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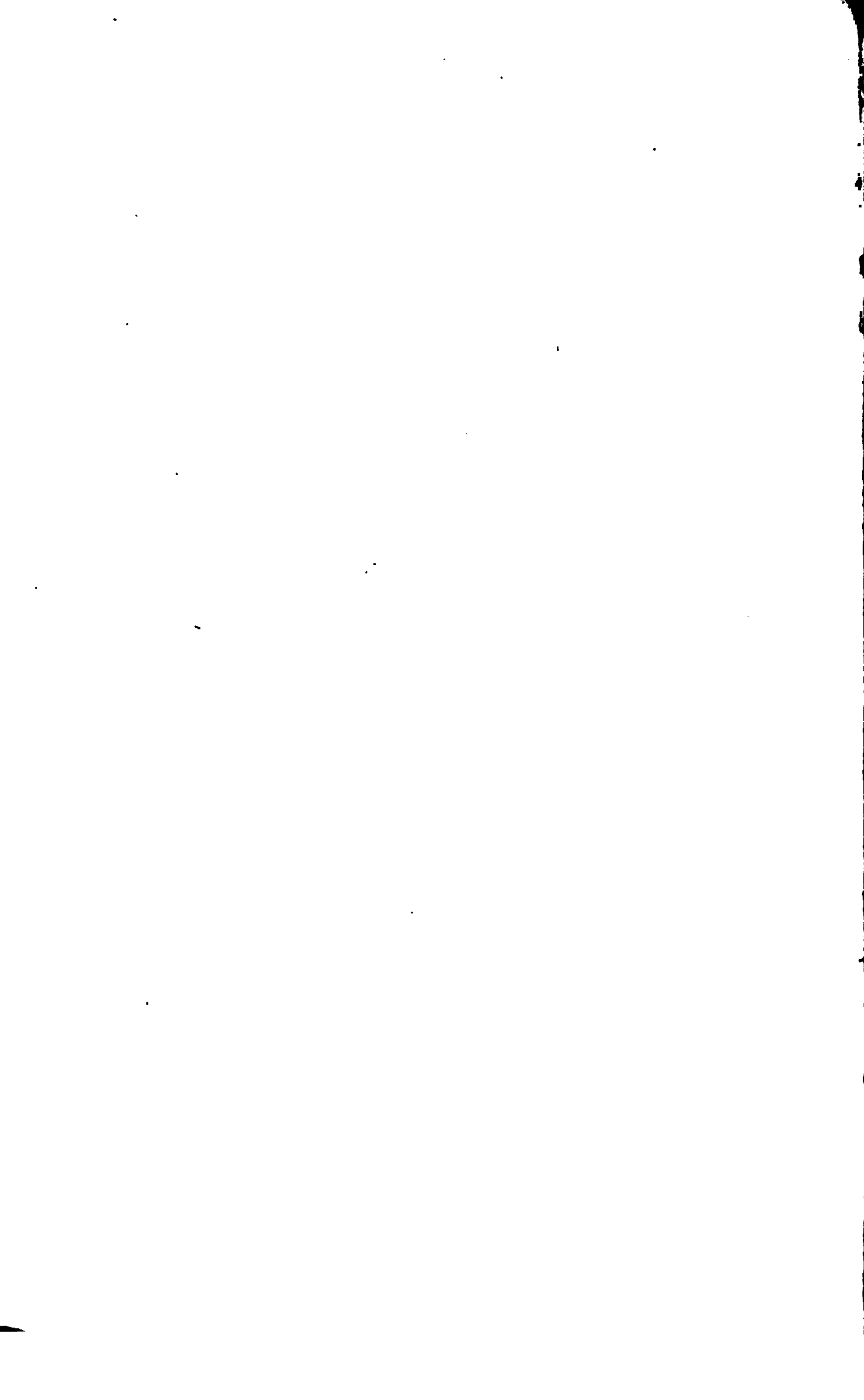
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THE  
CAMBRIAN  
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

AND

**Celtic Repertory.**

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“Y GWIR YN ERBYN Y BYD.”

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VOL. II.  
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LONDON:

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

IN LONDON, BY H. HUGHES, ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND; AND T. HOOKHAM,  
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TO THE

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RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD KENYON.

MY LORD,

THE ready affability with which you granted us permission to dedicate this our Second Volume to you, is surpassed only by the unaffected kindness with which you seek to depreciate the obligation you confer: you have been pleased to suggest, that there are other noble and honourable persons more powerfully identified with the Welsh soil, and the Welsh people, and whose zeal for the cause of our national literature must consequently have been more ardent than your Lordship's. Permit us to observe, that such a supposition is far more consistent with the impulses of a generous mind, than with facts, or our experience; and, in so saying, we by no means adequately convey that high encomium which your Lordship's uniform solicitude for the welfare of our native land deserves.

It is impossible for us to recollect the early and earnest support that you afforded to our enterprise, without feelings at once of gratitude for your condescension, and of fervent esteem for the real goodness of your heart. Your aid was originally extended to us when we had every difficulty to contend with, and when many of those who most warmly wished us success regarded our attempt as a chimera; it was at this time that you stepped forward to encourage us, although our only claim to that encouragement was anxiety for the good fame of our country. To a patriotic mind, to a mind like your Lordship's, we know full well that it will be an ample compensation for all our deficiencies, if we have in one single instance been the means of vindicating the honour of our common country; nay more, we doubt not, that if we have been uniformly unsuccessful, the cause itself which we have espoused will ensure us the sympathy, and the considerate silence, though it may not gain us the applause, of every man who merits the name of Welshman. Yet we trust that we have not been remiss in labouring to render our pages worthy of the attention of him to whose favor they owe so much; to every suggestion that we could derive, either from the press or friendly communications, we have paid the utmost attention. Among the latter, we feel peculiarly gratified in recalling to mind the encouraging letters of two distinguished men entirely unconnected with our country, Mr. Moore and Mr. Granville

## DEDICATION.

Penn. For the malignity of extravagant and sweeping condemnation, it would be ridiculous in us to express a shadow of respect, or to notice it any further than by way of deploring that men should exist so deeply imbued with Turkish barbarism as to exult in the fancied failure of every effort for the preservation of the national literature,—nay, should still more closely imitate the spirit of Ottoman darkness, by thinking it a mark of unusual wisdom to know less than their neighbours of the annals of the country they inhabit, nay, less of the fortunes of their forefathers than the greatest and most enlightened nation of the continent.

It is with pride that we reckon amongst our correspondents almost every one of those men whose researches (transferred to the eloquent pages of Mr. Thierry,) have made the inextinguishable hatred of ancient Cambria to tyranny of all kinds, a subject of interest to France and to the whole civilized world; perhaps to the former—on a recent occasion, and the most glorious one in her annals,—an example. Strange would it be, indeed, were we to allow ourselves to be clamoured out of our admiration of such men, by that most unprincipled of all things,—censure, avowedly without examination. In saying thus much, we beg to observe, that their claims and ours stand upon a totally different footing. We have ever felt how unworthy we are of the cooperation of such men in such an enterprise; how unworthy of their private friendship; how little we are worthy of that chivalrous spirit with which the people of our beloved country have in so many instances made our cause their own; much more do we feel how little we deserve the assistance which your Lordship has so unreservedly extended to us. For all this we can offer no adequate return; yet, in one respect, at least, we will remember the character of our country; we will not disregard those virtues which distinguished your illustrious relative among the judges of the land, and which have, through life, marked the public conduct of his son; we will not relinquish that character for *sincerity and truth* which formerly at least, proverbially belonged to the children of Cambria; nor will we allow local rank and influence alone to enact from us those expressions which we owe only to real patriotism, and frank, disinterested, and consistent kindness.

We have the honour to remain,

Your Lordship's obliged, humble servants,  
THE EDITORS.

THE  
CAMBRIAN  
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

AND

*Celtic Repertory.*

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THE STATE OF CAMBRO-BRITISH LITERATURE.

“A YEAR has now rolled on since the birth of the Cambrian Quarterly Magazine. It has left us with more fervent hopes and prouder confidence in our country. We trust that our pages may always be as a sanctuary within which no provincial jealousies, no exclusively national prejudices, nothing but an enlightened and holy patriotism, may obtain admission.”

In addressing ourselves to our countrymen, it can scarcely be necessary for us to say much. It is related of the North American Indians, that they will traverse immense tracts of country, which have long been in the possession of their white enemies, and discover the burial-place of their remote ancestors by the mere aid of traditional description, amid all the innovations of transatlantic colonization: and shall we, who boast ourselves the earliest civilized people of Britain, to whose annals belong Caractacus and Arthur, the idols of British freedom and European chivalry; shall we, who still possess, in peace and honour, the inheritance of our fathers, yield in pious veneration of the past, to the untutored outcast of the wilderness? We appeal to our countrymen of all parties and opinions; we think something has been done to entitle the Cambrian Quarterly to the sympathy of every real lover of his country's honour, if it has merely been the means of showing, that a periodical may be supported in Wales solely by a disinterested zeal for her literature and her welfare.

To the English public we make an appeal of a similar kind, though not of equal force; yet, we think, we are not going too far when we say, that Wales, and Welsh lore, have hitherto experienced a most disproportionate share of attention in the education of an enlightened Englishman; and what is more paradoxical still, the history, poetry, and antiquities of Wales, are better known in France than in England. It may with justice be said, that it is too much to expect a very exclusive attention in our Saxon neighbours to Cambrian subjects; but it is by no means preposterous to expect, that every scholar and gentleman would at least be as much at home in them as among the long-haired students and mysterious professors of Germany; that he should be as familiar with the bard-making rock of Snowdon, as with the elves and demons of the Schwarzwald. While hundreds of volumes are annually printed and read with avidity, on countries almost strangers to the British flag, is it very unreasonable to attempt to excite some interest, for a people to whom England may trace so many of the elements of her habits, laws, and liberties? The extent of this ignorance is truly unaccountable; to foreign nations it would be, and to posterity we hope it will be, incredible: only a few months since, a body of men, of unquestioned classical and scientific acquirements, fell into greater errors on the geography of the Principality, than would have occurred, we are convinced, had Switzerland, or even Hungary, been the subject of their investigations: and Sir Walter Scott, who generally combines the pictures of his vigorous imagination with severe historical accuracy, has represented Gwenwynwyn, prince of Powys, in the light of the unlettered leader of a Mongul horde, though his father, Owain Cyveiliog, was the greatest poetical genius that ever sate on a British throne; and though, from the remains of Gwalchmai, a bard of Owain's court, Gray professedly borrowed his noblest lyric effusions, which were the origin of the modern romantic school of poetry in England.

In fact, there are few countries so rich in varied interest to a philosophical mind. We will begin with a subject generally the most dry and uninviting,—language. Our learned countryman, Dr. Owen Pughe, has proceeded on the hypothesis, that the Welsh, like the Chinese, may be reduced to monosyllables; and, notwithstanding a few unavoidable anomalies, it is impossible to deny that the consistency of the result with the preconception, forms one of the most splendid monuments of human reason. So attractive is this system, though so laboriously constructed, that we have heard his rules of analysis pursued by persons but little elevated above the peasantry; and we have heard Dr. Owen Pughe, (misnamed the Cambrian Johnson,) hailed with the same enthusiasm by the lowest of his countrymen, that would be bestowed on some patriot poet, a Tyrtæus, or a Korner. But there is another point of



view in which the Welsh possesses still higher claims to investigation,—as an historical beacon on the sources of the population of Europe. Its early colonists naturally divide themselves into two great tribes, the Teutonic and the Celtic; a branch from each of these two great divisions constitute the two nations of Southern Britain. Now, to a superficial observer, no two dialects can be more unlike than the Welsh and the English, nor does a more scientific comparison furnish us with much more satisfactory evidence of the original identity of the two nations who speak them. But what a wonderful solution of the enigma do we find, in pressing an oriental dialect into our service! on a comparison with the Hebrew or Persian, we find that the two great dialects of our continent coalesce, as it were, and form one Asiatic language, an expressive record of the common origin of Goth and Celt, and of the source from which they both emigrated!

Not to fatigue our readers with philological discussion, we will exemplify this truth by a short table, which approaches very near to demonstration, as it contains the most primitive words of all languages.

TABLE.

PERSIAN.	WELSH.	ENGLISH.
Madè a maid a female.	*	Maid. Mädchen, Germ.
Geneez, a girl.	Geneth.	*
D. ch. t. r. a, girl, a daughter.	*	Daughter. Töchter, Germ.
Chouahr, a sister.	Idem.	*
Ch. d. a God.	*	God.
B. r. ee, God.	Beree or Peree, to create (spelt Peri) Beri adur, Creator. (Be (v) ra eed, Heb. Id.	*
Pechegan, infants.	Bechgyn.	*
Juvan, young.	Ieuangc.	Juvenile, from Lat.
Braud. r.	Braud (Brathair, Irish)	Brother.
Mam, mother.	Mam.	*
M. d. r. mother.	*	Mother.
P. d. r. father.	*	Pater, Lat.; Fader, Ang.-Sax.
	LATIN.	GREEK.
Aud. n. the ear.	Aud io I hear.	*
Koush, the ear.	*	A kous o, I will hear. Akoustics, Eng.
F. m. the mouth.	(Fhuaim, a voice, Ir.) Fama, Fame, Lat.	Foem ee, I speak.

The Persian grammar also combines many European languages :

PERSIAN.	WELSH.	ENGLISH.	LATIN.	GERMAN.
Men, I	My	Mine	Meus	Mein.
Tou, thou	*	Thou	Tu	Du.
Av, he, she, or it.	Idem. spelt Ev.	*	*	*
A een, this	Hyn. ; Hon.	*	*	*
Bod n , to be ; (n. infinitive affix)	Bod.	*	*	*
Am, I am		Idem.	*	Eim i .

This tense is very like Latin :

Shou, be thou. Shou d, (sit), let him be.

Shou eem, (simus), let us be.

Shou eet, (sitis), be ye. Shou nd, let them be.

This interesting feature in our native language suggests to us a pleasing reflection, on the prospects of our recently established College of Lampeter. On one branch of learning, at least, the Welsh student of Lampeter must enter with more advantages than the student of any university in the world, familiarly acquainted with both Welsh and English, the acquisition of oriental dialects must be to him a task of no great difficulty.

In descending towards more modern times, it is impossible not to perceive, that the early inhabitants of this island were masters of some branches of knowledge now totally extinct; the most commonly recognised instance of this are the Druidical circles at Stonehenge and other places. But there is a still stronger, in the submarine rampart, called Sarn Padrig, or Patrick's Causeway, a subject which presents also an unanswerable proof, that antiquarian knowledge is not to be safely neglected in scientific regulations, any more than in speculative inquiries. In many old poems and triads of the Welsh, are to be found allusions to a rampart which once stretched along the western coast of North Wales, keeping out the sea from a wide tract of country now immersed in the waters, which broke down some part of the bulwark; and at this day, the masonry of this mysterious causeway may at any time be observed many leagues from the shore. Compared with it, the embankments of modern days are like the walls we see children build; and the stranger from the shore looks with astonishment on the long dark line extending into the sea, which every body may behold, and nobody will explore. Such is the "Sarn Badrig;" an immense wall, on which monkish invention bestowed the title of St. Patrick's Causeway; which appears on every map; and yet has *many a vessel been unexpectedly dashed to pieces on it*, and may be at this moment, when every part of the British coast, one might suppose, would have been carefully surveyed!

It may not be amiss to inform or to remind our readers, that although the antiquarian matters of which our Magazine treats,

are not capable of enlargement beyond their own limits, and have not the aid of invention, as in works of imagination and fancy, still the progress of time throws upon them a clearer and a steadier light; a few years add immensely to the powers of description and illustration that may be employed on them: they are like minerals, of which new veins are daily being discovered, although they do not increase or multiply by vegetation. We should feel it a pleasing task, did our limits permit, to give our English friends an account of the various periodicals, in the Welsh language, that have for years issued monthly from the press; to enumerate the labours of those literary societies that have been established, in every district in Wales, to preserve our national relics from oblivion. To the Cymmrodorion Society in London, we owe many volumes of excellent Transactions, though it is impossible to speak with unreserved commendation of an institution that left the publication of all the ancient British poetry to one individual, and never has, in the least, assisted the first Celtic scholar of his day, to publish the most interesting of Cambro-British relics.\* It is gratifying, however, to observe, that a patriotic and liberal spirit has of late animated this society, which, if it continue, will still render it the centre of every public-spirited investigation. Availing ourselves, therefore, of these increasing sources of information, and taking advantage of the larger prospect that is afforded us, by the combined labours of the scholar and the traveller, we look forward with hope to the support of the literary public.

Whatever may be the condition of Scotland or of Ireland, or the bond of union between them and England, neither of them is united so indissolubly as Wales, to the destinies of her English neighbour: the proudest ancient monuments of English architecture are, in Wales, existing in those gigantic citadels which throw into the shade all the feudal glories of the Rhine, and realize the fictions of romance: the proudest modern effort of mechanic art is in Wales, of which our American visitors are in the habit of observing, "To see the Menai bridge alone is worth a longer voyage!"

Another subject hitherto uninvestigated, is our beautiful remains of Gothic workmanship. An eminent architect, whose researches extend over all the English counties and a large portion of Scotland, observed, on the subject of Wales, that he doubted not there lay concealed in that country many curious and elegant relics of Gothic art, which had hitherto been neglected or unknown. We can inform him, that his opinion is well justified by our own observations. In the progress of our Magazine, we may have occasion to describe and point out these works, in such a way as

\* We allude to Dr. Pughe, and his Mabinogion.

to enable an architectural tourist henceforth to understand or to visit them. We care not what the place may be, where we meet with good Gothic; whether it be half hid among the rubbish of some remote parish-church, or placed in glory within the aisles of some English cathedral, we give it our unbiassed admiration: we do more; we consider that, in the latter case, it is already rescued from oblivion, by the labours of the draughtsman and the engraver; while, in the former, it is neither valued, nor protected, nor admired.

We will now advert to Wales, in regard to its romantic natural beauties. The number of guide books on the subject of Wales, is already so great that information is heaped upon the traveller with liberal profusion; but here again, the increased knowledge of ancient Welsh lore, and the change in the surface of the country, demand a novel mode of illustration. It shall be our object, therefore, in our descriptions of natural scenery, to point out the particular spots where the professional or amateur artist will find the various objects arranged in the most advantageous manner; and, in some less-frequented spots, if these remarks of ours are well considered, we may probably be the means of saving time, and adding to the treasures of the portfolio. The English lakes have their "stations;" and we can well remember losing our patience, and our subject, when we wandered about, in defiance of the received opinion. In Wales, the science of the picturesque has not been made familiar to the guides; nor, indeed, are the best points of view so evident as in the North of England. It would be impossible to enumerate the various increasing sources of interest in Welsh scenery. Let us only consider the change that has occurred in Snowdonia within the last few years! The grand Irish road, in smoothness, width, and easy changes of level, superior to the roads of England, carries the tourist through a mountainous district of sixty miles, along places where no carriage could go in the days of Pennant: where, formerly, the barren rock defied cultivation, slate quarries have employed thousands of workmen; where a mansion of no architectural pretensions once existed, we now behold the Anglo-Norman stateliness of Penrhyn castle!

When we look back on the long series of misfortunes that constitutes the history of the great people of whom the Cambro-British nation are the remnant; when we recollect the long struggle that our ancestors maintained against the most overwhelming superiority of numbers; though a conquered, we may fearlessly regard ourselves as an undishonoured nation: the heroes of Waterloo and of Trafalgar, would have considered defeat as far more honourable than victory, if the latter were accomplished by the perfidious and cruel policy of the Norman kings of England. We cannot

consider ourselves as unworthy partakers of the liberties of England, when we recollect, that the high spirit of honour and chivalry which burns so brightly in that favored country, and to which she owes her victories in war, and many of her virtues in peace, first sprung up amid the lonely fastnesses of our fathers. On this subject we will quote from a beautiful address, delivered by Mr. Price to a Bardic Congress at Breckon; and we feel confident that our English readers will not censure the impassioned tone of eloquence so pardonable on such an occasion:

“But I will go farther than even this,” (continued he,) “and venture to assert, not only that the admirers of poetry are under obligations to the ancient British bards, but that much of the refinement of civilized life is more intimately connected with the traditions and history preserved by them, than may at first be admitted.

“It will not be disputed, that in the middle ages, even dark and barbarous as they were, there existed a certain system, many of whose maxims would do honour to any age whatever; and which, under the name of chivalry, inculcated principles of the most refined and admirable character, and which laid the foundation of many of the advantages of society in the present day. I shall not attempt to enumerate all the excellencies of that system, for it is sufficiently evident, that its supporters inculcated principles of courtesy and refinement in private life, of honour and manly sentiment in their public conduct, and formed in themselves the great bulwark of Christian independence.\* But whence did they derive such principles? and what people was capable of supplying them? For, however the world may since have profited by classic learning, it is clear, that it was not from the heroes of Greece or Rome, that these principles were derived; for the gods of the Capitol had long disappeared, and every trait of Roman character had been swept away, in the deluge of the Gothic invasion. But had they remained, still the pagan heroes of Greece and Rome could never have supplied the exalted principles of Christian chivalry. It therefore becomes interesting to know, whence such principles could have been derived so different and superior to any the world had ever witnessed before.

“I believe it cannot be disputed, that the earliest patterns of knighthood were Arthur and his fellow-warriors; for if we trace the progress of chivalrous feeling, and the machinery of those romantic legends which had such an extraordinary influence upon society, we shall find that they all centered in Wales, and among the Cambrian population of Britain. For we may follow this system, through a long series of ages and countries, in each of which, it probably received some tinge and modification of character, but each of which refers us to some other nation, and some period still more remote, until we come to this very age and people which I have just named, to

“Uthur’s son.”

“Begirt with British and Armoric knights.”

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\* They afforded the only check to the fearful encroachment of the Mahomedan power, which was extending itself in every direction, except where it was opposed by the spirit of chivalry, and however absurd and fanatical they may at present appear, yet had it not been for the prowess and enthusiasm of the Crusaders and their predecessors, in all probability, we should have been at this moment under the dominion of Mahomedan sultans.

“For if we look for the introduction of chivalry into England, we are referred to the Norman conquest; but if we search the history of Normandy for Arthur and his knights, we may hear of their names and exploits, but Normandy was not their country. From here we pass into Bretagne and Provence, and are told that the troubadours and provencal minstrels were the inventors of those tales of chivalry; but whatever embellishments they may have received from the troubadours, yet, with the exception of the Bretons, whom national connexion had induced to join the standard of Arthur, it is evident that the ancient knights of romance were not natives of any part of the continent.

“From here then we turn to the crusaders, and follow them to the Holy Land, but still we find ourselves as far from our object as before, for whatever tinge they may have received from Saracenic intercourse, undoubtedly the early models of chivalry were not of Asiatic origin. Even at the court of Charlemagne and at Roncesvalles, a place whose very name is sufficient to produce the highest tone of romantic feeling, yet here we are equally distant from our object. For though Roland and the Paladins were most gallant knights, yet even they must own still more ancient and more perfect models of conduct. Where then shall we find them? I have already ventured to assert that it is here, in Wales, and even in this very district, in which the present Eisteddvod is held. For it was at Caerleon, the metropolis of Gwent,\* that the great Arthur held his court, encompassed by his knights, furnishing examples of valour and courtesy to the surrounding nations. And from this land, and from our forefathers emanated that spirit which was destined to contribute so eminently towards the civilizing of the world.

“Among the characters of the romances, and of the bardic histories, though some have been greatly disfigured by the French, and other foreigners, yet the identity of the following must be obvious to every one.

<i>Knights, &amp;c. of Romance.</i>	<i>Warriors, &amp;c. of the Bards.</i>
Merlin the enchanter - - - - -	Merddyn
Uther Pendragon - - - - -	Uthyr Pendragon
King Arthur - - - - -	Arthur, &c.
Guenever his queen - - - - -	Gwenhwyfar, &c.
Medrod his nephew - - - - -	Medrawd, &c.
King Urience - - - - -	Urien Rheged
King Mark - - - - -	March ap Meirchion
Sir Ewain, son of King Urience - -	Ewain ap Urien
Sir Lamorac - - - - -	Llywarch Hen latinized into Lomarchus
Sir Gawain - - - - -	Gwên ap Llywarch
Sir Tristram - - - - -	Trystan ap Tallhwch
Sir Carados Bris bras - - - - -	Caradawc Vraich Vras
Sir Kaye - - - - -	Cai ap Cynyr,
	&c. &c.”

\* Gwent is the ancient Siluria, being the southeastern part of Wales. Our readers will recollect this speech was delivered at Brecon, which is in that district. Caerleon is now a small town.



## ARDUDWY.

*To the Editors of the Cambrian Quarterly Magazine.*

GENTLEMEN,

THE vale of Ardudwy is the sea-coast of Merionethshire, between Barmouth and Harlech; and, as there are some remains of antiquity scattered over it, which may deserve a place in the Cambrian Quarterly Magazine, the account of them is submitted to your attention, as lately collected by me, in company with a respected SAIS, to whom the scenes were new, and therefore he was inquisitive.

Our expedition shall commence at Barmouth. "This is a very odd corner for a town," says the SAIS. Yes, but it being a bathing place, and well known, we pass on. "How came it to have such a no-meaning name?" It came to be so called thus: at a meeting of the masters of the vessels belonging to the port, at an alehouse, in 1768, where I was present, and at the time the shipping there was fast increasing, it was decided to have an English name for the place upon the sterns of the vessels, for the information of strangers; and therefore a sailor who deemed himself the most profound in the language of the SÆSON, proposed to transform the original appellation of *Abermaw*, or the efflux of the river *Maw*, into BARMOUTH. Some who were present, however, derided this new term, asking, how could a bar have a mouth; and, besides, there were two bars here, and each ought to have a mouth. But, in spite of cavil, Barmouth was the name adopted: and *Bermo*, another corrupt appellation, disappeared then from the milestones. "I see that the two mouths are only separated by a narrow bank of pebbles and sand." True: but I remember a rabbit warren there, of about a quarter of a mile long, and about sixty yards broad; and which is one among other evidences you will see, as you proceed, of the encroachment of the sea upon this coast: and, north of the town, there was a green plain, about half a mile long, and about a quarter broad, now entirely swept away; and over which the road went, and instead of it, you see one cut along the sides of those rocks to the right.

Let us now pursue our journey, and pass the parish-church, distant one and a half mile, called *Llanaber*, or the church on the efflux, and dedicated to St. Mary. "This is a venerable, large



structure, and placed so near the sea withal." Yes; and it may probably be thus explained: there are some indications of there having been formerly only one *aber*, or efflux to the river *Maw*; and the present course of that one is towards this spot, and so it gave name to the church; and which is one of six, within the short space of seven miles, along our road to Harlech. This great number of churches, and in such an out-of-the-way district, we may account for as we proceed.

"We are arrived at a milestone, three and a half miles from Barmouth, and, looking eastward to the hills, I observe a structure of other times, on the farther side of the field." Our direct way from hence to one of the principal objects of our excursion, situated upon a mountain plain, not seen from hence, just beyond that first high ground, would be to pass the old mansion, the name of which is Egryn; but our plan will be better executed, if we proceed a mile and a half farther along the Harlech road, and return by the ancient works now alluded to. But that old house, which attracted your attention, is one among several others of a similar character in this vale. It was originally the residence of a *cymmro* of some rank; and, in the fifteenth century, it was tenanted by friars. The inside is curious: the roof is supported by pointed arches, of fine Irish oak, springing from the basement, and dividing the building into three compartments. Over half of the middle one, which is the largest, there was till lately a gallery of communication between the apartments in each end, and protected by a balustrade, as if intended for an audience to hear and see what occurs on the *earth* below. "How should you be so well acquainted with what you now describe?" Since I acquired this knowledge, a whole generation has passed away from hence to another world: in that house lived my parents, who have departed; my brothers and sisters too, most of whom are gone. Let us proceed.

We have passed another milestone: and here let us go down that lane to our right, for about a hundred yards, to a house called *Caer Elwan*, or the fort of Elwan, of which no traces are seen; but our object here is that upright stone, of which about seven feet appears out of the ground. "Can you tell its history?" Look at that smooth and towering eminence to the north-east, standing in advance of the regular chain mountains, and whose summit may be nearly three miles distant, as the crow flies, and which is called *Moelvre*, or the bald hill. Any native would inform you, that the redoubtable giant, Arthur, threw this stone from the top of *Moelvre*, as a mark to which he intended playing at quoits. But, if I might be pardoned the temerity of doubting such a fact, I would infer that the stone before us is the monument of *Llia the Irishman*, of whom the following notice is re-



corded in the verses on the graves of the warriors of the isle of Britain :

“ Bedd Llia Wyddel yn argel Ardudwy,  
Tàn y gwellt.”

“ The grave of Llia the Gwydhelian is in the covert of Ardudwy, beneath the sod.”

Proceeding nearly a mile we come to *Llandwywe*, a church dedicated to St. Dwywe, the daughter of Gwallog ab Llenog, and the mother of Deiniol, the patron saint of Bangor. A small chapel, on the north side of the chancel of this church, contains the monuments of the ancient family of Cors-y-gedol, the present representative of which is the patriotic Sir R. W. Vaughan, member of parliament for the county. To shorten our tour, by your permission, it may suffice to mention briefly what may be deserving of notice on the road onward to Harlech, so that we may turn up to the mountains forming the eastern boundary of the vale. At the distance of three quarters of a mile, and half a mile west of the road, you see *Llanenddwyn*, or the church of a female saint, named Enddwyn. A mile and a half farther, the road passes through the village of *Llanpedr*, or the church of St. Peter. The only thing remarkable traditionally bruited here, is an embarrassment as to the site of the church. About forty yards to the right of the road, there are four or five slabs of stones, standing upright, about eight feet high; and it was there they began to erect the church; but all the work they repeatedly did by day, was always found removed in the night, by the evil one, to where the church now stands, and, at length, the builders gave way to his whim. Going along a causeway over a marsh, for three quarters of a mile, there is a bridge to be crossed, over a small river, called the *Artro*, which expands to an estuary of about a mile long to the sea, and on the north side of which is the isthmus of Mochras, on which there is one farm only. And here the vale of Ardudwy terminates; for the sea forms a right angle round the point of the isthmus, and comes within a furlong of the bridge before noticed, and then makes nearly another right angle along the shore of Harlech marsh to the estuary of the two sands. Close upon that last angle is *Llandanwg*, or the church of St. Tanwg, who was the son of Ithel the Generous, of Armorica. The sea now approaches so near this church, that the waves at times sprays about its walls; and all that remains of the parish not overwhelmed, is the farm of Mochras already mentioned, besides a few small tenements and cottages along the *Artro* river upwards, and on the land side; and this is another proof of the encroachment of the sea upon the coast. Three quarters of a mile from the bridge, farther on the road, is *Llanvair*, or St. Mary, the parish-church of Harlech. The fine old castle at this place has been so frequently described by tourists that we may pass it over. There are also the graves

of the men of Arduwy, on the high ridge, about three miles east of the town, which also need not our notice, from having been treated of by Pennant. But Harlech marsh demands a few words: it is a sandy plain, about three miles along, and nearly a mile wide, covered with verdure, remarkable for its breed of ponies and parts of which have been lately brought under cultivation. The sea must have formed it, and then receded; and, as a proof of this, a limekiln, full of lime, was discovered, some twenty years ago, just beneath the present surface of the marsh, and close to the rock whereon the castle stands.

Leaving the vale, to proceed on our journey upwards, we pass between the two lodges, and enter that straight avenue, of about a mile in length, leading to the now deserted mansion of Cors-y-gedol. Having come about two hundred yards, we must clamber over the wall on our left, to look at a stone, of about ten feet long, eight feet wide, and about twenty inches thick, recumbent upon other stones scarcely above the surface of the ground. And this is a quoit, which all about will tell you was thrown by Arthur, from the top of Moelvre. "Surely he must have made a bad throw, as the mark he sent before must be a good mile from hence. I see some one has actually carved, as it were, the impression of a hand at the edge of the stone." Carved, indeed! why, there is not a boy about here but will tell you, that the marks you say are carved, are the real marks of Arthur's fingers, where he took hold of the stone to throw it. "His hand must have been pretty large, as these fingers are about eighteen inches long; to be sure, it required a large hand to throw such a stone." Is it seemly for you to laugh at such a fact? But let us pass the mansion before us; and, after pointing out to you a cromlech, nearly at the northern extremity of the ascent of Moelvre, of which there is a description in Camden, we will get into the rear of that mountain, so that you may have a view of *Drws Arduwy*, the door of Arduwy, one of the sublimest scenes in Wales, and which is scarcely known to strangers, owing to its being so out of their way. "Well, this is most stupendous, certainly, and repays for all our toil. I now recollect seeing a view of it in Pennant; but what a poor idea we have of it there." Yes, poor enough.

Let us now retrace our steps over the ridge to our right, and then you will see three lakes, which you did not observe in coming, and situated in a little world of desolation, far from the haunts of men. "I now see one down before us." That is *Bodlyn*; there is another to the east, above it, concealed from our sight, called *Dulyn*; and yonder you see a large one, nearly a mile long, to the south-west, that is *Llyn Urddyn*, or the sacred lake; and we are to pass along the margin of it, to arrive at objects I promised to show you upon the mountain plain.

"We proceed then. We will avoid that gloomy lake with

its overhanging precipices, which you call Bodlyn, and hasten to the somewhat more cheering shores of the sacred lake. I have often heard of fairy-land; methinks we are in it at last." No, it is only an illusion now to you; but to me, some sixty years ago, it was really the land of fairies; for, whenever I entered its borders, on misty days particularly, I used to be anxious to walk on the grass, and avoid the stony places. "Why so?" The fairies—not such pigmies as you have in England—will suddenly catch you up, and unless you can lay hold of a blade of grass, which they have not the power of breaking, they will take you up, but civilly giving you the choice of three courses, either below wind, mid wind, or above wind. "What then?" What then, indeed! I well recollect a person who had a defect in the nasal organ, which was attributed to the rough usage of the fairies, the country people used to call him "Twndrwyn," or broken nose. He used to relate how that blemish had been occasioned; and it was thus: The first time of his being snatched up by the fairies, he simply chose to be carried below wind; and so they took him through all the bushes and brakes they could find; and, among the many scratches and bruises, he had his nose broken. After that, he took care to choose the mid wind course, whenever he had a journey through the air. Then, do you wonder that, while this remained fairy-land to me, I should be careful of seeking a path along its green grass? But all the fairies are now departed hence.

Having come to the banks of the sacred lake, you see that we are even with the southern end of Moelvre, which is a fine object from this point. "Yes, it is; but it must have been subject to a violent eruption some time or other, as indicated by that great scab, of about seven score yards long, and of nearly half as much in breadth." You may rest assured that is no eruption, as that eminent bank has always been in a healthy state. What you deem an eruption was the effect of accident, as you shall hear. You see by that torrent below us, midway between us and the hills, what seems a lofty castle, the name of which is *Craig y Dinas*, the fortress rock. A *cawres*, or giantess, resided there in days of yore, and the summit of Moelvre was her favorite retreat in the fine days of summer, where she designed to build a seat, from whence she might view the surrounding objects at her ease. For that purpose she collected her apronful of stones, and had nearly reached the top of the hill with them, when the string of her apron broke, and down went the stones along the declivity, as you now see them. Other *Cawresi* had their apron-strings broken, in a similar manner, on our mountains. There is one accident of the kind, by the road-side, on the cap of the two stones above Penman Mawr.

We proceed a mile farther to the south-west, and come to

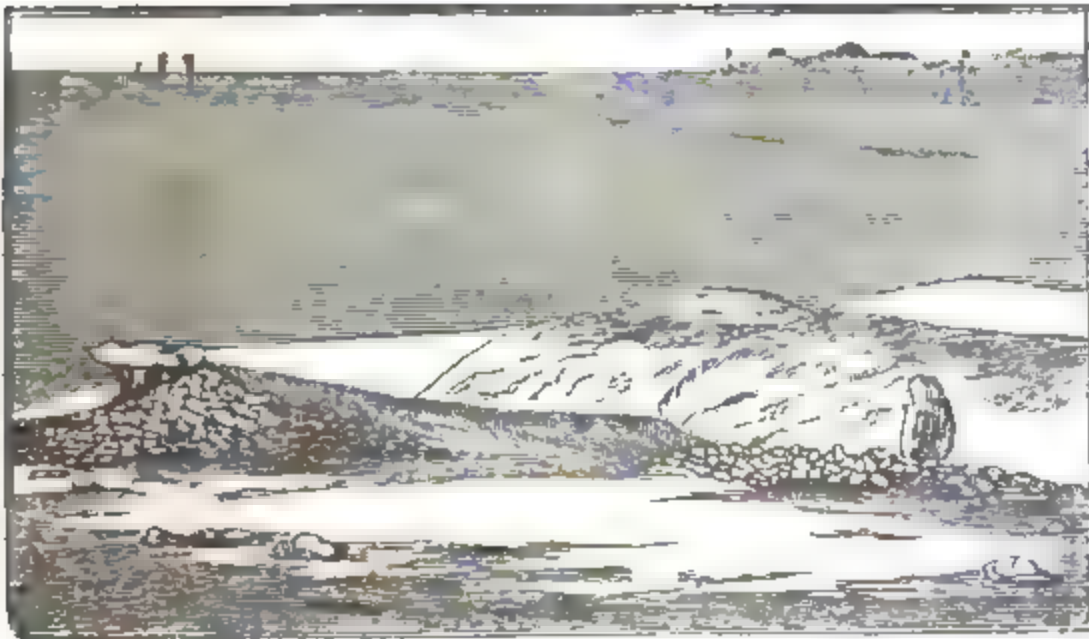
*Carneddi Hengwm*, or the stone heaps of the old defile, and which are two in number, and, according to Wynne's History of Wales, were raised as monuments of those who fell in battle.

The largest of these heaps, which is south of the other, and distant about thirty yards, is sixty yards long, and twenty broad. At the east end, it has a *cist vaen*, or stone chest, as such erections are popularly called; and midway, on the north side, it has a *cromlech*, or recumbent stone, under which there is a room, with seats on two sides of it, where eight persons may sit and cook their picknicks on a fire in one of the corners. The other heap is about forty yards long, and fifteen broad, with a pillar within two thirds of its western extremity, near which there is a row of flat stones, extending across the heap, as if covering some graves. But we are now close upon them, and—O! there have been Goths here, as well as at Abury; they have, under an enclosure Act, dilapidated these venerable monuments, to build their boundary walls. It is some satisfaction to me, in having taken the annexed views of these antiquities on passing them in July 1800, as a memorial for posterity.



CARNEDDI HENGWM, EAST.

In the first view, we look at the *carneddi*, eastward, and see part of the chain of mountains, extending from the river Maw, on the south, to Carnarvonshire, on the north. Of this nothing further need be said, but just observing that, to give strangers an idea of our situation, if another sketch of a view northward were made, to fill up the intervening space, between the two here given, to form a segment of a panoramic circle, the fine hill of Moelvre, which is about two thousand feet above the shore below, would appear directly in front of us, to the north.



CARNEDDI HENGWM, WEST.

The second view, looking westward, requires a more extended explanation. "Yes; I was about to say, that my attention was attracted by what seems to be one of the ancient forts of the Britons, upon that eminence to the north-west, and commanding a prospect of the whole of the vale below." It is one of those circular intrenchments; and, doubtless, it was occupied by one of the hostile parties who fought the battle, of which these *carneddi* are a memorial. The name of it is *Dinas Corddyn*; but I imagine that to be not its primary appellation, as it seems intended rather to be descriptive of its appearance, that is to say, the rampart of the circular groove. Let me here draw your attention to a singular change which this mountain plain has undergone. "I perceive, as we are descending, we are getting into a peat-bog." "We are so; but I recollect it a fine dry sheepwalk, and the only indication of peat was about half a mile off, on its southern limit; and even so late as 1811, I passed this way on horseback, without observing what we now do; but coming over it, in like manner, in 1827, I found great difficulty in getting the horse to pass over the numerous gullies, formed everywhere over the plain, at which, you may imagine, I was greatly surprised. You see also the deep bollow on our right, which gives name to the place, as before mentioned; the nearest side of it, extending about half a mile downwards, I recollect as a famous nutting place, being a thicket of various underwoods, and especially the hazel; and now the whole of it is as bare as the side of yonder mountain. The continued encroachment of the sea must have caused these changes, as the trees are gradually disappearing in the vale below.

By looking to the west, you descry a small island, in the horizon, off the promontory of Carnarvonshire; that is *Enlli*, or Bardsey,

the holy island of Wales, on which are left some remains of its ancient monastery. "But what do I perceive in the sea, which, till now, I deemed to be an illusion, or some transient appearance of the sea?" I am pleased at your not having attended to that object sooner, as I designed to conclude our ramble with telling you all I know about it. That which seems a wall built in the sea, is *Sarn Patric*, or the causeway of St. Patrick. "What had he to do here?" Why, he was born beyond that middle range of hills, which you see to the north-west. According to our genealogy of the British saints, he was the son of Allvryd, the son of Goronwy ab Gwydion ab Don, of Gwerydog, in Arvon, and he became the apostle of Ireland. "And he went to the green isle along that causeway, do you say?" I do not; but there is no great harm in our calling that great work after his name. "Do you mean it to be the work of man?" It is the remains of a vast imbankment to stem the encroachment of the sea. It commences near the point of Mochras, and takes its course towards the middle of the bay, three miles off the present shore; and the sailors acquainted with this bay, describe it as extending in a south-west direction, to the distance of twenty-one miles, and nine miles of it is left dry at every low water; and there are three small breaches in it, through which vessels pass. As to the time of its construction, history is altogether silent; and what people, in so secluded a region, could have undertaken so stupendous a work is extraordinary to think of. At the extremity of the headland of Clynin, on the south side of Barmouth, another similar rampart, called *Sarn y Bwch*, or causeway of the buck, is to be traced for nearly two miles into the sea, in a direction to where the other terminates. On the Cardiganshire coast, there are some remains of the same kind, in the sea; and one of them, near Aberystwyth, is called *Sarn Cynvelyn*, the causeway of Cynvelyn; and near to which is *Caer Gwyddno*, or the fort of Gwyddno.\* Tradition has preserved several particulars of this district, which was overwhelmed by the sea, about the close of the fifth century, and which for many ages has gone under the name of *Cantrev y Gwaelod*, or the lowland hundred. Besides such traditions, we have a few curious memorials of it, in some of our oldest manuscripts, and from them inserted in the Welsh Archaology, and which are here subjoined.

The first are incidental notices, occurring in the genealogies of the British saints. *Welsh Arch.* vol. ii. p. 23.

1. *Seithenin*, the king, of the plain of Gwyddno, whose land was inundated by the sea.

2. *Merini*, *Tutglyd*, *Gwynodl*, *Tudno*, and *Senevyr*, the sons of

\* Being on board of a vessel coming from London, in the summer of 1770, the sailors pointed these ruins to me, though under water, as we were sailing close by them.



King Seithenin, of the plain of Gwyddno, whose land was inundated by the sea.

3. *Senevyr*, the son of Seithenin, of the plain of Gwyddno, whose land was inundated by the sea.

4. *Tutglyd*,\* *Gwynodl*, *Merin*, *Tyneio*, *Tudno*, and *Senevyr*, the sons of King Seithenin, of the plain of Gwyddno, whose land was inundated by the sea.

5. *Tudno*, the son of King Seithenin, whose land was inundated by the sea.

6. The following is from the triads. *Welsh Arch.* vol. ii. p. 64.

Of the three arrant drunkards of the isle of Britain, the third was *Seithenin the drunken*, the son of Seithyn Seidi, king of Dyved, who, in his drink, let in the sea over Cantrev y Gwaelod, so that all the houses and lands therein were lost; where previously were found sixteen principal towns, among the best of all the towns and cities of Wales, without including Caer Llion upon the Uske: and Cantrev y Gwaelod was the dominion of *Gwyddno Garanhir*, king of Ceredigion. This occurred in the time of the sovereign Ambrosius; and the men who escaped from that inundation landed in Arduwy, the country of Arvon, the mountains of Eryri, and other places, which were not fully inhabited theretofore.

7. There are two compositions by the before-mentioned *Gwyddno*, printed in the *Welsh Archæology*, vol. i. p. 165, and which allude to the above-recorded catastrophe, and are out of a manuscript written about the year 1100. They have the character of our poetry of the earliest times; and, even in the old manuscript here alluded to, they bear evident marks of having previously suffered by transcribing, as may easily be seen by examining the verses. The first extract is from a poem by *Gwyddno*, unconnected with the present subject:

<p>“ Kyd karui vi morva, casaa vi don; Digoneis don dreis oer kleis y ron: Ef kwyniw, yn i wiw herwyt hon!”</p>	<p>Though I may love the strand, I hate the wave; [my breast: the wave has force achieved to wound I grieve: it is all useless as to it!</p>
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8. The following verses are upon the subject itself of the inundation, by the same bard:

<p>“ Seithenin, saw di allan Ac edrych uirde varanres: Mor maes Gwitneu rytoes!</p>	<p>Seithenin, stand thou out and view the western waves in rows: in sea the plain of Gwyddno is in- volved!</p>
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\* There are churches in Wales dedicated to these saints, the sons of Seithenin.

- “ Boed emendiceit y morwin  
A hellyngawt gwydi e wyn :  
Fynnaun wenestyr mor terwyn !
- Be he accursed who the sea  
did, after wine, let loose :  
a spring outpouring was the raging sea !
- “ Boed emendiceit y vachdeith  
Ai gollingaut guydi gweith :  
Fynnaun wenestyr mor difeith :
- Accursed be the safety-way  
of him who, after travail, let it loose :  
a spring outpouring was the desert seal
- “ Diasbad mererit i ar van kaer  
  
Hyd ar Duw i dodir :  
Gnawd gwedi traha tranc hir !
- The western wave it shouts above  
the rampart top,  
even up to God it is proclaimed :  
to arrogance succeeds a lasting ruin !
- “ Diasbad mererit i ar van kaer ;  
  
Hetiu hyt ar Duv y dadoluch :  
Gnawd gwedi traha attreguch !
- The western wave it shouts above the  
rampart top ;  
to-day of God is reconciliation sought :  
to arrogance succeeds calamity !
- “ Diasbad mererit am gorchuyt heno,  
  
Ac nim hawt gorluyt :  
Gnawd gwedi traha tramewyt !
- The western wave shouts wo to me  
this night, [relief:  
and all of good does give me no  
to arrogance succeeds adversity !
- “ Diasbad mererit i ar gwinneu,  
  
Kadir kedaul duw ae goreu :  
Gnawd gwedi gormod eiseu !
- The western wave it shouts upon the  
winds, [heaven :  
Above the fort of Cedol, caused by  
Success is aptly followed on by want !
- “ Diasbad mererit am kymhell  
  
Heno i wrth vy estavell :  
Gnawd gwedi traha tranc pell !”
- The western wave, its shouts does  
urge me on  
This night to leave my cell :  
to arrogance succeeds wide ruin !
- “ Bet Seithenin, synwyr van,  
  
Rwng kaer Kenedir a glan  
Mor maurhydic a kinran !”
- Seithenin, weak of reason, has his  
grave [shore,\*  
between the fort of Cenedr and the  
Where, in the sea, my much-loved  
kindred lie !

This last verse is not by Gwyddno, but is attached to the others in the old manuscript, and taken from the verses on the Graves of the Warriors, as inserted in the *Welsh Arch.* vol. i. p. 79.

IDRISON.

\* Near Aber Porth, on the coast of Cardiganshire, there is a sand beach of small extent, called *Traeth Saith*, a name that seems to indicate a connexion with those preserved in the ancient memorials of the inundation of Cantrev y Gwaelawd.



## THE VALE OF CLWYD.

BY ROBERT FOLKESTONE WILLIAMS.

“The Vale of Cluid extended from the middle of Denbighshire to the sea, about eighteen miles long, and some five in breadth, having these three excellencies, a fertile soile, healthful ayre, and pleasant seat for habitation.”

*Notes to Michael Drayton.*

“The vewe thereof so much contents the mynde,  
The ayre therein, so wholesome and so kynd;  
The beautie such, the breadth and length likewise,  
Makes glad the hart, and pleaseth each man's eyes.”

*Churchyard's Worthies of Wales.*

How sweet it is, when memory turns to trace,  
With all the freshness of the sunniest hues,  
The far-off beauties of some dear-loved place,  
Some spot the heart would never wish to lose,  
Whose glory falls upon us, like the dews  
Upon the drooping flowercup 'till they raise  
Its pendent head to heaven! a nameless grace,  
Spreading its beauty in a thousand ways,  
Is o'er that spot we lov'd in other days.

Delightful Clwyd! such has been to me  
The mem'ry of thy sweet and tranquil vale,  
When the hard winter of the world would be  
Nipping, with icy chill and freezing gale,  
Hopes that the heart had thought would never fail  
To be the comfort of remotest years.  
In sorrow and in pain, I've turned to thee,  
And felt, through all the darkness of the gloomiest fears,  
“Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.”

Oft, in my solitude, when least alone,  
I have beheld thee, in thy loveliness,  
Coming upon my senses with a tone  
Of deep and holy feeling, which doth press  
Its charm upon the brain: so passionless  
Thy very beauty seems, as if it came  
From the calm precincts of a world unknown,  
Breathing of something which one cannot name,  
Too bright and sweet for earthly scene to claim:

*The Vale of Clwyd.*

A shadow, and a glory, and a power,  
 A something undefinable, and grand,  
 Falling upon each hill, and tree, and tower,  
 Like that which shone around the armless hand  
 That wrote Belshazzar's fate ;—or fairy-land,  
 Too dazzling for the eye, as poets tell,  
 As calm and holy as the twilight hour,  
 And sweet as moonlight, when its glances dwell  
 Upon the graves of those that once we loved so well.

I muse upon the days that have been past,  
 Like the soft spirit of a maiden's dream ;  
 I knew they were too bright, too sweet to last,—  
 And yet their very heavenliness did seem  
 To have small commune with an earthly theme :  
 And as I muse, dear vale, I think of thee,  
 And feel both heart and brain is overcast  
 With shadows of thy beauty, that to me  
 Bring thoughts of power that struggle to be free.

I think of thee, dear Clwyd, as a spot  
 Whose scenes are ever bright, and ever new ;  
 The nature of thy loneliness has got  
 A grace in peopled scenes I never view,—  
 The dwellers in thy land must have their due,  
 Where men are brave, the women ever fair,\*  
 And every hand will freely offer what  
 Its store affords ; for when there's little there,  
 There's always something for the stranger's share.

