pieces; and these he has rendered altogether very loosely and unsatisfactorily, often leaving passages, (very easy ones,) untranslated, being too difficult. His book shews that he had formed pretensions which ought not to be granted, and which you have proved by your present work; it being, in every respect, a more arduous task than any which he took in hand."

In 1795, our author exhibited his powers in a new line of literature, and evinced the versatility of his genius; this was by publishing a fictitious tale, with the title of "Eliza Powell, or Trials of Sensibility." This work was a novel, founded on fact, in two volumes; and its more particular object was to caution young per-

sons against forming attachments, without the knowledge of their parents, and a reasonable hope of an union, by marriage, which would produce happiness. When his friend, the Rev. Mr. Graves, had been unsuccessful in procuring the representation of his tragedy on the stage, he wrote to him, "You write elegant prose, I would advise you, if you want to get money rather than fame to turn your hand to novels." And agreeably to Mr. Graves's opinion, he received for this performance twenty guineas, the only direct sum he ever received for any of his literary works. This work was written during one school vacation.

About 1796, he wrote a work entitled, "Specimens of an English metrical Translation of the Poems of the more ancient Welsh Bards, and of Dafydd ab Gwilym, who lived in the fourteenth century," with an Introduction on Welsh literature, addressed to the Gwyneddigion Society in London. Of this work, Mr. Edward Williams, who had seen the manuscript, wrote in a letter to Mr. Meyler, bookseller, at Bath, "I was highly pleased with Mr. Davies's manuscript. His observations on our historians and bards are, in my humble opinion, just: the paraphractical translations of Taliesin, &c., are much in the spirit of the originals, and far more poetical: his translations of Dafydd ab Gwilym are true too, without being slaves to the originals; this is what they ought to be, in my opinion; they are by far the best attempt that has yet appeared, to put our old licentious bard into an English dress." The poems translated were thirteen in number, twelve whereof were published in 1818, in the third volume of the Cambrian Register, occupying from page 417 to 468; four of the pieces are from the earlier Welsh bards, and the remaining nine from Dafydd ab Gwilym. In the Introduction, which was never published, our author evinced great anxiety for promoting Welsh literature, as appears from the following extract from a letter: "I would recommend that a subscription be opened by all patriotic Welshmen who would wish to favor the cause, in order to enable some competent persons to procure copies of the works of the oldest and best Welsh bards, to render the text as perfect as possible from a diligent collation of all the Welsh manuscripts that can be found, marking at the same time all the various readings of weight; that a sufficient number of copies of them be printed in their original orthography, with a literal version in Latin, or English; that they be accompanied with *fac-similes* from the oldest copies, and with essays to ascertain all that can be collected concerning the age of their authors, and the circumstances of their preservation, together with the best notes which the light of history, divested of unfounded national partiality, will afford, to elucidate dark passages, and particularly to identify the names of persons and places mentioned in them."

In 1797, he gave an unfavorable account of the state of his

health, and this year seems to have been the commencement of a period of suffering, which continued more or less throughout his life, and from thenceforward he was scarcely ever free from indisposition. In the course of the year, Mr. Chalmers, who was engaged in writing his "Caledonia," applied to our author, on the recommendation of Mr. William Owen, for translations and explanations of the names of the hills, rivers, and valleys in Scotland, as one of the auxiliary proofs meant to be brought forward, to shew that originally the whole island was inhabited by a people speaking the same language; and several letters were, in that and the following year, written by him, which communicated much information to Mr. Chalmers on the subject. The assistance, however, which he afforded on this occasion, was the means of his increasing his proficiency in Celtic literature, for in a letter written to Mr. Owen in 1798, he said, "The inquiry into the names of the Scottish mountains, has afforded me an occasion of diving deeper into the Gaelic language, which I consider as highly important to the study of every dialect of the Celtic, and to philology in general." Mr. Owen's reply to him contains the following passage: "I have seen your great investigation concerning the alphabet, and the elements of the ancient language, which you sent to Mr. Chalmers; I am delighted with the depth of your researches, and the correctness of most of the topics detailed therein. Last Saturday, Mr. Chalmers transmitted to me a second subject from your pen, equally curious with the first, or I think more so. If the principles contained in this should be fully substantiated, the arguments which you deduce are most satisfactory and interesting."

In the early part of 1799, his health became seriously affected with nervous disorders, and being apprehensive that his defect of sight would shortly terminate in blindness, he was very anxious to procure preferment in the church, to afford him a maintenance, should his increasing infirmities disable him from performing his clerical duties. Accordingly, he complained of his apprehensions to his old friend, Mr. Theophilus Jones, who lost no time in making application in his behalf to the Bishops of Gloucester and St. David's, but without success. Mr. Jones also interested George Hardinge, esq. chief justice on the Brecon circuit, in his favor, who proposed opening a public subscription for his relief, which was not assented to by Mr. Jones. When our author's spirits were much depressed by ill health and disappointment, Mr. Jones, to cheer him, wrote jocularly, "Live a little, comfort a little, cheer thyself a little; thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake, be comfortable, hold death awhile at thy arm's end." Having, for some time, found that the labours of his school injured his health, and interfered with his literary pursuits, he resolved to remove from Chipping Sodbury when a favorable opportunity offered. Accordingly, he applied for the curacy of

Olveston, also in the county of Gloucester, on its becoming vacant, to which he succeeded in 1799, and had, in consequence, more leisure to pursue his favorite studies.

In 1801, he wrote a letter to his friend Mr. Theophilus Jones, wherein he intimated his intention of publishing a work on Celtic literature, from the several scraps of paper on which he had, from time to time, written his ideas on the subject. And in the month of September, in the same year, the prospectus of the Celtic Researches was published; wherein it was stated that the work should contain, "First, an Essay on the first introduction of the art of writing into the west of Europe, more especially into the British islands. Of the various devices employed by the primitive inhabitants of this country, for the purpose of preserving and communicating their thoughts. Second, On the nature and origin of the Celtic dialects, their fundamental principles developed, and compared with radical terms of the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin languages. To which inquiry was to be prefixed an introductory discourse, containing a general view of the state of knowledge and opinion, and of the various attainments of human invention, when the Most High divided to nations their inheritance." Mr. Jones, on being informed of our author's intention to publish the work, lost no time in communicating the contents of the letter to Mr. Justice Hardinge, conceiving that the information would be interesting to one of his literary turn of mind. Mr. Hardinge, on the subject being introduced to his notice, interested himself very warmly in behalf of our author, encouraged him to proceed with his design, and supplied him with books, in order the better to accomplish it. He also entered into a correspondence with him, inquiring into the nature of his views, and communicating information, when he thought he might afford him assistance. He likewise gave him very important aid, by zealously promoting subscriptions for the work; to effect which, he caused as many as fifteen letters that he had received from him to be printed, in order to give those persons, to whom he made application, some idea of the contents of the proposed work. As these letters were written with great ability, Mr. Hardinge, in some of his communications, alluded to them as follows: "I am as much astonished at the charm of your style, and the elegance of your mind, as my lord of Chichester is; it has convinced me that a *polished* manner is the gift of nature. The desultory character of these letters, constitutes one of their beauties, because it gives them a character of perspicuity and ease, without prejudice to their force and weight. The personalities are not injurious to one human creature, and are of infinite honour to yourself; they are good-natured and playful, as well as manly and liberal. I shall continue to offend you by conferring honour, as well as pleasure on myself, in the service of a man who deserves to be

elevated above any power of mine to befriend him. I adopt Mr. Percival's expression, 'and it is with respect that I admire and esteem the curate of a certain village.'"<sup>\*</sup> As our author grievously complained that his health was much impaired, and that he suffered great pain, and had severe headaches, Mr. Hardinge requested Dr. Moncriste to visit him, who, in reporting his case, assured Mr. Hardinge that, except the defect of sight, which he did not think likely to become worse, unless his application to business should be too intense, he apprehended no danger whatever from his other complaints, which, he said, were nervous, and might be easily removed.

Through the exertions of Mr. Hardinge, our author received, on account of his forthcoming work, two donations of ten guineas each, from the society of Literary Funds, pure gifts, without one dissentient voice; and he also received a donation of ten guineas from her majesty, Queen Charlotte, through her deputy treasurer, Thomas J. Matthias, esq. author of the "Pursuits of Literature," for which he was to transmit only one copy of the work. The same gentleman was likewise the medium through which permission was obtained from the king, that the work should be dedicated to his majesty; on which, he wrote to Mr. Hardinge, "It is at length effected, the king has been graciously pleased to permit the work to be dedicated to him; the queen was so good as to inform me of it this morning. I am glad that you have been instrumental in soliciting this honour, which will be gratifying to you and your learned and deserving friend."

Mr. Hardinge was indefatigable in procuring the names of subscribers, and through his exertions, with the assistance of some other zealous friends, the list was very large, and the copies subscribed for were as many as 2257. Besides Mr. Hardinge, his friend, Mr. Theophilus Jones, and the Bishop of Bath and Wells (Dr. Beadon,) exerted themselves in procuring subscribers; Mr. Jones's list contained the names of ninety-eight persons for 115 copies; and that of the bishop, seventy-nine names, for 107 copies. For Mr. Hardinge's kind, zealous, and important assistance,

\* Mr. Hardinge having sent one of these letters under cover to the Bishop of Dromore, (Dr. Percy,) with a request that he would forward it to General Vallancy; the General wrote to Mr. Hardinge, "I do not think the B. of D. will send Mr. Davies's letter to me. His lordship has been rather intemperate in former conversations with me, and of late, we have not saluted. On this disagreement, Mr. Hardinge wrote the following lines:

"'Tis emulation makes the learned fight,  
The war is reason'd, and their feuds they write  
In valour courteous, and, like chiefs of old,  
The air is gentle, as the heart is bold.  
Perish the Celtic and the Scythian lore,  
If generals and bishops greet no more!"



our author always spoke in terms of the greatest respect and warmest gratitude; for he considered that were it not for his aid, the "Celtic Researches" would probably never have been published. In the printing of the work, our author met with great mortification and disappointment, from the delay of the printers; and after the printing was commenced at Bristol, he was obliged to get it finished in London. At length, however, it was completed in 1804, and was published with the title of "Celtic Researches on the Origin, Traditions, and Language of the Ancient Britons, with some introductory Sketches on primitive Society."

As our author had not sufficient time to re-model his original plan, which had become partly deranged, nor to introduce satisfactorily the additions and alterations that had been proposed to him, he was far from being pleased with the work, on its appearance. Yet, although he was not satisfied himself, it contains abundant proofs of his extensive learning, acute ingenuity, and indefatigable industry, and established his fame for his deep inquiries, and great proficiency, in Celtic literature. In the dedication of the work to the king, he complains, in an affecting manner, of the difficulties he had to contend with in composing it; "that a humble and contracted sphere of occupations precluded him from a liberal access to books and to men; that the difficulty, at a distant period, of developing Druidism, and reducing its principles into a system, was extreme; difficulties which were heightened by an imperfect education, laborious duties, numberless adversities, habitual infirmities of constitution, and, most of all, a defect in the organs of sight." Although the number of copies subscribed for was so large, yet, owing to the extra-expense incurred in procuring subscribers, and the loss sustained from many of the copies being delivered which were never paid for, the learned author, instead of receiving compensation for his time, labour, anxiety, and the exertion of his rare talents, would have been out of pocket, his receipts being unequal to his expenditure, had not several of the subscribers taken only single copies, although they paid for the whole number for which they had subscribed.

In 1802, while the work was printing, the perpetual curacy of Llanbedr, in the county of Radnor, became vacant, and it afforded the patron of the preferment, the Rev. Henry Thomas Payne, an opportunity of nominating our author to the living; a translation the more in unison with his feelings, as it was in his native county. This was the first preferment that he received, and Mr. Payne congratulated himself on being the first who had, by ecclesiastical patronage, endeavoured to reward his literary merit. From this preferment, however, he was for some time without reaping any emolument, for, on taking possession, he found a building on a spot of land purchased by the governors of Queen Anne's Bounty, in absolute ruins. His predecessor

had left some property, but it was the property of a widow and several children. He, therefore, did not sue for dilapidations; and forbore to receive any benefit from the living for three years, until the building was renewed at his own charge. As Mr. Hardinge considered that he ought to obtain some preferment commensurate to his literary labours, he applied to several persons in his behalf, and among others, to the Lord Chancellor, to whom he wrote,—“Think of my dear Welsh curate; Davies, no less humble and modest than he is clever and good, will accept anything which is in your gift, and that you can spare him. Put, I conjure you, some fruit into his wreath: of praise he has ample store.” Mr. Hardinge also wrote to the Bishop of St. David’s, as follows: “I have known the Rev. Mr. Davies, curate of Olveston, for three years, with an intimacy enough to be assured that he is an honour to human nature. He is a diligent and zealous performer of all his religious duties; he is respected and beloved, as well as admired, in the circle that he fills, and possesses liberality almost unexampled. Of the man I cannot say too much in his praise.” Although Mr. Hardinge was unsuccessful in his application to these individuals, he was more fortunate in applying to the Bishop of Llandaff, (Dr. Watson), from whom, in 1805, he received a letter, wherein he said: “The living of Bishopston, near Swansea, in the diocese of St. David’s, but in my patronage, is now vacant; if it be worth the acceptance of the author of the ‘Celtic Researches,’ I shall be happy in thinking that my poor patronage has enabled me to shew the sense I entertain of his merits.”

Our author gained great credit from his “Celtic Researches;” and the Bishop of Bath and Wells, who had been one of his zealous friends in procuring subscribers, wrote to him: “The work does equal credit to yourself and those that patronized it. I was happy in having an opportunity of putting it into the hands of the present Bishop of St. David’s, (Dr. Burgess,) who afterwards spoke of it in flattering terms. *Laudari a laudato viro* will be gratifying to you.” Our author, likewise, was given to understand that he might obtain a Lambeth degree from the Archbishop of Canterbury, but his modesty disposed him to decline applying for it, for he considered that the honour of such a literary distinction was what he was not justly entitled to, without receiving the advantage of an adequate education. He deplored much that he had not been regularly educated at one of the Universities, through means of which, he considered that he should have made a much greater proficiency in literature.

The very favorable manner in which his work had been received, induced our author to proceed with his Celtic studies, and by the middle of 1806, he had proceeded so far as to have written what he then termed, “An Essay on the Druidism of the Welsh Bards,”

in which he proved that those bards professed to derive their system from the Druids, and that their pretensions were well founded. He also developed the grand hinge upon which this ancient religion turned, and shewed its connexion with the ancient religion of the Greeks, and other nations. He had also, at this time, written his "Essay on the Claims of Ossian," his "Examination of the Chronicle of the Ancient Kings of Britain," and his "Remarks on the Book of Job." None of these works were, however, published at that time; but he continued to proceed with his Celtic studies, enlarged his "Essay on the Druidism of the Welsh Bards," and ultimately produced the work entitled, "The Mythology and Rites of the British Druids, ascertained by national monuments, and compared with the general Traditions and Customs of Heathenism, as illustrated by the most eminent antiquaries of our age; with an Appendix, containing ancient Poems and Extracts, with some remarks on Ancient British Coins." The greater part of this learned work was written by the middle of 1807, when our author was called upon to preach the Visitation Sermon at Caermarthen, which was the first public notice taken of him by his future friend and patron, the then Bishop of St. David's (Dr. Burgess), and it was ready for printing by the month of May in the following year.

This work was published in April 1809, with a dedication to the Bishop of Llandaff, wherein our author delicately and gratefully alluded to the favors which he had received from Mr. Justice Hardinge and from his lordship, intimating that, "as Mr. Hardinge had, among other acts of generosity, which it was impossible for him to enumerate or forget, pointed him out to his lordship's notice, under the character of a friend, so it was his lordship's good pleasure to place him in a respectable station in the church, and confer on him the comfort of independence." Of the work, a thousand copies were printed, and the publication was undertaken at the risk of the bookseller, with a promise of paying a moiety of the profits, after a reimbursement of the expenses. Nothing, however, was obtained by the author, so that he never received any pecuniary recompense for his indefatigable exertions in producing so ingenious and elaborate a performance.

In this work, like his "Celtic Researches," the learned author evinced deep research, extensive reading, and an intimate acquaintance with the abstruse subject which he undertook to illustrate. Previously to its publication, Mr. Theophilus Jones, who had the perusal of the manuscript, spoke of it, in a communication to the author, as follows: "I am very much satisfied with the *tout ensemble* of your book. The position that the early inhabitants of Britain had a tradition of the deluge, and the patriarch and his family; that they preserved memorials of this event, and that they afterwards deified not only Noah and his family, but the very

memorials themselves, is not only probable, but nearly certain." And when the work was published, our author had the gratification to receive very flattering testimonies of its merits from several learned persons, who, from their talents and acquirements, were well qualified to form an opinion on the subjects which it treated, and of the ability with which it was written.

Mr. Justice Hardinge wrote, "I am charmed with your work, as far as I have commanded leisure enough to run over some interesting parts of it. I admire your dedication: your style is elegant and luminous; your mind is not more intelligent than it is candid and liberal. The topics are very curious, admirably developed, and bound in a chain of reasoning which the caviller will not find easy to disconcert. I am proud of your talents and worth." The Rev. Mr. Maurice, author of the "History of Hindoostan," in a letter to our author, said, "I have to thank you for filling up a grand desideratum in British literature, and for enabling me to tread the sacred ground of Druidism with confidence, for I know that truth is your guide, and I dare confide in your statements, the result of laborious examination, made with caution and uttered with modesty. You have diffused a light over the cheerless wild that must irradiate the rising generation, in your researches into their native history, and produce important consequences to Western literature."

The bishop of Llandaff, writing to Mr. Justice Hardinge, said, "Mr. Davies's late book will make a noble addition to the reputation he had so justly acquired by his "Celtic Researches." There are few readers indeed, in this *reviewing* age, who will be disposed to penetrate the depths of his, or Maurice's works; but they will continue, throughout all succeeding ages, to be esteemed by erudite readers, as solid proofs of their respective authors' learning, industry, and ingenuity. Dr. Randolph, prebendary of Bristol, writing to the same gentleman, said, "Mr. Davies's book has filled me with admiration and respect. I may doubt some of his etymologies, but I cannot doubt the keenness of his investigation, and the depth of his research. I go with many, if not all his lengths, and the detail of the bardic symbols is exquisitely beautiful. I hope to see, in the course of the summer, this *truly learned* and modest man, for thus I shall call him, notwithstanding his objections." The Rev. John Jenkins, Kerry, Montgomeryshire, subsequently wrote, "The mythology, knowledge, and customs of the Celts, were confused and unsatisfactory, before the public were favored with Mr. Davies's publications; by means whereof, a light has been thrown on the antiquities of the ancient British nation neither expected nor hoped for."

The Rev. G. S. Faber, author of "Dissertations on the Prophecies," in a series of letters to our author, delivered his sentiments in the following terms: "I had always thought that among

so ancient and unmingled a people as the Celts, many traces of primeval tradition might be discovered, though I possessed not learning requisite for such an undertaking. Your works have convinced me that I was not mistaken; though I suspected from various circumstances, that the religion of our Celtic ancestors was of the helio-arkite kind, I was little aware that any documents were in existence which could have proved the point in so remarkable a manner as you have done. Approbation may seem insipid when wholly unmixed with censure, yet I find that I accord with you so thoroughly, that I know not that I have any thing material to object. I deferred answering your last letter until I had given your work a second perusal: this I have now done; and, I can truly say, with an increasing conviction of the soundness of your principles. You must now permit me to thank you once more, for the pleasure derived from the perusal of your valuable works; at the same time, I can accord more with the latter than with the former. The general impression which all your Welsh documents left upon my mind, was, that they bear singular characteristic resemblance to those of the Hindoos: I will not pretend to compare them passage by passage, and phrase by phrase, but they strike my mind in the *gross*, as bearing a strong family likeness to each other." Likewise Mr. Faber styled our author, "the Hierophant of the British Mysteries," and said, that he should find in his proposed work on mythology, when published, how much he was indebted to his valuable writings, and proceeds as follows: "You have, in fact, *proved* what I *believed* on the ancient authority of Artemidorus, and Dionysius, but of which I never expected that I should ever see any thing like proof, from the supposed want of documents. In my last work, I have cited your Celtic Researches, to confirm my opinion of the Jewish year, without any unmeaning compliments; indeed, I have been so much in the habit of sifting and opposing the writings of others, that you will not suspect me of flattery, because I express this high estimate in which I hold yours. Your British Mythology is in my judgment the most important and valuable work of the kind that has been published since the days of the *Master*, for so I must always call Bryant."

As the collection of books possessed by our author, was but small, and far from adequate to the variety and depth of his researches, he was under no trifling obligations to his friends for the use of their libraries, and for various literary communications, which afforded him material assistance. He recounted with pleasure, and acknowledged with gratitude, his having the use of the libraries of Colonel Hartley, of Little Sodbury, Sir Christopher Codrington, of Coddington, S. P. Peach, esq. of Tochington, Dr. Charlton, of Olveston, Dr. Jones, of Redland, and Mr. King, of Bristol, the last of whom had the kindness to lend him his ticket

of admission to the Bristol library, which authorized him to borrow its books, a privilege of which he availed himself so far, as to have at one time in his possession therefrom, publications to the value of £200. Likewise many persons desirous of promoting his studies, lent him, without application, such works as they possessed, which they thought would be useful to him in his undertaking: also, when he found in the collections of such persons as he visited, any books which suited his purpose, they were readily lent: and often, when he met with, in books which he had, references to those works which it was not convenient for him to borrow, he wrote to the persons who possessed them, requesting them to consult the authors referred to, who kindly acceded to his wishes, and supplied him with the context. "The Mythology, and Rites of the British Druids," multifarious and extensive as is the learning and information which it contains, was, however, written without receiving any other species of assistance.

Having devoted so much of his time to the study of Celtic literature, our author deemed it his duty to engage next in some literary undertaking more immediately connected with his clerical profession. Accordingly, in 1811, he published a volume containing a "Series of Discourses on Church Union, in which it is urged that the great Christian Duty of maintaining Communion with the Apostolical Church, remains uncanceled by the Tolerance of the British Laws." This work was written in consequence of there being, in his parish at Olveston, many dissenters, with whom he found it necessary to produce arguments proving their defect of duty in separating from our national church. These arguments he afterwards digested, and composed into essays, in the first instance, which he subsequently changed into discourses, or sermons, to render them more suitable to general readers, and consequently more extensively useful. The discourses are reckoned among the best on the subject in the English language, the arguments they contain being well selected, appropriately arranged, and forcibly applied: they are written in fine taste, with great neatness of diction; and, like his various other publications, evince the author to be a very able and judicious writer. In his younger years, when a thought occurred to him, he would continue writing for some time without any plan, until at length he would be bewildered, and on looking back and reading what he had written, he found himself as in a pathless wood, not knowing how to proceed. But in more advanced age he wrote, in the first instance, as full and accurate a prospectus as he could, of his intended work; and in this manner were written the essays of which these sermons on Church Union were composed.

Of this work, our author had the satisfaction to receive several very gratifying testimonies. The bishop of Carlisle (Dr. Goode-nough,) wrote, "From the little I have been as yet able to see of

your volume of Sermons upon Church Union, I have no doubt but that I shall receive all that edification and comfort which are to be expected from the learned author of the Celtic Researches." Lord Sidmouth, to whom the work was dedicated, wrote to our author, "I have the satisfaction of assuring you that in quarters the most respectable, and where there is the fullest competency to judge of its merits, it is spoken of in terms of high commendation." Mr. Justice Hardinge referring to the work, wrote, "I never in my life saw more sound and liberal thoughts upon a most important subject, compressed into so narrow a field. The subject in your hand is original, and quite your own, your style is masterly; and the heart of a good-natured man, as well as of a conscientious divine, glows in every sentence. I admire, among many beauties, your method, and the connexion of your chain." The Bishop of St. David's (Dr. Burgess,) said to Mr. Theophilus Jones, "If our Church Union Society had offered £100 to any one to support our Institution, it could not have been more effectually or ably done than by this work of Mr. Davies's. I thought him a mere antiquary, or black-letter man, but I find him an orthodox divine, and an admirable writer on theological subjects." And writing to our author, he said, "I had much pleasure in looking into your volume of Sermons on Church Union, which I saw lately at Brecknock. I shall propose to our Society to purchase thirty copies for our deanery libraries." And further, in the same year, his lordship again wrote, "The Prebend of Llangynllo, in the church of Brecon, vacated by the death of Mr. J. Williams, I have great pleasure in having it in my power to offer to you, and beg of you to accept, as a trifling mark of my respect for your exertions in the cause of literature and religion, especially by the publication of your valuable sermons on Church Union." A request was made to our author in 1813, through his diocesan, desiring permission to introduce extracts from these sermons into "The Churchman Armed," which was readily granted, and the discourses were considered to possess so much merit, that the greater part of them was copied into the first volume of that valuable compilation.

Also in 1813, our author removed from Olveston, and for want of his rectory house, at Bishopston, being in a state of repair fit for him to reside at, he was obliged to fix his residence in the adjoining parish of Ilston, the professional duties of which, with those of Bishopston, he performed for five years. When he was instituted to the rectory of Bishopston, it was the wish of both his patron and diocesan, that he should become immediately resident on his benefice; but unfortunately his predecessor had left the rectory house, and the other buildings on the glebe, in a ruinous state of repair when he died: before he had been in possession a month, the barn fell in, the rebuilding of which, and the repairs of

the chancel, which was in several places open to the sky, and some temporary patchings of the rectory house, took up the clear income of the benefice for three years; and the house still remaining unfit for residence, as soon as his income would allow of it, he commenced the repairs of the house, which, however, were not completed until after he had been three years resident in the neighbourhood. In 1814 his wife's death took place, which to him, particularly in consequence of defective sight, was a heavy loss. As a companion was necessary for his comfort and happiness, if not for his existence, he did not long remain a widower, and in 1816 married his second wife, Susanna Jeffreys, in which year he removed from Ilston, and commenced his residence at the rectory house at Bishopston.

Also, in the course of 1816, he published a tract, entitled "Immanuel; a Letter on Isaiah, vii. 14, and on subjects relating to the Messiah, in answer to the Strictures of a modern Jew." The modern Jew here more particularly intended, was Mr. Solomon Bennett, a native of Poland, but resident in London, who in 1812 published a work, entitled "The Constancy of Israel," wherein he endeavoured to disprove some of the prophecies adduced by Christians, to shew that the promised Messiah was come. This tract was written in consequence of a conversation which the author had on the subject with Mr. Justice Hardinge, to whom it was addressed; who, having perused it, wrote to him, "I have read your 'Immanuel' with great pleasure, and found it distinguished for a cutesagacity, luminous perspicuity, candour, temper, learning, and beauty of style." About the same time he began to revise his "Celtic Researches," and "Mythology of the Druids," with the intention of making several alterations and improvements, particularly in the former, should a new edition of the works be wanted. He did not, however, make any great progress in his design, for want of encouragement, and what he wrote on the occasion was unfortunately lost.

In the same year, the bishop of St. David's offered him the chancellorship of Christ's college at Brecknock, to which is annexed the valuable prebend of Llanbedr, in the county of Radnor; an offer which he was obliged to refuse, on account of his pecuniary circumstances, the repairs of the rectory house and outbuildings, at Bishopston, having involved him in debt, and reduced him to difficulties; and also, he modestly mentioned in a letter to the bishop, that "probably, on second thoughts, it would occur to his lordship that the chancellor's stall ought to be supported with a dignity beyond his reach." To which the bishop replied, "The chancellorship does not require wealth to support it; it would receive more honour than it would confer, by your acceptance: I consider your valuable writings as entitling you to more than I have to bestow. I am taking some pains to enable you to extricate



yourself from your difficulties, and to take possession of the humble preferments I have in reserve for you." As his diocesan, in addition to the chancellorship of the collegiate church at Brecknock, intended to collate him to the vacant rectory of Llanfair-oer-llwyn, in the county of Cardigan, our author stated the circumstances of the case to the bishop of Llandaff, the patron of the rectory of Bishopston, and requested of him the favor of being re-presented to Bishopston, which he would vacate by his acceptance of Llanfair-oer-llwyn, a favor which his lordship readily granted, stating that he should take great pleasure in restoring him to the living of Bishopston, as soon as it became void by his acceptance of the living in Cardiganshire. Accordingly, through means of the good offices of the bishop of St. David's, with the kind co-operation of the bishop of Llandaff, he was relieved from his difficulties, and succeeded to the preferments designed for him.

For the kindness of the bishop of St. David's in this business on his behalf, he very gratefully and feelingly expressed himself by letter in the following terms: "Every successive communication I have the honour to receive from your lordship impresses still more deeply in my heart the sense of my great obligations to you, and inspires me with the wish to shew myself not wholly unworthy of your favors, and with the hope of one day or other to acknowledge them before the public: such a return, I am aware, is of no intrinsic value, but I am confident your lordship will accept of it, as it bears the genuine stamp of gratitude, and it is all I have to offer. Should a gleam of comfort in my declining years mitigate my nervous complaints, and revive my animal spirits for some time longer, it must be wholly the work of your lordship; and as such, it will ever be gratefully acknowledged." Our author had for some months a wish to finish a small series of discourses, on which he had bestowed considerable pains, and in the opening of the work he hoped to perpetuate the memory of his gratitude to his lordship, but increasing infirmities, and ultimately loss of sight, prevented him from putting his design in execution. He had for very many years been grievously afflicted with nervous complaints, which had made great inroads on his constitution; and was tormented, at that time, by a continual swelling and tightness in his chest, with such a violent palpitation of the heart that often, when he retired to bed, he was apprehensive he should be found dead in the morning.

In consequence of Bishopston, the place of our author's residence, being near the sea-coast, he had to witness the unlawful practice and baneful effects of smuggling spirituous liquors, and with the idea of doing what he could towards warning the people in his neighbourhood of the criminality of this illegal traffick, he published a sermon, in 1817, entitled "Public Dues obligatory

on a Christian Conscience." In this discourse, he ably shewed the sinfulness of the practice, as being an act of avowed disloyalty to the king, a wilful and direct transgression of the laws of the land, and an unprincipled and cruel robbery of the fair dealer, and attended by the most injurious consequences to society and the individuals concerned. His diocesan gave his opinion of this discourse as follows: "I have read your sermon with great pleasure. The whole is laid on grounds of most substantial argument, which every man of the least Christian feeling must admit. I am persuaded it will do extensive good: the last fifteen pages are incomparable; they are written with great force and ability, and in such terms as in my circular letter I wished, but little expected to see, sharper than a two-edged sword."

Our author continued to serve the curacy of Ilston, with his church at Bishopston, until 1818, when he discontinued going to Ilston, and engaged the neighbouring curacy of Pennard, which he served, with Bishopston, until 1820, from which year he confined his professional labours to Bishopston alone. In 1822 he had the misfortune to lose his second wife, and her death caused him great affliction, as she had distinguished herself by her integrity, charity, and prudence: her loss was severely felt by him, and particularly as the period in which they lived together was the happiest portion of his life. At the close of 1823 he finally left off officiating at his church at Bishopston; his sight had gradually become worse than heretofore, and by this time was so bad that he could not proceed with his clerical duties without an apprehension of making mistakes, a circumstance which caused him pain, and induced him to engage another clergyman to officiate in his room. Accordingly, all the professional duty which he from henceforth performed, was the officiating sometimes at funerals, and the occasional administration of private baptism in cases of necessity. In 1824, our author was, on account of his eminent learning, and distinguished services in the cause of literature, elected one of the ten Associates of the newly instituted Royal Society of Literature, which entitled him to an annual stipend of one hundred guineas. To this distinguishing and highly honourable appointment, he succeeded through the recommendation of his patron and diocesan, the bishop of St. David's, president of the society. In the course of this year his nerves became much enfeebled, and so delicately susceptible that any unexpected noise occasioned him acute pain.

In 1825, he caused to be printed his work, entitled "The Claims of Ossian examined and appreciated; an Essay on the Scottish and Irish Poems published under that name, in which their genuineness, and historical credit, are freely discussed; together with some curious particulars relative to the structure and state of poetry in the Celtic dialects of Scotland and Ireland." This work was written eighteen or twenty years previous to its

being printed: the author's friend, Mr. Theophilus Jones, having perused the manuscript in 1809, wrote to him, "Assuming, as I do, that your references and quotations are correct, your reasoning is irresistible, and you will pardon me if I say, your *chef d'œuvre*; I entreat as a personal favor, and on pain of responsibility and indemnity, that you will publish it." In this work, our author engaged to prove that "Fingal," and other poems, published by Mr. Macpherson, were not, as asserted by him, a literal translation from the Gaelic of Ossian, a royal Caledonian bard, who flourished in the third, and lived to the commencement of the fourth century of the Christian era. From a close examination of their internal evidence, he considered that they contained evident marks of recent composition: they exhibited principles which could not be deemed ancient; and in every instance where he had an opportunity of comparing the present text with other copies, they appeared to him to be so much altered since the middle of the eighteenth century, as scarcely to have retained their identity for the last fifty years: and he was impressed with the conviction, that not a single page of the work had existed three hundred years in its present language and form. What he believed to be near the truth was, that the order of bards which remained in Scotland down to the eighteenth century, left behind them many heroic tales relating to Fionn and his connexions; that various parts of these tales had been versified in the name of Ossian, the son of Fionn; that from the bards, several of the people had learned these tales, and fragments of verse, which they still repeated as the works of Ossian; that many of these fragments were composed in a superior style, and in good taste; and that by a due arrangement and connexion, which the tales themselves would suggest, the same fragments of verse carefully selected, and occasionally improved in language, might be modelled into poems, which even in the present day would be entitled to considerable respect. So far, he considered that the Gaelic scholars had fully succeeded in their proof; but beyond this, with all their efforts, they had not been able to make good their ground a single step.

Our author, in the first instance, liberally presented several public libraries, and many of the more intelligent persons connected with Celtic literature, in Wales and elsewhere, with copies of the work, in order to procure their general opinion of its merits previously to publication, and the testimonies he received were highly satisfactory and gratifying, some of which were as follows:

"There has been, for many years, a degree of suspicion attached to the assertions of Mr. Macpherson; by applying to the subject your knowledge of Welsh and Irish versification, you have for ever settled the question." "I am deliberately of your sentiments with respect to Ossian; I must say that you have clearly proved that

Mr. Macpherson has imposed on the literary world. The dissertations are ably written, and the investigation conducted with delicacy." "The well-executed Examination of the Claims, &c. must, I think, give the *coup de grace* to all the pretensions of Ossian. In perusing the work, I perceived the discriminating scholar, and the well-bred gentleman." "You have touched many curious points in your Claims of Ossian, and discussed the subject quite satisfactorily to me; and I presume all that read the work, can but have that conviction, which has long been in my mind, that the poems, as we have them, were not written in the third century, and have not been given to us in their genuine form, whatever their real date may have been." "Very highly was I interested, and satisfied, by the perusal of your Essay on Ossian, in respect to two points,—the unanswerable decision on the subject, and the luminous manner in which the origin and progressive formation of the poems of Ossian have been accounted for." "I have always been a sceptic as to the originality of the poems attributed to Ossian by Mr. Macpherson: your patient, and minute investigation into every circumstance connected with, or arising out of them, deeply read as you are in every department of learning that was necessary to do so with effect, has completely confirmed my former opinion, and will, I have no doubt, carry conviction to every unprejudiced mind." "I have had the benefit of being enlightened by your irrefragable arguments against the authenticity of Ossian's poems. It is doubtless by far the most satisfactory course of argument that has ever been heard on the long disputed subject which you have put to rest." "I think it, without exception, the best thing that ever fell in my way; and as far as the authenticity is concerned, the work is unanswerable. I think Mr. Davies has done wonders in elucidating this matter, and particularly by the clever way in which he has analyzed the structure of the Gaelic verse." "I have read the work, in which the author manifests much ingenuity and ability." "Inimitable work! I do not know which to admire most, the extensive learning, or the indefatigable perseverance of the author, in unravelling the difficulties which his subject in all its bearings presented, or the ingenuity and force of his arguments upon every point he undertook to elucidate." "It appears to me that the work is distinguished by so much critical acumen, and a profound knowledge of the subject, and such a close, dispassionate, and impartial investigation of the matter in debate, as is not only creditable to the learned writer, but calculated to shed a literary lustre on the obscurity of our native Cambria."

In the spring of 1826, our author transmitted to the Royal Society of Literature, an essay, entitled "Remarks on Brut Tysilio, a fabulous chronicle, erroneously attributed to a British prince of the seventh century, and printed in the second volume of

the *Archæology of Wales*." In this work, the learned writer undertook to prove that the story of the Britons having been originally descended from Brutus, the Trojan, and other improbable particulars in the chronicle, which had been adopted and related by Jeffrey of Monmouth, were invented by the Saxons, with the twofold object of establishing the government of the crown of London over all the British islands and dependencies, and demonstrating the legal succession of the Saxon princes to this crown, with all its prerogatives and privileges. Our author thinks that the story might have been sketched out in the days of the ambitious king Ina, and to have attained its maturity of form when London became the acknowledged metropolis of the kingdom. This essay was written in consequence of a conversation which he had on the subject with his friend Mr. Theophilus Jones, in which Mr. Jones attached more importance to the chronicle than he considered it to deserve.

In the summer of this year, the heat of which was oppressive, his sight, in the course of a month, became much worse than heretofore, so that he had very little remaining: every thing appeared to him to be enveloped in a thick, obscure mist, and nothing was seen distinctly; he could only discover the presence of objects, but what they were, he was unable to discern. He saw best in the dusk, and was not short-sighted, but dim-sighted, and had received some assistance from a magnifying glass: he saw nothing direct before him; the glimmering of sight which he had, was at the corners of his eyes: his vision had been for some time occasionally better and worse, and of the little that he saw, it was principally with his right eye. In every part of his life, his habits had been sedentary, with a dislike to go from home; but from henceforth, in consequence of his blindness, he was disabled from taking even the little exercise to which he had been accustomed; and, affected with a disposition to giddiness, he was unable to reap either pleasure or benefit from riding on horseback. All the exercise he obtained was confined to walking in the house, and occasionally in the garden, the alleys of which were strewed with lime dust, the white colour of which he was enabled to see even with his imperfect ocular perception, and so prevented from walking over the beds. He was, however, altogether deprived of the ability of reading and writing, which sadly diminished his sources of happiness: and situated as he was, apart from his relatives and literary society, his life henceforward was in a great measure a cheerless, dreary blank. The enfeebled state of his nerves still continued, and his general health became so delicate as to occasion his being afflicted with frequent and alarming indisposition.

In 1827 he transmitted to the Royal Society of Literature another treatise, entitled "Thoughts and Conjectures on the book of

Job, being the substance of a series of Letters written to Mr. Justice Hardinge." These letters were written as far back as 1803; and in consequence of Mr. Hardinge having asked him, why he had, in his "Celtic Researches," quoted the book of Job as historical authority, when writers of no obscure name had regarded it as an allegory? our author, in this work, contends for the authenticity of the history, and assigns the era of Job to that of Abraham. He conjectures that the destruction of the property of Job was occasioned by the expedition of the four kings, who were at first victorious in their proceedings, but were subsequently defeated by Abraham; and that Melchisedech, who met him in returning from pursuing them, was no other than Job himself, and the tithes which he then received, contributed to his becoming again wealthy. As our author understands the book of Job to have been written thus very early, long before the time of Moses, the consideration that the poetical descriptions refer to minute particulars of the state of society at a very ancient period, of which we have no other account, renders this work peculiarly interesting. Mr. Hardinge, having perused it in manuscript, said that it was "one of the most ingenious disquisitions, and well arranged for the public eye."

It is worthy of remark, that the greater part of our author's works were undertaken in consequence of something having been advanced contrary to his sentiments. Thus, his *Celtic publications* were produced because his parishioners, at Sodbury, had told him that the Welsh language was a barren jargon; the *Church Union Sermons*, because the dissenters in his parish had spoken disparagingly of our national church, and attempted to justify their separation by reference to the British laws; "*Immanuel*," because a modern Jew had spoken contemptuously of the Christian Saviour; the *Examination of the Claims of Ossian*, because Mr. Macpherson had treated the ancient Welsh bards with contempt, intimating that they had not written any thing worth reading; *Remarks on the British Chronicle*, because Mr. Theophilus Jones had intimated that he had not paid sufficient regard to its authority; and his *Thoughts on the Book of Job*, because Mr. Justice Hardinge had intimated that he had paid more regard to its historical authority than it deserved. It seems that our author, when his mind was excited by anything asserted in opposition to his sentiments, could not rest without fully investigating the subject, and producing proofs in support of his opinion.

Also, in the course of 1828, he gave one hundred volumes of books, principally on Celtic literature, to the library of St. David's college at Lampeter, eighty of which he had previously bequeathed in his will.

In the spring of 1828, he was afflicted with a severe illness, from which it was apprehended that he would not recover; however,

through care and attention, with the use of the prescribed remedies, he rallied, and was restored apparently to his usual state. The infirmities of old age were however advancing; and these, with his want of exercise, caused aqueous humors, in the course of 1830, to descend to his legs, and produce obstinate ulcers. About the beginning of October in this year, he became confined to the house, after which he never went out of doors; from this time, he gradually declined in strength, and became unable to walk across the room without assistance; and at length, his legs were so feeble that it was with very great difficulty he could be brought up and down stairs. About a week before Christmas, he became confined to his room; but on the Monday after Christmas, December 27th, which was the day on which his tithe compositions were received at a neighbouring public-house, he came down, with the idea of affording such of his parishioners, as might be disposed to visit him, an opportunity of seeing him without the trouble of going up stairs.

From that day he remained closely confined to his room, without, however, any particular alteration until Saturday, January 1, 1831, when, about seven o'clock in the evening, a change for the worse took place. On the following morning, he was visited by Dr. Howell, of Swansea, who bled him, and continued his visits several times, during which various alterations of his symptoms occurred; and on Friday, the 7th of January, he expired without a struggle: thus "the end of the upright man is peace."

His legs had healed up some days previously to his decease, the more immediate cause of which seems to have been mortification; and, on the following Wednesday, his remains were consigned to the grave in the presence of a great concourse of his parishioners: he was buried in the churchyard, in accordance with his wish, in preference to the chancel, where he had refused to allow interments for some time.

In stature he was about the middle height; in early life he was slender, but in advanced age he had become somewhat corpulent. He was so modest and diffident of his abilities, as to be generally reserved and silent in company or among strangers; and as opposition to his sentiments had been the means of exciting him to undertake his literary works, so in order to induce him to speak, recourse was sometimes had by those acquainted with his character, to mention something which they knew to be contrary to his opinion, by which means he was induced to deliver his sentiments. He considered his diffidence to be a great obstacle to his early success in life.

Considering his imperfect education, and laborious professional engagements, his knowledge of languages was very considerable. Besides what he knew of the Welsh, the Gaelic, and the Irish, which may be collected from his publications, he had read the

works of Moliere, Racine, and Corneille, in the original French, and observed that the French language consisted of Latin, and Celtic words, with a Gothic grammar. He had also read Tasso's "Jerusalem Restored," and Bocace's "Decameron," in Italian; and noticed that the collocation of words in the Basque, Hungarian, and Spanish languages, was the same as in the Welsh. He likewise glanced at the Chinese, and found it an imperfect language, with three hundred particles. His knowledge of the Hebrew may be estimated from his works. He had read the Greek tragedians, and the works of Pindar, Herodotus, and Thucydides; not, however, in the original Greek, but in Latin translations, with occasionally referring to the text, in the more striking passages; his school vocation, and his clerical and literary engagements, not allowing him time to read more of the originals.

In pecuniary matters, and the business of common life, few persons were more disinterested, or paid greater regard to probity of character than he did; liberal and generous in his proceedings, modest and unassuming in his deportment, retired and inoffensive in his habits, warmly grateful for favors received, and ready to perform good offices when in his power, sincere and steady in his friendships, amiable and social in his disposition, kind and conciliating in his demeanour: while his powerful talents, extensive acquirements, and profound researches, will be permanently recorded in his learned publications, his genuine piety, and his disinterested, benevolent, and amiable virtues, will long remain deeply imprinted in the remembrance of his friends and acquaintance.

R.

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*A Latin Englyn, in Imitation of the Welsh.*

## THE MISER.

Parcus avarus vorat ut amnis  
 Et omnia desiderat  
 Cupit ut omnia capiat  
 Nil vero pro Deo dat.

EDMOND PRYS, *Archi. Diaconus Merioneth.* 1620.



*To the Editors.*

*Bruzelles ; 31st of July, 1831.*

MESSIEURS,

MY signature will satisfy you, I hope, that I am still in the land of the living, notwithstanding our inglorious revolution, and in receipt of my well-earned pension; no thanks to the efforts of Joe Hume, Orator Hunt, et hoc genus.

I send you a short paper, which I noted down from the lips of a hearty old Breton; it may not be sufficiently national for "the pride of Cambria," but you must bear in mind that the subject-matter is of Bretagne, and that your correspondent is a Welshman in blood, force, and spirit.

LE MARCHAND DE TABAC.

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### LA ROSE DE VALLÉE.

A TALE OF BRITTANY.

"He was her own, her ocean treasure, cast,  
Like a rich wreck, her first love and her last."

"She looked on many a face with vacant eye;  
On many a token without knowing what;  
She saw them watch her without asking why;  
And reck'd not who around her pillow sate:  
Not speechless, though she spoke not: not a sigh  
Relieved her thoughts, dull silence and quiet chat,  
Tried in vain by those who served: she gave  
No sign, save breath, of having left the grave."

BYRON.

How many are there who have returned to their fatherland from thee, fair France, without visiting, aye, without even thinking of thy retired valleys, thy sweet secluded glens, and thy rose clad cottages; smiling under a cloudless sky in the harmonious softness of thy evening sunshine! Oh, ye vain seekers after ephemeral happiness! would ye but rest in your rapid movements for a transient hour amid those scenes, and study their population, nature would teach ye a lesson of morality and of integrity, for they

are the dearest resting-places of virtue and simplicity. There a holy innocence pervades all and every thing,—the strongest barrier against the withering blasts of a crowded city's vices.

In one of the beautiful retreats on the banks of the Loire dwelt Madame le Rue, her niece Marianne Marigny, and a faithful old Breton, whose eyes had grown dim, and his hair grey, in the service of the family. Their history, though unfortunate, was not an uncommon one; they had lived in affluence, in splendor; there had been a doting father, an affectionate mother, and, alas! brothers to chase away a tear, and to solace grief; but the tide of revolutionary anarchy and of blood had silenced all but this helpless remnant of an ancient house. The knife and the axe, the terrific guillotine, and the frightful noyades, were dealing destruction among the devoted aristocracy, and all who befriended them, when they effected a hazardous escape, in the humble garb of the peasantry, to this spot. Sixteen years had now passed over their heads, internal commotion had subsided, and, though all looked back with terror at the dynasty of Robespierre, they essayed to forget its horrors; the throne of renovated France had arisen, phoenix like, from its ashes, and was now filled by another Charlemagne, under whose universal conquest and iron sway, the monarchs of Europe trembled; glory and victory had become the pass word of the children of the empire.

Marianne Marigny was budding forth into beauteous maturity, like a fair blossom in its spring of life, unconscious of her own loveliness; the clustering curls, "dark as the raven's wing," which shaded her unruffled brow, and amorously kissed her neck and shoulders, softened the healthful bloom of her oval countenance, and added a lustrous brilliancy to the pleasing mildness of her clear blue eyes.

How angelic she appeared in her rustic attire, as she joined the peasantry in their blithesome dances at the rural Tivoli! how beautiful her figure! what symmetry and compactness of form! how light and elastic her step, as she gracefully twined through the wreaths of roses! she was a being of gladness and of purity; every eye followed her; every youth, with breathless attention, watched her movements, and loved her in his heart. Marianne, though she had been queen at the fête of *Le Lis*, was still free as the perfumed breezes of the valley; omniscient nature had not, as yet, quickened in her bosom that valued gem of life, her first bud of love.

But there existed in her mind's eye a defined being of angel form, and of manly beauty; in her dreams she beheld him, guarding her from perils, and soothing afflictions which she had not experienced; she loved all,—but still there existed an unconquerable longing for one whose essence should be a portion of

herself, one to whom she could breathe every wish, and confide every inward sacred thought :

" a creature meant  
To be her happiness, and whom she deem'd  
To render happy ;"

one who should be hers alone, and whom none else dare love. If it was a selfish impulse, it is one that has existed in the soul of mortals from the first love of our first parents; the Divinity has hallowed it with every attribute of virtue.

She parcelled her affections among every one around her; her aunt she loved as a mother; old Gaspard Riallo had her regard; the village damsels, her recognitions of kindness; even the turtle-doves, that cooed their mournful note of love in the vine that partly overshadowed her bedroom window, were pressed to her bosom; the passing traveller, if in want, ever found ready assistance, and a tear of commiseration in requital for a tale of woe.

The inhabitants of the valley were seldom disturbed by the common occurrences of the political world, unless it happened that some one crossed over the Loire to the city of Orleans. One day, however, the peasants, who were busily engaged at their merry rustic dance, were interrupted by the sudden and unexpected appearance of a troop of gens d'armes, not numerous, but sufficiently so to affright those who had only heard of that powerful and despotic police; they galloped furiously towards the village, covered with dust. A few questions on the part of the soldiers betrayed that they were in search of some person who had escaped their surveillance; they elicited no satisfactory information and hurried forward, evidently disappointed at the result of their searching interrogatories. A disturbance so unusual agitated the assembly, and, in a short time, put an end to the fête.

Madame le Rue and Marianne proceeded to vespers, and offered their evening prayer at the shrine of Our Lady, and inwardly invoked her assistance in favoring the escape of the victim of government, whom, they doubted not, was some unfortunate Vendéen, or favorer of the Bourbons, at all events, an enemy to the then existing government, which it was the duty of every martyr in the cause of the exiled royal family most religiously to abhor.

The evening was shedding its departing and farewell beams on the surface of nature, and tinging the light clouds that floated on the horizon with varied hues of purple and of gold, when Marianne retired to her chamber. She sat at the open lattice, which commanded a lovely prospect of the neighbouring country, in silent admiration of the glorious beauties that were fleeting away almost imperceptibly on the wing of eternity.

A slight movement among the myrtle branches disturbed her reverie; she listened, and looked out carefully, but could discern nothing in the dim obscurity of the surrounding shrubbery; her bosom fluttered for a moment, but, attributing the commotion to some animal or bird of prey, she proceeded to fasten the window; in drawing the casement to, however, she was again startled by a low and indistinct cry for help. In that deep hour of silence and of solitude, she dared not answer; on reflection, her feeling heart, and the charitable precepts that had been instilled into her mind, divested her of all fear of personal danger, and she immediately roused from their repose, her aunt and old Gaspard Riallo.

The latter would have persuaded madame and her niece to retire, and not venture to expose their helplessness, by giving the applicant admittance; and proceeded very eloquently to descant on the probability that it might be a ruse, to plunder the defenceless cottage, and murder the inmates; but Marianne requested him to question the applicant; this he would not agree to, until he had, in his opinion, led the visiter to suppose, by the rattling of the scabbard of an old rusty broadsword, and by snapping a pair of rusty pistols which had not been primed since the revolution, that they were not unarmed.

"Help, for the Virgin's sake!" was indistinctly articulated; "I am perishing from hunger: a crust of bread, for the sake of the holy saints!"

"Who are you," demanded Gaspard, "that disturbs the peaceful at this unseasonable hour; if your intentions are evil, you will meet with the reception that is due to the breaker of the laws; depart, we have not the means of affording you assistance."

"For mercy's sake, if you have the hope of happiness hereafter, leave me not to die at your threshold! I want but a morsel of food, to satisfy the cravings of nature;" and, as if spent by exertion of utterance, he fell heavily against the door.

"May our good Lady Mother protect us! and the blessed saints support us!" exclaimed Marianne; "open the door, and render the miserable being relief: he is perishing, he is perishing, he is not deceiving us."

"His accent is Breton," observed madame, "and if of that country we need fear nothing."

The door was opened, and they beheld the tottering figure of a young man, evidently worn down with fatigue and want, his dress was that of an individual who had seen more prosperous days; he was led into the house, and supplied with food, which he ravenously devoured; and, as if anxious to relieve them from his presence, he thanked them for their charitable act, and implored, with a look of sincerity, the reward of righteous heaven upon the

family. "A poor hunted outcast," said he, addressing himself to Marianne, "has nothing else to offer you for his life; farewell, farewell!"

"Stay, stay," ejaculated Madame le Rue, "and rest yourself; who and what are you?"

"Question me not, madame, but allow me to depart, and yet" (with tears in his eyes,) "I need not be under apprehension of betrayal from countenances bespeaking so much benevolence. I am a Breton, hunted by barbarians who are seeking my blood; the victim of laws equally inhuman; in fact, I was what some men detest,—'a Chouan,'—'a leader of the brigandes!' that admission, that title, which I pride myself in, comprises my history from my fourteenth year, when I first drew my sword in the holy cause of La Vendée, and puts you, if you are the enemy of that brave army, in possession of my life, which has already become a burthen that I am weary of."

"Fear not, Monsieur," said Marianne, with more warmth and energy than discretion, "you are in the presence of friends and fellow-sufferers; rest here to-night, Gaspard Riallo will find you a couch, and the morrow will afford you easier means of eluding your hardhearted pursuers."

He took her hand, and kissed it. "Take this cross as an acknowledgment of the obligation that I am under; it was presented to me by our good king Louis, it cannot be deposited in better trust, and may kind Providence reward you! and may the blessings of heaven be showered upon you all!" Marianne for a moment hesitated to accept the enamelled cross of St. Louis, but she felt that, in refusing it, she might hurt the feelings of the Chouan, and her loyalty dictated that she ought not to refuse an emblem of the cause, and one that had passed through the hands of her legitimate king so recently.

On the following morning she was up with the lark, notwithstanding the inroad upon her night's repose; she took an interest in the stranger, and was deeply anxious that he should escape the pursuit of the armed band whom she doubted not were the fierce men she had seen the preceding day. She lost no time in preparing refreshment, and collected a small stock of provisions to relieve him from similar difficulties; Gaspard, however, soon made his appearance, and, to her inexpressible anguish, intimated that he feared the stranger would be unable to quit the house, as he seemed to suffer severely. Madame le Rue was instantly made acquainted with the unwelcome intelligence; she exclaimed with religious fervor, "then God's will be done!" Having followed the Vendéen armies in company with Madame Lescure, afterwards the wife of the chivalrous marquis de Rochejaquelein, and, from that circumstance, possessing considerable knowledge of medicine,

she hesitated not to attend his bed-side: she found him labouring under considerable pain, and betraying strong symptoms of an approaching fever which, in a very few hours, became manifest, attended with delirium. Weeks passed on, the stranger was still under the roof of the excellent family; no inquiries had been made after him, and no one but themselves had the slightest idea that an enemy of the state dwelt in the valley. He recovered slowly, and at last was enabled to leave his bed, and reiterate his thanks to those around him.

The Chouan was the only son of one of the Breton noblesse who so courageously and so perseveringly espoused the cause of the Bourbons during the war of La Vendée, in conjunction with the brave La Rochejaquelein, Catheleneau, and other chiefs. On the death of his father, Julien de Royraud again took up arms, and landed in La Vendée, to re-organize with Georges Codoudal, and other Chouans, an insurrection in favor of the exiles; the unfortunate result of which is now too familiar to dwell upon. Though no direct proofs were produced to implicate Julien de Royraud in the affair of the infernal machine, his suspicious connexion with the emigrés, and his appearance in the Bocage, or disturbed districts, at this period, was sufficient to draw upon him the lynx-eyed police: he was accordingly arrested, and imprisoned at Nantes, from whence he had just effected his escape after a tedious and solitary confinement in an unwholesome dungeon.

Fortunately, a few days after his disappearance, the corpse of an individual was found floating on the Loire, in a state of decomposition: the police, no doubt harassed by their unsuccessful search, concluded that it could be none other than the body of the Chouan, or brigand, and a return was accordingly made to that effect.

Through the medium of the peasants, who all but worshipped their charitable mistress, as they invariably called Madame le Rue, a passport was procured for him from the prefect of the department, and from that time Julien appeared openly as the cousin of Marianne, and joined the villagers in all their rural festivals. "Why Monsieur Julien," said Marianne, one morning as they were sitting under the outspreading branches of a magnificent Spanish chesnut, "you have lost your appetite; look here, what a lovely bunch of Burgundy grapes! let me tempt you; they were presented to me by your amusing friend, Philippe Pompierre. Why don't you answer?" His thoughts were travelling over the ocean, and he heard her not. "Shall I give you another cup of coffee, Monsieur?" demanded Marianne; he was still silent; she felt, at the moment, indignant at his rude indifference, and a deeper shade of crimson tinged her cheek, while her eye sparkled with anger; but, in an instant, she reproved herself; "poor

Julien," thought she, "how lonely he must feel with us! and how anxiously must his wishes be to return to the spot which contains his beloved sister, of whom he speaks with such fervid affection, and perhaps, too, some one else equally dear!" She removed her guitar from one of the branches, ran her fingers over the strings, but the notes seemed harsh and unmusical; she ceased, and sighed; momentarily, and apparently unconsciously, she produced a wild melody, which rose and died away with harmonious sweetness, like the notes of the Æolian harp. He at length became aware of his want of attention: Marianne sat before him, her small and elegant fingers trembling among the strings of the guitar, her hair hung, like a curtain, before her face, but the sparkling drops which fell upon her hand denoted that her thoughts were sadly occupied, and that she was not at all times the same laughing joyous spirit.

"Sweet Mademoiselle Marigny," whispered Julien, "that we had but a Raphael, a Carlo Dolce, or a Canova, to take advantage of your posture! what a divine St. Cecile! and that melancholy ditty, too! give me the guitar,—how the dew has moistened the strings! by St. Louis, it is quite out of tune! We have not had our loyal morning hymn yet; will you join me in 'Vive l'Henri Quatre,' fair Marianne? Morblieu! and what can be the matter? Be merry, my gentle Marianne; those bright eyes lose half their lustre,—tell me what disturbs you?" "Nothing;" was the answer. "I have been reflecting," continued Julien, hardly noticing the sigh that escaped her; "when you commenced that simple melody, I fancied myself in England with my sister, the only being under heaven who would cling to me in my misery." Marianne again sighed. "Poor dear Therese! though a wide ocean separates us, I feel that our thoughts are mutual, and that the spiritual essence of our existence commingle in unity together! You would love her, Marianne?"—"And would she return it, Monsieur Julien?" "Aye, that she would, with heart and soul; and who would not?" "Now, Monsieur, I told you before that I would have no flattery. No, No, No! I will not listen; this is the fault of travelling, which ought to be amended." "You are a little trifler, Marianne; you shall hear me. Do you know that I must quit this spot in a week, to join that sister, or run the risk of the conscription." "Quit us so suddenly, Monsieur de Royraud!"—"Yes, I have been down to the village, and Monsieur le Maire has already received the ordonnances: the drawing is to take place in eight days. When I depart, Mademoiselle, I know that I shall leave behind me those to whom I am bound by the sincerest ties of friendship and attachment, those to whom I shall ever owe a debt of gratitude: in short, Marianne, to you I am indebted for my life; let us walk abroad." In silence she allowed him to draw her hand within his arm: "But it would," he

continued, "be a consolation, a balm to my peace of mind, to be assured that I depart with the good opinion of yourself, and of your dear kind-hearted aunt." "You may be assured of that, Monsieur," answered Marianne, almost inarticulately, "but why undergo the dangers of an escape, your papers are hardly safe; I would fain believe that your name will not be drawn; you ought to recollect that the chances are greatly in your favor." "That may be, Marianne: if I should happen to be drawn, then I am irretrievably lost; the cause of our good king Louis, whom may God preserve for us all! alone claims the aid of my feeble arm. You, too, Marianne, have invested me with renewed determination; you shall yet be reinstated in your family honours, and the possession of your noble ancestors." "Ah, Monsieur de Royraud, I do not sigh for them, my happiness is centered in this quiet retreat, and I am not so sanguine of the success of the cause, as to expect that you will ever realize the downfall of Napoleon: do not the kingdoms of Europe, at the present moment, crouch beneath his sword, and tremble under his power? does not the world seem hardly wide enough for his dominions?—overthrow Napoleon! you are surely joking; besides, I doubt much whether the Bourbon family would be able to retain possession of it, should the power of England establish them on the throne of France. You are not serious, Monsieur Julien." "The cause of usurpation and of blood, Marianne, never yet prospered; we shall see the day when the unsullied flag of St. Louis will float over the domes of Paris; the shades of purple and of blood which disfigure the present banner of the empire, that unholy emblem of the ruthless republicans, shall be cleansed. Yes, yes! our cause will ultimately prosper, and France shall again smile under the bright beams of freedom and of peace. But yet, Marianne, I may never see you more; that thought alone oppresses my spirits, and weighs me down; it alone makes me loath to quit you, and turn my back on present happiness; if I dared hope that this hand which has not yet returned to me the warm pressure of affection and of love, might be my rich reward, Julien de Royraud would prove himself worthy of it,—promise, beloved Marianne, that you will be mine?" "You must not leave us, dear Julien," was the reply of the confiding girl, as she buried her face in his bosom, and allowed him to kiss away the glistening tears that stood, like drops of brilliant dew, on her eyelashes; "you must not leave us!" She hurriedly drew back her face which was covered with blushes of virtuous innocence, and escaped to her own chamber, to avoid the gaze of those around her, and to commune with herself in silence.

Julien felt happy in having secured the affections of the beautiful Marianne, and miserable that he should be compelled to quit her; he found, however, that his absence was imperative, and she, at last, consented to a separation, and pledged herself his



affianced bride when circumstances admitted of their union: on the eve of the day when the conscripts were drawn, he was on his way to the frontier of Spain, through which country he hoped to effect his escape to England. After some days severe toil, and the avoiding of many dangers almost miraculously, he crossed the Pyrennees, and entered Spain; in another day he would have gained the British lines, had not a French foraging party overtaken him: he was forthwith carried to head-quarters, and after examination, forwarded to Paris under an escort, to be dealt with by the civil authority as a Chouan. On arrival at the metropolis, he underwent further examinations before Fouché, and was committed to the Conciergerie, that last stage between life and death, in the career of all convicted traitors. The iron door of his narrow cell grated harshly on its hinges, and left him to his own despairing meditations: he threw himself on the heap of damp straw that was cast by the turnkey into the corner of it, and tried to gain repose: his thoughts travelled to those most dear to him, and who were happily ignorant of his misfortune: an intermitting slumber for a few minutes gained possession of his body, but his mind was disturbed with dreams; at one moment Marianne was at his side, with her arms thrown around his sister's neck, about to lead him forth to liberty and lasting happiness; at another, one of the secret executioners of Napoleon, with his strangling cords, moist with the life's blood of Pichegru and Wright; or a lofty scaffold, with the hideous guillotine, and a dark, but living mass of human beings, about to glut their curiosity with the sight of the execution of a Chouan chieftain: he was relieved from these dark thoughts by the gruff voice of the guard. "Hollo, brigand," said he, "one would imagine that you would have spent the brief period of your existence more worthily; the road to heaven is an awkward path, up I say." "Then my dreams are indeed about to be realized," observed Julien, "may God pardon my sins! has my doom then been fixed?" "Ask me no questions, but follow." Julien followed him in silence: at the gate of the prison stood a *calèche*, and a troop of *gens d'armes*; the sun he had not seen for days, it now shed its lingering rays upon the golden dome of the *Hôpital des Invalides*: his heart sunk within him, when he reflected that the expiring day was the last of his earthly career: he entered the carriage, the windows were immediately darkened by his attendant, they drove rapidly through the narrow streets, crossed, as he imagined, one of the bridges, and then entered an archway into a court-yard. When daylight was again admitted, he beheld the place filled with soldiers. "This, then," thought he, "is to be the scene, the grand finale of my life." In a few minutes an officer whispered to the guard; they dismounted and entered the house: after remaining for a short time in the antichamber, a door was thrown open, and he was desired to enter alone: an individual rather below the middle size, plainly, but peculiarly dressed, was

acing the cabinet rapidly, and occasionally halting at a table, to peruse some documents in a portfolio; he took no notice for some time of Julien's presence. He at last stopped suddenly, and perused him from head to foot, and scrutinized his countenance as if to read the very thoughts that were passing in his bosom. Julien felt his heart tremble under the intelligent fierceness of the eye, and the commanding attitude of the man before him; he thought that he had seen the face before, but his recollection afforded him no assistance.

"Your name?" "Julien de Royraud," was the reply. "A Chouan, a Vendéen, a leader of the brigands, eh! the son of Count Louis de Royraud?" "The same." "Why disturb the peace of the empire with petty broils? is not England large enough for your intrigues? Let me tell you, sir, that the futile enterprises of the emigrés only excite the ridicule of Europe." "If such be the case, why have I been hunted down, and incarcerated, like a felon?" "Silence!" was the emphatic answer. "You are no longer a prisoner: your father was my friend, while at Brienne; had he sought my favor, he might have reaped honours; and if you will enter into our service, Count Julien, you shall have a command worthy of the De Royrauds; if you decline, there's a passport, and you quit France in a week. You hesitate, sir: Napoleon never sues, depart." "The emperor!" was Julien's exclamation, as he dropped on his knee involuntarily. "Aye, Count de Royraud, Napoleon! if you will serve us, draw upon our treasury for your present wants, and join us at Fontainebleau in a month." Julien was in astonishment; his head became giddy with his unexpected change of fortune: could he accept the liberal proffer of the emperor? The cause of Louis stood before him, the spirit of his gallant father seemed to rush by him; Marianne, what would she say? he resolved in less time than that which has been occupied in describing his feelings; he pressed the emperor's hands to his lips, made his bow to the great warrior as he withdrew, entered the calèche that had conveyed him to the Tuileries, and in a few minutes was dropped at the Porte Cochère of the Hotel de Marengo, overjoyed with his good fortune.

He lost no time in making Marianne acquainted with the events that had transpired since their separation: in three days he was at her side, and shortly afterwards became, what she had long in silence sighed for, her husband.

The Count and Comtesse de Royraud were received most graciously by Napoleon and Maria Louisa: he joined the army of Russia as *chef de bataillon*, and *aide-de-camp* to the emperor. The comtesse had become attached to the court of the young empress, accompanied her to Dresden, and remained in her honorable post, to which she was the brightest ornament, until her medical attendants advised a retirement to a quieter scene, and she joined her

aunt once more at their beautiful little cottage in the valley of l'Espérance.

Whispers were already afloat that the campaign had been most disastrous to the army; gloom hung on the public brow, questions were asked which no one dared answer; poor Marianne was in agony. She had received no communication from her husband for sometime; the minister of war could not, or would not, afford her information: at last one of the papers that were at that time surreptitiously distributed through France, by the enemies of the emperor, fell in her way, and there she found the name of her husband among the slain, under the walls of Smolensko. The shock induced premature labour, and she awoke from her lengthened stupor to a state of idiocy, and numbness of intellect. Not a word escaped her lips; she recognized no one, the scenes of her early childhood had become a blank, and not the slightest prospect was held out that she would ever regain her faculties.

Her aunt was accustomed, with the assistance of old Gaspard, to lead her through the haunts of her infancy; the little arbour where she had so frequently sat with her beloved and lost Julien, she seemed at times to recognize, and there the peasants were in the habit of presenting her with their little presents of fruit, the simple records of affectionate regard, but she heeded them not.

"How quietly she reposes now, marquis!" observed madame, one evening, to a nobleman who sat by Marianne's chair, and who intently watched her countenance. "Poor innocent," was the reply, "the undisturbed, and unruffled sleep of infancy! see, her lips move; she appears as if in communion with herself: her guitar is still in its usual place!" "We remove nothing," replied madame, "and keep the instrument tuned, in the vain hope that it may awaken her to remembrance of the past: it used to be her favorite resource before her illness, but it is now forgotten." The nobleman took up the guitar, and played an air in a low key: her lips seemed to move, and a smile gradually brightened up her countenance, denoting inward joy. "Julien! dear Julien!" audibly escaped her lips. "For heaven's sake, mon seigneur! you disturb her; they are the first words she has uttered since she fell into this melancholy state." He ceased, and her face again subsided into deathlike inanimation. "It may, madame," whispered the marquis, "produce a beneficial change: I have heard that the spell has frequently been broken by a charm equally simple. He again played the same air, and accompanied the instrument with his voice, which was full of feeling and beauty, and rich in all the modulations of melody. "Go on, Julien! I listen, dearest:" her countenance brightened up with the most angelic expression. "Julien! beloved Julien! oh, how happy I am! it is, it is his voice!" at that moment she awoke; her arms, attenuated to transparency, were instantly extended, and with a wild hysterical agonizing

laugh, exclaimed, as she folded the marquis in her arms, and buried her face in his bosom, "We will never part again." He pressed the invalid to his heart in silence; she looked up, as if doubting the reality of the scene; her eyes were moistened with the grateful tears of sensibility. "My own, my beloved Marianne," said he, as he kissed her forehead, "your own Julien is again at your side; do you know me, dearest?" "Yes, yes!" was the answer, as she swooned away. Remedies were immediately applied; she awoke in full possession of her faculties, and from thenceforward gradually recovered her strength and health.

Julien de Royraud had been severely wounded in the disastrous retreat from Moscow; but, through the care of a Russian peasant, whom he had previously protected, his life was saved. Napoleon had been so well satisfied with his conduct throughout the campaign, and particularly at the battle of the Borodino, that he conferred upon him the title of Marquis de Pont Divet, which had been forfeited centuries before by one of his family. On his return to France, the Bourbons had ascended the throne, but his happiness was seared by the melancholy situation of his wife; Providence, however, decreed that she should again be the partner of all his joys and afflictions,—the latter were but few; they retired to their extensive estates in Bâs Breton, which were re-granted to them on the return of the king, where they still reside in the bosom of their family, and in the primitive simplicity of their ancestors. A holiday is still a scene, on their domain, of mutual hospitality; the peasants and their families dance in the court-yard of the chateau, and the marquis and his family never fail to join in the amusement.

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*A Latin Englyn, in Imitation of the Welsh.*

CUPIO DISSOLVI.

Vellem a carne vili, qua premor,  
 Quamprimum dissolvi  
 Cupio a te capi  
 Salvator amator mi.

EDMOND PRYS, *Archi. Diaconus Merioneth.* 1620.

*To the Editors.*

GENTLEMEN,

THE accompanying transcript of the "Estreat" of the Subsidy to be levied upon the proprietors of Merionethshire, in the year 1636, is copied from the original rolls, in the possession of Mr. Ellis Owen, of Pant Phylip, in that county; and is curious inasmuch as, in all probability, it is a complete list of the resident freeholders of the county at the period when it was drawn up: it has never appeared in print, and as such you may think it worthy of a place in your Magazine. If, also, you should consider that the appended notices of several of the persons whose names occur in these rolls, may be interesting to your readers, you will perhaps insert them, upon the plan pursued by Drs. Meyrick and Rowland, and Mr. Walter Davies, in former numbers of the Cambrian Quarterly.

I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,  
W.

July 12th, 1831.

MERIONETH SS.

*The Extreate of the third and last entyer Subsidy of the Three Subsidies granted by the Laytye, Anno Tertio Jacobi, nup' Regs. Anglie, &c., and to be levyed and payd this pnt Yeare, Anno R<sup>e</sup> Caroli nunc Anglie, &c.: duodecimo, 1636.*

Comott Ardydwe,  
Trawsvynydd.

Robert Lloyd, esquier, in terr' .....	xl <sup>a</sup>	viiij <sup>s</sup>
Morgan Vaughan, gent., in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Evan Lloyd Rouland, in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
David Lloyd ap Hugh, in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Robert ap Richard, in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
William Lloyd, in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Moris Lewis Anwyl, in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Howell John, in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Lewis Nanney, in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Thomas ap Richard, in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>

Llanvrothen and Nanmor.

William Lewis Anwill, esquier, in terr' ..	vii <sup>h</sup>	xx <sup>a</sup>
Moris Williams, in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Gruffith ap Rees, in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>

Llanvihangell y Traythey.

William Wynne, esquier, in terr' .....	xl <sup>a</sup>	viiij <sup>s</sup>
Morgan John ap Morgan, in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>

Llanvair.

Henry Lloyd, in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Humffrey ap Owen John, in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>

<b>Llandanuche.</b>		
Ffrancis Ellis, in terr' . . . . .	xx	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Oven ap Richard, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>s</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
<b>Llandecwyn.</b>		
Owen Poole, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>s</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Moris Williams, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>s</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
<b>Ffestiniocke.</b>		
John Lewis, esquier, in terr' . . . . .	xl <sup>s</sup>	viiij <sup>s</sup>
Evan Evans, gent., in terr' . . . . .	xl <sup>s</sup>	viiij <sup>s</sup>
<b>Maenturogg.</b>		
Gruffith Lloyd, esquier, in terr' . . . . .	xl <sup>s</sup>	viiij <sup>s</sup>
Thomas Lloyd, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>s</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
<b>Llanyllyd.</b>		
Evan ap Hugh ap Ieu'n ap Edd., in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>s</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
John Thomas Richard, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>s</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
John Evan Gruffith ap Ieu'n, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>s</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
<b>Llanddwywey.</b>		
Richard Vaughan, esquier, in terr' . . . . .	vi <sup>ii</sup>	xxiiij <sup>s</sup>
John Wynne ap Hugh, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>s</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
<b>Llanbeder.</b>		
Richard Poole, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>s</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Robert Lloyd, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>s</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Owen ap William Owen, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>s</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
<b>Llanaber.</b>		
Robert Wynne, gent., in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>s</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Hugh Tudd <sup>s</sup> , gent., in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>s</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Ellis Edwards, gent., in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>s</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Ed'd John d'd ap Jenkin, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>s</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
William ap Robert ap Edward, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>s</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Evan ap Owen John, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>s</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
William Gruffith ap Edneved, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>s</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Edneved ap Hugh, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>s</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Gruffith ap Tudd <sup>s</sup> , in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>s</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
John ap Ed'd. gr. ap John ap R <sup>s</sup> , in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>s</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
<b>Llanenddwyn.</b>		
Hugh Jones, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>s</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
John Gruffith, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>s</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Evan ap Ed'd. Wynne, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>s</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
John ap Rutherch ap Lewis, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>s</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
<b>JA. PRYSE,                    Jo. DAVIES,</b> <b>HUGH NANNEY,        HE. PRYCE.*</b>		
<b>Comott Mowddwey.</b>		
<b>Mallwyd.</b>		
John Pugh, gent., in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>s</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Dauid Jones, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>s</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Rowland Lewis, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>s</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>

\* The commissioners, whose names are subscribed to the bottom of each roll. "Jo. Davies" is Dr. Davies, of Mallwyd, the author of the Welsh Dictionary.