I see the purple heath-flowers on thy hills,  
 Clothing their sides with beauty,—such as glow  
 Like the bright flashing of the mountain rills  
 That leap from crag to crag, and as they go,  
 Catch every hue the setting sun can throw.  
 O! where is loveliness so pure as thine,  
 The tranquil mind so deep, intensely fills ?  
 Where does sublimity look so divine  
 As in this sweet, wild, mountain-land of mine ?

There, Ruddlan,† near thy red and clayey banks,  
 Where thy fair stream, sweet Clwyd, flows along,  
 Stood the fierce Saxon with his swelling ranks  
 Encompassed round with many an armed throng :  
 But I have heard the melody of song

\* The men of Arduwy, to populate their country, made an inroad into the vale of Clwyd, and laid violent hands on the fair ladies of the land. They carried them in safety to this place, when they were overtaken by the warriors of the vale. A fierce battle ensued, and the men of Arduwy were all slain ; but the ravishers had somehow or other so gained the hearts of their fair prey that, on their defeat, the ladies, rather than return home, rushed into an adjacent water, called, from the event, Llyn y Morwynion, or the Maiden's lake, and thus perished. *Pennant's Tour.*

† Rhyddlan or Ruddlan Marsh, famous for a battle fought there, in the

Tell of the brave—their ruthless swords had slain;  
It won from me the heart's sincerest thanks,  
As I have listened to its plaintive strain,  
And bid the telyn\* strike those liquid notes again.

St. Asaph, with thy streams on either side,  
The gentle Clwyd woo's thee as her own;  
But fiercer Elwy claims to be thy bride,  
Then rushes on where rugged rocks are thrown,  
Through meadows where the wildflow'r's scarcely blown.  
The pride of other days, "Our Lady's well,"†  
And chapel, which the ivy scarce can hide,  
Say here the pious pilgrim loved to dwell,  
And seek a cure when sickness him befell.

Thou Denbigh castle, with thy ruined halls,  
Thy broken arches crumbling in decay,  
Tell'st to the mighty, how the mighty falls,  
That time will not for long be held at bay:  
But, like a conqueror, extends his sway  
Over the sacred palaces of kings;  
And shews that even thick and massy walls  
Shall crumble into dust, like other things  
Whose weaker power a less resistance brings.

Methinks, as gazing 'neath thine arches' shade,  
Which, though in ruin, tells what it has been,  
One of the brightest views fair Nature's made,  
Seems spread before me, like a fairy scene;  
I see the hills with all their dazzling sheen,  
From Moel Henlli down to Diserth Rock;  
The glowing light, the sober mellow shade,  
With here and there the quiet-grazing flock,  
Spread out their charms the ravish'd sight to mock.

Ruthin, thy castle walls have been the sport  
Of every age, and almost every hour;  
Now in the glory of a regal court,  
With "dubble walles," and elevated tower;  
Now, scarce a fragment of its former power,  
The shattered towers just sinking into dust,  
Again it rises, like a new-blown flower,  
Gives to old Time his unforgotten trust  
Till He shall come to judge the good and just.

year 795, between the Saxons, under Offa, and the Welsh. "The battle was long and sanguinary, but at length victory declared in favor of the Saxons; the Welsh were completely defeated, with terrible slaughter, their valiant commander, Caradoc, a chieftain of the Cornubian line, was slain." The air to which I allude, is well known by the name of "Morva Ruddlan."—*Welsh Chronicle*.

\* A harp.

† Y fynnon vair, or Our Lady's well, in days of pilgrimage, as Pennant says, the frequent haunt of devotees.

*The Vale of Clwyd.*

Dear Clwyd, every thing within thy vale  
 I love, and every budding tree that grows ;  
 The yellow corn just bending with the gale,  
 The gentle river as it gaily flows,  
 Making an Eden wheresoe'er it goes ;  
 Thy ruined castles, lovely in decay ;  
 The odoriferous scents thy flowers exhale ;  
 And all those bright and dazzling lights that play,  
 Over thy purple hills upon a sunny day.

Why should I love thee more than others do ?  
 Why should my heart be touched with such delight ?  
 Why can I not as calmly quiet view  
 Thy rugged mountains, as another might ?—  
 Why are thy scenes so precious to my sight,  
 That e'en, whene'er I think of what thou art,  
 Mine eyes so quickly shed their blessed dew,  
 Feelings arise that happy thoughts impart,  
 And pleasure springs spontaneous to my heart.

Ah ! there's a cause, a secret cause for these  
 Mysterious sympathies that cling around  
 The heart, like tendrils round the nobler trees :  
 I feel its impulses are strongly bound  
 To every flower that springs upon thy ground ;  
 For 'neath those hills, whose wild and slopy side  
 Shades the low valley from the winter breeze,  
 Where the wildflowers are spreading far and wide,  
 My fathers lived, fought, conquer'd, and have died !

Yes, yes ! the dead are there, the living dead,  
 For, like their memory, they never die,  
 Their fame 's existing yet ; where'er I tread  
 Some fragments of their honoured dust still lie ;  
 And there their sons are,—let another try  
 To crush the spirit none could ever crush,  
 He'll find that where these leaders' courage led,  
 There, like a torrent, onward will they rush,  
 Tracing their path with many a crimson gush.

Name Anglesea !—his country's voice will say  
 How well he fought, and echo it with pride.  
 Name Picton !—history can tell the day  
 She smiled to see how well a Briton died.  
 Shades of my sires, whose spirits still reside  
 Within your sons, look down awhile, and see  
 The unconquered name you left will not decay ;  
 Bequeathed from sire to son, it still shall be  
 The imperishable flame that leads to victory !

Farewell, dear Clwyd ! feign would I have sung  
 Your beauties in a more deserving lay ;  
 But when the heart by other cares is wrung,  
 "The scar and yellow leaf" must soon decay :  
 I wait the dawning of a brighter day—

When in thy vale some simple stone shall tell,  
The shadowy mantle of the grave has flung  
Its canopy o'er one who loved with thee to dwell,  
And found at last a resting-place. Farewell!

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A TOUR THROUGH BRITTANY,

MADE IN THE SUMMER OF 1829.

THERE are few places where a fine summer's day can be more pleasantly spent, than in the island of Jersey, with its cloistered lanes, its secluded sandy bays, its varied and amusing rocky coast; it seems the perfect model of a snug liveable island: moreover, with this advantage, that should you be tired of one shore, an hour's walk will always take you to the opposite.

But it is not the mere scenery of Jersey, that has occasioned the obtrusion of the present remarks; for, however pleasing that may appear to the traveller, of whatever nation he may chance to be, yet it is too remotely connected with the history of our native country to occupy, on its own account, any portion of a work upon Cambrian literature. It is, therefore, to another subject, more consonant with the general matter of this publication, that I would confine my present observations.

It was in wandering along the coast of this delightful island, that I noticed upon a little rocky promontory, overlooking the beautiful bay of *Rozel*, the remains of one of those extraordinary monuments of antiquity, called *Druid altars*, which, till within these few years past, were so numerous in this island; but of which, at the present time, this at Rozel Bay is almost the only specimen left.

This altar, or, rather, *kistvaen*, consists of two flat stones placed tablewise upon low pillars, the whole about three feet high. When perfect, it evidently consisted of four such flat stones, or cromlechs, placed together in a line, forming a long *kistvaen*, and enclosed within an oblong square of low stones, extending about thirty feet by fifteen, and affording a specimen of Druidic architecture not often met with; though it appears that this kind of monument was not uncommon in Brittany, as may be seen in the remains of those of a similar construction still found in that country, especially of one in the wood of *Kerfili*, in Morbihan.

These cromlechs, or *kistvaens*, for it is not always easy to distinguish between them, are called in Jersey *poquelays*, and in

Brittany *policans* and *poulpiquets*, &c. The *kistvaens* are also in the latter country called *roches-aux-fees* and *grottes-aux-fees*; and these appellations of *fairy-rocks*, and *fairy-grottoes*, and the current superstition of the fairies dancing about these monuments at night, somewhat embolden me to venture upon the etymology which I had framed for the Jersey word *poquelay*, and to derive it from the Welsh words, *pwcca*, a goblin, and *llech*, a stone; though I must own, that some of the Breton names have a little deranged my system, at least as far as the last syllable, *llech*, is concerned.

But, however interesting this small Celtic relic may be, in its present situation, where the scarcity of such monuments has made every remnant doubly precious, yet whosoever is desirous of examining Druidic remains, should pass over at once to the neighbouring province of Brittany, and there he will find them in greater profusion than perhaps in any other country whatever. And notwithstanding the unceasing and relentless hostilities, which have been waged against these monuments by agriculturists, builders, grubbing antiquaries and treasure-finders, yet I should scarcely exaggerate, if I said that there are still existing in one department of Brittany, that is, in Morbihan, a greater number and greater variety of these curious remains, than in all the British islands put together. Whether they originally abounded in this district more than in others, or whether by some fortunate chance they escaped demolition here, while those of other countries were destroyed, I cannot pretend to decide; but there is some reason for concluding, that, from the earliest periods of history, this corner of Europe was a favorite resort of the Druids; and, consequently, must have possessed a greater number of their monuments than other places less frequented by them. I shall, therefore, for the present, make this little Jerseyan *roche-aux-fees*, a stepping-stone to that ancient country upon whose antiquities it is my intention to offer a few remarks.

This province of Brittany, which was the Roman *Armorica*, is by the French called *Bretagne*, the inhabitants *Bretons*, and their Celtic language, the *Breton*, or more generally the *Bas Breton*.

By the Welsh it is called *Llydaw*, the people *Llydawiaid*, and the ancient language, the *Llydawaeg*; terms corresponding to the Latin words, *Leti*, &c.

But the Bretons themselves, in their own vernacular tongue, call the country *Breiz*, themselves *Breiziaded*, (singular *Breiziad*,) and their language *Brezonek*. They also make use of the word *Breton*, which is generally pronounced *Brettwn*, with the accent on the first syllable; but never *Britoðn*, as it is often heard pronounced in England.

When the French use the word *Bretagne*, without any adjunct,

they invariably imply their own province of Brittany; for, when they speak of *Great Britain*, they always employ the terms *Grande Bretagne*; and sometimes, especially in old works, the Armorican province is designated, *La Petite Bretagne*. And this mode of contradistinguishing the two countries, was generally used by the Latin writers of the later ages, in the terms of *Major*, and *Minor Britannia*. We also frequently see the same epithets in English authors, that is, *Great*, and *Little Britain*.

The Bretons likewise themselves make the same distinction in their ancient Celtic language, calling our island *Breiz veur*, and their own province *Breiz vihan*; words answering to the Welsh of *Prydain vawr*, and *Prydain vechan*. England they call *Bro-zaos*, that is, Saxon land: and France, exclusive of their own territory, they call *Bro-Chall*, the land of Gaul.

As this country is distinguished from its insular parent by the appellation of *Little Britain*, it is also divided within itself into two districts, that of *Haute Bretagne*, or *Upper Brittany*, called in the Breton language *Breiz uchel*, or *Gorre-Vreiz*; and that of *Basse Bretagne*, or *Lower Brittany*, whose Breton name is *Breiz isel*, or *Gweled-Vreiz*.

*Haute Bretagne*, or *Upper Brittany*, which comprises the eastern division of the province, is, with regard to its external appearance, for the most part an exceedingly flat country, even when compared with the generality of France; but I do not hesitate to say, that it is one of the finest flat countries I ever saw; for, though there are vines enough in the southern part to mark the fertility of the soil, and warmth of the climate; yet there are not so many vineyards as to disfigure the face of the country: and the land is equally divided between corn and pasture. The enclosures also are very small, rarely exceeding a few acres; the hedges are formed of tall trees, and every field is an orchard: so that, at a certain distance, the whole country looks like an interminable forest, and that without the deserted and inhospitable aspect of a real uncultivated woodland. This part of Brittany, therefore, having, in addition to the above circumstances, the advantages of a southern climate, the richest flats of England will bear no comparison with it. And this style of beauty does not extend merely for a few stages, as in England, but accompanies you on your journey for many days together. I am not surprised that CONAN MERIADOC, and his companions, should have chosen this land for their portion, as the remuneration of their services in the cause of MAXIMUS; there are few parts of the Roman dominions which that emperor could have bestowed upon his old confederates, possessing greater attractions to an army fatigued with the toils of war, and from long experience acquainted with the respective evils and advantages of the various countries of Europe, than this.

Where the exact line of demarcation between the two divisions

of the province lies, I am not able to state; but, in conversing upon the subject, the natives express themselves as if they considered it to be an imaginary boundary, concurrent with the difference of language, the French being spoken for the most part in Upper Brittany, and the Breton in Lower Brittany; though, doubtless, there must be a territorial boundary, independent of language, the French and Breton having evidently changed their limits, in the course of time, as circumstances have contributed to the abolition of the one, and forwarded the introduction of the other. However, to speak in general terms, the division of Basse Bretagne comprises the western part of the province, as far as the promontory of Finistère. Why it is called *Lower* Brittany; I cannot discover, unless it is on account of its being the most remote from Rennes, once the capital and seat of government; as we say, *down to Wales, down to Scotland, &c.*; or else from the western situation, as we talk of going *down channel*, when sailing to the west, for certainly its epithet of *Low*, does not by any means apply, with reference to the elevation of the ground; because, though no part of the country can with propriety be called mountainous, yet the few hills which do at all exist in the province, are almost exclusively to be found in this *lower* division; which is altogether a much more elevated district than the other.

These hills, or mountains, as the French call them, which, to an inhabitant of Wales, would seem but mere rising grounds, do in reality possess a much greater degree of elevation than they appear to have. Some of the highest are upwards of 900 feet above the level of the sea. The *Montagnes d'Aré*, in Finistère, being 286 metres, and the *Montagnes Noires* not much less; but the gradual slopes by which they ascend, and the very slight undulation of their outline, greatly diminish their apparent altitude.

As there is no large river, or marked natural boundary, between Upper, and Lower Brittany, as may be supposed, the transition is not immediate from the character of the one region to that of the other; yet, on passing from one to the other, a few stages will remind us of a considerable change in the climate and aspect of the country, and as might be expected, in that of the inhabitants. Instead of the rich and luxuriant plains of the upper district, with its woods and orchards, Basse Bretagne, on the contrary, presents the appearance of a cold, hilly, and sterile region; the corn more scanty and later in ripening, a comparative deficiency of wood, and the trees that do exist, especially in high situations, stunted, and bending from the west wind. Of course there are exceptions to this general character, and there are many sheltered spots in which the influence of a southern climate is perceptible in the more favorable appearance of the vegetation; and not unfrequently spots of considerable beauty. But generally speaking, this country, from the elevation of the land, and its peninsular



situation, is more subject to rain than any part of France, and even than many parts of England. And doubtless it is to this ungenial state of the climate, that the dreary and naked appearance of the fences is to be attributed, which are for the most part formed of dikes or mounds of earth, unaccompanied by any hedges or trees. And as in so exposed a country, shelter is an important consideration, these imbankments are, in the absence of hedges, raised to the height of five or six feet. This circumstance, added to the diminutive size of the enclosures, which contain about one acre each, and their regular oblong square form, gives the face of the land a very singular appearance, and naturally suggests the idea of the difficulties which would attend the conducting of a campaign in this country, particularly if opposed by the natives. In fact, every field is a fortification, with its breastworks ready thrown up. It would require incredible labour to render it passable to artillery, or even to practise the regular movements of cavalry.

The destinies of nations are often connected with other causes far more difficult of comprehension than those which appear most prominent in their immediate operation; otherwise here, in this land of intrenchments, the brave and loyal little band of the *Chouans* might have continued to keep the republican troops engaged until their friends had rallied in other parts of the kingdom. But the revolutionary spirit had been too widely diffused, and too deeply imbibed, and numerous powerful, though hidden and unsuspected causes, had been too long in operation, to be then counteracted by a few local advantages and partial successes.

Whether it is the general humidity of the climate, which must make travelling less pleasant in this country than in the interior parts of France, or whether it is the difference of language, and the primitive and grotesque dress of the people; or perhaps an old hereditary grudge, occasioned by numerous ages of almost unceasing hostilities, that has impressed the French with the ideas they entertain of Basse Bretagne, I know not; but certainly, if we attended to their report of it, we should conclude it to be, with respect to the appearance of the country itself, and of the people who inhabit it, the most repulsive place upon the face of the earth. I had so frequently heard this description of its uninviting character from the French inhabitants of Paris, and of the interior, that previously to my visiting it, and making observations for myself, I had naturally adopted their ideas, and not only expected to see something very different from what is usually met with in the rest of Europe, but had actually made preparations for an expedition, such as I was given to understand would take me beyond the limits of the civilized world. And when about to commence my excursion thither, it was my fortune to meet, in the

city of Rennes, with a gay Parisian party, who so effectually succeeded in confirming my prejudices, that had I implicitly followed the advice they so liberally bestowed upon me, I should doubtless from thenceforward have most faithfully transmitted to others the same impression that had been communicated to myself. These savans, it appears, had just been making an excursion towards the borders of Basse Bretagne, but were then returning, as they said, completely disgusted, though they had only proceeded as far as the town of *Dinan*, which is not even within the limits of the country they were describing. And when I signified my intention of making a tour of the whole province, they most earnestly advised me to alter my plans, and occupy my time in visiting some other part of the kingdom; for they assured me, that all travellers who attempted Basse Bretagne, returned in disgust before they went more than a few stages into the country, for that its general aspect was that of desolation itself; the roads were impassable; and the people dirty, ragged barbarians, living in filthy huts, and clothed in sheepskins; that, in short, every thing was *affreux*.

Having, therefore, heard so many repetitions of this description, I must confess that I was, in a great measure, inclined to give it credence; of course, making due allowance for a few French metaphors, and for the ideas of rural life, which these good Parisians had acquired in the Champs Elysées and the Tuilleries Gardens, adding, moreover, that they had never seen the country themselves, but had undertaken to assure me of all this upon mere hearsay; yet, notwithstanding all this, such was the urgent persuasiveness with which this advice was given, and the convulsive shrug which accompanied the emphatic pronounciation of the word *affreux*, that I absolutely forgot that this province contained the great towns of Brest and l'Orient, &c., and that through it ran some of the finest high roads in France; and had gradually lapsed into that state of wondering expectation which a person would experience when about to land among the Caffres or Catabaws; and, when I approached the borders of the Bas Bretons, I constantly kept a look out for something egregiously outlandish and untamed, something between the Esquimaux and the Hottentot, which should concentrate all the distinguishing characteristics of the savage of both hemispheres. And while I was thus looking out for my Breton cousins, in their sheepskins and nose-rings, and figuring to myself the *beau ideal* of rags and beggary which I was shortly to see realized; when I heard the first words of Breton spoken, near Chatelaudren, I was not a little disappointed at not seeing the expected concomitants of war-mats and wigwams; and it must be admitted that I was doomed to endure the same mortification as far as the town of Morlaix, and even down to Brest itself. For the truth is, that the Bas Bretons, along this line of country, so far from being the arrant savages those French cockneys

would have us believe, on the contrary, they live in as comfortable farm-houses as the same class of people in any part of France, and, to outward appearance, as well constructed as those of the small farmers in many parts of England. Their houses, so far from being mere mud huts, are well built, and that generally of stone, having good barns and outhouses, all well covered with tile or thatch; though here, as in other countries, wherever building stone is scarce, and bricks not easily obtained, the usual substitute of earthen walls is had recourse to.

The inhabitants, it must be owned, appear a little grotesque in their dress, as they still retain the old costume worn in France, and some other countries, two centuries ago; and living upon coarse and scanty fare, they are of a spare habit, and of rather a sallow complexion, but they are by no means more ragged nor more dirty than their Frankish neighbours; though that is not saying much for them.

But although this accusation of barbarism is false, as implicating the general character of the Bas Bretons, yet it must not be concealed that there are some remote corners in the western department, on the sea-coasts and among the hills, in which the condition of the people seems extremely wretched, both with regard to their personal appearance and their mode of living; there, their dwellings are really mud cabins, ill built and dirty, and destitute of all that we understand by the comforts of life; but it is just as unfair to attach this character to the country in general, as it would be to include the city of London under the description of Wapping, or the new town of Edinburgh under that of the Canongate. But, even when the wretchedness of these poor creatures is seen and admitted in its full extent, there are many circumstances which, when rightly considered, will serve, if not to excuse, at least to explain its existence.

The only one which I shall now insist upon is the temperature of the climate; for the department of Finistère, though not so cold in winter as the interior, yet in summer is far less warm and genial, the thermometer seldom rising above 23 degrees, Reaumer, (not quite 84° Fahrenheit;) in addition to which, from its position so far in the Atlantic, it is exceedingly subject to rain and tempests; the wind blowing from north-west to south-west, for three quarters of the year, so that it often rains for weeks together without intermission; in short, fine weather is very rare, even in summer, the sky being generally covered with clouds. The number of rainy days in the year is upon an average 220.

In such a state of unceasing rain, it is not surprising that the natives should acquire an indifference to the effects of wet weather; and as it would be utterly impossible to guard against it out of doors, so it would be inconvenient for them to be continually

changing their clothes, when wetted, or to attempt to protect themselves from its influence by retiring under shelter, therefore, from sheer necessity, the peasantry of the western extremity have acquired such habits of carelessness in this respect, both in the fields and in their houses, as are by no means favorable either to personal or domestic cleanliness. And it is wonderful to what a pitch of hardihood these men have attained, for they may be seen walking about most deliberately in the heaviest rain, though drenched from head to foot for hours together. They seem quite amphibious.

But, while I am thus explaining, extenuating, and apologizing, lest I should incur the imputation of prejudice on the one hand, or of inconsistency on the other, I shall here endeavour to sum up the character of the country in a few words, according to the opportunities I had of making observations; and whatever degree of accuracy these remarks may possess, I feel conscious that they at least have the merit of impartiality.

The province of Brittany varies exceedingly in character in every particular, as we proceed from its eastern to its western extremity. In the eastern department, the farmers live as *comfortably*, if that term may be permitted, as the same class in the other districts of France, although in no part of that kingdom can they bear the least comparison with the bettermost English farmers, either in comfort, cleanliness, or industry.

As we proceed westward, in proportion as the climate becomes less favorable, so the inhabitants become deteriorated in their general appearance, until we come to the wretched huts of Finistère, and there we certainly do find that kind of squalid misery that will justify a good deal of the tirade of abuse which my Parisian friends had levelled against the whole country without distinction. But while this state of wretchedness is admitted with regard to the secluded districts of Finistère, I can only say that is a fortunate country indeed which is entirely free from a similar reproach, with regard to its remote districts, especially if its territories can boast of any great extent; at least, I have seen in other countries quite as much misery as in Basse-Bretagne.

With respect to the origin of the present inhabitants of this province it is universally allowed that they are derived from two separate nations, though both of the Celtic race, that is, from the aboriginal Gaulish population of Armorica, and also from a later colony which emigrated from Great Britain, and afterwards mingled with the ancient inhabitants.

In what parts the insular Britons chiefly settled, or whether they chose any particular spots for their residence, or else dispersed themselves over the country in general, is not distinctly

known. Though it is probable that the armed legions of CONAN MÉRIADOC would select the rich plains of the Loire and the Vilaine for their possession, as indeed the seat of government of that prince's descendants would clearly imply, whether at Nantes or at Rennes; while later emigrants would occupy such districts as would from time to time fall to their lot, according to their influence in obtaining them by favor, or their power in seizing them by force.

But, however this may have been, there does not at present exist any national variety of character among the Bretons, which can, in the remotest degree be attributed to the original difference of race; yet, nevertheless, from the variety of character which does exist there, the province of Brittany offers a fertile and extensive field for the speculations of the physiologist; for the inhabitants of the rich flat countries, having a tolerable supply of food, are as robust and well grown as those of France in general, and more so than many of the genuine Frankish districts, although in no part of the kingdom can the peasantry be said to live *well*; and, consequently, they do not possess that athletic frame and florid complexion, which is always characteristic of those countries in which good living forms one of the hereditary habits of the people.

In the luxuriant country surrounding the city of Rennes, they are of a good stature, and well proportioned, and not unfrequently possessed of remarkably fine and handsome features.

As we proceed towards the hilly country in the west, a visible change takes place in the appearance of the people; the stature becomes smaller, and the frame of body more slight, the features also bearing the stamp of harder and more scanty fare, though sometimes, even here, may be seen some handsome countenances. And this change is not sudden, but gradual; nor is it concurrent with any division of language, or territorial boundary, but according to the most accurate observations I was enabled to make; it is in exact proportion to the quantity and quality of food, and the hereditary habits of the people, all of which is also most undoubtedly connected with the difference of soil and climate. For although the peasantry of the plains live poorly enough, in comparison with English farmers, yet having wholesome bread to eat, and a better supply of the other necessaries of life, when compared with the people of the hills, they may be said to fare sumptuously; for these poor creatures, so far from having wheaten bread to eat, do not always enjoy the luxury of that of barley, but generally subsist upon the miserable black bread made of *buck-wheat!* of which, together with some cabbage, and occasionally a small bit of bacon, they make a kind of pottage; and this is their general food. A long and hereditary habit of living upon this wretched diet, and of being content with a scanty supply even

of this, must have stamped upon their personal character a corresponding impression; and therefore we must not be surprised if we find, in the poorer districts, among the Bas Breton peasants, that diminutive stature, attenuated figure, and thin and skinny visage which I have just alluded to.

Whether the natives of the western coasts were driven to the necessity of adopting this wretched fare, by the poverty of their soil and ungenial nature of their climate, or else from the troubled and unsettled state of things, so unfriendly to the progress of agricultural improvement, which they must have experienced during so many ages of incessant wars, it may not be easy to pronounce; but I feel assured that this unfavorable style of personal appearance is purely attributable to the above circumstances, for among those Bas Breton families whose circumstances have enabled them to live more generously, we find as tall, as well-grown, as well-looking people as in other countries.

Notwithstanding this excess of frugality in their mode of living, it is said that many of the Bas Breton farmers are very rich; yet they seem to inherit and indulge in so miserly a disposition, that they will deprive themselves of what we consider the necessaries of life, rather than part with any portion of their long-hoarded family stores. This false economy, of course, prevents their engaging in any mercantile speculations, by entirely cramping the spirit of enterprise, and consequently obstructs the free circulation of money in the country; and thus they continue, as they always have done, hoarding up, with clenched hands, their slowly gathered wealth, unwilling ever to part with the penny which falls into their possession, until some inevitable necessity wrenches it from their grasp. There are individuals of this class in all countries, though the progress of general improvement has happily reduced their numbers, in many instances; and even in Basse Bretagne, a better system is beginning to work its way.

But if the Bas Bretons are, in some districts, small of stature, and slight of form, nature has made compensation for it, in bestowing upon them the most vigorous frame of body that it is possible for human beings to possess.

Having, soon after my arrival in Basse Bretagne, had occasion to make an excursion on foot across the country, I requested I might be provided with a guide who should accompany me, to point out the road, and also to carry my luggage. And I accordingly soon found one of these little Bretons standing by me, with my wallet strapped upon his back, ready to start; but when I beheld his small stature, (about five feet five inches,) his thin and apparently feeble frame, I began to think that either he had mistaken my ideas of the qualifications of a guide, or else had undertaken much more than he was capable of performing; and I little doubted that I should in a short time have to leave him behind,



and find my way without him as well as I could, with my package upon my own shoulders; and when, to signify my doubts as to his fitness for his situation, I mentioned the degree of speed at which I should expect him to walk, he begged I would be under no apprehension on that account, as he assured me he could perform all that, and more, with the greatest ease, and could carry my luggage at the same rate, not only as far as I intended going, but the whole of the day, if I wished it. And I verily believe he could; for he started off before me with such a light and elastic step, that he absolutely kept me to a kind of trot for some hours together; and, at the journey's end, did not seem to think he had done any thing extraordinary, but set off home again at the same rate. Nor was this man a singular instance; for I had afterwards occasion to prove the pedestrian powers of several others, and found them all equally tough and hardy. They seem all sinew, or, rather, made of whalebone itself. Bonaparte once said, that the Bretons and Piedmontese were the best soldiers in his army; and I can easily conceive that a regiment of these active little fellows would wear out the tallest grenadiers in Europe. And here a reflection is naturally suggested, which may admit of a moment's attention. If these men, though small of stature, possess some of the most useful physical powers in a more perfect degree than taller men, is it not a false value that is placed upon height of stature and size of limb, as far as they are supposed to excel in the possession of any important advantages?

This vigorous frame of body, which the Bas Bretons seem to possess in so eminent a degree, if it has not always been applied to purposes of useful industry, yet it cannot be said that it has been entirely neglected, for they have ever been exceedingly fond of cultivating athletic exercises, and particularly that of wrestling, at which they have at all times been considered most expert. In former times, the wrestlers constituted one of the principal amusements of the Breton court; and the accounts of the treasurers are almost always charged with sums of money given to the wrestlers. When the Constable de Richemont visited the city of Tours, in the time of Charles the Seventh, he took with him some wrestlers from Basse Bretagne, who exhibited their powers before the French court.

Such was the celebrity they had acquired in this art, that their superior strength and skill was universally acknowledged; for, when Francis the First, and Henry the Eighth, of England, met at *the field of the Cloth of Gold*, there was given a grand spectacle of a wrestling match between the French and English, in which the latter were victorious; and the French writers of the time, in lamenting this defeat, say that their countrymen would not have suffered such disgrace had the Breton wrestlers been there.

But it is not merely in the variety of stature, consequent upon

the nature of food, that Brittany affords subjects of physiological remark, for here may also be noticed, in a striking manner, the effect of climate upon the complexion. The people of the flat and warm districts in the neighbourhood of Rennes, and other places similarly situated, are often of a decidedly dark complexion, dark-haired, and black-eyed, manifesting, to a considerable extent, the character of a southern climate, as in fact they are situated near the forty-eighth degree of latitude, and inhabit a low country, far from the influence of any mountainous region. Yet, notwithstanding this geographical situation of Brittany, in consequence of the causes already mentioned, the climate varies exceedingly from the eastern to the western extremity. And, accordingly, as we quit the plains of Haute Bretagne, and proceed towards the hills and colder regions of the west, the dark complexion gradually gives place to one of a much lighter character, the hair being less black, and the eye of some shade of grey. The people also having for many successive generations followed the same habits, and rarely changed their abode, the influence of climate, as it varies from the warm temperature of the banks of the Vilaine to the cold elevations of Finistère, may be most distinctly perceived, in its several gradations. And even if the different aspect of the soil and its vegetation did not remind us of a change of climate, the various shades of the eye, passing from black to grey, would form an accurate thermometrical scale, wherein the change would be found registered. I am aware there are artificial causes which would operate to counteract this effect of climate, but which it is not now my intention to describe; but as those causes are not at this time in operation among the Breton peasantry, the influence of climate remains undisturbed.

Those who advocate the dark complexion of the Celtic race may imagine that this statement of the prevalence of the dark temperament in some parts of Brittany, affords a confirmation of their system, but I am prepared to show that it will prove the direct reverse; for if there be any portion of the Breton population more purely Celtic than another, it must be that of the mountains, where the Celtic language is the only one spoken; and here it is that the lightest shade of eye and the fairest complexion is to be found; whereas, in the low lands, and especially in the vicinity of the large towns, the people are most decidedly of a much darker complexion. And if a Gothic mixture prevails any where, it is most likely to do so in the towns and districts nearest the French borders.

I may be asked, why these effects of the difference of climate are not seen in other countries? in England, for instance; there the surface of the land varies so greatly, and is of course accompanied by a corresponding change of temperature. I answer, that there is no part of England situated so far south, as that the influence



of climate alone shall produce the dark coloured eye, and therefore the change of temperature cannot be so marked; whereas the whole of Brittany, with the exception of one small headland, lies more to the south than the latitude of Paris; and, in the low and warm districts, the climate has naturally a greater tendency to darken the complexion; and, as far as my observations have extended, I have always found that a change to a colder temperature, in consequence of the greater elevation of the land, has precisely the same effect upon the complexion as a similar change occasioned by a more northern degree of latitude.

But although in Great Britain the mere climate would never produce the black coloured iris, nevertheless there are some artificial local causes in operation in Great Britain, which have the effect of producing that hue of complexion, and so powerful is their influence, that they are found to counteract the effects of our northern climate even in the greatest habitable elevations.

I have occasionally seen assertions made by some who had visited the Bas Bretons, that they bear a strong personal resemblance to the Welsh; but, for my own part, I have never been able to satisfy myself of this resemblance, and rather suspect that it exists only in the preconceived notions of those by whom such statements were made. Indeed I am inclined to think that, if those persons had not been previously acquainted with the identity of language and origin of the two nations, they would never have perceived any particular resemblance between them. The Welsh, it is true, in many of the poorer districts of the Principality, live upon very hard fare, and so do the Bretons in general, and so far there may be a resemblance, as it is reasonable to suppose that, in this case, a similarity of habits of living will stamp such a corresponding impression upon the countenance, as that both shall proclaim the poverty and scantiness of their food; but this will be found to hold good between any two nations whatever. In person, however, the Bretons are by no means so robust as the Welsh; and I am disposed to think, that their features approach nearer to those of their French neighbours, than to any other; though really, in some parts of the country, their visages are so very thin and haggard, that it is scarcely possible to discover what they would be, if they were better covered with flesh.

The same persons who make the above assertions respecting the Bretons, assure us also that they resemble the Welsh in their mental disposition, but of this fact I have not made sufficient stay in the country to form a judgment, though I should expect to find that they partake more of the lively disposition of the French. But how can any general description be given of the character of a people, who are allowed, even by their own writers, to vary so much among themselves? For M. Villeneuve, in his *Descriptive Itinerary of Finistère*, says, that the river of Morlaix separates

two districts, in which the inhabitants afford a striking example of this difference of character. On the right bank, that is, on the coast of Tréguier, he says, they are more lively and cheerful, their dances are more animated, and their airs brisker, than on the coast of Leon, where they are slower in their gait, and more grave and taciturn, and that there is also a difference in the physiognomy and in the dialect. The same writer says, that as striking a difference occurs in many other towns of the department. He also states, that the people of Plougastel are more robust than those of some other districts.

The truth seems to be, that as the climate of Brittany, as well as the face of the country, varies so greatly, so also does the character of the people, both mental and personal.

It may be said that, as the languages of Wales and Brittany continue so much alike, why may not the people? To this I answer, that many causes tend to alter the personal character, which cannot affect the language. And even should it be said, that the Bretons have remained to this day very little altered in their national peculiarities, yet we know that the Welsh have undergone numerous changes according to the progress of civilization among them; and, if it be allowed that a gradual change has been proceeding in both nations for twelve or fourteen hundred years, I think it will be unreasonable to expect any very striking resemblance between them at the present day.

Among other proofs of similarity, it is urged that both nations are musical. The pretensions of the Welsh to this character cannot be disputed, as they possess a superb style of national music, forming a class in itself; but then, they have always had the advantage of that noble instrument the *harp*, to preserve and cultivate it, both in its melody and harmony; whereas the Bretons, having no such national instrument, are very far behind them in musical science. The bagpipes are frequently seen among them, as they are in other parts of France, and so is the violin, but they can scarcely be called national here, and the performers on those instruments as frequently play French airs as Breton. Therefore if the music of Brittany was ever the same with that of Wales, (as it must have been in some degree,) it is not surprising that, at the present day, they bear no resemblance to each other. Indeed, it seems impossible to preserve a style of music traditionally, without the assistance of some instrument; for it would seem that the voice, when left to itself, without any instrumental guide to lead and direct it, will in a short time deviate exceedingly from the proper notes which it is intended it should follow; and, in a few generations, would probably lapse into a vicious and imperfect scale, and only chant a monotonous recitative, very different to the established gamut, or division of notes.

The Bretons are certainly fond of singing, but nevertheless they

can scarcely be called a musical people in the strict sense of the word; for, though they have a great number of songs, and what they call a variety of airs, yet there seems such a sameness throughout them all, that a stranger might imagine each succeeding song to be only a repetition of the one he heard last, except where the time and measure is manifestly different. The airs are all short, simple, and of very small compass; seldom having anything striking in their composition, or even beyond the most common arrangement of notes; in short, they resemble our old English "Chevy Chase," or "Cease rude Boreas," more than anything else, and that not only in the style of the music, but in the length of the song; for if the tunes are short, the words seem interminable. When I had listened to this Chevy Chase style of singing for some time, I would occasionally ask if they had no other sort of song, and was always answered, that they had a great number; and, upon my requesting to be favored with one, they would strike up Chevy Chase again with the greatest composure, always appearing to estimate the singing according to the merits of the words, the air being a very secondary consideration.

But still, not liking to be foiled in my object, I have persisted in my inquiries, "but have you no others of a different style to any of these?" "O, yes! a great abundance:" and then comes the same eternal Chevy Chase as before. Did a similarity of musical taste argue an identity of origin, I should say the Bretons are more nearly allied to the English than to the Welsh. Could we not find out some theory concerning the Loegrian Britons\* from this?

But as it may not be uninteresting to the musical readers of the *Cambrian Quarterly*, I shall, by way of illustration, insert a Bas Breton air, which is a great favorite with the peasants, and is no bad specimen of their taste; and never having been published, it may be the more acceptable.† The subject of the song is satirical; it was given me by a Breton gentleman, who wrote it down, together with many others, from the mouths of the peasants who sang them. The same gentleman also favored me with several curious particulars relative to the Bas Bretons, whom he had every opportunity of acquainting himself with, having, during the revolution, resided among them in some of the most secluded parts of the country.

\* The Loegrian Britons were those who inhabited the present England, and were conquered by, and coalesced with, the Saxon invaders.—EDITORS.

† I am indebted to Mr. Parry for the bass to this and the following air; the originals consisting of the melody only.

## ANN HANI GOZ.

*Ronde Bretonne.*

Ann ha - ni goz eo va dous ann ha - ni

goz eo zur. Ann ha - ni ia-ouank a zo koañt

ann ha - ni goz e deuz ar - chant ann ha - ni

goz eo va dous ann ha - ni goz eo zur.

But among all the various specimens of songs and tunes, which exist in different collections, as there are none more simple, so perhaps there are none more ancient than those of the *nursery*. And however slightly, in our maturer age, we may be disposed to esteem them, either in their wording or music, possibly their moral influence is much more extensive than we would always choose to admit. And in those moments of the revival of early impressions, which occasionally occur, when the prejudices of the child rise up

and confound the man, the nursery song, and nursery tale, may often prove more powerful in its operation than the lecture of the philosopher or the divine.

But however this may be, I shall perhaps be pardoned for inserting here a Breton nursery song, which was given me by the gentleman who favored me with the one above, and which has also never been published. And although it cannot pretend to any other influence than that of hushing a Breton child to sleep; yet, in point of composition, it is by no means inferior to some which, among us, are honoured with dissipating the waking moments of those of a larger growth.

The subject, though of the most primitive simplicity, yet is one of vast importance in a Breton nursery. The nurse tells her child that she was going to make a bake-stone cake; but, on looking for the fuel to bake it, she finds it is yet uncut in the wood, and the hatchet for cutting it is without a helve! and each succeeding verse brings with it some new disaster: the meal is yet unground at the mill; the butter is in the market; the tripod is at the smith's forge, unmade; and the bake-stone plate is yet unbought, in the shop at Perros!

N É N I E.

*Ou, Chanson d'une Bretonne pour endormir son Enfant.*

Eunn daou pé tri - i der-vez a zo - o

e ma va zoaz kram-poez è go a - chan! e

ma va zoaz kram - poez é go.

Eunn daou pé tri dervez a zô Ema va zoaz, krampoez é go—Achan̄!	It is some two or three days Since my pancake dough has been put to [heave—Ah, welladay!
Ema va zoaz krampoez é go.	Since my pancake dough has been put to [heave.
Rak va cheûneûd a zô er choad, Ha va bouchal a zô didroad—Achan̄! Ha va bouchal, &c.	For my fuel is in the wood, And my hatchet is without a helve—Ah, And my hatchet, &c. [welladay!
Ha va amann zô er marchat, Ha va bleûd zo choaz ô valat—Achan̄! &c.	And my butter is in the market, And my meal is yet unground—Ah, &c. [welladay!
Ha va spanel zô é Montroulez, Ha va rozel é Karaez—Achan̄! &c.	And my baking-slice is at Morlaix, And my rolling-pin at Carbaix—Ah, &c. [welladay!
Ha va zrêbez zô é Landreger, Ebarz ar chôvel och ôber—Achan̄! &c.	And my tripod is at Treguier At the smith's forge, in the making—Ah, &c. [welladay!
Ha va filik zô é Perroz, Allas! shetu deûet ann nôz—Achan̄! Allas! shetu deûet ann nôz.	And my bake-stone plate is at Perros, Alas! here the night is come—Ah, well- Alas! here the night is come. [aday!

The exclamation *achan̄!* which is pronounced with the last syllable long and accented, had formerly a corresponding word in the Welsh, that is, *ochan̄*,\* *alas*; though it is not now in use. It is, however, retained in the Irish *och hone*, and the Gælic *ochain*. The rest of the words will generally be found, by the Welsh reader, to bear a strong resemblance to similar terms in his native language, as *toes cramwyth*, *di-droed*, *govail*,† &c. I do not know that this last word is at present used in any part of Wales to signify a *smithy*, though it must at one time have been the general expression. We still find its plural retained, in the name of *Goveilon*, a village in Monmouthshire.

In offering these remarks upon the merits of the Bas Breton music, though I have little doubt of their general accuracy, yet it is but justice to acknowledge, that I have not had opportunities of judging of that of every portion of the country, and there may be exceptions. However, upon a future occasion, I hope to have the pleasure of communicating some others from a different quarter of the province.

When travelling in this country, one of my principal objects was the inquiry after ancient manuscripts, both Welsh and Breton, of which a great number are known once to have existed, but are no more to be found. And as there was, in former times, so intimate a connexion between Wales and Brittany, it is not unreasonable to suppose, that there was an interchange with regard to their respective books. It is true, that we do not now find any Armorican works in Great Britain, though we know that they once did exist. But it does not follow that no Welsh writings could find their way to France. However, notwithstanding every search I was enabled to make, I have not been fortunate enough to meet with a single manuscript in the Welsh language, nor with any

\* See Owen's Dictionary.

† *Gevail* is the Welsh word for *smithy* in Cardiganshire.—EDITORS.

thing of antiquity even in the Breton itself; and, from every information I have been able to procure, I despair of their existence in this portion of the kingdom, there being now so many men of learning, and of research in that country, and so interested in Celtic investigations, that were any such manuscripts extant, they could hardly have escaped their observation.

Having been informed that there were some old manuscripts at Morlaix, after visiting several other places I directed my course towards that town, and soon found my way to the shop of that patriotic printer and antiquary, M. Ledan, who, I understand, is in possession of the only Breton writings of any consideration in those parts, and which he most readily produced and allowed me to examine. They consist of four thin folio pamphlets of paper, copied about the year 1765 from older manuscripts. They are all in the Breton language, and in verse; each pamphlet contains a play, or tragedy, as it is here denominated, having much the character of the old moralities and mysteries which were general all over Europe a few centuries ago, and which are still acted in some countries. The subjects of the above Breton manuscripts are as follows:

The tragedy of St. Trefinnan, Princess of Brittany.


The tragedy of St. Genievieve, of Brabant.

The tragedy of Jacob and Joseph.

And the Passion of our Lord.


I also made inquiries in the Bibliotheque at Rennes, but found nothing there relating to Wales. But though I was not so fortunate with regard to Welsh remains, I was shewn a very old, and apparently valuable Irish manuscript; and, as the *Cambrian Quarterly* is likewise a *Celtic Repertory*, perhaps it may not be thought irrelevant to give here some account of this Celtic relic.

The work is in small folio, written on vellum, in double columns, in the Irish language and character, and contains 125 leaves. From a note at the beginning, in the handwriting of M. de Robien, who, as M. Maillet the librarian informed me, was president of the Breton parliament, and died in 1746, this manuscript contains fragments of piety and of morality, several translations in prose and verse, extracts from the discourses of St. Ambrose, and also *the genealogy of the ancient kings and principal families of Ireland*; and, as M. Maillet assured me that he had never seen any person who could understand it, though he had shewn it to numbers, even of Irishmen, the following examples, copied from different parts of the work, may not be uninteresting, as affording some idea of the style of writing, though they are rather imitations than accurate facsimiles.



Duzimech canafio, in comdal robe,  
 coateyat ho acathpinn ndanz. idant  
 mticaille in bac dnb. fid. r. ebiranan  
 wada.

FROM ANOTHER PART OF THE MANUSCRIPT.



Duzloc pline canafio. in. r. lend  
 in ruc rand robor abt3 as zomr. blon  
 a. h. mtr. mecrise conorapais moerbu

I have likewise seen other Irish manuscripts of a similar description, and which it is my intention hereafter to notice.

But if I was unsuccessful in the discovery of manuscripts, fortune made me some compensation for my disappointment by introducing me to some of the most literary and national characters of the province; and I had the satisfaction of seeing, that many of the Breton gentry are fully alive to the literature and antiquities of their native country; and there are among them persons actively engaged in collecting and publishing whatever may appear to them interesting as connected with those subjects. As a proof of this spirit, I need only mention the following works, which have either lately left the press, or are at this time in their progress through it.

Daru's History of Brittany, 3 vol.	-	-	-	1826
De Roujoux's History of the King and Dukes of Brittany, 4 vol.	-	-	-	1829
Mahe's Antiquities of Morbihan	-	-	-	1825
Poignand's Antiquities of St. Malo, &c.	-	-	-	1820
Kerdanet on the Language of the Gauls	-	-	-	1821
Villeneuve's Descriptive Itinerary of Finistère	-	-	-	1828
De Penhouet's Castles of Brittany, a very handsome work, now in the press.				
&c.				

To which I may add, that M. LE GOWINEC, in addition to the Breton-French Dictionary and Grammar, which he published some years ago, has now lying by him, in manuscript, a French-Breton Dictionary, being the counterpart of the former; and he is



only waiting for a sufficient patronage to ensure him against loss, in order to put it into the press ; and it is to be hoped he will not be allowed to wait long, as this work, together with the other two, will form a complete repository of the Breton language, as it now exists.

In the conversations which I had the pleasure of holding with the gentlemen before alluded to, as may be supposed, the subjects generally related to the antiquities of our respective nations, and a wish was often expressed to see another edition of the *Myvyrian Archaiology*,\* and I gave them no small gratification, when I told them that such a work had been in contemplation. I also informed them that, in addition to the relics contained in those volumes, we had also, in the ancient British language, many unpublished manuscripts of great curiosity, and among others, the *Mabinogion*, which probably are the most ancient specimens of romantic fiction in existence, and seem to be among the original models of those tales of chivalry and romance which afterwards spread so widely over the world, and, in their subsequent modifications, directed the taste and sentiment of Europe for so many ages. When I mentioned the existence of those extraordinary tales, and, moreover, that Dr. Owen Pughe had collected, translated, and arranged them for the press, my hearers manifested a degree of delight, which seemed as sincere as it was extreme. And they hoped that, when this work should be put into the press, notice would be given in the French papers, in order that they might avail themselves of the earliest opportunity of possessing it. And then it was that, with shame and confusion, I was compelled to finish my statement, by saying that Dr. Owen Pughe, after all his labours, had been for some years endeavouring to procure a sufficient number of subscribers, merely to defray the expense of printing the work, even without any emolument to himself, and was at last obliged to abandon the idea entirely, for want of support, and that, after all, the *Mabinogion* may never appear in our time, and probably, before another Dr. Owen Pughe appears, the originals will have shared the fate of many others of our most valuable remains.

Such was the humiliating confession which was extorted from me by the anxious curiosity of my Breton friends. Had I been more prepared to meet their inquiries, I might have suppressed the name of the *Mabinogion* altogether ; as it is, I can only hope that my bad French, and embarrassed manner, did in some degree prevent their comprehending the full measure of disgrace, which most assuredly attaches to a country that can allow such valuable remains of antiquity to continue so long unnoticed, and in all probability to be finally lost.

CARNHUANAWC.

[*To be continued.*]

\* The *Myvyrian Archaiology* contains the more ancient poetry of Wales.  
—EDITORS.

### THE FAIRY'S SONG.

"Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy!"

SHAKSPEARE.

I am a wand'rer o'er earth and sea,  
The trackless air has a path for me ;  
Ye may trace my steps on the heather green,  
By the emerald ring, where my foot hath been ;  
Ye may hear my voice in the night-wind's sigh,  
Or the wood's low moan when a storm is nigh.

My task is to brighten the rainbow's hue,  
To sprinkle the flowers with glit'ring dew,  
To steep in crimson the evening cloud,  
And wrap the hills in their misty shroud ;  
To track the course of a wandering star,  
And marshal it back to its home afar.

I am no child of the murky night,  
But a being of music, and joy, and light ;  
If the fair moon sleep in her bower o'er long,  
I break on her rest with my mirthful song ;  
And when she is shining o'er hill and heath,  
I dance in the revels of Gwyn ab Neath.\*

Few are the mortals whose favored feet  
May tread unscathed where the fairies meet ;  
Wo to the tuneless tongue and ear,  
And the craven heart, that has throbb'd with fear,  
If I meet them at night, on the lonely heath,  
As I haste to the banquet of Gwyn ab Neath.

But joy to the minstrel, whose deathless song  
Safe on the breeze of the mountain is borne along,  
And joy to the warrior, whose heart and hand  
Are strong in the cause of his native land ;  
For them we are twining our fairest wreath,  
They are welcome as moonlight to Gwyn ab Neath !

ELLYLLES.

\* The fairy king, pronounced as we have printed it, but properly spelt Nûdd.

## VINDICATION OF THE WELSH CHARACTER.

IN ANSWER TO SOME REMARKS IN BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, FOR  
NOVEMBER 1829.

If we were French philosophers, we might believe our love for our country to be a mere selfish impulse, another name for a love of ourselves and our own interests; but luckily we feel as earnest a wish to honour patriotism in nations of totally different interests from ourselves, as to foster it among our own countrymen; our veneration for the memory of our Glyndwr and our Llywelyn has nothing in it that blinds us to the heroic self-devotion of a Tell, a Höfer, or a Wallace. Nor is there any nation for whose moral and intellectual endowments we have a sincerer respect, than the Lowland Scotch; it is only when their just pride in their enlightened institutions degenerates into a narrow-minded superciliousness, on subjects of which they are necessarily incompetent to judge, that we are reluctantly led to question the purity of that patriotism, the tone of which approaches so much to the mutual jealousy of rival petty waresmen,—to doubt the continuance of pre-eminent knowledge in those who morbidly refuse to admit, or to avail themselves of the literary advances of other nations.