Dauid Lewis Gruffith, senior, in terr' ..	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>a</sup>
Tudd Owen, gent., in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>a</sup>
Robert Gruffith, in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>a</sup>

Llanymowddwey.

Evan Dauid ap Howell, in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>a</sup>
Richard John, in bonis .....	iiij <sup>h</sup>	viiij
John d'd ap Lewis Griffith, in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>a</sup>

Comot Estemann.

Towyn.

S, James Prise, knight, in terr' .....	vji <sup>h</sup>	xxiiiij <sup>a</sup>
Henry Prise, esquier, in terr' .....	iiij <sup>h</sup>	xij <sup>a</sup>
Jane Gwynne, vid', in terr' .....	x <sup>b</sup>	iiij <sup>a</sup>
Jenkin Vaughan, gent., in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>a</sup>
Thomas Owen, in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	tiij <sup>a</sup>
Dauid ap Owen d'd, in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>a</sup>
Edward ap Hugh, in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>a</sup>
Dauid ap Richard, in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>a</sup>
John Rees d'd ap Hoell, in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>a</sup>
William John d'd ap R., in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>a</sup>
Evan Jenkin Llewelyn, in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>a</sup>
Lewis Hughes, gent., in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>a</sup>

Llanvyhangell y Pennant.

Morgan John d'd ap R., in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>a</sup>
Evan Arthur, in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>a</sup>

Pennall.

Rees Lloyd, gent., in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>a</sup>
Rowland Morgan, gent., in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>a</sup>
Thomas Pugh, of Llygwy, in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>a</sup>
John Roberts, of Ceven kaer, in terr' ..	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>a</sup>
John Thomas ap R., in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>a</sup>
Evan Mredith, in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>a</sup>

Talylyn.

Lewis Nanney, esquier, in terr' .....	iiij <sup>h</sup>	xij <sup>a</sup>
Dame Jane Lloyd, in terr' .....	iiij <sup>h</sup>	xij <sup>a</sup>
William Anwill, in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>a</sup>
Edward John Evan, in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>a</sup>
Rowland Gwyllym, in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>a</sup>
Humffrey Moris William, in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>a</sup>
Humffrey ap Richard, in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>a</sup>

Comot Talybont.

Llanglynyn.

Humffrey William, in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>a</sup>
Owen Evan, in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>a</sup>
Hugh ap John ap Hugh, in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>a</sup>
William ap R. Gruffith ap Meyricke, in terr'	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>a</sup>
Evan Griffith, in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>a</sup>
Griffith Evan, in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>a</sup>
Alban Thomas, gent., in terr' .....	xxx <sup>a</sup>	vj <sup>a</sup>
Dauid ap Hugh goch, in terr' .....	xx <sup>a</sup>	iiij <sup>a</sup>

Llanegrin.

Margret Harbert, vid', in terr' .....	x <sup>b</sup>	viiij <sup>a</sup>
Hugh Owen, in terr' .....	xxx <sup>a</sup>	vj <sup>a</sup>

Dauid ap W <sup>m</sup> . ap Regnold, in terr' . . .	xx <sup>d</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
John Edward ap John, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>d</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Hugh William d <sup>d</sup> , ap W <sup>m</sup> ., in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>d</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Moris ap W <sup>m</sup> . Griffith, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>d</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
William ap Ieu'n ap Moris, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>d</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Dauid ap William ap Hugh, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>d</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
William ap Ieu'n ap W <sup>m</sup> ., in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>d</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
William Lloyd al's Cooke, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>d</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>

## Vchyarreg.

Edward Nanney, gent., in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>d</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Hugh Dauies, gent., in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>d</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>

JO. DAUIES.

JA. PRYSE.

HUGH NANNEY.

HE. PRYSE.

## Llanvachreth.

Hugh Nanney, Ar., in terr' . . . . .	v <sup>s</sup>	xx <sup>d</sup>
John Symond, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>d</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
John ap W <sup>m</sup> . d <sup>d</sup> Lloyd, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>d</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
William Thomas Wynne, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>d</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Thomas Meyricke, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>d</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Hugh ap William, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>d</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Rees ap John ap Hoel, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>d</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>

## Dolgelley.

David Lloyd Tudd'r, gent., in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>d</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Howell Vaughan, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>d</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Rowland Ellis, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>d</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Griffith Lloyd ap Elissey, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>d</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Lewis Symon Owen, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>d</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Robert Symon Owen, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>d</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
John ap Richard Vaughan, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>d</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Gruffith ap John Lewis, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>d</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Moris ap Ellissey, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>d</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Griffith ap Howell Tuddr, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>d</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Rees ap John Griffith, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>d</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Symon John ap Howell ap Lewis, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>d</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Tuddr Owen, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>d</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Hugh ap Ellissey d <sup>d</sup> ap Owen, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>d</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Rees Lewis ap John Gruffith, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>d</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
John Caddr ap William in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>d</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Richard John ap R <sup>e</sup> Gruffith, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>d</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>

## Comot Penllyn.

## Llaniwllyn.

John Vaughan, of Glanllyn, in terr' . . . . .	iiij <sup>s</sup>	xij <sup>s</sup>
Ellissey Caddr, in terr' . . . . .	xl <sup>s</sup>	viiij <sup>s</sup>
Rowland Vaughan, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>d</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Katherin Vaughan, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>d</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
John ap Ellis Vaughan, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>d</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Thomas Rowland, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>d</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Edward ap Caddr, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>d</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>

## Ilanyckil.

Lewis Gwynne, in terr' . . . . .	xl <sup>s</sup>	viiij <sup>s</sup>
Oliu' Thomas in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>d</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>



Edward ap Ieu'n, in terr' .....	xx <sup>e</sup>	iiij <sup>e</sup>
Nicholas ap Edward, in terr' .....	xx <sup>e</sup>	iiij <sup>e</sup>
Robert ap Rutherch, in terr' .....	xx <sup>e</sup>	iiij <sup>e</sup>
Edward d'd Lloyd, in terr' .....	xx <sup>e</sup>	iiij <sup>e</sup>
Robert Vaughan, in terr' .....	xx <sup>e</sup>	iiij <sup>e</sup>
Rutherch ap Humffrey, in terr' .....	xx <sup>e</sup>	iiij <sup>e</sup>
David Lloyd ap Hugh, in terr' .....	xx <sup>e</sup>	iiij <sup>e</sup>
Rees d'd ap Hugh, in bonis .....	iiij <sup>ll</sup>	vij <sup>e</sup>

Llangower.

Howel ap Morgan, in terr' .....	xx <sup>e</sup>	iiij <sup>e</sup>
Robert Elissey ap Hugh, in terr' .....	xx <sup>e</sup>	iiij <sup>e</sup>
Cadd' ap Robert, in terr' .....	xx <sup>e</sup>	iiij <sup>e</sup>
John ap Ieu'n ap Richard, in terr' .....	xx <sup>e</sup>	iiij <sup>e</sup>

JO. DAVIES,           JA. PRYSE,  
HUGH NANNEY,       HE. PRYCE.

Llanvaur,

Penllin Isyravon.

John Lloyd, Ar. in terr' .....	v <sup>ll</sup>	xx <sup>e</sup>
John Wynne Caddr., in terr' .....	xx <sup>e</sup>	iiij <sup>e</sup>
David ap Ieu'n ap Hoell, in terr' .....	xx <sup>e</sup>	iiij <sup>e</sup>
Ellissey ap William ap Hugh, in terr' ..	xx <sup>e</sup>	iiij <sup>e</sup>
Dauid John, in terr' .....	xx <sup>e</sup>	iiij <sup>e</sup>
William Ffoulke, in terr' .....	xx <sup>e</sup>	iiij <sup>e</sup>
William ap Ellissey, in terr' .....	xx <sup>e</sup>	iiij <sup>e</sup>
Evan Lloyd ap Rutherch, in ——— .....	xx <sup>e</sup>	iiij <sup>e</sup>
William ap Owen, in terr' .....	xx <sup>e</sup>	iiij <sup>e</sup>
Dauid Thomas, in terr' .....	xx <sup>e</sup>	iiij <sup>e</sup>

Llandervel.

Edmond Meyricke, esquier, in terr' ....	iiij <sup>ll</sup>	xij <sup>e</sup>
John Lloyd, of Gwern y Bughton, in terr'	xx <sup>e</sup>	iiij <sup>e</sup>
Evan ap Thomas Lloyd, in bonis' .....	iiij <sup>ll</sup>	vij <sup>e</sup>
Thomas ap John Thomas, in terr' .....	xx <sup>e</sup>	iiij <sup>e</sup>
Robert ap Thomas ap Richard, in terr' ..	xx <sup>e</sup>	iiij <sup>e</sup>

Comot Edeirnion.

Llangar.

Humffrey Hughes, in terr' .....	xx <sup>e</sup>	iiij <sup>e</sup>
Griffith Dauid ap Ieu'n, in terr' .....	xx <sup>e</sup>	iiij <sup>e</sup>
John Wynne, in terr' .....	xx <sup>e</sup>	iiij <sup>e</sup>
John ap Edward ap Tuddr, in terr' .....	xx <sup>e</sup>	iiij <sup>e</sup>

Llandrillo.

Morgan Lloyd, in terr' .....	xx <sup>e</sup>	iiij <sup>e</sup>
Humffrey Branass, in terr' .....	xx <sup>e</sup>	iiij <sup>e</sup>
Moris Jones, in terr' .....	xx <sup>e</sup>	iiij <sup>e</sup>
John ap Ieu'n, in terr' .....	xx <sup>e</sup>	iiij <sup>e</sup>
Humffrey ap Dauid, in terr' .....	xx <sup>e</sup>	iiij <sup>e</sup>

Corwen.

William Salusbury, esquier, in terr' ....	v <sup>ll</sup>	xx <sup>e</sup>
John Lloyd, of Carrog, in terr' .....	xl <sup>e</sup>	vij <sup>e</sup>
John Lloyd, of Ragad, in terr' .....	xx <sup>e</sup>	iiij <sup>e</sup>
Lewis ap Rees, in terr' .....	xx <sup>e</sup>	iiij <sup>e</sup>
John Thomas ap Howell, in terr' .....	xx <sup>e</sup>	iiij <sup>e</sup>

Thomas Wynne, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>s</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Rowland Lloyd, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>s</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
<b>Gwyddelwerne.</b>		
Humffrey ap Ellissey, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>s</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Dauid Lloyd John, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>s</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
Thomas Wynne, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>s</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
John ap Robert, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>s</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>

**Pencraig.**

Peirs Maesmore, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>s</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>
John ap William ap Hugh, in terr' . . . . .	xx <sup>s</sup>	iiij <sup>s</sup>

JA. PRYSE,      JO. DAUIES,  
HE. PRYCE,     HUGH NANNEY.

Thomas ap Richard, of Trawsfynydd, subcollector of Ardydwy vchartro.

William Griffith ap Edward, subcollector of Ardywy Isartro.

Robert Symon Owen, subcollector of Talybont vchgregennan.

Humfrey ap William, of LLANGLYNIN, subcollector of Talybont Isgregennan.

John ap Edward ap Tudor, subcollector of Edernion.

Edward David Lloyd, of LLANYCKIL, subcollector of Penllin.

Edward ap Hugh David ap Evan, subcollector of Estimanner.

Daved Jones, subcollector of Mowthy.

## ANNOTATIONS.

## TRAWSFYNYDD.

Robert Lloyd was of Rhiwgoch, in this parish: he served the office of sheriff for the county in 1602 and 1615. By the marriage of his granddaughter Catharine, daughter of Ellice Lloyd, esq., with Henry, tenth son of Sir John Wynn, of Gwydyr, bart., the Rhiwgoch estates passed into the family of Wynn, and were bequeathed, together with his other lands, by the last baronet, Sir John Wynn, of Wynnstay, to his kinsman Watkin Williams, eldest son of Sir William Williams, of Llanvorda, bart., who thereupon assumed the additional surname of Wynn; and who was the grandfather of the present possessor of Wynnstay.

<sup>1</sup> Moris Lewis Anwyl was one of the younger brothers of William Lewis Anwyl, hereafter mentioned.

Lewis Nanney, of Cefndeuddwr. This property is now in the possession of O. J. Ellis Nanney, esq., of Gwynfryn, in the county of Carnarvon; a descendant, in the female line, from this Lewis. The magnificent cataract called Pistill y Cain is within a short distance of the house at Cefndeuddwr.

## LLANVROTHEN, &amp;c.

William Lewis Anwyl was of Park: he served the office of sheriff of the county, in 1611 and 1624, and died about the year 1642. The heiress of this family was married to Sir Griffith

Williams, of Marl, bart.; and their daughter and heiress, (who was a maid of honour to Caroline, the queen of George the Second,) to Sir Thomas Prendergast, secretary of state in Ireland, and afterwards to another gentleman, of the same name. Park was sold (probably in her lifetime,) to William Wynne, of Wern, in the county of Carnarvon, esq.; and it afterwards became, by purchase, the property of the late Sir Edward Lloyd, bart., whose representative is the present possessor.

Moris Williams, of Hafodgaregog: he was sheriff of the county in 1649. Hafodgaregog is remarkable for having been the residence of Rhys Goch Eryri, a celebrated bard of the fifteenth century.

#### LLANVIHANGEL Y TRAYTHEY, (TRAETHAU.)

William Wynne was of Glynn, or, as it is sometimes called, the Glynn, in this parish: he served the office of sheriff of the county, in 1618 and 1637. His descendant, Mrs. Ormsby Gore, of Porkington, is the present possessor of Glynn.

#### FFESTINIOCKE, (FESTINIOG.)

John Lewis was of Pengwern, near the village of Festiniog, an estate now possessed by the Rev. Maurice Wynne, LL.D., rector of Bangor Iscoed, who is the representative of the family of Lewis of Pengwern.

Evan Evans, of Tanybwlich coed Dyffryn, (now called Plas Tanybwlich,) the beautiful seat of William Gruffydd Oakeley, esq., who is the representative of this Evan.

#### LLANDDWYWE.

Richard Vaughan, of Corsygedol. Members of this family have frequently represented the county in parliament. Upon the death of Evan Lloyd Vaughan, esq. (the last male descendant of the Vaughans of Corsygedol,) in 1791, his large estates descended to his niece Margaret, wife of the late Sir Roger Mostyn, bart.; and their descendant E. M. Lloyd Mostyn, esq., is the present owner of this venerable mansion. Upon the demesne of Corsygedol resided, in the thirteenth century, Osburn Fitzgerald, (otherwise called Osber Wyddel,\*) a scion of the noble and powerful race of the Geraldines, who emigrated from Ireland, his native country, with the view of supporting the cause of Llewelyn, the reigning sovereign of the Welsh, against England, and settled at this place. He was rewarded by the Welsh prince with vast possessions in this neighbourhood, embracing nearly the whole extent of country from the Dovey to the Traeths. The supposed site of Osburn's residence is called to this day Berllys, said to be a corruption of Llys Osber, (the palace of Osburn;) and the adjoining lands are known

\* Osburn the Irishman.

as Berdir, in like manner corrupted from Tir Osber, (the lands of Osburn.)

LLANABAR.

Robert Wynne, of Sylvaen, and afterwards of Glynn, eldest son of William Wynne, before mentioned: he served the office of sheriff of the county, in 1657 and 1666.

Hugh Tudder, of Egryn. This old mansion is within a short distance of Barmouth, on the road to Harlech. The present house is supposed to have formed part of the buildings of a religious establishment, and its old oaken roof is certainly very similar to those of the churches in this neighbourhood: there is also an ancient blocked-up doorway at the back of the house, which much resembles, in its architecture, the entrances to some of the ecclesiastical buildings in this county. Egryn now belongs to Mr. Owen, of Caerberllan, an ancestor of whom was married to the heiress of the Tudders, (or Tudors.)

Ellis Edwards was of Llwyndu, in this parish.

COMOT MOWDDWEY.

MALLWYD.

Tudur Owen. Tudur Owen was a considerable proprietor of the township of Dugod, in this parish. In this township, Lewis Owen, esq., vice chamberlain of North Wales, baron of the exchequer of Carnarvon, and at one time knight of the shire for the county of Merioneth, was barbarously murdered by banditti, upon his return from the Montgomeryshire assizes, in the year 1555. The particulars of this murder are given by Pennant, in his Tour through Wales, and are also to be found in one of the numbers of the Cambro-Briton; but the following account of it, extracted from a manuscript in the autograph of Robert Vaughan, esq., of Hengwrt, the celebrated Merionethshire antiquary, (who was a great-grandson of Baron Owen, and in whose lifetime it is probable that persons were in existence who recollected the murder,) may be interesting to the antiquarian readers of the Cambrian Quarterly:

“ Lewis Owen, esq., vice chamberlain and baron of y<sup>e</sup> excheqr of North Wales, lived in great credit and authoritie in y<sup>e</sup> tyme of King Hen. 8, Edw. 6, and Queene Mary, as it appeereth by theire letters, *under their sign manuell*, directed to him and John Wynne ap Mredith, of Gwedir, esq., touching *matters that concerned the peace and quiet govermt of the countrey, as the apprehending of and punishing of felons and outlawes, (which, from y<sup>e</sup> civile warres betweene Yorke and Lancastr, abounded in y<sup>e</sup> countrey, and never left robbing, burning of houses, and murthering of people; in soe much that, being very numerous, they did often drive great droves of cattell, sometymes to ye number of a hundred and more, from one countrey to another at middle day,*

(as in the time of warre,) without feare, shame, pittie, or punishmt, (to the vtter vndoing of the poorer sorte:) And they, in performance of ye dutie required by some of those letters, (being authorized to calle to their ayde the power of the counties, and alsoe to keepe sessions of gaol deliuey when occasion required,) raysed a great company of talle and lustie men, and on a Christmas eave tooke aboue 80 felons and outlawes, whom they punished accordinge to the nature of their delinquencies; as ye noble Sr Jo. Wynn, of Gwedir, kt and baronet, grandchild of ye former John Wynn, often told me. The letters aforesayd I have seene and read, and are yet extant in the house of Gwedir. Afterwards, the sayd Lewis Owen, being high shiriffe of ye county of Merionith. having occasion to goe to Montgomery shires assizes, to treat wth the lord of Mowthwy, about a marriage to be had between Jon Owen, his sonne and heire, and ye daughter of ye said lord of Mowthwy, was, in his return, met by a damned crew of theeves and outlawes, who, in the thicke woods of Mowthwy, lay in wayt for his com̄ing, and had cut downe long trees to crosse ye waye, and hinder his passage; and being come to the place, they lett flie att him a shower of arrowes, whereof one lighted in his face, the which he took out with his hand and brake it: then they fell upon him with their bills and iavelings, and killed him. His men, upon the first assault, fled, and left him, onely accompanied with his son in law, John\* Lloyd, of Keiswyn, esq., who defended him till he fell down to the ground as dead, where he was found, having above thirty bloody wounds in his body. This cruell murther was com̄itted about Allhallowtide, in ye yeare of our Lord 1555, and ye murtherers, soone after, were, for ye most parte, taken and executed; some few fled ye land, and never returned. And soe, wth the losse of his life, he purchased peace and quietnes to his country; the wch, God be praysed, we enioy even to or dayes."

The scene of Lewis Owen's murder is still known by the denomination of "Llidiart y Barwn Owen," and the adjoining wood is called "Frydd y Groes," from the cross which formerly stood upon

\* From the great similarity, in the old writings, of the abbreviations of the Christian names John and Ieuan (Evan), a question has arisen as to which of these names was borne by the person here mentioned. Mr. Vaughan, of Hengwrt, it might be supposed, from his near connexion with the family of Baron Owen, would have been able to decide this point: but even he appears very uncertain; for, in the ms. above quoted, in giving the marriages of the daughters of Lewis Owen, he observes, "Catherin, married to Evan D<sup>r</sup> Lloyd, al's (alias) Jo<sup>e</sup> Lloyd, of Keiswyn, esq." The name of the individual in question, certainly, appears in a list of justices of the peace for the county of Merioneth, in the Harleian manuscript numbered 1218, (which manuscript was compiled for the use of Lord Burleigh, the celebrated minister of Queen Elizabeth,) as "Joh<sup>es</sup> D<sup>r</sup> Lloyd:" yet, as the name of Ieuan was totally unknown in England, it may easily have been mistaken, by the person who transcribed the list into Lord Burleigh's volume, for John.

this spot, and which was doubtless erected to excite the supplications of the pious, for the repose of the soul of the unfortunate baron.\*

#### TOWYN.

Sir James Price (Pryse,) was of Ynys-y-maengwyn, in this parish, in right of his wife, the daughter and heiress of Humphrey Wynn, of Ynys-y-maengwyn, esq.: he was a branch of the ancient family of Pryse, of Gogerthan, in the county of Cardigan; served the office of sheriff for Merionethshire, in 1607; and died on the 17th of May, 1642.

Henry Price (Pryce,) was of Escairweddan, in this parish, and of Taltreuddyn, near Harlech: he was sheriff for the county, in 1630.

Jane Gwynne was the widow of Lewis Gwynne, esq., of Dôl-y-gwyn, and a daughter of Hugh Nanney, of Nanney, esq.

Jenkin Vaughan, of Caethley. This old mansion now belongs to Athelstan Corbet, of Ynys-y-maengwyn, esq., by an ancestor of whom it was purchased from the representative of the Vaughans.

#### PENNALL.

Rees Lloyd was of Dolgelynnyn, in this parish, a farm now belonging to John Edwards, of Machynlleth, esq.

Rowland Morgan. He was of Pymwern, upon the banks of the Dovey, below Machynlleth.

John Roberts, of Ceven Caer. At Ceven Caer was one of the stations of the Romans in this county, and Roman coins, one of them of the Emperor Domitian, have been found on the farm.

#### TALYLLYN.

Lewis Nanney, of Maesypandu. This mansion now belongs to the Rev. John Nanney, who is descended, in the female line, from this Lewis, and is his representative.

William Anwyl was of Hengae.

Dame Jane Lloyd was, doubtless, the relict of Sir John Lloyd, of Ceiswyn, who was raised to the dignity of sergeant at law on the 29th of December, 1623, and knighted by King James the First, at Whitehall, on the 10th of January following.

#### LLANGLYNYN. (LLANGELYNNYN.)

Alban Thomas was of Hendre, an old mansion near the village of Llwyngwriil, in the parish of Llangelynnyn.

\* On the continent, at the present day, a cross is generally put up where a murder has been perpetrated.

## LLANEGRIN.

Margaret Harbert, (Herbert.) She was the heiress of Lewis Owen, of Peniarth, in this parish; and was married, first, to Richard Owen, of Morben, near Machynlleth, and, secondly, to Samuel Herbert, second son of Matthew Herbert, of Dolgiog, who was an uncle of the celebrated Lord Herbert, of Cherbury.

Hugh Owen was of Talybont, in the same parish, and an uncle of Margaret Herbert. Talybont is said to have been a residence of the princes of North Wales; and a charter of one of the Llewelyns is dated at this place. Within a short distance of the house, is a very large and perfect artificial mound, upon which, probably, stood a watch-tower belonging to the palace.

Hugh Nanney, of Nanney. This mansion, now called Nannau, is the seat of Sir Robert Williames Vaughan, bart., the representative of the ancient family of the Nanneys.

## DOLGELLY.

David Lloyd Tudor was of Caerynwch, and the father of Theodore Vaughan, whose name occurs at page 203 of the volume.

Howel Vaughan was of Gwengraig, and the father of Robert Vaughan, of Hengwrt, the celebrated antiquary before mentioned, from whom the present worthy baronet of that name is lineally descended.

## LLANWCHLLYN.

Rowland Vaughan, of Caergai. He served the office of sheriff in 1644. At Caergai was another station of the Romans in Merionethshire; and in a wall below the house, Roman bricks may still be seen, mixed with the common stone of the country, of which the wall is built.

## LLANVAWR.

John Lloyd was of Rhiwedog. "Rhiwedog," says Mr. Pennant, "is noted for a battle between Llowarch hen and the Saxons, in which he lost Cynddelw, the last of his numerous sons."

"Einion ap Ithel, of Rhiwedog, an ancestor of this John Lloyd," observes Mr. Vaughan, of Hengwrt, in the manuscript before quoted, "covenanted with John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, in the 18th year of Richd. the Second, to attend him for one year (in his expedition to his dutchie of Gwyen, in France) with one man of armes and one archier. The indenture is extant in ye. house of Rhiwedog, in these wordes. Ceste endenture faite p. entre le P'shant & puissant prince, John, Duc de Gwyen & Lancaster d'un p'te & Eignon ap Ithel de autre p'te, &c."

This mansion is now the property of Miss Eyles, who is the representative, in the female line, of the once powerful family of the Lloyds, their male heir being Mr. Lloyd, of Plas yn Dre, within the town of Bala.

#### LLANDDERVEL.

Edmond Meyrick. A family of this name were the possessors of Ucheldre, in this neighbourhood, though not in the parish of Llanddervel.

#### LLANGAR.

Humffrey Hughes, of Gwerclas. This estate was sold, some few years back, by the executors of the late Mr. Lloyd, the representative of this Humffrey, to Lt.-Colonel Vaughan, of Rûg.

Humffrey Branäs, of Branäs. There are two farms of this name; one of them is now the property of Sir W. Williams Wynn, bart, having been purchased by his ancestor, Wm. Wynn, of Garthgynan, esq. from this Humphrey Branäs.

#### CORWEN.

William Salesbury, of Rug. This mansion is the residence of that highly respected gentleman, Lt.-Colonel Vaughan, who is descended from the ancient family of Salesbury.

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#### DAVID-Y-PENWYN.

It is stated in several old Welsh mss. that one David ap Gronow, who was generally called y Penwyn, betrayed David, brother to Llewelyn, the last prince of Wales of the Welsh line, to Edward I. for 15*l.* and a certain number of cattle; upon which occasion the following Englyn was composed by a bard.

Y Penwyn, pen hir arbenneg. Unben  
Am unbunt arbumtheg;  
Llonaid Buartheg o wartheg;  
Newydd, a werth Dafydd deg.



## AUTUMN,—AND LIFE'S AUTUMN:

A MEDITATION IN THE VALLEY OF THE UPPER TYWI,  
CAERMARTHENSHIRE.

SEPTEMBER woods, September skies, so soft and sunny all!  
Unfaded and unfa'll'n your leaves, and yet so soon to fall:  
Ah, what avails that dying smile which gilds your fading green?  
White Winter peeps, like Death, behind, to shut the farewell scene!

Stretch'd beautifully the landscape lies, a mockery of May,  
Like some fair corpse, yet beautiful, laid out but for decay:  
Howl, ye wild winds; beat, wintry rains; heaven's groans and tears! more meet  
Than such a smile o'er Summer dead,—so green a winding-sheet!

Less sad the wild wood's yellowness, their empty arms less sad,  
When all their leaves, like torn-off hair, they strew, like mourners mad,  
On all the winds, and naked stand, the mountain's skeletons,  
High beating o'er the waterfalls that thunder back their groans.

September skies, September woods! how like life's soft decline,  
When round a heart too old to hope, its farewell beauties shine!  
When every pangless minute steals a mournful preciousness,  
Till e'en life's blessings turn to pain, so soon no more to bless!

With health's mock spring in every limb, its glow, its easy breath,  
More horror flings round thy black frost, thy springless winter, Death!  
Though, like this winter in disguise, Death steals on with a smile,  
It comes, it comes,—eclipsing all this bloomy world the while.

As one borne down a pleasant stream tow'rd a terrific fall,  
In its blue depths and cowslip banks no pleasantness at all  
Finds, for the failing of his heart, in horror of th' abyss,  
So, sad, though smooth, life's latter stream,—for, lo! the precipice!

Though like your sapless leaves still green, still hangs th' unaltered hair,  
Time, that delays its snow, will soon the very skull lay bare.  
Oh, Autumn woods, and fields, and flowers! to you Spring comes again,  
To clothe, to paint, to beautify; to man, the mourner, *when?*

The blossom shall remount its bough, each little flower its bank;  
Each, blushing to the Spring god's smile, resume its being's rank;  
Th' immortal violet burst the sod; while man, proud man, whose foot  
Treads its pale beauty down, shall lie in darkness 'neath its root!

Though Faith point up to a prouder home for man's ejected soul,  
His mortal part what faith forbids a backward eye to roll?  
The valley shepherd called to change his cottage for a throne,  
Sighs o'er his lambs, his fields, his fold, and all his little own:

So I, while men more worthy, more ambitious of Heaven's crown,  
O'erlook Death's gulf, I shivering stand, and still look back or down:  
Not the golden groves of angels tempt my wishes from these vales;  
Enough of Paradise for me, "mine own romantic"\* Wales.

SENWDD.

\* "Mine own romantic town!"—WALTER SCOTT.

## CONSIDERATIONS UPON EISTEDDFODAU.

IN offering a few suggestions upon this interesting topic, we will begin with the *musical* character of the Eisteddfod.

In all, then, that has been said, and ably said, about our Welsh music, and the character of our Cymraeg as an *original* language, we heartily concur. Our music is, undoubtedly, as far as its compass goes, for pathos and spirit, equal to any; and, like the national and noble instrument to whose chords it is adapted, rendered dear to us by many powerful and many inspiring associations; and it has been a source of unmixed gratification to ourselves, that the premiums offered by the meetings in succession, have brought to light a number of hitherto unpublished traditional melodies,—still more, that one Welsh county has set the example of a “MINSTRELSY SOCIETY,”\* for the exclusive purposes of encouraging the use of the Welsh harp, and instructing upon it, for their future subsistence, the blind poor of the vicinity.

With respect to our language, it is not to be denied that, amongst *original* ones adapted to original necessities, very few, if any, are to be found at once so copious and so expressive. It merits no ordinary consideration, whether as affording most valuable aid to the philologist in his inquiry into the structure and principle of language; as a record of authentic facts, tending to elucidate the history of these kingdoms; as the depository of wild and and fervid poetry; or as the tongue in which the brave defenders of our mountain fastnesses hurled their noble, but ineffectual defiance to the forces of the conquering Edward. It may be reasonably questioned, nevertheless, how far it is wise to describe it as competent to the exigencies of these latter, and more artificial days, if they may be so called; and to make its cultivation, as a vernacular tongue, so paramount an object as the premiums usually offered by an Eisteddfod, and the general tone of its speakers, appear, and have been felt to have made it.

What, it is naturally demanded, is its vocabulary? In truth, a very limited one; altogether incapable of embodying and expressing those multiplied varieties of thought, and endless modifications of knowledge, to which the enlarged, and still enlarging English language, freely borrowing from every opposite tongue, has given utterance. Either, then, the Welsh must forego, as it seems to us, a participation, except with great and discouraging slowness, in the intellectual and scientific cultivation of their English brethren, or they must seek for it out of their own language, namely, in the English; the *Saesoneg*, which considered in its primitive character, is vastly inferior to the *Cymraeg*, being, by the lapse of time, and the ingraftment upon it of whatever has been found requisite for

\* See note, p. 404 of the present number.

the intercourse of civilized and instructed society exclusively, sufficient to meet their wants; and being also, let it be added, (as certainly quite relevant to the point at issue,) the language of the majority.

Some warm friends of the Principality, indeed, are unwilling to make even this concession; contending that the Welsh language being sufficient for the conveyance of religious and moral instruction, in their strict acceptation, certainly the chief advantages of all language, their countrymen should know no more.

But may we not reasonably ask, whether the assertion that such instruction is fully and adequately obtained through the medium of the Welsh, be not gratuitous?

The very Bible itself, is in a state of progressive illustration, from the increased light, and more diffusive and penetrating inquiries of the day. Philosophy, not that which is "falsely so called," but sober, experimental, patient philosophy, has in England given birth, or contributed, to many religious publications; by which the charter of our salvation has been either rescued from the attacks of infidelity, or conciliated, with an increased force of conviction, to the conscience of the believer. Such publications must unquestionably be an important acquisition to any language; but cannot possibly be adopted into one which possesses no correlative terms for the expression of many or even most of their topics, and declines to borrow them elsewhere. But will it be argued that the tongue in which this is, by structure, or thorough choice, inadmissible, is not so far an obstacle to improvement? Let us, however, look, for a still more palpable instance of the effect of a second language upon the interests of religion, to the state of our congregations. Not a few of our parishes contain a population partly English and partly Welsh. How, under ordinary ministration, can the one part have its sabbath-day's instruction without, more or less, subtracting from that of the other? Suppose the service of any place to be in English in the morning, and Welsh in the evening, or the contrary: is it not probable that, though all are, as far as individual power extend, attended to, all, also, are, to a certain extent, by the force of circumstances, wronged; neither having the benefit of more than a single service, and the means, questionable, perhaps even bad, of filling up the remaining hours of the sabbath, being, too, probably in many instances, sought elsewhere? How often, too, must it happen that the same clergyman cannot correctly officiate or fluently converse in the two languages, some of his people being thus left without spiritual instruction, or sent to seek it at other hands than his own!

The extension of mere present civilization is, assuredly, not to be deemed a light privilege for any nation; for the poet's "inge-

nus didicisse, &c." rests upon universal experience, bearing large testimony to the legitimate influence of arts and sciences in humanizing the manners, enlarging the mind, and softening and preparing the heart for the reception of the most important truths.

And is it not advantageous, we proceed to ask, is it not due to direct morals also, scarcely less than to policy, that the people forming the integral parts of one extensive, especially if it be also a contiguous, empire, should speak the same language? Community of feeling and of interest is far more connected with community of tongue than many of us appear disposed to think. It was a fact so fully recognized by the late Emperor of France, that wherever he desired to establish a French influence, there he took all conceivable pains first to introduce and naturalize the language; with what certain but fatal success, we need not state. It is a fact, also, let it be added, of which we may find the illustration much nearer home, even at our own door,—we mean, in the prejudice which, in the Cymro's mind, is even now not seldom entertained against the Sais, and the want of cordial understanding between them, we are sorry to say, is not difficult to detect.

Perhaps, however, it is in our courts of justice (our courts of assize, or quarter or petty sessions,) that the evil of a second language is brought home to our senses most tangibly and conclusively. To these are referred, as we all know, decisions upon our lives, properties, and liberties; and in these it is of the utmost importance, that evidence should be given with preciseness and perspicuity, and understood with distinctness; that the transactions between the various parties, interested or official, should be conducted with entire mutual intelligibleness, and with all convenient speed and cheapness. But every, even superficial observer must have remarked, with regret, how miserably time is lost, and testimony mutilated or adulterated; and the unwilling or unprincipled witness put upon his guard and enabled to baffle the ingenuity of cross-examination by the intervention of an interpreter, and how generally the addresses of counsel and the summings-up of judges are wholly lost upon the jury and the culprit.

Once more,—English settlers are continually coming amongst us, English commerce and adventure pervading our recesses: but it is surely a very serious hindrance to this; and when such a settlement is once accomplished, a very considerable obstacle to that familiar intercourse which ought to subsist between the new comer and his neighbours, is that they speak a different language from his. Will it be argued that it had been better if such persons had never become Welsh residents? Perhaps it may: but if it be so, must it not be also argued that we should endeavour to quench all spirit of enterprise? which is, in fact, if it be followed up to its fair consequences, annihilating the character of Great Britain as a commercial and speculative nation.

Again, look at our marts and markets. If interchange of commodity be desirable at all, (and no one will deny, we suppose, either its desirableness, or, indeed, its absolute necessity,) then, certainly, it ought to be effected promptly, and with all possible facility of communication; which it never can be, whilst one party speaks this language, and another that.

It will be seen, then, that we firmly believe our true interests to be involved in the *final*, (and be it remembered we only say final,) resolution of our Welsh into the English language. Would we, therefore, propose, or promote, the *rash* and premature abolition of the former? As reasonably might it be proposed or tried to extinguish those that speak it! We would not be so rash as to suggest the *discouragement* of it: nay, so fully persuaded are we that it is, in many parts of the Principality, the *only existing medium of improvement*, that we should strenuously oppose any scheme by which it were proposed to instruct our countrymen without its assistance, as at once impracticable and unjust. But be this as it may, we have to object to the tone too generally, and perhaps without sufficient reflection, assumed at our Eisteddfodau, that it is far too exclusively in favor of Welsh, and appears to go the length of paralyzing all attempts to introduce English, however temperately and gradually, and however much with the free consent of the learners, and with an honest desire of doing them good; which our regard for Wales (not less prominent nor less vivid, we trust, than theirs who differ from us, although it displays itself in another form,) induces us to think is doing her a serious and a durable wrong.

What, then, do we propose that the Eisteddfod should do? Simply this: throw open its prizes, indiscriminately, to both languages, urging its speakers to confine themselves to the general question of Cambrian improvement. There need be no fear that the English should carry off the prizes from their less-instructed neighbours; because, first, the subjects should invariably relate to Wales; secondly, the competitors should be exclusively residents in Wales, or Welshmen; and lastly, the judges should be chosen from amongst their own countrymen.\*

If this arrangement were followed, we are inclined to think that many who now "doubt," would become cordial supporters of our Eisteddfodau, and throw their weight (nor is it a trifling weight) into its scale; and, only one great object being kept in view, the good of our native land, an honourable competition in patriotic ardour would be excited, and far more substantial benefits result from it, unless we much deceive ourselves, than from any plan which is

\* As regards the London Eisteddfods, we have to remark, that for several years, a certain number of medals and premiums have been given to competitors in English composition.—EDITORS.

exclusive and dividing. Neither can we bring ourselves to believe that the most enthusiastic lover of his native tongue and native institutions, would find a narrower or less gratifying scope for the exercise of his zeal, in this enlarged sphere of action; nor feel that he was not essentially toiling for his country, in giving the full benefit of his talents and of his "nationality" to an institution having, it is true, but a single scope, the honour and interest of Wales, but limiting its exertions to the channel of no one exclusive dialect.

And if the language of our brave forefathers does ever come to be merged in the English, it will not be, we may rest assured, until many a long year has passed, nor until its disuse as a medium of living communication shall have been fully justified by the voice of a ripe and unquestionable necessity, and even then it will be remembered, recorded, and preserved amongst the languages venerable for their antiquity, and valuable for their richness and expressiveness.

W. V.

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*Duet sung by MISS REES and MR. PARRY, JUN., at the last Bardic Congress, held in London.*

*The Bard of Mona.*

*Soft* sang the bard of Mona, when *Love* his song inspired,  
*Loud* sang the bard of Mona, when *War* his bosom fired,  
 But when to lovely *Peace* his tuneful harp was strung,  
 In sweet and lively strains the bard of Mona sung.

CEUBREN YR ELLYLL,  
OR THE BRIDE OF NANT GWRTHEYRN.

*(Selected from the Welsh Decameron, shortly to be published.)*

ON the northern side of that narrow part of Carnarvonshire jutting into the Irish Channel, which is called the promontory of Llyn, is a grand green mountain dingle, known by the name of Nant Gwrtheyrn, *Vortigern's hollow or valley*, (nant signifying a brook, also a hollow,) from a tradition that the British king of that name there retired to die. In a mound of sod, called Bedd Gwrtheyrn, *the grave of Vortigern*, (the site of some now fallen edifice,) a stone coffin, enclosing a gigantic skeleton, was discovered in the last century; and its "solitary state," (no other tumuli being found near,) sanctioned the belief that those bones were not vulgar bones, but of royal dignity.

This glen, containing but two or three houses, is open to the ocean, and green to its margin, while on every other side the descent is so frightfully precipitous that it secludes the valley from approach, almost as effectually as that sea which rolls across its front. The country above is very wild and solitary, the poor fisher's town of Nevin being the only place to which the winding road conducts the traveller on that narrow projection of North Wales: down the midst of this pastoral hollow runs, foaming, a strong torrent, dividing it into two banks, only united by that sort of natural bridge the poverty of such districts allows to their dwellers, huge stepping-stones of rock, with a mountain ash or two, to assist the timid in their leap or swing over the roaring water. On each side of this ravine stood opposite, but at some distance from each other, two cottages, so old and gray, and so much the colour of the russet sod and rock, that each appeared more like a bare projecting part of the rock itself, than a good, warm, human dwelling, such as it really was within. In one of these lived Rhys (Rees) Meredith; in the other, his cousin Margaret Meredith, with her infirm father. Except two sisters of Rhys, these were the only survivors of two families who had long possessed that little glen, with its patches of green corn, small meadows, and stacks of black peat round about, as a patriarchal domain from generation to generation. Their situation rendered this young pair a sort of hermits by necessity: and, as he was handsome and sensible, though shy as a child, and she a soft, sensitive, fair girl, on whom the effect of total seclusion had been a pensive thoughtfulness allied to the sublime, rather than a dull stupor, such as it produces in minds less sensitive, it was not to be wondered at that an attachment almost romantic had grown up between them, humble as was their station. In truth, they were

shut in with the sublime and each other, and Nature in her grandeur, while she elevates the mind, elevates in equal degree the passion that engrosses it.

The sea solitude of Nant Gwrtheyrn; the eternal measured dash of the waves on the beach; the vast shadow of the stupendous Craig y Llam stretching quite across the valley; her only companions her two female cousins, who were suffering from ill health; all these produced on the gentle spirit of the girl almost the effect of a convent amongst the mountains, with its solemn music and its pale sisterhood. A visiter was a rare sight indeed, and the visit formed almost an epoch in the annals of this ocean valley. Sunday folks would now and then reach as far as the brinks of the stony precipices all round it, look wishfully down toward the two blue smoke columns of the dimly-seen cottages, and go back again; "Tis such a cruel pitch to come up again!" they'd say. Thus a deeper solitude could hardly be imagined than brooded, even at noonday, over Nant Gwrtheyrn, with its few sheep bleating, its many waterfalls moaning, and the expanse of desert ocean in its front, where the only living motion was that silent, solemn, beautiful one of some white-sailed vessel gliding across the mountain opening, too distant for any voice or token of life to reach the land, from the many human beings it was bearing by on their silent and unknown course.

But now an unwonted stir, and voices calling, and figures whose various-coloured woollen dresses shone in the sun as they straggled down the declivities, winding between clumps of flowering furze and points of ivied rock, all tending toward the cottages, proclaimed some highly festive occasion at hand. Rhys and his cousin are to be married tomorrow, Saturday, the favorite wedding-day of the Welsh, and these were the friends of the parties, who having been bidden, (of which bidding more hereafter,) were now congregating to present the gifts usual on these occasions, which custom is called "*Pwrs a Gwregys*," that is, *pulse and girdle*. Every person invited brings, according to his or her ability, some gift for the young beginners in housekeeping; an important benefit to them in the aggregate, though a light tax on individual generosity: the present of every person is recorded in a book, by a person who takes on him this office, and the same, in commodity or value, is expected to be returned at the future wedding of the giver; it is even recoverable by law.

It was a pleasant sight, on so fine a day, to see these kind visitants thus wending their way, the young helping the old wherever the path was too steep for their stiffened limbs, all traversing the slopes in little groups, one above another, down the zigzag paths, and old and young, and richer and poorer, all in their best! Pinners and coifs, newly plaited, and burying the good women's chins and half (frequently) of a very pretty mouth, to the no small dis-



figurement of youth; small hats, glossy as jet, with large silver buckles, whose brightness shone in the broad sunshine from a distance: all these, with now and then a stumble and outcry of the old, and the loud laugh of the thoughtless young, joined to the wild beauty of the scene, the blossoming furze gold, the purple heath, and white spars all about, and the little fairy pastoral view round the farms below, almost overhung by mountains, and all basking in the full blaze of noonday summer blue, presented a sort of moving panorama, not undelightful to eyes contented with rustic and grotesque beauty. Here an old body, who could just carry her own weight by the help of a crutch-stick, contrived, nevertheless, to grapple a cheese under her spare arm, or a basket of chickens suspended over the wrist of the same, to her imminent peril of a fall. Little ones carried bags of various seeds, others larger ones full of oatmeal; oaten cakes were even brought ready baked; eggs, poultry, stores of every kind necessary in so isolated a residence; and abundance of all products of the sheep and the loom, conducive to warm sleeping, and warm walking in the snow season.

A still busier spectacle appeared down at the two cottages: the ystavell, that is, "the woman's goods," were being removed across the ravine, from one house to the other, by such friends of the bridegroom as had already arrived, for it is a point of courtesy to perform this labour without troubling him, and in this instance the labour was not light, to transport heavy utensils over the tumbling waters of the ravine by the bridge of rocks. A huge coffer of antique oak, black as ebony; the chrochon, or iron pot with three feet, inseparable from Welsh chimnies; pewter dishes of large size, wooden platters and trenchers, bowls and spoons made of beech or birch, formed a few of the articles of housewifery comprised under the general name of Ystavell, signifying a chamber, thence the furniture of it.

Meanwhile, the bride of tomorrow, unseduced by all these novel doings to desert her daily duties, was quietly kneeling to buckle the shoe of a fine ruddy-cheeked old man, with silver hair, seated in his chair at the antique low porch of his house, and whom she had just finished dressing, he being rheumatic. She had brought out his chair, and set it facing the wide sea sky and dazzling ocean, for him to enjoy the fineness of the day and the sweetness of his own new-mown fields, where the grasshoppers chirped among the clover flowers, not yet dead in the fresh swath, though the scythe was unheard today, all being busied in the one absorbing occasion. Pretty Margaret looked up in his face, and thought he seemed sorrowful; for this was the last day of her living on this side the great gully, and she had drest and undrest him now for three or four years past, but her tender offices she was now to resign to a sister of her future husband, who had always

lived with the old man, her uncle, but whom the affectionate daughter had never permitted to tend his helplessness before. "I shall don\* your clothes, and doff† them too o' nights, daddy bach,‡ all one for my being married, and going from you;" said the tender girl, stroking his cheek with the fond simplicity of childhood: "it be just none across from th' other house, only a run down the Rhaiadr du (*black cataract*), and some steps on the rock stones, or a swing by the great ash boughs, if it be a flood, and so up the gully bank, and round the big Mawn bog (*peat morass*), and a jump or two across the rushy swamp hard by, and I'm with you directly, daddy: it's just none, you know. And you know, when the sea's not a roaring, and Rhaiadr du not thundering very furious, one may hear a body call right well all across,—no danger. Not but cousin Gwynny will touch you right tender, every bit as tender as I could do,—no danger."

But here, though to the manifest derangement of this dignified chronicle of the doings of Nant Gwrtheyrn in point of order, can we not refrain from stepping back a day, to review the quaint ceremonies of the Bidding, a process not at all familiar to Saesonig brides and bridegrooms.

Early in the morning, then, of the preceding day, a man, with an arch importance in his sun-bronzed face, was seen marching from house to house, in deep dingle or on windy hill-brow, and followed by half the idle and the young in the parish of Clynnog Vawr: in his hand he bore a wand of peeled willow, tied with ribands and wild flowers, whose colours vied in gaiety; and his whole person was fantastically decorated with a profusion of June flowers. Thus accoutered, he entered each house where lived any friend or acquaintance of the parties, and striking his wand on the ground, after the fashion of some bold navigator planting the standard of his king on some new-found land, either read, spoke, or sung his bidding, or invitation, to the wedding and "Pwrs a Gwregys."

This merry fellow, a friend of the bridegroom, is called the "Gwahoddwr," or *bidder*: his powers of extempore composition are sometimes rallied on this occasion, or rather a preconcerted poem is delivered at the inspiration of the moment; and what with the blunders, what with the real humour of the address, the end is sure to be attained, that of boundless fun and goodwill in the roused hamlet or mountain village of three or four sod-roofed dwellings, which pour forth their whole population in a swarm round the orator, down to the baby that can but just toddle, and the curs that join in the clamour, and the little ones in arms,

\* Put on. † Put off.

‡ The diminutive "bach" is a Welsh epithet of endearment to males, as is "vach" to females, in constant use among country people.

crowding and throwing about arms and legs in ecstasy at the novelty of some noise besides trees and waterfalls, and incessantly reaching at the ribands of the Gwahoddwr's staff of office.

The bustle with which our tale opened, of numbers descending the slopes of Nant Gwrtheyrn, was the result of this invitation. These offerings have the name of Rhoddion; and this resort of friends for the purpose is called paying the Rhoddion.

Early in the afternoon, the business of the Pwyddion being over, the rural economy of the hermits of that wild nook resumed its quiet course. But when Rhys had made hay, and set it in cocks, in his own and uncle's two little fields; and Peggy (who had hid herself during all the turmoil) had helped her lover and cousins with the hay, and milked the ewes, and fetched home two lambs from the hill, the lovers snatched half an hour before the time her father wanted to be undrest, to watch the sun go down, round, red, and cloudless, on the verge of the wide and glittering sea, lighting up gloriously all the bays, promontories, and noble headlands along the shore of the bay of Carnarvon, while their own barrier mountains, the Eryri or Rivals, seemed to lift their two towering heads, as ramparts equally against the world and the waves beyond.

On one lofty bank above the sea, where sheep had nibbled the sod into the smoothness of a grassplot, there stood an ancient chesnut tree, quite out of the usual track of the few shepherds in that district, and the favorite haunt of our lovers, for its deep seclusion. Here as they stood, and the sun shot full on the interlaced fretwork of the old tree's bark, she saw a part which her lover had planed smooth, and inscribed with her name, under which he had carved "Married June 5," in anticipation of that day on which all his thoughts were fixed. But Margaret had imbibed, from the loneliness and wildness of her birthplace, a strong taint of superstition, and, far from smiling at the handiwork of Rhys, she regarded it as a "tempting of Providence," according to the phraseology of the rural "religious world;" that is, presuming on the future for blessings that may not be within its dispensation. "Oh, but if we never *should* be married, Rhys bach! I do not like that writing on the tree, indeed, indeed!"

"Not married! and its only tomorrow we are to be, my girl!" said Rhys, laughing.

"Ah! there are so many things do happen when we do promise ourselves so much. Did na my father promise we would all go to Nevin wake the next Sunday, when he was struck o' the rheumatism the very Saturday, and could na turn in bed?"

"But we live so safe here, my sweet; not like folk in great cities, among fires and murders, that we've less to fear from accidents."

"Not like folks in those great flying houses either, where you wanted to go riding once, and leave me to cry myself blind, and die before you got back again," said Margaret, reproachfully: "but you'll never, never think to go to sea now, will you now? will you, Rhys, my dear?"

"Oh! poor wench," said he, laughing, "didst believe I was half in earnest? Shall I tell thee why I thought of it? Sailors, and all travelled men, do find such favor with you womankind. I did dread the days, indeed, when that bold, wild man, Evan the smuggler, did come to sell his tea down here, and would tell you such stories, lies or what not, about parts and people abroad: I did fear my Peggy would despise poor cousin Rhys, who had seen nothing but Nant Gwrtheyrn all his life."

"And were you so cruel to keep me in a long, long fright, that I could na eat nor sleep, though I never told a soul for that? I hated that lying fool, with his hat all aside. Oh! you did not know how I did use to cry, in a wild, roaring, frightful morning, after a storm all night; the wind bellowing down the chimney, the sea thundering, the high oaks creaking, the very rocks quaking, and I saw bits of wreck lie all about our beach, and I was feared to walk along it on the seaweed, for expecting to see a blue corpse thrown up, all bloated and horrid! For why? I thought soon you would be out all night o' such a nights, and how shall I bear it then?"

Then followed the tender look, the sweet assurance of each other's health and safety, and the embrace, to render that assurance, if possible, more sure; the mutual grasp of hands, warm with life, temperate with the coolness of health, all those ensurings (fallacious often, alas!) against the perils of life, which renders the mere presence of a beloved object a soul-soothing happiness, the mere absence a real misery, absence, with all its doubts and dark conjecturings.

It is reported that, before they left their tree, with that innocent coquetry which loves to dally with the fond fears of a lover, she erased the presumptuous word "married," and substituted "buried June 15th;" lingering behind her lover for that purpose, intending it as a sort of mournful surprise for his next visit to their haunt.

The "day of days" is come, in beauty and in glory! Thus a poet might have said; but a story-teller only, that the wedding of Rhys and his cousin was a very fine morning.

There she stands in health and safety, and redoubled beauty, and again by her father's chair! The party of the bridegroom's friends which is to fetch or force her from that father's to a husband's arms, is momentarily expected, as may be seen in her smiling, blushing, yet anxious and palish face, ever turning to the

heights of that valley's barrier hills, where they will be espied descending far off, as well as in her restless person, evidently stirred by an excited mind, and seeming to hold by the old man's hand and chair by turns, like one already being torn away. They come! the late blush yielded her whole features to an extreme paleness, the moment that party became visible, though the timid girl had concerted with Rhys how to evade her pursuers. The sham flight and pursuit, as is well known, are usually enacted on horseback, but, besides that, the nature of the declivities rendered this almost a perilous feat; equestrian doings were as repugnant to her habits as her retiring nature, and it was only in obedience to her old-fashioned parent, who could not brook a wedding, without some shadow at least of its concomitant revelry, that she submitted to the boisterousness of the rites of a rustic Welsh wedding. These young men (whose party is called "*Gwyr o wisgi oed*,") the men of the age of vivacity, soon reached the little cultivated bottom, but the bird was flown. The small barn, with its outside of many-coloured mosses; the black peat stack, the last year's barley rick, the corners of an upright rock, (on a ledge of which stood three beehives, overhung by a tree growing out of a crevice, and grassy lodgment above,) all these, and a green brambled pit full of foxgloves behind that rock,—all had been searched in vain, when the peeping of a very pretty ankle and foot, and a bit of a long pink sash, worn by our bride, adorning a *white* frock, (never worn by a Welsh maiden but on such occasions,) betrayed her hiding-place under one of the huge haycocks into which the small field of hay had been piled, despite a tempting day for haymaking, in anticipation of that morrow when no man should work, at least in the valley of Nant Gwrtheyrn. A shout from her pursuers told her she was betrayed. Up sprung grasses and buttercups and clover flowers; and the fair apparition of some wood nymph, or such Arcadian phantasy, stood dropping flowers; stood a moment, half fearful, half wishful to be caught, darted back a smile like a sun flash at her pursuers, then bounded away towards an obscure path along the breasts of two mountains, by which she had promised to join her cousin-lover, who now expected her at the church, instead of encountering the gaze of all the village in the procession of the *Gwyr o wisgi oed*.

A wedding at Clynnog Vawr! What a festival is a wedding at one of these little lazy happy mountain villages, without factory, without trade; without any earthly visible employment but to stand in the sun, each man at his door, and look out for something to be seen. A simply elegant Gothic church-tower, peeping among trees and mountains, houses half hid by foliage, and marked by a low browed and green roofed antiquity every one, and a glimpse of sunshiny sea beyond, form the picturesque village of Clynnog Vawr. A very ancient chapel survives the

wreck of many a loftier pile, in the churchyard. A vaulted passage leading to it has the name of "*Yr heinous*," from having been the way by which malefactors of some kind were led to it as a place of confinement, and gives a touch of darker solemnity to that milder moral kind which attaches to such scenes. This chapel boasts for its founder St. Beuno, (an uncle to the famous Winifred of Holywell,) and seldom had the spirit of his saintship, sitting invisible on his own ponderous chest,\* in the church, on a Trinity Sunday, witnessed, with grim smile to himself, more splendid doings than now heralded in the day of our lover's union; no, not even when his goggle ghost eye caught sight of the favorite four-penny piece, his especially beloved tribute. The church aisle was strewed with fresh rushes, a huge Maybush dangled at the porch, and shed a tiny silver shower of spangles on every passing head. Dick Lame the harper, (that is "lame Dick," the words transposed according to Welsh whimsicality,) is come to play a bridal awdl on the couple leaving church; he has seated himself in the tree that is built into the gable end of an old house, his harp hung glittering against the trunk, while all the fry of the place beset the musician and his harp to steal a strike of the strings, which the bolder ever and anon will venture, while he aims down blows at them with his crutch-stick. All is expectation, as the old lean over the tombstones, the young try to read them, and the youngest play upon them, or peep through the chinks of the massy nail-studded oaken door of Eglws Beuno, where he is said to have been buried, till, the hour having arrived, some impatience began to be visible, young and old moving a little way on the road by which the expected bride was to be brought, the priest himself pulling forth his watch, and looking up that way. The little children, too, with faces rosy and shining as the morning, with hats stuck with flowers, and flowers in every hand, ready to strew the way before the young couple, even they began to sigh and grow pensive with the delay, and eyed, sorrowfully, those wild flowers almost dead with carrying in their hot hands. Then those below called to them in the trees, "are they coming?" They could see a mile of road, but still they were not coming. But what excited a sort of alarm amongst those simple villagers, was the action of a poor paralytic idiot amongst those children, who, when the rest began to strew their sweets, tired of

\* In this church is a huge antique chest, called "*Cyf Beuno*,"—Beuno's chest, hollowed out of one trunk of oak, and secured with three locks. In this were deposited the monies arising from the sale of lambs and calves offered to the saint, all born with a certain mark on the ear, being his rightful perquisite. This slit or mark (not very uncommon) received from the holy fathers of that church the name of Beuno's mark, "*Nod Beuno*." On Trinity Sunday, bread and cheese were offered to the saint; and a *groat-piece*, if procurable, was almost a certain cure for the worst case, bodily or spiritual.

carrying them longer in vain, was seen to strew his gatherings also, which were rue, and bitter herbs, such as are sometimes found scattered before the way of a pair new married, by some rival, as tokens of future retributive misery and bitterness overtaking the faithless lover, the dumb symbolical cursings of love in despair; and all the time the poor wretch's thin hand kept scattering them, unconscious of their import, (he being of cadaverous look, and but half alive,) his hollow eye, of frightful vacancy, rolled toward the path the bride was to tread, with a sad smile that might have been deemed almost sarcastic in a rational youth.

During this suspense, Rhys had been long at his secret appointed stand behind the church, watching the bowered mouth of a mountain-forest's path, where he expected every instant the beautiful breathless fugitive to appear and sink upon his bosom, and be secretly led by him at once up to the communion table, while the baffled pursuers were retracing their steps up the valley-precipices. But when he saw how high the sun had mounted, and that the hour drew near, he quitted his stand with some slight alarm, concluding that she had been caught, and he hurried toward the expected party. What was his surprise to meet them not far from the church, yet Margaret not in the midst! "Name of Heaven is she not with *you*?" "Is she not with *you*, Rhys?" was the mutual exclamation. "Back lads, back," he cried, "she meant to play you all a trick, and she has played me one, too, I think; she's sure to be at home,—good God! how high the sun is! the parson will be there just now,—run! run!" "What run for, man alive?" they exclaimed; "we've been already there, and her father's never seen her since she leaped up from the haycock,—there's not a soul but the old man in the dingle." Rhys stood pondering a minute, his eyes rolled, and drops of sweat stood upon his brow. Then laughing, (a hollow sort of self-cheating laughter,) "she's at the church-back by this time, my life upon't," said he, "run! run! run!" "Where, Rhys, where?" "To ask pardon of the parson, sure! you'll find her about this end of the blind path, thro' the wood of the steep pitch, *not* in front of the church; there she's waiting me,—my wife is expecting me, but I'll run home the while, and be back—tell her *you*!—instantly. Lord! Lord! the parson will be sure gone away! silly wench." They hurried towards the church, he to the valley; there he found the almost bed-ridden father hobbled forth, and seated on a haycock, (he who had not walked for years,) such the effect of sudden excitement, under the alarm of his child's disappearance. Poor Rhys, who in his distraction had equally assured himself of two things, impossible to be both facts, that she was already at their meeting place, and that he should find her at home, stood unable to speak a word before the father, so shocked was he at thus

finding him alone, and thus one of his only hopes annihilated. "Then she *must* be at the church," he said at last, yet sat down by his uncle on the hay. Yet what possible danger awaited her in such a little journey? It was brilliant daylight, neither pit nor precipice in her way; that way was not open to the sea, none could have seized her thence,—nor was such an occurrence ever thought of, much less known, in a country where not a highway robbery had been known in man's memory; he had already nearly trod in his impatience the whole path she was to tread, that which her father had seen her make for; had she fallen ill he must have found her; if offered violence to, he must have heard her; in short, peace, security, and open day, seemed to ensure his heart against every fatality, and he composed himself by such reflections into a sort of calm. Presently he started up, "Merciful God! what do I sit here for?" he said, as the mystery rushed back upon his thoughts, and he remembered that the hour was past, the parson doubtless gone; he who should have been a husband this hour past, sitting there exchanging strange looks with her parent, and she, who could tell where? "My heart flutters, and my limbs fail me, so that I can hardly walk more than thou canst, father!" said he. "Father, indeed, poor boy! God knows whether."—The young bridegroom struck his forehead, and stared in the old man's face like a madman. "Ha!" said he, "I know what you would say—God knows if you will ever *be* my father, if I shall ever *be* your son—if I shall ever—ever be that blessed husband I fancied myself already! I shall go mad this day!" and away he scoured once more to mount the declivities, regain the church, and test the truth of that almost only possibility left of an issue out of this most astonishing kind of disappointment. He had not advanced far, when he saw descending the heights the party which had already ascertained the fact before him. His voice failed him for utter terror of the reply, when he would have shouted his inquiry to them. Peace and sunshine, and all beauty and all quietness, was around him, forming a dreadful contrast to the inward state of the tormented young man. He did cry to them, at last, with all his might; but when, over all that calm deliciousness of nature, over golden furze flowers, snowy spars and lambs, bees, and thymy turf, and borne on the softest southern wind, smelling of early summer,—when over all those came (like a death-bell for some beloved friend heard booming across a moonlight summer lake,) the repeated tremendous agitating "No!" he stopped, looked wildly about, as one looking round for some escape from death, who can no where find a crevice or covert by which to hide or fly; then he seemed to himself walking into a night of storm—he sunk to the ground, and lay in a profound fainting fit as they approached, in which state they conveyed him to his (bridal) home.



All that night lights were seen moving in every direction, and voices heard calling her name, re-echoed by the hills, and only answered by the owls, or some fishers lying off the land's edge, who thought themselves called to from the shore; all possible and impossible places were explored in vain; every brambled hollow below, and every natural quarry in the fractured rocks above,—all in vain! Margaret never came again, to tend her father's wants, or bless her wretched lover's arms, being no more seen or heard of from that day than if she had died a natural death and been buried; *buried* according to the strangely mournful tenor of her own sportiveness the previous day, which now seemed indeed to have been impelled by a dark spirit of prophecy.

While the day-search proceeded, poor Rhys lay still insensible under the effects of an over-excited mind, and violent agitation under a burning sun, which threatened a fever of the brain. When he revived and came to his senses, his eyes rolled, searching her long before he spoke; he saw round him all the bridal preparations of their little decorated apartment, and all rushed back to memory. But what shocked him most was the sight of the sun, visible through the leaf-curtained casement, now sinking in the sea, and yellowing the pretty rustic chamber with a rich placidity of effect,—how delightfully in unison with the peace-breathing, peace-loving mood of a modest country bridegroom!—how discordant to *his own*! It told him that the sun had travelled his complete course, evening had fallen, the blessed hour of shade and deep silence was at hand; and there he lay, feverish, wild-brained on his bed, the bridal bed!—alone,—no bride had crossed his threshold!

Supernatural assistance to their search was of course to be procured. While one sister watched the bed of the sufferer, the other hurried away to the *gwraig hysbys*, (*cunning woman*;) there lived, high up the breast of one of the loftiest mountains, in a hut among the black mawn-pits,—the world of human haunts in soundless depth below, above her only the cloud, the crag, the kite,—a melancholy woman, whose strange lonely life, and partial insanity, made her the sybil of the country; her answer, like all oracles, was a riddle, yet a consolatory one. “Will she be found?” “Yes.” “Who shall find her? and how and where shall we search?” She shook her head. “Will the bridegroom find his bride again?” “Yes.” “On earth, or in heaven?” “On earth.” “Thank God!” sobbed the fond credulous sister, bursting into tears of joy and gratitude to God. “But when? oh, when?” “When a light from heaven shall show her to him: search no more; heaven itself shall find her out, and face to face they shall stand by its light.” “How long shall she be away from him—from us?” “*She is not away!*” This was the last word the hideous-featured hermitess would vouchsafe.

Rhys, meanwhile, as he lay sullen or torpid, checked every offer to speak comfort to him, with a dumb frown, and almost threatening motion of his clenched hand, scarcely ever relaxed; nor did he ask now the result of their search, as if he would not kill the little hope he cherished from their silence. At length he sprang from bed, dressed still as he was in his wedding-clothes, seized his sister by the arms, as if he would have forced her to give him that comfort he was dying for, to ease that long-borne torment he could bear no more,—and vociferated at last, with frightful energy, the long-suspended question,—“Found yet?” But the poor girl, who could not bear to tear his heart again by the dreadful “No,” yet could not give him comfort, only looked pity inexpressible at her beloved brother, and turned her head to weep. “Dead? found dead?—Is she *found*?” “No! no!” The wretched youth re-echoed the horrid monosyllable in a sort of shriek so very doleful, wild, almost superhuman in its force, that it was heard round all the mountains; then, standing for a last look at the door of *their* little decorated bridal chamber, the new ballads on the newwashed wall, the new pictures, the new brittle plasterbusts, brought many miles with such care, and the new patchwork quilt of the lost young woman’s own handwork, gay with all kinds of colours,—he murmured, “Night—night! and no home above her head! none over mine then—none, none evermore!” and he burst away from his affrighted sister’s hold, to the woods and caves of the mountains, where he wandered wild from that hour, only returning when urged by want, to human habitation; like some savage creatures that stress of winter, and want, compels to forego their savageness, and prowl round the haunts of man. That house he never entered more, nor would allow an article to be removed, or repair to be done, it being his paternal property: so it stood, death silent, in all its ghostliness of decaying finery, till the strong winds from the sea stripped off the thatch, and damps made the whitened walls green as the sod without,—till, at last, the owl and the bat made it their haunt as a ruin, and the fox and the wild cat by turns littered and howled in the marriage-bed!

And now, to those who require the constant spur of curiosity, and excitement of rapid incidents, to keep alive attention to any narrative, we would suggest that they should turn over a page or two to jump to the discovery of the lost bride: to the more patient reader, we wish to present the character of this wild mourner,—the story of a wounded mind, well exhibited in the anecdotes recorded of his habits and new modes of existence.

Though leading the life of the homeless mad, his mind was sane; to his sorrow, *that* remained alive to all its misery; though wounded, not fatally. Yet, to the undistinguishing rustic he appeared mad, and might well such appear; for he let his beard

grow, and his nails; wholly neglecting his person; and his face, under the effects of a wild life and long fastings, withered to the very hue and shrivel of the autumn leaves under the hanging woods of the mountain, whose heaps were his seat by day, and often his bed by night. Then he had wilder moments, when he would hurry to and fro by the margin of the wild December sea, when its black waves, white-topped, towered mountain high, threatening to bury the lonely wild-haired being, with stretched hands, standing just within its last line of sea-wrack. There he would stand, drenched with spray, roaring forth rage even to blasphemy, as if he would outroar that ocean, against that inscrutable degree of fate which had hidden her doom from him; and scowling up dumb curses to that scowling sky, as if he would dare, in his reckless misery, to frown back the very frown of God, which had withered him, heart and hope, love and life.

His frequent shouted "No!" which rung round all the valley, and waked the shepherd on the hill top, sleeping alone in his summer hut, his *havod-ty*,\* though to strangers it might sound maniacal and even ludicrous, had in it (breathing as it did in its tone the very brokenness of heart,) much of the mournfully sublime of human suffering.

But the mind will not surrender, without a dreadful struggle to its living death—despair.

The mind, like the body, is endowed with what physicians call the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, an innate power of resistance to deadly injury; and he, who has never felt, and never conceived despair, will smile incredulous at many an example of this exerted power, assuming, as they do, the garb of levity, and even lightheartedness. A mind "perplexed in the extreme" will seize any, even the slightest hold, to escape but for a moment, the cold, deadly, damp, eternal clutch of its old enemy on its living nerves. A hand seen seizing the green flags, or the floating flower of the water-lily on the lake's blue surface, might well seem, to those who saw but that action, the hand of some happy child: could they look below that surface, they would find death, agony, the smothered drowning man: even watch but that surface, and some bubbling flutter will betray the gasp of the dying, and prove that desperation, instead of gaiety, prompted that action.

Thus, laughter is often more truly tragic than tears; playfulness breaks out from a heart sick to death: the heart, which can only sigh and groan, will never break. Is it not on this principle that we must explain those levities, strange and ill-timed, which have so often burst from the hearts and lips of the lost, from the lost battle's field, from the shipwreck hull, from the scaffold?

\* *Havod-ty* or *hafod-ty*, a summer-house, a hut erected on the heights, for the convenience of persons tending cattle there in summer.

The period of crying, howling, blaspheming, passed away, or recurred but rarely; and Rhys, a wanderer of the autumn woods, a listener to the cataract, astonished his sisters by swimming little childish boats made of a tree's bark, on the sea, when calm. "He is better," they said softly between themselves,—“he'll sure come home to live again;” and Gwynneth actually travelled to Nevin to buy him a model of a ship which an old sailor had made there: this, delighted to procure it, she presented to her brother one sunny day, quite calm, when they saw him by the sea, stuckstill: she set it afloat, and pointed to it; when, in a rage, he kicked it back into the sea, as the wave floated it to his feet.

“Death! a child, or madman, which do you make me, wench?” said he: “Is it come to this?” Then, for a long time a stranger to his eye, a tear stood in its sunkenness, as he said, “Gwynneth, Gwynneth, my own sister bach, I'm no more mad than thou art; heaven's not so merciful: to give me a *toy!*—where is *she?* where's my wife?” he thundered, seizing the disappointed girl's arms with a madman's grasp: “*you* do not answer me,—God, nor angels, nor earth, nor hell, will answer me!”

Smugglers occasionally would run their cargoes on that coast, in a hollow cove near the valley. Three days did Rhys try the oblivion of deep intoxication, from draughts of spirits supplied to him by desperate men, in the cruelty of their sport; out to him it brought no oblivion, only a sadder sense of life-weariness, and more courage to die, his mind remaining clear as ever, as he lay, seemingly senseless, under a rock, and though all was dizzy dimness round him, as if the hour of death was indeed come. It was on the fourth day that he informed his sisters of his design to turn smuggler—with a laugh, attired himself in his long-unused wedding clothes, and took leave of all. Nor was this new resolve, which would have afflicted and terrified them before, now in his sad change, alarming or distressing to them: he was at least going amongst men, and turning to their pursuits, though on the great waters; and this seemed less horrible, more like a return to the world, though not to them, than his sad, silent, short visit,—his voracious eating in his dumb starving,—and return to the wood's wildness, and the solitude of savage existence. On the third day, however, when they believed him far at sea, he stood among them again at night-fall; his heart had failed him again before he could embark; the novelty of a new life, on a new element, had become old even before he could realise the idea, for there was no hope to buoy it into action.

His hands and face exhibited scratches and streaks of recent blood, which, as he told the old man and his inquiring sisters, he had received in fighting the wild cat. “For what, Rhys bach?” “For what? for sport,—aye, sure, for sport;” he answered. Gwynneth, again deluded, took both his chopped, bloodied, and

earth-coloured hands into hers, and gently forced him to the chimney-nook's seat: "Come, come, and sit with us once more in the cornel, (corner,) your own old seat in the cornel," said she, and rubbed his icy hands over the glow of the fire of mawn. "Donna run the woods the night, good boy, donna," she cried weeping; and her sister threw her arms round him; and his old uncle, from within the closet-like recess for the bed where he lay, called, "Stay with us but the night, stay; 'twill be a wild night; stay aneath the thack (thatch) the black evening!" for the old man had kept his bed entirely, since his tender daughter was no more there, to dress and undress him. "Well-a-day! why will you live out in the woods away from us,—why in the horrid hollows of the mountains?" said both the young women: "hark, how the prill roars! how the sea is tossing! An you'll stay the night, you shall be as lonesome as ever you could be in the cave of the rock on the sea-bank, or the deepest gullyhole in the bottom of Craig y Llam, with a black mountain all above you, and a sea before you, indeed, indeed! Here we'll leave you all alone, and spread the sheepskins on the fern anent\* the hearth." 'Twas all in vain, Rhys seemed to endure the comfort—to him no comfort—of the cottage-hearth with a sort of horror, restlessly rolling his eyes toward the open hatch-door, where appeared the inky sky of gathering storm, the winter valley, and the sea; and still retreating towards it, he only answered by that action to all their entreaties. "You seek sport in the woods alone, why not with us? we'll tell you tales." "Aye, we did use to play happy enow once," said the sullen man at last, when, standing outside, he found the bleak expanse of sky above him; "how we have played at *hide and seek* in our meadows! and I play at it still eternally with—a ghost, I believe,—oh, the very mockery of hell!" "How mean you, Rhys bach?" "Why, you know, when I was blindfolded, she would cry 'whoop!' from behind a tree; I ran and clasped the rough-rinded tree, instead of my sweet Margaret, who called then, 'Rhys, Rhys!' tenderly from quite another part, from a haycock; thither I groped again, and tumbled over the haycock, you all laughing: again I heard her pretty voice calling from somewhere else, and ran, and—oh, then I caught her, then I held her here, then I glued my lips to hers, her little velvet lips! oh, that was play for angels! this is horrible, fit for ghosts tormented! Now I grope for my poor girl everywhere; my very soul goes seeking her for ever; but blind, blind! no where can I find her; God and angels see her, but my wretched eyes cannot see her—never shall see her more: yet I find her in my fancy; when the stars twinkle down on my sleepless eyes through the forest of the precipice o'nights, oh! I find her then, a white sister of the angels beyond that gold-spangled blue wall, but a glorious stranger to

\* Over against, near.

poor Rhys now: I can but cry to follow her; but then, just as I begin to taste the comfort of mourning, to shake hands with death as 'twere, and only wait the time,\* 'Rhys, Rhys!' I hear her own *living* sweet voice from somewhere calling me once more—*alive! yet alive!* her own soft flesh and blood, worth a thousand solemn stranger-Margarets in the sky,—and so I hope again, but such a dying hope! despair, despair's a blessing to such hope,—how long is't now since?"