We have been led into these remarks by some observations, which would not have elicited from us a distinct reply, but for the publication in which they appear; any thing, however, that has the sanction of the ablest periodical of the day, demands at least some share of our attention. We are at the same time bound to declare, that we think its editor has, on this occasion, been wanting in that vigilance which he owes to the public and to himself, in giving publicity to statements\* contradicted but half a year ago (as it were by anticipation) on his own pages, statements still more strongly refuted by their own accumulated inconsistencies. To begin:

“In the west, the Saxon-English are blended with the Welsh; but there is here no gain, because the Welsh cross can add passion chiefly without higher reasoning powers. The Welsh, in fact, are already a compound of the Celt, Saxon, &c., as both physiognomy and language prove; and in them the imagination or the passion of the former, and the perseverance of the latter, combine to produce that dull mysticism, or that dark and smouldering anger, which sometimes elicits such frightful consequences.”\* *Page 820.*

Now this pregnant sentence contains so many truths, or such a condensation of assumptions, that we are unable to examine them so compendiously as they are stated; we must take a somewhat more microscopic view of matters.

\* See a Letter on the Ancient Welsh Church, in Blackwood's Magazine, for March 1829.

“The Welsh are already a compound of Celt and Saxon, as both their physiognomy and language prove.”

And first of the “physiognomy.” If no Celtic nation remains unmixed, whence does our theorist derive a knowledge of what the unmixed Celtic physiognomy was? How can he tell whether the Welsh face deviates from that model?

So far neither he nor we find much use for our “higher reasoning powers,” since he has merely repeated the very logic that we noticed in our last Cambrian Quarterly, as the most commonplace of Pinkertonian fallacies. *Page 494, line 19.*

And next as to “language.” Unfortunately our long succession of patriotic bards, the researches of our learned countryman, Dr. Owen Pughe, demonstrate, that the Welsh language is radically unchanged by any Saxon intermixture; and a still more unanswerable proof is presented in the identity of its roots with those of the language of the Bretons of France, who fled from the first incursion of the Saxon marauders, and have ever lived remote alike from the yoke and the accents of the Saxon. To this perhaps it may be necessary to add the labours of the most distinguished English antiquaries, of Hoare, Whittaker, and Turner, before we can outweigh the learning which comes thus authoritatively forth, before it can be assumed that the most erudite of Welsh scholars know any thing of their own language and history. “The Welsh language,” says the most impartial of English historians, “is peculiar and *original*. Men who have enjoyed a classical education pass with ease and pleasantness to French, Italian, or Spanish. But the Welsh is so unlike the other languages of Europe, &c.” *Vindication of the Bards, by Sharon Turner, page 10.*

Had the author under consideration been more deeply versed even in the early history of his own country, he never would have ventured on such an opinion, as that the Welsh language is mingled with the Saxon. We would confidently appeal to the Caledonia of Chalmers, in the opinion of Sir Walter Scott,\* the only satisfactory account of the early ages of Scotland; for what is the most prominent discovery in the earlier part of that work? Why, that the aboriginal colonists of Scotland were a Cambro-British race. And how was that truth attained? Why, by the nature of the inquiry, by his own acknowledgment, and his own candid references, it is indisputable that Mr. Chalmers owed this discovery to the aid of Dr. Owen Pughe and the Welsh philologists, which enabled him to identify the language of the *first* Caledonians with the *living* speech of the present Welsh. So little is that language changed since the days of Boadicea, that

\* Preface to the Border Antiquities.

language thus replete with historic light, which enters, says Sir William Jones, into the composition of all the dialects of Asia, which of old has expressed as exalted sentiments of patriotism as the classic idioms of Greece and Rome, which is still a vehicle for the lessons of an untainted morality, and which (without universally advocating its existence as a living tongue) we would rather see rooted out by the sword, than by the inculcated sense that it is a badge of inferiority and disgrace. All additional opportunities of lucre are but a pitiful compensation for the degraded tone of morals that always befalls a people that has lost all pride and delight in the soil, the habits, and even the kindly prejudices of their fathers.

“In the west, the Saxon-English is blended with the Welsh; but there is here no gain, because the Welsh cross can add passion chiefly without higher reasoning powers.” *Page 820.*

There is no proof that the inhabitants of the west of England have any more oil of vitriol in their composition than their countrymen of the east; on the contrary, we believe it will be found that there is less crime in those English counties which border on Wales. It is also pretty notorious, that the English borderers on Wales, from Chester to the Severn sea, are a more athletic and handsome race than the peasantry of the midland counties. This also is consistent with the general experience, that an intermixture of two races, though one may be inferior to the other, produces a third race finer than either. So that, though the Welsh themselves may possess no mental capacity for any thing, except flying into a passion, it does not follow in theory any more than it does in fact, that the “Welsh cross will give passion only.”

We now take another proposition.

“In them (the Welsh) the imagination or the passion of the former (the Celt) and the perseverance of the latter (the Saxon) combine to produce that dull mysticism, that smouldering anger.” *Page 820.*

The author commences with an asseveration that he “is hostile to the mysticisms and empiricisms of phrenology.” *Page 118.* No doubt he is; but we will not so readily acquit him of all imitation of Dr. Faustus and the witch of Endor. This unexpected union of those two mystical persons “imagination and perseverance” into “dull mysticism,” sounds more like some alchemical compound of gold from sack and cinders, than any absurdity professing to be founded on observation. If imagination and perseverance produce “dull mysticism,” Milton would have written Nixon’s Prophecies, or Moore’s Almanack, instead of Paradise Lost, and Shakspeare would have been a country conjuror in indifferent practice, instead of the enchanter whose magic wand drew that circle, within which “none durst walk but he.”

Neither does the union of perseverance with passion convert that passion into deep-rooted malignity, which without it would have been mere constitutional irascibility; perseverance must rather tend to suppress the unreasonable impulses of anger altogether.

Again, in the same column :

“How mad the dull mysticism, how atrocious the gloomy passion of Wales must seem, amid the lucid common-sense and unimpassioned judgment of England, may be easily conceived. How abashed their possessors must feel, when surrounded by a more numerous race, not more distinguished from them by plain sense and candid impartiality, than by civilization and opulence, is equally obvious.” *Pages 820 and 821.*

The only part of this which is new, in which the author is, as it were, original on himself, is where he says, that we are “*surrounded* by a more numerous race,” &c., as valuable a discovery in geography as the obvious necessity of feeling shame in a crowd, or in the presence of a man with more ducats in his purse than one’s self, is novel in metaphysical ethics. Both too are equally dis-  
countenanced by those who most ridicule our national peculiarities. Where heralds, arms, and pedigrees are said to be in such profound veneration, how can wealth be held in any but secondary consideration? When we see so pedlar-like a principle as superior opulence converted into a moral excellence, can we abstain from observing that they are worthier members of a free constitution, who, like their own Caractacus, would regret, amid the treasures of a rifled world, a “humble cottage in Britain.” The scantiness of our numbers, the poverty of our soil, are our greatest pride, our brightest glory, when we recollect the mass of talent and of virtue that has been fostered within the narrow limits of our mountain fastnesses. It has been said by one\* whom Scotland has ever considered as the best guide of her rising hopes, that no country of classic fame boasts so long an æra of lettered distinction as Wales. Nor is there, we will venture to add, a single school of English poetry that does not owe its impulse to Wales or Welshmen. Gower, the father of English poetry, was, as his name imports, a native of a district in Glamorganshire, a county, in that time, peculiarly rich in poetical genius; Spencer’s whole romance is a fabric of British legend, still extant in the ancient bards and the Mabinogion; Shakspeare has built some of his beautiful dramas, his Lear and his Cymbeline, on a similar structure; Milton was, on his mother’s side, a Welshman, and composed Comus, the beautiful dawn of his majestic genius, by the Marcher Court of Ludlow, and in sight of the precipices of Cambria; and, as we have elsewhere remarked, Gray caught the

\* The Rev. J. Williams, of Edinburgh, in his speech at the Brecon Eisteddvod.

spirit of his odes (the first appearance of the romantic school in England,) from Latin translations, by Evan Evans, of the Welsh Poets.

If the children of Cambria have been thus influential on the world of imagination, much less does a retrospect of the past give them any reason to stand abashed before the "lucid common sense and unimpassioned judgment of England." Where has that lucid common sense more conspicuously appeared than in the decisions of our Powell, our Price, and our Kenyon? Who were the representatives of this "lucid common sense and this unimpassioned judgment," on the trial of the seven bishops, when a Cambro-British judge contemned alike the threats of a despot and the clamours of the multitude? As it was from the ancient British code that England derived the rudiments of her boasted constitution, so it was to the courage and integrity of Cambro-British lawyers that she must, in no slight degree, attribute its preservation in the hour of danger. And if she must ascribe much to their spirited resistance to the Jesuitical machinations of the Stuarts, she does not owe less to the Welsh people, in the foundation of her future glories that was laid under our naive Tudors. It was a prince of Welsh race, and a Welsh army, that freed her at Bosworth, the date of her emancipation from the feuds of rival factions, of the decay of a tyrannical aristocracy, and of the interval of peace, that prepared her to be the asylum of learning, and of the oppressed of all nations. It was to our sagacious Cecil, and to a princess of the Tudor race, that she owes her commerce, her dominion of the seas, freedom from a Spanish yoke and the inquisition.

The patriarch of our race is said to have chosen Britain as his abode, because before him it was uninhabited, and he hated strife and enmity against his neighbours.\* This spirit still dwells in the meanest peasant that walks our hills, and is stamped on the destinies of the world. It is from our great and good Sir William Jones that the disciples of Brahma first learned to love a man of Frankish descent, nay, to him they revealed even the inmost mysteries of their temples; it was from the meek and angelic Heber, a native of one of those counties peculiarly exposed to the contamination of Cambrian emigration, that many an Indian learnt that the word Christian did not mean a marauder. When the farthest verge of Asia shall have received back the wisdom and the faith that she gave, who among the children of "the isles of the West" shall be venerated like them?

Were Scotland to attempt to express the proudest of her national associations in two names, those names would be Burns and

\* The Triads.



Wallace; and yet both were of Cambro-British race, and hence the "dull mysticism" of the one, and the "smouldering anger" of the other, "that led to such frightful consequences."

This no doubt will appear a "mysticism" on the other side of the Tweed, perhaps a "dull" one, till we have produced our authorities; who are they? Pinkerton, the defamer of every Celtic people, Sir Walter Scott, and Blackwood's Magazine. Whoever has read the former's early History of Scotland will recollect his account of the little British kingdom of Strath Clwyd, which comprised, amongst other provinces, as he says, Ayr, (the county of Burns' birth :) he even tells us that the language of this part of Scotland retained in his day (and he was Burns' contemporary,) somewhat of the "Welsh" accent; and that, if you would ask the common people about some ancient castle or the like, they would tell you it was erected by the Brets or the Pechts, (as he interprets it, the Britons or the Picts) Sir Walter Scott, in his Preface to the Border Antiquities, makes Edward the First, when aiming at the reduction of Scotland, decree, that "the customs of the Scots and Brets shall for the future be prohibited," a clear proof that the Britons of Strath Clwyd had preserved their customs and independence, though they had coalesced under the same king with the rest of Scotland. It was in fact in this part of the kingdom that the noblest stand was made for its liberties; Wallace, its champion, was himself a native of this district;\* and a traveller from our own country, CARNHUANAWC, has recorded that the name of Wallace is to this day very common in the vicinity of Dumbarton, which was the metropolis of the little British kingdom of Strath Clyde; so that the sublime praises of Burns paid honour to the memory of a patriot, who was in a double sense his countryman.

Our next witness will, no doubt, be a reluctant one, Christopher North, the moderator of Blackwood's *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, yet even him we must make bear testimony to the truth; we, like our countryman Fluellin, must compel him to eat the leek, for the imputation that he has, in one of his evil hours, ventured to cast upon our country. A reviewer of Lockhart's *Life of Burns* censures the dialect of Ayr, as harsh and grating to the ear, to which Mr. North affixes this luminous note:

"No, no!—C. North."

We trust henceforward his respect for Burns, and for Wallace, for "the bonny braes" of Ayr, and the melody of its "Welsh" accent, will induce him to make a similar reply to the offer of an article from such a correspondent as A. W.; were he once to cross into Cambria, and hear those accents respond to our native melo-

\* Wallace, in the *Ency. Edinensis*.



dies, we should have no fear of his future hostility, we should only be afraid of his taking Richard Roberts and his harp away with him, as an indispensable to his "Noctes:" if he wishes to attack us again, we will take no unchivalrous advantage, nay, we will tell him of more vulnerable points than A. W. has discovered; if he laments after Wallace and Burns, in compensation let him prove Felicia Hemans, *his* main stay, and John Williams, the main stay of all the rising philosophers of Caledonia, are no children of Cambria's.

Enlightened men have held, of late, that the maligner of national virtue is not less culpable than the trifler with private character, and justly so, for as long as men love their country, he has to answer for a wider range of suffering, he panders more amply to the bad passions of mankind. What a host of assailants did poor Dr. Clarke meet with, merely for detailing his own observations on the Russians! how religiously intolerant should we be held, were we to abuse the Turks! how bigotted, were we to question whether the Chinese are really the oldest and most humane people in the universe! Then what are we to think of the man who refuses to his fellow-subjects that measure of candour he so ostentatiously extends to the Tartars, whose every charge we can disprove. "Dull mysticism" and "smouldering anger!" why, is it to be expected that the Welsh peasant will be as communicative as a monkey, and as smiling as a houri, to travellers whose notions of him have been formed from such a writer as this? That the Welsh still retain their hereditary resentment against every one who speaks the English language, we avow and deplore; but does the fault lie with them? Can a peasantry, deeply read only in their Bible, discover from any thing but second sight, that the English have ceased to be their oppressors, when a spirit prevails against them that will scarcely allow them a place in the scale of human beings, and that not merely amongst the swinish multitude, but the oracles of the public press? Suppose we wished to excite amongst them a kinder feeling towards their fellow Britons, where should we point out to them an English work that ever deigns to speak of them without adopting the full contumelious tone of the conquest, ridiculing their poverty, and denying them all intellect and virtue. There are exceptions, and these exceptions fortunately consist of those who have either learnt their language, visited their country, or felt the influence of their virtue.

And first let us refer to the English attorney general of that Welsh circuit which embraces the counties in which the Welsh character remains most unmingled. He is an Englishman, and he is unprejudiced; as attorney general he must be most conversant with the worst part of the Welsh character, and he must be the

best judge of "the smouldering anger that leads to such frightful consequences."

*The Manners and Morals of the Welsh.*

"In regard to the manners and habits of the people, (always confining my observations to the three counties of Anglesey, Caernarvon, and Merioneth,) I have to say that, in my opinion, the manners and habits of the higher orders are as full of urbanity and politeness as those of the higher orders of England; that along the line of the great Irish road, the English language is rather more in use than formerly; but the great bulk of the people speak the Welsh language, and their habits and manners are but little changed: they are a quiet, religious, and loyal people; their ancient simplicity, and habit of respect to their superiors remains unaltered; and the crimes which disgrace and terrify England, and which her boasted judicature is unable to repress, are little heard of; capital punishments are rarely inflicted; and these three counties boast with pride, and with truth, that for the last forty years only *two* executions have taken place in Merionethshire, *two* in Carnarvonshire, and *none* in Anglesey; and therefore, in my opinion, the manners and habits of these three counties have, in a very immaterial degree, assimilated to those of England." — *Evidence given on the Law Commission, by John Wyatt, esq.*

"From ancient, I now descend to modern times; and, from describing that hardy race of warlike characters which were with so much difficulty subdued by the English monarchs, I proceed to make some remarks on their present state, in which this people enjoy a degree of happiness and tranquillity that, in feudal times, the country never experienced. In these mountainous and secluded parts of Wales, as some of the interior of Caernarvonshire, Merionethshire, and Denbighshire, that are yet scarcely known to the English tourist, the manners of the inhabitants differ very essentially from what will be observed near any frequented road. The people there seem to have an innocence and simplicity of character unknown in the populous parts of our own country. Among these it is that we are to search for those *original* traits, and that *native* hospitality, so much the boast of Welsh writers.

\* \* \* \* \*

"A rustic bashfulness and reserve seem to be general features in the character of the Welsh people; and strangers unaccustomed to their manners have often mistaken these for indications of sullenness. It is usual to say of them, that they are irascible. This may be the case; but, from what I have myself seen, I am inclined to think, that the natural rapidity of their expression in a language not understood, has often been construed into passion without any other more certain grounds. Persons who form their ideas from the opinions of others, *without being at the trouble of making observations for themselves*, are often deceived and misled. Such, I am confident, has been the case a thousand times, in the judgments formed on the present subject." — *From Bingley's Tour in North Wales, vol. ii. page 264.*

*The Literature and Genius of the Welsh.*

"Speaking of the ancient bards.

"As I am an Englishman, I have no patriotic prejudice in their favor; but, as an amateur of literature, I think them deserving of attention; and, for the reasons which I shall proceed to state, I believe them to be genuine.

\* \* \* \* \*

“They exhibit curious and striking manners. They throw much light on the history of their æra, and they contain many passages that poets need not disdain to applaud. Indeed, the celebrity which they have for ages enjoyed among their own countrymen, is an ample testimony of their genius.

“If they had no other merit, they would be highly valuable for their language. What can gratify the philologer more than to have such specimens of the language of the ancient inhabitants of these islands? The language of the British bards in the sixth century must have been substantially the same with the language of the Britons who withstood the valour of Cæsar; and, of course, must present us with a venerable image of perhaps the earliest language that appeared in Europe.”—*Turner's Genuineness of the Bards, Preface, page iv.*

Alluding to a notion prevalent among the Welsh, that their patriot King Arthur was not dead, but would return, and free them from their enemies :

“Thus disappeared from the whole island of Britain, excepting only the small and barren country of Wales, the race of the Celts, Cambrians, Loegrians, and Britons, properly so called, of whom part had emigrated directly from the eastern extremities of Europe, and part had come into Britain, after a stay, longer or shorter, on the coast of Gaul. These feeble remains of a great people had the glory of keeping possession of their last corner of territory, against the efforts of an enemy immensely superior in numbers and resources; often vanquished, but never subjugated; and bearing, through the course of ages, the unshaken conviction of a mysterious eternity reserved for their name and their language. This eternity was foretold by the bards of the Welsh, from the first day of their defeat; and whenever, in aftertimes, a new invader crossed the mountains of Cambria, after the most complete victories, his captives would repeat to him, ‘Tis all in vain! thou canst destroy neither our name nor our language.’\* “Fortune, bravery, and, above all, the nature of the country, formed of rocks, lakes, and sands, justified these predictions, which, though rash ones, are a remarkable evidence of vigorous imagination, in the little people who dared to make them their national creed.

“It is hardly too much to say that the ancient British existed on poetry; for in their political axioms, which have been handed down to us, the bard, at once poet and musician, is placed beside the labourer and the artisan, as one of the three pillars of social life.† Their poets had one great and almost only theme, their country's destinies, her misfortunes, and her hopes. The nation, poetical in its turn, extended the bounds of fiction; by ascribing fantastic meaning to their words. The wishes of the bards were received as promises, their expectations as prophecies; even their silence was made expressive. If they sang not of Arthur's death, it was a proof that Arthur yet lived; if the harper undesignedly sounded some melancholy air, the minds of his hearers spontaneously linked with this vague melody the name of some spot, rendered mournfully famous by the loss of a battle with the foreign conqueror. This life of hopes and recollections gave charms, in the eyes of the latter Cambrians, to their country of rocks and morasses. Though poor, they were gay and social; bearing the burden of distress lightly, as some passing inconvenience; looking forward, with unabated confidence, to a great political revolution, by which they should regain all that they had lost, and (as one of

\* See Thierry, book ii.

† Triads.

their bards expresses it) recover the diadem of Britain."\*—*M. Thierry's Conquest of England by the Normans*, vol. i. page 94.

To invalidate a spirit of national enthusiasm amongst a distinct people, who have common rulers with ourselves, is to err still more against patriotic wisdom than literary impartiality, for we thus destroy one of the strongest bonds of union in the hour of danger. Notwithstanding all this, our unfeigned wish is that the author of this deep imputation on our nation is guided by the sincerest spirit of integrity and truth, convinced that merely in expressing such a wish we present a triumphant refutation of his charges against the nation to which we belong. Should he possess a particle of that spirit which we would ever strive to discern alike in the adversaries as in the friends of the Cambrian race, he will as publicly erase, as he has publicly traced it, the least shade by which (either our feeble remarks or further inquiry may convince him that) his opprobrious picture is unfounded on justice or nature.

After quoting thus much from English, and one of the most popular of continental, writers, what other term are we to apply to the feeling we have been deprecating, wherever it may flourish, (among the illuminati of Grub street, or in the porticoes of the modern Athens,) than that of *provincial*. We still repeat our respect for her genius and her virtues; but when, like her prototype of yore, she takes upon herself to brand other nations as "barbarians," and dogmatize where she is purblind, we are reminded of the reply of the Egyptian priest to the greatest of Athenian sages, "Ye Grecians always were and always will be children!"

\* *Trioedd Ynys Prydain*, sect. xxi. No. 1. Taliesin, Myrddin.

#### A CORNISH RIDDLE.

Flò vye gennes en Miz-merh,  
Ni trehes e bigel en Miz-east;  
Ea roz towle  
Dho proanter Powle,  
Miz-du ken Nadelik.

#### TRANSLATION.

A child was born in the month of March,  
We regenerated him in the month of August;  
He gave a fall  
To the parson of Paul,  
The black month before the Nativity.

## THE FOX AND PEACOCK RIVAL LOVE-MESSENGERS,

AN INCIDENT OF BARDIC TIMES.

It cannot be too much regretted, that no part has hitherto been published of the voluminous relics of the bards who lived from the period at which the Welsh Archaiology terminates, to the reign of Elizabeth. Their productions, even when possessing no very exalted poetical merit, are rich in hitherto unemployed materials for the elucidation of contemporary manners and events, not only in Wales but in England. But what renders them peculiarly attractive are the grotesque delineations of habits exclusively confined to their countrymen: these are the more amusing, as the bard is not, like the poet of modern times, an enlightened declaimer on the errors of the vulgar; but depicts, in the fashions and follies of his day, scenes in which he himself is a partaker, and the passions of his own breast.

Two bards were in love with the same fair lady, Gwen of Dôl; one of them sends a peacock to her, as a llatai, or love-messenger. As soon as his rival gains intelligence of this, he addresses himself (in a strain of which the following is an imitation,) to the fox, beseeching him to murder the bird of Juno.

TO THE FOX.

Most dainty thief, with dusky tail,  
 Wouldst thou on choicest food regale,  
 In lonely grove romantic dine,  
 To Dôl thy lordly limbs incline.  
 Choice ducks thy crafty taste have fed,  
 (As well thy dignity becomes;)  
 All birds that skim the mountain's head,  
 Please thy white paunch and princely gums.  
 Tho' wisdom dwells in thine own yellow sconce,  
 Yet, Reynard, lend an ear to friendly tale for once:  
 The beauteous Elen\* of my heart,  
 Fair as the waxen forms of art,  
 I love with all devotion true,—  
 But, ah! another loves her too!  
 A rival, mid wild Snowdon dwelling,  
 A minstrel of his awen† vain,  
 But still a bard most bards excelling;  
 Of him, Sir Envoy, I complain!

\* Elen, the Roman-British empress, to whom the bards often allude, and whose name still lives in Cambro-British tradition.

† Awen, the Welsh term for a flow of inspiration.

Dog of the earth ! three choicest geese  
 I'll give, a lamb of fairest fleece ;  
 Then hence to Dol ! and mid the fern  
 Guard well, and well thy wages earn.  
 But watch, penurious be of sounds,  
 Beware of Eithig\* and his hounds ;  
 But when the worm-fed bird appears,  
 Then homeward chace from grove to grove,  
 And seize, and slay, with dental sheers,  
 The bright deluder of my love !

It should seem the fox faithfully performed his commission, for Rhys Goch of Eryri, or Red Rhys of Snowdon, composed an ode to abuse him for killing his peacock. This production is a fine specimen of obedience to the rule of making "the sound answer to the sense," for it is a problem whether, had it been chaunted in poor Reynard's ear, he would not have wished to exchange its harsh rhyme for the cry of a pack of foxhounds. The guttural (which when sparingly introduced rather conduces to melody,) occurs so immoderately often in this piece of vituperation, that not even Cambrian organs may recite it fluently. Sion Tudor, another bard, has humorously termed it the Shibboleth of Sobriety, because no man when drunk could possibly pronounce it.

**RHYS GOCH TO THE FOX.**

The wretch my starry bird who slew !  
 Beast of the flameless embers hue !  
 Assassin ! glutton of the night !  
 Mixed of all creatures that defile !  
 Land lobster ! fugitive of light !  
 Thou coward mountain crocodile !  
 With downcast eye, and ragged tail,  
 That haunt'st the hollow rocks ;  
 Thief ! ever ready to assail  
 The undefended flocks !  
 Thy brass-hued breast, and tattered locks  
 Shall not protect thee from the hound,  
 When, with unbaffled eye, he mocks  
 Thy mazy fortress underground ;  
 Whilst o'er my peacock's shattered plumes shall shine  
 A fretted bower of faery eglantine.

\* Literally Jealousy, a term applied by the bards to their rivals in love.

## ANCIENT BRITISH ARMOUR.

*To the Editors of the Cambrian Quarterly Magazine.*

GENTLEMEN,

AMONG the bardic and historical remains of our native country, may be found several pieces which were composed during those turbulent times immediately succeeding the departure of the Roman legions, and the arrival of the Saxons; and, as might be expected, they contain frequent allusions to the arms, both offensive and defensive, then in use; and although various pieces of armour are distinctly named, from the accoutrements of the warrior to the caparison of his horse, yet, as no description of their make, or style, is given, we can form no accurate idea of their appearance. If, therefore, you should deem the following inquiry worthy of insertion, it may be the means of throwing light upon a subject which at present appears very obscure.

In the ancient poem of the Gododin, often alluded to in your pages, the following lines occur :

“Coch eu cledyuawr na phurawr  
Eu llain. gwyngalch a phedryollt bennawr.”

“Red were their sword-blades as the crimson, their burnished corselets and four-cleft helmets.”

Now, I will ask, what sort of helmet that could be which answered this description? Was it a helmet which covered the whole head and face, like that represented in the old Norman seals, &c. having, for a visor, four perpendicular openings, formed by the intervals between the bars of iron, which guarded the face? or, were those bars placed in the form of a cross, thus leaving four apertures in front, for the purpose of seeing and breathing? or else was the helmet a mere headpiece, without any visor at all, similar to that worn by the Roman soldiers, and bent or pinched up at the rim into four corners, as described in some prints of Roman armour?

Mynyddawc.

THE YEAR'S SLEEP ; OR, THE FOREST OF THE YEW TREE.  
*A Legend.*

ORIGINAL PENNILL.\*

Pan dramwyech Ffridd yr Ywen,  
 Lle mae Tylwyth Têg yn rhodien,  
 Dos ymlaen, a phaid, â sevyll,  
 Gwilia'th droed-rhag dawnsva'r ellyll.

TRANSLATION.

When the Forest of the Yew,  
 Where elves haunt, thou passest through,  
 Tarry not ; thy footsteps guard  
 From the spirit's dancing sword.

PERHAPS, (says our correspondent,) the above pennill (stanza) has relation to the following legend :

In Mathavarn, in the parish of Llanwrin, and the cantrev of Cyveilioc, there is a wood which is called Ffridd yr Ywen, (the Forest of the Yew;) it is supposed to be so called, because there is a yew tree growing in the very middle of it: in many parts of this wood are to be seen green circles, which are called "the dancing places of the goblin," about which, a considerable time ago, the following tale was very common in the neighbourhood :

Two servants of John Pugh, esq. went out, one day, to work in the "Forest of the Yew;" pretty early in the afternoon the whole country was so covered with dark vapour, that the youths thought night was coming on; but when they came to the middle of the "Forest," it brightened up around them, and the darkness seemed all left behind, so, thinking it too early to return home for the night, they lay down and slept. One of them, on waking, was much surprised to find no one there but himself; he wondered a good deal at the behaviour of his companion, but made up his mind, at last, that he had gone on some business of his own, as he had been talking of it some time before; so the sleeper went home, and when they inquired after his companion, he told them he was gone to the cobbler's shop. The next day they inquired of him again about his fellow-servant, but he could not give them any account of him; but at last confessed how and where they had both gone to sleep. After searching and searching many days, he went to a *gwr cyvarwydd*, (a conjuror,) which was a very common trade in those days, according to the legend; and the conjuror said to him, "Go to the same place

\* A pennill (*plural* pennillion) is a Welsh stanza suited to the harp.



where you and the lad slept; go there exactly a year after the day the boy was lost; let it be on the same day of the year, and at the same time of the day: but take care that you do not step inside the fairy ring; stand on the border of the green circles you saw there, and the boy will come out, with many of the goblins, to dance; and when you see him so near to you that you may take hold of him, snatch him out of the ring as quickly as you can." He did according to this advice, and plucked the boy out, and then asked him, "if he did not feel hungry;" to which he answered "no;" for he had still the remains of his dinner that he had left in his wallet before going to sleep; and he asked "if it was not nearly night, and time to go home," not knowing that a year had passed by. His look was like a skeleton; and as soon as he had tasted food, he was a dead man.

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Anxious as we are to preserve these national superstitions for the eye of the learned, we do not agree with those who think that the sum of human virtue or happiness will lose by their extinction as articles of popular belief. We are not entirely strangers to the intense suffering produced on the mind of infancy by the impression, that we are at the mercy of a capricious fiendish agency; to those who are subjected to such a creed, in after-life it must be a serious infliction, and it may be a question whether the intellectual powers do not in some measure suffer from its continued influence. We think it a great injustice to our countrymen to ascribe their pure morality in any degree to so polluted a source, for the obvious reason, that none are more superstitious than the most profligate of the populace of the metropolis. How eminently mischievous these phantasies must be, if adopted as a guide of action *under similar circumstances*, we need no better proof than the two legends we give in the present number; the first might serve as an inducement to infanticide, the second might serve a murderer as a temporary means of stifling suspicion. So far from being favorable to virtue, virtue is, in the popular belief, no more an amulet against fiendish facetiousness than vice; on the contrary, we think few men deserve so well of their country as our excellent friend the bard of Manavon, who has composed some poems to ridicule these fooleries, and to substitute for them the unchangeable standard of moral truth. His pennillion have long responded to our native harp, mingling permanent peace with its transient melody; and future generations of his countrymen, whose infancy through his means will pass tranquilly among the blue hills of their fathers, will bless his name with as much gratitude as some poet, of past times, whose genius roused his countrymen to victory against their invaders.

## THE WONDERS OF THE ISLAND OF BRITAIN.

[This paper is extracted from the writings of the OLD BRITISH HISTORIAN, NENNIUS, translated from the original Latin, (Harl. MSS. 3859;) we give it as a very curious specimen of early history, powerfully influenced by the superstition of the seventh century.]

1. The first wonder is the lake *Lumonoy*,\* in which are sixty islands, and men dwell there; it is surrounded by sixty rocks, and on each rock is an eagle's nest; sixty rivers flow into it, and only one, which is called *Lemn*,† flows out of it to the sea.

2. The second wonder is the mouth of the river Transhannon, where the water rises, overflowing its banks, and again recedes, like the ebbing and flowing of the tide of the sea.

3. The third wonder is the hot well, which is in the district called *Huist*, the sides whereof are encompassed by a wall of stone. Men go into it at all seasons, for the purpose of bathing, and every one procures such a bath as he is desirous of having: if he wishes for a cold bath, he has one that is cold; if he is desirous of procuring one that is hot, he is also accommodated with a hot one, according to his wishes.‡

4. The fourth wonder is that there are wells of salt water, from which salt is made, wherewith provisions are seasoned; which wells are not nigh the sea, but the water rises out of the earth.§

5. Another wonder is the *Duong Habren*, or the two kings of the Severn. When the sea overflows with the tide at the mouth of the Severn, two separate heaps of froth are formed, which strike against each other as if there was a battle between them; each

\* This in Welsh will be *Llyfnwy*, signifying *smooth water*. There are rivers in Carnarvonshire and Brecknockshire, connected with lakes, that are called *Llyfni*, which seems to be only an abbreviated form of the above *Llyfnwy*.<sup>1</sup> The word seems to be the parent of the Greek λιμνη (*limne*,) and of the Welsh *llyn*, both of which are, in those languages, the common appellations of a *lake*.

† This in Welsh will be *llyfn*, smooth, as mentioned before. The wonder here described is probably Loch Lomond, in Scotland.

‡ This wonder may refer to the hot well either at Clifton, near Bristol, or to that at Bath, in the county of the *Huicci*, where *Aust* is situated.

§ This wonder may refer to Droitwich, and other salt wells, where salt is made.

<sup>1</sup> The name of the Brecknockshire river is pronounced *Llynvy*, and is evidently composed of the words *llyn-wy*, that is, *lake water*, as it flows through the lake of Llyn Savaddan.—EDITORS.

proceeds against the other, and they attack each other by turns; they then recede, the one from the other, and again proceed, and this on the surface of the sea during every tide. This they have done from the beginning of the world to the present day.\*

6. Another wonder is *Operlinnlivan*. This river, at its mouth, flows into the Severn, and when the Severn overflows with the tide, and the sea likewise overflows at the mouth of the said river, the sea is received into a pool at the mouth, after the manner of a whirlpool; and the banks of that river are not covered with water, although the Severn overflows with the tide; but when the sea and the Severn recede, the pool *Livan* emits forth what it received of the sea, and the river banks are covered with water to a considerable depth. And should the army of the country be present, and direct its front towards the water that is raised, such water will forcibly attract it, with its wet clothes; horses are also attracted by it in a similar manner. But should the army turn its back against the water, it will not be affected by it; and when the sea recedes, the water departs, and the banks of the river become bare.

7. Another wonderful thing is in the district called *Cuileplue*, where is a well, named *Finnaun Guurhelic*, into which no river flows, and men do not go therein to catch fish. But some go to the eastern side, and meet with fish, some to the right, some to the left, and some to the west, and fish are caught on every side, and a different kind on each side. It is surely very remarkable that there should be fish in a well which has neither river flowing into it or out of it, and that four kinds of fish should be found therein, although it is neither large nor deep, it being only knee-deep, in depth, and but twenty feet in length and breadth, with high banks on all sides.

8. Near the river which is called *Guog*,† are to be found apples on an ash tree, growing on the steep side of a grove, near the mouth of the river.

9. Another wonderful thing is in the district called *Guent*,‡ where there is a hole from which the wind blows at all times without intermission. Even in the summer, when the wind does not blow elsewhere, it blows from that hole incessantly, so that no one placed before it can stand against the wind. In the British language, it is called *vithgwint*, and in Latin *flatio venti*. It is surely a very wonderful thing for the wind to blow out of the earth.

10. Another wonderful thing is in *Guhyr*,§ an altar situated in

\* This wonder refers to the apparent contention between the ebbing and flowing tide at the mouth of the Severn.

† The river *Wye*.

‡ Monmouthshire.

§ *Gower*, the western portion of Glamorganshire.

a place called *Loyngarth*, which has the special regard of God. It appears to me to be better to relate the history of this altar than to withhold it. It happened that when St. Iltutus prayed in a cave which is near the sea, that washes the coast of the aforesaid place, the mouth of the cave being towards the sea, that a ship navigated by two men, sailed towards him from the sea, in which was the body of a holy man, on whose face was an altar, which had the special regard of God. And the man of God went to meet them, and the body of the holy man continued with the altar placed on his face. They said to Iltutus, "the man of God directed us to bring him to you, and bury him with you, and not to mention his name to any one." The men then took an oath among themselves, and buried him; and after the burial, the two men returned to the ship, and sailed away. But St. Iltutus founded a church over the body of the holy man, and the altar; which things remain to the present day, particularly the altar, possessing the special regard of God. A certain Regulus, or petty king, being desirous to prove it, took a rod in his hand, and bent it round the altar; and, holding the rod with both his hands on every side, drew it to him, and thereby proved the truth of the matter; but he did not live a whole month subsequently. Another person who looked under the altar, lost his eyesight, and ended his life before a month was completed.

11. There is also another wonderful thing in the aforesaid district of Guent,\* a well near the fence of the pool Mouric, in the middle of which is a piece of wood, on which men stand when they wash their hands and face. I myself have proved it, and seen that, when the sea overflows to Mallina, the Severn covers all the coast, and reaches to this well, which it fills with the tide; and, taking the piece of wood with it out to sea, tosses it about for the space of three days, and on the fourth, it is again found in the aforesaid well. It happened that when a certain countryman buried it in the earth to try the effect, that on the fourth day it was found in the well; but the countryman who hid and buried it, died before the end of the month.

12. Another wonderful thing is in the district called *Buelth*,† where is a heap of stones, and a stone placed thereon, with the print of a dog's foot. When Troynt was hunting a hog, *Cabal*, a dog of the valiant Arthur, imprinted his foot-mark on a stone; and Arthur subsequently collected a heap of stones, and placed thereon the stone on which was the print of the dog's foot, and called it *Carn Cabal*. And when men take away this stone for the space of a day and night, it is, on the following morning, again found on the heap.

\* *Gwent*, Monmouthshire.

† *Buelth*, the northern portion of Brecknockshire.

13. Another wonder is in the district called Erving.\* It has a sepulchre near the well, which is called Licat Anir; and the name of the man who was buried in this tomb was Anir, the son of the valiant Arthur, who slew him, and buried him in this place. When the tomb is measured, it is found to be sometimes six feet in length, sometimes nine, sometimes twelve, and sometimes fifteen. For whatever measure it may be found at one time, it will not be found the same at another, as I myself have proved.

14. Another wonderful thing is in the district called *Cereticiaun*,† where is a mountain named *Crucmaur*,‡ on the top of which is a sepulchre. And every one whatsoever who lies down by this sepulchre, although he be short, the length of the sepulchre and of the man, is found to be the same; and should he be short and little, the length of the sepulchre is found to be the same as his height; and should he be tall and stout, even were his height four cubits, the tomb would be found to be the same in size as his stature. And should a stranger, and one easily fatigued, bow himself three times by it, he will not subsequently be subject to weariness to his dying day; and he will not suffer from fatigue, should he travel alone to the most distant parts of the world.

Concerning the wonders of the isle of Anglesey. The first wonder is a shore without a sea. The second is a mountain, which turns round three times in a year. The third is a ford, the water whereof ebbs and flows, as the sea does with the tide. The fourth is a stone, which walks during the night in the valley of Eitheinn; and, when formerly thrown into the whirlpool Cerevus, which is in the middle of the sea, called *Mene*,§ it was on the morrow found on the side of the aforesaid valley.

Concerning the wonders of Ireland. There is therein a pool called *Luchlemlem*, which is encompassed by four circles. In the first circle, the metal tin encompasses it; in the second, lead; in the third, iron; and, in the fourth, brass encompasses it: and in the pool, pearls are frequently found, which kings wear in their ears.

There is also another pool, the water whereof causes wood to become as hard as stone. Articles of wood are manufactured, and thrown into this pool, where, having remained until the end of the year, they are then found converted into stone, and are called *Luchechach*.

\* Possibly Herefordshire, anciently called *Erchyng*.

† Cardiganshire.

‡ *Tri chrug aeron*, in the parish of Kilkennin, Cardiganshire.

§ *Menai*, the strait between Carnarvonshire and Anglesey.

## THE CORONET OF PEACOCK'S PLUMES

MORVYTH'S PRESENT TO THE BARD.

*From DAVYTH AP GWYLYM, a Bard of the Fourteenth Century.*

ONE glorious morn beneath the grove  
To Morvyth many a lay I wove;  
"Maid of my heart, O twine," I said,  
"A sylvan garland for my head;  
One verdant manacle to be  
This hour of rapture's memory."

MORVYTH.

Ne'er shall thy Morvyth's fingers tear  
Yon lovely birch's glossy hair,  
That droops o'er topmost summit furl'd,  
(An anch'ret banished from the world;)  
Nor herbs that droop, nor flow'rs that fade,  
Should crown a minstrel with their shade.

My locks my lady's hand has set  
With radiant pinnacles of gold,  
A fair and fadeless coronet,  
Wreathed from the peacock's starry fold;  
To chain those plumes with magic band,  
Were work befitting monarch's hand;  
Those gems of air, those floating flow'rs,—  
Those lamps to guide my bardic hours;—  
Those chariot wheels of fairy might,  
Now dusk, now eddyingly bright;—  
Those elfin palaces, o'erspread  
With eyes, as of the mighty dead.  
Ne'er shall the poet's forehead lose  
This band of beauty's gathered hues:  
All things of loveliness have met  
In this my Morvyth's coronet.

MAELOG.

.....

## THE PASSENGERS.

NO. IV.

[Continued from vol. I. p. 485.]

Τίς δὲ νῦν τοι νήσων, ποῖον δ' ὄρος εὐαδὲ πλεῖστον;  
 Τίς δὲ λιμὴν; ποῖα δὲ πόλις.

CALLIMACHUS.

Which now of all islands, what mountain chiefly delighted?  
 What city, what harbour?

*Clanvoy.* THE glass rises! if we live, what is there to prevent our being on the top of Wyddva this day? Larndon! Allansley! I have had a conference with old Evan Jones, who has been pre-engaged by "a gentleman from London," who is going to see Dolwyddelan, under the impression that it is a kind of Windsor castle; and Evan Jones, not the least aware of his high-flown expectations, does nothing to undeceive him.

*Larndon.* How do you know all this?

*Clanvoy.* Indeed, I know it very well, and without having recourse to hiding behind the arras, or any other kind of concealment.

*Allansley.* What are we to do?

*Clanvoy.* Why, freely to tell you my opinion, I have the greatest respect for Evan Jones, the guide of this inn of Capel Cerig; and would recommend him to any friends of mine, as an intelligent, experienced attendant for a party to take with them up Snowdon: he and I before now have got into rather awkward places in our wanderings; but I know you are fond of a desultory life among the mountains, and so am I. Let us agree to be the creatures of circumstance and the sport of accident.

*Allansley.* Why didn't you speak to Evan Jones last night?

*Clanvoy.* I inquired for him, but he was not in at the time; and, after all, I am sure you don't wish merely to go the shortest way to the top, and then down again. You may safely put yourselves under my direction; for the fact is, I know the mountain better than any guide. I have been up there alone or in company, during all kinds of weather: I have been buried among the clouds

for hours, and have witnessed all their wonderful changes of scenery. Do not, therefore, be afraid of my leading you astray. If a mist falls on you on the flat summit of Mangerton at Killarney, or on the Berwyn, or the moors of Plinlimmon, I should be sorry for you, nothing but the compass can direct you; and if you go south instead of north, you are not likely to get into bed before morning. But there is no flat ground on Snowdon, and every part has a peculiar character; so that, although it is the most intricate of mountains, it is not like the desert, where you may retrace your path, and still think you are advancing. Let us put a few things all together into one bag, and send a boy with it to Llanberris. We can take a chaise from here to the foot of Snowdon, about four miles and a half; and then we shall be fresh for starting, when we reach the place where the footpath leaves the road. The lad, by the by, who takes our luggage, may get somewhere outside of the chaise, and we can send him off when we take to our own feet.

*Larndon.* Very well: I suppose we may depend upon you for knowing what is best.

*Allansley.* And we will throw the blame of all accidents upon you.

*Clanvoy.* Not unless you put yourselves under my direction; and submit, with blind obedience, to my orders. Of course you are aware, that we must have with us a small supply of some spirit or other, whiskey, or brandy: which will you have?

*Allansley.* How can you dare to propose whiskey with so grave a face? Do you really suppose I will agree to take any of that abomination with me?

*Clanvoy.* How far prejudice will carry an otherwise well-disposed and moderate man! So you take, in preference to the colourless and pure spirit, not less transparent than the torrent wave with which you mix it, the dark, muddy, porter-coloured beverage, which you dignify with the title of brandy! However, I once thought as you do, so I will not be severe; and if Larndon is for brandy, let us take it, until such time as experience may prove your error.

*Larndon.* I say, brandy; because I have a sort of indefinite bad opinion of whiskey, never having tasted it. What is it like?

*Clanvoy.* Fire and soot, with a slight mixture of brimstone.

*Allansley.* So I should suppose.

*Clanvoy.* I was not in earnest.

The chaise was now ordered, and the sandwiches, and usual quantity of brandy, were put into Allansley's pockets, Larndon and Clanvoy being loaded with sketching apparatus. As they proceeded along the Beddgelert road, on their way to the foot of



Snowdon, a change took place in the weather, and the summit of Wyddva became obscured.

On reaching a grey stone that marks the beginning of the horse-path to Llanberris, our three friends alighted; and, after sending on the boy with directions to order beds for them at Closs's, of the Vaenol Arms, a small public-house in the village, they arranged their own incumbrances as well as they could. Larndon had a portfolio, sketching-box, and sketching stool: Clanvoy, two sketchbooks, and a sketching-box. They had now before them a beautiful view into the glen of Cwm Duli; and part of a blue lake (Llyn Gwynant) was in sight, forming the central object of the landscape.

Nothing would now satisfy Larndon, but stopping to make a sketch of this view, on account of its exhibiting "the downward effect" in a peculiar degree, which is always difficult in drawing. So the party seated themselves on various bunches of heath; and Clanvoy, who had already taken it some years ago, did not bring out his pencil on this occasion, but began to pacify the impatience of Allansley, who could hardly keep himself quiet, while the spiteful wind every now and then delayed Larndon's work, by blowing up his paper.

*Clanvoy.* Never mind, Allansley; why not rest here? why not allow yourself to inhale the spirit of the scene at leisure? Often as I have been here, I gaze upon it again this day with feelings of renewed admiration. If you wish really to enjoy mountain scenery, spend your time in doing so, and it will not be wasted. I really remember, with some gratitude, the exclamation of a tourist who made one of a party that were crossing the Wengern Alp, near Grindelwald: when we arrived opposite the glaciers of the Yungfraw, he cried out, "here I am fixed, at least for three hours!" And although he was no sketcher, yet certainly he did not spend his time unprofitably: nay, his determination influenced all of us, and we carried away with us a far clearer notion of that sublime scene, than we could have done without remaining there so long.

*Allansley.* But then you had arrived at the chief object of your journey, and I am afraid we are losing the finest part of the day.

*Clanvoy.* No such thing. What o'clock is it? not quite nine. The summit is in clouds, at present; and by delaying on our way there, we are more likely to find it clear: I know, by the glass, that it will not be clouded all day long. Attend, attend, Allansley! for I will try to recollect some Iambic rhymes which describe the scenery that you are now looking at; or, rather, what you will see hereafter. Hah! doubtful man! do you think we can spout the Anapest in rhyme, and shall we shrink from the Greek Iambic?

or if we pour forth Iambic trimeters, will you defy us in the proud hexameter?

Welcome, secluded glens! belov'd, well-known vallies!  
 Where from the bard's loud harp the wild echoes arose;  
 Where from the secret lake the fierce torrent sallies,  
 Whose angry wave those mouldering fragments oppose!  
 Again to my fond eyes the dark mountains appear,  
 And wafted odours fill yon embroider'd meadows;  
 While, as the fitful breeze passes leisurely here,  
 The mazy clouds remove or advance their shadows!

Here, ev'ry moss-grown rock that encumbers the soil,  
 Reveals a wondrous tale of its Alpine descent;  
 When from the heights above with uncontroll'd recoil  
 It rush'd beneath: an awful and hurried event!  
 O thou solemn vale! I traverse thy wild bowers,  
 By fancy led, by secret and thoughtful pleasure,  
 Drawn from departed ages and long-past hours,  
 And from the pensive heart's everlasting treasure!

In childhood and in youth have I wander'd among  
 These lonely regions, while around each red summit  
 The black shadows of thundering clouds darkly hung;  
 Or pass'd in all their marvellous brightness from it.  
 Then, then, behold, the half-reveal'd obscurity  
 That lately brooded o'er the pale mountain-flowers,  
 Gave way before the splendor and the purity  
 That sheds a cloudless beam upon feudal towers!

Here once the deluge wave, higher still, and higher  
 Than ev'ry proudest Alp, would unsparingly roll:  
 And here the raging fierceness of judgment fire  
 Shall blaze abroad in fury from pole unto pole.  
 More is to come than that which is past already,  
 But tho' terrors and earthly vexations abound,  
 One hope remains, one word, ever true and steady,  
 Proclaims the path where Wisdom and Love may be found.

*Allansley.* Go on, Clanvoy, I am not unwilling to hear.

*Clanvoy.* My song is ended. Would you have me wound your fastidious modern ears any more with so gross a mixture of classical and romantic ingredients? I wonder you can ask it.

*Allansley.* O, Clanvoy, how can you change your tone so suddenly from the serious to the sarcastic?

*Clanvoy.* How otherwise can I converse with you on this puzzling subject, I should wish to know? How can I be otherwise than sarcastic, when you turn and waver, and think this and think that, and abuse Gothic, and prefer the Greek orders, and hate classic metre, and patronise modern versification?

*Allansley.* You know as well as I do, how complex the whole question is.

*Clanvoy.* Then of course you will encourage a free discussion of it.

*Larndon.* I have done drawing. I'm sure I haven't long delayed you.

*Clanvoy.* No, indeed, I think you have been very quick. Let me see: fifteen minutes by my watch. Half an hour is a very fair average time for an outline. A quarter of an hour is the shortest that it is worth while to spend on any subject, unless it is very simple and easy. That's a good memorandum of the place, if you can fill it up in the colouring: well done, and quickly done.

*Larndon.* I should have done it sooner if I had not been attending to your iambics. What rule do you follow in making these odd verses, Clanvoy?

*Clanvoy.* I wish with all my heart I could explain it to you, for I am not in the least ambitious of keeping it a secret. After a long and laborious investigation of the matter, I at length obtained the power of distinguishing accent in any language from long or short metrical quantity. But, although I have this power and use it on all occasions, I have never yet succeeded in making any one else understand the difference between them. When I mention instances of the difference in English words, (as the pronunciation of a living language cannot be disputed,) they admit each individual fact; yet they are as far as ever from seeing the real difference between accent and quantity. My only resource, therefore, is in practical proof: in showing, as in those iambics, that every verse of them is equal, in syllabic length, to an Alexandrine; yet that, by adopting a certain system, they appear shorter: and if I sugar them well with rhyme, I do not utterly despair of persuading even Allansley himself. I do not speak hastily concerning this: I will not assert what I cannot prove. The question is an important one, and, sooner or later, must engage the attention of every scholar. The modern system of confessedly false pronunciation in the classic tongues cannot last for ever.