"Come in, dear brother, come in, and let us count how many springs." "Aye, count you, but not by springs,—by winters, or shipwreck-nights, or astonishing thunders, or daiar dors,† that have burst open mountains, and left some wretch looking round for his buried home, even while he stands by it! count by any kinds of ruins on earth, or horrible meteors in heaven, not by springs! It was blue spring, sweetening into summer, that withered me to this!"

This being the first occasion on which their brother had given vent in words to his unresting misery, the young women conceived hope of reclaiming him from his wild life, and prolonged the discourse with the view of drawing him out of himself by degrees. His misery was, indeed, novel and terrible in its kind: it cut him off in his suffering from all fellow-sufferers on earth; the fondest mourner who ever received the last breath and kiss of the fondest wife or mistress that could die, was an object to be envied by *him*: time, the comforter, had no comfort for him; that mockery of hope, which he pathetically strove to describe, stood betwixt him and that sullen repose which even the despairing find. The possibility of her existence,—for who had seen her die?—kept alive that hope; that hope, so feeble, kept alive despair, rather than strove against it, for who could hope to see her again? Such a disturbed despair, such a forlorn despairing hope, made him indeed a hermit in the world of mourners, a "man alone" in his sorrows.

"The husband of the dead has a dear memory to hold by, at least;" the unhappy man thought to himself: the gentle faint form, as he held it dying and gazing, smiling her last at him, every night lays her white cheek to his wet one on the same pillow, fills her place by his side still; and oh! he *has* been happy! Had I but seen her die!" he cried a thousand times,—a piteous wish to burst from a heart so fond, yet true to nature! for then he would have

\* "Waiting the time," is a common expression with Welsh watchers of the sick; he or she "is only waiting the time," means that the person is quite given over, lost to all hope of life, and lying ready for the stroke of death.

† The daiar dor is a sort of earthquake of a particular mountain, produced by pent-up waters, which burst the surface, overthrow whatever habitations, rocks, flocks, or cattle, may chance to be thereon at the time, and strew the valley below with their ruins. A remarkable daiar dor desolated a part of the neighbourhood of Bala, Merionethshire, in 1782.

seemed to have had his dear bride still, though in earth's keeping, waiting him on the road to their eternal bridal-home. Though mournful, that solemn service that marries hearts, not hands, when death steps in, unlooked for, the ghastly priest, with the hourglass empty in the skeleton-hand, for the book, and glares on the blushing beauty till she pales to his own hue and horror; that very mourning has, in its essence, the sublime of passion. "It is finished!" cries the survivor; "this terrible hand that kills my hope, has sealed love in our two hearts, bolted against time, and fortune, and fate itself,—has made it, like her, an immortal!" But "earth to earth" had never wedded soul to soul, in our young lovers so wondrously torn asunder, so as he could not, (in spite of the years that almost shed snows upon his head,) think of her as one long in the earth; she preserved a sort of phantom-existence to his memory; he saw her still the beautiful, the fond; and his empty arms stretched for her in his eternal dream of life, and life-weariness ceaseless mental search for her, with all the love and longing of a bridegroom.

Suffering intense and long-continued, will exalt even a meaner mind than that of Rhys, into power of sentiment; his almost breathed a spirit of wild and dark poetry, when the long wound he bore was thus probed by even the kindness of affection. "Never! never!" said he, as they drew him within the door; and he kneeled out on the bare rock, stretching up his thin arms to the lurid sky; "never roof more but that for this head, nor pillow but this stone, or grave but that sea! Toss my wretched body there, when angry God has done tormenting me; why a grave for me, more, when she has none? Fool! her very bones are dust by this time! yet how do I know that? what a terrible life may she be suffering even yet! what a cruel death have I suffered! Oh God! hear me, hear a tormented soul that knows not for what crime it suffers this torment,—this suspense, that is so terrible,—this uncertainty, that will not let him live or die! When I compose myself to die, I seem leaving my love behind me on this dusk earth; and when I resolve to live, I seem alone in the empty world, then I believe she's in heaven. If there be a God up there, for I do begin to doubt it, seeing there is no mercy for the innocent, hear! oh hear me! I do not pray for happiness, the time for that's gone by,—I do not ask my wife at Thy hands, which Thou didst give me beautiful, but only her sad relics, her grave, her hiding-place,—but to reveal her fate, to tell me how she died before I die. Oh! hard, too hard, thou frowning heaven! I ask but certainty, miserable certainty, and it is refused me: I only ask despair; and, by cruel hell! even despair is refused me." Springing to his feet, scowling, he broke away, back to the mountains, shady with night: it seemed that terrible burst of agony, long-pent, was the last of that lingering doubt which agonized him, the death-struggle of hope,—for from

that night he became totally silent. He found despair at last (as the three revellers of Chaucer did death,) "under the green tree." Beneath that ancient chesnut-tree, which had been their favorite retreat, and which still stood, inscribed by her playful hand with her own death and burial, her dreadful green monument on the bank of the sea, he now sate in the sun, and in the storm, for ever silent, like some melancholy idiot: there he was to be found, his head hung down; his chin, with long beard, untimely grey, resting on his breast; his clasped hands and arms stretched in listless length before him in his lap; his clothes—his wedding-dress long worn to tatters, pinned about him with thorns, leaving his tanned skin visible through its rags moving in the wind.

Settled despair, which sealed his tongue, even partially restored him to his home: in bitter nights he would sleep on a bag of wool, or fern, or a sheepskin, in the cottage; but though for ever muttering to himself, he spoke to none. When the aged bedridden man was borne out dead, he followed the sort of humble Welsh bier,—resembling the black tilt covering of a small cart or waggon, and borne by the hands, the bearers themselves being the nearest relatives of the deceased,—but declined that office which, as nephew, fell to him, and soon withdrew from the procession to betake himself to his seat under the tree. Standing high and lonely as it did, on a green promontory, that tree was a mark for thunder, and had been twice struck by lightning within the memory of man. After intense heat in the summer of 1728, a murky gloom gathering over sea and shore announced a coming thunderstorm, soon deepening to a sort of night at noon-day. As former storms, shivering that tree's top, had taught her the danger of standing beneath it, the tender Gwynneth, who loved her brother in all his dumb strangeness as well as ever, hastened towards him, to try to bring him away, just as the thunder was beginning hollowly in the black sea-distance. As the first flash quivered blue around him, she saw a smile—the first for years—play on his sunken features; and when she took his hand, though he would not quit his place, he surprised her with a smile of gratitude, proving him fully conscious of her fond fears for him. "Ever my good sister, and my fond!" said he, and kissed her: but when she urged him to seek other shelter from the storm, "Nay, Gwynneth bach," he said, with a composure as astonishing and delightful to her as his newly returned speech and returning humanity, "you think this is a storm to me, as it is to you:" he continued, (the rain, and wind, and thunder, already raging around them,) "hurry home, dear wench, and leave me to my hurricane, for it's a peace to me, a very calm! There has been such an eternal storm here,—such a thunder here, beat, beat, roaring, rolling!" pointing to his heart and to his head; "save me, hide me, from the bright flowery earth and the summer-sky, that shut up charnel-house door I've been knocking at for her so long, and not a ghost answered!—that



vault up yonder that I've cried to for her, and it smiled me mad with its dumb blue! That was the dumb storm I could not bear. There was a flash! run, wench, run,—it's dangerous."

"And you too, you too!" said the sobbing woman, more terrified for him than for herself.

"Now it comes,—a crash to wake the dead! but this is *our* world's thunder: there is a roaring day to come, that is indeed to wake all earth's dead, and set us all face to face once more. Thou 'from whom no secrets are hid,' hear me pray once more! Burst this long horrid one of mine at last, as that lightning does this day-darkness: (go home, wench, prithee go!) make this to me the very doomsday it scowls, howls, roars like! Earth with all its graves, sea with all its dead, heaven with all its souls, burst open to the judgment-fire; what, where, who shall hide her then? Oh! Margaret,—oh, lost wife! from those clouds, or from this clod, dust or angel, do I look upon you again?"

The shock of a lightning-stroke (if not that of his own heart's mad emotion within,) that moment prostrated him at the foot of the tree: a dreadful rushing noise, as of splitting ice, astounded his sister; and opening her eyes again, after the flash, to see the cause, a sight struck her soul that made them close again in faintness. The trunk was rent from top to bottom, laying open the tree's inward hollowness, unknown before; and through the fissure appeared an upright skeleton, the grim skull-face greened by damps to the appearance of lichened stone, the ribbed cage of what had been a snowy bosom, hung still with black shreds, the remains of dress, and flesh, and sinews, now undistinguishable from each other! the arm-bones, even still inextricably wedged in the cavity, told the tale of a frightful death. The unfortunate bride, as soon as she had surmounted that brow where her father had seen her for the last time, had climbed into that tree to hide herself, while her pursuers passed; and finding it hollow at top, had hastily slid down through the opening among the boughs, and became fixed in her efforts to reascend, (though the height was not great,) in the manner boys have frequently lost their lives in chimnies.

Poor Gwynneth had the presence of mind to come between her brother, now struggling up on his feet, and that ghastly object. In vain! as if he had already caught a glimpse of it, he pushed her hastily aside, and the lost bridegroom and bride faced each other close again; the change, and the ruin of the living face, scarcely less great and horrible than that of the dead! With body shivering, teeth chattering, eye dilating with horror, the thunder-stricken man only pointed ghostlike, and smiled on his sister such an indescribable ghastly smile, as conveyed to her, more than words or shrieks, the strangely mixed horror and pleasure of their meeting

again—and meeting thus! The secret was revealed at last: what were his feelings! more of them than that shocking smile betrayed, was never known, for, bending his face towards hers, who had been so long near to him yet so long parted, before his lips and the lipless half-circle of snowy teeth met, he sunk down, and never spoke again. The distortion of that hideous smile remained on his corpse face, frozen there by death, and there stayed, even when one coffin received him and her whose loss had made his youth age, and his very life a death.

The fatal tree, as long as its shattered trunk remained standing, was known as the “*Ceubren yr Ellyll*,” “the spirit’s hollow tree;” for there was often seen by fishermen, in a moonlight midnight, as they awaited morning in their boats on a calm sea, an apparition of dry bones, frightfully mimicking the actions of life; the white skull rounded with the mockery of wild flowers, which had garlanded the hair of the lost bride that morning; and the bony arms raised often to the teeth rapidly, as if in the rage of hunger. Such a figure, (they said,) magnified by mists, that passing, enveloped it as in a shroud, would stand for hours on the round brink of the promontory.

Others had seen in the last of twilight, two figures, hand in hand, the skeleton bride and wild-man bridegroom, as they called the spectres: he with his beard, long hair, and nails like talons, fixing his stony eyes, and she, her eyeless sockets, on the calm sky and silvered clouds, as if still scowling dumb complaint against the heavens, which had been to them so merciless. Nor would ever bird, except the owl and the foul cormorant, it was believed, alight on the boughs, nor any animal rest under the shade of that black thunderstricken ruin of a tree—the grave of love,—the ghastly *Ceubren yr Ellyll*.

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## ANCIENT SEPULCHRES IN LLAN ELWY PARISH.

ABOUT three or four years ago, some very remarkable ancient sepulchral tumuli were discovered in the parish of Llan Elwy, in Breconshire; and as they have not hitherto been noticed in any literary work, except in a very cursory manner, in a provincial paper, perhaps a slight description of their general character may not be misplaced in the Cambrian Quarterly.

These ancient monuments stand in a field on the farm, and near the house of *Ffos-y-tŷll*,\* the property of the Earl of Ashburnham, and consist of three oblong barrows, composed of earth and stones: the largest about 150 feet in length by eighty in breadth, and eight or ten in height; the next, nearly as large, though not quite so high; the third, though of considerable magnitude for a barrow, yet is of much smaller dimensions than the other two, and circular. These mounds contain a great number of stone coffins, or *cistvaens*, of all dimensions, from such as might afford ample space for the remains of a giant, to those which appear scarcely sufficient to contain the corpse of an infant.

The contents of these barrows were ascertained by mere accident. The tenant, Mr. Jenkins, having noticed several large stones projecting out of the ground, imagined they might form part of a quarry, or at least of quarry stones surrounded by rubbish; and having occasion for such stones, for the purpose of building, he determined upon removing them, and in so doing, exposed to view a square cistvaen, or stone cell, of vast dimensions, being ten feet long in the inside, five feet wide, and eight feet deep, formed of large slab-shaped stones, each about eight feet high, and three or four in breadth, and covered by others of similar size, thus forming a square chest, or rather vault, and filled with earth and stones, mingled with the remains of human bones, among which were several teeth so perfect as even to retain their enamel. It is to be lamented that the top stones and those of the one side, were removed before the nature of the mound was understood, but it is no more than justice to Mr. Jenkins to state that, as soon as he discovered its character, he desisted from further demolition. But, however we must regret the destruction already committed, unintentional as it was, yet it is some consolation to the antiquary to be assured that this cell is only one

\* *Tŷll* appears to be the plural of *tull*, a *hole*, and was, doubtless, adopted in the name of the place, from the holes or pits formed by the *cistvaens*, appearing in the surface of the barrows.

among a great number, and, possibly, there may be others in each of the barrows, to the full as curious, and of as large dimensions, as this: and the nature of these curious remains having been thus fully ascertained, there can be no doubt that the nobleman whose property they are, will take such measures as will prevent any further act of destruction being committed.

From some appearances on the adjacent high ground, it seems probable that other monuments of a similar description, and of the same Druidic age, once existed on the spot, though they have been long so far demolished as to leave very few traces remaining.

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#### ADVENT WEEK.

“WATCHMAN! watchman! stand on thy tower:  
 And now, O watchman! what of the hour?  
 What of the hour, and what of the night?  
 Tell it, from thy beacon height;  
 Lift up thy voice, and tell it aloud,  
 That the trump may awaken yon slumbering crowd:  
 Proclaim that the night is far, far spent,  
 And the sun rides nigh to the firmament:  
 Yea, the sun rides nigh, and 'tis almost day;  
 Bid the sleepers arise, arise, and pray!”  
 The watchman went up, as the word was spoke;  
 He lifted his voice, but none awoke;  
 He numbered the hour, and his work was done,  
 For the firmament shone with the morning sun:  
 It gilded the Watcher with holy light,  
 But the sleepers slept on—to an endless night!

W. V.

## TITHE COMPOSITION.

THE question of tithes has been of late much agitated in parliament. In the present session, two bills have been brought in by his grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, and by Lord Wynford, for facilitating the composition both of spiritual and lay tithes. They also find a place in one of Mr. Campbell's bills, for the amendment of different parts of the real property law; and the subject has been several times adverted to, by both Houses, in a desultory way besides. If we add to the above the popular feeling prevalent on the subject, we must allow that these are fore-runners, not to be mistaken, of important alterations in the law, and by consequence in the political nature of this species of property; and, since there are few measures more calculated to exert a direct influence upon the clergy, as well as upon proprietors of land, we trust that our readers will receive with indulgence our speculations on this, in other respects, not very inviting topic.

With most people, tithes are indented with every thing that is harassing, rapacious, and injurious, but popular odium will mostly choose to look only at the invidious side of things, and we think it has taken, in several respects, an unfair view of this subject of tithes. This we will endeavour to shew, but at the same time point out the evils really chargeable on the system, and then consider how far the enlarged powers to be given by the legislature are available in removing or obviating those evils for the future. We shall have no need to enter upon the origin of tithes, nor to discuss at large their legal qualities, but we must say a few words regarding the main legal distinction which exists between lay and spiritual tithes, since this has most important practical bearings. Before the period of the Reformation, all tithes were payable to the church, but a large proportion belonged to monasteries, and other religious bodies, who obtained possession of the rectories of numerous parishes, with their appendant ecclesiastical profits. Many religious houses, besides thus appropriating to themselves the tithes payable out of other lands, claimed likewise, under various pleas, an exemption of their own lands from tithes, wherever such lands happened to be within parishes of which they did not possess the rectories. This was the state of things at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries: the ecclesiastical possessions which by that means came to the crown, have been since mostly sold, or granted to subjects, and the grantees became entitled not alone to the tithes formerly belonging to the monasteries, but also, in the bulk of cases, to the immunity from tithes which those bodies enjoyed; and this is the origin of impropriation rectors, and of a very considerable proportion of the exemptions from tithes existing at the present day.

There certainly are some exemptions derived from another origin, and the moduses, from the smallness of their amount, may be classed as partial exemptions; besides all which, it has of late years been customary, on the occasions of Inclosure Acts, to allot either to the rector or vicar, and not unfrequently to both, a portion of land in lieu of their tithes. These different causes render, it is calculated, about one-third part of the land in England and Wales tithe-free.

It is chiefly to the legal nature of the exemptions of ecclesiastical origin, before alluded to, and the moduses, that the litigation and consequent mischiefs produced by tithes may be traced. Were there no exemptions, or such only as were constituted by the strict provisions of an Act of Parliament, there would clearly be no doubt of the obligation on the one hand, or the exoneration, where it existed, on the other. But, from the extensive possessions of the ancient monasteries, and the natural desire of men to throw off a burden wherever there presents itself a fair opportunity, it has chanced that, in numerous instances, lands have been found not paying tithes, or paying only a modus, and enjoying such an immunity from what, in popular acceptance, is considered time immemorial, without, however, the precise origin of it being clearly traceable. Now, it is in general a well-known, and, we may add, most reasonable doctrine of law, that, where a man, and those who went before him, have possessed property, or enjoyed an exemption from obligations, to which his neighbours around him are liable, for a long period of years; the title of that person, or his ancestors, antecedent to the period in question, is not to be inquired into, and, whether it be good or bad, it is not to be disturbed. This, however, does not hold good in the case of tithes, since, on the ground of affording protection to the church, no lapse of time was suffered to divest it of its rights, and this privilege accompanied tithes when they came into the hands of the improper rector. Another rule, of which the church and the impropricator has the benefit, is, that all lands are to be presumed subject to tithes, unless a legal exemption can be proved. From these circumstances it ensues that, whenever a dispute arises about the liability to pay tithes, the tithe claimer, spiritual or lay, has an enormous advantage over his opponent; for it is incumbent on the latter to make out a legal exemption, and, in order to establish it, he must, in the majority of cases, where disputes occur, first prove his lands to have belonged to some ancient monastery, and then he must shew not only that the monastery in question held its lands discharged from tithes, but that it likewise possessed the faculty of transferring the benefit of that exemption to the lay proprietors who succeeded it: for, be it observed that all the lands belonging to a monastery were not necessarily discharged from tithes, neither has it been allowed to every monastery which

enjoyed that immunity, to transmit it to lay owners. But, passing over legal details, what is of chief concernment to our purpose is, that these proofs must, in the bulk of cases, be unavoidably carried back to the reign of Richard I., upwards of 500 years; and, if any part of the proof fails, the tithe falls to the parson, or the impropiator, who, most probably before they prefer their claim, have well ascertained the difficulty or impossibility of establishing the proofs necessary to rebut it. On the other hand, the farmer, or the landowner, roused by what he considers a contemptible exaction; having but an obscure conception, if any at all, of the working of the law, and therefore not aware of the disadvantages he will have to encounter, consults only his angry feelings, and may be his attorney, who is not very likely to allay them, and resolves to go to law. To law therefore he goes, and, in due course, has to pay the costs of an expensive suit, and remains saddled with the tithe for ever after. The unfairness, and the perversion of substantial justice belonging to such a system, and the social mischief which it produces, need not another word of illustration. This, however is not all, the foregoing are the *direct* consequences of evil flowing from the legal properties of tithes; there are consequences indirect, scarcely less injurious. When a man wishes to sell an estate which is tithe-free, or deemed so, he takes care to put that circumstance pretty forward; and the auctioneer, in playing his part, never fails to descant largely upon that advantage, so soon as he touches it, in going through the catalogue of the good qualities of the estate. The buyer is probably moved to pay an increased price in consequence: but the matter takes a different turn when the title comes before a lawyer for approval; he must of course apply all those legal rules, of which we have endeavoured to give a sample. Tried by that test, there are few titles of exemption that can be passed as unexceptionable; some link will be found wanting in the voluminous chain, some hiatus to be filled up: this the seller is bound to do, mostly at a great expense, or else an abatement must take place in the purchase money.

The magnitude of the mischief so occasioned is not to be measured by its individual amount in any given case; it consists essentially in that it forms an increment to an existing mass of mischief of the same kind, already nearly unbearable; it is the drop in a cup full to overflowing. We need hardly say that we allude to the notorious expensiveness and delay attending the sale of an estate.

Such are the principal inconveniences resulting from the legal properties of tithes. If it be objected that they are not of such extensive or important consequences in practice, compared with other anomalies of the law, as to warrant any especial stress being laid upon them, we answer that the question is not so much the quan-

tum of evil actually produced, as whether that be not worth saving, and how we should go about it; and at all events, the evils in question, great or small, require to be pointed out, since otherwise any exposition of the system would be imperfect.

Our present concern, however, being with the practical question of composition of tithes, the use which we chiefly propose to make of the foregoing exposition of their legal properties, is to give these their due weight and bearing, in considering the best mode of applying to the above purpose the powers of the promised acts of parliament.

But we must first turn to another, and most important department of our subject, namely, the *agricultural* property of tithes, if we may use the distinction, or the effects which they exert upon the cultivation of the land.

As a provision for a permanent body of men like the clergy, no one will question their efficacy in maintaining the church in its allotted station, throughout all changes in the relative conditions of the different classes of the community. And we have, moreover, to state our persuasion, that looking at tithes as an impost merely, and apart from the mode of collecting them, we consider that they, in reality, fall upon the fund which, of all others, is the best fitted to bear taxation, we mean rent; they are, so to speak, on a level with the rent payable to the landlord; or, in other terms, tithed land yields two kinds of rent, one to the tithe owner, and another to the actual owner of the land: this last position of ours is taken up, we are well aware, upon debatable ground. There are several great names who contend that tithe is essentially and entirely a tax which falls upon the consumer: it may appear, therefore, somewhat presumptuous on our parts, to take a decisive tone on the question, but we are compelled to do so, or to suffer our subsequent observations to lose much weight. The fact that tithe is, in reality, part of the rent of land, with a different name, can be very easily demonstrated; and though we by no means shrink from the task of making out the proof, we are fearful of overtaxing the patience of our readers by the necessary detail. The result of the process, however, may be stated in a few words: the solution of the question depends upon determining what it is that gives rise to the high price of corn, and other food. As to any other necessary besides food, it is very clear that its price will be invariably dependent upon the proportion of the existing supply at any given time to the demand. If, for example, the market at any time has been overstocked with cotton goods, so that the merchants are forced to lower their prices, to get their wares off their hands, a decrease will consequently immediately take place in the quantity of cottons previously manufactured. If, on the other hand, there were more buyers than could be fully supplied with goods,



so as to raise prices, more hands would be set to work in the different manufactories, and perhaps an additional cotton mill erected here and there. In this last case, all that the person who sets up the new mill could expect, would be the ordinary profits of a cotton manufacture, and he would sell his goods upon that calculation; and as every person who could command the requisite capital, &c. might do the same, and would do it immediately, if any thing approaching to a monopoly price, it is clear that only that price could be obtained throughout the trade, which would return fair and ordinary profits at the period in question.

But the case is very different in the article of food. In all civilised countries, like Great Britain, and there is no occasion at present to speculate on the condition of any other, all the best lands have been long since brought into a high state of cultivation; and so soon as an increase of population renders more food necessary, that additional supply must be raised from a poorer soil, or by a still more careful and minute cultivation of the old lands; but this can only be done at an enlarged rate of expense, which will not be compensated for by the produce selling at the old price; the farmer, therefore, to get his profit, must raise the price, and he will be enabled so to do, because every farmer being in the same predicament, no one can undersell the other and live; and, on the other hand, the community must be content to pay that price, because the augmented produce must, imperatively, be got. Here present themselves the two features which distinguish the augmentation of food from that of commerce without limit, in the extension of the manufacture at the same rate of profit as before, and therefore an increasing demand of them operates finally as a stimulus to production, without necessarily increasing the price. Not so in agriculture, there the field is circumscribed, and its surface already occupied; every augmentation of labour will be met by a diminished return compared with the foregoing. Again, other necessaries besides food are not so imperiously needed, nor so rapidly consumed. A man may, at a pinch, make a shift to wear his hat, or his coat, many days beyond the appointed times of their respective services, but he will never go very far beyond the twenty-four hours on the strength of his last dinner. From the operation of these causes, it follows that an increased demand for agricultural produce, in consequence of increased population, will unavoidably raise its price, and keep it permanently raised, as short food will raise a monopoly: and it is notorious, that such has been the case in Great Britain for a long series of years. It remains to be seen how the price, so, from time to time, augmented, is apportioned among those who derive their livelihood directly from the land. In the first place, the farmer takes out of it what he has laid out in the payment of his labourers, and the necessary costs of cultivation, with his profit on what he has so expended

besides. This profit is always relatively certain at any given period: it amounts to what farmers will consent to receive as the recompense for their labour, and this again is fixed by the average standard of livelihood which habit and repute have set up for the farmer at the period in question. It is idle to say that this is an arbitrary assumption, experience proves it to be a practical truth; the farmer will strive to live up to that mark; and, though some may fail, the majority will as certainly succeed in maintaining their station, as any other class of society who live upon the profits of capital actively employed. The farmer's portion of the price being thus accounted for, what remains is easily disposed of: the tithe owner takes his tenth, and the landlord appropriates the clear surplus. And here shews itself the peculiarity of a monopoly price; for since, whenever it becomes necessary to procure an increased quantity of food, the price of the *entire* augmented quantity is raised, the farmer is enabled to realize his portion of the price, determined as above, out of the proceeds of a smaller proportion of the entire quantity than before; and therefore, the tithe being provided for, a larger proportion remains for the landlord as owner of the monopoly. How then, we are now entitled to ask, can the consumer be said to pay the tithe in specie, when, in fact, he is forced to pay a monopoly price, reaching far beyond all the real changes of raising food, and the tithe to boot, because he is one of a numerous community, all struggling and elbowing each other to obtain a livelihood, and daily increasing in numbers, whilst the land from which the food of himself and his competitors must come, is limited in extent and productiveness.

We trust we have said enough to shew the unreasonableness of raising an indiscriminate outcry against tithes, seeing that, if they had never existed, their present amount would, at all events, be payable in the shape of rent. The farmer, we will allow, has some grounds of complaint against, not their amount, for that does not affect him, but the mode of their collection. Where they are payable in kind, they lead to waste, loss of labour; and, in some possible cases, to the deterioration of a whole crop: this objection does not indeed apply where, as in the majority of instances, at least with regard to spiritual tithes, the farmer pays a stipulated composition; in such cases, the composition is mostly in his favor, and the difference is clear gain to him. But their objectionableness on this ground lies chiefly from their being in the way of improvement, so as to prevent the farmer from laying out his capital as extensively and as profitably as he otherwise might. So far as concerns the community at large, nothing could be more fortunate than that this burden should have fallen on the surplus fund resulting from the unavoidable monopoly of the land, rather than on trade or manufactures.

For in this last case, not only would the price of the articles

bearing the required tax have been augmented, as a direct and certain consequence, by the whole amount of that tax, but there would have been a gratuitous loss to the community besides, inasmuch as fewer of the taxed articles would have been produced than if the supposed tax had not existed. This is obvious: since whenever an article rises in price, every body economizes in the use of it, and many will make a shift to do without it altogether; therefore, less of it will be called for than before, and its manufacture will decrease; and the difference, in the case of an immemorial tax, like that supposed, is, that the evil arising from the prevention of production is of the longer standing. We are far, however, from entertaining an opinion, that the present system of tithing, even setting apart its legal deformities, is practically recommendable.

In the first place, tithes are a stumbling-block in the way of every projected improvement of cultivation, whether by landlord or tenant, but more especially affecting the latter. A farmer would frequently find it profitable to increase his stock, to take on an additional number of hands, to drain or enclose a field, to clear a *rough*, &c., but it behoves him first to consider, that whatever may be the increase of marketable produce obtained by any of these means, he must give a tenth of such increase, or its value, to the parson. Now that very tenth may be the share calculated on as the clear profit of his speculation; it is manifest that in every such case, or in any case where the profit may be expected to run into that tenth, the proposed improvement will be at once abandoned. Or suppose, again, that the landlord had a quantity of indifferent land, which he would be willing to let on very moderate terms, leaving the farmer his fair profits out of the produce, the latter would have every motive to close the bargain, were he not stopped short by the tithe, which would run away with all the profit. The case is widely different where the landlord and farmer can settle the bargain without the intervention of a third party; in the case first put, the landlord would be content with half a tithe, or any portion of a tithe in the way of rent, or, it may be, with no rent at all for the first four or five years, and he would shew an equally reasonable regard to his own interest in coming to terms upon the secondly supposed case of letting his poor lands. The improvements would then go forward, and there would be an additional supply of good things provided for the community, out of which they are now kept solely by the operation of tithes.

The foregoing operation of tithes forming, as it does, a check upon production, may be considered analogous to the disadvantages before alluded to attending the taxation of manufactures. The analogy must be admitted, but the disadvantages of the tithe are much smaller, because, first, the consumer does not feel the

tax, distinctly by itself, seeing that its operation is involved and swallowed up in the excess of the monopoly price constituted by the paramount causes before detailed, to which he must, in the necessity of things, submit; and besides, the increased production of food would be comparatively tardy, and most probably, before it could bring down prices to any sensible extent, would be met by a corresponding increase of population, at which point the benefit resulting from an abolished tithe would stop; whereas, in the case of taxed manufactures, the evil arising from the tax, supposing it to be of an ad valorem nature analagous to tithe, must be the greater, the more commodities there are produced.

The remaining, and in its practical operation, perhaps the strongest objection to tithes, consists in the unpopularity of this mode of remunerating the clergy, and of the frequent sacrifices to which they must in consequence submit: we therefore anticipate little opposition, from that body, to the establishment of a fair legal mode of commutation or expensive composition. Having thus done our best to place in a clear light the chief properties, legal and political, of tithes, and their consequent social operation, we propose, in an ensuing number, to apply the data we have so collected in considering the best mode of carrying into practice the powers of the Act of Parliament before alluded to, when these shall come before the public.

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*Old unpublished Stanza from one of the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum.*

THE LEEKE.

I LIKE the Leeke aboue all hearbes and flowers;  
 When first we wore the same, the field was ours:  
 The Leeke is white and greene, whereby is ment,  
 That Britaines are both stout and eminent;  
 Next to the Lion, and the Unicorne,  
 The Leeke's the fairest emblyn that is worne.

## A WORD TO A FEW OF OUR CLERICAL CORRESPONDENTS

WE exclude a short article from these pages in order that we may claim attention to a most important subject to all supporters of national harmony and social order; and we feel ourselves justified in using strong terms expressive of our sense of the total misapplication *by a few* of that sacred influence possessed by the great majority of our British clergy of various denominations: we mean a petulant propensity,—and, be it remembered, we refer to but a very few individuals,—a petulant propensity to attack each other, not in terms of courteous discussion, but with virulence and ill-humour wholly incompatible with those principles of charity which they profess, and which we know nearly all of them fervently and sincerely profess. If such conduct be unbecoming in the laity, how much more degrading is it, and how depreciating in its consequences must it be when their spiritual advisers degenerate into mere querulous controversialists of matters, immaterial in our estimation, even when proved either way: but, on the other hand, how immeasurably lamentable must such conduct be, if persevered in at the present time, to the dishonour and detriment of Christianity; nor can we think that such schism between our church of England and a dissenting ministry can be meet in the sight of the great preserver and regulator of the world: can he approve of self-constituted superiority among his creatures? of our condemning one another? Should we not rather call to mind the parable of the moat and the beam? Is it too much to think that national welfare may in some degree depend on our practising humility, and on living in peace with each other? We think not.

It would be exceedingly indecorous in us to advert to the bearing of any members of that holy profession, whose popularity and importance we always have and always shall most strenuously support; did not, we repeat, some ill advised individuals of that sacred body call for and insist on our interference. Now if they appeal to us, by our decision they ought to abide,—on such a condition we give our answer: but it is first necessary to inform our reading public upon the subject under notice.

It is fresh in recollection that, at the last anniversary of the London Cymmrodorion Society, among other prize papers, the judges awarded a medal for an “Essay on the Causes of Dissent from the church in Wales.” This Essay, it is equally well known, has been published; and as far as we can learn, obtained a considerable circulation. Will it be credited that we of the Cambrian Quarterly have received *several* letters, some extolling, and some reprobating in no measured terms, both the Cymmrodorion and the

essayist? that after our repeated declarations that nothing should induce us to lend ourselves to religious controversies, we are still appealed to as instruments for rendering public the severe animadversions of several ministers, (the letters *all* bear signatures denoting their origin to be so)? Whether it be believed or not, to our extreme mortification, such has been the case. Our determination to shut out from this magazine such matter, was founded on fact and on reason; on fact, because we are bold to say that few men, unconnected with police administration, have taken more constant pains to learn the present state of society than ourselves, in London, in the large and lesser towns, as well as in the country; and although the existing lamentable state of things shall receive no injudicious notoriety from us, yet in general terms we declare that, did the Church clergy and Dissenting clergy but know one half of what we do, they would quickly co-operate, all differences would end between them, and they would join in opposing the disbeliever and the revolutionist: join they must, sooner or later, we are convinced; we do not mean that they will be incorporated into one national church, but this we mean, that the tide of baneful doctrine, or rather of no doctrine at all, is becoming in some of the manufacturing districts so strong, that every denomination of Christians must cling together. In proof of this, we could bring forward such inconceivable instances of audacity of opinion uttered in large assemblages of mechanics; such horrid examples of infidelity; such cold-blooded asseverations of vengeance, in anticipation, against our bishops and prelates, and all Christian worship, as, if continued, must in the end reduce each minor argument, and merge into a general defensive combination, the frequenters of church and chapel; how mad is it then, (for we cannot expect the assistance of divine agency, if we so conduct ourselves,) with this strong physical resistance, this powerful lever of disaffection, hanging over us like a great mass ready apparently to bury us in its fall,—how mad is it, we repeat that, in many cases, where there scarcely exists a perceptible distinction of dissenters from the parent church, they should at such a time become inimical, at once each other's enemies, exposing their weak and only defenceless side to the malice of those who hate them both; and destroying, by their own foolish conduct, their common and best protection of Christian unanimity and concord. They may differ on minor points, but the great end of their duty is the same to both, and to that end they ought to strive: as teachers of religion, professed heralds of peace and goodwill to men, ought they not to make *conciliation* the basis of their doings, the very object even of their discussions? Nor is it, on the score of wisdom and common prudence, right to weaken the house of God by division, or to distract religious society by the publication of private feuds and contention.

That alteration, to the extent anticipated by some, in church property of this country, can ever be effected, or is desirable, we do not believe; certainly not desirable beyond a regulation for each sect to support its own ministry; and regarding any alteration in the tithe system, equivalents should be, most decidedly, given to the church. It has been necessary to say thus much, because whenever the subject becomes mooted, our word on it, an awful crisis will have arrived, and, from some reflection on the subject, we infer a fearful struggle in faith.

One would have imagined that the recent instances of French and Belgic calamity must have convinced every reasonable mind that revolution brings in its train nought save general misery, —that it is ever unaccompanied with those illusory phantoms of amelioration in the condition of the poor, once so generally the cry of demagogues, whilst the lower classes, in fact, are the least able to escape its horrors; but with these instances before our eyes, our readers may assure themselves, such examples have no weight with the heartless and secret promoter of national disorder; all this is in keeping with the subject, for there is nothing so likely to produce wavering in the minds of the populace as disagreement amongst the dispensers of religious worship; we therefore reiterate our prayer to those few ministers to whom our words are especially addressed, to abstain from so baneful an animosity.

Some individuals will possibly deprecate the decided course we have taken, by stating thus publicly our objections to the line of conduct pursued by a few injudicious men; but those persons will do us the bare justice to recollect, that we have been forced into a declaration of our sentiments: all who are truly religious in and from out Wales may depend upon it, that we, possessing an influence on the press of this country, are their sincere supporters; that for the clergy, and our faith, we would sacrifice life; but, at the same time, we care not for the effect which any singularity of view we adopt may have; it matters not to us what construction is placed on our conduct, or its motives, for we feel secure and satisfied in our conceptions of religion, loyalty, and national prosperity.

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## OLION.

*Welsh Orthography.*

GENTLEMEN,

I OBJECTED to the prefix *di* being employed both as a negative and an affirmative sign, because of the manifest absurdity of such a proposal; and I equally protested against the use of contractions, because they produce confusion both in sound and sense, offend the eye in print, and weaken the masculine energy of the language. Your correspondent *Ieuan Brychenioc*, thinks differently, and approves of the modification proposed by Ioan Tegid, on the ground that, because he has resided some years out of the Principality, he is "now able to form his judgment more impartially on the subject." Elvaeliad also has resided some years out of the Principality; but what has that to do with the subject? Nothing at all. It would have been much more honourable to Ieuan's talents to have assigned some valid reasons why *di* should have two *opposite* significations, and why contractions should be continued in "*An improved System of Welsh Orthography*," than to write about "Utopian schemes,"—"trifling with the prejudices of a whole community,"—the valorous stand made by some literary conqueror at the Brecon Eisteddvod "in favor of the established orthography,"—and his own capability to form so correct a judgment "from his not having resided in the Principality for some years." Does Ieuan expect to blind us with a little dust? Or does he suppose that we are to prostrate common sense to absurdity, and doff our caps with holy reverence, merely because of his "*evelly a ddywaid?*"

Your correspondent further says, "that under cover of a literary communication, there is some wish to meddle with theological sentiments," and yet, before the close of the paragraph, he himself talks of "the vicarious sacrifice of the Redeemer!" Is this consistent? Now, gentlemen, in the short communication which I made, and which you did me the honour to insert, I neither meddled with, nor made any allusion to theological sentiments; and I most sincerely trust that you will never *stain* the pages of your valuable Quarterly with the dogmas of squabbling theologians. To return. In lieu of the "few philological remarks" which Ieuan promised us, we are presented with a mere string of assertions about Bishop Lowth, the authorized versions, and Paul of Tarsus. "The question" is NOT "whether all the old esteemed versions, &c. are to be given up," (for I said nothing about them,)



but whether the Welsh *am* be a proper translation of the Hebrew prepositive *mem*. I have asserted, and again repeat, that *mem* never signifies *for*, and, therefore, that the version referred to *does not faithfully express the sense of the original*. I am supported in this view by one, at least, of "the old esteemed versions," as the Septuagint renders *mem* by *δια* in the passage in question. Paul of Tarsus also used *δια* in Romans, iv. 25. Now this preposition governs both the genitive and accusative cases, and denotes *by, through, on account of*, but never *for*; consequently, the translations, "He was delivered *for* our offences: *am* ein camweddau ni," are not "the just and faithful rendering of the Greek."

Here Ieuan and myself are fairly at issue. If he have the requisite moral courage to discuss the subject with becoming temper, and will keep closely to the point, I promise, through the pages of the Cambrian Quarterly, to do him full justice; but if he expects that I am to be silenced by rambling assertions which have nothing to do with the question, instead of sound philological discussion, I beg to say that he does not know

ELVAELIAD.

July 4, 1831.

P.S. Is *cosb* the correct translation of קִסָּר, which the Septuagint translates by *παιδεια*, and the Vulgate by *disciplina*? Further, is not the phrase *y daeth iachoad i ni* rather an elegant periphrasis of נִרְפָּא לָנוּ than a faithful version?

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Lewis Glynn Cothi.

To the Editors.

GENTLEMEN,

As I perceive by your last Number, that the works of the celebrated bard Lewis Glynn Cothi may soon be expected to appear in print, under the superintendence of the Cymmrodorion Society, the following list of some of his compositions in my possession may, probably, be acceptable at this time.

Lewis Glynn Cothi was a native of Caermarthenshire, in South Wales. He was, probably, of the family of Dolan Cothi, or, perhaps, of that of Rhyd Odin, and took his bardic name from the river on whose banks he was born, and in whose green vallies and meadows he had spent most of his youthful days. He was a celebrated bard, and became an officer under Jasper, earl of Pembroke, in whose praise he composed many poems; and when that nobleman retired to France, to avoid the vengeance of

Edward IV., Lewis of Glynn Cothi deemed it necessary to live in obscurity, and to retire to some place where he was not known: he, therefore, changed his dress, and came to Chester, where he for a season resided. In the course of time, however, the place of his retirement was discovered, and application was made to the mayor and officers of the city for his apprehension: all his property was seized and confiscated, but he himself, with difficulty, made his escape. He found a place of security at Tower, near Mold, in Flintshire, the residence of Reynold, alias Reinallt ap Griffith ap Blethin, who became his protector. Several attempts were, however, made to apprehend both him and his brave defender, all of which proved unsuccessful; and in the meantime, Lewis's muse was not idle, for here he composed several severe satires, and many a caustic philippic on the mayor of Chester and his party. He flourished from 1460 to 1480. William Herbert, earl of Pembroke, took Harlech castle in 1468. Jasper, earl of Pembroke, was then in France, but returned, probably, that very year, as he and his brother were killed at the battle of Banbury.

*A List of some of Lewis Glynn Cothi's Compositions.*

1. Awdl Foliant i Reinallt Fab Gruffudd Fab Bleddyn. Containing ninety-four lines.
2. Awdl i Harri r Seithved; i Iaspar, Duc Bedford, ac i Sir Rys ap Thomas. Containing seventy-six lines.
3. Awdl Farwnad Edmund Iarll Richmond mab Owain Tydur or Frenhines Catrin yr hon a fuasai yn wraig i Harri V. Containing 150 lines.
4. Awdl i Dduw. Containing 480 lines.
5. Awdl i ganu yn iach i'r Byd. Containing sixty lines.
6. Cywydd i Ioan Fedyddiwr. Containing sixty lines.
7. Cywydd Marwnad Thomas ap Rotsier Brawd William Harbart Iarll Penfro. Containing sixty-eight lines.
8. Cywydd i'r Gwydd Aradr.
9. Awdl moliant Dafydd ap Sion; etto dair yn ychwaneg.
10. Awdl i Efa ferch Llywelyn.
11. Awdl i Ieuan ap Llywelyn.
12. Awdl Marwnad yr Iarll Richmwnd.

n.B. It is stated, page 267 of your last Number, that there has been no Constable of Criccieth castle since the time of Edward II. whereas it is asserted by Sir John Wynne, in his History of the Gwydir Family, that Sir Howell y Fwyall, (or of the battle-axe,) who acquitted himself so valiantly at the battle of Poitiers, and is

said to have taken the French king prisoner, and to have been knighted on the field in consequence, was rewarded by the Black Prince with the Constablership of Chester and Criccieth castle, and the rent of the Dee mills; and there are some Welsh poems now extant, which were addressed to him when resident in Criccieth castle.

*Ich Dien* is claimed by my countrymen as a Welsh phrase made use of by Edward I. in presenting his son to them as their prince; *Eich Dyn*, *your man*; and this circumstance is mentioned as a fact in several old Welsh mss. See Dr. Meyrick's account of the Black Prince in your last Number.

PERIS.

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*To the Editors.*

GENTLEMEN,

AMONG the Bodleian mss. I found one in the Cornish language, accompanied with an English translation, and have sent you a specimen of the work, thinking it may be interesting to some of your readers to know of the existence of such a manuscript. It consists, between the Cornish and the English, of *seventy-four* octavo pages: the reference to it in the library is *Gough MS. Cornwall. No. 3*. It professes to be a transcript of a very old copy, and, in my opinion, it is not very accurately copied: with a specimen of the writing, the transcriber has favored us; and which, I am sorry to add, bears no semblance to the far-famed *Coelbren y Beirdd*.

Yours, &c.

*Bodleian Library; Aug. 3, 1831.*

PENLLYN.

*Drok { a yn gythna goef { a gryst y fyth anbarth cleth*

Drok then yn gythna goef the gryst y fyth anbarth cleth.

The handwriting is something like the above.

## MOUNT CALVARY,

*Or, the History of the Passion, Death, and Resurrection of our Lord and Saviour Jesus X<sup>t</sup>, written in Cornish some Centuries past, interpreted in the English Tongue in the year 1682. By JOHN KEIGWIN, Gent.*

## THE TRANSLATOR'S ADVERTISEMENT.

“WHOSOEVER will be at the trouble to read the ensuing CORNISH poem, and the English of it, must take notice that the English is untimed, and penned not in any way to delight him by the elegance of the phrase, rhetorical flourish, or learned stile, for the author of the English could not effect any such work, he being a Cornish man, meanly instructed in popular English, much less artificial, hath undertaken to give you the English in the Cornish phrase, which you must note is altogether different from the English idiom. The Cornish language hath the negative before the verb, or affirmative; the substantive before the adjective, the relative before the antecedent, which in the Cornish is most elegant; but, compared with the English, the phrase and syntax totally inverted. Howsoever, the designe was (so much as in him lay,) to cause Englishmen (as well as he could) to understand the Cornish tongue, which is now altogether obsolete, and almost obliterated; and without keeping himself to (you may say) disorder in the English, the Cornish words would not be readily apprehended; hoping that the disorder of the English will be rectified by some learned person: beside, he must know that this Cornish poem is not of a modern composure, but was written in an unusual character, and penned before printing was in use, (for ought the author of the English knowes,) and the ensuing Cornish (a true copy of the originall which was penned on purpose (as it may be easily conjectured,) that the vulgar Cornish, then unlearn'd in the English tongue, might the more easily understand the mystery of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Here follows the prologue, without a translation, and then the poem opens thus:

Tays ha mab ha Sperissans wy Abys a lenn galon  
 Re wronte though gras ha whans the wolsowas ey basion  
 Ha thymmo gras ha skyans the gevas pan lavarow  
 May fo the Thu the worryans ha sylwans then enevow.

*Father and Sonn, and Holy Ghost, you shall beseech with faithfull heart*

*To grant you grace and desire to hear the passion,  
And to mee grace and wisdom to obtain by the words,  
That there be to God the glory, and salvation to our soules.*

Sael a vynnno bas sylwys golsowens ow lavarow  
A Gesus del ve helheys war an byd a vel carow  
Ragon menough rebellis ha dispriys yn harow  
Yn grows gras kentrow fastys peynys hys pan ve marow.

*He that will be sav'd let him hearken to my wordes,  
Of Jesus how was hunted on the world, like a deer,  
For our frequent rebellions, and despised bitterly  
On the cross, with nails fastened, payned untill he was dead.*

Du sur dre vertu an tas thynny a thyttas gweras  
En mab dre y skyans bras pan gemert kyg a werbas  
Han sperissans len a ras dre y thadder may fe gwnes  
Hothaff peynys pan vynnas neb un ylygull peghes.

*God sure by the virtue of his Father for us provide help  
In his son by his wisdom great, when he took flesh to help,  
And the Holy Ghost full of grace by his wisdom, was made  
Feel payns when he would who not could commit sin.*

Here follows the last stanza of the work.

Del seveys mal Du ay veth yn Erna thentressa dyth  
Y della ol ny a seff deth braes drok hada yn weth  
E bereth dreimas a dyst yn erna rich ef a vyth  
Drok then yn gythna gorf the Gryst y fyth an barth cleth.

*As rose the Sonne of God from his grave in that hour to the third  
day,  
So shall we all rise to the time, bad, and good also,  
Full of works the just man shall come in that hour, rich he shall be,  
The wicked man in that day hid to Christ shall be on the side left.*

GENTLEMEN,

MAY I request from some of your correspondents a translation of the following lines engraved on a brass box, about six inches long, and two wide. Figures of several of the heathen gods, Bacchus, &c. are represented on the lid and on the back.

PERIS.

DE GODE ALGEMAIN DIESIET MENWEERBYEEN  
DIES TEERE MAGDE SOET TE HELPE UYTGE WEEN  
DE BODE SYN GEREET ENWERDE UYT GE SONDE  
DE VRYERS KLOKVAN MOET MET PYLEN BOOGTE.

On the reverse,

UYTLIEF DE RYN VAN HERTSIET MENDE IONKHEYDSPELE  
ENDOORDE SOET EMINNINNE MET VRUEG DEK WELE  
SIE THOE DAT DE WYNGOD UBACCHS TRANE SONT  
DUSNEEMT BE TAME MAATSOALS GYDRAGE KONT.

*New Monument to Grono Owen.*

M · S ·

REV · GRONOVII · OWEN · A · M · E · COLL · IESV · OXON ·  
POETE · APVD · NOSTRATES · CELEBERRIMI ·  
QVI · IN · INSVLA · MONA · NATVS · ANN · SAL · M · D · CC · XXII ·  
OMNIBVS · FERRE · BONIS · LITERIS · IMBVTVS ·  
PATRIAM · LINGVAM · DEVINCTISSIMO · AMORE ·  
EXCOLVIT · AVXIT · DITAVIT ·  
TANDEM · QVVM · ILLI · BENE · DE LITERIS · BENE ·  
DE PATRIA · MERITO ·  
NVLLVS · TAMEN · MÆCENAS · ADRIDERET ·  
NVLLVS · EVM · PATRONVS · EXCIPERET ·  
ID · QVOD · SVI · NEGARANT ·  
APVD · EXTEROS · QVÆRENS · PERFVGIVM ·  
IN · TRANSATLANTICIS · TERRIS ·  
OBSCVRVS · VIXIT · IGNOTVS · OBIIT ·  
NE · TALIS · VIRI · PENITVS · EXOLESCAT · MEMORIA ·  
HOC · QVALECVNQVE · SIT · MONIMENTVM ·  
MONENSES · SVI · ET · ALII · QVIDAM · ϠIAOMOYCOI ·  
PONENDVM · CVRAVERVNT ·  
M · DCCC · XXXI ·

Underneath there is to be an Englyn.

The above is engraved on a white marble tablet, in the old Roman letter, to be put up in Bangor cathedral. The artist is Mr. Hugh Williams, of Holyhead.

Unfortunately, out of the many poetic effusions which the bards have sent to the Rev. Mr. Jones, who is to adjudge the successful one, no specimen has yet been deemed sufficiently happy for acceptance.

T. R.

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*Saint Cyrig.*

ALTHOUGH it must be allowed that our Welsh local names have for the most part been preserved in their original form, with surprising correctness, yet we occasionally find that some of them have undergone certain alterations, whereby their ancient signification has been entirely lost; and among such, few have suffered more by the change than those connected with *Saint Cyrig*, his name being by many, even of his own countrymen, and by almost all Saxons, without exception, changed into *Cerrig*, as in the instances of *Capel Cyrig*, which is generally spelt *Capel cerrig*, *Llangyrig*, *Llangerrig*, &c. And, on the road between the latter place and Aberystwyth, at the foot of Plinlimmon, there is a place, which in the maps, and on the sign-board of the inn, is represented as *Eisteddfa-gerrig*. Now, as the word *gerrig* signifies *stones*, and, as the place is encircled by rocks, it appeared probable to me as I journeyed by, that it took its appellation from those accompaniments; but, while I was making inquiries respecting the hills in its vicinity, the driver of the Llanidloes coach undeceived me with regard to its real name, by repeating a Welsh stanza, in which some unlucky bard complains of the untoward destiny which had overtaken him there: the words are these,

Mi debygasion wrth fy magu  
Cawn i wely o blu i gyngu  
Yn lle hynny gwely o gerrig  
Ar ben bwch Eisteddfa Gyrig.

I thought in my infancy that I should never want a feather-bed to sleep on, instead of which my lot has been a bed of stones on the height of the pass of *Eisteddva-Gyrig*.

Now, whatever the merit of these rhymes may be, they evidently show that the composer understood the place to bear the name of the British saint. I would, therefore, request the favor of

some of your antiquarian friends affording some explanation of the name. Did Saint Cyrig ever hold a conclave or synod in this place, or was he in the habit of retiring amongst its seclusions in order the better to indulge in his devotional meditations ?

C.

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GENTLEMEN,

It appears from some Welsh lines addressed to them while in confinement, that eight gentlemen from the district of Lley, in the county of Carnarvon, were imprisoned for some time in the tower in London, most probably for uniting with Sir Richard Bulkeley, of Baron hill, in his opposition to the Earl of Leicester, who was in great favor with Queen Elizabeth, and who had been appointed by her, ranger of Snowdon forest; and who attempted to extend the boundaries of the said forest beyond its usual limits, in order to increase its revenue, and thus tyrannize over the inhabitants. The gentlemen whose names are mentioned were the following: Hugh Gwynn, of Bodywell, esq.; Thomas Madryn, of Madry, esq.; Hugh Richards, of Cefn Llanfair, esq.; Griffith Jones, of Nyffryn, esq.; John Griffith, esq., probably of Cefn Amwlch; two gentlemen of the name of William, and another bearing that of George, but their surnames and places of residence are not mentioned. There are lines addressed to them by two different Welsh bards, viz. Morus Dwyfch and Hugh ap Richard ap David; and a gentleman from the district of Eivionydd, in the same county, is mentioned by the former bard, viz. Rowland Roberts, esq., and it is particularly specified that they were imprisoned on account of the forest of Snowdon. The rapacity and oppression of Dudley, earl of Leicester, whilst acting as master of the game and chief ranger and keeper of the Queen's Highness forest of Snowdon, are noticed by Mr. Pennant with becoming detestation and abhorrence. Some further particulars respecting these gentlemen would, no doubt, be acceptable to many of your readers. In the same collection of Welsh poetry are some lines addressed to Mr. Robert Wynn, of Holyhead, who was imprisoned at Ludlow, before the dissolution of the court of marches latterly held there.

PERIS.



## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Rectory of Valehead.* By the Rev. R. W. Evans, M.A. Fourth edit. post 8vo. pp. 308. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1831.

WE have recently received a copy of this little work, and feel great pleasure in taking an early opportunity of bringing it to the notice of our readers. Any recommendation, however, which we can give it, would seem to be unnecessary to its reputation, as it has already, we observe, passed through three editions.

The book is of a religious character and tendency throughout: it shews us religion under a new guise and aspect, and the views and objects of the work are illustrated with becoming force and talent. Its beauties must, we are sure, be felt and understood by every pious and sincere Christian: we see in it Christianity depicted to us in its most interesting and amiable colours, in the home and household of a Christian pastor. It here imparts some essence of its divine fragrance to every daily occurrence, to every thought and feeling that can arise from the contemplation of nature and mankind. It takes hold of every familiar incident; the slightest trait of passion is rendered subservient to the precepts and doctrines of a pure religion; and from the more amiable and engaging instances of domestic affections and regrets, is extracted a moral full of benevolent instruction. The beauties of nature in its various scenes are especially used as a vehicle for the lessons which religion teaches the Christian: the changes and contrasts which strike the eye in the one, are made sensible types and symbols of the character and conditions of human existence. On this head the author, or the teacher *whom he represents*, through whose medium he speaks, has not neglected to give a salutary warning to the enthusiastic and imaginative, against the danger of allowing the mind to range abroad, unfettered, through the wide scenes of nature, without a star to mark its way, or to steer its own speculative and uncertain course over the sea of abstract philosophy, without the security of a compass, the compass of religion. The imagination, glorying in its own fanciful discoveries, becomes regardless of the great and only test of all knowledge; and, lost and bewildered in its own researches, forgets the principles and practice of *revealed* religion. With one only object, the author impresses on us, with one only view is the world and its incidents to be contemplated,—the goodness and glory of the Christian God, and the confirmation of his *word*, and power, and will. Man must not view his religion in the hills, nor discover it in the vallies: he first must learn it from the book of God, and carry His precepts into the world of nature. Man must not

seek his deity in the clouds of the sky, nor learn his morality from the lilies of the field: he must reverse this propensity of his imagination, and enter already stored, already provided, *armed*, upon the sensible and ever present volume of nature's works.

Under the several heads of "the Family Liturgy," "the First Member sent out into the World," "the First Marriage in the Family," "the Garden," "the Absentee," "the Pensioners of the Family," "the Servants of the Family," "the First-Born," and "the Friend of the Family," we believe the reader will find every point touched upon or developed, which can bear in the remotest degree on the sacred subject of the work. For every action, for every occupation of life, the author has some rule and precept laid down, tending to the instruction of a whole family in the ways of God. As a specimen of the comfort and delight to be derived from a practice of family prayer, even when the members of a family are separated, we subjoin the following.

"Even when absent, we enjoyed to a considerable degree the comfort and protection of home. Is it nothing to be assured that we are the object of continual prayer? Is it nothing to know that at a certain hour we are joining our prayers with others, and are united at the foot of the throne of God?" (P. 36.)

That the natural and social bonds of attachment are not sufficient to keep the mind of youth in the true path of righteousness, or to protect them from worldly feelings and temptations, our author endeavours to impress upon the hearts of all who live in the midst of a family.

"I have seen very many amiably united in the bonds of affection, but very few, alas, in those of religion. In almost all, the serious thoughts connected with another life seemed studiously kept down in the bottom of the bosom, not as a treasure of which the owner was jealous, but as an occupant of which he was ashamed: they seemed to be withheld as endangering the unity of home, not as confirming it, and that suppression of opinion which on any worldly matter would be considered disingenuous, was on this point industriously encouraged." (P. 37.)

We would also notice to our readers a beautiful comparison, which is drawn from the feelings and thoughts which attend the father's delight in receiving the morning salutations of his assembled family, when the mind and body are both fresh, and the heart is filled with gratitude and adoration.

"And do you think, that upon such an occasion I do not look forward to that last morning of universal rising, when the good, having cast off the bondage of pain and care with which they lay down to rest, shall rise in heavenly vigour for everlasting day, and I too, I humbly hope, shall receive my family at the hands of my Saviour, not one member wanting, never to part again. Oh, the thought is my continual stay and comfort! (P. 86.)

The character of the mother of the family is not omitted; and her duties, example, and tender affections, are beautifully delineated. She is indeed a more effective instrument of grace unto her children than even a father.

We should be anxious to learn whether the narrations which form the subject of the work are a representation of real facts; but, without knowing, we must conclude that they are not. This, however, is a point worthy of some attention; and we request our reader's patience for a short time longer, while we state some observations that arise to us on this point. Now, as facts are better than argument, we regret that the author has not made them apparent, if they really did exist; for, however beautifully a picture may be drawn, it fails either to please or to instruct, if its objects represent not what is natural, or at least probable, in nature. If there really ever lived a family such as is here described, much reasonable hope might be entertained of a reformation in the *religious* practice of the world;—we say reformation, for the change that would take place from the practice of society to the practice of this book, would amount to that: we shall have a few words to say as to whether such a change be desirable.—If the world could see such effects of religious life, or be convinced of their truth, they would be more likely to study the means of their own eternal happiness: they would *not* begin to think that strict devotion is not incompatible with the comforts and socialities of life; but if this is a mere ideal picture, if such life and such actions are only what the writer thinks men ought to adopt, and ought to cherish, we fear his imagination will prove but a seedless plant, we fear his labour is but in vain.

Pursuing this view of the subject further, it may be observed that, man being a social creature by nature, and from his birth, the principal and fundamental rules of society will be the same in all ages, though its modes and practice have continually varied; and *religion*, consequently, which applies itself to society, must, to a certain degree, accommodate itself to the usages of society. Conformity, then, and mutual acquiescence, form two of the bases of social life; and any conduct repugnant to these, any eccentric singularity, any exclusiveness, or arrogance of superior virtue, with which the world cannot sympathise, it rejects at once and condemns,—much latitude is allowed to opinion: on the contrary, conduct and practice are allowed to be left to mere discretion. Persons, therefore, brought up and instructed in the views and notions which are, in this book, given to the members of the clergyman's family, must, when ushered into the world, have met with conduct and character most remote from their respect and esteem, most at variance with their ideas of religion or virtue: they must have been brought in contact with circumstances and accidents of daily occurrence, perpetually jarring on their feelings and prejudices; they could have looked on mankind in no other light than as foolish or unprincipled creatures, rushing on their own ruin. Thus neither could they enjoy the pleasures of social life as men usually enjoy them, nor could they derive from the contemplation

of the world any thing but regret and desolation; the consequence would be, that their conduct and language would convey a reproach on all, to be met, in return, with indifference or contempt. We think it may be doubted whether mankind would be happier by leading the life of ascetic, if not selfish, devotees; it may be questioned, in our opinion, whether religion ought to be made the *business* of life.

Worship and devotion suit, undoubtedly, the character and station of a Christian pastor, and the beautiful scenes of Nature (our conjecture, by the way, refers the scene of our story to the picturesque country on the borders of North Wales, the author's country,) are most favorable to the encouragement of those subjects. But, we ask, has not our author carried his reflections too far on these points? Has he not, in other points, refined too much on the simple and natural circumstances of life? Are not his deductions occasionally far-fetched, his comparisons rather forced? We put these questions not in a severe spirit of criticism,—we wish to leave the answer to our readers' thoughts and feelings; they, perhaps, will be a safe monitor to whichever side they lean. If the high-toned religious morality of this volume be above, be too much for the world in general, let those who *can* value it, who *can* endeavour to observe it, cherish its doctrines as they would a treasure of greatest worth, but discovered only to a few. At the same time, let us excuse the many, the *οἱ πολλοί*, for their luke warmth,—perhaps we should say indifference; for let it ever be remembered, that religion cannot be forced upon the mind as reason. It must rise as a mountain spring, as it were, spontaneously, from the hidden recesses of the heart, so will it gather a stronger impulse in its course from every passing incident and obstacle, till it come to maturity and confirmed strength; the spirit of grace will rest on those whom it may choose to distinguish: it may, and ought then, when it shews itself but as a spark, to be nourished into a flame; but the rule or limit of Divine grace must be inscrutable to us for ever. Let not then despondency seize the heart of the weak, though willing; their good, their merit, can never be undervalued by a just and merciful God: we fear, indeed, that the despondent will be found too often to be the religionist.

In conclusion, we can, with sincerity, recommend this book, especially in the spirit of our last remarks, to the perusal of our readers. It is a book unique of its kind, though the author names, as its prototype, "*Herbert's Temple*."\* The only books of a similar character that we have met with are two entitled respectively, "*Passion and Principle*," and "*Father Clement*," by one

\* The author of this now scarce book was an ecclesiastic of the 17th century, and the last occupant of Montgomery Castle, before it was dismantled by Cromwell.—EDITORS.

and the same author, a Roman Catholic. The book before us carries the matter further than either of the two we have named; it is a book we hesitate not to say that ought to be in the possession, and we would advise, the use, of every Christian family. If we cannot act entirely up to its precepts, we may gain much instruction from their excellence and sublime beauty, and much good from our endeavours to imitate and practice them.

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*The Origin and Progress of the Gwyneddigion Society of London,*  
by William Davies Leathart. 1 vol. 8vo. London: Hughes.

THIS work has, during the present year, risen, Phoenix like, from its ashes,\* and it behoves us to defer no longer entering upon an examination of its contents, for it is a book peculiarly attractive to the Welshman and to the general Celtic scholar. When it is recollected that, to the Gwyneddigion Society we owe a complete resuscitation of Cambrian literature; that this institution has ever held in view and in practice matters forming most important integrals to national respectability in its most extensive meaning; when we consider this, we are sure that the public must feel indebted to Mr. Leathart for devoting his time in the compilation of this volume: and in bestowing praise on him, it would be unjust not to mention the assistance rendered by several literary men, to whom our author ascribes much valuable assistance. These co-operatives have the consolation of knowing that, although themselves and their labours have been treated by a majority of their countrymen with an indifference disgraceful to an enlightened community, yet there are many who properly appreciate such devotedness to native literature. Some of these patriots have, during a very short interval of time, paid the debt of nature: poor Bardd Cloff has not been forgotten; and Robert Davies, of Nant Glyn, now wears his prize medal for eulogising departed worth, the warm-hearted Bardd Cloff; Mr. Rowland Jones, of Greenwich, lived just long enough to furnish some unique information to our author;—these things are to us exceedingly melancholy, but at the same time very interesting. Reverting further back, the immortal Owen Myvyr still lives in his children, the Gwyneddigion; the giant Iolo Morganwg, together with all his misfortunes and pains, rests in the grave, but he will ever live in the history of his country; poor Glan y Gors went before; Humphreys Parry, and his anxieties in life, have ceased to exist, but his elegant writings bear evidence of the man.

It may not be necessary to name the men living to whom Mr. Leathart is indebted; some of them are becoming old, and, in the

\* The first edition was destroyed by fire, with the exception of a single copy.

course of nature, are fast approaching to the last stage of mortality,—they are, though late in life, enjoying the honour due to their exertions. In the work before us, we find their names coupled with those of various foreign associates, and Jean François de Legonidec is well placed beside our own professors; it is only by such international literature and international association that a perfect retrospective knowledge of countries is obtained.

To possess recorded incidents, however broken and irregular, of learned men, whether our contemporaries or not; to learn the rise and progress of such an institution as the Gwyneddigion; to read of its uninterrupted exertions, their foreign and domestic transactions, must not be merely amusing to the eye, but impart instruction to the mind: how is it, we wish to know, that some countries in all ages of the world have held distinguished rank for examples of courage, and patriotism, and fifty other idolized virtues, while other nations have been famed for nothing great? how is it, we ask, has this occurred? some will, perhaps, smile at our answer: it is because nationality, we do not mean exclusive nationality, has invariably, in such instances, been cultivated by the former, while the latter have been listlessly indifferent to all feeling of pride as a people;—in other words, this same national respectability must spring from such associations as the Welsh Gwyneddigion Society in London. We do not mean to assert that the greatest of our countrymen here mentioned have rendered themselves pre-eminently useful to society; and though they are almost unknown to English moralists, strange to say, far less known to Englishmen than to the scholars of the European continent, yet their lives have been spent in a series of exertion highly useful to their native Wales: though they possessed not the caliber of Verulam, or of Locke, still they possessed an anxiety to benefit their country in a way which, as exercised by them, confers high honour to both; and long after we and the present generation have passed away, when the mental powers of countries are more extensively known through the aid of increased mediums for intelligence, their usefulness will be universally acknowledged.

Even were we unconnected with matters of Celtic interest, as “citizens of the world” we are bound to notice, in the present examination affecting our modern Cambrian worthies, a system of unfairness, for owing to a stupid exclusion of them from public estimation, or rather, from the total ignorance of certain “big wigs,” yclept the large London publishers, coupled with their extraordinary monopoly in the trade of bookmaking, scarcely a single biography of one of them has been printed; and we know instances where well-written and highly important manuscript works of the kind have been rejected; true, indeed, Encyclopædian Rees has been forced upon them, for they might as well have excluded their own Samuel Johnson; but even in the case of Rees, we are not told who he

was, and the world are to this moment ignorant that Rees was a poor shepherd's son, born on a mountain side in Wales, and that pure accident brought him forth the instrument of more lucre to those "big wigs" than any other writer of his time; but as regards Wales, this system shall not remain long.

Yet from circumstances independent of us, such a state of things surely cannot continue; or if they do, it will be a reproach to the common understanding of the country. Will it be believed that the writing genius of Britain is restricted by a periodical assemblage of monopolising persons called publishers, heavy in purse and light in brain, in the famed atmosphere of Paternoster, owing their very existence to the labours of indigent talent? On such matters we might ever have remained silent; but common justice, common integrity, in the defence of our neglected countrymen, living and dead, drag from us that truth which we know, and which they, with all their established power and monied influence, cannot disprove.

We have been led away from our immediate criticism of the History of the Gwyneddigion, and we must, last of all, do justice to its author: Mr. Leathart has evinced uncommon industry in his collection of matter; his language is neither good nor bad, but the end attained is exceedingly valuable; and, as we have before remarked, will be of much greater value by and by.

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*Hymnau. Hymns. Llanyddyvri. D. R. and W. Rees.*

THIS selection, in the Welsh language, by the Rev. Daniel Rees, is distinguished by the only essential in a work of this kind, which is, the spirit of piety. In some of the hymns there appears a want of connexion; and we notice a great many instances of abbreviations of words, which is always objectionable. As a whole, we consider it a valuable acquisition to the religious world.

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*Parochial Letters from a Beneficed Clergyman to his Curate.*  
8vo. Pp. 301. London: Rivingtons.

No one can peruse this little volume without perceiving that it has emanated from a mind stored with elegant impressions, and possessing naturally a power of estimating all created things, in a manner beyond the grasp of less discriminative genius. This power has evidently been improved by education, (of course it is presumed, that all writers are men of education, but we mean here a superior one;) admitting so much, we think a few passages shew a fondness for hard phrases, or rather a singularity in composition by no means desirable.

Whenever we are called upon to review a work of superior pretensions, we are anxious to find out something, it matters not how trifling, with which we may conscientiously differ from the writer; and in the "Parochial Letters," a few such objections as we have noticed, and some of the sentiments contained in the letter on "Catholics," are the only parts we dislike; there, in general, runs through the book a liberality of feeling, and much elevated sentiment. The letters on "Psalmody," "Providence of private Christians," "Cant," and "Clergy," are fine illustrations of our last remark; and we hesitate not to say that the author of these chapters has shewn himself a most worthy member of, and an ornament to, the church of England. The sound sense, calm reasoning, and nervousness of the writing, is really worthy of all commendation, and it is a matter of serious regret to us that we cannot select passages from each of those letters. We have barely space for a few short quotations from "Letter VI., on Psalmody," and "VII., the Instruction of the Poor:" we begin with Psalmody.

"Congregational psalmody is a portion of public worship which if we of the church practise, it is only, "ad arbitrium," incidentally; just as personal discretion or taste shall determine; by no means as an inseparable adjunct,—*partial local* singing, (I cannot for the present find clearer words for my purpose,) being at least as common, and, indeed, in numbers of instances there being none at all; whilst of the worship of certain denominations of our dissenting brethren, more sensibly alive, it would appear, to the attractions by which our human nature is induced to co-operate in serious works, and more disposed to solicit their valuable aid, it may be deemed quite a characteristic; constituting, indeed, a very great part of their whole ritual.

"It would be difficult to allege a *religious* reason, or indeed any other reason than that, *even so*, a welcome pause is made in the supposed uniformity of our services, and a temporary respite from attention provided for the congregation or minister, or both, why, where the choir may be commensurate with the church itself,

"Singing and making melody unto God"

should be confined to some half a dozen self-elected monopolising performers, the rest of the audience merely looking on, and listening as to a something performed for their relief by another and a distinct set of officials.

"One might almost suppose that church singing actually was, or at least was deemed to be, in some places, the *privilege of particular persons*; none others interfering, without being guilty of wilful and punishable trespass upon their chartered rights. The tone of thinking seems to be something like this—'the minister and the clerk have their offices to themselves; and, no doubt, the singers have theirs also.'

"Or as if, to take an opposite view, singing were an inferior menial duty, the work of *hirelings* only, in which the "free" man was estopped, by considerations of personal superiority, from having part with the "bond."

"Or, again, as if there were some art or mystery in it, not to be attained by the ordinary Christian,—the slow and dearly earned recompense of a seven years' apprenticeship.

"And, in good truth, *part singing*, the frequent practice of our rural congregations, is a mystery, which may well defy the uninitiated to take "part or lot" in it; but then, for that precise reason, to be got rid of as soon as with



prudence it can be, by the substitution of a fuller, richer harmony, of quite another complexion; for psalmody is as strictly as any other part of the service, a congregational employment, and a most inspiring and very delightful one too; of which no other proof need be given, than the palpable fact, that it is seldom, if ever, grafted into our church ministrations, without a visible increase of attendance on the part of the congregation.

"That it is also an easy and very practicable one, appears from this, that in those places of religious worship, where the inclination to give vent to the feelings of devotion is not restrained by any mere personal consideration, but all join that fairly can, a very great mass of sound, in proportion to the persons present, is put forth, and a very excellent effect upon the whole produced.

"The ready way to obtain this, would be to provide the accustomed performers themselves with simple slow-moving tunes *in unison*, or, at the most, in two parts, upper and bass; which, when they had heard them a few times, the rest of the people would acquire, and, after a little private admonition, take their willing and correct part in, the original corps of performers serving to lead, and keep in time and tune.

"Or, if the gallery folks were inaccessible to change, the clerk might be constituted leader, or, should nature have denied him the gift of "song," some one of the clergyman's own household.

"In short, *somewhere* or other, auxiliaries would, in most places, be infallibly found; and the general consent would usually, at no great distance of time, divide their task with them peaceably and profitably.

"And lest you, or any of your friends, should plead unacquaintance with good tunes for the purpose, or rather that out of so many you know not where to choose, pray accept and make the best use you can of the few which accompany this letter. They have been selected with some pains out of many volumes; and if that be any recommendation to you, have often and often cheered and warmed my own devotion, and, I doubt not, that of many others.

"The way in which they were acquired, in our own parish, was this: once a week, in the summer months, the clergyman met, sometimes in the church, sometimes in his own study, such young persons of the place as were willing to help us; then, after he had sung over a tune two or three times by himself, they would join, by little and little, and with more and more confidence, until we at last produced a large and tolerably correct body of harmony." (P. 71.)

Now this applied to Wales, as regards consequences, is every word of it true; the Welsh are remarkably fond of congregational singing; in support of the writer's observations on this head, we shall relate a fact within our knowledge: A gentleman residing in a small parish in Wales, lamenting the want of good singing in the church, proposed offering certain little encouragements to the improvement of Psalmody; and doing so, his wishes were quickly realised: the singing (*by all persons who wished to sing,*) became equal to that of any country congregation we ever heard. Circumstances rendered it necessary for this gentleman to leave the Principality, and shortly after, things lapsed into their old train; the monotonous half-dozen vocalists, screened behind their faded green curtain, again ruled the psalmody. What was the consequence? In less than twelve months a new methodist chapel faced the parish church, which became comparatively for-

saken. Now let us ask our ministers of religion, from the bishop down to the curate, a very simple question: can you be surprised, or can you blame those who are devoted to psalmody, frequenting that house of worship where they can alone enjoy their favorite mode of adoration?