Now, it seems, the Welsh language contains within itself, not only the Greek, but also the Latin diphthongs *æ* and *œ* in their only true and original breadth of sound; approaching so nearly to that of *a i* and *o i*, that some ears hardly recognise the difference.

From this living language, therefore, if those who know it best will pronounce it carefully, we may hope that the cause of true classical pronunciation will derive support. Upon true pronunciation the Greek metres depend for their effect, and it is pedantic to talk about the rules of prosody, when you violate them in almost every word.

*Allansley.* Clanvoy, whenever I think of Snowdon in future, I shall remember your lecture upon classical pronunciation.

*Clanvoy.* So much the better. The whole subject, as connected

with poetry, has belonged from time immemorial to this region. For my part, I think the poetical air of Snowdon is the chief promoter of these discussions. Homeric verse arose from scenery like this: and Hesiod kept sheep in the vale of Ascra, which I believe to be very much the same sort of thing as Cwm Duli, which Larndon was drawing; only, to be sure, there is no lake near it. In short, there is abundant proof that in our conversation we were yielding to the spirit of the mountain; to the genius of the place: and that we were rubbing off the dust of our studies among the healthy wilds of Eryri. Oh, Allansley! does not the scene around us raise expectation in you? All the higher summits hid behind these rocky banks! I do think this mysterious veiling of Snowdon as you proceed into it, until the time when it comes forth in full grandeur, is one of the most alluring specimens of the picturesque I know. This is the Bwlch yr Eisteddva. Close above us is the Gorphwysva, or resting-place, at the top of the pass; and in a few moments we shall be there.

*Larndon, (running up.)* Now for a view!

*Allansley.* Well, which way do we go now? for I suppose we are not going down hill again.

*Clanvoy.* To the left. You see beneath you the pass of Llanberris, alias Bwlch y Gwyddil, alias Irishman's Dingle, alias one of the finest things of the kind in the world.

Respecting this pass I have much to say, if I can manage to remember it. In the first place, who is there that has not heard of the pass of Llanberris, and of its three British rivals, Glencoe in Scotland, Ilonistar Crag in Cumberland, near Buttermere; and the Gap of Dunloe, near Killarney? But you do not see it from here to full advantage; we will spend at least one day in exploring it.

On the left is Crib Coch (Redridge), the third summit of Snowdon. Beyond, is part of the second summit, variously named: according to Pennant and the authorities of Capel Cerig, Crib y Distyll; according to the guide of Llanberris, Crib y Dhescil (pronounced Theskil); and Crib y Dhyscil, according to others. This last appears to mean the Edge of the Dish; no inappropriate name for that part of the mountain.

*Allansley.* Why do you bother us with all these different names?

*Clanvoy.* To be sure, it looks absurd enough; but you will see them all in print; and, therefore, be it known unto you henceforth that they all mean *that* one second summit; all are equally common, and perhaps equally correct. On the same side, lower down, are a succession of inferior heights, all having names of their own, and forming the western buttress of Snowdon. Below them, you see the two lakes of Llanberris and the solitary tower of Dolba-

darn castle, occupying the rock which divides them. On the right are the steep slopes of Glydar Vawr, edged in many places with ranges of basaltic formation, much convulsed; and some slightly curving. One cluster of this columnar character stands apart from the rest, and quite upright. I believe it must be that group which Camden thought almost as curious as the stones upon the top of Glydar Vach. The lower grounds in this pass are covered with fragments, of all shapes and sizes, which add immensely to the grandeur of the whole scene, for some of them are above sixty feet long. This multitude of massive stones and rocks that are scattered around, give to the view a sort of studded richness, well adapted for exhibiting the full effect of light and shadow. Indeed, they are quite characteristic of Snowdonia. I have been often amazed at the complex variations of colouring and outline that arise from this peculiarity. Well, I suppose we need not stay here any longer: we shall have this view in sight for some time.

*Allansley.* Is that Anglesea in the horizon?

*Clanvoy.* You see something of it from here, as there is no high ground between us and the Menai. Come, let us be moving!

So they walked on along the path under some tall rocks, until the entire form of Crib Goch was displayed before them; and Allansley said: How nobly that very steep mountain swells into the clouds above us! I suppose our path does not lie over it.

*Clanvoy.* It is inaccessible, I believe; or nearly so. I once got upon the ridge of it, but never reached the very highest point. A strong wind was blowing: perhaps, in calmer weather I could have done it. Several clouds were passing round me, at one time blotting out every thing, then rolling off, and immediately disclosing height and depth and lakes and vallies, in all their splendid combinations. I had seen from below a small odd-looking hole or cave, and that induced me to go up there in quest of a superfine romantic subject.

*Larndon.* And I dare say you found no such thing.

*Clanvoy.* I was not altogether disappointed: it was on the other side from here. By going into such places, you almost always acquire a knowledge of some fact, or peculiar effect, which you could not get elsewhere.

I dare say you have heard of the viviparous alpine grasses, and of the mistaken idea that they are viviparous because their seeds have no soil to grow in. They are in fact as viviparous in the soil of a flower-garden as in their own barren birthplace. The summit of Crib Goch is covered with one kind of this grass, (the *Festuca vivipara*,) which bears a cluster of young seedlings on a very slender stem. These, waving in the wind, apparently without support, give a singular appearance to the rocks, which look

as if they were all in motion : and increase the wild visionary character of the whole region.

But the grandest exhibition of mountain scenery that I have met with, taking every circumstance into consideration, was in a solitary walk over Glydar Vach, that silvery mountain behind us. Among a large collection of rocks overhanging Cwm Grianog, and a lake, which in Westmoreland they would call a *tarn*, but which is here somewhat oddly called Llyn Cwm Ffynnon ; I found a small triangular cave, such as is usually formed by a large flat slab of rock falling upon several upright ones, and roofing, as it were, the space between them. Language utterly fails to describe the solemn splendor of colouring that prevailed over the distant landscape enclosed within so romantic a foreground. The combination of external beauty with historical interest, enhances the effect of both ; and as I traced upon my paper the lofty ranges of basalt and porphyry that rose before me, while between every summit the calm dim waters of the sea appeared, I could not help remarking that this land looks indeed like the last refuge of a glorious, but conquered nation.

Suddenly there came a howling blast along the air : it was followed by a cloud. I saw this magnificent object, like a thing of life, pour itself down, volume after volume, growing darker as it fell into the vast hollows beneath. And now only the tops of Snowdon appeared above this cloudy sea : at last, they also faded into nothing. For two whole hours did I wait within that cave, till I had faithfully drawn every patch of moss, every hole, and stain, and cleft in the sides of it ; and all the time this tumultuous host of clouds were sweeping by from the north, exhibiting endless varieties of movement, from a slow, measured, solemn pace, to the furious velocity that a sudden blast occasions.

I never shall forget their clearing off. I stood at the entrance of the cave and saw them underneath, in a place where the wind could not reach them. Snowdon, entirely clear, came again into sight and re-assumed his dignity. I took advantage of this interval, and left the spot, followed by a cloud which came rolling after me for half a mile.

*Larndon.* I wish I had been with you.

*Clanvoy.* Let me confess to you that, if you or Allansley had been there, the grandeur of the scene would have been lowered by the familiar ideas that your presence would recall.

It is all very well and very delightful that we should now be going up Snowdon in company ; nay, more, we combine this wild scenery with our daily thoughts more effectually, by the freedom of our conversation : but if you would receive the strongest impression that it can convey to your mind, you should enter into it alone.

Though it be true that if you broke your leg among the rocks, your situation would be very desperate; though you may have in view the fate of that solitary tourist who died "in the arms of Helvellyn and Cashedicam;" yet, after all, it cannot be said that you are throwing yourself into heedless danger; for how seldom do such accidents occur! And am I less likely to fall down the precipice of Helvellyn because you are with me? On the contrary, were I alone I should be more careful.

Still I admit, that the total absence of any thing like help throws a more serious character over the whole scenery. This, however, which places you beyond human aid, imparts a tone of religious feeling to the mind. O, how earnest is the short thanksgiving which you utter when delivered from danger in such a situation! Had your foot slipped one inch farther, that rock might have been your deathbed, and that lake your grave!

*Allansley.* I am sure, Clanvoy, when you say any thing that I can agree with, nobody does it more heartily than I do. Every one of your last observations will remain as "part and parcel of my mind" for ever.

*Larndon.* They are certainly true; and they have changed my views of the matter very much more than I expected.

*Clanvoy.* I freely tell my thoughts to you, because I know you will not misunderstand me. It is well for us to be aware of the real effect that romantic scenery has upon the tourist; upon the *tourist* I say, for upon the native, although more lasting, it is less evident. The consideration of this promotes our knowledge of our own nature: but I am not supporting any peculiar theory; nor will I ever argue for the sake of argument. In spite of Dr. Johnson's example, it is a practice that I abhor.

*Allansley.* Have you no other way than this, Clanvoy? no royal road up your mountain? Oh! what an exertion for English feet. O, you mountaineer! what am I to do, to prevent myself from falling?

[*He falls down.*]

*Clanvoy.* Up again, man! up again! put the whole sole of your foot upon the ground, and fasten your toes upon it as if they were your fingers: that's your only way! Why did you come up in such thick shoes? You an Englishman, and complain of such a mole hill as this! O, shame, shame! Who got first upon Pompey's pillar but a British tar? Who first went to Chamouni but an Englishman? Who first sailed round the world but an Englishman? Whoever did any thing of danger or difficulty but an Englishman? (*Allansley falls down.*) There he is! down again! Larndon, is it a cockney that we see below us, wishing himself safe back in London? Or is this our friend lately so anxious and



so impatient, whom that alluring vale could hardly reconcile to the task of admiring it?

*Allansley.* You couple of unfeeling, cold-blooded animals! why do you take advantage of my "embarrassing situation?" Let me lie down till I get my breath again.

*Clanvoy.* No, positively, not here: come only a few yards farther, and then you shall repose within sight of a better landscape.

[*They walk on.*]

Here is the first view of the great *crater*, and the large alpine lake Llyn Llydaw. The opposite rocks are called the Lliwedd; and the highland vale to the north-east of them is Hafodty Cwm Duli; which may be translated the Summer-house of Blackwater Vale; that is to say, it is what in Switzerland would be called a *chalet*, a kind of summer-cottage or dairy, belonging to the farm beneath. Isn't this a better place to rest in than the other?

*Allansley.* That lake, winding out of sight among the different promontories, like a map of the Mediterranean sea, what a superb effect it has! And the shores glowing with light, and all the varieties of mountain turf, rushy, grassy, or mossy, they give the water the appearance of lapis lazuli. How solemn are those lofty ranges of precipice that enclose the farther end! What is the extent of it? For there is a something in the form, or colouring, that confuses all my notions of distance. I hardly know what to make of the wild visionary brightness that surrounds me.

*Clanvoy.* There is, indeed, almost always, the effect you describe in this place. I cannot account for it: but I feel it every time I come here. I never met with any thing like it abroad: it is perhaps a combination of several peculiarities in the ground, water, and climate of the mountain. It really does intoxicate the fancy. But I partly see how it is with you: you are breathing, for the first time, an atmosphere loaded with the scent of the roseroot (*rhodiola rosea*), which you may see from here, growing in pale green bunches, on those very steep rocks to the left. I enjoy it of all things; it refreshes me: but to you it is like a close room with a Dutch hyacinth.

*Larndon.* Every now and then it comes floating on the breeze, like the perfume of an orange grove in blossom!

*Clanvoy.* We are somewhat late for it this year; at least in general, it is going out of blossom before now. But these alpine plants have no very precise time for flowering. The first fine summer weather brings them all into blow at once, except the opposite-leaved saxifrage, which invariably flowers either in April or May. We shall pass close to some of the roseroot before the day is over, and you can examine the roots, which really have the



smell of roses. But the flowers of it are sweeter still; and, as it grows plentifully wherever it has once established itself, it fills the whole mountain with scent for three or four weeks of the summer. I really do think it adds about a third more to the general effect of Snowdon, if you come here while this plant is in blow; not that it has any peculiar external beauty to recommend it, for the blossoms are yellowish green, and very small, growing together in a cluster. But what can be more delightful, on passing round some rock, than to fall in with a current of perfume like this, of Arabian or Sabæan odours?

The rest of our alpine plants are common in Switzerland, where owing to the difference of latitude, their lowest *habitats* are much higher than in Wales; but I never found the roseroot, though I was always looking after it. These plants have in every climate a certain boundary, below which they never grow without cultivation; and it is curious to observe how strictly they are confined within it.

*Larndon.* I don't think this is quite the view for a drawing.

*Clanvoy.* O, no! the station for sketching is many hundred yards to the left, and lower down, where you would find the whole subject magnificently disposed, indeed the grandest view of an alpine lake that I am acquainted with. The situation of this extensive sheet of water, on a level so much higher than the adjoining vale, is worth remarking.

About half way down the lake from here, you may observe a small island, which is a favorite haunt of black-backed gulls. We are not near enough to alarm them at present; but if they saw you on the shore nearest their island, the whole community would set about croaking and screaming at all rates, and send off reconnoitering parties to observe your motions. They are very fine large birds, much handsomer than the common gull; their black and white plumage has an excellent effect, as they fly past you, or swim round their habitation. They could not have pitched on a safer spot; for large as this lake is, there is no boat on it; and I believe the copper-mines above have killed the fish, by poisoning the water.

*Allansley.* After all these observations of yours, you have not told me how large it is.

*Clanvoy.* Why, really I don't know. I am as much deceived as you are, or nearly so, when I judge of any distance here; and so are the guides; and so are all who calculate any mountain scenery by the eye, without actual measurement.

I should hardly think the circumference of Llyn Llydaw can be more than four miles, if so much; but you cannot see the whole of it from any point, except one, those rocks opposite you, and then

the length of it is much lost in the fore-shortening. Don't, therefore, put it down as an undisputed fact, that this lake is four miles round ; for though Evan Jones, the guide, thought so, and I agreed with him, we may both be wrong. Many things here operate against the judgment of the eye.

Do you see that momentary thickness in the air, which is not a cloud, and hardly can be called a vapour, which actually, while I speak, is melting away, and leaving the view in a state of intense clearness and brilliancy? Presently there will be another appearance of the same kind, and in some places only, not in others. The effect is common among all mountains, but here more frequent, on account of the water. I have repeatedly seen a dense cloud formed in a few minutes above this lake, in looking from Capel Cerig towards Snowdon at sunset.

*Larndon.* Clanvoy, who is the proprietor of Snowdon ?

*Clanvoy.* There are several ; but all this part, and the whole interior surface, (allow me to use that expression,) belongs to Sir Robert Williams. In other words, Cwm Duli, the north side of Lliwedd, Clogwyn y Garnedd, (which is the north side of Wyddva,) and the south sides of Crib y Dhyscil, and Crib Goch, with Bryn y Parfadd, which is the enclosure of Cwm Duli, to our left ; all these, which form the grand central hollow of the mountain, are his. And among them are three alpine lakes: Llyn Tyrn, a small one, out of sight, on the left ; Llyn Llydaw, that lies before you ; and Llyn Glas, (which Pennant confounds with Pffynnon Las,) and which lies highest of all, between the three chief summits, Crib Goch, Crib y Dhyscil, and Yr Wyddva. On the outside, he owns also the south part of Arran, a secondary summit, lower than the Lliwedd, not in sight from here. It rises above Beddgelert.

*Larndon.* And who are the others ?

*Allansley.* Mr. Assheton Smith comes next. The whole pass of Llanberis belongs to him, and all the northern and western outside of Snowdon : as for instance, the north of Crib Goch, and of Crib y Dhyscil ; the whole of that range above Llanberris, towards Dolbadarn ; Cwm Brwynog, the poet-making stone, (Carreg y Bardd ;) Voel Cynghorion, which is the western secondary summit ; and the botanical rocks of Clogwym du yr Arddu.

*Larndon.* Then Sir Robert Williams and Mr. Assheton Smith are the two chief proprietors ?

*Clanvoy.* They are. The remainder belongs to Sir Thomas Mostyn and Sir Robert Vaughan. The south side of Wyddva and y Clawdd Goch are Sir Robert Vaughan's. The north of Arran, with Clogwyn du y Cwm Llan, on the south of Lliwedd, belongs to Sir Thomas Mostyn.

*Allansley.* Well, now that you have allotted each part of Eryri to its lawful owner, I suppose we may move on.

*Clanvoy.* Do you wish to catch a glimpse of what this mountain was two centuries and a half ago? Imagine herds of wild red deer tripping along the shores of this lake, among scattered groves of Scotch fir and ash trees, which formerly grew to a vast size on this ground, although it is frequently hid among the clouds in stormy weather.

Such was the "royal forest of Snowdon" in the time of Elizabeth; and if you had been making a Welsh tour then, you might have been likely to see them in greater numbers here than on the outside of the mountain; for all animals get out of the wind, if they can; and grass grows better in a sheltered situation. Here the enclosure is complete on every side, except the north-east. Eryri was "disafforrested," as an old writer would say, in the latter years of James the First, in 1624 or 5; I suppose much to the satisfaction of the neighbouring farmers, whose crops had suffered greatly from the deer; but certainly their extirpation is a loss to the scenery.

However, the vexatious proceedings that arose from the indefinite boundaries of the said royal forest, were enough to make the very name odious throughout North Wales. Dudley earl of Leicester, Queen Elizabeth's favorite, got the chief rangership of it, and was anxious to extend the boundaries into the shires of Anglesea and Merionedd. He would have succeeded in this act of oppression, had not the firmness of Sir Richard Bulkeley, and the conscience of Elizabeth, withheld him from his purpose.

They now proceeded along the path, which led them above the shores of Llyn Llydaw, among fragments of rock, with patches of snowy quartz in them. These always have a peculiar effect in a foreground contrasted with the pale aerial distant colouring. At last, the party came to a spring of excellent water, of which they drank plentifully, mixing some of it with brandy.

Their view from hence extended along Cwm Duli, towards Moel Siabod, which presents a dull slope, unvaried with rock or water. Clanvoy, however, called the attention of his friends to this mountain, "because," he said, "it commands, as you may observe, the only general distant view of two alpine lakes, and this highland vale or oblong crater, in which they lie. From that slope, you see the inside of Snowdon, arranged in a way that the most fastidious artist would not alter. It certainly has a volcanic form; but where are the volcanic materials? Where are the beds of ancient lava, the pumice-stone, and the ashes? Although Llyn Llydaw is, generally speaking, shallow, there appear to be two places, one at the north and another at the south end of it, where

it goes down very deep, like a funnel. Remember these things in future, and try to make some geologist explain them.

*Larndon.* I suppose that is the chief summit, with some kind of pole on the top of it.

*Clanvoy.* It is not a pole, but four thick and long planks, nailed all together, and placed on a large mound of stonework, by order of government, in 1827. There is a very complete view of Clógwyn y Gárnedd, noted in Camden's time, for alpine flowers. But you will be sorry to hear that several of those mentioned as growing there some few years ago, either never did, or have been utterly destroyed. They may possibly have been carried off by the numerous explorers of that rock; for steep as it is, there is hardly any part of it which an active botanist would not reach, by taking time and care. It is all full of clefts and ledges, just enough to hold by, or to rest the foot on; and botanical eyes are too much engaged in the details of each fissure, to look at the height or depth of it.

If you have two or three hours to spare, would you like to explore some part of Clógwyn y Gárnedd? You would really be surprised at the profusion of delicate flowers that grow there. Flowers did I say? I mean not flowers only, but grasses, rushes, ferns, mosses, and lichens. They are all blended into one robe of alpine vegetation, totally different in character from the gloomy rock which they inhabit.

*Allansley.* Do you really mean to say that plants lately described as growing there, are now no longer to be met with?

*Clanvoy.* I do. Shall I go through my list of absentees? I will only mention two, of which I am tolerably certain: the mountain avens, (*dryas octopetala*,) so common in Switzerland, is mentioned as growing in several parts of Snowdonia. I never saw one plant of it, nor did I ever meet with any botanist who had. Secondly, the alpine yellow saxifrage, (*saxifraga aizoides*,) found, even at low elevations, in Westmoreland, on Place Fell, at Ullswater, one of the most elegant flowers that I know, and growing plentifully, wherever it grows at all; this is also mentioned as a native of Clógwyn y Gárnedd. Of this, I say again, I never found it myself, nor did I ever hear of its being found in Wales. There are two varieties of it in Switzerland, one having deep red petals instead of yellow; both are common there; but neither of them are now to be met with, I firmly believe, in Snowdonia. These two plants, the mountain avens, and yellow saxifrage, are not like some others, which barely exist in a few small specimens; they are both very conspicuous, and if they grew here, would be likely to exclude most of their competitors.

I will tell you how I suspect the mistake arose: A botanist,

while clambering about Clógwyn y Gárnedd, is unexpectedly visited by a cloud: he now no longer ventures to attack places which in calm and clear weather he would have reached with ease: he begins to conclude, from a *distant* inspection, that he saw the leaves of the *dryas octopetala*; or he mistakes a bunch of the *pteris crispa*, for the *saxifraga aizoides* out of blossom. Down goes the plant in his catalogue; off goes the catalogue to the printer; and the public are deceived.

For my part, I have no notion of decking Snowdon, already so magnificent, in borrowed plumes. What I tell you, I always believe to be true. "The truth against the world!"

There is a rock on Cader Idris, below the third summit, called Craig y Cae, which appears to me as likely to contain rare plants as Clógwyn y Gárnedd, but rather more difficult of access. I believe no botanist has explored it carefully.

*Larndon.* What new lake is this?

*Clanvoy.* Llyn glas, the Ffynnon las of Pennant; a small *turn*, surrounded by the three chief summits. The water tainted by the copper-mines, and looking quite bloody round the edges, it no longer deserves the name of Llyn glas, (blue lake.)

*Allansley.* Where are those copper-mines that you speak of?

*Clanvoy.* High above us, on that precipitous ground, up which you may see a winding miner's path, and along it our way lies also. Mind, Allansley, where you are going! these rocks are no pillows, to those who fall upon them.

Our party soon arrived at a torrent that comes down from the centre of Crib y Distyll, and Allansley observing many flowers quite new to him, began to pull them up in quantities, to carry away, when Clanvoy stopped him, by saying "Allansley, if you do any more mischief here, I positively will not speak to you for the rest of the day. How can you take away with you all those rugs and carpets of pink and saxifrage? This is what people are for ever doing! They seize with greediness all the fine specimens; they carry them about until they are tired, and then they throw them away!

Behold them all unguarded! O, can I venture  
To spoil the scene of loveliness, without pausing  
To gaze upon their languishing petals, tainted  
By premature corruption of my own causing?

And watch the foul decay that is fretting their bloom,  
Too late, alas! to check my unsatisfied hand;  
When every caution will but embitter their doom,  
Torn from the native haunt, the wild rock of their land!

No! let them unfold, in the midsummer noontide,  
 Their gay blossoms, and quaff the full torrent's high wave  
 That flows ever fresh from the cliff's highest rampart,  
 Or is gushing with spray from its desolate cave.

To leave them unhurt is the wanderer's duty;  
 The sun shall observe, and the bee shall enjoy them:  
 No footstep of mine shall deprive them of beauty;  
 No hand that I love will presume to destroy them.

*Allansley.* Well, Clanvoy, after your pathetic and threatening appeal, I suppose I must refrain from gathering any more. Let me win your favor, however, by telling you that you addressed me in Scazon Iambics.

*Clanvoy.* How did you find out that they were Scazons?

*Allansley.* Because the last foot of every line is a spondee; and I suppose the one before it is what you would call an iambic.\*

*Clanvoy.* Never mind what it is; only keep your hands out of mischief. You see before you almost all the Snowdonian alpine flowers in great perfection: so put on the spectacles of attention, and I will endeavour to describe them to you. If they had not a perpetual supply of water here, they would not be growing in a south aspect. The beautiful tuft that you have been wicked enough to root up, is the Snowdon pink, (*Silene acaulis*,) which, at this time of the year, is covered, as you see, with blossom. Near you, under a stone, I see a very fine bunch of the *Pteris crispa*, one of the most elegant ferns, the foliage of which deserves, and has, no doubt, received much attention from the Gothic architect.

*Allansley.* This must have been the fern which Amaryllis wore.

αἶθε γυνίματ  
 Ἄβομψῦσα μέλισσα καὶ ἐς τὸν ἄντρον κοίματ  
 Τὴν κισσὴν διαδύς, καὶ τὰν πτέριν ἄ, τὸ σπαλάου.†

*Clanvoy.* A rhyme, a rhyme! by all the powers of poetry! now for an extempore translation!

Ah! would I were that honey-bee which enters  
 Into thy cave, into the fern or ivy,  
 Of which I saw thee delicately weaving  
 Thy dewy garland!

*Allansley.* How dare you turn hexameters into a sapphic stanza? Besides which, you have made a paraphrase instead of a translation.

\* Fit scazon quum spondaeo prior exit iambus.—*Hor.*

† Theocritus, Idyll vii.

*Larndon.* Oh, no, no! don't be too severe!

*Clanvoy, (to Larndon.)* He attacks the work of a few seconds as if it were the task of ages! But what mercy could you expect from a man whose hands are yet reeking from the murder of those unoffending flowers?

*Allansley.* I have come to a bunch of roseroot: how uncommonly sweet it is! I must gather some of this. What an odd exotic-looking plant!

*Clanvoy.* Only be moderate, I beg of you; for if every tourist were to load himself with specimens, there would soon be no more to gather.

*Larndon.* What fern is this, Clanvoy?

*Clanvoy.* The aspidium (formerly polypodium) conchitis; an inferior specimen of an exceedingly rare alpine fern. In Scotland it grows much larger. On the rocks above Kandersteg, in Switzerland, I found it with stems more than a foot long. I dare say those are not six inches. Can any thing be more delicately pointed or highly finished, than the whole plant is?

*Larndon.* It is really beautiful. But why have they changed its name?

*Clanvoy.* The botanical nomenclature varies every few years; and is at present, I believe, in a state of anarchy: there are several names for almost every scarce plant.

The English botanical names, though not scientific, are in general the most elegant of all; and I have no doubt that our language, if it had been properly treated by the botanist, would have excelled all others in this one department. In support of this opinion, I can refer to the Gothic architectural nomenclature, anglicised from Latin and French derivations, and now forming a more splendid collection of technical terms than those of any other science, not even excepting chemistry. The same power does, or did, exist in English botany; but, as it is less practical than the studies of the architect or chemist, the votaries of it were not under the same obligation to render it popular.

*Allansley.* Clanvoy, I have found out the secret of your heart. The English language is your mistress, your idol; and you speak of it with all the devotion of a knight-errant.

*Clanvoy.* And if it be so, need I feel ashamed? It is not partiality, but conviction.

*Larndon.* How exceedingly grand that rock is which you called Lliwedd! I hardly think the Aiguilles of Chamouni are steeper. I thought that, on the other side, it would be a flat slope, yet I now find it is equally steep on both sides, or nearly so.

*Clanvoy.* To stand on that lofty pyramid, with a lake on one

side, and a cloud on the other, is the very perfection of the sublime. And the rock itself is like the spire of Strasburg Minster, producing the same extraordinary sensation of being suspended in the air.

*Larndon.* Or, as the newspaper would say, of "undergoing the last penalties of the law."

*Clanvoy.* Nobody but Larndon would have made so ill-timed an observation.

*Larndon.* If you will refer to such matters, I can do nothing better than improve your English, and put it into a more *popular* form.

*Allansley.* There are a great many plants here that I want you to tell me the names of.

*Clanvoy.* We shall have other and better opportunities of talking about them. We ought now to be going on.

*Allansley.* What is that in your hand?

*Clanvoy.* A small pocket-bowl, for drinking out of; a piece of Swiss workmanship. I bought it near Meyringen, at a farmhouse, where they made all sorts of ornamental woodwork, knives and forks, &c. of Helvetic patterns, as they do of arbutus wood at Killarney.

And, by the by, at Meyringen and at Brientz, I saw vases carved in some kind of Swiss deal, the design and execution of which exceeded every thing of the kind that I ever saw, excepting the very first-rate antique.

In that branch of ornamental carving, and in carpentry, those people at present excel us. This little bit of carved wood recalls to my mind the perfection of those urns, incrustéd with alpine flowers, and chamois' heads, and acanthus foliage. The two best that I saw had been already bought: they were well worth all the trouble of bringing them to England. With such materials, and such workmen, and a few months' instruction in Gothic, what might not be done?

*Larndon, (to Allansley.)* What Clanvoy says is very true. I saw some of those urns with astonishment and admiration. The bunches of Alpine rhododendron; and, indeed, the conception of the whole work, raised my opinion of wood-carving, and of Swiss taste. They were like the work of Alcimedon,\* and probably much better.

Our three friends now ascended the steep zigzag path which leads by the copper-mines to Bwlch Glas, the pass between the first and second summit. These mines are not conspicuous; a

\* Virgil, Ecl. 3, v. 35 to 48.



small pool, and some rude huts, being the chief indications of them. They have been worked with varying success, by Cornish and Welsh miners, for several years. Pieces of limestone are said to have been found in them.

The weather seemed now to be changing for the worse; and, on reaching the summit of the ridge, the immense landscape underneath was only clear in one or two places. It was an extraordinary scene, and excited the wonder of Allansley, who cried out, with rapture: "Ah! look how the sun gleams on the corn-fields of Anglesea, glaring through this horrid cloud that is rolling upon us! And now they are all blotted out! I never saw an effect altogether so sublime and ghastly!"

*Larndon.* Like putting out the lights at a theatre, when the play is over, and the audience are departing!

*Clanvoy.* Or the sudden failure of gas-light in a large church, where the congregation is left in darkness, and the preacher in dismay!

*Allansley.* This indeed is darkness which may be felt. I never saw any thing like this before.

*Clanvoy.* I never was in a darker cloud than this, I confess. Mind your hats! there's a furious blast coming.

*Larndon.* What a noise!

*Allansley.* Here it comes.

*Clanvoy.* Keep steady, this wont last long.

*Allansley.* There goes my handkerchief!

*Larndon.* I mistook it for a bird!

*Clanvoy.* It's well it was not your hat. Make the best of it: you'll never see that again.

*Allansley.* Well, that blast is over, I suppose.

*Clanvoy.* I wish this cloud would pass away as quickly.

*Allansley.* I see it breaking. O, Clanvoy! what a scene of blue lakes and sunny mountains!

*Clanvoy.* How I rejoice, my dear Allansley, that you are here to see it in such perfection! The nearest lake is Llyn Cwellyn: above it the rock of Castell Cidwm\*, and the mountain called Mynydd-Mawr; beyond which, to the left, you see the twin lakes of Llynniau Nanlle; and farther still, the coast of Arvon, the neighbourhood of Clynnog Vawr, the pointed summits of the Eifl mountains, usually called the Rivals; and, beyond them again, about eighty miles' breadth of St. George's channel, bounded by the

\* Pronounced, Kiddoom.

Wicklow mountains, which, at this moment, are in sight, owing to the clearness of the distant air.

Lower down, and to the left of Llyn Cwellyn, you see a small water, Llyn y Dywarchen, (*Anglice*, Peat-lake.) At some distance from the shore you may observe a small dusky spot; that spot is the famous floating island of Giraldus Cambrensis, which wanders about according to the direction of the wind. I suspect it has had some part broken off since his time. But, however, there it is, in spite of the foolish doubts that have been raised on the subject.

This is the third time I have seen this very view through a hollow cloud, as at present. There is Larndon, very properly, taking a sketch of it! he could not well meet with a more varied landscape, which, at the same time, is arranged in such a way as not to appear at all crowded or confused.

[*To be continued.*]

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CONWENNA.

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“YES, when thy heart in its pride would stray  
 From the pure first loves of its youth away,  
 When the sullyng breath of the world would come  
 O'er the flowers it brought from its childhood's home;  
 Think thou again of the woody glade,  
 And the sound by the rustling ivy made;  
 Think of the tree at thy father's door,  
 And the kindly spell shall have power once more!”

MRS. HEMANS.

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Helmet and shield in glitt'ring line,  
 Hauberk on which bright sunbeams shine,  
 And tall spears grasped in gauntleted hands,  
 A heart-bestirring sight!  
 And the heavy tread of armed bands  
 Advancing to the fight!

They meet, they meet, to conquer or die;  
 And warriors look with fearless eye  
 On the chance of that battle-day:  
 There are brave heroes of ancient name,  
 And young hearts beating high for fame  
 And the light of glory's ray!

But, alas ! no glory shall be their meed  
Who come in a worthless cause to bleed ;  
No ray shall light their path.  
Two brothers lead on each warlike host,  
All kindly love in their hearts is lost,  
They meet in deadly wrath.

But hark ! a sad, a mournful tone !  
What does Conwenna here alone,  
When the hour of strife draws nigh ?  
Through the ranks, with trembling steps, she moves,  
She comes to greet the son she loves,  
The mother's earthly tie !

“ And is it thus my children brave are meeting ?  
Hath anger's fearful power made them foes ?  
And will they change a brother's tender greeting  
For vengeful strife, and endless, bitter woes ?

“ Ah ! I have watched you in your childhood's hours,  
When sin found not its home within your heart ;  
Ye loved all youthful treasures, birds, and flowers,  
But joyed not in them when ye were apart.

“ And when I've looked upon your gentle sleep,  
As carelessly ye slumbered side by side,  
Little I deemed that I should ever weep  
My beauteous sons in childhood had not died.

“ Ah ! for your weal I've suffered pain and care,  
In vigils oft have pass'd the weary night,  
But when I looked upon your forms so fair,  
All sorrow passed away at that glad sight.

“ Let not the lustre of your young life's morn  
Be dimmed and quenched in this your manhood's noon ;  
Ah ! for the pangs and anguish I have borne,  
For all your mother's love, grant this, her boon ?”

Conwenna hath not spoke in vain,  
She hath wak'd affection's dormant train,  
The strong man bows his head :  
They fling to the ground their plumed crests,  
And clasp each other to their breasts,  
All vengeful thoughts are dead.

In faith and trust they join their hands,  
They go to conquer in other lands,  
In the same cause to die.  
The sever'd household for aye is riven,  
But brotherly love is blest in Heaven,  
When kindred meet on high !

### THE EGG-SHELL POTTAGE.

[This and the preceding legend, at page 58, are translated almost literally from Welsh, as told by the peasantry ; we earnestly recommend the gentleman who favored us with the originals to continue his researches, and not to undervalue the importance of the objects of his pursuit ; these tales are, perhaps, the most vivid picture of the human mind in some stages of society, and frequently throw light on the early history of nations.]

IN the parish of Treveglwys, near Llanidloes in the county of Montgomery, there is a little shepherd's cot that is commonly called Twt y Cwmrws, (the place of *strife*,) on account of the extraordinary strife that has been there. The inhabitants of the cottage were a man and his wife, and they had born to them twins, whom the woman nursed with great care and tenderness. Some months after, indispensable business called the wife to the house of one of her nearest neighbours, yet, notwithstanding she had not far to go, she did not like to leave her children by themselves in their cradle even for a minute, as her house was solitary, and there were many tales of goblins or the Tylwyth Têg (the fair family or the fairies) haunting the neighbourhood. However, she went, and returned as soon as she could ; but, on coming back, she felt herself not a little terrified, on seeing, though it was mid-day, some of "the old elves of the blue petticoat,"\* as they are usually called ; however, when she got back to her house, she was rejoiced to find every thing in the state she had left it.

But after some time had passed by, the good people began to wonder that the twins did not grow at all, but still continued little dwarfs. The man would have it that they were not his children : the woman said that they must be their children, and about this arose the great strife between them that gave name to the place. One evening, when the woman was very heavy of heart, she determined to go and consult a Gwr Cyvarwydd, (i. e. a wise man, or a conjuror,) feeling assured that every thing was known to him, and he gave her this counsel. Now there was to be a harvest soon of the rye and oats, so the wise man said to her : "When you are preparing dinner for the reapers, empty the shell of a hen's egg, and boil the shell full of pottage,† and take it out through the door as if you meant it for a dinner to the reapers, and then listen what the twins will say ; if you hear the children speaking things above

\* The fairies are thus described in Welsh legends ; probably blue being the colour of the firmament, might be thought to suit a spiritual being. The sacred Druidical dress was blue.

† "Cawl," a mess chiefly of herbs, which, with our hardy and abstemious mountaineers, serves as a substitute for animal food.

the understanding of children, return into the house, take them, and throw them into the waves of Llyn Ebyr, which is very near to you; but if you don't hear any thing remarkable, do them no injury." And when the day of the reap came, the woman did as her adviser had recommended to her; and as she went outside the door to listen, she heard one of the children say to the other:

Gwelais vesen cyn gweled Derwen  
 Gwelais wy cyn gweled Iâr  
 Erioed ni welais verwi bwyd i vedel  
 Mewn plisgyn wy Iâr!

## TRANSLATION.

Acorns before oak I knew;  
 An egg before a hen;  
 Never one hen's egg-shell stew—  
 Enough for harvest men!

On this, the mother returned to her house, and took the two children and threw them into the Llyn; and suddenly the goblins in their blue trowsers, came to save their dwarfs, and the mother had her own children back again: and thus the strife between her and her husband ended.\*

\* Our readers will recognise a striking resemblance in the general outline of this legend, to one of the Irish tales published by Mr. Croker.

## SONNET:

ON A VIEW FROM ONE OF THE DENBIGHSHIRE HILLS.

Look, what a glorious scene before us lies!  
 The castled crag of Beeston there you see;  
 And, where the landscape mingles with the skies,  
 The distant windings of the wizard Dee.  
 And see how Wrexham's lone and lofty spire  
 Seems, in the sunlight, like a lance of fire!  
 Around, our own sweet Cambria's vales expand,  
 And tower her hills, like giants, wildly grand.  
 'Tis beautiful! but, to the gazer's eye,  
 This makes it far more beautiful appear,  
 To think man's love on all the land doth lie,  
 That every spot to some fond heart is dear.  
 So spake a gentle girl, my friend and guide,  
 As we, wrapt with the view, stood on the mountain's side.

CERI.

+ which is no ...

## MEMOIR OF THE LATE REV. JOHN JENKINS.

ON the 20th of November last, died, after a short but severe illness, the Reverend John Jenkins, A.M., vicar of Kerry, Montgomeryshire, prebendary of York and of Brecon, chaplain to His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, rural dean of Maelienydd, and magistrate for the county in which he resided.

I feel my inability to do justice to the memory of this excellent man; and the more so, as I am but imperfectly acquainted with the incidents of his early life; and not expecting that it would have fallen to my lot to write the memoir of a friend so many years younger than myself: I, therefore, collected no materials. However, as Providence has otherwise ordained, I must state, cursorily, that he was a native of Kíl-bronáu, near Cardigan; the eldest of five sons; and that he was educated at Caermarthen school. At the age of nineteen he entered at Jesus College, Oxford; and removed from thence to Merton. Having graduated in arts, he was admitted into holy orders, and entered, on board the *Theseus*, as chaplain in the royal navy. The French revolutionary war then raging, he was, in consequence, stationed, for several years, in that grave of the human species, the West Indies, where the yellow fever, (*y vad velen*,) repeatedly spread desolation among the ships' crews. When this dreadful malady raged most, and death made daily havoc in his ship's company, I remember him relating that, in order to preserve a buoyant mind, and keep his nerves in tone, he amused himself in singing, while he played some of his favorite national airs on the violoncello. In what degree he might, nevertheless, be affected with the endemic of that scorching climate, I am not informed; it is not however improbable, considering his natural vigor of constitution, that he brought home with him, unawares to himself, the latent seeds of a premature dissolution. He, for some time, served a curacy in the Isle of Wight, and was a resident missionary, or chaplain, from the society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, at St. John's, Newfoundland; but the precise time of his ministering in these several capacities, I am not able to state, for the reasons above given. These deficiencies, however, will be amply supplied, by other friends, in the provincial papers of Wales. When he retired from the navy, his uniform and exemplary good conduct therein, secured to him the respect and patronage of his admiral, Lord Radstock, who strongly recommended him to the notice of Dr. Burgess, then Bishop of St. David's. That worthy prelate, soon afterwards, collated him to one of the best livings in his gift, the vicarage of Kerry, Montgomeryshire, vacated by the death of his predecessor, the Rev. Joseph Carless.

During a long period of this incumbent's non-residency, the parsonage house, and other buildings on the glebe, were scarcely better than heaps of ruins; but Mr. Jenkins, as worldliness was quite foreign to his mind, in the true spirit of a British sailor, readily accepted about one tenth of what was his due for dilapidations. He left it, however, in a very different state; one of the most complete and comfortable clerical residencies in the Principality. He came to reside upon his living in the summer of 1808, and from that time forward, the materials of his biography are quite familiar to me, as well as to all his acquaintances, whether rich or poor. He wore no disguise, he was incapable of guile; therefore, he must be easily known; and the better he was known, the more he must have been respected while living, and the more lamented when dead.

Whether we review his past life, as a parish priest; as a magistrate; as a scholar eminently conversant in the history of his country, capable, by dint of perseverance, of unravelling such knotty points as were totally overlooked by *Caradoc*, *Llwyd*, *Powell*, and *Warrington*; or as a zealous patron and cherisher of native talent, whether in poetry or music; in each of them he powerfully claims our respect: but when he is considered as excelling in all of them, his memory must be held dear by all who are capable of judging the value of usefulness, integrity, merit, and patriotism. Such was his undeviating spirit of philanthropy, that he would readily sacrifice his own interest and convenience, provided he thought that, by so doing, he would contribute to confer additional happiness upon a friend.

Under his hospitable roof were resolutions first framed, in the year 1817, towards reviving the Cambrian *Eisteddvod*, or congress of bards and minstrels, for the encouragement of the national talents of poetry and music. At all these meetings, in the four departments of the Principality, he was a regular attendant, and contributed with effect to their system of management, until he found that they were gradually dwindling, from their primary intention, into an Anglo-Italian farce.

He was ever sedulously attentive to the duties of his office, as a Christian minister; and how far he endeared himself to his parishioners, will best appear from their conduct preparatory, at, and subsequent to his funeral. These last tributes of respect to their departed pastor, place them collectively, as a body, in the most amiable point of view.

The third day after his death, at a vestry assembled, the following memorial was entered in the parish minute-book:

“With sincere regret the inhabitants of the parish of Kerry have the mournful task of recording the death of their most worthy vicar, the Reverend John Jenkins. \* \* For a long series

of years he presided over them as their pastor, with ability, kindness, and great usefulness. In him were united the best qualities, whether considered as relating to the man or to the Christian. Desiring, therefore, to shew their deep sense of their loss, the undersigned inhabitants, this day (Nov. 23,) assembled in vestry, have adopted the following resolution, and in so doing, they are confident they are adopting the sentiments of every person in Kerry parish: that they intend on the day of the funeral, at nine o'clock, to meet at the church, and proceed from thence, under the direction of the churchwardens, to meet and join the procession to the church, and, after service, to the grave, each person providing his own hat-band and gloves."

The above resolution of the inhabitants was carried into effect in the most regular and affecting manner. In a spot previously fixed upon, they waited the arrival of the funeral in a double rank, and, as it slowly proceeded, they fell in, in the rear of the procession, to the churchyard gate; where another double rank, consisting of the charity school children, with crape about their arms, were in attendance, under the surveillance of C. Jones, esq., the representative of the founder of that excellent institution. These fell in, and closed the procession. A more solemn and better conducted funeral cannot be easily imagined. A kindred sympathy pervaded the whole assemblage; every countenance wore the aspect of unmingled grief. Even the atmosphere seemed to contribute its aid to the solemnity of the scene. The morning was foggy, the air was as still as the grave; the particles of the floating fluid conveyed no sound but that of a sob or a sigh.

As an instance of the estimation in which the deceased was held by all ranks and denominations of men, two dissenting ministers, of different persuasions, were observed in the ranks of the procession, in their mourning weeds, having come from a neighbouring parish to pay their last respects to a brother of a kindred liberality of spirit with their own.

Before the assemblage separated, the parishioners entered into another resolution, of attending at church, in full mourning, on the following Sunday; where a most pathetic sermon was delivered by the Rev. G. A. Evors, which greatly affected the whole congregation. The number of hat-bands worn by the mourning flock of the deceased pastor was *one hundred and eighty-three*. The singers, trained to excellence by the musical talent of their vicar, now no more, executed the "*Vital spark of heavenly flame*," in good style, as long as their nerves supported them. They were observed to become silent, one after another, until, at last, when they came to "*O death, where is thy sting?*" there were but few feeble voices heard to falter the concluding words. Thus lived in esteem, and thus died lamented, one of the most amiable of men!



Some of the last ejaculations he expressed, before his dissolution, were in the Welsh language. It was the language nearest his heart, and, therefore, uppermost in extremities, as has been proved in numerous prior instances: guided by this idea, whether true or false, I shall conclude this imperfect Memoir in the same favorite language, a language peculiarly adapted to elegiac strains.

Collais vy Nghyvaill callav,  
Gweled ei golled a gav !  
O 'Nghyvaill ! ni anghovïav,  
Gyvan oes ei govio wnâv ;  
Un y buom drwy 'n bywyd,  
A chael bodd uwchlaw y byd ;  
Adwaen i, os edwynneb,  
Lawnder ei ffyddlondeb ;  
Ias gerwin vu 'r ysgaredd,  
*Etto 'n vyo ! yntau 'n ei vedd.*

*Ivor* oedd, a dihavarch,  
Gwr i bawb a garai 'i barch ;  
Mwynaidd, gwaraidd, a gwrawl,  
Ugain o veirdd 'gân ei vawl.  
Ym mha vro 'mae'r Cymro call  
I'w euro 'n *Ivor* arall ?  
*Ivoriaid* oll yn veirwon ;  
Gwr i'w swydd ; ni wiw gair sou !

Llias aviaeth yn llys *Ivor*  
Distawodd ; ciliodd y Côr ;  
Côr o veirdd ; cyrv o urddas,  
Llawen eu bloedd ; llu 'n ei *Blas* ;  
Y *Cynveirdd* yno canvum,  
Ag *un* òi veirdd gwan a vum.

O galar ! lle bu *Gwyliau*  
Llon, a hedd, i'n llawenhâu ;  
Bellach ! y *wledd* a ballawdd,  
I dorv y nwyv darvu nawdd !  
Yn lle *gwledd* ; a *Gorsedd*, a *Gawr*  
Mae iâs iaen ym mis *Ionawr*.  
I'r beirdd ; Cymru a'i barddas  
Am yr *Ivan* y mae 'r iâs ;  
Iâs o ovid ; deisyvwn  
I lawn hedd gael dilyn hwn.  
Ein colled a'n niwed ni  
Oedd ennill i'w ddaioni ;  
Ar ei ol i'r bythol bau,  
O *un* i *un* awn ninau !

Bro Dangnev yw haddev hwn ;  
Amddivaid ; Ymoddevwn !

ON THE ANCIENT BARDIC ALPHABET, CALLED  
COELBREN Y BEIRDD.

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER FROM THE LATE MR. EDWARD WILLIAMS, (IOLO MORGANWG,) TO THE REV. WALTER DAVIES, DATED BROOK'S MARKET, HOLBORN, AUGUST 29, 1792.

DEAR SIR,

I DID not see your letter to Mr. Owen Jones, *Myvyr*, till this evening, I consequently write in haste, and will, in as concise a manner as possible, answer your sceptical inquiries about *Coelbren y Beirdd*.\* I believe I have before told you, that in Glamorgan there are a few still remaining that consider themselves as the genuine successors of the ancient bards and druids. They are, by the common people, called "*Gwyr cwm y Velin*," and supposed to be *deists*, *atheists*, and the L—d knows what. I was many years ago admitted one of them. We pretend to retain the discipline, versification, traditions, mythology, &c. of the ancient bards: I will not, for my own part, say that we have not deviated from antiquity in these things, though some boldly assert that we have not; but this I will venture to say, that any man who will divest himself of prejudice, and candidly examine our traditions, will find in them a remarkable correspondence with what Roman and other ancient writers have said, and what may often be met with in our old poetical *munuscripts*, from the time of Taliesin down to that of Queen Elizabeth. Even in the *Cywyddau* of *Edmund Prys* and *William Cynwal* there are many passages that cannot possibly be understood by any man living, but one acquainted with the traditions of *Gwyr Cwm y Velin*.

In these traditions, we are supplied with a *good key*, at least, to the knowledge of the ancient bardism and druidism. One of our most remarkable traditions is that of *Coelbren y Beirdd*. We have it that the original alphabet consisted of only *sixteen* characters, viz. *four* primary vowels, and *twelve* radical consonants, which are as follows: A, J, I, O, vowels, and L, W, F, K, G, C, T, >, H, U, R, R, consonants. In course of time, about twenty-seven more characters were added to the alphabet; but these were only derivatives, both in form and affinity, from the sixteen radicals; and to neither of these classes, radicals nor derivatives, do we assign any period of time; only saying, in general terms, that they were the first letters

\* The reader may see a curious paper on this bardic alphabet in the *Cambro-Briton*, vol. i. p. 245, from which it appears that the editor was a firm believer in its antiquity. It has been introduced also by Mr. Fry into his *Pantographia*, p. 306.

known to the ancient Britons, and that it was in wood they first cut them, before they were ever acquainted with either paper or parchment.

These characters are evidently of the same origin as the Roman; for most of them, when formed circular instead of angular, will prove their common source, as will appear by the view below.

*Bardic.*

Λ, I, O, L, W, Γ, K, <, C, T, >, H, M, P, R.

*Roman.*

A, I, O, b, M, P, F, C, G, T, D, N, L, Γ, f.  
inver- or λ, Gr.  
ed. ∫

The Bardic letters necessarily derive their angular formation from being cut on wood with a common knife, and on which it would be difficult, and but little short of impossible, to cut them circular; on the other hand, with the pen, pencil, or ancient *stilus*, they are formed circular with much greater facility. I have lately seen the ancient Etruscan character, which is, excepting two or three characters, exactly the same as *Coelbren y Beirdd*. The Etruscans were the oldest inhabitants of Italy, a Celtic people, and their characters were those that were first known to the Romans. It is very remarkable that, at the time when the Romans first invaded Britain, those characters were grown so very obsolete that one of the Roman writers (I do not recollect which,) says that, it was a difficult thing to find a man at Rome that could read the inscriptions on the tombs of the Scipios, and none were found who could read the oldest Etruscan inscriptions. When these things are considered, we must conclude that these characters were not introduced into Britain by the Romans, whose characters, at the time they invaded us, were the same as they are at present. One Latin writer, (quoted in Goodwyn's Roman History, which I have not at present by me,) giving an account of that kind of table which the Romans called *Sigma*, in form of a half-moon or crescent, says that it derives its name from its being like the Greek letter of that name, (sigma,) not the present Σ certainly, but the Greek sigma, (C), and there takes an occasion to observe that the ancient Greek characters were formed in the same manner as those which were *of old* used in Italy. Does it not from hence appear probable, that the Greek letters which Cæsar says the Druids used were the same as those of the ancient Etruscans, which are also the same as *Coelbren y Beirdd*? I am never positive in mere conjectures of this or of any other nature; but it is well known that the modern Greek character is not that of the ancient Greeks. The oldest European alphabets known, are those of the Pelasgi, of the Etruscans, the Runic, &c. The Romans, when they first invaded Britain, not finding books written on parchment, papyrus,

or any thing of a similar nature, might, naturally enough, pronounce the Britons illiterate; whilst at the same time they were possessed of books *cut on wood*, in the manner of *Coelbren y Beirdd*, which was a species of literature that could not for a long time be obvious to foreigners, who had no previous idea of any such thing. Conjecture, however, in these things, must be very humble and cautious; I would not, for the whole world, advance any thing of this kind, that would entitle me to rank with Galfrid *gelwydd teg* and his party. I have met with every one, or nearly so, of the characters of *Coelbren y Beirdd*, mixed with the Saxon (*rectè* Ancient British) characters, on old crosses, and other monuments. There is a remarkable one in Camden, (from Yorkshire,) which is almost entirely in that character.

*Llewelyn Sion*, of *Llangewydd*, in the time of Elizabeth, wrote some account of the Glamorgan bards, how they protested against the innovations introduced into the Gorsedd Caervyrddin by Davydd ab Edmunt, &c. Amongst other traditionary matters retained by the Glamorgan bards, he mentions *Coelbren y Beirdd*, and gives the characters of two or three alphabets, differing in some little trifles from each other. This is the oldest account that I ever met with in writing. It is remarkable that oral tradition should retain any thing of this nature, and more so that the alphabet so retained should be the same with the ancient Etruscan and Greek. I have drawn up as good an account as I was able to do of these *wooden* alphabets, (if you will allow that phrase,) for the Gentleman's Magazine, with a drawing of a *peithynen*, or bard's wooden book, which will be engraved, and will appear in the magazine for September. I will send you one of them. I give in this account several reasons that I have to think that this method of inscribing on wood was known to the old English, as well as to the Welsh. *Billet* is an English term for a small piece of wood, and also for a short letter, as if such a letter was formerly inscribed on a billet of wood.\* The *stave* of a song, a psalm, &c. is a common English expression. *To cut* letters with a pen, pencil, chalk, &c. And in Welsh (at least we say so in Glamorgan,) we have "*tori llythyrenau a phin*," &c. which is highly absurd, unless we suppose that letters were originally cut (*tori*) by both *Welsh* and *English*, in wood, or in something else; then *cut* and *tori* were natural expressions. In *Araith Gwgan* we have the remarkable phrase, "*Ffon ei gerdd: Mi a glywais ffon ei gerdd ev*," medd y paun bach. A candlestick was doubtless made originally of a *stick*, and the term was then proper. We have in all languages catachrestical terms of this nature, which, in my opinion, evidently point out the origin of the *sciences* or *things* which they signify. I cannot help thinking that a man of genius

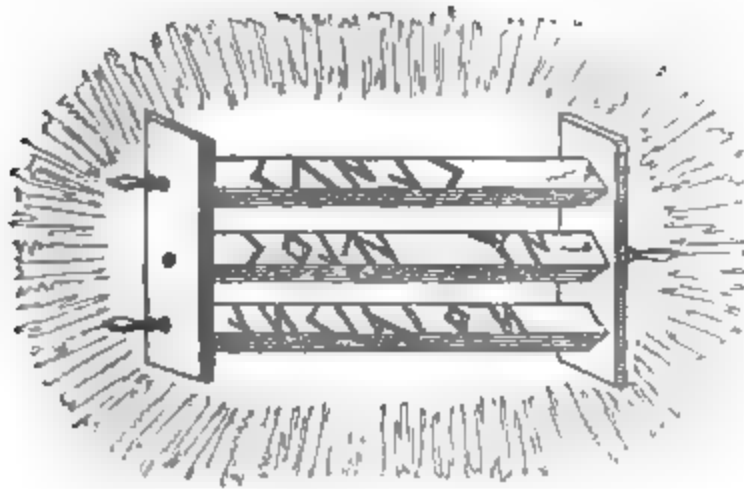
\* *Billet*, in French, also means a *note*, *ticket*, *bill*, &c.—EDITOR.

might, on this plan, write what may be called an *Etymological Dissertation on the Sciences*, which would be interesting. Most of the terms in architecture, in Greek, Latin, and English, are of this nature. So, in Welsh, *adail*, (wattling,) *clwyd* and *cronglwyd*, *ty*, (*tyv-tyvu*,) an arbor, (growth,) *llys*, (growing shrubs or under-wood matted together,) and many others. Mr. Edward Jones, of the Temple, can inform you of a lordship in Middlesex, where the records of its court-baron are notched in wood, like *Coelbren y Beirdd*.

This *Coelbren* has taken up so much of my sheet, that I have no space left to answer your other objections to the discovery of America by Madog ab Owain Gwynedd. I must leave this to be the subject of another letter. In the mean time, I remain, &c.

E. W.

*Ancient Peithynen, or Bardic Book, to which the above Letter refers.*



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**LINES TO GWENDDOLAU.**

I CANNOT count the sunbeams bright,  
Or milder rays of the queen of night;  
Thy charms I cannot coldly tell,  
Or the virtues soft in thy heart that dwell:  
But I feel them all. The burning noon  
Is cool'd by the pale-eyed vestal moon;  
The glowing glance of thy joyous eye  
Is chastened by purity ever nigh;  
And the lightning of wit, with its playful guile,  
Is softened to love by charity's smile.  
Thou art a Peri I sent to prove  
'Tis wise as sweet, 'tis good to love.  
The path to Heav'n thy virtues shew;  
Thy charms make Paradise below.

G.

## WINTER EVENINGS,

BY A YOUNG LADY OF CARNARVON.

Long evenings! what do you call to mind,  
 That I such joy in your utterance find?  
 Not yours the radiance of light and day,  
 In which summer hours melt away;  
 Nor the warbled music from ancient groves,  
 Nor the gorgeous sunset the deep heart loves.  
 Ye know not the shade of the garden bowers;  
 Or the lovely sight of the closing flowers.  
 Cold evenings! ye can have none of these,  
 Then in what lies hid your power to please?  
 Then came a voice from the chimney nook:  
 "Doubt not our charms, thou need'st but look  
 Round the household hearth, on the social ring  
 Of gathered friends whom we ever bring;  
 These, whom the day hath seen afar,  
 Return with the birth of our earliest star:  
 And hearts are happy, and looks are bright,  
 In the kindling fire's rosy light;  
 And the pleasures small of taste and song,  
 And olden lore, which to us belong.  
 What though the feathered tribe be mute?  
 We have the soft sounds of harp and lute;  
 Though the green leaves and sunbeams be flown,  
 Home's sweet endearments still are our own!"  
 I know it! I feel that the heart can fling  
 O'er every season its own glad spring;  
 'Tis our inward feelings that give them tone,  
 To all that we think and gaze upon.