“On the instruction of the poor,” our author remarks:

“But reading may be abused:—certainly it may, as what may not? Yet why by the poor more than by others? How can this be an argument against teaching *them*, if it be none against teaching their *superiors*?”\*

“As to the objection that reading may be abused to the purposes of vice, it is enough to remark, that the time and opportunities of the poor will not allow of their consulting many books. Pernicious publications, such as they could afford to purchase out of their scanty means, rarely issue from the press, and for a reason highly creditable to our commonalty, that they would not find a market.

“The layer out of his pittance must have something, the interest of which he knows to be more than momentary,—a book of lasting use,—his money’s worth; and do you not think with me, that if it were possible, at any given moment, to catch a sight of the instructed poor at their books, we should find, for one that was reading what was trashy or vicious, a dozen studying something religious or practically useful?

“There is a complaint abroad, as you well know, that servants and labourers have lost something of their wonted docility and submissiveness, and this is strangely enough attributed to their having been at school.

“There is also a still more solemn charge prevalent, but, not substantiated,—that, in spite of their pains to instruct the poor, crime amongst them is on the increase.

“But now, with respect to the former accusation—who has ever attempted to shew that the instructed are the *only or chief delinquents*?

“The appetite for instruction is daily enlarging, and demanding food; and if we do not satisfy it, others will. If the children of the poor find no instruction in the CHURCH, the MEETING will be their refuge:† so that choice is really at an end; unless, indeed, what cannot be supposed for one moment, we are content to abandon altogether this humane and honourable office, with all its goodly fruits, to those of another heritage.” (P. 85.)

The pragmatistical assumptions of anti-education advocates are now seldom heard; and we anticipate little or no opposition to the chapter on the instruction of the poor. We confess our quotations are selected with too much haste to do justice to the “Parochial

\* It is curious enough that the argument against teaching, upon the ground of its making the poor too proud for their station, is one of the strongest for it. Grant that it does: but then, as we cannot now stop the course of instruction,—for if we withheld it, the dissenters would take it up,—the only remedy is universality. Hasten that period, when all shall have had their portion of scholarship, and then, though the whole mass of the community shall have moved forward, the *relations* of one rank to another will be much as they are now.

† Wherever there has been a deficiency of the means of education in Wales, we think the schools instituted by dissenters have been productive of much good; of course, we give our own church schools the preference.

Letters," and we necessarily are compelled to make a general reference to the book: our opinion is that it is calculated greatly to benefit mankind, particularly that portion who most require the interference of the liberal and influential; and, moreover, to benefit us all, under the benign influence of Protestant Christianity.

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*Gwinllan y Bardd. The Bard's Vineyard. Llanymddyvri:*  
D. R. and W. Rees.

THE REV. Daniel Evans, the editor of "*the Bard's Vineyard*," is, in our opinion, one of the few in the Principality deserving the name of bard. We have perused this work with some attention, and on comparing it with any Welsh author, ancient or modern, which we ever read, we give it the most decided preference: it forms a perfect contrast with the trash which occasionally appears under a poetic garb: the subjects are select, and the execution is masterly. Although restricted by rules peculiar to Welsh poetry, Mr. Evans is evidently unembarrassed by them. His penetration is deep; his ideas are sublime, similies natural, style chaste, and the *tout ensemble* just as it ought to be. Some passages have struck us with admiration; but to give *extracts* of what is beautiful, would be to transcribe the greater part of the whole volume. It might with truth be said, that the vines are of the choicest kind, the clusters are abundant, and the flavor is delicious, and, no doubt, will afford a rich dessert.

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#### LITERARY NOTICES.

Lately published, "*An Essay on the Causes which have produced Dissent in Wales from the Established Church.*"

"*A Sermon preached at Trinity Church, Chester, in Aid of the Society for Promoting the Spiritual Welfare of the Welsh Residents in Chester.*" By JOHN BLACKWELL, B.A. of Jesus College, Oxford.

Now publishing, in parts, "*A Pocket Pronouncing Gaelic Dictionary.*" Edited by N. M'ALPINE. This work has received the approval of the Gaelic literati.

Shortly to be published in Numbers, "*A Gaelic-English Dictionary.*"

Lately published, "*The Clerical Legacy; or a Manual of Sermons, chiefly preached before the University of Oxford.*" By P. WILLIAMS, D.D. rector of Llanbedrog.

"*Sacred Lyrics.*" By ALFRED BARTHOLOMEW. Small 8vo. Rivingtons.

"*The Annual Wanderer,*" has been received; we think it fairly written, but the incidents are too few and unimportant to publish.

## LONDON AND PROVINCIAL NEWS.

## ECCLESIASTICAL.

*St. Asaph.* Last July the annual chapter of the diocese was held, after which the diocesan committees of the society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and of the society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, investigated and passed the accounts of those institutions. Before separating, the dean and chapter examined the accounts relating to Corwen College estate, of which they are trustees.

During the same, the lord bishop of the diocese held a confirmation in the cathedral. After an excellent address in Welsh, by his lordship's domestic chaplain, the Rev. T. S. Roberts, one of the canons of the cathedral, and rector of Llanrwst, his lordship administered the rite of confirmation to 480 young persons, from the seven parishes in the deanery of Tygeryl. The Rev. Henry Parry, A.M., vicar of Llanard, next preached an able sermon to the clergy of the diocese, assembled to hear his lordship's primary charge, taking his text from Matthew, v. 13, "Ye are the salt of the earth."

The lord bishop held his confirmation at Newtown in August, when upwards of 300 persons were confirmed.

*Bangor.* In August last, a general ordination was held by the right rev. the lord bishop, in the cathedral church, when the following persons were admitted to the holy order of deacons, viz., The Rev. Hugh Prichard, B.A. Jesus College, Oxford; Rev. Evan Williams, B.A. Jesus College, Oxford; Rev. Evan James, B.A. Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

*Llandaff.* The dean and chapter have appointed the Rev. Daniel Jones, curate of Cardiff, to the vicarage of Caerleon, on the presentation of the lord bishop of the diocese, in the place of the Rev. Edward James, M.A. resigned.

*Important to the Clergy.* The following case, concerning simoniacal contracts, is important to the clergy, and to patrons of livings. A clergyman lately tendered, to his diocesan, his resignation of a living of which he was incumbent, made by him in pursuance of a verbal agreement entered into by him with his patron at the time of presentation, to resign the living at the end of two years: upon reference to very high legal authority, this agreement proves to have been simoniacal, under the act of the 31 Eliz. c. 6. It necessarily follows, that all engagements whatever between a presentee and his patron to resign, unless made and registered according to the provisions of the act 9 Geo. IV. c. 94, are simoniacal, and render the parties liable to the very severe penalties of the first-mentioned Act, viz. the avoidance of the living, the forfeiture of the next turn of presentation to the king, &c.; and that it is absolutely necessary for parties who propose to enter into such engagement, to regulate their proceedings strictly according to the 9 Geo. IV. c. 64.

*Oxford, Sept. 15.* The Rev. Richard Briscoe, B.A., scholar of Jesus College, and curate of Llangollen, North Wales, was elected fellow of that society, in the room of the Rev. Owen Owen, lately drowned in the Rothsay steamer.

*Preferred.* The Rev. Lewis Davies, to the living of Pontfaen, in the diocese of St. David's, vacant by the death of his father, the Rev. Henry Howell Davies, on the presentation of the patron, Henry Rees, esq.

## ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY'S BILL.

The following are the leading features of the Archbishop of Canterbury's bill, entitled "An Act to restrain and regulate the Holding of Plurality of Dignities and Benefices by Spiritual Persons."

The preamble says, "Whereas it is expedient to alter and amend the laws now in force for the restraint and regulation thereof: be it therefore enacted,

&c. that all previous Acts on the subject of pluralities shall be abolished." The bill then goes on to enact, that no person shall hold two deaneries, prebends, canonries, or other dignities, &c.: that no person shall hold two benefices with cure of souls. Spiritual persons having obtained licence or dispensation, may hold two benefices, if the distance between them do not exceed thirty miles, with power to the Archbishop of Canterbury to grant licence or dispensation. Proviso in case of refusal by the Archbishop to grant licence or dispensation. Proviso for confirmation or dispensation by his Majesty. Power to archbishop to revoke licences. Proviso in case of benefice becoming void by the revocation of licence or dispensation, or by dispensation not being affirmed by his Majesty. How annual value of benefices to be estimated. The form and contents of the application for licence or dispensation. Archbishop may order distances to be measured. Particulars and donatives to belong to diocese in which they are situated. Act to extend to England and Wales.

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THE LATE PREBEND JENKINS.

A tablet, having the following very appropriate inscription, has lately been erected in Kerry church, Montgomeryshire: "Sacred to the memory of the Rev. John Jenkins, M.A. prebendary in the dioceses of York and St. David's, chaplain to his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, and twenty-two years vicar of this parish; who in every relation of life, whether clergyman, magistrate, son, husband, father, brother, friend, was most exemplary. He departed this life November 20th, 1829, aged fifty-nine years, leaving a mournful widow, an infant son, and a numerous circle of relations and friends, to lament his loss."

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REFORM BILL.

Denbigh and Flintshire are to have each two county members; we are of opinion that the other Welsh counties ought to participate in the advantages of sending additional members to parliament.

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THE CORONATION.

This august ceremony has been so well described by printed statements, coupled with the aid of the engraver, that we shall not adopt the plan of several of our contemporaries by particularising its pageant and spectacle: it is sufficient to say that, on the 8th of September, we witnessed the coronation of our most gracious King William IV. and Queen Adelaide; that they were invested with the insignia of mortal rule, amid as hearty and as sincere congratulation from their subjects as ever echoed through the ancient abbey of Westminster; and that the event has been throughout the kingdom celebrated in a way never outdone in demonstrations of loyalty.

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THE CYMMRODORION SOCIETY.

We exceedingly regret that an essay proposed for competition, by this society, should have given annoyance to some individuals; we are certain of one fact, namely, that the Cymmrodorion, in the selection of their subjects last year, and the successful writer, in his mode of treating his subject, were actuated by no unworthy motives.

Owing to the injudicious conduct of the editors of a few country newspapers, the Cymmrodorion has been subject to an illiterate and false attack, made upon it by a poor creeping thing, adopting the signature of O. W. T.\* nor have we escaped his coarseness. The wretched distorter of

\* The Cymmrodorion have evinced fine feeling in not noticing this libellous attack; we know an instance though of legal punishment following the publica-

truth miscalculates, if he dreams of making us forget ourselves so far as entering into a controversy with him, though, if we are further subjected to his insolence, we may find out a mode of pacifying him. When he blackened our writers with his opinion of their compositions, we confess the fantastic ravings of the idiot did for a moment startle us.

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SCIENCE.

*Purification of Coal Mines.* The following very important information to colliers and miners is extracted from the Liverpool "Kaleidoscope;" a correspondent of which professes to give the information as proceeding from his own experiments. The reference to Number X., page 195, of the *Cambrian Quarterly*, an article entitled, "*Adaptation of Reflectors to Sir Humphrey Davy's Miners' Safety Lamp,*" will convince the reader that Mr. J. Roberts, a Welsh gentleman resident in London, was the discoverer of the use of quicklime in the dispersion of foul air. The application of chlorine is, we believe, original, and we give the mode of its application for the benefit of our labouring countrymen:

"Being connected with coal mines, and having often witnessed the effects of vitiated air in shafts and workings, especially when an opening has been made into some old workings, having no connection with the air gate, I have been led to adopt a very simple (and probably, to some of your readers, novel,) mode of purifying the air: viz. Mix one pound of chloride of lime and a large lump of fresh burnt lime, with four or six gallons of water, force the same through a syringe, having a head pierced with small holes, like the nose of a watering can, so that the mixture may be disposed over the space like small rain. The effect will be almost instantaneous. I have cleared shafts that have had sixty perpendicular yards of foul air in them, with the mixture only, diluting with a double quantity of water. I never knew it to fail in purifying the air, and rendering it capable to support combustion. You may easily try the experiment in a brewer's vat when newly emptied, and then containing carbonic acid gas. I was led to the experiment from reflecting on the affinity the hydrate of lime has for carbonic acid, thus evolving the oxygen of the chlorine. As the substance is very cheap, some of it might be mixed with the water, in watering the streets, during the heat of summer, especially some of the streets near the docks, narrow, densely populated, and extremely filthy and offensive to the nose of a person who breathes the fresh air of a country situation."

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Mr. Thomas Evans, of the Traveller's Inn, on the road from Holywell to St. Asaph, has constructed a churn, which a child, nine years of age, is capable of managing. Its construction is quite new; and is worked by means of a fier.

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CULTIVATION OF TEA IN WALES.

We copy the following from the papers: The Chinese green tea plant (*camellia viridis*) has been successfully planted by Mr. Rootsey, of Bristol, in a part of Breconshire, near the source of the Usk, about 1000 feet above the level of the sea, and higher than the limits of the native woods, consisting of alder and birch. It endured the winter, and was not affected by the frost of the 7th of May; and it has now made several vigorous shoots.

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tion of charges less grievous in their nature than this one, where a county journal, either through ignorance or a bad spirit, vituperated a literary society in London.—EDITORS.

## SAFETY OF AGRICULTURAL PRODUCE.

*To prevent Injury by Lightning to Stacks.* A simple preventive from injury by lightning to corn and hay ricks, is that of merely putting an inverted broken bottle on the point where the thatch terminates; instead of which a spar or spiral pinnacle of reed is placed at the summit, both of which are, with the exception of iron, the best conductors of the electric fluid, and are the general cause of the accidents which occur from lightning; whereas glass and sealing-wax are non-conductors, and therefore repel the fluid, instead of attracting it.

## THE LATE SIR THOMAS MOSTYN.

This estimable man was Vice President of the Royal Cambrian Institution. At the family mansion, in Flintshire, the original document, issued by order of Queen Elizabeth, to hold an Eisteddvod, or meeting of bards and minstrels at Caerwys, in 1568, is preserved; also a miniature silver harp, with strings corresponding with the number of the Muses, which used from time immemorial to be placed round the neck of the successful minstrel, when a contest took place between the Welsh harpers, by Sir Thomas's ancestors. Of late years the best performer is presented with a miniature harp.

## POPULATION OF PLACES IN WALES ACCORDING TO THE NEW CENSUS.

*Population of Wrexham.* Males 2596, females 2888, total 5484. Excess of females over males 292.

*Population of Bangor.* Males 1983, females 2766, total 4751. Inhabited houses 1171, families 1790.

*Population of Newtown.* Town of Newtown, males 1449, females 1588; Parish of Newtown, males 760, females 753; Penygloddfa, &c., part of the town separated by the river in a different parish, males 628, females 656: total 5834. Census in 1801, 1018. Census in 1821, 3656.

*Population of Berriew.* Males 1205, females 1224, total 2429. Increase since 1821, 95.

*Population of Montgomery,* in 1821, 1062; in 1831, 1188. It is singular that, in this parish, the number of males and females is equal, there being 594 of each.

## THE NEW PEERAGE.

Sir Edward Price Lloyd, bart., by the name, style, and title of Baron Mostyn, of Mostyn Hall, in the county of Flint.

William Lewis Hughes, of Kinnell Park, in the county of Denbigh, esq., by the name, style, and title of Baron Dinorben.

## ROYAL MONTGOMERYSHIRE MILITIA.

John Glynne Mytton, esq. to be Captain, *vice* George Herbert Griffith Williams, resigned: dated June 25, 1831.

Walter Overstow Smith, gent. to be First Lieutenant: dated April 5, 1831.

Humphrey Jones Evans, gent. to be First Lieutenant: dated March 21, 1831.

Matthew Evan Lewis, gent. to be First Lieutenant: dated June 23, 1831.

## WRECK OF THE ROTHSAY CASTLE.

It was with pain, last quarter, we had to place on record a lamentable destruction of life in South Wales, in that instance owing to the misguided feelings of the sufferers themselves; and it is with equal pain, at the present time, we devote a portion of our work to the account of the dreadful catastrophe so much noticed, and now so universally known, in consequence of the very extended accounts and contradictions which have been given in regard to it.

The *Rothsay Castle*, as appears from the statement of her owners, underwent a thorough repair last spring, at an expense of £2500, in order to fit her to ply betwixt Beaumaris and Liverpool, which she has done, since the month of May up to the time she was wrecked, with the exception of a few days about the end of July, when she received some fresh repairs. She was commanded by Lieut. John Atkinson, R.N., an excellent seaman, well acquainted with this part of the coast, which he had navigated for several seasons in the *Ormrod*, the previous packet on the same station, in which he had repeatedly made the passage betwixt Liverpool and Beaumaris in the most boisterous weather, when no other would venture to attempt it.

The appointed hour for the packet leaving Liverpool for Beaumaris was ten A.M. but on the fatal day she did not start until an hour later, having been detained in order to take on board a carriage; and this delay co-operated with other causes to produce an unhappy result, as, had she arrived near the spot where she grounded an hour earlier, there would have been higher water, and of course the danger might have been avoided. She had on board upwards of 120 passengers, the greater part of them of the middle rank in life, and some of a still higher class. From the time she left the Mersey, the progress of the *Rothsay Castle* was slow, having to contend with a heavy sea, and a strong wind nearly right a-head, so that it does not appear she at any time made beyond from three to four knots an hour, as it was betwixt nine and ten at night before she neared the Great Orme's Head. When off the Head the sea got very rough, and the wind right a-head, which made the vessel strain very much, and take in water through her seams, and at the axles of the paddles, so as to make it, even then, ankle-deep in the engine-room. Some of the gentlemen on board, although probably unaware of this circumstance, yet uneasy at the prospect of being obliged longer to work up against the storm in the night, earnestly besought the captain either to put back for Liverpool, or to seek shelter in the mouth of the Conway river, but this he refused, and the vessel continued to labour with great difficulty, making very little progress on her course.

The pump was now set a-going, but with very little effect, and was in a short time choked by the ashes from the engine fire, which had mingled with the water, and considerable time was of course lost in getting the pump again into a working state. Meanwhile the water appears to have been rapidly gaining in the engine room, so much so that when fresh coal was required for the fire, according to the testimony of the surviving fireman, he could not throw on a shovelful of coals without deluging the fire with an equal quantity of water. By this means the fire got low, and the steam power consequently diminished so much as to have very little effect in propelling the vessel, whose progress now did not exceed one mile an hour.

At midnight, by the testimony of the man at the wheel, the vessel had got far enough to windward of the sand called the Dutchman's Bank, and abreast of the tower on Priestholm Island, when, owing to the temporary stoppage of the engine, to which we have above alluded, she lost way, at which time she was labouring heavily and making much water. The steersman had the helm aport when the vessel struck with her stern upon the bank. The captain, who appears to have been below when the vessel lost way, and consequently is likely not to have been aware of her precise position, now came upon the poop, and ordered the steersman to starboard his helm, alleging that he would otherwise run her upon the causeway on the other side. This was done, and the vessel consequently brought with her head to the bank. Immediately afterwards the engines were reversed, with the view of getting her into deeper water; but owing to the want of sufficient power, the attempt proved ineffectual in the face of the heavy sea which was then running upon the bank. The jib was then hoisted, but in vain, and after repeatedly striking and dragging along the edge of the bank for about half a mile, she came broadside on the bank, about half-past twelve, and there remained, beyond the reach of human exertion to remove her. We may here observe, that when the vessel first struck, a Liverpool pilot, a passenger, went to the stern, and advised the mate to put up a light, but his advice was, most improperly, not complied with.



From the moment the vessel struck, the passengers were filled with terror. The greater part rushed upon deck, where the captain continued to assure them there was no danger; but the state of the vessel was now too apparent to admit of these assertions being longer believed. A mountainous sea kept beating against and over her, which frequently raised her in part from the bank, and instantly made the part so raised strike again with tremendous violence on the sand. The moon had by this time gone down, the sky was overcast with heavy clouds over-head, and beneath the pitchy waves appeared as if yawning for the prey which they were soon to engulf. Prayers, entreaties, screams, and groans were heard in every quarter. The ship's bell was now, for the first time, set a-ringing, after in vain attempting to get at the lantern to hoist a light, but unfortunately, ere many minutes had elapsed, the tongue of the bell gave way, and falling, was lost in the confusion, upon which a person was employed to strike against the side of the bell with pieces of coal, but these substitutes for a tongue proved too soft and light to create a sound capable of being heard at any considerable distance amid the roaring of the waters.

Very soon after the vessel had got with her broadside to the bank, the after-tackle of the chimney broke loose, but was again secured by great exertion. In a few minutes it gave way again, and with the next heavy shock of the sea, the chimney came down, bringing with it the mainmast, and both falling in a slanting direction athwart the deck to the weather side.

The work of death was now fairly commenced. Who, or what number of individuals were killed or thrown over by the shock, when the chimney and mast fell, is unknown; but soon after, about one o'clock, ten or twelve persons were washed off the quarter-deck into the deep. The rudder was next unshipped, and the boat having filled with water, broke from the painters and went adrift. We may here remark that this, the only boat on board of the vessel, was too small to have been of any service in rescuing the passengers, although, if manned, she might by a possibility have reached the shore and procured assistance, at an earlier period.

A gentleman's carriage, on which three persons were seated, was next washed overboard, and two individuals taking hold of the brass drum belonging to the band of music, leaped with it from the paddle box into the sea, in the hope of being enabled, by its buoyancy, to keep afloat till they were relieved, or reached the land. They both perished close to the vessel. The bulwarks on the weather side, behind which from twelve to twenty persons sought shelter, were next washed away, and all who clung to them buried in the deep. Betwixt a quarter and half past one, the weather paddle-box, on and about which betwixt thirty and forty persons were placed, was carried off by a tremendous sea, in which every one of those individuals is believed to have perished. The survivors of this horrible scene all declare that they never can forget the fearful and unearthly scream which burst from these unfortunate beings, during the moments they floated, ere they sank into their watery grave.

By this time the greatest part of those who remained on board were in a frenzy of despair. Yet there were some who still retained hope, and exerted themselves to take such measures as might enable them to float when the vessel broke up. These all lashed themselves to spars, planks, or whatever other substances they could find of a buoyant nature; while others resigning themselves to the fate which now appeared inevitable, turned their hearts upwards in prayer to Him in whose presence they were so speedily to appear.

Before two o'clock the vessel broke in the midships, and became a total wreck. The main-deck burst up in every direction, and the quarter-deck or poop, which was of new workmanship, and raised about three feet above the main-deck, was parted from the hull by the force of the sea. There were at the moment six men, a woman, and a boy upon the quarter-deck, which, after parting, was still held by some of the ship's tackle, until Mr. Jones, the Liverpool pilot already mentioned, with great promptitude and presence of mind, cut the tackle with his knife, and then the quarter-deck floated clear of the wreck, whereby his own life, and the lives of the other individuals upon it, were most providentially preserved.

We may here observe, that no one of the survivors could give us any informa-

tion as to the moment when, and the precise manner how, Captain Atkinson was lost. As long as the slightest possibility of saving his vessel remained, he was seen and heard in every direction; but about the time the quarter-deck parted, or rather earlier, he was lost sight of, and no one of the survivors could give any further account of him.

When the quarter-deck parted from the wreck, there were upon it six men, one woman, and a boy, and they shortly afterwards picked up another man, who was drifting past upon a plank. They then commenced paddling with pieces of timber, and two men held up betwixt them a petticoat, as a substitute for a sail, in hopes of gaining the Carnarvonshire shore. Shortly after daybreak they observed people upon the land, to whom they shouted, but the distance was too great for their voices to be heard, and they continued to drift before the wind, with the sea washing over them almost every minute, until half-past seven in the morning, when they were seen and picked up by the *Beumaris* life-boat in a state of complete exhaustion. They had been first observed by Mr. W. Walker, while walking on *Beumaris green*, a little after daybreak, and he immediately procured the boat and crew, and went to their assistance.

Numerous other boats immediately proceeded in the direction of the wreck, and rescued the survivors of those who had clung to the masts. The result of their exertions was the saving of twenty-one lives; and the recovery of seventeen dead bodies, and a considerable quantity of passengers' luggage, and miscellaneous articles, which had floated from the wreck.\*

*(Abbreviated from the Bangor Paper.)*

Thus, in a moment of time devoted to pleasures and anticipations far removed from an idea of death, have a large body of unfortunates been snatched from the uncertain enjoyments of this life. So unlooked for, and so sudden a call, has something in it indescribably appalling: the mere spectacle of men, women, and children, clinging to each other in hapless despair, surrounded with the engulfing waters, must have been, in the extreme, heart-rending; but the ushering into eternity of so many beings, perhaps—perhaps, we say,—not in a fit state of preparation, conveys to our minds impressions inexpressibly dreadful, and our only consolation is to turn with supplicative hope to our common refuge, the God of mercy and omnipotence.

#### BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

##### *Births.*

On the 24th of June last, the lady of Hubert George Jones, esq. barrister-at-law, of a daughter.—On the 26th July, at Calcot Hall, Flintshire, Mrs. Mostyn, of a daughter.—On the 25th July, at Sealand, near Chester, Mrs. James Gardner, of Llangollen, of a son.—At Cound Rectory, on the 22d July, the wife of the Rev. E. H. Owen, of a daughter.—On the 3d August, at Trallwyn, the lady of John Lloyd, esq. of a daughter.—Lately, at Summer Hill Cottage, near Carnarvon, Mrs. Joseph Haslam, of a son.—Lately, Mrs. Davies, wife of the Rev. J. Davies, Penygraig, of a daughter.—At Aberystwith, on the 31st of August, the lady of Alfred Stephens, esq. of a son.

##### *Marriages.*

On the 7th of June, at Efenectid, near Ruthin, by the Rev. R. Howard, d.d. rector of Denbigh and *Beumaris*, Thomas Downward, esq. of Bathafarn park, Denbighshire, to Caroline Eliza, eldest daughter of the Rev. T. H. Clough, of Havodunos, in the same county.—On the 13th of July, at the parish church of Llanglan, by the Rev. Peter Williams, d.d. John Priestley, esq. of Trefan, to Jane, second daughter of the late Richard Edwards, esq. of Nanhoran.—At Llanillwchaiarn, near Newquay, Cardiganshire, John Williams, esq. of Trocefan, to Mary, fourth daughter of Mr. O. Richards, of Nantybele, both in the same county.—On the 19th of July, at Holywell, Wm. Sair, esq. of Liverpool, to Margaret, widow of the late E. Humphries, esq. of Penypyle, Flintshire.—On the 22d of July, at Dolgelly, by the Rev. J. Jones, Mr. Rogers, of Oswestry, to

\* Other bodies have since been found, and parts of the wreck recovered, but the preceding account is materially a correct one.—EDITORS.

Laura, second daughter of G. Jones, esq. banker, of the former place.—On the 6th of August, at Cilrow, Radnorshire, Hugh Heywood, esq. of White House, Bath, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Mrs. Maddy, of Cilrow.—On the 16th of August, at Oswestry, H. C. Trevor Roper, esq. second son of C. B. Trevor Roper, esq. of Rhyddyn, Flintshire, to Jane, second daughter of the late Mr. T. Cooper, of the former place.—On the 9th of August, at Bangor Cathedral, by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop, the Rev. J. W. Trevor, vicar of Carnarvon, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the very Rev. the Dean of Bangor.—Lately, at Llanfihangel Genau y glyn, Cardiganshire, the Rev. M. Ellis Tallybont, to Mary, widow of the late J. Jones, esq. of Llettemals, near Lampeter.—On the 23d of August, at Oswestry, by the Rev. T. Worton, G. W. Buck, esq. of Welsh Pool, to Miss Williams, of Oswestry.—On the 11th of August, at Llanbeblig church, Carnarvon, by the Rev. Howel Hughes, Edward Hudson Blake, esq. of Harcourt street, to Elinor, daughter of Minchin Lucas, esq. Fitzwilliam square, Dublin.—At Llanfairpwllgwyngyll, Anglesey, by the Rev. David Gryffydd, Captain John Roberts, to Anne, second daughter of the late Captain Hugh Evans, of Bryn Isa.—On the 23d of August, Edmund Kendall, esq. of Lord street, Liverpool, to Margaret, only daughter of John Williams, esq. of Wrexham, Denbighshire.—On the 25th of August, at Trinity church, Marylebone, London, Charles Tracy Leigh, esq. eldest son of Charles Hanbury Tracy, esq. of Toddington, Gloucestershire, and of Gregynog, Montgomeryshire, to Emma Elizabeth Alicia, youngest daughter of G. H. Dawkins Pennant, esq. of Penrhyn castle, Carnarvonshire.—In September, at Margam, by the Rev. T. F. Boddington, A.M. Reginald B. Boddington, esq. son of Benjamin Boddington, esq. of Badger Hall, Shropshire, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Philip Jones, esq. of Underhill, Glamorganshire.—In September, at Henley-in-Arden, by the Rev. S. H. Parker, Henry Still, esq. of the Ordnance, Surrey, to Fanny, third daughter of Thomas Lloyd, esq. of Moelfre, Denbighshire.—In September, at Llanbadarn fawr, Cardiganshire, Wm. Van, esq. late of the 16th lancers, and eldest son of the late Wm. Van, of Whitehall, esq. to Catherine Augusta Marianna, eldest daughter of the late Walter Watkins, esq. of Maeslough Castle and Woodlands, in the county of Radnor, and granddaughter of the late Viscount Hereford.—On the 6th of September, at Wrexham, by the Rev. George Cunliffe, M.A. Edward Jay, esq. of Bath, to Margaret, youngest daughter of the late John Burton, esq. of the former place.

#### Deaths.

On the 5th July, at his residence in Portman square, London, aged 89, Henry Grant, esq. of the Gnoll, Glamorganshire.—On the 3d of July, at the Vicarage, Lewisham, the Rev. Hugh Jones, vicar of Lewisham, Kent, and of Talgarth, Breconshire, aged 80.—On the 3d of July, at Gloucester, Edmund Blewitt, esq. son of E. Blewitt, esq. of Llantarnam Abbey, Monmouthshire.—On the 25th July, Elizabeth Fleming, infant daughter of the Rev. John Nanney, of Belmont, Denbighshire.—On the 11th July, William Price, esq. of Ertanall, late of Wern, in the county of Anglesey.—Lately, Miss Charlotte Warde, aged 12 years, niece of Mrs. Grant, of Gnoll, near Neath, who was found drowned in an old disused bath attached to the mansion. It appears that she had fallen into the water, probably by overreaching herself in catching or guiding some feathers which she had thrown upon the surface.—At Garthewin, Denbighshire, Letitia, wife of Colonel Wynne, of that place, and daughter of the late Rev. J. F. Stanley.—On the 24th November, at Batavia, Ebenezer Vaughan, esq. formerly of Chirk, Denbighshire.—On the 2d July, aged 78, Robert Roberts, esq. of Ruthin, formerly of Chester.—On the 22d June, at Cheltenham, Ann, wife of Mr. James Kelly, of Hanmer.—June the 27th, at Newport, Isle of Wight, in his 52d year, Lieut. Col. Robert Anwyl, of Vron, Merionethshire, late of the 4th or King's Own: he was appointed Ensign in that regiment in 1799, and accompanied it to Holland with the army under the Duke of York in the same year, when he was slightly wounded in the attack on the enemy's lines at Zuyder Zee. He afterwards served with the 4th at Walcheren in 1809; at Gibraltar and Ceuta in 1810, as Brigade Major; at Torres Vedras, and the affair at Barba del Puerco, in 1811; at the storming of Badajoz, when he was severely wounded; at the battle of Salamanca, where he received an injury, and his horse was killed under him; at the siege of the castle of Burgos, and in the affair at Villa Mariel in 1812; in

the battle of Vittoria, the storming of St. Sebastian; where he became senior officer of Brigade, the passage of the Bidasoa, and Nive, where he was again wounded, and the action at Bidart in 1813; at the investment of Bayonne in 1814, where he acted as Assistant-Adjutant General to the left wing of the army under Gen. Colville. He then accompanied Major Gen. Robinson to Canada as Brigade-Major, and commanded the light troops of his Brigade on the movement against Plattsbury, on which occasion he drove in the American pliquets with great gallantry. He rejoined the 4th in France, and was there during the three years' occupation, and afterwards followed it to the West Indies, where he served some years. In 1827 he purchased an unattached Lieutenant-Colonelcy, and in the same year was appointed to the command of the 96th, which he joined at Malta, but the climate of the West Indies had so materially impaired his health as to compel him to resign in 1830, and return to England. He was honoured with a Medal for his distinguished conduct at St. Sebastian; was promoted to a majority in the army after the battle of Vittoria, and in 1817 to a Lieutenant-Colonelcy (as stated in the Royal Gazette,) for distinguished services in the field. His frank and obliging disposition, joined with his urbanity of manners and convivial qualities, will long endear his memory to his numerous friends: he has left a widow and one child.—On the 11th August, at Newport, Monmouthshire, aged 71, the Rev. Jenkin Lewis, formerly of Wrexham.—On the 18th August, at Montgomery, William Dunne Davies, esq. of that place.—On the 7th August, at her house in Seymour street, Bath, Miss Corbet, daughter of the late Henry Corbet, esq. of Ynysmaengwyn, Merionethshire.—Lately, the Rev. Mr. Rowlands, curate of Penal, and Oliver, eldest son of the late R. Matthews, esq. of Esgr Ilefirim, Merionethshire, who were drowned whilst bathing in the river Dovey.—Lately, aged 39, at Cwrtal, Anglesey, Miss Margaret Owen, of Caegeillog.—At Tan-y-bryn, Bangor, aged 69, Dorothea, relict of the Right Rev. John Fisher, D.D., late bishop of Salisbury.—On the 18th July, at Highfield Cottage, near Wrexham, Mr. Ambrose K. Dickenson, surgeon, aged 27.—On the 21st July, at Branas Lodge, Merionethshire, William Jones, esq. aged 82.—On the 2d July, at St. Margaret's, Herefordshire, Mr. T. G. Griffiths, aged 78.—At Beaumaris, aged 82, Mrs. Williams, relict of Mr. John Williams.—On the 7th August, at Dyffrynffrw, Glamorganshire, Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Henry Williams, esq. aged 27.—On the 30th July, at Caersws, Montgomeryshire, John Humphreys, in his 99th year.—On the 21st July, at Llanwchalam, same county, Margaret Humphreys, aged 98.—On the 23d Aug. at Llanelly, Henry Child, esq. in his 60th year.—On the 30th Aug. at Llanbrynmair, Montgomeryshire, Christopher Temple, esq. in his 79th year.—On the 29th Aug. at Oswestry, Sarah, eldest daughter of Mr. J. Jones, aged 48.—On the 24th Aug. Gabriel J. M. De Lys, M.D.—On the 25th Aug. at Gloucester, John Bill, esq. in his 77th year.—At Liverpool, in Sept. the Rev. D. Jones, independent minister of Holywell.—At Caernarthen, Daniel Williams, esq. solicitor, and for many years chamberlain of the borough.—At Aberystwyth, aged 43, Mrs. Sell, the wife of the Rev. Mr. Sell, of Stafford.—On the 2d Sept. at Ramsgate, the infant daughter of the earl and countess of Cawdor.

PRICES OF SHARES OF CANALS IN WALES.

Brecknock and Abergawenny, 105; Glamorganshire, 290; Monmouthshire, 209; Montgomery, 80; Shrewsbury, 250; Swansea, —.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Closing price 17th Sept.—Austrian —; Brazillian, 49; Buenos Ayres —; Chilian, 15; Colombian, 11; Ditto, 1824, 9; Danish, 62½; Greek, 17; Mexican, 1825, 36; Peruvian, 10½; Portuguese, 48½; Prussian, 1818, 99; Ditto, 1822, 97; Russian, 1822, 91½; Spanish, 1821, and 1822, 13½; 1823, 12½; French Rentes 86½; Ditto, 69½.

ENGLISH FUNDS.

Sept. 24.—Bank Stock, shut; 3 per cent. cons. shut; 3½ per cent. shut; 3 per cent. red. 62½; 3½ per cent. red. shut; 4 per cent. shut; Long Annuities, shut; India Stock, 107½.

ERRATA.—Page 298, line 24, dele *which*.

— 380, line 13, for *in*, read *is*.

— 385, line 25, for *New Holland road*, read *New Holyhead road*.

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Davies, Mr. Hugh, late of Ysguborwen, Towyn  
Davies, Mr. Robert, Shrewsbury  
Davies, William, esq. Caernarvon  
Davies, Rev. Richard, Court-y-Gollen, Crickhowel  
Davies, Rev. D. P. Belper, Derbyshire  
Davies, Rev. T. M. vicar of Ystrad  
Davies, James, esq. New England coffee-house  
Davies, Henry, esq. Gower street  
Davies, Mr. D. 15, Union street, Borough  
Davies, Henry, esq. 7, Throgmorton street  
Davies, Edward, esq. 9, Philip lane  
Davies, Mr. Thomas, Stingswern, Montgomeryshire  
Davies, D. esq. 7, Annett's crescent, Islington  
Davies, John, Mr. Jameson's Ropeground, Barrowduy  
Davies, Mr. John, Mostyn colliery  
Davies, Rev. David, Penal, Merioneth.