STELLA.

~~~~~

**MONUMENTS OF DR. JOHN DAVIES, THOMAS PENNANT, ESQ.  
 AND THE REV. PETER ROBERTS.**

*To the Editors of the Cambrian Quarterly Magazine.*

GENTLEMEN,

PRESUMING that the monumental inscriptions of persons who  
 have devoted their talents to the cultivation of Welsh literature  
 might not be deemed uninteresting, I send you the following.

The first, to the memory of Dr. Davies, was formerly in Mallwyd church, but is now obliterated; the other two I personally copied from the originals.

GWENFFRWD.

JOHANNES DAVIES, S.T.D.  
Rector Ecclesie Parochialis de Mallwyd,  
Obiit 15 die Maie  
Et sepultus fuit 19. A.D. 1644, in virtutis,  
Potius quam Nominis Memoria.

On an elegant marble in Whitford church:

This monument is erected rather as a token of filial piety, than with a design of adding duration to the memory of

THOMAS PENNANT.

His active benevolence and private virtues will ensure him a more lasting remembrance in this neighbourhood.

His literary labours will obtain him immortality among those who, by a laudable use of their talents, have instructed and benefited mankind.

He died at Downing, his native seat, December 16, 1798.

In the 73d year of his age.

On a tablet in Halkin church, to the memory of the late Rev. Peter Roberts, author of the "Popular Antiquities," "History of the Cymry," &c. :

PETRUS ROBERTS,

Hujus ecclesie Parochialis Rector  
Natus apud Ruabon in agro Denbighensi  
In legibus, moribus, institutis, annalibus  
Poesi, musica Gentis Cambro Britanæ instructissimus, Multa ad haec omnia  
spectantia

Vel oblita vel minus intellecta, explicuit :

In colloquio suavis, facetus, hilarus,

In concionando simplex, doctus, disertus,

In vita modestus, pius, benevolus ad omnia virtutis officia

Corde, mente, manu, paratus,

Decess an Salut. Human MDCCCXIX. ætat. LX.

EPITAPH.

THE following beautiful tribute appears in the Welsh language on a neat stone, placed by a lady over the remains of her nurse, in a churchyard in Montgomeryshire:

Buaist, Fam i mi yn foreu,  
Maethaist fi â'th gariad goreu ;  
Am dy waith caredig ffyddlon,  
Cofiaf both tra byw fy nghalon ;  
A phan dderfydd honno guro,  
Bydd y garreg hon i dystio.

TRANSLATION.

Nurse, mother of my infant days,  
I dwell with pleasure on thy praise,  
For of thy love, thy duty done,  
My grateful heart well knows the sum ;  
And, when that heart shall cease to beat,  
This stone shall long thy worth relate.

LLWYD.

## HISTORY OF THE LANGUAGE OF THE GAULS AND OF THE ARMORICANS;

BY DAN. L. MIORCEC DE KERDANET,

*Docteur en Droit, Avocat à la Cour, &c. Corresponding Member of the Royal Cambrian Institution.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY DAVID LEWIS,

*Editor of the Cymrodorion Transactions.*

[ *Continued from Vol. I. p. 106* ]

### *Eighth Century.*

At length the Celtic language became extinct in Gaul, and from that time is found only in the heart of Armorica, though we still perceive some feeble traces of its existence in the ancient names of places, and in some expressions of the French language.

In the island of Britain, where several languages were spoken, the Ancient British was only known in Wales and Cornwall; the venerable Bede says, that the languages made use of in his time, in the other divisions of that island, were the Pictish, Scotch, and English, or rather the Anglo-Saxon. That historian mentions in another part of his works, that the sons of an ancient king of the island being converted to the Christian faith, complained in Ancient British that they did not receive *panum nitidum*, (*bara-can*,) thus designating the holy sacrament.

*Brut y Brenhinædd*, an Ancient British chronicle, in four books, appeared about the year 735; and in 1138, Geoffry of Monmouth translated it from the Welsh into Latin. "This ancient manuscript," says he, "which I have translated from the Ancient British into Latin, was brought to me from Lower Brittany, by Walter, archdeacon of Oxford;" and in another place he imperiously adds, "I permit my contemporary, Caradoc, to treat of the princes of Cornwall and Wales from the time the English rendered themselves masters of our island. Let William of Malmesbury, and Henry of Huntingdon, write, as long as they please, the history of those Saxon and English kings; but I forbid them to meddle with any anterior epochs, I impose silence on them, for they have not been fortunate enough to see this valuable Armorican manuscript." It is from this rare original that Geoffry has derived the wonders he relates respecting the origin of the British nation, which he traces even from the ashes of Ancient Troy.

According to him, or rather according to the chronicle, the first Britons were of Trojan origin. Brutus, having killed his father,



was banished from Italy, passed into Greece, and there collecting the wrecks of the Trojan nation, placed himself at their head, and defeated the king of the country. He afterwards equipped vessels, in which he sailed to Gaul, where he was again victorious; his nephew Turnus, with his own hand, killed 600 Gauls; every thing gave way before the Trojans; but as their destiny summoned them to Albion, these heroes embarked, and arrived without accident in the island which, from Brutus, took the name of Brutain, or Britain, then inhabited by enormous giants, commanded by Goémagot, who was twelve feet high, and so strong, that he could, without difficulty, tear up by their roots the largest trees, and use them as clubs. These monsters Brutus defeated, and destroyed the greater part of them. Corineus, a Trojan, the first prince of Cornwall, challenged Goémagot to wrestle, when the giant seized and pressed him with such force, that he broke three of his ribs;\* but Corineus, undismayed, grasped the giant, threw him over his shoulders, and, in spite of his resistance, cast him into the sea, where he perished.

Our historian afterwards proceeds through the reigns of the successors of Brutus, who all proved themselves worthy of their august origin, for we continually read of heroes, enchanted arms, and vanquished giants. His narration commences A.M. 2872, and terminates with the reign of Cadwalader, about A.D. 682 or 689; yet notwithstanding this prodigious space of time, the historian marches without a guide through this obscure and tortuous labyrinth, with the confidence of a person to whom they were familiar.

About the year 768 or 771, an anonymous monk wrote, in Breton verse, the *life of St. Guenolé*, first abbot of Landévenec, in Cornwall. The reason that induces us to believe this legend to be really of the above date is the circumstance of Charlemagne being mentioned in it as a prince who had recently ascended the throne; and it besides contains a number of Breton words which are now inexplicable. The learned Benedictine D. Pelletier had in his possession three copies of this legend.

In 778, Arastagne, king of Armorica, and Hoel, count of Nantes, accompanied Charlemagne in his wars against the Saracens, where they rendered themselves so conspicuous by their heroic achievements, that they were celebrated together in the same songs. "Their glorious deeds were sung by the Breton troubadours, whose songs were much esteemed by the seigneurs, who took pride in repeating them to their families assembled in their castles during the long winter evenings."

Arastagne and Hoel fell at the battle of Roncevalles, by the side of the brave Roland.

\* This establishes a very dignified pedigree for the "*Cornish hug*."

*Ninth Century.*

The oral chronicles were not yet forgotten, and Charlemagne had the old canticles, which contained the wars of the ancient kings, carefully collected. According to historians, these canticles were a collection of such verses of the druids, and poems of the bards, as were then remembered.

In his Capitularies, Charlemagne ordains that pastors shall instruct their flocks in the common language of the country; and according to all authorities, this capitulary principally regarded Brittany, then under the government of that prince.

In the seventeenth canon of the council of Tours, held in 813, it is ordered that every bishop be provided with homilies fit for the instruction of the people confided to him; and still further, that such homilies be translated into the rustic or Breton tongue.\*

Reginon, the learned Abbot of Prum, assures us, that he extracted what he has related respecting Brittany in the year 814 from an old book, nearly Breton, and which he had reviewed, corrected, and augmented. In 843, amongst several reasons alleged by the Breton bishops for not submitting to the metropolitan of Tours, we find the following, "he does not know our language;" and a few years after, in full council at Rheims, that language was stigmatized as barbarous, and the Bretons as anti-christians.

The celebrated Raban Maur, Archbishop of Mayence, died in 856: his name is frequently written, *Krabanus Maurus*, answering to *Kraban* the Great, *maur* signifying great in Gallic and in Breton; *kraban* also signifies claws, *kabranek*, having claws, though nothing announces that this worthy prelate deserved such an appellation from his rapacity, as it might have been given him from the strength of his grasp.

It was in 884 that Vormonoc, benedictine of Landévénec, finished his *Breton Life of St. Paul Aurelien*, first Bishop of Leon; and, in the dedication to the prelate Hinworet, he does not forget to remind him, that his legend will not be entirely useless during the episcopal repasts; which shews, that the Breton legends were then read at the table of the bishops of Leon.

A monk of Fleury, who, in 940, or 944, translated the above work into Latin verse, speaks of it as follows: "I have found the life of the holy prelate written in Armorican; and, though this obsolete tongue disgusts the studious, let not my readers be

\* St. Foix relates that, in 1314, an Angeoine lady bought, in Brittany, a simple collection of homilies, which cost her the value of a ton and a half of grain, two hundred sheep, and one hundred martin skins.

discouraged; for, though I have preserved some discordant names, which I could not dispense with, yet I assure them that I have omitted a great number.

### *Tenth Century.*

We possess but few details at this epoch respecting the Celtic language; it is, however, still mentioned in the life of King Robert, whom we know to have composed several hymns, which were sung at places of worship.

It has frequently been asked, whether the Breton was the language of the ancient kings of Armorica; and, in the absence of any formal authority with respect to that question, we believe it may be decided as follows. In the first place, it has been shewn, that Conan-Meriadec spoke Breton, and that the laws of Hoel were written in that language; and, if pains be taken to glance over the proofs of our history, published by D. Lobineau and D. Morice, it will be seen that, from the most distant ages until the tenth century, the names of the princes, princesses, counts, and barons, all bear marks\* of the language which, as names, are commonly taken from the language spoken by the owners of them, seem to us sufficient evidence that they spoke Breton.

The Abbé de Longuerue was so impressed with this truth, that he regards as a fable the account given by Bede, of King Lucius, under Pope Eleuthere, because the Breton kings did not bear Roman names;† and a still further proof is, that these princes signed in Bas Breton, Alan, *bran*; *Pascuithen*, Alain, king, *Pasquiten*, prince. They even occasionally only signed *Bran, test*, the king witness, equivalent to the French formula, *De par le Roi*.

But in what time did the Breton cease to be the court language of our sovereigns? It probably happened about the time of the first crusade, for a great revolution then took place, both in manners and in languages; they began to use an old French jargon, not unknown in Brittany, surnames became fashionable, gentlemen added to their names that of their estates, similar to the Hebrews; to those who were not noble, surnames were given derived from their age, trade, virtues, or vices; as Old, Young, Good, Bad, Grey, Black, &c.

\* Above all when they change them, as was formerly the custom in Brittany with the Calendar, every man had ten names. Vide *Memoirs of Gallet*, in D. Mor. H. 1.

† Longueruana, 1st p. 143.

*Eleventh Century.*

A famous benedictine, (Rodolph Glaber, who wrote in this century, thus expresses himself respecting the Bretons, "Abundance of milk, and exemption from public duties, (taxes,) compose the sole riches of the Bretons; they have no urbanity, their manners are rude and unpolished, their jargon tame and insipid."\*

The remains of a colony of Welshmen has been found in America by English travellers; they quitted Europe with their prince, Madoc, about the middle of this century, and still preserve the language of the mother country.†

*Twelfth Century.*

Giraldus Cambrensis, a Welsh historian, assures us, "that persons who possessed but a trifling knowledge of the language of his country, could understand the prose and poetry which had been composed in it more than a thousand years previous to the age in which he lived‡; this may easily be believed, when we consider that the Ancient Britons forbade, under severe penalties, their learned men from making any innovation in the language, that they even conferred rewards upon those who watched over its preservation;§ thus, we ought no longer to be surprised, if the works of Taliesin of Llywarch-hên, and of Aneurin, Welsh bards of the earliest ages, presented no difficulties to their new translators; or that, in Brittany, Gregoire de Rostrenen, and D. Pelletier, were able to understand the "prophecies of Guinclan," and the ancient "Life of St. Guénolé;" but, we certainly cannot avoid being astonished, that notwithstanding the cruelties of the Saxons, and the efforts of the Normans, all conspiring to crush the British nation, to abolish its language, and even to erase its name from the page of history, it should still exist long after they have all disappeared; but the reason is palpable, the works of God have a different duration from those of men; in vain do they unite to destroy, when he wills to preserve. A holy and aged man of the Ancient Britons, addressing Henry II.,

\* *Gens Britonum, quorum solæ divitiæ primitus fuère libertas fisci publici et lactis copiâ, qui omni prorsus urbanitate sunt vacui; sunt que illis mores inculti ac levis ira et stulta garrulitas.* A more faithful version says, "Illorum mores inculti, sed faciles coli, ac levis ira, sed citò placabiles, multa sed fatua garrulitas." D. Bouquet, t. 10, p. 15.

† Le Brigant, Detachemens de la L. prim. p. 44.

‡ *Cambr. desc.*

§ *Davies. Gramm. Præf.*

"Thus to the king this holy sage did say,  
 " You can our fields, our tow'rs in ashes lay;  
 As you would do, the stranger did of yore,  
 Yet still exists our country as before;  
 Tho' you oppress and bind in slav'ry's chain,  
 We'll rise in strength at freedom's voice again,  
 And long will flourish, spite of hostile pow'r,  
 If God ordains not this our fated hour;  
 And when, at last, the judgment blast shall sound,  
 Nor other race, nor tongue,\* will then be found  
 In this small corner of the world; yes, then,  
 Wales will our country be, and Welsh our men."

In 1125, Abailard was appointed Abbot of St. Gildas, of Rhuyz, in the diocese of Vannes, of which he himself has left a description. "I inhabit a barbarous country, of which the language is unknown to me, and which I execrate†; I have no society but that of ferocious people; my walks are taken on the inaccessible shore of a tempestuous sea, and my monks observe no other rule than that of not having any. I wish, Philinta, that you could see my house; you would never imagine it to be an abbey; the only ornaments on its gates are the feet of deer, bears, wild boars, and the hideous spoils of the owl. Every day I encounter new perils; every moment I fancy that I behold a naked sword suspended over my head."

Abailard wished to introduce a reform into the monastery; but his past conduct, the knowledge of his amours, the profane thoughts which he had brought with him into the cloister, and which, in his letters, he still expressed with an eloquence far from religious, did not permit him to obtain the glory of being ranked amongst reformers.

In 1169, Duke Conan vanquished Guyomarc'h, viscount of Leon, in the plains of Commanna, whence the field of his defeat received the Breton name of *Mez-oué*, "It was a shame;" and, in 1171, the same Guyomarc'h assassinated his brother Hamo, bishop of Leon, in another place, which was since called *Feiz-gar*, "Fierce faith."‡

In 1198, the celebrated Hellouin, a monk of St. Denis, preached the crusade in Bas Breton, in the castles, and on the coasts of Armorica,§ when whole families, and entire villages, set out for the Holy Land. They marched without providing for the morrow, and could not believe that He who feeds the little birds, would suffer pilgrims wearing his cross to perish with hunger,

\* The Welsh.

† Terra barbara et terræ lingua mitii ignota et turpis.

‡ Leband, p. 191 and 192, Guill. Armor. V. Script. Fr. p. 71.

§ Chron. of S. Denis, of D. Felibren, D. Mor. Lebaud, p. 204.

while their ignorance added to their illusion, and gave to every thing they beheld an air of enchantment; every moment they imagined they were arrived at the end of their pilgrimage; whenever they saw a town, or a castle, the children of the villagers asked, if that was Jerusalem. Many were the noblemen who, having passed their lives within their antiquated turrets, knew little more than their vassals; they took with them their fishing and hunting equipages; they were preceded by packs of hounds, their hawks on their wrists;\* they hoped, in this manner, to reach Jerusalem, eating and drinking, and displaying to astonished Asia the rude luxury of their native castles.†

The troop of Hellouin arrived in Palestine without encountering any serious obstacle; but being divided into different bands, and without a chief, the enterprise failed.

Towards the middle of this century, Geoffry of Monmouth translated from Bas Breton, into Latin verse, the Prophecies of Merlin, the Life of that bard, Brut y Brenhinoedd, and the Acts of Arthur. In 1155, Robert Wace, a native of Jersey, gave to the world his translation of the *Brut* in the Roman tongue and in verse, when Henry II., king of England, charmed with the book, and particularly with the noble deeds of King Arthur, and, wishing to become acquainted with every thing relating to that prince and his round table, caused to be translated into the Roman tongue all the works which had been written in Breton and Latin on that subject: they commenced with *Tristan*, a romance worthy of the most glorious ages of literature, and which some persons consider as the most ancient of the romances of the round table, it is incontestably the best of them, and was undertaken by Luces de Gast; to Gautier Map was assigned the romance of *Lancelot*; and the ingenious Helys de Borron conjointly with his brother, Robert; and Rusticien de Puise translated the *San Graal*, the *Brut*, the romances of *Meliadus*, and the prophecies of *Merlin*.

These works met with a prompt and deserved success, and were in the same century reproduced in France, by authors who imitated them in verse, and first of whom was Chrestien de Troyes, who died in 1191; the writers whose works he made use of, all agree to have been translated from the Breton or from the Latin. "The reason," says he, "of my being so partial to the Bretons is that, they, by their songs, have preserved the memory of those men who distinguished themselves by their famous deeds."

[To be continued.]

\* It was then the fashion to carry birds. Geoffry I., duke of Brittany, was killed by a stone thrown at him by a woman whose hen had been destroyed by a hawk which that prince carried on his hand.

† Michaud, Hist. des Croisades.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

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*Conquête d'Angleterre par les Normannais: par M. Thierry.*

It is from the ocean that forms their western boundary that our Snowdonian mountains appear in all their abrupt magnificence; and it is in foreign lands, situated beyond the influence of local prejudices and hereditary resentments, that the virtues and the genius of our ancestors have been first fairly appreciated. It may more truly be said of obsolete national enmities than of religious prepossessions, that

By experience sad, we find  
They mostly leave a sore behind.

Hence Dr. Johnson's unworthy antipathy against the Scotch people, and Voltaire's contempt for the "English" Shakspeare; though the one believed in Gaelic second sight, and the other disbelieved even the moral intuition of his own bosom. To descend from that age of wild scepticism, and equally wild superstition, (when the human intellect seemed to expand alike into strength and distortion,) to a healthier and happier, though perhaps a less intellectual, age; even now the spirit of jealousy and depreciation is not quite extinct, though it is fast departing. The national literature of Wales owes much, and every Welshman should feel grateful, to Sir Richard Hoare and Mr. Sharon Turner; yet even they have fallen short of perfect impartiality; even in them the Norman spirit sometimes predominates over that of the scholar and the philosopher, the undaunted poets of Welsh freedom are sometimes denounced by them as rebellious incendiaries, and the gallant defence by the Welsh princes of the throne of their fathers, stigmatized as a turbulent revolt against a legitimate sovereign.

Allured by the great popularity he enjoys in his own country, we at length opened the volumes of M. Thierry, and it was some time before our surprise yielded to our delight, when the Welsh burst upon us, in his historical group, in the guise of a great, a good, and an intellectual people. There is a beautiful scene in a Danish tragedy, in which Coreggio is introduced, musing sadly over one of his masterpieces, which an ignorant virtuoso had just been censuring; at the same time, his great contemporary, Michael Angelo, is standing unseen behind him, gazing upon the picture



with intense admiration. What the praises of Michael Angelo were to Coreggio, let the eloquence of M. Thierry be to the patriotic Cambrian; let it teach him, in defiance of calumny and ignorance, to contemplate with fearless exultation the unsullied glories of his nation; remembering the sentiment of the triad, that one of the three strongest witnesses to truth is the stranger.

We regret that our limits will not at present allow of our entering into an enlarged view of the philosophical manner in which M. Thierry has depicted the various habits of the successive colonists of our island; we must confine ourselves to a comparatively partial analysis.

M. Thierry thus depicts the sources of that energy which so long repulsed the Norman aggressions from the feet of our mountains:

“Somewhat of the tenacity of memory which characterised the Irish race, was also to be found in the Celtic race that inhabited Wales. Weak as they were in the twelfth century, they still hoped for their enfranchisement from all foreign dominions, and even for the return of the period when they possessed the whole island of Britain. Their imperturbable confidence in this 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 ancient Cambrian poets had expressed, with overflowing souls, their patriotic wishes and aspirations, were regarded as mysterious predictions. Hence the fantastic celebrity attached to Myrdhin, (amongst the nations of Europe,) a bard of the seventh century, five hundred years after his death, under the name of the enchanter Merlin. Hence also the extraordinary renown of King Arthur, the hero of a little people, whose very existence was almost unknown on the continent.” *Vol. iii. p. 174.*

Indeed, to such a degree was the awe entertained of our traditional prophecies diffused on the continent, that a French poet deemed he could best flatter his sovereign, and arouse his martial expectations, by pressing a prediction of a Welsh bard into the service of French interests. Taliesin had foretold that, when Arthur should return from the land of Spirits, the Saxons should be driven out of the whole island, from his presence. The Frenchman persuaded his royal Mæcenas, that this meant that the independent provinces of the Gauls, immediately to the North of the Pyrenees, were doomed to submit to *his* sway.†

“But the fable of Arthur’s death,” proceeds M. Thierry, “was not the only support of the patriotic inflexibility of the Cambrians; this fable was the effect, not the cause, of an indestructible moral disposition. They still retained impetuosity natural to the men of British race on either side of the ocean, and the resolution never to resign themselves peaceably to a foreign dominion. This unshaken resolution gave them so thorough a confidence in themselves, that it seemed to border on madness. One day when Henry the Second was going through Wales with the flower of his knights, casting an eye of contempt on the wretched equipments of the natives whom curiosity

\* Johan Sarisb, ap Script. Rev. Fr. tom. xv. p. 490.

† Third vol., p. 254.



had brought together, a man approached him, and said, 'Thou beholdest this poor people; all thy power will never suffice to destroy it; none but God in his wrath can accomplish it.'

Such was the character of a people, who are represented to have derived all their intellect, courage, and civilization from a *Gothic* intermixture.

It is not possible for us to pursue M. Thierry through the disastrous interval that elapsed between the settlement of the Saxons in the isle of Thanet, and their final triumph over the inhabitants of the more level parts of the island. A large body of Britons emigrated during these troubles across the channel into Brittany, where they united with a kindred nation. In afterages, the Bretons were remarkable for their successful opposition to the arms of the Franks, long after the latter had subdued the rest of France from the Seine to the Pyrenees. The spirit of inquiry into our earlier antiquities that has lately prevailed in the Principality, has rendered the natives of Armorica objects of peculiar interest. It is said that some Breton prisoners, who were placed in Wales during the last war, were able to hold a conversation with the peasantry. After a long and desperate struggle, the Saxons at length succeeded in subduing the whole southern coast, except Cornwall, which was made tributary. The men of Wales, however, firmly refused to pay the tribute demanded by the Saxons. "Never," say their old poets, "will the Cymry pay the tribute; they will combat unto death for the possession of the lands washed by the Severn and the Wye."

But no where was the valour of the ancient Britons more conspicuous than in the defence of the little kingdom of Strath Clwyd, or Dumbarton, where the champaign nature of the country left them no protection but their own valour. Successively desolated by the ravages of the Saxons, the Picts, and the Norsemen, the territory of Strath Clwyd remained for centuries unawed into submission.

The writings of those who have hitherto attempted to convey a knowledge of Cambro-British literature in an English dress, has often been censured as dry and uninviting, and distinguished by a somewhat narrow and uncharitable spirit. In some instances this may have been the case; but how is it possible to persevere in so sweeping an accusation, when it is observed, that, from these materials, M. Thierry has composed the eloquent work before us. It ought to be a strong inducement to us to persevere in a task that ultimately must redound so much to the honour of our country. But there is one part of it, and a far more important one than could be performed on our pages, which we think might very properly be undertaken by the Cymrodorion Society in London, we mean a publication of all the ancient Welsh poets,

with a translation and historical illustration. There never was a time when Wales possessed men more competent to the undertaking; and we are enabled to state from the best authority, that three of the most eminent have offered their utmost assistance to carry such a plan into execution. The expense to the Society itself will be comparatively trivial, as many literary societies in the country would immediately devote the funds they possess in furtherance of such an object; and many members of the Cymrodorion Society itself have determined to subscribe, to guarantee the Society from all expense above a certain amount: an extensive sale may also be expected amongst literary men in general.

If the songs of our Taliesin have had an influence on the fate of nations beyond the ocean, and the deeds of our forefathers can even now command the admiration of the great and enlightened people to whom M. Thierry belongs, what ought not *we* to do to preserve from oblivion every relic of such a lineage? We have no longer any contest for freedom: freedom we possess; freedom that we won at Bosworth, when we rescued England from a tyrant, and gave to her a king of our own race, a king\* whom England's wisest son has eulogised as the greatest sovereign of England, a king from whose policy may be traced the elements of those enlightened institutions that have made England the freest of nations, and the bulwark of the world's freedom.

*Parry's Welsh Melodies.*

Mr. Parry has published a third volume of Welsh Melodies, with English words written by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson, who first beheld the light

“near Breiddin's lofty peak.”

The work consists of the following songs, occupying sixty-four pages, which with the addition of two elegant plates, form a handsome volume.

| TITLES.                                     | AIRS.                 |
|---------------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| The Mountain Minstrel . . . . .             | The Dairy House.      |
| The Confession . . . . .                    | Winifreda.            |
| The Warrior's Farewell . . . . .            | The Corporation.      |
| The False Knight . . . . .                  | The Lamb's-Fold Vale. |
| The Eisteddvod (song and chorus) . . . . .  | The Inspired Bard.    |
| To the Groves and the Valleys . . . . .     | The Men of Dovey.     |
| The Enight and the Peasant (duet) . . . . . | White Locks.          |
| The first Star of Evening . . . . .         | Philip's Adieu.       |
| The Revel . . . . .                         | Cream of Yellow Ale.  |
| The Bard's Lament . . . . .                 | Prydain's Lament.     |
| Love's Minstrel Lute . . . . .              | Gogerddan.            |
| The Trumpet Sounds (duet) . . . . .         | The Woolpack.         |

\* Lord Bacon's Life of Henry VII.

It were superfluous to enter into a review of the music, for most of it is familiar to our readers; but we confidently state, that the selection is one calculated to raise the reputation of Cambria as a musical country. "*Philip's Adieu*," "*Gogerddun*," "*Cream of Yellow Ale*," and "*The Inspired Bard*," are beautiful melodies. Mr. Parry, in his Preface, says, "I only ask the fostering aid of those who feel a pleasure in rescuing from oblivion the wild, yet pathetic, mountain strains which have been handed down from generation to generation, and which, it is hoped, will not prove the less interesting for having stood the test of ages, and for having roused the courage, soothed the minds, and cheered the hearts of our forefathers."

This appeal, we trust, will not be made in vain. When a man devotes a great portion of his life to the laudable purpose of enhancing the dignity and honour of the land that gave him birth, he has a claim on his *cydwladwyr* for encouragement. The stanzas are exceedingly creditable to Mrs. Wilson's talents; some of the songs certainly are to be classed high in the scale of poetic excellence, but we have only room to insert the following extract, which was finely given by Braham at the Cambrian concert last May; it is entitled "*THE EISTEDDVOD*," and adapted to the fine majestic air of "*the inspired bard*."

"Strike the harp: awake the lay!  
 Let Cambria's voice be heard this day  
 In music's witching strain!  
 Wide let her ancient "soul of song,"  
 The echo of its notes prolong,  
 O'er valley, hill, and plain!  
 Minstrels! awake your harps aloud!  
 Bid Cambria's nobles hither crowd,  
 Her daughters fair, her chieftains proud,  
 Nor shall the call be vain!

Let gen'rous wine around be pour'd!  
 To many a chief in mem'ry stored,  
 Of Cambria's ancient day!  
 Sons of the mountain and the flood!  
 Who shed for her their dearest blood,  
 Nor own'd a conqueror's sway!  
 Be they extolled in music's strain!  
 Remembered, when the cup we drain,  
 And let their deeds revive again  
 In ev'ry minstrel's lay!

'Tis now the feast of soul and song!  
 As roll the festive hours along,  
 Here wealth and pow'r combine  
 With beauty's smiles, (a rich reward,)  
 To cheer the rugged mountain bard,  
 And honour Cambria's line!

Then, minstrels! wake your harps aloud!  
Behold her nobles hither crowd,  
Her daughters fair, her chieftains proud,  
Like gems around they shine!"

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"*Stay in pity, Stranger, pray.*" and "*Life's dearest Lay.*" ballads composed by Miss E. A. Williams, pupil of the late Mr. W. Bartleman.

This young lady is the daughter of a Denbighshire gentleman, and has exercised her vocal talents at the concerts given by the Royal Cambrian Institution in London, as well as at the Brecon Eisteddvod in 1822. The melodies of these ballads are very pretty, particularly "*Life's dearest Lay.*" which is better arranged than the other. Miss Williams, in the specimens before us, has given a good sample of her abilities as a writer of flowing melody.

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"*When I think of the Days that are past.*" a rondeau, composed and dedicated to Mr. H. Phillips, by John Parry, jun. being his first publication.

Here again we have a scion of a Welsh branch, not unknown to most of our readers, and one who bids fair to become a respectable member of the musical profession. The song before us reflects credit on the composer, and gives promise of greater things when fancy becomes matured by judgment.

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"*Tri chant o'Bunnau*" (*Three Hundred Pounds*), a popular Welsh air, with variations for the piano-forte by C. Neate.

This beautiful national melody has been extremely well treated by Mr. Neate; and we can, with confidence, recommend it as a very superior publication, highly deserving the attention of every performer, of any pretensions, on the piano-forte.

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"*Pen Rhaw.*" and "*Sweet Richard.*" with variations, as performed by Richard Roberts and William Prichard, on the Welsh harps, newly arranged by John Parry.

These exquisite airs are so familiar to our readers, for they have been performed at most of our Cambrian concerts in town and country, that we need only announce their publication, and merely observe that they are adapted for the *piano-forte* as well as the *harp*, to render them more generally useful.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

WE have the pleasure of announcing, that a "*Letter on the Welsh Judicature*" has just been published at Chester, by R. G. TEMPLE, esq. a barrister on the North Wales circuit. Messrs. Baldwin and Cradock are the London agents; and in the Principality, all the agents for the Cambrian Quarterly. His sentiments are, we believe, in favor of a separate judicature.

Shortly will be published, "*A Narrative of the Proceedings of the Gwyneddigion for the last Sixty Years, from the time the Institution was formed by the patriotic Myvyr to the present Day.*" We understand this work will contain much interesting information.

Just published, in demy 8vo., with sixteen copper-plates, "*Astronomy, or the Solar System explained on Mechanical Principles, and the Laws which govern the Distances, the Orbital and Diurnal Motions, and the Inclinations of the Planets clearly demonstrated, with the Law of Light, and a new Theory of Tides, Comets, &c.*" By RICHARD BANKS.

A Prospectus has been distributed, announcing that speedily will be published, in one volume, 12mo. "*The Bard, or Welsh Hermit.*" Dedicated by permission to the venerable Archdeacon Beynon. By W. E. JONES (Cawrdaf.) The work will be printed in the Ancient British language.

Shortly will be published, by subscription, in two volumes, 8vo., a complete "*History of Wales;*" dedicated to his most gracious MAJESTY, KING GEORGE the Fourth. The first volume, we understand, will contain a translation of the British History of Caradoc of Llancarvan, by Dr. POWELL, and augmented by WILLIAM WYNNE, Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford; to which is to be added, "*A Description of Wales,*" by Sir JOHN PRYCE, knt., enlarged by RICHARD LLWYD. The second volume will contain, Topographical Notices of North and South Wales, comprising the most remarkable Towns, Villages, Castles, Fortifications, Ruins, Waterfalls, &c. within the Principality: a Sketch of the Bards, and of the Customs of the ancient and modern Welsh; and an Account of the Life and Exploits of Owain Glyndwr, accompanied by a Genealogical Statement of his Family. The Union of England with Wales, the Introduction of Christianity into Britain, and other interesting Notices, will be embodied in this History; as also Biographical Notices of several eminent natives of the Principality, among whom are Lord Herbert of Chirbury, Rev. George Herbert, Rev. Thomas Jones, of Kerry, Sir John Pryce, of Newtown Hall, Arthur Blayney, of Gregyuog, esq., Charles Lloyd, of Dolobran, esq., &c.

A handsome lithographic "*Portrait*" of the late celebrated bard, Thomas Edwards, (Nant,) the Cambrian Shakspeare, will shortly be published.

We understand that modest and unpretending little Juvenile Annual, entitled "*Affection's Offering,*" which made its first appearance last year, at the low price of *Four Shillings*, will be published in a few days, at the same price, with increased attractions. Among its writers are included some of the most eminent contributors to its more costly competitors, namely, the Rev. Dr. Styles, Rev. Dr. Cox, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Rev. J. W. Morris, author of "*the Memoirs of Andrew Fuller;*" Charlotte Elizabeth; the late Rev. John Lawson, missionary at Calcutta, author of "*The Maniac,*" "*Oriental Harping,*" "*Woman in India,*" "*Lost Spirits,*" and "*Elegy to Henry*

Martyn;" Rev. G. Croly, A.M., Mr. Luscomb, Mr. Frederick Muller, Mr. Charles Swain, Mr. W. Holloway, &c. It also contains the "*Juvenile Prize Essays*," an exclusively peculiar feature in this little Annual. The whole embellished with a series of elegant wood-engravings, designed by Jarvis, and engraved by M. U. Sears: published by S. LAWSON, London.

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## LONDON AND PROVINCIAL NEWS.

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### *Cambro-British Picture Gallery.*

WE are enabled to state that a new institution, under the title of the Cambro-British Picture Gallery, will in a few months be open for the inspection of the public, in London. It has long been regretted that Welshmen of eminence often sink into the grave without any memorial remaining, to inform strangers and posterity of the form of their features: and any steps likely to remedy this defect, as far as circumstances will allow, will be valued by all who are interested in the affairs of Wales. A committee of gentlemen attached to the Royal Cambrian Institution will undertake the management of the plan, and fix upon the individuals whose portraits shall be deemed of sufficient public interest to occupy a place in the gallery. Excellent likenesses of several literary men connected with Wales have already been painted, by the individual with whom the suggestion originated. The gentleman alluded to is Mr. H. Hughes, artist, of Greek street, Soho, a native of Wales, who has, with a liberality which does him honour, proposed to paint, in his best style, the portraits of persons introduced to his notice by the committee. The parties honouring Mr. Hughes with sittings to incur no expense. The pictures are to remain for a specific time in the gallery, and afterwards, if required, may be purchased at a fair valuation.

We shall have occasion to recur to this interesting subject.

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### *Improvements in Denbigh.*

We are gratified to find that, during the approaching session of parliament, it is intended to apply for an Act for the purpose of regulating and improving the streets and suburbs of that beautifully-situated and picturesque town. Notices to that effect have already been given, according to the regulations of the standing orders of the house of Commons.

In point of situation, no town in England has greater advantages, standing as it does in the much admired vale of Clwyd, and upon a stratum of rock in the shape of a cone. Notwithstanding this peculiar feature, Denbigh has certainly never yet experienced, to the utmost, those benefits usually emanating from a well-regulated act of parliament. We congratulate our many Denbigh friends upon these projected improvements.

*Breconshire Minstrelsy Society.*

We are informed that the annual meeting of the Breconshire Minstrelsy Society is appointed for the beginning of the present month. This society has been formed for the purpose of instructing blind boys upon the triple or Welsh harp; and of thus combining, with the cultivation of that national instrument, the benevolent object of affording a means of subsistence for those who are, by one of the heaviest of all afflictions, rendered incapable of supporting themselves by any of the ordinary occupations of life; and also for the purpose of providing the pupils, as soon as they shall have made the necessary proficiency, with situations, in which they may have it in their power to maintain themselves by their performance upon the harp, without subjecting that noble instrument to the degradation which it has but too often endured. For this purpose, an eminent professor has been engaged as teacher, and harps and strings provided by the society.

Several blind boys have already derived advantage from this institution; some of whom it may be hoped will hereafter do honour to the minstrelsy of their native country, as well as to the society under whose patronage they have been instructed. One of the pupils has, by the kindness of some patriotic friends to the institution, been stationed at Raglan castle, in Monmouthshire, where, from the great resort of visitors to those magnificent ruins during the summer, he has been enabled to support himself with comfort and respectability, and at the same time to add greatly to the effect of those remains of baronial splendor, by the introduction of an instrument, in itself the only one compatible with existing local associations, and whose tones are calculated to awaken feelings and recollections so much in harmony with the character of the scene.

We most cordially congratulate our South Wallian friends upon this highly laudable and patriotic spirit; for, among all the venerable remains of national character which our Cambrian countrymen have preserved, we know of none more interesting than this taste for the cultivation of the harp. Being, therefore, possessed of the exclusive right to this instrument, as peculiar and national, we venture to express our opinion, that the Welsh gentry would now evince a degree of apathy very unworthy of their country, did they not give it that encouragement which its long established merits claim at their hands.

We cannot prevail upon ourselves to conclude this article without advert- ing to a passage in the speech of the Rev. T. Price, of Crickhowel, when, at the last Eisteddvod at Denbigh, he was requested to announce the contest for the gold harp:

“I have heard the guitar of the south, and have admired its light and airy tones, so congenial with its native blue and ethereal skies. I have heard the harsher, but not less characteristic, strains of the north, ‘The pibroch of Donald Dhu, at the gathering-place of Inverlochy,’ ‘The war song of Lochiel, with his Gaelic address to the wolf and the raven, Come to me and I will give thee flesh.’

“I have also listened to the melodies of Erin among her own emerald hills; those strains so much in accordance with the genius of the people among whom they originated, whose gayest moods are not unfrequently tinged with a cast of pensiveness, and of whom it has been observed, that even in the liveliest movements of their national airs there occasionally occurs ‘some minor third, or some flat seventh,’ which casts its shade as it passes, and makes even mirth interesting.

“I have also heard the not less joyous strains of ‘Merry England.’ But it



is with pride I can venture to assert, that not in Europe, I may safely add not in the world, is there found among the peasantry of any nation, so sweet and so perfect an instrument as the *Welsh harp*.

“In towns and cities, it is true, we meet with bands, and orchestras, and all that is eminent in skill and science, but it is among the peasantry of a country that national character must be sought; and we may challenge the world to produce another country in which there is found, in the hands of the *real peasant* and *village minstrel*, so superior an instrument as that of which we are this day met to promote the cultivation.”

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*M. Fetis' Opinion of the Eisteddvod in London.*

In a recent number of the *Harmonicon*, are translations of a series of letters, written by M. Fetis, the erudite editor of the *REVUE MUSICALE*, published in Paris, in which he expresses himself highly delighted with the proceedings at the late Eisteddvod in London; he speaks very favorably of our national melodies, harpers, and pennillion singing; and concludes by stating, that the meeting altogether was the most *interesting and remarkable* of all those he had the honour of witnessing in England.

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*St. David's Church, Liverpool.*

The portion of our *Miscellany* devoted to the service of Provincial Intelligence cannot be more consistently and usefully appropriated than in rendering publicity to every matter connected with the religious establishments of our country; and, in adverting to the declining finances of the very admirable institution of St. David's church, in Liverpool, we are sure our sincere regret is only the responsive sentiment of every supporter of moral improvement.

By the perusal of a Circular Appeal, with which a correspondent has favored us, it appears that there are upwards of 25,000 natives of Wales, or descendants from Welsh parents, resident in the great commercial town of Liverpool. Of those, the greater number are so entirely ignorant of the English language, (or so imperfectly acquainted with it,) that they cannot benefit from the ministrations of the English clergy. Having had no appropriated place of public worship, within the pale of the established church, where they could hear divine service in their native language, they were compelled (many of them reluctantly) to seek religious instruction elsewhere. A number had also detached themselves from public worship of every kind; and, it is to be feared, were little better than heathens.

Their condition having excited the commiseration of many benevolent persons, it was resolved by every possible effort to render spiritual instruction to this suffering mass of their fellow-creatures, drawn thither from almost every parish and hamlet in Wales. A church was accordingly erected by Act of Parliament, capable of accommodating 1,200 worshippers, (including 300 free sittings); and a minister appointed to perform Divine Service, every Sunday morning and evening, in the Welsh language; and to watch over the spiritual interests of this hitherto neglected people.

It appears that the trustees of the church of St. David owe much to the generosity of many English and Welsh friends, for the assistance already obtained, of which they are sensible, and for which they are grateful. The funds at the disposal of the Building Committee are unfortunately now exhausted; and 1,000*l.* will yet be requisite to liquidate the outstanding claims.



The attached balance-sheet exhibits a debtor and creditor account, of which the following is a copy :

| <i>Dr.</i> |                                                                          | <b>The TRUSTEES of the WELSH CHURCH of ST. DAVID,<br/>in Liverpool, in Account with the Treasurer.</b> |          | <i>Cr.</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |                   |
|------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------|
| 1828.      |                                                                          | <i>£. s. d.</i>                                                                                        | 1828.    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | <i>£. s. d.</i>   |
| March 1.   | To total amount of sub-<br>scriptions received,<br>and interest thereon, | } 2891 10 1                                                                                            | March 1. | By amount of disburse-<br>ments paid (exclusive<br>of the value of the<br>land which was given<br>by the Corporation)<br>for the erection of the<br>church, which is now<br>completed, and in<br>which Divine Service<br>has been performed<br>since the 30th July<br>last . . . . . | } 3514 8 10       |
|            | To balance carried down,                                                 | 622 18 9                                                                                               |          |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |                   |
|            |                                                                          | <u>£3514 8 10</u>                                                                                      |          |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | <u>£3514 8 10</u> |
|            |                                                                          |                                                                                                        |          | By balance brought down,<br>due from the trustees<br>to Messrs. A. Heywood,<br>Sons, and Co. bank-<br>ers . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                  | £620 15 8         |
|            |                                                                          |                                                                                                        |          | By balance due<br>the treasurer,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | 2 8 1             |
|            |                                                                          |                                                                                                        |          |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | <u>622 18. 9</u>  |
|            |                                                                          |                                                                                                        |          | By amount due to Mr.<br>Tomkinson, the con-<br>tractor, and others,<br>about . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                                               | } 372 0 0         |
|            |                                                                          |                                                                                                        |          | Making a deficiency of                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | £994 18 9         |

(Errors excepted.) CYNUS MORRALL, Treasurer.

Thus it appears, by this statement, that, liberally as the nobility and gentry of Wales, as well as other kind patrons, have subscribed, there is yet a very considerable overplus in the amount of expenditure, as compared with the debtor account. The great exertions made by the Rev. Mr. Davies and the friends of the Institution must, we think, operate beneficially; there are no less than four services performed in St. David's every Sabbath, two in Welsh, and two in English; those in the latter language, at the periods of the day usual for morning and evening devotion in English churches.

*Welsh Judicature.*

At a county meeting, held at the Shire Hall, Carmarthen, on the 23d of October last, to take into consideration the proposed changes in the Welsh Judicature, it was agreed to by a large majority, only seventeen appearing against it, to send petitions to Parliament, praying that the judicature should not be abolished. The following is a copy of the petition addressed to the house of Lords :

"To the right honourable the Lords spiritual and temporal in Parliament assembled, the humble Petition of the Freeholders of the county of Carmarthen, at a county meeting assembled,  
 "Sheweth,—That your petitioners have heard with surprise and alarm, the report of 'His Majesty's commissioners, appointed to inquire into the practice and proceedings of the superior courts of common law,' relative to the jurisdiction so long established within the Principality of Wales, and the changes in the same recommended by the said commissioners.

“That your petitioners, fully sensible of many advantages arising from the peculiar jurisdiction of Wales, and the few inconveniences resulting therefrom, humbly pray that the same may not be abolished; as such abolition cannot be carried into effect without great inconveniences, arising from the consolidation and partition of counties; such abolition will only create a great increase of expence in law proceedings, a delay of justice, and at all events the substitution of an untried system in the Principality in lieu of one well known, beneficial, and adapted to the wants and wishes of the people at large.

“That such change is not called for by the people in general, and particularly by such classes as are more immediately interested in a cheap and expeditious administration of justice: namely, the traders, shopkeepers, farmers, drovers, and graziers.

“Your Petitioners conclude with reminding your lordships that in no part of his Majesty’s dominions has there been, or is there at present, more peace, tranquillity, and prosperity, existing than in the Principality, which has gradually attained to increased, and still looks to increasing, happiness under the present system of jurisdiction; and which system, if modified and improved, instead of being abolished, may probably arrive at as much perfection as is attainable by most human institutions.

“And your petitioners will ever pray.”

*Radnorshire.*—The proposed changes in the Welsh jurisdiction were taken into consideration on the 24th of October, 1829, at the County Hall of Presteign, by a numerous meeting of magistrates and freeholders of the county of Radnor, who resolved on presenting the following memorial to the Secretary of State for the home department:

“The undersigned magistrates and freeholders of the county of Radnor, having had under consideration that part of the report of the commissioners appointed to inquire into the courts of common law, in which it is recommended that the county of Radnor should hereafter be placed within the jurisdiction of the judges appointed to hold assizes at Hereford, are desirous of expressing their deliberate opinion, that any change in the administration of justice which would deprive the county of Radnor of an assize held half-yearly, as heretofore, at the town of Presteign, would be highly injurious to the welfare of that county. And your memorialists would prefer the continuance of the great sessions in their present form, to the adoption of any change which would take from them, what they have so long enjoyed, an assize regularly held within the county.

“That the Welsh jurisdiction, as it has been administered since the Act of Henry VIII., possesses some advantages which your memorialists are desirous of preserving. Among these is the action called *Concessit solvere*, and the facility of obtaining immediate judgment and execution against the effects of a defendant. And your memorialists earnestly desire that, if any improved system of administering justice should be thought worthy of adoption, generally, throughout Great Britain, that nothing should be done to deprive them of these forms of proceeding.”

*Haverfordwest.*—At a meeting of the mayor, burgesses, and inhabitants of Haverfordwest, on the 3d of October, to take this important subject into consideration, it was unanimously resolved to petition both houses of Parliament—

“Against the proposed removal of the great sessions for Pembrokeshire from Haverfordwest to Carmarthen, as tending to subvert the ends of justice, by having their causes tried before a jury, by whom the language of the witnesses would be but imperfectly understood, putting them to a ruinous expence, or submit to the oppression of their more wealthy neighbours, causing a great neglect of their affairs at home during their absence, and subjecting them to frivolous and vexatious actions in the courts of Westminster, from which they are at present protected by Act of Parliament.”

*Cardiganshire.*—At a meeting of the freeholders and inhabitants of the county of Cardigan, held, pursuant to public advertisement, at Aberayron, on

Wednesday, the 18th of November, to take into consideration the proposed removal of the assizes from Cardigan, and the alteration in the Welsh Judicature, contained in the first Report of the Commissioners of the Superior Courts of Common Law, Morris Davies, Esq. sheriff, in the chair, the following Petition was unanimously agreed to :

“To the right honourable the Lords spiritual and temporal, in Parliament assembled, the humble Petition of the Freeholders of the county of Cardigan.

“Sheweth,—That your petitioners are of opinion that the system of Judicature established in the Principality of Wales in the reign of King Henry VIII., although in some respects defective, is capable of improvement, without abolition, particularly in the appointment of judges, and possesses certain advantages, the loss of which would be felt as a certain inconvenience by the inhabitants at large.

“That we are also of opinion that the constitution of the courts of great sessions in itself requires no alteration; the greatest inconvenience in the administration of the laws within them arising from the principle on which the judges are originally selected, and from there being no retiring pensions, when age and infirmity have rendered their mental and physical powers unequal to the discharge of their duties. That an improvement in these respects is desirable, and, we submit, easily attainable, without having recourse to the violent remedy of abolition.

“That we feel satisfied, if the proposed abolition takes place, evils will attach to this county far exceeding any possible advantages that may be supposed to arise from the presence of English judges. In lieu of a cheap and expeditious mode of obtaining justice, a circuitous and expensive one will be substituted, the social intercourse of the county destroyed, a serious check will be given to the march of improvement and the progressive assimilation to English manners and habits, which the periodical visits of the judges in their respective county towns have tended greatly to promote.

“Your petitioners, therefore, humbly but earnestly pray your lordships not to sanction any change in the constitution of courts of great sessions, which, according to the proposed plan, will deprive your petitioners of the advantages they now enjoy by the transferring of their courts of justice from their own to neighbouring counties.”

The meeting was the largest, both as to numbers and respectability ever remembered in the county of Cardigan; and the utmost cordiality prevailed during the interesting discussion which took place on the subject on which the freeholders had assembled to consider and decide.

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*Interesting Blind Minstrel,—a destitute and helpless Woman.*

*To the Editors of the Cambrian Quarterly Magazine.*

GENTLEMEN,

(Of all the evils incident to our common race which are permitted by Providence, that of being *blind* from infancy, and prevented by accident from gaining a livelihood by an acquired profession, appear most calculated to excite our pity.

The subject of this paragraph is *Maria Roberts*, the eldest daughter of a respectable farmer in the neighbourhood of Llanvyllin, in Montgomeryshire. She was attacked by the smallpox at the age of two months, which we believe was the cause of her loss of sight. Her father died when she was very young, and, owing to losses in his profession, without having made any provision for his blind daughter's maintenance. At the age of sixteen, through the humanity of a friend, she was taught to play upon the Welsh harp, in which she made such proficiency, as to be able to instruct others; and she was engaged in different families of respectability, for that purpose, several

years. What prevented her from following her profession, was the misfortune she met with in disabling a finger of her left hand, by a fall in endeavouring to avoid the meeting of a carriage on the public road, which prevented her playing with her usual effect. Her mother contributed towards her maintenance for some time; and her brother paid also for her board, with a verbal promise of rendering pecuniary assistance for a stated number of months longer; and when that term expires, (if not expired already,) she is to expect nothing from him.

In this dilemma, she has but two alternatives, either to procure friends to lay her distressing case before those who have the will and the means of relieving her, or to apply for maintenance from the parish where her settlement lies. This is hard indeed to her who had experienced better days; and, considering her delicate frame and sensibility of feeling, her friends have advised her to adopt the former alternative; and the writer of this memoir is sanguine in her expectations, that this unfortunate blind minstrel will meet with that liberality which has ever been the characteristic of a *British public*. Her character is, and always was, irreproachable. In *Nicholson's Cambrian Traveller's Guide*, under the article *Oswestry*, where she then resided, is the following item: "Maria Roberts, a respectable young woman from Montgomeryshire, plays upon a Welsh harp with great taste, and occasionally accompanies the instrument with her own peculiarly sweet voice."

The late Lady Torrington interested herself much in her behalf, and got an application made for an annuity for her from the Bristol Fund, bequeathed by J. Merlott, esq. deceased, but without success, as M. Roberts was then but forty years of age. She is now in her fifty-third year, and admissible upon the list of expectants in every point of view, were some kind-hearted Bristolian to apply for her to the mayor and aldermen of that corporation, who are the trustees of the charity. And, in the mean time, it is a "consummation devoutly to be wished" that a subscription should be opened in London, as well as in the Principality; and that the amount, when collected, should be applied in such a manner as to create an annuity sufficient to keep the subject of this appeal above want.

The truth of the above statements would be confirmed, if necessary, by the Rev. J. Lloyd, rector of Llanervil, Montgomeryshire, or any other clergyman in the neighbourhood of that place.

I will leave the furthering of this case in your hands, gentlemen, and remain yours, &c.

December 14, 1829.

JULIA.

[Our pages must not in future be devoted to articles of this nature, no such appropriation of them shall occur; but we are sure our readers will attribute our sympathy, in the case of this unfortunate, to the right motive, in this peculiar instance of destitution of a member of a profession so inoffensive, so ennobling in its tendency, so interwoven with our noblest associations: to those whose bosoms are thus impressed, we need not apply; to those who cannot feel emotion at the tones of our native wild harp, 'tis useless.—Any donations sent to us, shall be immediately forwarded to the friend of "poor Maria," and an acknowledgment of the same given in our next number.—EDITORS.]

#### *Radnorshire County Hall.*

A Committee of the magistrates of the county of Radnor, having been appointed to inspect and report upon the completion of the building of the County Hall and Judges' Lodgings, lately erected, have stated, in their

official Report, that the execution reflects great credit on the contractors, Messrs. Haycock, of Shrewsbury, with respect to their ability and skill as architects, and as to their integrity as individuals; and the Report has been fully confirmed by the magistrates of the county. It is understood that upwards of 7,000*l.* have been expended in erecting the edifice, evincing considerable public spirit in the inhabitants of so small a county.

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*Carmarthenshire County Hall.*

A new building has been recently erected for the accommodation of the Grand Jurors, Clerk of the Peace, and other public officers of the county of Carmarthen, immediately adjoining the Guildhall, with which it communicates; and, together with the improvements lately effected in the Hall, renders the place much more commodious for the administration of public justice, and reflects great credit on the taste and liberality of the county of Carmarthen.

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*Chain Bridge at Pont Kemeys.*

Three miles of road above the town of Usk is completed: when the new line of communication is formed, the distance from Abergavenny to Usk will be shortened two miles, and the road will be far less hilly between those towns and Bristol. The bridge, according to the statement, is a fine specimen of pontifical suspension architecture.

|                                                   |           |
|---------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| Length of the suspension chains . . . . .         | 242 feet. |
| Do. from pier to pier . . . . .                   | 152 do.   |
| Breadth of driving way . . . . .                  | 22 do.    |
| Height of the piers above the level of the water, | 16 do.    |
| Weight of iron material . . . . .                 | 40 tons.  |

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*Ancient Welsh Literature.*

Among the Arundel Manuscripts, a list of which was given in a recent Number of the Literary Gazette, exchanged by the Royal Society for duplicate books of science, formerly in the British Museum, are several rare copies of writings of old Welsh authors, particularly two of Jeffrey of Monmouth, two of Giraldus Cambrensis, and a register of the Abbey of Glastonbury. This exchange will be highly advantageous to both institutions, for these rare documents were perfectly foreign to the objects of the Society who possessed them; and, comparatively speaking, accessible to but few persons: the reverse of this will be the case when deposited in the national collections; there they will be accessible to all who wish to consult them, whilst the Royal Society, without the outlay of money, will acquire many works of a rare and costly kind, which they would be able by no other means to obtain.

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*Waste Land.*

The following is a Table of the larger quantities of waste land, and counties containing the same, in the United Kingdom, about two thirds of which are

said to be convertible into arable, gardens, meadows, and pasture; and one third for planting young trees, and the future procuration of turf, peat, &c. for fuel. We extract the average in different counties in Wales, and those of Cornwall. Other Welsh counties not included in the list which we copy, of course contain large tracts of mountainous uncultivated land.

|                      |              |
|----------------------|--------------|
| Brecknock . . . . .  | 80,000 acres |
| Cardigan . . . . .   | 80,000       |
| Carmarthen . . . . . | 60,000       |
| Carnarvon . . . . .  | 60,000       |
| Cornwall . . . . .   | 190,000      |
| Glamorgan . . . . .  | 60,000       |
| Montgomery . . . . . | 100,000      |

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*The Duke of Sussex's Visit to Denbighshire.*

The Duke of Sussex lately visited Eaton Hall, the mansion of Earl Grosvenor, from Kinmel Park, Denbighshire, the seat of Colonel Hughes, where his royal highness has been some time in a delicate state of health. The freedom of the city of Chester, and a congratulatory address, having been voted on Monday, the mayor and corporation proceeded to Eaton Hall on Tuesday, and presented the same. The royal duke expressed his high satisfaction at the distinction conferred on him, and regretted that the state of his health prevented him from receiving the franchise in person in their hall, but hoped, at some future and not distant period, he should again visit the hospitable roof under which he then resided, when he should be proud and happy to enrol his name in the books of their ancient and loyal city. The mayor, aldermen, sheriffs, and several members of the Common Council, in official costume, proceeded to Eaton Hall in a long cavalcade of carriages. They were received in the saloon by the noble earl and Lord Belgrave, accompanied by Sir W. W. Wynn, all three in their civic robes. They then proceeded in procession through the magnificent suite of rooms to the drawing-room, at the extremity of which the royal guest was seated, surrounded by the Countess Grosvenor, the Countess of Wilton, Lady Elizabeth Belgrave, Lord and Lady Delamere, &c. &c.—*Shrewsbury Chronicle.*

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*Tredegar Cattle Show.*

Tredegar Cattle Show took place on Thursday, at Courtybella farm, and was attended by a very numerous assemblage of competitors. The cups given by Sir Charles Morgan were awarded as follow:

For the best yearling bull, North Devon breed, Philip Ambrose, esq.; two year old heifer, same breed, Rev. Augustus Morgan; yearling bull, Yorkshire breed, Mr. Marmaduke Brewer; two year old heifer, same breed, Miss Charlotte Strickland; yearling bull, Hereford breed, Mr. Wm. Bill, Lanarth; two year old heifer, same breed, Mr. John Hewer, near Monmouth; yearling bull, and two year old heifer, Glamorganshire breed, to Messrs. Edward and Christopher Bradley, Cowbridge; pen of four fat wethers, under three years old, and fat pig, to Capel Hanbury Leigh, esq. of Pontypool park. Cups given by other gentlemen: For the best galloway, given by Lord Rodney, to C. H. Leigh, esq.; for the best bull and cow, of the Glamorganshire breed, of any age, given by the Hon. Booth Grey, to Messrs. Edward and Christopher Bradley; for the second best cow, of the Glamor-

ganshire breed, above five years old, given by Rowley Lascelles, esq. to Mr. Richard Ashfield, Newport; for the best yearling bull, of any breed, cross excluded, given by Colonel Milman, to Mr. Marmaduke Brewer; for the second-best yearling bull, any breed, cross excluded, given by Colonel Lascelles, to Mr. Wm. Bill, for the best two-year-old colt or filley, by a thorough-bred horse, bred in the counties of Monmouth, Gloucester, or Glamorgan, given by Charles Morgan, esq. to T. B. Rous, esq.; for the best cart stallion, that has covered in the county of Monmouth in the year 1829, given by Joseph Bailey, esq. to Mr. Samuel Watkins; for the best four-year-old horse or filley, got by a thorough-bred horse, bred by the exhibitor, in the counties of Monmouth, Hereford, Brecon, or Glamorgan, given by the Rev. J. Leyshon, to Charles Gabell, esq. Crickhowell; for the best yearling cart colt or filley, bred by the exhibitor, in the counties of Monmouth, Brecon, Gloucester, Glamorgan, or Hereford, given by J. Aspinall, esq. to Mr. W. Jones; for the best two-year-old entire cart colt, in the county of Glamorgan, given by R. F. Jenner, esq. to Mr. E. David, Radyr; for the best fat ox, of the Glamorganshire breed, given by the same gentleman, to Mr. J. Rees, Llanvabon; for the best two-year-old cart colt, given by Thomas Protheroe, esq. to V. Dolphin, esq. Exford, Gloucestershire; for the best two-year old cart filley, given by the same gentleman, to Mr. William Edwards; a cup, value ten guineas, added to a sweepstakes of two guineas each, for the best pair of three-year-old steers, of any breed, (cross excluded) bred and fed by the subscriber, given by Sir Charles Morgan, bart. and awarded to him; a cup, for the best ram lamb, added to a sweepstakes of two guineas each, (seven subscribers,) given by Sir Charles Morgan, bart. to Mr. J. Monkhouse, Stow, near Hay; a cup, for the best pen of yearling ewes, given by Sir Charles Morgan, bart. to R. Jones, esq. Fonmon castle; a cup, value ten guineas, added to a sweepstakes of two guineas each, for the best fat cow of any breed, under six years old, given by C. H. Leigh, esq. to Mr. J. D. Collins, Duffryn, a Hereford cow; a cup, value fifteen guineas, given by S. Horaffray, esq. added to a sweepstakes of two guineas each, for the best yearling heifer, any breed, to Mr. J. D. Collins, Duffryn, and Sir C. Morgan, bart. second best; a cup, given by E. Bradley, esq. added to a sweepstakes of two guineas each, for the best three-year-old steer, of the Glamorganshire breed, to be bred and fed by the exhibitor; one half of the sweepstakes to be given to the second best, to Mr. Edward Bradley, and Mr. Evan David, Radyr, second best; a cup, given by the Rev. A. Morgan, to which was added a sweepstakes of two guineas each, for the best two-year-old colt or filly, bred by a subscriber, calculated for the field or harness, and not thorough bred, to the Rev. A. Morgan; a cup, value ten guineas, by Octavius Morgan, esq. for the best yearling steer; added to a sweepstakes of two guineas each, to be bred and fed by the exhibitor (cross excluded); one half of the sweepstakes to be given to the second best, did not fill, to Sir C. Morgan, bart., Mr. T. Tu ley, second best; a cup, by Hugh Owen, esq. for the best pen of four yearling ewes, to C. H. Leigh, esq. Pontypool. For the best geese, Ann Ray, weight 24 lbs.; for the best ducks, Ann Lewis, weight 10 lbs.; half-a guinea each. One guinea to Lewis Llewelin, of St. M llons, for having the greatest number of hives of bees in 1829. Umpire of the cattle, sheep, and pigs, Mr. Thomas Chapman, Stoneleigh, near Coventry. Judges for the horses, J. Aspinall and J. Haffenden, esqrs.—*Shrewsbury Chronicle*.

#### *Gwyneddigion Society.*

The fifty-ninth anniversary of this institution was held, as usual, at the Woolpack Tavern, Cornhill, on Monday, the 14th ultimo, Joshua Williams, esq. in the chair, supported by a numerous company of visitors, as well as Welsh gentlemen.

Upon the removal of the cloth, "Non Nobis" was given; in which we particularly recognised the vocal strength of Mr. Parry, Mr. Colyer, and Mr. Parry, jun.

The following toasts were given from the chair:



"THE KING," with four times four : Song, "God save the King," a solo part in Welsh, by Mr. Parry.

"The Duke of Clarence and the rest of the Royal Family."

"The Army and Navy:" Song, Mr. Colyer, "The Soldier tir'd;" Song, Mr. Parry, accompanied by his son, on the Pedal Harp.

"Sir Watkin and the Cymrodorion," (*great applause*;) Pennillion, Welsh Harp : Mr. Prichard, Harper to the Society ; Mr. Parry, Mr. Meredith Jones, Mr. Griffiths, The Secretary, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Edwards, and other Amateur vocalists, gratified the meeting with specimens of our national mode of singing to the harp.

"Lord Kenyon, Sir Charles Morgan, and Prosperity to the Welsh Charity School," (*great applause*;) Song, Mr. Parry, jun., accompanying himself on the Pedal Harp ; it was executed with beautiful pathos, particularly the bass tones ; we have before spoken of the rapid improvement of this gentleman as a bass singer.

"The Visitors who have honoured us this day with their company ;" Mr. Addison returned thanks : Pennillion singing by the same gentlemen as before.

Louis Hayes Petit, esq. M.P. proposed the health of the president, with three times three : "Every man," continued Mr. Petit, "who had the pleasure of knowing him, would bear testimony to his worth, to his unceasing solicitude for every thing connected with the welfare of the Principality." This toast was drank with very great applause. The chairman returned thanks.

Toast : "Louis Hayes Petit, esq., three times three." Mr. Petit acknowledged the kindness of the meeting in so honouring him, and entered into a very pithy address, pointing out the excellent objects the Gwyneddigion always had in view, and had accomplished.

Toast : "Mr. Parry, with three times three ;" this announcement was received with much applause : Mr. Parry returned thanks in Welsh and English ; he concluded by observing that, perhaps, he could afford the meeting amusement more than by addressing them at greater length : he would give them a genuine specimen of Welsh melody ; "Ar hyd y nos" was then exceedingly well executed by him, on the double flageolette, accompanied by Mr. Parry, jun. on the pedal harp.

"The Success to the Cambrian Quarterly Magazine," a gentleman connected with our work returned thanks.

The favorite Pennillion was resumed.

"The fair maids of Cambria:" Song, Mr. Parry, jun. "The Minstrel Boy."

Louis Hayes Petit, esq. took the opportunity of publicly stating, that having been for a considerable portion of his life acquainted with the character of the Welsh, far from "dull mysticism," or "smouldering anger," constituting any part of their national propensities, he, as a disinterested Englishman, could testify that it was untrue, quite contrary to fact; for the Welsh were a people possessing frankness, loyalty, and hospitality, in an eminent degree.\*

Mr. Petit sat down amidst deafening applaudits, in which every man in the room, whether member or visitor, joined in.

The chairman then announced that William Prichard was going to give the beautifully characteristic air of "Pen Rhaw," with variations, upon the treble harp.

By this time the juice of the grape had warmed many a Cambrian bosom. One gentleman, notorious for his nationality, got up and told the company, "No man must *breathe* while Prichard played 'Pen Rhaw,' for there was nothing like it: no, not even at Towyn ; that Braham's efforts, when compared to the air of Pen Rhaw, were imbecile ; and Catalani a mere ballad-singer." And though we do not exactly agree with our enthusiastic countryman, it is sufficient to say, that "Pen Rhaw" was then, and is by other Welsh harpers often, given in a style that admits not of competition in the scale of musical excellence between *our* harp and any other original national instrument in the world !

Many other toasts were drank. Pennillion songs and glees added to the conviviality of the evening ; some indeed remained, and at the end, drank the late Sir

\* This was in allusion to some remarks previously made by the proprietor of the Cambrian Quarterly, who intimated to the meeting, that a vindication of the Welsh character would appear in the next number, in answer to Blackwood.



Watkin Williams Wynn's toast, "Our noble selves." The meeting did not separate till a late or rather an early hour.

The officers appointed by the Gwyneddigion for the present year, are

*Llywydd*—John Williams. *Cofiadur a* } William Davies Leathart.  
*Islywydd*—David Lewis. *Llyfrwr* }  
*Trysorydd*—John Parry, *BARDD ALAW*. *Bardd*—*PARCH.* John Blackwell, B.A.

*Cynghor.*—Owen Williams—Thomas Edwards, (1819)—Hugh Hughes, (1820)  
 —Pryce Buckley Williams—John Hughes.

*Cynghor Parhaus.* (*Cynnysedig o'r aelodau hyny a fuont Lywyddion.*)—\*\* Meredith Jones—Edward Jones, (1782)—\*\*\* William Owen Pughe, LL.D. F.A.S.—John Griffiths—Thomas Roberts, (1793)—Thomas Edwards, (1802)—\*\* John Parry, *BARDD ALAW*.—John Roberts, (1810)—Richard Denman—Edward Rees Thomas—John Phillips—Jeremiah Evans—Daniel Morgan—Griffith Jones—Joshua Williams.

*Telynwyr*—William Prichard.

*Cenadwr*—John Thomas.

### The Wool Trade.

The necessity of encouraging the British wool grower was strongly shown at a meeting held at East Wantage, attended by all the great land-owners and holders of that country. The following are three of the resolutions :

"That the agricultural part of the community having the additional burden of increased and increasing poor rates, it is not to be expected that, by exporting wool, the farmer can compete with his *foreign neighbours*; his only hope, therefore, must be in home consumption.

"That, if this consumption be denied him, his resource is a dark and gloomy one—that of being to others an addition to a weight which has overwhelmed himself; and, in the end, land, landlord, and tenant, must be involved in one common ruin.

"That, to avert as far as we can, such calamity, and to preserve to ourselves and families the comforts of our home, and to our country a race of men at all times willing to contribute to her exigencies, the members of this society do *pledge themselves to wear no woollen cloth but such as is certified to be manufactured from British wool alone.*"

How important this to Welsh land-owners and their tenants

### Ordination.

A general ordination was lately held by the Lord Bishop, in the cathedral, Bangor, when the following candidates were admitted to priests' and deacons' orders :

#### PRIESTS.

*John Vaughan Lloyd*, A.B. scholar of Jesus college, Oxford;—title, His Scholarship.

*Isaac Heathcote Pring*, A.B. Christ church, Oxford;—title, Llanwenllwy.

*John Howlands*, A.B. Magdalene college, Cambridge;—title, Llangirrig, Montgomery-shire.

#### DEACONS.

*Henry Reynolds*, A.M. scholar of Jesus college, Oxford;—title, His Scholarship.

*John Griffith*, A.B. Jesus college, Oxford;—title, Llangelynin, Carnarvonshire.

*John Jones*, A.B. Trinity college, Dublin;—title, Caerhyn, Carnarvonshire.

*Clerical Appointments.*

The Rev. Robert Davies, A.M. minister of St. David's church, Liverpool, has been appointed a surrogate for granting probates of wills, letters of administration and marriage licences.

The Rev. Horatio J. Thomas, to the perpetual curacy of Lantwit Vardre, Glamorganshire.

The Rev. William Llewellyn, to the perpetual curacy of Langeinor, in the same county.

The Lord Bishop of Salisbury has collated the Rev. Erasmus Henry Griffith Williams, A.M. of Llwynywormwood, Carmarthenshire, rector of Rushall, in the county of Wilts, vacant by the death of the Rev. Dr. Millinchamp, archdeacon of Carmarthen.

The Rev. Robert Lloyd Anwyl Roberts, A.M. of Brynmorfydd, has been collated by the Lord Bishop of Bangor to the rectory of Llanwyfau, in the county of Denbigh, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. John Nanney Wynne, clerk.

*Nomination of Sheriffs in Wales for the present Year.*

**NORTH WALES.** *Anglesey*—Thomas Williams, of Glanrafon, esq.; Owen Owen, of Llanfigael, esq.; and Andrew Burt, of Llwynogon, esq.

*Carnarvonshire*.—John Williams, of Bryntinion, esq.; Rice Thomas, of Coed-helen, esq.; and John Wynne, of Brynyneuadd, esq.

*Merionethshire*.—John Panton, of Llwyngwern, esq.; Hugh Lloyd, of Cefnbodig, esq.; and Griffith Jones, of Ynysfaig, esq.

*Montgomeryshire*.—John Bonner, of Llanfechan, esq.; Henry Adolphus Proctor, of Aberhafesp Hall, esq.; and John Palmer Bruce Chichester, of Gungrog, esq.

*Denbighshire*.—William Hanmer, of Bodnod, esq.; Jones Panton, of Derwen Hall, esq.; and John Townsend, of Trevalyn, esq.

*Flintshire*.—Sir Stephen Richard Glynn, of Hawarden castle, bart.; Sir Henry Browne, of Vronwhwylfa, knight; and Edward Lewis, of Bryn Edwyn, esq.

**SOUTH WALES.** *Carmarthenshire*.—Rees Goring Thomas, of Llanon, esq.; Edward Hamlyn Adams, of Middleton hall, esq.; and James Hughes, of Tregib, esq.

*Pembrokeshire*.—William Bowen, of Milton, esq.; Richard Bristol, of Bristol, esq.; and J. Gower, of Kilderweon, esq.

*Cardiganshire*.—Benjamin Edward Hall, of Kilgwyn, esq.; Thomas Francis Gibb, of Hendrefelen, esq.; and Thomas Hugh Jones, of Noyadd, esq.

*Rudnorshire*.—John James Garbett Walsham, of Old Radnor, esq.; John Dodson, of Hengoed, esq.; and Robert Bell Price, of Dronfeld Old Radnor, esq.

*Breconshire*.—William Lewis Hopkins, of Aberanell, esq.; William Henry West, of Glyffaes, esq.; and John Joseph Holford, of Chapel Altmawr, esq.

*Glamorganshire*.—William Williams, of Aberpergwm, esq.; Charles Morgan Robinson Morgan, of Ruperra, esq.; and Walter Coffin, of Llandaff court, esq.

*Births, Marriages, and Deaths.**Births.*

At Golva, Denbighshire, the lady of the Rev. Richard Pughe, rector of Llanvihangel y Nywynoa, of a daughter.

At the Rectory house, Llanymynych, the lady of the Rev. J. Luxmore, of a daughter.

At Llandoverly vicarage, the lady of the Rev. William Morgan, of a daughter.

At Madyn Dysw, Anglesey, the lady of William Hughes, esq. of a son.

At Dinas, Breconshire, the lady of John Lloyd, esq. of a son.

At the Palace, in Bangor, the lady of Captain Majendie, of a son.

At the house of Mrs. Jenkins, in Shrewsbury, the lady of the Rev. Charles Wingfield, of the Grow, Montgomeryshire, of a son.

At the Rectory, Fdern, the lady of the Rev. T. P. Jones Parry, of a son.  
Mrs. Jones, of Bryngo, Anglesey, of a daughter.

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*Marriages.*

At Cambridge, by the very Rev. the Dean of Ely, the Rev. W. H. Parry, B.D. rector of Holt, Norfolk, and late Fellow of St. John's college, Cambridge, (son of the late Mr. Parry, of St. John's hill, Shrewsbury,) to Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Cory, master of Emanuel college, Cambridge, and niece to Archdeacon Butler.

At Gwyddelwern, Merionethshire, W. Jones, esq. of Cefn Rug, to Amelia, only daughter and heiress of the Rev. R. B. Clough, jun. A.M. vicar of Corwen. On the auspicious occasion the bells of both parishes rung a merry and continued peal.

At Llanfair, Merionethshire, by the Rev. William Pughe, rector, Captain Adam Gregory, of the 29th regiment, to Miss Elizabeth Harley, of Llanfair parish.

At Liverpool, Charles Samuel, esq. of Plas Coch, to Anna, eldest daughter of the late Joseph Wilkinson, esq. surgeon, of Wrexham.

At St. George's, Hanover square, the Hon. Colonel Seymour Bathurst, son of Earl Bathurst, to Miss Hankey, niece of the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

At Mitcham, Surrey, Mr. Thomas Owen, of Gungrog, near Pool, Montgomeryshire, to Charlotte Matilda, second daughter of James Moore, esq. of the Manor house, Mitcham.

At Carnarvon, Mr. T. H. Evans, wine merchant, to Jane, only daughter of J. Williams, esq. of Tottenham Court road, London, and niece to Colonel Williams, of Hendrewaod, Denbighshire.

At Llanbadarnfawr, near Aberystwith, Mr. John Jones, late of Newcastle Emlyn, to Jane, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Jones, of Aberystwith.

Edward Jones, esq. of Lower Gwersylit, near Wrexham, to Mrs. Jones, second daughter of Captain Lee, of Mouldsworth, Cheshire.

At Strata Florida, Cardiganshire, Mr. T. Jones, of Maenclochog, to Winifred, youngest daughter of L. Morrice, esq. of Abertholwyn, both in the said county.

Price Jacob, esq. of Llantrissent, to Ami, youngest daughter of the late Meredith Davies, esq. of Aberenig, Talgarth, Breconshire.

At Llanfairtalhaiarn church, Mr. Robert Morris Hendre Llangerniew, to Mrs. Roberts, of Nant Mawr, in the former parish.

At Aberhafesp church, Montgomeryshire, John James Turner, of Pentreheylin, esq. to Ann, only child of the late George Ross, esq. of Llanerchydol.

At Walcot church, Bath, Martyn J. Roberts, esq. of Bryn y Caurau, Carmarthenshire, to Frances Elizabeth, only daughter of John Vigiers, esq. Cwm Avon, Glamorganshire.

At St. George's, Hanover square, London, by the Rev. G. P. Sunderlands, William Griffith, esq. of Denbigh, to Louisa, widow of the late Julius Edward Fisher, esq.

At Michelstown, by the Lord Bishop of Cloyne, Philip D. Cooke, esq. of Gwysancy, Flint, to Lady Helena King, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. the earl of Kingston.

At Tenby, Lieutenant G. C. Robinson, R.N. to Eleanor, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Joseph Cole, of Carmarthen.

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*Deaths.*

At the vicarage house, Kerry, Montgomeryshire, the Rev. John Jenkins, M.A., the much respected vicar of the parish, and also prebendary of York and of Brecknock, rural dean of Milenith-ultra-Ithon, in the archdeaconry of Brecknock, one of his majesty's justices of the peace for the county of Montgomery, and

chaplain to his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, who in several departments of his official engagements, and in the various duties of social life, exhibited a pattern of the most exemplary conduct. As a husband and father, a son and a brother, he was uniformly kind and affectionate, in his friendships warm and constant, and to all, with whom he had intercourse, liberal and conciliating; ever ready to attend to the complaints of the poor and afflicted, and taking pleasure in administering relief to their wants and necessities, he was to them a kind and compassionate benefactor. His heart being in his clerical profession, his attention to its duties was zealous and unremitting, and when his pastoral services were wanted by such of his parishioners as were prevented by sickness or old age from attending the public service of the church, however low might be their station, he took pleasure in attending them at their own houses to communicate religious instructions and consolation. Of the literature of his country, he was an anxious and indefatigable promoter, zealously forming plans for its extension, and unwearied in putting them into execution; not only exciting and assisting his friends and acquaintance in their literary pursuits, and liberally patronising their publications; but also devoting all the time he could spare from the more immediate duties of his station, in executing his own literary undertakings. Courteous in his manners, and affable in his demeanour; firm to his purposes, and true to his engagements; his house always open for the hospitable reception of his friends, and his heart delighted in entertaining them; an impartial and intelligent magistrate, a zealous and conscientious pastor, dearly beloved by his relatives and numerous friends, greatly respected by a very extensive acquaintance, and deeply revered by all the inhabitants of a large parish; his loss will be severely felt, and a chasm occasioned, by his death, in the society of the district, not to be easily and speedily supplied.

At Tremadoc, Carnarvon, aged 88, Mr. Rowland Thomas, formerly of Tu hwnt i'r bwlch, brother to the late Rev. John Thomas, A.M., head master of the Free Grammar-School, Beaumaris, and one of the nearest collateral relations of Bishop Humphreys, of Bangor, afterwards of Hereford. He was the last of the family who resided at Tu hwnt i'r bwlch, from 1479, the 7th of Edward IV., a period of eighteen reigns, and the interregnum.

“Meirw y'm oll, digoll y dydd,  
Gwelwn o un bwygilydd;”  
Awn i bridd (ydym brid brau)  
O'n tудоedd fel ein Tadau.—*North Wales Chronicle.*

Mrs. James, wife of Captain David James, Marine Terrace, Aberystwith.

At Stanley Place, Chester, aged 16, Frances Yale, fourth daughter of the late Richard Hughes Lloyd, esq. of Gwerclas, in the county of Merioneth.

In the prime of life, Mr. Robert Parry, of the Harp Inn, Carnarvon; universally respected by all his acquaintance.

At Ynysfawr, Merionethshire, John Jones, esq., aged 84. He was a sincere friend, a good neighbour, and his loss will be deeply regretted.

Aged 58, Owen, second son of Mr. Edward Rowlands, of Gwernigan, near Red wharf, Anglesey.

At Pembroke, aged 76, Miss Campbell, sister of the late Lord Cawdor.

Evan Owen, esq. of Melai, in the county of Denbigh.

In Chester, Laura, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Trevor, aged 17.

Universally regretted, Eliza Constantine, wife of Richard Pryce, esq. of Gunley, Montgomeryshire.

The Rev. Owen Reynolds, M.A., rector of Aber, in the county of Carnarvon, and of Clocaenog, in the county of Denbigh, chaplain to the Right Hon. the earl of Cardigan, and one of the magistrates for the county of Carnarvon.

John, the infant son of Mr. John Roberts, surgeon, of Bangor.

At Builth, the Rev. David Williams, dissenting minister of that place for more than twenty-five years.

Also, at Builth, Thomas Woosnam, esq., a gentleman much respected in the neighbourhood.

At his house, in Chester, Mr. Robert Price, formerly of the White Horse, Overton, Flintshire.

At Presteign, Radnorshire, H. Piefinch, esq., who practised for several years as a surgeon in that town.

At Nagpore, on his way to Hyderabad, East Indies, to retire after twenty years' servitude as surgeon in the 39th Regiment of Infantry, and lastly in the 3d Regiment of Cavalry Corps, J. Jones, esq., eldest son of Mr. Jones, of Gellyglyd, near Carmarthen.

At Seafell, near Newtown, Jeremiah Griffiths, gent., aged 84, much esteemed by all who knew him as a truly honest man.

In his 76th year, highly respected, Mr. George Savage, of Llwyntidman.

At Plas Coch, Bala, aged 18, after a lingering illness, David, third son of David Anwyl, esq.; a youth of the most amiable disposition, whose memory will be ever cherished in the minds of his mourning relatives.

Aged 79, Ellinor, only surviving offspring of the late Rev. David Morris, A.M., rector of Llangwyfan, Denbighshire, and of Ffestiniog, Merionethshire, and relict of the late Rev. John Gryffydd, A.M., rector of Ffestiniog.

William Williams, esq., solicitor, Carnarvon.

Of the scarlet fever, John, eldest son of Mr. J. Jones, of Garvon.

At Holywell, Mr. Humphrey Jones, aged 44. He has left a widow and nine small children to lament his death.

At Oswestry, aged 58, Mrs. S. Roberts, widow of the late Mr. William Roberts, of Llwynymapis.

Aged 69, Mr. D. Lloyd, of Plas Llanyuys, Denbighshire, sincerely lamented by a numerous circle of relatives and friends.

At Aberthin, near Cowbridge, aged 73, Thomas Morgan, esq.

At Tenby, aged 33, Mr. James John Lewis, surgeon.

At Wain Ifol, Cardiganshire, Mrs. Bowen, widow of the late T. Bowen, esq. of that place, aged 77.

Mr. Benjamin Evans, son of the Rev. M. Evans, of Pillgwenlly, one of the ministers of the Welsh Methodists. While in the act of drinking a glass of ale after dinner, at Merthyr, some persons who were in the room, perceiving his head drop upon his shoulder, instantly went to him and found him speechless: he was removed to bed, where he soon expired without uttering a word.

Aged 72, Mr. Evan Lloyd, of Aberystwith, ship-owner.

At Felhampton, aged 16, Robert Meyrick Urwick, son of the late Mr. Urwick, of Walton, in the county of Radnor.

At Cefn, in the county of Denbigh, George Kenyon, esq., a gentleman universally esteemed and respected.

Universally respected, Lieutenant Prytherch, R.N., of Ty-calch, Anglesey.

At Chester, third daughter of William Ward.

At Flint, J. B. Watson, esq.

At New Orleans, William, eldest son of Mrs. Prichard, of Tre'r-Gov, Anglesey.

In Carmarthen, aged 91, Mrs. Saunders, relict of the late D. Saunders, esq. of Path y Bellen.

At Clovelly House, Devon, Sir John Hamlyn Williams, bart. of Edwinsford, Carmarthenshire.

At Llwynysedwen, in the parish of Llanfihangel Aberbythych, Carmarthenshire, Mary, the widow of W. T. Hopkin, at the advanced age of 103 years.

At Tobago, Deputy Assistant Commissary General John Edye, son of Mr. Edye, attorney at law, Montgomery.

At Penhower, Bangor, Elizabeth Owen, aged 100.

At Cefn Cwmwd, Anglesey, after a short illness, Jane, wife of Mr. John Edwards, Excise officer, late of Llangefni.

At Abergele, Robert Davies, esq. of Bryn Kenrie, in the county of Denbigh, aged 67.

Much lamented, Edward Humphreys, esq. of Pen y Pyll.

Aged 76, Mr. Roberts, hat manufacturer, Oswestry.

In consequence of a fall from his horse, Mr. Henry Puleston, of Pentre Coch, near Ruthin, aged 29.

At Caer Rhun, Mrs. Davies Griffith.

*Prices of Shares of Canals in Wales.*

Brecknock and Abergavenny, 115; Glamorganshire, 290; Montgomeryshire, 80; Shrewsbury, 250; Swansea, 272.

*English Funds.*

Closing price on the 28th.—4 per cents. 99; new 4 per cents. 105½; 3½ per cents. 100½; and consols, 95¼ ⅓ for account.

*Foreign Funds.*

Closing price 28th Dec.—Brazilian, 72; Buenos Ayres, 28; Chilian, 27; Colombian, 1824, 25¼; Danish, 74¾; Greek, 28½; Guatemala, 20; Mexican, 1825, 25½; Neapolitan Rentes, (shut); ditto, 1824, 100; Peruvian, 18; Portuguese, 60; Prussian, 103; ditto, 1822, 104; Spanish, 1821 and 1822, 10¼; ditto, 1823, 8; French Rentes Ex. 25 f. 70 c., 85¼; Ditto Metallic, Baring's, 107.

## ERRATUM.

In page 445, line 17, of our last Number, for "Tongue," read "Torques."

*Supplementary List of Subscribers.*

[We respectfully solicit the Names of Subscribers omitted in our List, otherwise inaccuracies must occur. It is our intention, quarterly, to print names so forwarded, and, at the year's end, incorporate the whole in a general Subscription List.]

|                                                                         |                                                        |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------|
| Bevan, William H. esq. Beaufort, Crickhowel.                            | Lewis, Rev. Edward, Llanbedr, Crickhowel.              |
| Bevan, Rev. G. J. Crickhowel.                                           | Lewis, Rev. William, Welshpool.                        |
| Bonsell, Rev. Isaac, Llanwrin.                                          | Mainwaring, Charles Kynaston, esq. Oteley park, Salop. |
| Bowen, Rev. John, Llanbedr, Crickhowel.                                 | Morgan, Mrs. Llangattock, Crickhowel.                  |
| Davies, Rev. Richard, Court-y-Gollen, Ditto.                            | Morrall, Edward, esq. Plas Warren, Shropshire.         |
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## NOTICE.

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LE FUSILIER GALLOIS,

OU,

LE MARCHAND DE TABAC.

“Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,  
And say, ‘these wounds I had on Crispin’s day.’”

THE fatigue that I had undergone in exploring the field of Waterloo, and the annoyances to which I had been subjected by the peasants, in their demands to accompany me, and by their earnest solicitations that I would purchase from them the pretended relics of the fight, which they are in the habit of disposing of to the shoals of English who visit the place during the summer months, induced me to seek some retired place to rest my weary limbs; I accordingly sat myself down upon a half-burnt beam of the ruins of the chateau of Goumont, or Hougoumont, and was beginning to conjure up in my mind’s eye the deadly strife and bloodshed which took place on that very spot but a few years ago, when I was interrupted in my meditations by the approach of an individual: I turned my back intuitively towards the intruder, pretended to peruse with attention a small volume which I had in my hand, and muttered to myself an imprecation upon all the relic venders, and the gullibility of John Bull in countenancing their impositions, when he saluted me, and expressed his hope that I had been interested with my visit. An Englishman! thought I; doubtless some cockney, probably a tailor from Fleet street, or a slopseller from the Tower hamlets! “Pretty well, pretty well,” I replied, in an indifferent sort of key, and I was confronted by a fine handsome man, about fifty years of age, whose style of dress betokened him a foreigner, or anything rather

than an Englishman, though his full and good-humored countenance belied the inference. The respect which his carriage, upright figure, and the Waterloo medal on his breast, demanded, induced me involuntarily to take off my hat, and apologize for my seeming rudeness. "I am addressing an Englishman, I presume?" He replied, "a subject of King George, God bless him, certainly, but a Welshman by birth and education." My patriotic feelings in an instant impelled me to shake him heartily by the hand, and acknowledge him as a brother, and we immediately entered into mutual explanations. I found that we were born in the same county. He had enlisted at an early age, and shared the glory of our brave and invincible national regiment the 23d royal Welsh Fusileers, in all the great battles of the last war, and had attained the rank of sergeant major.

To meet, by chance, a countryman on the field, and a Waterloo man too, who could describe the scene which took place upon the eventful day which terminated the dynasty of Napoleon, was a circumstance as unexpected as it was satisfactory to my feelings, and I congratulated myself most heartily upon my good luck; his description of the battle was graphic and original, and, no doubt, more substantially correct than half the publications which have for so many years inundated the country; but, as his detail would extend the length of my paper beyond all reasonable bounds, and probably tire the patience of the reader, I shall only attempt to describe, in a homely way, the final struggle between the contending armies, in order to illustrate the adventure which befell him after the overthrow of the French.

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"Then more fierce  
The conflict grew; the din of arms, the yell  
Of savage rage, the shriek of agony,  
The groan of death, commingled in one sound  
Of undistinguished horrors, while the sun,  
Retiring low beneath the plain's far verge,  
Sheds o'er the quiet hills his fading light."

The joyful tidings that the Prussians had arrived upon the field began to be whispered along the line to our infinite delight; it soon became manifest that they were engaged with the right wing of the French army, from the movements that were taking place in that quarter, and which we could perceive as the clouds of smoke cleared away at intervals. Our division had, during the greatest part of the day, occupied the same position, under a galling fire of cannon and grape shot; and, in order to prevent unnecessary loss of life, we had been compelled to lie down, to screen ourselves from the showers of balls of every description that were directed against us: this monotony, however, was



occasionally relieved by the calls of our officers to prepare for cavalry, when we instantly formed into hollow squares ; and though many hearts trembled when the iron-cased warriors rushed almost upon our bayonets, and afterwards coolly walked round and surveyed the compactness of our array, the boisterous laugh and mirthful gibe echoed as our well-directed fire hurled the defying enemy from the saddles.

It was a difficult matter to keep the men in this awkward posture, they repeatedly demanded to be led against the foe ; and many brave officers sacrificed their lives in checking the headlong spirit of their inferiors : this fact fully accounts for the extraordinary number of officers who perished, or were disabled, on the field of Waterloo.

Towards the latter end of the day, I think it might be about half-past seven o'clock, the attacks of the enemy became less frequent on our right, though equally determined ; but every charge was, as usual, successfully opposed, and the divisions forming the right wing and reserve, gradually gained ground as the space between the village of Braine la Leude and Hougoumont became cleared of the foe : thousands of men and horses lay dead and dying in every direction ; and, as the position was changed, we were compelled to trample under foot many brave and gallant fellows, whose groans were agonizing to our feelings, though at that moment steeled by desperate revenge, the worst of passions.

As we passed over the quivering limbs of the decorated veterans of Napoleon, who had carried desolation into almost every kingdom of Europe, and misery to every fireside, we could not but feel that they were men, and chance might have laid every individual among us in their appalling situation. As the artillery passed rapidly over their bodies, crushing their bones like dried reeds, dreadful were the groans and shrieks which echoed above the shrill braying of the trumpet and the deep rolling of the drum.

Loud shouts from our enemy's position indicated that some important movement was about to take place, and we could distinctly hear, amid the roar of artillery, the war-cry of France, "Vive le Napoleon !" "There comes Boney, my lads," said an old veteran of five and twenty battles ; "be firm and yield not an inch, but let the rascals have plenty of steel." We could perceive, as the wind occasionally cleared away the smoke, a dark and dense column issuing out of a ravine, and another, equally terrific, rushing down the brow of the opposite rising ground, directly in our front. It was unnecessary to caution us to prepare for the attack, each man felt that success depended upon his individual exertion alone, and he thought only of victory. The officers, apparently confident themselves of success, bustled about cheering the men, reminding them of the glory which the Fusileers had gained in Egypt, and at

Albuehera, Badajos, Salamanca, Vittoria, the Pyrenees, Nivelles, Orthes, and Toulouse; but I can truly say we needed no words of encouragement, every man among us was determined to conquer or to perish on the field. Grape shot passed by us like hail, and occasionally a cannon-ball would plough up the earth and sweep away a whole row of poor fellows. Our artillery made dreadful havoc among the approaching columns of the enemy: rockets and shells, grape shot and musketry, seemed to annihilate every man as he approached us. Our soldiers became still more impatient to be led on; the whole line was in the form of a half-moon, to receive the enemy; the extreme ends drew nearer to the centre, so as to flank the approaching columns. Forward, charge! flew at last like lightning along the line; never was the word of command more heartily and joyfully obeyed: we had been kept at bay during the battle, and were only called upon to defend our position, and not, under any circumstances, to allow our ardour to hurry us forward. Many of our brave officers had already fallen; and our dearest friends, messmates, and companions had "gone to the bourn from whence no traveller returns;" revenge the most fell and dire possessed us all: how terribly appalling was the brilliant charge of the British army! and how fearfully disastrous to the dynasty of Napoleon!

We met a column of the Imperial Guard, the tried veterans of Napoleon. "Now then, Fusileers," cried an officer as he galloped by us, "here is plenty of work for ye, add fresh lustre to your glory: be firm!" "Never fear, sir," I cried. "*Yr hen Cymry am byth!*" We gave them a volley that sent hundreds to bite the dust; every bullet told: cross fires continued to annihilate each file as it approached; the roar of the artillery which was still enfilading them was terrific, and awful gaps were made in the dense columns. Thousands in the rear of the French were pressing the van into the jaws of death, but, as they approached the valley between the two positions, they seemed swallowed up by the earth, or consumed by the blaze of fire, ere they approached us; never were the engines of destruction so completely and efficiently served, and with a result so truly destructive. Occasionally we saw the glittering bayonets and the bear-skin caps of our opponents dimly through the smoke; but the loud hum of the columns, the shrieks, yells, and groans of the wounded, the braying of the bugles, and the incessant roar of firearms, were beyond the powers of description.

The loud hurrah sounded like victory in our ears; with one impulse we rushed forward, the French, appalled by our determined appearance, fell back upon those who were rushing down by thousands to support them; three tremendous cheers were given by the whole of the English army, the soldiers of Napoleon had

felt the effects of such a sound in Spain, and, knowing its dreaded import, they became a confused and unmanageable mass, and thousands were sacrificed to the despair which had possessed them; their arms became an incumbrance to them, and they hurled at us, in their phrenzy, every weapon of defence, even their cartouch-boxes. The veterans of Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, Marengo, and a hundred battles, were in a few minutes totally routed and trampled under foot, the butchery which then took place was terrific: hundreds of Frenchmen simultaneously yielded themselves prisoners to a few men. Never was confusion so complete, or a rout so general: we could see officers of the highest rank contending with the meanest of their soldiers for the means of escape; Bonaparte's army became as a flock of sheep destined for slaughter, without power to protect themselves from the knife, or judgment to avoid it.

The cavalry of the Imperial Guard attempted to rally the infantry by covering the retreat: we halted; our heavy brigades rushed thundering by us, and we saw them, not contending with the enemy's cavalry, but actually riding clean over them; it was but the work of a few moments to cut them to pieces; we followed quick as the obstacles in our way would permit us. Our lately exulting foe were almost out of sight, but we could hear the work of destruction still continuing; other soldiers completed what the British army had so gallantly prepared for them. The Prussians followed up the retreat; deadly and terrible was their revenge, bearing in mind as they did the conduct of the French army during the occupation of their country, and the disastrous result of the recent battle of Ligny: there was not a man among them who had not a private animosity against the soldiers of Napoleon and every thing bearing the name of French; flushed with our victory, extermination became their pass word, quarter was out of the question.

Near Bossu we overtook and surprised a band of Yagers, who had surrounded a cottage, where a small party of the Imperial Guard were defending themselves; they offered to surrender, but their merciless opponents were deaf to their submission: the disparity of numbers was of course very great, and in favor of our allies; the Guard were becoming every moment less numerous, but they seemed determined to sell their lives dearly; as they fell one by one the Yagers laughed and shouted like a band of demons, two only now remained to gratify the diabolical vengeance of the Prussians, a drummer, apparently under sixteen years of age, and an old grisly-bearded veteran of Herculean size and strength, decorated with the cross of the legion of honour and several medals, one of the most perfect specimens of the soldiers of Napoleon that I ever beheld. The veteran seemed solely desirous of saving, harmless, his youthful companion: he threw his body between him and his enemies, though he

was struck in several places, blood trickled down his bronzed features, and he at last fell on his knee, drew the youth to his side and shielded him with his body.

“ His hand still strained the broken brand;  
His arms were smeared with blood and sand.”

We had not the hearts to see such cold-blooded butchery; one or two of us rushed to their rescue, at the peril of our lives, and demanded quarter in the name of common humanity, and we were at last compelled to present: they growled like a gang of wolves deprived of their prey, and with evident reluctance separated from us, to carry into execution the work of slaughter in another quarter. The veteran, as we approached, sunk almost lifeless on the ground; his labour was terminated in saving the life of his friend; we gave him some brandy and bathed his temples, which restored him in some degree to life; he acquired strength to press my hand, and thanked me with a look and expression full of benignity and gratitude; all the fierceness of his character seemed to have abandoned him, now that death was grappling with his existence.

I supported his back, and he turned to the young fellow who was hanging over him with tears in his eyes, gazed upon him wistfully and fondly, tore the order and medals from his bosom, and pointed to the pocket of his vest, which was opened, and I took out a chamois-leathern pouch of curious workmanship, all of which he pressed into the boy's hand: he felt his strength gradually going, his countenance became livid, his eyes still and glassy; he retained, however, the power of claiming my protection for the orphan from the merciless fangs of the Prussians, imprinted a cold and clammy kiss upon his forehead, “Adieu!” said he, “adieu! Vive le Nap-o-leo—;” and he ceased to breathe, with the name of his emperor, whom he almost worshipped, unexpressed upon his lips.

The boy, when he perceived that the veteran had terminated his mortal career, looked the perfect symbol of despair. I could not help, at the moment, reflecting upon the uncertainty of life, and the mysterious decrees of Providence: a few hours before, I had been at mortal strife with these two beings, one of whom had proffered me the hand of friendship as his lifeblood escaped from his heart; the other had become the humble and helpless dependent upon my generosity, and my word had been pledged to fulfil my promise. I turned to the youth with the view of following the regiment, and took hold of his arm. “Il est mort,” said he, and he sunk down in a swoon, upon the dead body.

The moon at this moment beamed forth with the most lustrous

brilliance over the frightful scene: I supported the youth in my arms, and moistened his parched lips with the remnant of brandy in my canteen: having held him towards the breeze, in order that its freshness might produce a resuscitation, I for the first time had an opportunity of examining his countenance; his features were beautifully formed, expressive, and peculiarly delicate; fine glossy raven hair hung in thick clusters around his oval countenance, which was pale as the unshaded snow-drift, produced a contrast strikingly interesting, and almost superhuman; and, if I had not been surrounded by so many dreadful realities of mortality, and the din of the stern combat still sounding in my ears, my heated imagination would have carried me to the realms of Oberon and Titania.

In order to afford an unrestrained and more free circulation of the blood, I opened the front of his jacket and unbuckled his stock and collar, and chafed his neck; this simple process soon produced a desirable change, and he began to breathe, though with apparent difficulty. You may imagine my astonishment, when I found the interesting being, whom I supported in my arms in a situation so terrible, to be a female: as she opened her dark and piercing eyes, she looked all amazement and wonder, and appeared as if disturbed from a dream of pleasureable innocence, to gaze upon a world of terror; so dreadful did the surrounding objects present themselves to her awakened senses. She hesitated, and held her breath, as if reflecting whether the scene was not the creature of the imagination, whether she was not deluded by some invisible power; but reason and recollection gradually came to her assistance; she looked around, and shrunk from my arms with fear; "and trembled," poor thing, "like a leaf of aspen green:" the dreadful reality came over her thoughts, and fell like a thunderbolt at her heart; she rushed from my side, and threw herself upon the body of the veteran, and endeavoured to ascertain whether there was the slightest sign of life; but the body of the warrior was at rest; and how humbled was that pride and ambition which found the world for its exercise too confined and circumscribed! she rose from the body, at my earnest persuasion, and rested on her bended knees, with her hands firmly clasped together; despair and grief had seized and benumbed all her faculties: as she looked up towards the serene sky, lurid with the blaze of camp-fires, she seemed to express all that the poet fancied,

" I alone am left on earth!  
To whom nor relative nor friend remains,  
No! not a kindred drop that runs in human veins."

I lifted her gently from the ground, and implored her to bear her misfortunes with fortitude and resignation, and endeavoured to

lead her from the spot; she offered no resistance, and seemed totally unconscious of my attention. I assured her that I would be her protector, until she could be safely delivered to the care of her friends; and that at the risk of my life. She looked as if she gleaned some portion of my meaning, and immediately discovered that the breast of her jacket had been opened and her stock removed: the wildness of her eye and action indicated the storm that raged within her bosom, she threw herself upon her knees, and grasped my legs with desperation, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I persuaded her that she need not be under any apprehension of danger; her throbbing heart told how keenly she suffered; a flood of tears at last came to her relief, which acted like a balm to the heart already surcharged with the extreme of grief and terror. She looked anxiously at my countenance, to see whether it belied my assertions, and she seemed assured of my sincerity; and, then recollecting that I had rescued her from the merciless revenge of the Prussians, and that I was the individual to whom her dying companion had assigned as her protector, she pressed my hand, and, with an action full of innocent simplicity and utter helplessness, threw her hand over my shoulder, her dark eyes looking still more lustrous as the swelling tears of gratitude stood like dewdrops on her silken eyelashes. "My father!" said she, with an utterance that came murmuring from her lips, so plaintively expressive of the most perfect confidence. I could not, by Heaven, resist the childish weakness of mingling my tears with hers; "all my mother," as Shakspeare says, "came rushing to my eyes;" I pressed her to my bosom; and is it vanity in my declaring now, that when I made the vow of protection to the orphan upon a spot so desolate, surrounded, as we were, by so many evidences of death, that she nestled her face in my bosom? Never till that moment did I feel real pleasure; and, though I have had comforts and happiness, not to be despised by, probably, the most fortunate of men, since that period, I consider it as the happiest moment of my life, and I hope that prosperity will never make me forget my gratitude to God, and the blessings which were showered upon me that night, awful and fearful as it was. If a man be covetous of true pleasure and happiness, let him exert himself in a good cause, and perform a worthy action without the alloying motives of self-interest or public applause, and he will discover that he has hitherto been a stranger to the most valued blessings designed by Providence for the creatures of this life.

I persuaded her to leave the spot so fraught with melancholy reflections to her, and threw my coat over her shoulders, with the view of proceeding to the bivouac of our regiment, which had posted itself some short distance off: I stood a moment on the hedge-bank of the little garden, and she leaned on my arm, half-dead through fatigue and terror. The moon shone brilliantly over the scene of strife, and

the whole field was lighted up almost as bright as day; Hougoumont still appeared a terrible monument of the work of death and destruction; the embers of the recent conflagration still glowed, and emitted beautiful coruscations, which danced and flickered in the breeze like the fireflies of India; a dense line of smoke trailed along the horizon, till it became lost in the misty shades of night; carts, broken carriages of artillery, ammunition waggons, and the material of the discomfited army, lay strewn along the field in endless confusion; wounded men and horses were still battling with death, and we could hear

“The shriek of agony, the groan of death,  
In one wild uproar and continued din,  
Shake the still air; while, overhead, the moon,  
Regardless of the stir of this low world,  
Held on her heavenly way.”

Small parties were seen scattered in groups over the field of battle, some with lanterns and torches in their hands: the mere idea that they were marauders, dealing death among the wounded, was appalling to the senses; now and then a single horseman was perceived, like a shadowy spectre, scouring along the plain upon his fleet and snorting steed, perfectly callous to the torturing shrieks and groans of the miserable objects he was passing over. A moan or expiring sigh of a poor fellow, caused me to turn my head round, and I was reflecting how grateful I ought to be to Providence for protecting me during the battle from any injury that might have laid me helpless upon the field during the night, when I felt a shock like the charge of an electrifying machine, and a painful oppression in my head; the ground in an instant seemed to whirl around me, and I was seized with giddiness so sudden, that I fell headlong into the ditch below: how long I remained senseless, I hardly know; but, when I revived, I found myself reclining on the hedge-bank, my little companion supporting me, with all the care and attention of a child, and staunching a severe wound in my leg. My misfortune was a perfect dream, till she informed me that a Prussian had fired at us; no doubt a marauder, several of whom were on the field during the night, and for several days afterwards, (if any credit is to be given to individuals who visited the place after the battle,) robbing alike friend and foe. She fell down with me, and had the precaution to remain silent by my side: the rascal approached with a lance in his hand, and was proceeding to prove whether his work had been effectual or not, when she courageously disengaged a pistol from her side, and shot him: the fellow reeled a moment, and endeavoured to hurl the lance at her, but he tumbled down within a few feet of our resting-place quite dead; his cap rolled off his head, and by its side we discovered, by the reflection of the moon, a couple of gold watches of considerable value, and a pocket-book



containing a roll of Bank of England notes of some amount, and other property, the fruit of his villany. I felt faint from loss of blood and want of food, and I hardly thought, at that moment, that I should be able to quit the field with life. It now became her turn to be the consoler, and her kind and earnest attention made her a thousand times dearer to me than before. We had been listening to the sickening groans of the wounded around us, and harrassing our thoughts with conjectures as to the objects of the several groups who were still busy about the field, when we heard the sound of footsteps, and of voices, and I fancied the gruff voice of a female sutler, a character to be dreaded on the field of battle by the wounded. I prepared my arms with the view of protecting ourselves from their wolfish fangs, when I was agreeably surprised by the approach of a body of redcoats, who turned out, upon closer inspection, to be a guard of the fusileers, patrolling the neighbourhood of their bivouac. I hailed them, and they immediately came to my assistance; a biscuit from one, and some brandy from another, gave us new life and vigor: my comrades soon managed to get me conveyed to the camp, and my pretty but melancholy recruit walked by my side, and we both congratulated ourselves, notwithstanding my wound and her loss, upon the fortunate termination of our romantic adventures. Upon our arrival at the bivouac, my comrades made her as comfortable as a camp on a field of battle would permit; and having had my wound dressed, and a comfortable night's rest, we were provided with means to convey us to Brussels.

My companion resumed the apparel of that portion of the sex to which she had a right; and if she looked lovely as a boy, she was transcendently beautiful in the simple dress of the peasantry of the neighbourhood, who kindly and willingly lent their aid to adorn her, and would not accept a *cent.* as a gratuity. I bade a melancholy adieu to my comrades, as they marched towards the French frontier, and tears filled my eyes at the thought of being separated from them, for I dearly loved the army, and nothing on earth could have induced me to abandon it, had my wound permitted me to accompany it; but my return as an invalid was given, and I could not get it recalled, if my wound had been less severe than it afterwards turned out. I ought to have exclaimed, like the Moor,

“Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,  
That make ambition virtue! O farewell!  
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,  
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,  
The royal banner, and all quality,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!  
\* \* \* \* \*

Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!”



A hurdle cart, with a litter of straw, served as our carriage to Brussels; we had to pass through the middle of the field, along the Genappe road, and the scene on either side of us was more terrific than on the preceding evening: thousands lay stretched in ranks upon the plain of death, and a sort of foetid odour filled the air; peasants were seen, by hundreds, stripping and burying the dead, or rather hurling them into tremendous holes or excavations. Groups of soldiers, and females with their children, were assisting the wounded, and endeavouring to discover the well-known features of the husband or father, or some token by which they could be recognised; it was a heart-rending sight to behold them. The night immediately after the battle had been cold and chilly for the time of the year; and what with that circumstance, the dampness of the ground, and want of surgical relief, and, I fear, the too frequent application of the poniard of the sutler, thousands perished who would, if succoured, have figured in many a future chronicle, and been ornaments to society. On passing by the farm of La Haye Sainte, we could perceive that the number of slain was immense; a narrow lane had been opened through the heaps of dead, to admit of the passage of carriages, and a tremendous hole excavated opposite to the farm-house, into which, the following day, 4000 men and horses were hurled together, without distinction. It occupied nearly the whole of the day in getting to Brussels, a distance of some nine or ten English miles. Many poor fellows who had managed to crawl from the field, held by the cart, which had now become loaded beyond its strength and our own comfort; and, when weakness overcame them, the struggling wretches sunk under foot, and perished in the highway. At Brussels we met with every assistance which a generous people could afford to administer, and we were hailed with acclamation, "Vive les braves Anglais, nos meilleurs amis!"

I was billeted at the house of Madame Vander-Hook, in Rue de la Madeline: the old lady behaved in the most polite and affectionate manner, and kindly received my companion into the house, though she was not compelled to do so by the police regulations. Augustine de la Fronchette, my protégée, attended me most diligently, and administered every comfort which a wounded man required: one day she entered our apartment with an evident expression of happiness and delight depicted on her pretty countenance, "Ah, my dear friend," said she, "I have succeeded beyond my hopes; we have friends in Brussels, and the most cordial ones, too." "And pray, my dear Augustine," I observed, "how did you discover them? And you may as well give me, now that I am in a convalescent state, some account of yourself, in order that I may know how to value these newly found acquaintances." She looked at me with one of those winning arch smiles with which a French woman knows so well how to adorn her countenance, and then at considerable length gave me a full account

of her travels, history, birth, and parentage. She was the daughter of a French officer, who rose by merit from the lowest rank, and fell covered with wounds and glory at the battle of Leipsic. When the missiles of war were flying in every direction, he bequeathed the care of his only child to his old and faithful comrade, Sergeant Jean Bonchamp, of the Imperial Guard of Napoleon. "She is a soldier's daughter, Bonchamp," said he, "to you I bequeath her; protect her as you value my remembrance, and marry her to a soldier of the emperor." The veterans were children of the revolution, and knew not a relation in the world, save one, and she had married a Belgian and was supposed to be at Brussels; she was Captaine La Fronchette's first cousin. Upon the abdication of Napoleon, and his retirement to Elba, Bonchamp formed one of his bodyguard, and he sent for Augustine from Valenciennes, where she was at school, and she accompanied him to the little kingdom of Elba. When the emperor again erected his standard, the veteran joined him; and, upon the departure of the army from Paris, he clothed his protégée in the uniform of a drummer of the guard, with the view of protecting her from the rude jokes and observations of the ribald crew: his object was to find out her relation upon their arrival at Brussels, and leave the daughter of his friend to her care, until he could fix upon a husband worthy of her hand. Bonaparte and his soldiers never dreamt of any thing but victory, and fancied that the English army, which had only contended with the French marshals in Spain, must vanish, like the mist, before Napoleon himself, the sun of France! but they found at Waterloo a barrier impenetrable; the glory and renown of all their boasted victories was wrecked upon that fatal spot, and the peace of the world established upon the ruin. Augustine had been incessant in her inquiries, and she at last discovered, through the medium of the police establishment, that one Madame La Coste, a widow, lived in Rue de la Montagne, and kept a tobacconist's shop there: she immediately waited upon the old lady, and made her acquainted with the object of her visit, when she admitted that she knew her father, or rather a person of his name; Augustine then produced her evidence of relationship and identity, and the old lady was soon satisfied of the truth, and, clasping her in her arms, almost smothered her with kisses. The rest of the tale was told, seasoned with no inconsiderable quantity of tears, and we both received the most pressing and urgent request to change our quarters, the old lady's house being empty, having just buried a wounded English officer who had been quartered there. We accordingly removed to Madame La Coste's, after thanking our hostess for her kindness, and we found our domestic comforts considerably improved; Augustine soon made herself necessary to the old lady's comfort, in the management of her shop or *depôt*, as she called it; and I smoked my pipe and sipped my coffee with the most perfect contentment: I was soon in a convalescent state,

and was so declared by the medical staff, and had an order for my departure for England, with many other invalids. You may easily imagine that I had considerable difficulty to separate from Augustine, for we had, since the 18th of June and the period I am speaking of, dedicated no inconsiderable portion of our time at the shrine of the omnipotent god of Love; however, I convinced her that I should soon return to claim her hand; the old lady also expressed great reluctance to part, though she ultimately agreed that it was unavoidable. Having made divers preparations, and being supplied with comforts, for what they considered so distant and perilous a voyage, I left Brussels after many a parting look and fond adieu, and set sail from Ostend with a fair wind, which wafted us in a few hours into the Downs, where, upon landing, we were greeted with many a hearty cheer and kindly welcome, as the heroes of Waterloo and the conquerors of Napoleon; and, if it proved an annoyance to be recognised and questioned by every pothouse hanger-on, our vanity was sufficiently and amply satisfied by the agreeable salutations of all the pretty girls of the towns through which we passed.

With a little interest I obtained my discharge and a pension, and I left London with the view of visiting my native Wales once more, and where I had not been for fifteen years. I shall never forget my departure, as a recruit from Denbigh; and a melancholy one it was: we were assembled, to the number of thirty-two, strong and active lads, and hardly one of us above the age of twenty, near the cross in front of the town-hall: we had been unexpectedly ordered to the depôt of the 23d, and had scarcely time to collect our scanty necessaries, and to greet our friends probably for the last time. My poor mother! but she is in her grave, and all her troubles at rest.—The drums and fifes played a merry tune, and the word of command for our long and toilsome journey seemed to sever us from all we loved. The inhabitants who were assembled in the street gave us three hearty cheers, which we, I must confess, but faintly returned, and the face of every one of us was suffused with tears in our march down the Vale street. Ladies at the windows waved their handkerchiefs, and all seemed to wish us a glorious campaign: this scene was hardly equal to the last lingering look which we cast behind us on the home of our early days and joys, when we stood on the brow of one of the mountain barriers of the lovely Vale of Clwyd; our sergeant heedlessly observed, that we might take a farewell view of it, which was, in a few years, nearly verified; I am the only survivor. My thoughts at that moment were truly anguishing, and I needed very little additional impulse to desert: as the smoke rose curling above the quiet villages and sylvan cottages far beneath me, I then, for the first time, seriously reflected upon the consequences of my military propensity: what a beautiful country I was turning my back upon, and for what? I, however, screwed my courage to the sticking

place, and braved it out in the presence of my callous companions, but long did my *hiraeth* continue.

I was now on the point of visiting the scene of my childhood, my early humble home, the spot where fancy led my thoughts in still hours of reflection, while traversing the burning sands of Egypt, the inhospitable and barren Sierras, and the boundless plains of the Peninsula; and many were the dreams of happiness I depicted if my good fortune would permit me to end my days in my own dear land. In journeying to Wales, I had bethought myself of renting a small farm, where I hoped to secure a comfortable livelihood, and pictured to myself the greetings of old and valued friends, and the few relations that I had left there. I arrived at last at Denbigh, but I despaired of recognising a single face among the many. The vale looked rich, verdant, and beautiful; the fine mountains which encompass it still bore the beautiful tints of heather and the golden blossom of the furze; the little river Clwyd, which my imagination had previously formed into a magnificent estuary, gurgled along its pebbly bottom, and meandered through rich meadows; the old castle frowned in majesty above the modern tenements that seemed to shrink under its shelter. But, oh, how changed was the aspect of man! I wandered through the streets like a lost being; in fact, like the old man who had slept a century in a wood, so plaintively described in an old Welsh ballad which I so many times listened to, with breathless attention, as it was chanted by my mother in my early days; I seemed a being of another age: I inquired for one, the answer was, "*mae gwedi marw*;" for another, "*mae ar y môr*;" of a third, he had departed like the fleeting breeze, no one knew or cared whither: it was sickening and oppressive to my feelings; a few short years had effected a change which I could not have contemplated, and in this state of mind I wandered to the noble ruins of the castle, where I found a balm for my unhappiness and disappointment, in admiring the glowing and lovely landscape before me. I have seen spots which have been compared to the garden of Eden, in many parts of the world, but I never beheld any thing approaching to the vale of Clwyd; I may be prejudiced, but you have my sincere opinion.

I was reclining on one of the masses of ruins that lie scattered about, when I was attracted by the scream of a bird; I looked up and perceived a hawk attacking a purely white pigeon, the bird fell at my feet with its feathers discoloured with blood, it shook and fluttered its wings for a moment, and died; the hawk hovered above my head and followed me as I carried its prey in my hand: at that moment an odd fancy possessed me that this was an ill omen, and that the death of the bird was an effort of Providence to warn me of some danger to my dear Augustine. I determined immediately to leave the place of my birth, and hired a horse to convey me to St. Asaph, where I met the London mail, and I left Wales, I must

confess, with very different feelings from those I have before spoken of. I found a vessel in the Thames on the point of sailing for Antwerp, and secured a birth on board; in a week afterwards I cautiously made Augustine acquainted with my return, and I received the warm greetings of an affianced bride. We were soon afterwards married at the ambassador's chapel; and, though I was five and thirty, and disabled, and my little bride nineteen, and withal the prettiest woman in the low countries, we never have had cause to regret our union: and there are few marchands in the city of Brussels so well off, or who possess so many comforts, and so amiable and virtuous a wife, as the *ci-devant Fusilier du Pays de Galles*; and few wives so attentive to the interest of the depôt, (which has now become our own; good Madame La Coste, God rest her soul, having bequeathed it to us, with all her wealth,) and so well satisfied with the attentions and conduct of her spouse, and so affectionate a mother, as MADAME MORGAN, *ci-devant Tambour de la Garde Imperiale*.

HYWEL.

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DR. MEYRICK ON AN ANCIEN'T INSCRIBED STONE AT  
TREGARON; AND ON ANCIEN'T ARMOUR.

*To the Editors of the Cambrian Quarterly Magazine.*

GENTLEMEN,

It is with great diffidence I presume to offer to your notice the following conjectures respecting the fragment of an ancient inscribed stone, which I rescued from destruction during the repair of the church walls, into which it had been built, at Tregaron, Cardiganshire, about five and twenty years ago. If I am right in my opinion, the piece of antiquity is not only curious as an historical document, but highly so in a philological point of view. I take it that, there being but two letters in the whole inscription at all corrupted from the Roman character in its best days, we shall be fully justified in placing it at a period not long after the departure of that people from this island, and, therefore, readily assign it to the sixth century; but, that this may be decided on by better judges, I send you a drawing, reduced to the size of one eighth. It will, I imagine, be readily allowed that the legend is

in the Welsh language, and this is what renders it so interesting as a specimen of orthography: there are no contemporary examples of writing from which I can decisively prove that this was the general mode at the time I have stated, it being itself the oldest Welsh inscription extant, since the adoption of the Roman alphabet. I trust, therefore, I may claim some indulgence in the endeavour to establish my case from mss. of the eleventh and twelfth centuries.



The want of divisions between the words may be equally observed of Roman inscriptions; and Dr. Owen Pughe, from whose valuable researches I borrow my materials, shews, in the first of his examples, (*Welsh Grammar*, oct. edit. p. 7,) that this was the case in the earliest mss. Before proceeding to the philological proofs, it will be necessary for me to state how I would read this inscribed stone, the upper, i. e. the preceding part, being wanting:

|         |   |              |   |            |
|---------|---|--------------|---|------------|
| Potenia | } | I take to be | { | Bôd yn yna |
| Malher, |   |              |   | Mael Hir.  |

If so, this is a portion of the monumental inscription of Mael Hir, or "the Tall." There was an Armorican saint who accompanied Cadvan to Wales, in the early part of the sixth century: but although the Latin epitaph in the churchyard of Towyn, in Merionethshire, copied by Edward Lhuyd for Bishop Gibson, may, perhaps, be allowed to Cadvan, and the small distance of Tregaron from that place induce an idea that the inscription here offered should be attributed to his companion, there is nothing to show that he had the distinctive epithet of Hir. This, according to Welsh History, was conferred on Mael, the son of Menwaed, who lived at the same period, and was renowned as a chief of cavalry. It should further be recollected, that Arthur, the son of Meirig ab Tewdrig, whom he served, was a Silurian prince, who, from his superior abilities and bravery, was called by the states of his country to exercise sovereign power, in order to oppose the progress of the Saxons, and who lost his life at the battle of Camlan, in Somersetshire, in 542. He celebrated in poetry his three equestrian chieftains, in the following lines:



“Lo! these are my three battle horsemen:  
Mael the Tall, Llyr of numerous host,  
And the pillar of Wales, Caradoc.”

Now, the churchyard of Towyn is in the district which belonged to the Ordovices; while that of Tregaron, though lying within the territory of the Dimetæ, was near the borders of Siluria, and not above twice the distance from Monmouthshire, where resided Arthur's father, than from the former place. If these premises be allowed, we obtain, by inference, the historical fact that, Mael the Tall was buried at Tregaron.

In treating the subject philologically, the best mode seems to be, to take each word separately.

POT for BÔD.

In the Black Book of Caermarthen, a ms. of the tenth or eleventh century, we have *p* for *b*, as *Hep haut* for *Heb hawdd*. *T* for *d* is of constant occurrence, as *Nit* for *Nid*, *Dat* for *Dad*, &c.

EN for YN.

In a copy of the Welsh laws of the twelfth century, we find *enelle* put for *yn y lle*.

INA for YNA.

In the Black Book of Caermarthen is the passage, *Dricun i mynit avonit igniw*, which in modern style would be *Drychin y mynydd avonydd yn ngniv*.

MAL for MAEL.

I am not able to produce an example exactly in point, though, possibly, there may be many, but must depend on analogy. In an old ms. at Cambridge, entitled *Juvenus*, we have two consecutive vowels expressed by one, as we find *Mitelu* used for *Vy nheulu*.

HER for HIR.

An example of *e* for *y* has already been given; and, probably, others could be found where it expressed *ï*, though my limited authorities do not permit me so to do.

I have been tempted to offer these remarks by the hope that they may not altogether be useless in the illustration of the history and literature of Wales.

In your last number of the *Cambrian Quarterly*, some questions are asked by the gentleman who signs himself *Mynyddawc*, relative to the form of the “four-pointed helmet,” which *Aneurin* has attributed to the Saxons. If he will have the goodness to turn to “the

costume of the original inhabitants of the British isles," he will find an engraving of it in Plate xxiii., from an illuminated ms. in the Harleian library, of the eighth century, and of another worn by the Franks in the ninth. In that work, which was jointly edited by Major Smith and myself, all has been published that the most industrious search could collect.

I happen to possess a piece of glass, on which the following has been painted, in the time of Queen Elizabeth :

GVILL  
PRYTHERGH  
L.L. DOCTOR  
ANNO D<sup>NI</sup> 1596  
ÆTATIS SVÆ 55.

Perhaps some of your correspondents may be able to point out who Dr. William Prydderch was, as I know not whence this piece of glass originally came, and that would render the age here given, of value, in a genealogical point of view.

I take my leave, by observing that the inscribed stone which is the subject of this letter, is carefully preserved in the ante-chapel at Goodrich court, Herefordshire, and by subscribing myself,

Yours, respectfully,

20, *Cadogan place* ; Feb. 4, 1830.

SAMUEL R. MEYRICK.

LLAM.

*A Poem in Two Cantos.*

CANTO I.

—  
" He was the son of Gorboduo,  
And was a boy of monstrous pluck."  
Gog.

—

In the brave days of Prince Llewelyn,  
Wales was a pleasant land to dwell in ;  
The men and horses fed in clover,  
They drank till they were half-seas-over.  
'Tis true, they had to fight a little,  
But what cared they ? 'twas for their victual.  
The men, all valiant, lov'd a riot,  
But now, they'd rather far be quiet ;  
The ladies, now, are wiser grown ;  
Blue-stockings then were things unknown ;  
They couldn't write, nor read, nor spell ;  
They mix'd the flumm'ry just as well.



For my part, I don't much admire  
 This march of intellectual fire ;  
 Our very shoeblacks now can quote,  
 They know the poets all by wrote ;  
 Brats in their pinnars talk, with *naïveté*,  
 Of alcohol's specific gravity :  
 Our dinner 's spoil'd, because the cook  
 Has pick'd up Dr. ———'s book ;  
 She talks of temp'rance, and, alas !  
 Has quite discarded Mrs. Glass !

Reader, forgive this long prologue,  
 Digressions now are much in vogue.

'The story goes, that old King Llew,  
 'Mongst other things, had a nephew,  
 A well-grown youth, a thorough giant,  
 Athletic, active, stout, and pliant.  
 I'm sorry I forget his name,  
 But in Wynne's History you'll find the same.  
 His uncle, wishing to be kind,  
 Got him a squire to his mind,  
 A giant, too ; birds of a feather  
 Are ever known to flock together :  
 He is the hero of my story,  
 Llam was his name ; his passion, glory.  
 Llam was a likely lad ; in sooth,  
 He was a very sprightly youth ;  
 And, for six years, he bravely fought,  
 As squires for their masters ought.  
 But, fighting for his uncle Llew,  
 His master fell ; his retinue,  
 And sorrowing Llam, were pension'd off,  
 Grieving their livery to doff :  
 However, Llew gave Llam a dwelling,  
 And garden, fill'd with herbs, sweet smelling.  
 Llam grew as happy as a king ;  
 The times were peaceful, he could sing ;  
 And then he had his rustic seat  
 Outside the door. 'Twas quite a treat,  
 On summer eve, to see Llam there,  
 His three large greyhounds by his chair ;  
 These dogs, Llwm, Lledven, and Udo,  
 To see them eat was quite a show ;  
 Pikelets and coffee was their food,  
 And, I've no doubt, it did them good.  
 Reader, you stare ! but it is true  
 That coffee then in Cambria grew,  
 Ay, and most plentifully too !  
 The churlish Saxons cut the trees down  
 Before Llewelyn got his seed sown.\*

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\* I don't believe they'd coffee trees  
 In Wales ; but I will ask *Ap Rces*.

But to return to Llam's estate ;  
 (Sorrow must come, or soon or late ;)  
 He'd never known what 'twas to want,  
 So soon became extravagant.  
 And, here, I'd warn all pretty ladies  
 Whose bill at Hamlet's not yet paid is,  
 All beaux who Tattersall's frequent,  
 Yet scarce find cash to pay their rent,  
 That they who buy what they don't want,  
 Will soon want much, which buy they can't.  
 Not that Llam went to Hamlet's shop,  
 Or Tattersall's ; he was no fop ;  
 But what with *cwrw*, and his hounds,  
 He quickly got through some few pounds ;  
 And poverty, with visage grim,  
 Op'd wide the door and grinn'd at him.  
 He went to court, to get redress,  
 And found them in a pretty mess :  
 Old Llew grew poor, and could'nt give  
 His subjects wherewithal to live ;  
 He made some words at Llam's entreaty,  
 So Llam took buff, and said, "I quit ye !  
 When on the field you pitch your tent,  
 This shabby treatment you'll repent ;  
 The giants now are dying fast ;  
 This peaceful time long cannot last ;  
 Your forces are not over strong ;  
 You'll miss stout Llam before it's long !"

Llewelyn turn'd it in his mind,  
 And felt to compromise inclined.  
 "Pooh ! man, don't mind a hasty sentence ;  
 Folks mus'n't say that you are sent hence,  
 Because your king 's too poor to keep ye ;  
 Come, stay awhile, don't look so sleepy ;  
 Here, my good lad, here, take my purse ;  
 You may go farther and fare worse."  
 But old King Llew, foud, to his cost,  
 That Llam had not his gizzard lost ;  
 He turn'd about ; went through the door,  
 And left the purse upon the floor.  