Davies, Rev. Mr. Aberystwyth

Davies, Rev. John, Vron Velan, Montgomeryshire  
Davies, Rev. Richard, Aberhovep, ditto  
Davies, Mr. Edward, Kerry, Montgomeryshire  
Davies, Tho. esq. Brimscombeport, Gloucestershire  
Davies, Mr. William, Dolgellay  
Davies, Mr. Edward, Prince's street, Copperas hill,  
Liverpool

Davies, John, esq. Rhinog, Aberow, Radnorshire  
Davies, Mr. John, Brecon  
Davies, Mr. Griffith, Caernarvon  
Davies, Mr., High street, Holywell  
Davies, Mr. John, Abergele  
Davies, Mr. Elias, Pen y coed, Llyshen, near Abergele  
Davies, Mr. Daniel, Pwllheli  
Davies, Dr. D. D. London University  
Dawson, John, esq. Grouan, Holywell  
De Caisne, L. I. esq. Guernsey  
Devereux, Pryce, esq. Bryn Glas, Montgomeryshire  
Dinorben, Lord, Kiamel park, Denbighshire  
Doane, Rev. Dr. Oswestry  
Downes, Dr. Beallt, Brecon  
Downes, —, esq. Gower street, Bedford square  
Dynevor, Lord, Dynevor castle, Llandilo, South Wales

Eddyson, R. esq. Pen-y-dre, Holywell  
Edisbury, Mr. Jas. Holywell  
Edmondson, Thomas, esq. Cowbridge, Glamorganshire  
Edward, William, M.D. Swansea  
Edwards, Samuel, esq. Denbigh  
Edwards, Rev. Thomas Wynne, Rhuddlan  
Edwards, Colonel, Machynlleth, Montgomeryshire  
Edwards, Tho. esq. 99, Windsor terrace, City road  
Edwards, Mr. Hatton garden office  
Edwards, Mr. Edward, Machynlleth  
Edwards, Mr. John, New Bird street, Liverpool  
Edwards, Mr. Thomas, No. 10, Copper street,  
Liverpool

Edwards, Mr. David, Aberystwyth  
Edwards, Mr. Thomas, Oswald Glyndwr Tavern, Al-  
dersgate street, London  
Edwards, Mr. Edward, Machynlleth  
Edwards, Rev. John, Towyn, Merionethshire  
Edwards, Mr., London house, Bangor  
Edwards, Captain Griffith, Caernarvon  
Elliot, J. F. esq. Cateaton street  
Ellis, Richard, esq. Comptroller, Pwllheli  
Ellis, David, esq. 8, John street, Oxford street  
Ellis, —, St. John's college, Cambridge  
Enoch, Rev. George, Buith  
Evans, Mr. John, St. Paul's churchyard  
Evans, Rev. Evan, Christleton  
Evans, Rev. D., B.D., Maccarynach, (*Daniel Dda*)  
Evans, Richard, esq. Bromley  
Evans, Mr. Wm. Secy. Gower office, Caernarvon  
Evans, David, esq. solicitor, Liverpool  
Evans, Rev. Timothy, vicar of Llanbarnar, Tref  
Eglwys

Evans, Richard, esq. 69, Queen street, Cheapside  
Evans, Mr. S. Edmund place, Aldersgate street  
Evans, Jeremiah, esq. Fish-street Mill  
Evans, Rev. Evan, Fennant, Mostyn  
Evans, E. esq. Catharine hall, Cambridge  
Evans, Mr. Thomas, Denbigh  
Evans, Rev. Robert W. Trinity college, Cambridge  
Evans, Mr. Thomas, Oswestry  
Evans, John, esq. Treval, Llanwynog, Cardigan  
Evans, Mr. Thomas, Tolly, Churchstob, Montgo-  
meryshire

Evans, Captain Peter, Dee cottage, Chester  
Evans, Thomas, esq. Gleanbrook  
Evans, Hugh Powell, esq. Cwm y ddan ddr, Rad-  
norshire  
Evans, Rev. James, Rhinidy  
Evans, Mr. D. J. 93, Cheapside, London  
Evans, Mr. Evan, Ty Mawr, Towyn, Merionethshire  
Evans, Mr. Robert, Caernarvon



- Evans, Mrs., Aberglais  
 Evans, Captain Hugh, Holyhead  
 Evans, John, esq. Ty'ncoed, Abererch, Pwllheli  
 Evans, Rev. John, Bottwag, Curate of Tydweillog, near Pwllheli  
 Evans, Mr. John, Journal Office, Caermarthen  
 Evans, John, esq. Jesus' College, Oxford, and Drefach, Cardigan  
 Evans, Rev. J. Langlanis, St. Clare, Caermarthen  
 Ever, James, esq. Pŵstau'nallt, Pwllheli  
 Evers, Rev. G. A. Newtown hall  
 Eytos, John, esq. Houghton, Salop  
 Eytos, James, esq. Welshpool
- Fenton, James, esq. Glynamel, Fishguard  
 Forryth, Mr. John, Llanerchymedd  
 Fortune, Mr. John, New Post-offices  
 Foulkes, John, esq. Machynlloth, Montgomeryshire  
 Foulkes, —, esq. surgeon, Shrewsbury  
 Foulks, Mr. St. John's Church, Liverpool  
 Fowke, Edward, esq. Boughrood castle, Radnorshire  
 Francis, James, esq. St. David's college, Lampeter
- Gabell, Charles, esq. Crickhowel  
 Gardner, —, esq. Llysen  
 Glynne, Sir S. Stephen, baronet  
 Grainer, Alfred, esq. Holywell  
 Gratrix, Mr. T. Crickhowel  
 Greenly, Lady Coffin, Titled court, Herefordshire  
 Griffiths, D. H. esq. St. David's college, Lampeter  
 Griffiths, Edward, esq. Liverpool  
 Griffiths, Richard, esq. Liverpool  
 Griffiths, Peter, esq. Stamp office  
 Griffiths, Rev. Thomas, M.A. Llangoellen  
 Griffiths, Richard, esq. Welshpool  
 Griffiths, W. esq. Salop  
 Griffiths, Mr. William, Bangor  
 Griffiths, Mr. Humphrey, Penlan street, Pwllheli  
 Griffiths, Mr. Richard Morris, Bangor  
 Griffiths, William Glynne, esq. Bodegroes, near Pwllheli  
 Griffiths, Mr. Eitene, Breyngader, near Tremadoc  
 Griffiths, Mr. Griffith, Attorney, Dolgelly  
 Griffiths, William, esq. Surgeon, No. 8, Lower Eaton street, Piccadilly  
 Griffiths, Mr. Edward, No. 4, Kent street, Liverpool  
 Griffiths, Mr. Thomas, steward of the Cambrian Society, Liverpool  
 Gwyneddigion Society, London
- Hereford, Lord, Tregoyr, Brecon  
 Hampton, John, esq. Mold  
 Harrison, Mr. Benjamin, Holywell  
 Harrison, Mr. Thomas, Holywell  
 Harrison, Mrs., Salthellwyd, near Holywell  
 Harrison, Major, Llandidlo, Denbigh  
 Hartley, Thomas, esq. Llwyn, near Dolgelly  
 Hemans, Mrs. Felicia, Waverstree, Liverpool  
 Henry, George, esq. Glanrafon, near Holywell  
 Herbert, Rev. Watkin, Kidwelly  
 Herbert, John, esq. St. John's college, Cambridge  
 Herbert, Mrs. Glanhafra, Newtown  
 Hilton, Major, Nicholas street, Chester  
 Holland, Rev. Jeffrey, Penyworth, Caernarvonshire  
 Howard, Rev. Richard, D.D. Bonmaris  
 Howe, Mr. C. Crickhowel  
 Howie, Rev. William, 14, Water street, Blackfriars  
 Howell, Hugh, esq. St. David's college, Lampeter  
 Howell, Rev. Griffith, Llangwdr  
 Howells, Benjamin, esq. 11, Queen's row, Fentonville  
 Howell, Thomas, M.D. Buallt, Breconshire  
 Howells, Mr. W. Tipton, Staffordshire  
 Hughes, Mrs. Penygons, Montgomeryshire  
 Hughes, Rev. Morgan, St. George's hospital  
 Hughes, William, esq. 2, Staples inn  
 Hughes, Mr. John, 35, Abchurch lane  
 Hughes, D. P. esq. Old Kent road  
 Hughes, Thomas, esq. 81, Nicholas lane  
 Hughes, Rev. John, Wellington, Salop  
 Hughes, Evan Owen, esq. Bryallwyd  
 Hughes, Rev. Dr. Chaplain to the Forces, Corwen, Merionethshire  
 Hughes, Mr. William, Clerk, Holywell  
 Hughes, Mr. Henry, Wall street, Holywell  
 Hughes, Mr. William, Madyn, Amlwch  
 Hughes, Mr. William, jun. Stamp Office, Pwllheli  
 Hughes, Mr. Thomas, Ty mawr, Bottwag, near Pwllheli  
 Hughes, Mr. John, Aberystwyth  
 Hughes, Mr. Thomas, Aberglais
- Hughes, Mrs., Bangor Ferry Hotel  
 Hughes, Mr. Hugh, Goat lan, Caernarvon  
 Hughes, Mr. Robert, Caernarvon  
 Hughes, Mr. Hugh, Aberystwyth  
 Hughes, John, esq. Allt Llwyd, Aberystwyth  
 Hughes, E. J. esq. Plas Gwn  
 Hughes, Rev. John, Cemmau  
 Hughes, Rev. Edward, Bodfri  
 Hughes, Rev. James Evans, Llangwms  
 Hughes, Rev. Howell, Corwen  
 Hughes, Mr. Hugh, 76, Lombard street  
 Hughes, William, esq. Jesus' college, Oxford, or Llanstfford, Corwen  
 Hughes, John, esq. Aberystwyth  
 Hughes, John, esq. 85, Gracechurch street  
 Hughes, H. esq. Dean street, Fetter lane  
 Halbert, Mr. Charles, Shrewsbury  
 Humphreys, Rev. Robert, B.A. Beasley, near Llanb  
 Humphreys, Mr. John, Pwllheli  
 Humphreys, Mr. Robert, Caernarvon  
 Humphreys, Mr. John, No. 9, Chancer street, Scotland road, Liverpool  
 Humphreys, Mr. John, No. 10, Capper street, Liverpool  
 Hunt, Rowland, esq. Boreton park, Salop  
 Hunter, Henry Lemoy, esq. India Board, Westminster  
 Hunter, Mrs. Llandloes
- Jackson, Rev. Richard, Vicar of Aberglais  
 James, Rev. John, Mold  
 James, Rev. Mr. Llanwrog, Montgomeryshire  
 James, Mr. Thomas, Assembly rooms, Aberystwyth  
 Jarvis, Dr. Llandloes  
 Jeffreys, George, esq. Dovey castle, Cardiganshire  
 Jeffreys, Rev. E. W. Balth  
 Jenkins, Richard, esq. Bond court, Walbrook  
 Jenkins, Mr. Haswell  
 Jenkins, Mrs. Crosswood, Montgomeryshire  
 Jenkins, Mr. Swanes  
 Johns, E. M. D. Garthmyl, Montgomeryshire  
 Johnes, William, esq. Welshpool  
 Johns, Rev. William, Manchester  
 Jones, Mr. John, Darwen, and 44, Allerton street, Hoxton New Town  
 Johnes, Miss, Court Calmer, Montgomery  
 Jones, Mr. David, Belfin  
 Jones, Mr. Jenkins, 44, Borough  
 Jones, Mr. John, harper to the Becons Fitzroby Society, Brecon  
 Jones, Rev. William, Rhinadr  
 Jones, Mr. Morgan, Trood y rhw dalar, Breconshire  
 Jones, John, esq. Balth  
 Jones, Mr. William, Aberystwyth  
 Jones, William, esq. Aberystwyth  
 Jones, Mr. Hugh, Llandloes  
 Jones, Sir Charles, Broadway, Montgomeryshire  
 Jones, Mr. John, Corbet's Arms, Aberdovey  
 Jones, Mr. Edward, Towyra, Merionethshire  
 Jones, Rev. John, Rector of Llanber, Merionethshire  
 Jones, Mr. Richard, Bookeller, Dolgelly, Merionethshire  
 Jones, Rev. Mr. Llangofer, near Bala  
 Jones, Mr. Hugh, (Eryf) Chester  
 Jones, Mr. Robert, Chester  
 Jones, Captain Thomas, No. 31, Russ place, Liverpool  
 Jones, Mr. David, Cluston square, Liverpool  
 Jones, Mr. Edward, Wall street, Holywell  
 Jones, Mr. William, Baptist Minister, Holywell  
 Jones, Captain John, Holywell  
 Jones, Mr. Thomas, Bard Gwynedd, Liverpool  
 Jones, Mr. Corbet Arms, Aberdovey  
 Jones, Mr. Edward, Towyra, Merionethshire  
 Jones, Rev. Mr. Rector of Llangwdr, Bala  
 Jones, Mr. Robert, at Messrs. Swanwick, Chester  
 Jones, Mr. Robert, 5, North street, Whitechapel road  
 Jones, Captain Charles, of Nefyn  
 Jones, Mr. William, Holywell  
 Jones, Captain John, Holywell  
 Jones, William, Bank court, Holywell  
 Jones, Mr. Benjamin, Holyhead  
 Jones, Miss Anna, George and Dragon, Llanerchymedd  
 Jones, Mr. Griffith, Glan Helen, Caernarvon  
 Jones, Mr. L. C., Caernarvon  
 Jones, Mr. John, Pwllheli  
 Jones, Rev. Arthur, Bangor  
 Jones, Mr. Owen, Tysawr, Amwch  
 Jones, Rev. William L. Rector of Lanegusa, near Pwllheli

- Jones, Colin, esq. Carrig Lwyd, near Holyhead  
 Jones, Mr. Isaac, Aberystwyth  
 Jones, Charles, esq. Denbigh  
 Jones Owen, esq. Aldersgate street  
 Jones, Rev. John, Rector of Llanaber  
 Jones, John, esq. Wandsworth  
 Jones, Sergeant, London  
 Jones, Richard, esq. Morden, Surrey  
 Jones, Griffith, esq. Princes street  
 Jones, Mr. Meredith, Hatfield street  
 Jones, David, esq. Blackheath  
 Jones, Mr. B. H. Newport, Monmouthshire  
 Jones, David, esq. 19, Millbank row, Westminster  
 Jones, E. S. esq. India Board  
 Jones, H. B. esq. Furnival's Inn  
 Jones, William, esq. Crosby square  
 Jones, John, esq. 43, Noble street  
 Jones, J. C. E. esq. Egham  
 Jones, John, esq. Disorbene, St. Asaph  
 Jones, Robert, esq. Dolly-Cefn  
 Jones, Edward, esq. 61, Charles street, City road  
 Jones, Evan, esq. 7, Edmund place  
 Jones, William, esq. Rose hill, St. Asaph  
 Jones, John, esq. Crosswood, Welshpool  
 Jones, Rev. William, Llanasnan  
 Jones, Rev. E. Trevenen, Oswestry  
 Jones, Mr. Thomas Glyne, Montgomery  
 Jones, Meyrick, esq. Bank, Mold  
 Jones, Rev. John, Berriew  
 Jones, Miss Anne, Crosswood, Welshpool  
 Jones, Phillips, M. D. Denbigh  
 Jones, Humphreys, esq. Ruthin  
 Jones, Rev. J. rector of Llanerfeld  
 Jones, Rev. John, Denbigh  
 Jones, Lewis D. esq. Gilfach, Llanoverly  
 Jones, John, esq. Liverpool  
 Jones, Edward F. esq. Liverpool  
 Jones, John, esq. surgeon, Liverpool  
 Jones, Mr. John, Liverpool  
 Jones, Eliza, esq. Liverpool  
 Jones, Robert, esq. Liverpool  
 Jones, Thomas, esq. Holywell  
 Jones, Rev. John, (Tigid), Pretentor of Christ church, Oxford  
 Jones, William, esq. St. Asaph  
 Jones, David, esq. Caernarthen  
 Jones, J. esq. 55, Tavistock square  
 Jones, J. esq. 44, Fowlton place  
 Jones, David, esq. Troes Twelyny, Montgomeryshire  
 Jones, Joseph, esq. Machynlleth  
 Jones, Mr. Lewis, Aberystwyth  
 Jones, Henry, esq. Jesus college, Oxford  
 Jones, Samuel, esq. Everton, Liverpool  
 Jones, H. S. esq. Magdalen college, Cambridge  
  
 Kennedy, Rev. B. H. J. St. John's college, Cambridge.  
 Kenyon, the Lord, 9, Portman square  
  
 Lawrence, Thomas, esq. Blackheath  
 Lawrence, Thomas, esq. Brecon  
 Leathart, Major J., Brecon  
 Leathart, Mr. W. D. St. Pancras, Middlesex  
 Lewis, Lewis, esq. Ty'n y Llywa, Llanfardd, Radnorshire  
 Legge, Hon. and Rev. H. Broughton  
 Leighton, Mrs. Ford, Salop  
 Lewis, Mr. Pwllheli  
 Lewis, G. esq. Wrexham  
 Lewis, Lewis, esq. Fronfrith, near Aberystwyth  
 Lewis, Mr. 195, Regent street  
 Lewis, —, esq. 16, Mark lane  
 Lewis, W. esq. 37, Brunswick square  
 Lewis, M. esq. Brynglas  
 Lewis, Richard, esq. Rhuddlan  
 Lewis, David, esq. Llewellyn  
 Lewis, Rev. Edward, Llanbedr, Crickhowel  
 Lewis, Rev. William, Welshpool  
 Llewellyn, Rev. John, Coychurch, Bridgend, Glamorganshire  
 Lloyd, John, esq. Aldgate  
 Lloyd, Rev. Llewellyn, Nannerch  
 Lloyd, Rev. John, Llanerfyl  
 Lloyd, Rev. R. Tamworth  
 Lloyd, Mrs. Morris, Montgomery  
 Lloyd, John, esq. Pen-y-Glanau  
 Lloyd, Mr. Evan, Barmouth  
 Lloyd, John N. esq. Cottage, Llanellwedd, Radnorsh.  
 Lloyd, Rev. M. H., M.A. Goodneston, Kent  
 Lloyd, Hugh, esq. Chester  
  
 Lloyd, Mr. J. F. Cottage, Mold, Flintshire  
 Lloyd, Rev. Evan, Beaumaris  
 Lloyd, John, esq. Trallwyn, Caernarvonshire  
 Lloyd, Mr. Robert, No. 3, Bedford street, Liverpool  
 Lloyd, Mr. Rowland, No. 98, Pitt street, Liverpool  
 Lloyd, Mr. Richard, Bank place, Chester  
 Lloyd, Miss. Angharad, Caerwyn  
 Latener, William, esq. Newtown  
 Lyceum Library, The, Liverpool  
  
 Maddy, T. D. esq. Moreton, Hereford  
 Madocks, Mrs. Treganur, Breconshire  
 Mainwaring, Charles Kynaston, esq. Otley park, Salop  
 Martin, Mr. John, Maesmyr, near Builth  
 Mathews, Edward, esq. Newtown  
 M'Entire, Mr. Robert, Excise office, Builth  
 Menzies, William, esq. 10, Finsbury street  
 Meyrick, Dr. Goodrich court, Herefordshire  
 Meyrick, W. esq. Trinity college, Cambridge  
 Miller, W. H. esq. St. John's college, Cambridge  
 Moore, G. Tildes, esq. Birmingham  
 Moore, Miss Ellen, Whitehall, Headwroth  
 Morgan, J. Williams, Treble hill, Glasbury, Radnorshire  
 Morgan, Mr. Evan, Llanwrog, Montgomeryshire  
 Morgan, Mr. J. H. Abergavenny  
 Morgan, Sir Charles, Tregear  
 Morgan, Mr. T. Clydach, Crickhowel  
 Morgan, Colonel, Golden Grove  
 Morgan, Mrs. Llangatock place, Crickhowel  
 Morgan, Rev. William, Abergwyll, Carmarthen  
 Morgan, H. A. esq. St. John's college, Cambridge  
 Morgan, Richard, esq. Jesus college, Oxford, Treneydd, Narbeth, Pembroke  
 Morgan, Joseph, esq. Clydach Ironworks  
 Morgan, Mr. John, Llwyn Maentwrog, Merionethshire  
 Morrall, Edward, esq. Plas Warren, Shropshire  
 Morris, Rev. J. W. head master of Ystrad-Meyrick Grammar school  
 Morris, Mr. Temple court  
 Morris, J. esq. Northamberland house  
 Morris, Mr. William, Plas Newydd, Llanwrog, Montgomeryshire  
 Mostyn, Right Hon. Lord, Pengwern  
 Mostyn, S. J. esq. No. 4, High street, Liverpool  
 Mostyn, R. G. esq. Calcott  
 Mostyn, Lady  
 Mostyn, Henry M. esq. Segreit, Denbigh  
 Mynors, Peter Richards, esq. Enjoch, Radnor  
  
 Newcome, Rev. R. Warden of Ruthin  
  
 Oxford and Mortimer, the Earl of  
 Oldfield, Cobner, esq. Holywell  
 Oldfield, Edward, esq. of Farn, Abergelle  
 Oldfield, John, esq. of Farn, Abergelle  
 Oldfield, John, jun. esq. Holywell  
 Oliver, Mrs. G. Smith's buildings, City road  
 Oswestry Reading Society  
 Owen, Rice Jones, esq. Blaenau, Merioneth  
 Owen, Rev. Hugh Davies, Beaumaris  
 Owen, Rev. Mr., Rector of Llanedwya, Merionethshire  
 Owen, Mr. Owen, Crafnant, near Harlech, Merionethshire  
 Owen, Rees Jones, esq. Blaenau, Merionethshire  
 Owen, Mr. John, Llanidloes  
 Owen, Mr. T. Gungrog  
 Owen, O. T. esq. Holborn bars, London  
 Owen, Rowland, esq. Cateston street  
 Owen, Aneurin, esq. Tan-y-gyrt  
 Owen, Rev. John, Denbigh  
 Owen, Rev. E. J. Derwes  
 Owen, O. esq. Queen's college, Cambridge  
 Owen, Owen, esq. Peter house, Cambridge  
 Owens, Mr. Owen, Caernarvon  
 Owens, Mr. Owen, Bodinithodd, near Pwllheli  
 Owens, Mr. Robert, Welsh Harp, Chester  
 Owens, Owen, esq. Well street, Hackney  
 Owens, Owen, esq. Liverpool  
  
 Parry, William, esq. Tanfield court, Temple  
 Parry, Edward, esq. Chester  
 Parry, Rev. Henry, Llanam  
 Parry, Mr. John, Pwllheli  
 Parry, Mr. John, Bangor  
 Parry, Mr. Owen, Llanerchymedd

- Parry, Mr. Edward, Hotel, Caernarvon  
 Parry, Mr. David, Holywell  
 Payne, Rev. H. T. Canon, Crickhowel  
 Paynter, John, esq. Maceyllywa, Amlechw  
 Pennant, Mrs. Dawkins, 56, Portland place  
 Pennant, David, esq. Downing  
 Pennant, G. H. Dawkins, esq. M.P. Penrhyn castle, Bangor  
 Perkins, Charles, esq. 7, Adelphi terrace, London  
 Peters, Captain Roger, Aberystwy  
 Peitt, L. H. esq. M.P.  
 Phillips, G. esq. Jesus college, Cambridge  
 Phillips, Sir T. bart. 14, Stratford place, Oxford street  
 Phillips, Mrs. E. Rutland place, Swansea  
 Phillips, Colonel Lloyd, Mabes, Cardigan  
 Phillips, John, esq. 34, Nicholas lane  
 Phillips, Rev. John. Llew & Cledwell  
 Pierce, Thomas, esq. Caernarvon  
 Pollard, W. H. esq. Clapham  
 Poole, Mr. John, Shrewsbury  
 Popham, —, esq. Corwall  
 Powell, Charles, esq. 50, Lincoln's-inn-fields  
 Powell, Rev. Evan, Moughtrey, Montgomeryshire  
 Powell, W. E. esq. M.P. Nanctos, Cardiganshire  
 Powell, Evan, esq. Caernarvon  
 Powell, Mr. Howell, No. 2, Concert street, Liverpool  
 Powis, the Earl of, land lieutenant for Salop  
 Pries, William, esq. Abergweny  
 Pries, Richard, esq. M.P. Knighton, Radnorshire  
 Pries, Sir Edward, bart.  
 Pries, Rev. John, Bailth  
 Pries, Mr. John Jones, Bailth  
 Price, Mr. David, Bailth  
 Price, Major, Brecon  
 Price, Rev. Mr. Tylachda, Breconshire  
 Price, Mr. James, Abergavenny  
 Price, Mr. Morgan, Bailth  
 Price, Rev. Thomas, Crickhowel  
 Price, Mr. Jua. Park, Trehoway  
 Price, Rev. John, St. John's college, Cambridge  
 Pritchard, Mr. T. J. L. Bailth, Breconshire  
 Pritchard, R. W. esq. Liverpool  
 Pritchard, Mr. John, Bangor  
 Pritchard, Mr. Robert, Bangor  
 Pritchard, Samuel, esq. Kingston  
 Probert, Rev. William, Bolton  
 ——— for the Society of Ministers, Bolton  
 Pryce, Stafford, esq. Hendon  
 Pryce, Richard, esq. Gausley, Montgomery  
 Pryce, Rev. John, Dol Vorwen, Montgomeryshire  
 Pryse, Mrs. Pryse, Buzcot park, Berkshire  
 Pugh, T. esq. Magdalen college, Cambridge  
 Pugh, David, esq. Llanserbyddol, Welshpool  
 Pugh, David, esq. Park lane, Welshpool  
 Pugh, Dr. W. Owen, D. C. L. St. Nant Glyn  
 Pugh, Rev. William, Rector of Llanfai, Meirionethshire  
 Pugh, Lewis, esq. Dolgelly, Meirionethshire  
 Pugh, J. D. esq. R.N. Greenfield, Holywell  
 Pugh, Rev. Mr. rector of Mallywd  
 Pugh, J. D. R.N. Greenfield, Holywell  
 Pugh, David, esq. Greenhill, Llandia, Coernarthen  
 Pugh, Mr. John, Llanfairdd, Radnorshire  
 Radlick, Mr. Edward, Holywell  
 Radwood, Charles, esq. Cowbridge, Glamorganshire  
 Rees, Memrs. D. R. and W. Llanedover  
 Rees, Rev. Rice, M. A. Professor of Welsh, St. David's college, Lampeter  
 Rees, Henry, esq. Mansbury square, London  
 Rees, Rev. Jenkins, Caeob  
 Rees, Mr. Berubard, Cigar Divan, Strand  
 Reynolds, —, esq. Literary Institution, Aldersgate street  
 Reynolds, —, Belvoir terrace, Vauxhall road  
 Rice, Thomas, esq. Coed Helen, Caernarvon  
 Rice, esq. Sargoon, 11, Broad street, Golden square  
 Richards, Rev. L. B.A. St. Amph  
 Richards, Rev. John, Llanserbyddol  
 Richards, Mr. David, Shrewsbury  
 Richards, Edward Lewis, esq. Swansea  
 Richards, John, esq. Customs, Liverpool  
 Richards, Rev. John, Llanwddia  
 Richards, Rev. R. Caserwy  
 Richards, Charles, esq. 7, Hanover street, Hanover square  
 Richards, Rev. T. Llanygiew, Montgomeryshire  
 Roberts, John, esq. Crosby square  
 Roberts, E. esq. Grove house, Britton  
 Roberts, Rev. Edward, Whitford  
 Roberts, Mr. Towyn  
 Roberts, Rev. Lewis, Llandula  
 Roberts, R. esq. St. John's street  
 Roberts, Mr. Richard, Liverpool  
 Roberts, Miss, Llanyllin, Montgomeryshire  
 Rogers, Edward, esq. M.P. Stange park, Radnor  
 Roberts, Mr. Gabriel, Chester  
 Roberts, Captain Robert, of Neryn  
 Roberts, Rev. Edward, Vicar of Nantglyn  
 Roberts, Rev. John, B.A. Grammar School, Denbigh  
 Roberts, Mr. Hugh, Bangor  
 Roberts, Thomas, esq. Garth View, Bangor  
 Roberts, Captain Griffith, Cefn Trefor Bach, near Harlech  
 Roberts, Mr. John, Raven fan, Dolgelly, Meirionethshire  
 Roberts, Gabriel, esq. Chester  
 Roberts, Captain Thomas, No. 2, Surrey street, Kent square, Liverpool  
 Roberts, Mr. John, father of the Cambrian Society, Liverpool  
 Roberts, Mr. Peter, No. 47, Ranelagh street, Liverpool  
 Roberts, Mr. Thomas David, Bell inn, High street, Holywell  
 Roberts, Alfred Horatio, esq. M.R.C.S. L. No. 64, Christian street, Liverpool  
 Roberts, Mr. Thomas, Secretary of the Cambrian Society, Liverpool  
 Roberts, John, esq. Bank Quay, Caernarvon  
 Roberts, Dr. Owen Owen, Caernarvon  
 Roberts, Mr. John Michael, Fwllibell  
 Roberts, Rev. William, Rector of Llanndolenion, Caernarvonshire  
 Roberts, Rev. Thomas, Rector of Llanyghy and Llanarmon, Hendre Abererch, near Fwllibell  
 Roberts, William, esq. Hafodyceod, near Harlech, Merionethshire  
 Roberts, Mr. Robert, 3, Swallow street, Piccadilly.  
 Rowlands, Mr. David, Fwllibell  
 Rowlands, Dr. Chatham  
 Rowlands, Rev. Mr. Cardia Caerleon  
 Russell Rev. John, Llanadrinio, Montgomery  
 Salisbury, Mr. P. Bear's head, Newtown  
 Samuel, Mr. William, Waterloo Tavern, Bangor  
 Sankey, Charles, esq. Denbigh  
 Sayer, Mr. John, Tyn y Rhyd, Devil's bridge  
 Scott, Edward, esq. Botolph  
 Seymour, Edward, esq. Porth Mawr, Crickhowel  
 Skinner, Captain, R.N. Holyhead  
 Sparrow, William Wynne, esq. Red Hill, Beaumaris  
 Spencer, Mr. Robert, Royal Hotel, Holyhead  
 Spottiswoode, Robert, esq. New street, Gough square  
 Stephens, Evan, esq. B.A. Newtown, and Lincoln's Inn, London  
 Stephens, Rev. Thomas, Isle of Mann  
 Storer, Mr. James, No. 12, Hawke street, Liverpool  
 Taddy, Mrs. Sergeant, 40, Old Palace yard  
 Tamberlain, I. & esq. Bryn llan y Mawddn  
 Tart, Robert, esq. High street, Holywell  
 Temple, Christopher, esq. 4, Hunter street, Brunswick square  
 Temple, Robert, esq. Chester  
 Temple, John, esq. Worcester  
 Thomas, William, esq. Solicitors' Office, Excise Office, London  
 Thomas, Rev. Thomas, Fwllibell  
 Thomas, Captain John, Brick House, Aberdovey  
 Thomas, Mr. Robert, Port Penrhyn, Bangor  
 Thomas, Mr. Evan, Greengate street, Caernarvon  
 Thomas, Captain, of the Nile of Caernarvon  
 Thomas, Rev. D. Llangolman, Pembroke  
 Thomas, Mr. J. Narbeth, Pembroke  
 Thomas, Rev. Thomas, Llanfais, Montgomery  
 Thomas, Mr. Evan, Bolton  
 Thomas Henry, esq. St. John's, Cambridge  
 Thomas, Miss, Clapham  
 Thomas, Thomas, esq. Llangolac, Caernarvonshire  
 Thomas, Mr. 34, Devonshire street, Portland place  
 Thomas, Thomas, esq. Fawcraig, Radnorshire  
 Thomas, Edward D. esq. Waifield house, Radnorshire  
 Thomas, Wm. esq. Excise office, Broad street  
 Thomas, Rev. Thomas, Diserth, Radnorshire  
 Thornwaite, Mr. Lilliput lane  
 Tidy, Mr. Thomas, Amlechw  
 Tilley, Edward, esq. Chester

- Traherne, Rev. I. M., A.M., F.R.S., F.L.S., F.G.S.,  
 Coedriglan, Cardiff  
 Turner, Mrs. Cragan, Merionethshire  
 Vaughan, Sir Robert Williams, bart. M.P. Nannau,  
 Merionethshire  
 Vaughan, John, esq. Penmaen Drey  
 Vaughan, Colonel, Rag  
 Vaughan, Rev. Charles, Llangstock, Crickhowel  
 Vaughan, Mr. Thomas P. Freyberth, Llanbedars y  
 Garreg, Radnorshire  
 Vaughan, Rev. Hugh, Llwyn Madoc, Radnorshire  
 Vaughan, Philip, esq. Brecon  
 Vickers, Mr. Meredith, Holywell  
 Wakeman, Mr. William, Tregoy, Monmouthshire  
 Walker, Mr. Crickhowel  
 Waring, John, esq. Cool y gwen, Radnor  
 Warrington, Captain, Bryn house, Wrexham  
 Watkins, Lloyd Vaughan, esq. Penoyr, Breconshire  
 Watkins, J. J. esq. Cardiff, Glamorganshire  
 Webster, Mr. G. P. Aulwick  
 Whitehouse, Mr. High street, Holywell  
 Whitley, Edward, esq. Broncoed, Mold  
 Whitley, C. T. esq. St. John's Cambridge  
 Wilbraham, Mr. Lloyd, Chester  
 Wilding, Charles, esq. Fowis castle, Montgomery-  
 shire  
 Wilkins, Hon. Mrs. Dany Park, Crickhowel  
 Wilkins, Walter, esq. Meeslough castle, Radnorshire  
 Williams, Major Buckley, Glas Havra  
 Williams, John Jones, esq. Solicitor, Dolgelly  
 Williams, Lewis, esq. Yvonwalen, Dolgelly  
 Williams, Rev. John, Llanfaches, Montgomeryshire.  
 Williams, Mr. Rowland, St. John's place, Great  
 Charlotte street, Liverpool  
 Williams, Captain Hugh, No. 49, Pit street, Liverpool  
 Williams, Mr. Richard, New Bird street, Liverpool  
 Williams, Mr. Robert, Royal Oak, Mold  
 Williams, Mr. Robert, Holywell  
 Williams, Mr. J. Holywell  
 Williams, Mr. Edward, Denbigh  
 Williams, Mr. Robert, Holywell  
 Williams, Mr. John, Coedacras, near Denbigh  
 Williams, Mr. William, Surgeon, Abergela  
 Williams, Robert, esq. Vrondeg, Bangor  
 Williams, William, Llancrchysodd  
 Williams, William, esq. Greenfield, Holywell  
 Williams, William, Abergela  
 Williams, Rev. O. G. Rhwll  
 Williams, Owen Williams, esq. Llanington  
 Williams, H. R. esq. Penrheo, near Caernarvon  
 Williams, Mr. William, High street, Caernarvon  
 Williams, Rev. W. W. Priory, Caernarvon  
 Williams, Mr. Thomas, Abercwh  
 Williams, David, esq. Pwllbell  
 Williams, Rev. Peter, D.D. Llanbedrog, near Pwllbell  
 Williams, William, esq. Bryngolau, near Pwllbell  
 Williams, Mr. Skreen, Radnor  
 Williams, P. esq. Penpont, Breconshire  
 Williams, Rhinosa, esq. Rhaidr  
 Williams, Evan, esq. Rhaidr  
 Williams, John, esq. Skreen, Radnorshire  
 Williams, Joseph, esq. London hospital  
 Williams, John, esq. 111, Oxford street  
 Williams, Richard, esq. Staples Inn  
 Williams, Robert, esq. Christchurch, Oxford  
 Williams, Rev. Edward, Llanabdr, Denbigh  
 Williams, D. esq. Lledrod  
 Williams, Owen, esq. Liverpool  
 Williams, Robert, esq. Liverpool  
 Williams, William, esq. Liverpool  
 Williams, Mr. Plas-y-Ward  
 Williams, Mr. Cheltenham  
 Williams, Mr. St. Martin's-le-grand  
 Williams, Henry, esq. Beaumaris  
 Williams, John, esq. Selop  
 Williams, J. Copner, esq. Denbigh  
 Williams, Rev. Isaac, Tryddys, Mold  
 Williams, Rev. R. Myfod  
 Williams, Rev. F. Bailey, Llanrŷg, Caernarvonshire  
 Williams, W. esq. Jesus' college, Oxford  
 Wingfield, Rev. C. Llanllwchaera  
 Wood, Colonel, M.P. Priory, Brecon  
 Woodhouse, Mr. Roger, Newtown  
 Woodman, Charles, esq. Llanllŷes  
 Wyns, Sir Watkin Williams, bart. Wynnstay  
 Wyns, Right Hon. Charles, M.P. Llangwrym, Mont-  
 gomeryshire  
 Wyns, Sir William, governor of Sandown fort, Isle of  
 Wight  
 Wynne, Wm. E. esq. Penarth, Merionethshire  
 Wynne, Mr. Charles, Surgeon, Barmouth  
 Wynne, Mr. Robert, Llewerclyd Dywarch Rhydylan,  
 Flintshire  
 Yorke, Simon, esq. Eddig, Wrexham.