 While on the threshold Llam still lingers,  
 The prince Llewelyn snapp'd his fingers :  
 " Well, let him go ! the mulish elf !  
 I don't care two-pence for't myself :  
 If he's determin'd to do so,  
 He'd better go, he'd better go !  
 In England, he won't get much prog ;  
 They use a Welshman like a dog !"  
 Meanwhile, Llam trudg'd on, sick at heart :  
 Was it for this he'd ta'en a part  
 In his king's feuds ! his country's broils !  
 In tourneys, turn-outs, and turmoils !

Llam turn'd : a tear was in his eye ;  
 He turn'd to wish his land good-by ;

He knelt him down upon the ground,  
While his three greyhounds stood around :  
Llam slapp'd his heart, and wip'd his eye,  
Then blew his nose and heav'd a sigh !

“ Oh, fare thee well, my beauteous land,  
Land of my pride, adieu !  
My stops are to a foreign strand,  
My heart still dwells with you.  
Oh ! let me wander where I will,  
'Thou'rt still my bosom's pride ;  
Mem'ry shall lead me back again,  
To my own mountain's side !

“ Oh, who shall say if ere again  
My feet shall wander back,  
To where the young kid climbs with glee,  
The lofty mountain track !  
Brightly the sun is shining,  
Ah, my lovely vale !  
The flow'ret's bloom is pining  
For evening's fresh'ning gale !

“ Look thus, look thus, endearing !  
When next thy charms I see ;  
Welcome with smiles thus checring,  
'The wand'rer back to thee.  
Thou'lt not greet me with sadness,  
My much-lov'd home !  
I'll welcome thee with gladness,  
Ne'er more to roam !”

Upon his heart Llam stuck a leek ;  
A little English he could speak :  
He was too poor to take a chaise,\*  
But got to London in twelve days ;  
Travelling then was rather slow,  
The “ Wonder” hadn't begun to go,  
'The ruts were deep ; in short, the fact is,  
Mr. M'Adam didn't practise.  
Llam didn't like the looks of London,  
He almost thought that he was undone ;  
He couldn't see himself or dogs,  
For the dense smoke, and denser fogs.  
The cockneys took him for a wild man,  
And ev'ry mother for her child ran ;  
But, by and by, they found that he  
Didn't wish to taste their progeny ;

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\* This writer's ignorance amazes,  
I'm sure they'd no such things as chaises.  
—Printer's devil.

They got him into conversation,  
 And then he scorned the imputation.  
 He wouldn't touch a smoky child;  
 He was a Welsh man, not a wild.  
 Then were such grins, and such grimaces,  
 Such pulling bells, and pulling faces:  
 "Vell, do you know this feller here  
 Is Velsh? vy, I had no idear!"  
 When Llam became a little known,  
 He, strange to say, grew quite the *ton*.  
 London's the place for notoriety,  
 London's the place for sweet variety;  
 They'll set an idol up on Sunday,  
 And kick it down the following Monday.

Grandeers, on Llam, soon came to call,  
 And asked him to a splendid ball;  
 He went, to dissipate his gloom;  
 And, as he saunter'd up the room,  
 A lord, who wish'd to be polite,  
 Said, "pray, sir, don't you dance to-night?  
 This lady is my eldest daughter."  
 (The lady was convulsed with laughter,)  
 "Dance with a Welshman! Oh! good la!  
 "Sure you can't mean it, dear papa!"  
 Thus spoke aloud the pretty scorner,  
 And Llam, abash'd, slunk in a corner.  
 The men, all jealous of his height,  
 Quizzed him, and laugh'd with all their might;  
 The ladies thought his beard too long,  
 And begg'd he'd sing them a Welsh song:  
 And Llam, quite tir'd of his fame,  
 Was very glad when supper came.  
 The supper was a goodly sight,  
 Llam eyed the viands with delight;  
 Yet, as he gazed, he heaved a sigh,  
 To think there was no flummery.  
 None could complain of lack of eatables,  
 For smoking dishes cover'd three tables.  
 Llam eat and drank whatever pleas'd him,  
 And car'd no more for those who teas'd him.  
 "Kings may be drunk, but Llam was glorious,"  
 And shortly he grew quite uproarious,  
 And, elevated with the sack,  
 Slapp'd princes royal on the back;  
 His tricks afforded much diversion,  
 Till, quite worn out with his exertion,  
 Upon a bench his head he bow'd,  
 And soon began to snore aloud.  
 'Twas pity he did not awake,  
 For soon was heard a voice which spake;  
 ("Hiccup,) Beware! beware, I cry!  
 Take heed (hiccup,) of that Welsh spy:  
 He's here, (hiccup,) with bad intent;  
 I warrant, by the Welsh king sent;

There's 'smould'ring anger' on his brow,  
'Dull mysticism' in his bow;  
Mark'd you, (hie.,) how he hugg'd his leek,  
And how he bolted that beef's cheek;  
If you mark'd this, you will not surely,  
Let the tall rascal sleep securely!"  
"No!" shouted all these Saxon men,  
"We'll have the dog to the dog's den!"  
So Llam was bound, and off they bore him,  
His yelping dogs led on before him.  
Llam's British blood began to boil,  
When he awoke in all this coil!  
He thought on what his prince had told him,  
And kick'd, till they could scarcely hold him;  
But all his kicking was in vain,  
Llam could not break an iron chain!

They fasten'd him down to the dungeon floor,  
And his three dogs, too; they fasten'd all four;  
They said nor him, nor his dogs, they'd slaughter,  
But they should all live on bread and water.  
The dogs looked up in their master's face,  
And doubtless thought it a cruel case.  
And here suppose, after all this riot,  
We leave our hero snug and quiet.

Reader, I fear you've had enough  
Of this abominable stuff;  
But if it has caus'd one merry smile,  
You must not call the writer vile.  
For ye, who idly glance it o'er,  
Just cut the leaves, and nothing more,  
I have advice, which may apply  
To all the "Cambrian Quarterly,"  
*It does his sense but little credit,  
Who dares condemn, ere he has read it!*

ISEL.

END OF CANTO I.

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## SKETCH FROM THE IRISH BAR.\*

MR. PETER BURROWES.

THE ancient Egyptians had a law, which ordained that the actions and characters of their dead should be solemnly canvassed before certain judges, in order to regulate what was due to their memory. No quality, however exalted, no abilities, however eminent, could exempt the possessors from this last and impartial trial. To ingenuous minds this must have been a powerful incentive in the pursuit of virtue, and a strong restraint on the most abandoned in their career of vice. Modern sketch-writing has improved upon this practice, for, while it leaves unnoticed the vulgar crowd, who merely eat and drink, sleep and die, it rescues from oblivion the generous actions of those who, within their appropriate sphere, have served the interests of their country, and promoted the happiness of mankind. Nothing can be more useful than to portray living character, because it increases our acquaintance with human nature; and less extensively perhaps, but more strikingly, conveys that valuable knowledge of the habits and passions of our species, which it has been the proud object of more serious history to impart. The periodicals of the present day, which have done such signal service to the literature of England, availing themselves of the attractions held out by this pleasing mode of writing, have honourably perpetuated the virtues and talents of many distinguished men, which must otherwise have been buried in forgetfulness.

It has often surprised me, that, in the series of beautiful sketches from the Irish bar, which have long formed one of the chief attractions in the pages of the *New Monthly*, the eminent individual whose name is prefixed to this paper, has been hitherto unnoticed. Plunket and Bushe obtained the first and second places; Burrowes could fairly lay claim to the third. He was their early friend, their most formidable competitor in the career of fame, hardly inferior to either in ability, and certainly surpassed by none in purity of intention and rectitude of conduct; and though his professional life may not have been so fortunate or brilliant as that of his distinguished compeers, it has been fully as creditable to himself and useful to his country.

Peter Burrowes was born in Portarlington, Queen's county, and studied in the University of Dublin, of which he became a scholar,

biography of Mr. Burrowes has appeared in a provincial periodical. The present paper is a transcript, with alterations by the author.

and where he acquired other honourable distinctions. In the Historical Society, since, by Provost Elrington, most infamously suppressed, he was a distinguished speaker. Amongst men of no ordinary cast of mind, by early culture, and, what is infinitely more serviceable, by constant collision with keen and watchful adversaries, his wits were sharpened, and his oratorical talents polished and improved. Plunket and Burrowes were at the Temple together, and on the most intimate terms of friendship. He has been heard to say, that so intense a student was Plunket, that he could not be prevailed on to quit his books for the purpose of attending the debates in the House of Commons; and that, too, at a time when the world was teeming with astonishing events, when the theme for discussion was a mighty one, and handled too by mighty men. His early application was in the end splendidly rewarded.

Mr. Burrowes, on returning to Ireland, was called to the bar, and, like every Irish lawyer of his day, soon became a politician: his views were liberal and patriotic, and he avowed them: they were not exactly palatable to the existing government, nor likely to recommend him to their favor; his chance of promotion was, therefore, distant, his professional prospects somewhat cheerless: but, nevertheless, actuated by the noblest principles and by the purest motives, he lent a helping hand to what he believed to be a glorious work, and struggled to the last with his illustrious associates in opposing measures which he thought fatal to the independence of his country, the adoption of which, however, no human eloquence could prevent or retard. He naturally associated with those whose political sentiments he supposed to be in unison with his own, and thus it was that he became intimately acquainted with the celebrated Wolfe Tone. That extraordinary man, in his memoirs, extols the character, recounts the number and intensity of the private virtues, and applauds the public spirit, of Burrowes; declaring he had but one fault, and that was, that in his political principles he did not go far enough. The fact was, he associated with such men as Tone, because he believed them to be influenced by the same constitutional and enlightened views as were his own; but the moment he discovered the desperate tendency of their political opinions, he withdrew altogether from their dangerous society: he never was a furious revolutionist, or a factious partisan: he loved liberty, and therefore he clung to British connexion; he hated tyranny, and therefore he resisted France. The signal failure of Tone's project of invasion is known to all: he was captured, exultingly dragged in chains to Dublin, tried in a summary manner by court-martial, and sentenced to be hanged, being sternly refused an honourable death, which, as a French general, he had hoped to obtain. That particular period was the gloomiest epoch in Irish history, despondency or terror had seized

upon the minds of all. The political adherents and partisans of Tone deserted and disowned him; one out of a thousand examples of the surprising change which a man's misfortunes work in the affections, or even recollections, of his former friends. This guilty but unhappy man had been unconstitutionally tried, and illegally condemned. At such a time, who would be so desperate as to impeach the justice or correctness of a mode of trial, instituted under the directions of a powerful ministry and a triumphant party? The attempt could scarcely be successful, and must inevitably expose the individuals who engaged in it to obloquy and resentment. Nevertheless Mr. Burrowes, uniting his exertions to those of Mr. Curran, nobly endeavoured to save the life, or at least procrastinate the death, of one whom he had known in happier days, but upon whom the world now looked coldly. A habeas corpus was obtained, suicide prevented the operation of the writ! The particulars of this sad scene of mortal suffering, so touching and so afflicting, are beautifully told in the memoirs of Curran by his son. I should not have introduced the melancholy subject here, but that I conceived the conduct of Mr. Burrowes on that memorable occasion places his character in the fairest point of view; and exhibits proof of a friendship, exalted and pure, such as no man who admires the excellencies of our nature can contemplate without true delight.

Perhaps the most excellent of his professional speeches was that delivered before a committee of the Irish House of Commons, in 1796. Peckwell's Cases present no such instance as the following of extraordinary or extravagant bribery; a species of bribery, too, without a precedent in the annals of corruption. Hutchinson, a lawyer,\* the first, I believe, of the Donoughmores, was appointed provost of the University of Dublin, and conceiving the ambitious project of returning his son to parliament as member for that body, resolved that, so far as money or patronage could effect it, no impediment should prevent the accomplishment of his wishes. Assisted by these powerful auxiliaries, he fondly hoped that there was no proud spirit which he could not bend to his wicked purposes; no opposition, however bitter, which he could not soften; no integrity so inflexible that he could not finally subdue. He commenced accordingly; and, to do justice to the memory of that pious provost, every engine of corruption was employed; every project, no matter how villanous, which practised chicanery could suggest, was attempted: he filled the University with cabals, and converted the peaceful retreat of learning into a noisy market for the purchase and sale of votes. I can conceive no more flagitious perversion of authority than that which this

\* Since the time of Hutchinson, none but a fellow of the college has been appointed to the high office of provost.



man's scandalous practices exhibited. Appointed by the government of his country to an office of the very highest importance, he employs the patronage with which he is invested, not to reward merit or to encourage perseverance, but to promote perjury and recompense baseness: he laid snares to entrap the youth of the University, and waged war against their virtue: a second Sir Giles Overreach, he went every length that he might bear his son proclaimed a "right honourable." Of course, such a man did incalculable mischief: he imposed upon the weak, awed the timid, the covetous he bribed. To the honour of human nature, he was not universally successful: he encountered many who could not be tempted by their poverty to betray their conscience; who nobly spurned his offers, and despised his threats. With one individual\* whom mere money could not gain over, he resorted to an expedient of singular enormity: this gentleman had already sat twice for a fellowship without success; and on the eve of the third examination, when broken down with intense study, dejected in spirits, and almost filled with despair, just at this critical moment the worthy provost made an attempt to seduce him from his honour. The proposal, though infamous, was certainly tempting: it was simply this; that if Millar would promise to vote for his son, he would give him a list of all the questions which he meant to ask at the fellowship examination, by which method, as Mr. Burrowes remarked, a docile parrot might appear wiser than Sir Isaac Newton. This basest of all bribes was indignantly rejected: Millar preferred the prospect of honourable poverty, to the certainty of wealth and dignity purchased at so dear a price. He had his reward: the examination for fellowship is a public one, and his splendid answering ensured his election. These facts Millar proved in his evidence before the committee. Such events were brilliant topics for the display of oratorical power: the picture of human nature which that contested election exhibited were strikingly diversified; it was darkened with the meanest vices, and brightened with the most exalted virtues. If one youth fell a victim to corruption, another triumphed over its pernicious influence; if one fell down and worshipped the golden calf, another trampled the idol beneath his feet. The struggles of youthful conscience, the machinations of hoary villany, literature dishonoured, science insulted, and religion disgraced, with the proud criminal impudently braving consequences; these were no ordinary topics, and they required to be handled by no ordinary man. Nobly did Mr. Burrowes discharge his arduous duty: his closing speech, commenting on the evidence and the various bearings of that singular case, was a happy and successful effort, an excellent specimen of pure and manly eloquence: it is replete with the

\* This gentleman is the Rev. Doctor Millar, master of the endowed school of Armagh, now far advanced in years, and universally respected.

finest conceptions, with glowing combinations of thought, accompanied by freshness of imagery and classic illustration, which imparts to it a peculiar charm; it far exceeds Lord Plunket's speech delivered in the same case.

I am convinced that had Mr. Burrowes entered the imperial parliament, he would have surpassed the generality of his countrymen who have obtained seats in that house. He possesses the chief requisites for senatorial eloquence, simplicity and power being the characteristics of his style. By the besetting sin of modern oratory, that of talking for talking sake, he has never been infected, rationally considering that copiousness of diction or richness of imagery are but poor substitutes for that strength and compactness of style, that close and connected reasoning, which alone can now ensure an orator's reputation. Those speakers signalized for their prolixity, and consequently for their feebleness, appear to be governed by an ambition of a very humble character; for, like the country couple described by Goldsmith,

"They simply seek renown,  
By holding out to tire each other down."

It has been ingeniously observed concerning Messrs. Bushe and Burrowes, that the latter seemed lost in a little subject, where the graceful manner and ready eloquence of Mr. Bushe shone forth most conspicuously. It requires a large subject to develop the mental faculties of Mr. Burrowes; something to warm his feelings and stir his sympathies; a great constitutional question, for example, involving the dearest rights and liberties of his countrymen. Perhaps this failing, if it can be so called, might not have been detrimental in a parliamentary capacity; as the individuals who have been considered the most effective speakers in the senate are not those smooth and facile gentlemen ever prepared to deliver, on common-place topics, neat sayings in rounded periods: those destined to govern in a popular assembly must be of another mould; taste in composition and propriety of language, though useful auxiliaries, will not of themselves ensure success, nor atone for feeble reasoning and superficial information. Power, not nicety of expression, is the grand requisite for a parliamentary speaker; power to discuss and to refute, to bear down opposition, and, pressing hard upon his adversaries, to contrast their weakness with his own strength, exhibiting on some questions of vast national importance wide and enlightened views, with the prophetic wisdom of a far-looking mind. If such a man deliver his opinions in forcible language, inaccuracies of expression will be readily overlooked. I conclude, then, that Mr. Burrowes, like his friend Lord Plunket, would have been more likely than Chief Justice Bushe to have acquired fame in the British senate.

It should not be forgotten, that he was a conspicuous member

of the Irish parliament immediately prior to its dissolution. The speech which he delivered in reply to the late Lord Castlereagh, in the ever memorable debate upon the union, fully equalled the efforts of Plunket and Grattan on the same momentous question: it evinced a thorough acquaintance with the fundamental principles of the constitution, and a just conception of the rightful privileges of the people. He did not content himself with arguing the question coldly and metaphysically: he was deeply moved, and, throwing his whole soul into the subject, he poured forth the undisguised feelings of his heart; the noblest sentiments fell from his lips, and, coupled with the irresistible simplicity of his manners, produced a powerful effect. He chastised the young lord for his wanton aspersion of the character of Mr. Grattan, in a strain of nervous and indignant eloquence which has rarely been surpassed. The insertion of the concluding sentences may not be considered inappropriate:

“I feel but little, any portion of the noble lord’s obloquy which may attach to me or my humble efforts; but I own, I cannot repress my indignation at the audacious boldness of calumny which would asperse one of the most exalted characters which any nation ever produced, and that, too, in a country which owes its liberties and its greatness to the energy of his exertions, and in the very house which has so often been the theatre of his glorious labours and splendid achievements. I remember that man, the theme of universal panegyric; the wonder and the boast of Ireland, for his genius and virtue. His name silenced the sceptic upon the reality of genuine patriotism: to doubt the purity of his motives was a heresy which no tongue dared to utter; envy was lost in admiration; and even those whose crimes he scourged, blended exalted praises with the murmurs of resentment. He covered our unfledged constitution with the ample wings of his talents, as the eagle covers her young; like her he soared, and like her he could behold the rays whether of royal favor or royal anger, with undazzled, unintimidated eye. If, according to Demosthenes, to grow with the growth, and decay with the decline of our country, be the true criterion of a good citizen, how infinitely did this man, even in the moment of his lowest depression, surpass those upstart patriots who only become visible when their country vanishes. Sir, there is something most singularly curious, and, according to my estimation of things, enviable, in the fate of this great man: his character and his consequence are, as it were, vitally interwoven with the greatness of his country; the one cannot be high and the other low; the one cannot stand, and the other perish. This was so well understood by those who have so long meditated to put down the constitution of Ireland, that, feeling they could not subdue, they have incessantly laboured to calumniate her most vigilant and ablest champion. They appealed to every unguarded prejudice, to every assailable weakness of a ge-

nerous but credulous people, they watched every favorable moment of irritation or of terror, to pour in the detested passion of calumny. Sir, it will be found on a retrospect of Ireland since 1782, that her liberties never received a wound that a correspondent stab was not inflicted at his character; and when it was vainly hoped that his imperishable fame was laid in the dust, the times were deemed ripe for the extinction of our constitution. Sir, these impious labourers cannot finally succeed; glory and liberty are not easily effaced; Grattan and the constitution will survive the storm!"

After the union, Mr. Burrowes was engaged in the extensive practice of his profession, and in 1803 was called on, in his legal capacity, to perform a most melancholy duty. The circumstances of Emmet's insurrection, or, more properly speaking, riot, are generally known. After that misguided youth was betrayed into the hands of the government, he applied to Mr. Curran to act for him as counsel at his approaching trial; this was peremptorily refused. Emmet's romantic attachment to Curran's daughter was notorious; he had dearly proved the strength of his "early affection's vow," for it was in attempting to take a last farewell of the object of his enthusiastic love that he was arrested. Mr. Curran was suspected of favoring his revolutionary principles, and, thus delicately circumstanced, his declining to appear as counsel for Emmet was, perhaps, pardonable. Plunket was then solicitor general, and, possibly, the generality of the bar might not be over anxious to signalize themselves in defence of the young rebel. In this calamitous situation, the unhappy but intrepid youth applied to Peter Burrowes: with alacrity he accepted the office of his counsel, but was spared the trouble of making any unavailing speech in his defence. When the trial came on, the crown lawyers spoke long, and somewhat vindictively, against the prisoner. Plunket exposed the folly of this wild adventure in a laboured and sarcastic speech; for which he has been unfairly calumniated, his enemies saying that he was the early and intimate friend of Emmet, an assertion which was totally false; however, even the most stubborn loyalist must admit, that his speech on that occasion was a *little* unnecessary. After the crown lawyers were exhausted, Mr. Burrowes rose to speak, when his unfortunate though undaunted client, laying his hand upon his shoulder, pressed him to his seat, observing, that he was conscious of Mr. Burrowes's zeal and intrepidity, but that he should not harass himself in making unavailing exertions on behalf of one whose fate was already sealed. When asked, "had he any thing to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him?" he answered, "I have nothing to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon me, but I have much to say why sentence of infamy should not be attached to it." His pathetic but manly appeal thrilled every heart, and drew tears from every eye. Lord Norbury was alone unmoved, but this was as it should be, for it is an unseemly

thing to behold the gravity of a judge discomposed, or his mind unsettled by the intrusion of any silly sympathetic or idle regrets. Mr. Burrowes has not yet learned to speak of this tragical event without emotion. He recounts an anecdote which strikingly exhibits the chivalrous devotion of Emmet's attachment to Miss Curran: when he heard that her residence was to be subjected to the indignity of a search after treasonable papers, he wrote to the Secretary of State offering to plead guilty forthwith, provided the government would spare the feelings of Miss Curran, and abstain from the commission of the intended insult. There exists no individual for whose splendid talents Mr. Burrowes entertains so high respect as Lord Plunket's, and yet I have heard him declare that Emmet's defence, as a piece of powerful eloquence, infinitely surpassed the professional efforts of the distinguished men by whom that prosecution was conducted. It must not be supposed that he has ever even hinted that the punishment of Emmet was unjust; on the contrary, it is while he condemns the rashness and criminality of his Quixotic enterprise, that the recollection of his talents, his courage, and his love, excite feelings of tenderness, and pity for his untimely fate.

About the year 1805, Mr. Burrowes was appointed one of the counsel to the revenue, a situation then attended with considerable emoluments. Shortly after, when the party whose principles he had espoused went out of office, he also resigned, although his place had never been considered a political one, and although his circumstances could but ill afford so great a sacrifice. This voluntary resignation of several thousands a year, which, to many gentlemen of the profession, might appear inconsiderate, or even romantic, proceeded from an anxiety, perhaps too sensitive, to preserve his political character from the charge of cupidity or vacillation.

Among the many excellent professional speeches of Mr. Burrowes, that delivered in the trial of Robinson, for bigamy, will perhaps be found most attractive. It is a beautiful narrative of facts, rendered peculiarly touching by its unaffected simplicity. The circumstances of the case were unusually afflicting: the criminal, reduced to the lowest extremity in point of health and fortune, introduced himself to a Mr. Berry, an eminent solicitor in Dublin, and, by the plausibility of his manner, prevailed upon him, not only to undertake several almost hopeless suits, but to supply him with the means of existence; and finally induced his unsuspecting benefactor to admit him beneath his roof. Mr. Berry had a daughter, young and lovely; he could have entertained no suspicions of the infamous designs of his perfidious client, knowing him to be a married man, and, moreover, mean in appearance, and shattered in constitution. What followed can be shortly told: through means the most unaccountable, he acquired

a fatal influence over this young lady's mind, and prevailed upon her to consent to a private marriage, and then, Wakefield-like, seemed perfectly contented, and returned, with his victim, to reside as a stranger in her father's house. At length, the unnatural union was discovered, and a prosecution was the consequence. The singular excellence of Mr. Burrowes's speech on this occasion is, that the advocate, though seemingly giving but a plain statement of facts, is, in reality, making a most pathetic appeal to the feelings of the jury, and taking the surest means of enlisting their sympathies on his side; thus proving that he thoroughly understood the difficult art of forensic eloquence: that language, and manner, natural and unaffected, will win the favor of a jury, while to besiege them with unnatural combinations of words, or to dazzle their minds with pompous phrases, will assuredly defeat the ends which the advocate hopes to accomplish.

The trial of Dr. Sheridan, under the Convention Act, passed in Ireland in 1793, and involving, as it did, the invaluable right of petitioning, created universal interest. Mr. Burrowes's defence of that gentleman has long been considered one of the best specimens of legal and constitutional reasoning extant: like his other speeches, it is free from false ornament; it is classical, convincing, and condensed. The student may perhaps be induced, from what has been said, to examine the speeches of Mr. Burrowes: he will not find in them either the contemptuous sarcasm of Plunket, or the sparkling wit of Curran; but incessant irony displeases; and though to discover remote and beautiful analogies strikes the imagination, yet it fails to satisfy the yearnings of the mind, which demands and requires something more solid and enduring. It is not, I conceive, extravagant praise, to compare the speeches of this gentleman with Lord Erskine's, those exquisite models of forensic eloquence: they are alike distinguished for force and energy, fulness of sentiment, clearness of thought, and vigor of style; they are alike the productions of men of acute and comprehensive understandings, who seem to have laboured successfully among the ancients, the fathers of literature, and to have caught up the exalted spirit which animates their writings, and imbued their minds with that nervous, yet chastened eloquence, which will render *them* famous to the end of time.

In private life, there never was an individual more universally respected than the subject of this sketch, or one whose society was more eagerly coveted. To young men, his conversation is peculiarly attractive: in no respect dogmatical or dictatorial; he will unreservedly communicate the most interesting anecdotes of Grattan and Flood, honoured names! and other eminent characters of his times, with all of whom he was intimately acquainted. He must have been a dangerous rival to contend with in his younger days, for even now, though the freshness of youth is



somewhat worn off, a lovely girl will avert her bright eyes from her prozing partner to lend an attentive ear to his more rational and animated converse. He is an invaluable companion on an excursion to roam over the Wicklow hills, and explore the sequestered glens of that romantic country: possessing, as he does, a keen relish for the beauties of nature, and bearing little accidents without repining, he promotes every innocent amusement, and without evincing an exuberance of animal spirits, which might be unbecoming in one of his years and station, he is uniformly so cheerful and so joyous that a young man is almost ashamed of appearing dull in his presence.

The young aspirant for professional distinction may contemplate the character and fortune of Mr. Burrowes not without advantage. He will find that, in a free country, a manly avowal of his principles, and a consistent adherence to them, will not constitute a perpetual bar to advancement;\* and that, in the end, an enlightened government will be more likely to reward and to confide in that man whose interest could not tempt him to swerve from his honours, than the lawyer who changes his principles with every administration, and who is ever ready to display the strength of his attachment to "the powers that be," by engaging in practices disreputable and mean, and hostile to the liberties of his country.

I would just add, Mr. Burrowes bears some resemblance to that British statesman, whose character he admired most, and whose memory he most reveres, Charles James Fox. I mean not, for it would be worse than flattery, to ascribe to Mr. Burrowes that extent of information, greatness of soul, or splendor of abilities, which belonged to the departed patriot: I allude merely to their private virtues. The closing remarks of Mr. Hazlitt, in his beautiful sketch of the celebrated statesman, are descriptive of Mr. Burrowes *to the very life*: "He was superior to every kind of jealousy, of suspicion, of malevolence, to every narrow and sordid motive; he was perfectly above every species of duplicity, of low art and cunning; he judged of every thing in the downright sincerity of his nature, without being able to impose upon himself by any hollow disguise, or to lend his support to any thing unfair or dishonourable; he had an innate love of truth, of justice, of probity, of whatever was generous or liberal: neither his education nor his connexions, nor his situation in life, nor the low intrigues and virulence of party, could ever alter the simplicity of his taste, nor the candid openness of his nature: there was an elastic force about his heart, a freshness of social feeling, a warm, glowing humanity, which remained unimpaired to the last: he was by nature a gentleman." W.

\* Mr. Burrowes has held, for some years past, the situation of Commissioner of the Insolvent Court, an office attended with considerable emoluments.

THE SONG OF RHYS AB OWAIN.\*

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“Which shall I first bewail,  
 Thy bondage or lost sight,  
 Prison within prison,  
 Inseparably dark?” MILTON.

“He, the love  
 Of many hearts! the fondly reared, the fair,  
 Gladdening all eyes to see; and fettered there!”  
 MRS. HEMANS.

---

SLOWLY the evening shadows fall  
 On yonder dungeon's noisome wall;  
 Unmark'd they fall; those captives pale  
 No more may see the daylight fail;  
 The vengeful Saxon's savage might  
 Has spoil'd those once fair orbs of light;  
 Youthful and lovely are the pair  
 Who droop in hopeless darkness there;  
 Not fourteen summers' suns have shed  
 Their lustre on that fair boy's head,  
 And scarce more manly is the face  
 Of yon tall youth, whose falt'ring pace  
 Betrays the anguish, still and deep,  
 That longs, but is ashamed, to weep.  
 Sudden he checks his short career,  
 Cadwallon's moan has reach'd his ear;  
 He takes his harp, and sadly sings,  
 And faintly strikes the yielding strings;  
 How chang'd its tone, since the young minstrel's hand  
 Wak'd the wild echoes of his mountain land!

Oh! dark and cheerless is the tomb,  
 And dark and drear the dungeon's gloom,  
 And dark the deep'ning shades that lie  
 On age's dim and closing eye:  
 Yet, to the tomb's lone dweller clings  
 No mem'ry fond of brighter things:  
 To cheer the captive's tedious day  
 Some wand'ring sunbeam finds its way;  
 The aged make but little moan,  
 For those they car'd to see are gone:

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\* Henry II., foiled in his most vigorous attack on the independence of Wales, in a barbarous ebullition of revenge, caused his Welsh hostages (among whom were the two sons of Owain Gwynedd,) to be immediately deprived of sight.—*Cambrian Plutarch*.



But wo for youthful eyes, whose light  
Is quench'd in dull and hopeless night,  
And youthful hearts, that pining dwell  
Within the captive's dreary cell:  
It would not still my ceaseless pain  
To watch the sunlight gild my chain,  
I only crave one minute's space,  
To see my own Cadwallon's face.  
Alas! I feel thy burning tears  
My trembling harp-chords steep;  
Thy stifled wail is in my ears,  
Sweet brother, do not weep.

Thy slender fingers' clammy grasp  
Affrights me, as its thrilling clasp  
From my firm hold seems half to glide  
As our lost mother's ere she died;  
Oh, I have yet one wo to fear,  
My brother, do not leave me here:  
Cheer thee, my dear one, Owain's hand  
Has hurled the tyrant from his land,  
And bravely will our Cymry fight,  
To free us from the tyrant's might.  
Cheer thee, we yet shall tread together,  
Unfettered, on the springing heather,  
And joy to hear the morning lark,  
Although, to us, the morn be dark;  
Not ours to gaze o'er land and deep,  
From old Eryri's mountain steep,  
But standing free and chainless there,  
'Twere life to quaff the mountain air;  
And, though the blessed sun may shine  
Unheeded on these senseless eyne,  
Warmly his cheering rays shall fall  
On limbs benumbed with ling'ring thrall;  
For as the moon will shed no light,  
But o'er our hearts will creep  
The holy still of bushing night,  
Sweet brother, do not weep.

What though our fairy bark shall glide  
No more along the river's tide,  
We'll listen, as our halls it laves,  
To the glad melody of waves:  
We may not follow hawk or hound,  
But, leaning on some shady mound,  
We'll laugh, as Echo, floating by,  
Mimics the jovial hunter's cry.  
Thus calm and still may pass our life,  
Far from the frenzied joy of strife;  
But we will frame undying lays,  
To sing our own fair Gwynedd's praise,  
To tell how Owain's sword of might  
Gleams like a meteor in the fight;

*Englynion i Wynt y Dwyrain.*

How Rhun, the gentle and the brave,  
 Too early filled a hero's grave;  
 And not inglorious is the doom  
 Of him whose songs defy the tomb,  
 And long to aftertimes may tell  
 How Gwynedd's warriors fought and fell.  
 Now, may all loved and holy things  
 Be round my brother's sleep;  
 And blessings on my wild harp's strings,  
 For thou hast ceased to weep.

ELLYLLES.



## ENGLYNION I WYNT Y DWYRAIN.

GWYNT DWYRAIN vuan vod, yn vilain  
 A'i valais a'm twyllob,  
 Call leidr a'm colledob;  
 Mi a'i rhegav vyth mewn rhugl vod.

Lleidr vy *mhapur* llydan, a dilys  
 Y dylwn ei duchan;  
 Plywr heb liw, nid gwiw i'r gwan  
 Ymdaeru â gwynt y dwyra'n.

Blaib sydyn, vel blaib arswydus, yn tòri  
 Fel taran echrydus;  
 Gwill gevail gwallgovus,  
 Yn ysgwrio'r vro ar vrys.

Chwyrn chwalwr, byrbiwr oerbig, lled egr,  
 Llew digon ystyvnig;  
 Hên leidr anweledig;  
 O am ei ðal i ðial vy nîg!

Dwyn y tô o ben y ty, a dygyn  
 Y digiais am hyny;  
 A dwyn vy *mhapur* leidr gwed'y  
 Y gelyn taer, o galon y ty.

Pe bawn o'i ol yn fraeol & phren, i'w guro  
 Am gario vy 'sgriven,  
 Ni chawn i 'n sîwr gan y rhwygwr hên,  
 Ysgatvyð, ond vy 'sgytian.

OWAIN GRUFYÐ.

*To the Editors of the Cambrian Quarterly Magazine.*

GENTLEMEN,

VIEWING with much gratification the valuable information which your excellent work is now diffusing throughout the Principality, I have sent you a List of the Gentry, of North and South Wales, who were deemed "fit and qualified to be made Knights of the Royal Oak, with the value of their estates, anno Dom. 1660, taken from a manuscript of Peter le Neve, esq. This order was intended by King Charles II. as a reward to several of his followers, and the knights of it were to wear a silver medal, with a devise of the king in the oak, pendent to a ribbon about their necks: but it was thought proper to lay it aside, lest it might create heats and animosities, and open these wounds afresh, which at that time were thought prudent should be healed; and, as no list of them was ever published, we thought such a curiosity would be acceptable to the public, though not immediately relating to the order of baronets."

The same desire as the editor of the note just quoted, has induced me to send it to you, trusting that some of your correspondents in the Principality will favor your readers, at their leisure, with a list of the places where these gentry resided. I have added my little knowledge in that respect, as a temptation to others to follow my example.

I am, gentlemen, with the sincerest wish for the prosperity of your Magazine,

Your most obedient humble servant,

D. ROWLAND, F.A.S.

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[For the explanatory annotations we are indebted to the Rev. WALTER DAVIES, author of *Surveys of North and South Wales*: further information is, however, required respecting some of the Knights of the Royal Oak and their descendants.]—EDITORS.

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KNIGHTS OF THE ROYAL OAK.\*

ANOLESEY.		BRECKNOCK.	
1. John Robinson, esq. . .	£ 0800	6. Richard Gwynn, esq. .	0600
2. William Bould, esq. . .	1000	7. Wilbourne Williams,	
3. Thomas Wood, esq. . .	0600	esq. . . . . . . . . . .	0600
4. — Bodden, esq. . . . .	1000	8. John Jefferys, esq. . . . .	0600
5. Pierce Lloyd, esq. . . . .	1000	9. Walter Vaughan, esq. .	0700

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\* The original orthography is used in the list.

	£		£
<b>CARDIGAN.</b>			
10. John Jones, esq.....	0800	42. William Bassett, esq...	0800
11. Edward Vaughan, esq.	1000	43. William Herbert, esq. .	1000
12. Thomas Jones, esq. ..	0600	44. Edmund Lewis, esq...	0800
13. Reynold Jenkins, esq. .	0700	45. David Mathews, esq...	1000
14. James Lewis, esq. ....	0700	—	
<b>CARMARTHEN.</b>			
15. — Vaughan, esq. ....	1000	<b>MERIONETH.</b>	
16. Philip Vaughan, esq...	0600	46. William Salisbury, esq.	0800
17. Henry Maunsell, esq. .	0700	47. William Price, esq. ..	1500
18. Rowland Gwynn, esq. .	0800	48. William Vaughan, esq.	1200
19. Charles Vaughan, esq.	0600	49. Howell Vaughan, esq.	0800
20. William Gwynn, esq. .	0700	50. — Attwyll, of Parke,	
21. Nicholas Williams, esq.	1000	esq. ....	1500
22. Richard Gwynn, esq...	0700	51. Lewis Owen, esq. ....	0600
—			
<b>CARNARVON.</b>			
23. Sir John Owen's heire,	1500	52. John Lloyd, esq.....	0600
—			
<b>DENBIGH.</b>			
24. Charles Salisburie, esq.	1300	<b>MONMOUTH.</b>	
25. Huscall Thelwall, esq.	0600	53. William Morgan, esq...	4000
26. Foulke Middleton, esq.	0600	54. William Jones, of La-	
27. John Wynn, esq. ....	0600	narthe, esq.....	1000
28. Sir Thomas Middleton,		55. Thomas Lewis, esq. ..	1000
knt. (of Chirk Cas-		56. Charles Vann, esq.....	0800
tle, of Westminster		57. Walter Rumsey, esq...	0600
after, spent most of		58. William Jones, of Lan-	
his estate,) ....	0600	trischent, esq.....	0600
29. Bevis Lloyd, esq. ....	0600	59. — Milbourne, esq.....	0800
30. John Lloyd, esq.....	0800	—	
—			
<b>FLINTSHIRE.</b>			
31. Sir Roger Mostyn, knt.		<b>MONTGOMERY.</b>	
of Mostyn, bart.....	4000	60. John Pugh, esq. ....	1000
32. Sir Edward Mostyn, knt.	1500	61. — Owen, esq. of Ruser-	
33. — Salisbury, of He-		ton .....	1000
grage, esq.....	0600	62. — Blancy, esq. ....	1000
34. Robert Davis, esq.....	2000	63. Roger Lloyd, esq. ....	0800
35. John Puliston, esq. ..	2500	64. Richard Owen, esq. ..	0800
36. John Hanmer, knt. bart.	3000	65. Richard Herbert, esq...	0700
37. William Hanmer, esq. .	1500	66. Sir Edward Lloyd ....	1200
—			
<b>GLAMORGANSHIRE.</b>			
38. Sir — Esterlinge, knt.	2000	67. Edmund Wareinge, esq.	0700
39. Herbert Evans, esq. ..	1500	—	
40. David Jenkins, esq.....	1500	<b>PEMBROKESHIRE.</b>	
41. Thomas Mathews, esq.	1100	68. Tho. Langhorne, esq. .	0800
—			
<b>RADNORSHIRE.</b>			
73. George Gwynn, esq. ..	1500	69. Lewis Wogan, esq. ..	1000
74. Evan Davies, esq. ....	0600	70. Hugh Bowen, esq.....	0600
75. — Price, esq. ....	1000	71. Essex Merricke, esq. ..	0600
		72. Sir John Lort, knt.(bart.	
		after) .....	2000

## ANNOTATIONS.

## I. ANGLESEY.

1. *John Robinson, esq.* £0800. The Robinsons of this island, and of *Gwersyllt*, near Wrexham, were the same. William Robinson of *Gwersyllt*, esq. was sheriff for Denbighshire in 1631, and for Anglesey in the following year, as William Robinson of *Mynachdy*, esq. *Mynachdy* is on the sea-coast, opposite *Skerry Lighthouse*, which was erected about the year 1730, for the direction of vessels sailing in the channel. Mr. Pennant says the *Skerries* once formed a portion of the perquisites of the see of Bangor, and that Dr. Nicholas *Robinson*, when bishop of the see in the reign of Elizabeth, alienated it in favor of one of his sons. The same author adds that, between the years 1720 and 1730, William Robinson, esq. of *Mynachdy* and *Gwersyllt*, the last male descendant, perished in a storm, on his return from a sporting excursion on the *Skerries*.

John Robinson, esq., in the year 1660, may probably be identified with the Colonel Robinson, who, in 1645 or 6, took the castle of *Aber-llienawg*, near *Beaumaris*, from Sir Thomas Cheadle, who kept it for the Parliament.

2. *William Bould, esq.* £1000. He was of *Tre'r ddol*, and served the office of Sheriff for the county in 1644, 1649, 1655; and his successor, Owen Bold, in 1684.

3. *Thomas Wood, esq.* £0600. Thomas Wood, of *Rhosmore*, was sheriff for the county in 1661; his father, Richard Wood, in 1656; and a predecessor, Owen Wood, of the same place, in 1577, 1614, 1640, and 1650. In the reign of Elizabeth, Sir Richard Bulkeley had all Anglesey at his command, excepting the "Woods of *Rhosmore*," who were perpetually thorns in his side, and, as it is supposed, set on by the infamous Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester. It may, however, be presumed that they stood firm to their allegiance at the period of the rebellion.

5. *Pierce Lloyd, esq.* £1000. Pierce Lloyd, *senior*, esq. of *Gwardog*, near *Llannerch y medd*, was sheriff for the county in 1603; and Pierce Lloyd, *junior*, esq. of *Lligwy*, near *Amlwch*, sheriff in 1612, 1638, and 1651: his son, Pierce Lloyd, of *Llanidan*, pleasantly situated on the *Menai*, served the same office in 1699. These *Lloyds* becoming extinct, their estates were bought by Lord Uxbridge, who left them to his nephew, Sir William Irby, the first Lord Boston.

## II. BRECKNOCKSHIRE.

6. *Richard Gwynn, esq.* £0600. (Gwynns of Buckland, still extant.)

7. *Wilbourne Williams, esq.* £0600. Of Pen pont.

9. *Walter Vaughan, esq.* £0700. Of Tretower, near Crickhowel. Bridget, the daughter and sole heiress of Walter Vaughan of Talgarth, married July 22, 1677, John Ashburnham, great grandfather of the present Earl of Ashburnham.

## III. CARDIGANSHIRE.

10. *John Jones, esq.* £0800. — Jones of Nant Eos, now Colonel Powell, M. P. and lord lieutenant for the county, to both which offices he succeeded on the demise of the late Thomas Johnes, esq. of Havod-Uchdryd.

11. *Edward Vaughan, esq.* £1000. He was son of Sir John Vaughan, chief justice of the Common Pleas, the friend and executor of the learned Selden, and the father of John Vaughan, first Viscount Lisburne, by King William III., in 1695. Their present representative is John, tenth viscount, and third Earl Lisburne, of Crosswood, near Aberystwyth.

12. *Thomas Jones, esq.* £0600. Of Llanvair Clywedogau, on the Teivy. His descendant of the same name and place, married the sole daughter and heir of William Herbert, of Havod, esq., and granddaughter of Morgan Herbert, a staunch adherent to the solemn league and covenant. Their descendant was the late spirited improver of the romantic scenery of Havod, now again reverting to its primitive wildness.

14. *James Lewis, esq.* £0700. Of Abernantbychan; now belonging to Pryse Pryse, of Gogerddan, esq., M. P. for Cardigan.

## IV. CAERMARTHENSHIRE.

15. — *Vaughan, esq.* £1000. Of Golden grove, in the Vale of Towy. The title in this family of Earl of Carbery, &c. became extinct, and the late John Vaughan, esq. bequeathed his whole estate to the late Lord Cawdor, of Stackpole court.

18. *Rowland Gwynn, esq.* £0800. The name still continues at Glan Brân park. The present owner, Sackville Gwynn, esq.

21. *Nicholas Williams, esq.* £1000. Of Edwingsford; now Sir James Hamlyn Williams, of Clovelly court, in the county of Devon, bart.

22. *Richard Gwynn, esq.* £0700. Gwynne of Taliaris; now extinct. The estate passed, by sale, into the noble family of Seymour.

V. CAERNARVONSHIRE.

23. *Sir John Owen's heire, £1500.* This knight was the well-known loyalist of *Clenennau*. He was a colonel in the army, and vice admiral of North Wales. He signalized himself at the siege of Bristol, when taken by Prince Rupert, and was appointed governor of Conway Castle in 1645, when the Primate of York veered about. In 1648, William Lloyd, of Plas Hen, esq. sheriff for the county, raised the *posse comitatus* against him, but was wounded, defeated, and taken prisoner. Sir John then laid siege to Caernarvon, but, hearing of the approach of Colonels Carter and Twisleton with a strong force, he marched to meet them, carrying the wounded sheriff with him, upon a litter. The two hostile parties met near Penmaen mawr, and Sir John had the misfortune of being dismounted and taken prisoner, by one Captain Taylor. He was taken to Windsor, and tried with the Lords Goring, Capel, and Holland, and condemned. The lords had advocates, Sir John had none, and this, noticed by Ireton, saved his life. He was permitted to retire to Clenennau, where he lived until 1666, when he died, at the age of sixty-six, and was buried in Penmorva church. This was six years after the date of the intended list of Knights of the Royal Oak, but Sir John, for some reasons or other, may have declined the honour, in favor of his "*heire*," Sir Robert Owen, of Porkington, near Oswestry, knt. who, in 1698, was buried in his parish-church of Sylattyn. The family surname continued until lately, when Miss Owen conveyed the estate to her husband, Owen Ormsby, esq., and their daughter again to Ormsby Gore, esq., the present proprietor.

VI. DENBIGHSHIRE.

24. *Charles Salisburie, esq.* £1300. He was of Bachymbyd, in the Vale of Clwyd, now the property of Lord Bagot. Charles Salisbury was sheriff for the county in 1661.

25. — *Thelwall, esq.* £0600. The Christian name is difficult to be deciphered. Edward Thelwal of *Plas y Ward*, was sheriff for the county in 1670; John Thelwal of *Plas Coch*, in 1672; Simon Thelwal of *Llanbedr Hall*, in 1692; "*utrum horum*," &c.

26. *Foulke Myddleton, esq.* £0600. He was of Gwaenynog, and the eighth son of Richard Myddleton, governor of Denbigh Castle in the reigns of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. He was also the brother of Sir Thomas Myddleton, Lord Mayor of London, who purchased the Chirk Castle estate from the Lord St. John, of Bletso; of Capt. William Myddleton, the Welsh grammarian; and of Sir Hugh Myddleton the engineer, who, with the silver of the Cardiganshire

mines, supplied the ungrateful metropolis of England with water. Foulke Myddleton married Gwenwyvar, daughter and heir to Richard Wynn of Bodlith, in Llansilin, esq.

28. *Sir Thomas Myddleton, knt. of Chirk Castle, &c. £0800.* In the family history he is known as Sir Thomas the *Soldier*, to distinguish him from his father, Sir Thomas the *Lord Mayor*, as well as from his son, Sir Thomas the *Baronet*. The latter died in 1663, his father, the *Soldier*, survived him three years, when he retired from his labours at the full age of four score; having passed the three first scores in comparative ease, and the last score, a few years excepted, as an active officer in the Republican forces. At first, taking the castles of others for the service of Parliament, and at last, surrendering his own battered castle, for his premature attempt to restore Charles II., in 1659. The value of his estate, in *Le Neve's* list, is exceedingly low. It is also added that "he spent most of it." He may have mortgaged it heavily to support the democratic cause. The *Chirk Castle* estate, in his time, was the most ample in the county of Denbigh; and so it continued until the late unfortunate gavelkind division between three coheireses,

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VII. FLINTSHIRE.

31. *Sir Roger Mostyn of Mostyn, bart. £4000.* He was an eminent loyalist at the breaking out of the civil war: he collected together, in twelve hours' time, a regiment of 1500 men for the service of the crown. He was at first a knight, and created a baronet August 3, 1660. The title has continued without interruption to this day, and is now vested in Sir Thomas Mostyn.

32. *Sir Edward Mostyn, knt. £1500.* Sir Edward Mostyn of *Talacre*, was created a baronet in 1670. He was a descendant of Pierce Mostyn of the same place, who was president of the Royal Eistedvod held at Caerwys, in May 1568; and ancestor of the present Sir Edward Mostyn, bart. of the same place, president of the Grand Provincial Eistedvod, held at Denbigh in September 1828.

33. — *Salisbury of Hegrage, esq. £0600.* John Salisbury of Bachegraig, was sheriff for the county in 1665; and R. Salisbury of the same place, in 1602 and 1616. The last heir male of the Salisbury's (a branch from the *Lleweni* stock,) was John Salisbury, esq., father of Hester Lynch, his sole heir, who married Henry Thrale, esq., and, afterwards, Seignior Piozzi, who died in 1809; Mrs. Piozzi, in her lifetime, settled the estate upon her protégé, John Salisbury Piozzi, who thereupon took the name of J. S. P. Salisbury, and he was knighted shortly afterwards. Brynbella, the present family mansion, was built by Mr. Thrale, and is some distance from Bachegraig: the latter house, which was built in 1567, has recently been demolished.

34. *Robert Davies, esq. £2000.* He was of *Gwasanau*, in the



Vale of Mold, his paternal inheritance, and of *Llannerch*, in the Vale of Clwyd, by his marriage with Anne, sole daughter and heiress to Sir Peter Mutton, knight, chief justice of North Wales, &c. Robert Davies was sheriff for the county three years in succession: viz. 1644, 5, and 6, and again in 1660. At the breaking out of the civil war, he garrisoned his house at *Gwasanau* for the king; but he was compelled to surrender it, in 1645, to a superior force under Sir William Brereton: he died in 1666, and was succeeded by his son, Mytton Davies, esq., the traveller, and he again by his son, Robert Davies, of *Llannerch*, esq., a learned antiquary, and collector of ancient mss. and rare curiosities, who died in 1728. The antiquary's grandson, John Davies, esq. died, unmarried, in 1785, and his estate became divided between his two sisters. Mrs. Leo, the eldest, had *Llannerch*, which eventually became the property of the late Rev. W. Whitehall Davies, of Broughton, who lately died, in the prime of life, universally regretted, and his estates devolved to his sister: the other moiety, being the *Gwasanau* estate, fell to the younger sister, Mrs. Puleston, of Havod y Wern, whose only daughter married Bryan Cook, esq. of Owston, in Yorkshire, and since of Havod y Wern; now to his son, Philip Davies Cook, esq.

35. *John Puleston, esq.* £2500. He was of Havod y Wern, near Wrexham, a place mentioned in No. 34, with the name of the present proprietor. This John Puleston was born in 1603, and married Elen, daughter to Sir Kenrick Eyton, of Eyton, knight. In the reign of Edward I., one of his ancestors, Sir Roger Puleston, was roughly handled by the insurgent Welsh, at Caernarvon. His descendant, John Puleston *Hen*, (senior,) chamberlain of North Wales, was more popular, and a great favorite with the bards: one of them must have flattered him by saying, in his complimentary ode: "Di waed *sais ydyw Sion*," John has not a drop of Saxon blood in him. The Pulestons of Havod y Wern were from a second son of Emral, in Lower Maelor, now in the possession of Sir Richard Puleston, bart.

36. *Sir John Hanmer, knt.* £3000. His father, Sir Thomas Hanmer, was appointed Governor of Chirk Castle, by King Charles I., at the commencement of the civil war, when Sir Thomas Myddleton's politics were either declared or suspected. The son was created a baronet in 1620, and served the office of sheriff for the county in 1622. Of this family was Sir Thomas Hanmer, bart. for thirty years M.P. for the county of Flint, and speaker of the House of Commons in the reign of Queen Anne. The present representative is of the same name and title, of Bettisfield park, near the old residence at Hanmer, from which place the family assumed their surname, as the Mostyns from Mostyn, &c.

37. *William Hanmer, esq.* £1500. He was of *Fens*, a mansion not far distant from Hanmer and Bettisfield, and descended from

a junior branch of the main stock. All the Hanmers, excepting those of Pentre pant, are descended from Owen Gwynedd, prince of North Wales, and, maternally, from Gwenynwyn, prince of Powys. The Hanmers of Pentre pant, now extinct in the male line, were from *Llewelyn aur-dorchog*, of Yale, and assumed their surname from the marriage of R. ab D. ab Howel Goch, with Margaret, daughter to John Hanmer, of Lee, son of Jenkin Hanmer, of Han-mere. Fourth in descent from this John Hanmer, of Lee, was John Hanmer of Pentre pant, bishop of St. Asaph, who died at that house in 1629.

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VIII. GLAMORGANSHIRE.

38. *Sir — Esterlinge, knt. £2000.* Sir John Stradling, of St. Donats Castle, was created a baronet in the 9th year of James I. (1611). His son, Sir Edward Stradling, commanded a battalion on the king's side at the battle of Edgehill, October 23, 1642. The Stradlings are all extinct, after having been in possession 684 years; and the estate, having passed to the Mansells, Drakes, &c., is now the property of the Earl of Plymouth.

39. *Herbert Evans, esq. £1500.* He was the son, or grandson, of Leyson Evans, of Neath, esq. who married Margaret, daughter to Matthew Herbert, of Swansea, esq. Their descendant was Evan Seys, of Boverton, sergeant at law. A majestic oak in the fold at Boverton is still shewn by the name of the "*sergeant's oak.*"

40. *David Jenkins, esq. £1500.* He was of Hensol, one of the justices of Wales, and a firm adherent to King Charles I. He died in 1664. His granddaughter, and heiress of Hensol, married the Lord Chancellor Talbot, and, from the place, the family assumed one of their titles, Baron Hensol. From the Talbots it passed, by sale, to S. Richardson, esq., and afterwards to the late Richard Crawshay, esq., of Cyvarthva ironworks.

An anecdote is told of Lord Chancellor Talbot, of Hensol, who married an heiress of the place: he acquired a smattering of the Welsh language, and, having occasion one day to ride through a ford of the Elai river when a flood was pouring down, inquired of a peasant, who stood by, whether he could pass over with safety? "O yes!" was the reply. On entering the water, and finding it deeper than he expected, he repeated the question to the peasant in Welsh, "O! sir, for your life's sake, turn back, you cannot land on the other side." "But did you not tell me, just now, in plain English, you rascal, that I could?" "Yes, I did, but I then thought you were a Saxon."

41. *Thomas Matthews, esq. £1100.* He was a descendant of David Matthew, of Rhaiadr, esq. standardbearer to King Edward:

IV., and ancestor of the Earls of Llandaff, of Thomastown, in the county of Tipperary.

42. *William Basset, esq.* £0800. Of Beauprè, commonly called Bewpyr, near Cowbridge. The ancient name of the place was *Maes Seisyllt*, i. e. Seisyllt or Cecil's field, but by mistaking *Maes Seisyllt*, for *Maes-essylt*, *Fair Mead*, the Normans converted it to *Beauprè*. The Sytsyllts were owners thereof, from, at least, the period of the conquest of Glamorgan, and the last of them alienated it to the Bassett's of St. Hilary. Sir Richard Bassett held a Gorsedd of Bards here in 1681. A Colonel Berkeley, son to Lord Berkeley, as mortgagee, foreclosed the estate, and sold it to Mr. Edmondès, father to Major Edmondès, who was the proprietor in 1807. There are Bassett's still at Glan Elai, Bonvilston, &c.

43. *William Herbert, esq.* £1000. Of St. Fagan's. He was seventh in descent from William Herbert, the first Earl of Pembroke of the name, beheaded at Banbury, in 1469; and son of Colonel William Herbert, of St. Fagan's, slain at the battle of Edgehill, in 1642. The estate is now the property of the Earl of Plymouth.

45. *David Matthews, esq.* £1000. See No. 41.

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IX. MEIRIONYD, (MERIONETHSHIRE.)

46. *William Salisbury, esq.* £0800. He was of Rûg, in the vale of Edeyrnion. His descendant, Roger Salisbury, of that place, had an only daughter married to Rowland Pugh, of Mathavarn, esq., and had issue Maria Charlotte, married to Thomas Pryse, of Gogerddan, esq., M.P. for Cardigan, who left issue an only son, John Pugh Pryse, esq., born in 1738, who died in the prime of life unmarried. In him were centered the three estates of Gogerddan in Cardiganshire, Rûg in Merionethshire, and Mathavarn in Montgomeryshire. At his death they were again separated; *Gogerddan* went to the heir at law, Lewis Pryse, esq. of Woodstock, and is now the property of his grandson, Pryse Pryse, esq. of that place, and of Buscot park, Berks., M.P. *Mathavarn* was sold to the trustees of the late Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, and is now the property of his son, the present baronet. *Rûg* was bequeathed to the late Colonel E. W. V. Salisbury, who died prematurely in Sicily in 1807; and, by him, to his younger brother, G. Howel Vaughan, esq. colonel of the Merionethshire militia, who is the present hospitable representative of its former owner, *Owen Brogyntyn*, son of Madog, prince of Powys.

47. *William Price, esq.* £1500. He was of Rhiwlas, near Bala. He raised a corps for the service of King Charles I., and married Mary, one of the two coheiresses of David Holland, of Kinmael Park, esq., whilst Elizabeth, the other coheiress, gave her hand to

Colonel Carter, an active officer in the service of the parliament. Colonel Price survived the Restoration many years, and died in 1691, aged seventy-two: he was buried in the cathedral church of St. Asaph, with a marble monument erected to his memory. The estate is now in the possession of his lineal descendant, Richard Watkin Price, esq.

48. *William Vaughan, esq.* £1200. He was of Corsygedol, an ancient mansion about half-way between Barmouth and Harlech. The Vaughans of this place represented the county in parliament for many years. On the extinction of the male line at the death of the last William Vaughan, the estate went to the Mostyns of Mostyn, and now constitute a portion of the vast domains of Sir Thomas Mostyn, bart., by descent from his mother, the heiress Vaughan.

49. *Howell Vaughan, esq.* £0800. He was of *Glan y llyn Tegid*, near Bala, and sheriff for the county in 1658: his son, Edward Vaughan, esq., married the heiress of Llwydiarth and Llangedwyn; and his heiress married Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, the first of the name, of Wynnstay, bart.

50. — *Anwyl, of Parke, esq.* £1500. Richard Anwyl, of Parke, a mansion between Harlech and Tre Madog, was sheriff for the county in the years 1659 and 1660. These Anwyls derived their descent from Robert, third son of Morys ab John ab Meredydd, of the *Gwydir* line of Owen Gwynedd. They ended in an heiress Katherine, who married Sir Gruffydd Williams, of Marl, near Conway: Ann, their daughter and heiress, maid of honour to Queen Caroline, married twice, and both of them of the name of Prendergast, from Ireland. She died without issue, and her estates were put to the hammer; Parke, part Glas, &c., were purchased by the late Sir Edward Lloyd, of Pengwern, bart., and Marl, &c., by the late Thomas Williams of Llanidan, esq.

51. *Lewis Owen, esq.* £0600. Lewis Owen of Do!gelleu, called the Baron of the Exchequer of North Wales, murdered by the *Mawddwy* banditti in 1555, had been sheriff for the county in 1543 and 1552, and his grandson Lewis Owen of Llwyn in 1599; the intermediate link, John Lewis Owen, in 1563, 1575, and 1591. The Lewis Owen of 1660 must be a descendant of this line of sheriffs. *Llwyn* in after times passed to the Nanneys, and by marriage to the present proprietor, Thomas Hartley, esq. sheriff for the county in 1827.

52. *John Lloyd, esq.* £0600. John Lloyd, of Keiswyn, esq., was sheriff for the county in the years 1652 and 1665. The mansion of *Aberlleveni* is in the township of *Keiswyn*, in the parish of Tal y Llyn; and we find John Lloyd, of *Aberlleveni*, sheriff in 1696: his daughter and heiress, Anne, married Lewis Pryse, of Gogerddan, esq., and had issue three daughters: Mary, the eldest, married

John Campbell, of Stackpole court, esq.; and his grandson John Campbell, the late Earl Cawdor, sold Aberlleveni to the late John Davies of Machynllaeth, esq., whose daughter and heiress married Pryse Jones, esq. of Cyvronydd, near Welshpool, the present proprietor, as guardian to his son, a minor.

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## X. MONMOUTHSHIRE.

53. *William Morgan, esq.* £4000. His representatives, the Morgan's of Tredegar, now baronets.

54. *William Jones, of Llanarth, esq.* £1000. Sir Philip Jones, knt., in the time of the rebellion, was a staunch loyalist, and commanded the troop raised in Monmouthshire for the king's service: he was engaged in the defence of Rhaglan castle when attacked by Fairfax: his son, William Jones, transferred the residence from Tre-Owen, near Monmouth, to Llanarth court, which has ever since continued to be the principal seat of the family.

55. *Thomas Lewis, esq.* £1000. Lewis of Llandeilo Cresseney, esq. Lewis of St. Pierre, near Chepstow, married Lucy, one of the coheiresses of Henry Herbert, of Wonastow, esq., nephew of Sir Charles Herbert, of Troy, knt.

56. *Charles Vann, esq.* £0800.

59. *William Milbourne, esq.* £0800. George Milbourne, esq., married Christiana, one of the three coheiresses of Henry Herbert, of Wonastow, esq. (*see No. 55.*) The mother of these heiresses was the Lady Lucy Somerset, daughter to William, third Earl of Worcester.

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## XI. MONTGOMERYSHIRE.

60. *John Pugh, esq.* £1000. He was of Mathavarn. See the alienation of the estate by sale in No. 46.

61. — *Owen, esq. of Ruserton, £1000.* Richard Owen, son of Athelstan Owen, of *Rhiwsaeson*, was sheriff for the county in 1653. On the death of his great grandson, Corbet Owen, of Ynys-y-maengwyn, as well as *Rhiwsaeson*, in 1750, the latter estate was sold, and is now the property of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, bart.

62. — *Blaney, esq.* £1000. John Blaney, esq., of Gregynog, son of Lewis Blaney, and grandson of David Lloyd Blaney, was sheriff for the county in 1630 and 1644. The inscription on his monument says, that "he faithfully served and suffered for the royal martyr." He died in 1665. The name continued to the late Arthur Blaney, esq., who died in 1795, aged eighty, having bequeathed his estates to Henry Viscount Tracy, whose daughter

and sole heiress married the present proprietor, Charles Hanbury Tracy, esq. of Toddington, in the county of Gloucester.

63. *Roger Lloyd, esq., of Talgarth, £0800.* He was son of Edward Lloyd, son of Roger Lloyd of Trewern, esq., who married Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Sir Morgan Herbert, knt. These Lloyds were descended from Sir Gruffydd Vaughan, bannereted at Agincourt in 1415, but now mostly extinct.

64. *Richard Owen, esq. £0800.* Richard Owen, of Garth, near Llanidloes, was sheriff for the county in 1653. His descendant of the same name served the same office in 1760. His daughter and heiress married John Edwards, of Machynllaeth, esq.; and their son, Colonel Edwards, of Greenfields, inherits Garth, &c.

65. *Richard Herbert, esq. £0700.* Richard Herbert, of Meivod, esq., son of Richard Herbert, of Park, was sheriff for the county in 1653: he sold his estate in Meivod, and the family is now extinct.

67. *Edmund Wareinge, esq. £0700.* The Warings were formerly proprietors of Aberhavesp hall, &c.; a Walter Waring served the office of sheriff in 1724. The estate is now vested in H. Augustus Proctor, esq., sheriff for the county this present year, 1830.

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## XII. PEMBROKESHIRE.

68. *Thomas Langhorne, esq. £0800.* Colonel Langhorn, a gentleman of good extraction and fair fortune, served in the Low Countries under the Earl of Essex, and was much in the earl's favor. This connexion brought him into the field on the side of parliament; but, not being a democrat in principle, in 1658 he joined Colonels Powell and Poyer in an attempt to restore Charles II.: they were overpowered and taken prisoners by Cromwell: one of the three was doomed to die; they cast lots, and the die of death fell upon Poyer. His niece (Poyers) was mother to the celebrated Beau Nash, of Bath notoriety. There are Langhornes still in the county, gentlemen of property, at Orlandon, Pont-Vaen, &c.

69. *Lewis Wogan, esq. £1000.* The Wogans of Wiston, Boulston, and Llanstinan, were among the largest proprietors in the county. The name is now extinct.

70. *Hugh Bowen, esq. £0600.* Bowen of Upton, or Trevloyn, now extinct. Bowen of Llwyn Gwair, still in being.

71. *Essex Merricks, esq. £0600.* Meyrick, of Bush, esq., has extensive and fertile possessions in the fine district of Castle Martin.

72. *Sir John Lort, knt. £2000.* According to Dr. Heylin,

Roger Lort, of Stackpole court, esq., was created a baronet, July 15, 1662. The name extinct. The estate went by marriage to a Campbell, ancestor of the Earls Cawdor, of Stackpole court.

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XIII. RADNORSHIRE.

75. — *Price, esq.* £1000. Chase Price, esq. of Knighton, died 28th June, 1777, aged forty-six. His sole daughter and heiress married General Gascoigne, who for thirty years has represented the borough of Liverpool in the Commons House of Parliament. The general's sole daughter and heiress is the present Countess of Salisbury. The representative of a junior branch of the Prices of Knighton, is Richard Price, esq., the present member for the borough of New Radnor.

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SONNET.

THOU unforgotten of my heart, again  
 O'er its deep waters art thou floating now,  
 Calling all hidden thoughts that may remain  
 Within the chambers of the throbbing brow,  
 To muse upon the yet unbroken vow  
 That I have kept in agony and pain,  
 When thou, beloved one, wast far away;  
 And mingling with my visions as I lay,  
 I've seen thee smile upon my constancy,  
 And let the full gaze of thine eyeballs play  
 Like moonlight on a calm unruffled sea,  
 Till all enamoured I have wished to be  
 On thy fond breast one moment more to lie,  
 And drink the liquid lustre of thine eye.

R. F. W.

## LINES

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. JOHN JENKINS, M.A.,

BY ROBERT FOLKESTONE WILLIAMS.

—

“All heads must come  
To the cold tomb;  
Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.”

SHIRLEY.

—

THE flower, whose beauty fades before our sight,  
E'en as a cloud dissolveth into rain;  
Although its heart may wither, with a blight  
'That evening's sweetest dews may not restrain;  
Still though it perish, shall there not remain  
Upon the winds that pillowed it at night,  
And on the breezes of the laughing day,  
That odoriferous incense which it threw  
On all bright things that round it moved or grew?  
So from its mortal tenement of clay  
A soul hath gone, letting that flame decay,  
Which for its light and beauty all men knew  
For a bright star upon a rayless sky.  
Oh! in their loveliness can such things die  
Like a forgotten melody, or lie  
Like a warm flash of sunlight on the wave,  
Which the first cloud may bury in its grave.  
Never, oh! never, down in the deep heart,  
Like a rich pearl within some hidden cave,  
Shall it become its glory, and impart  
Its brilliance and its splendor to the shrine  
'That knew how near its spirit was divine.

Many a tear has fallen for those that die  
Unknown and unlamented, save by one  
Within whose heart of hearts, I know not why,  
A stream of hidden love will ever run  
In its own unpolluted purity.  
Then if a nameless grave has power to claim  
From the full heart the tribute of a tear,  
Say, shall the dead to whom all hearts are dear,  
Leave to the world no mention of his name:  
Shall not the poet chronicle his fame,  
Or chant a requiem for his lowly bier;  
Or, if a brother bard be songless, now  
Entwine the fadeless laurel round his brow.



Shade of the generous Ivor, if a lay  
From an untutored, and unskilful heart,  
Be such as can to thinking minds impart  
Regret that one so good should pass away ;  
The pleasure that such knowledge would convey,  
Would make more sweet the precious tears I shed,  
When sorrow whispers Ivor Hael is dead !  
Mourn, mourn for Ivor Hael, the greedy earth  
Has grasped a precious jewel to her breast ;  
Mourn, mourn for Ivor Hael, for one whose birth  
The grave has cradled to a wakeless rest.  
Death ! thy cold hand was laid upon the best,  
'The warmest heart this world was ever worth.  
Where shall we find among the human race,  
Whose souls are set upon a quenchless thirst  
For pride and power, whose sordid hearts are curst,  
Like Tantalus, with an unhopeful chase,  
Of pleasures, that but mock their vain embrace,  
Showing a syren's loveliness at first,  
But soon, too soon, disclose the Gorgon's head ;  
Where shall we find one whose fond heart bath bled,  
Like thine, to witness pain he could not ease ?  
How shall the widow's heart be comforted ?  
How shall the orphan's tears be made to cease,  
Now, Ivor Hael, thy spirit rests in peace ?

Why hangs thy silent harp upon the walls,  
Missing the hand that woke its tuneful strings  
Into its most melodious murmurings ?  
Why are thy late so hospitable halls,  
Now as the desert's unrefreshing springs ?  
Oh ! all their solitude again recalls  
To the lone heart the tale of other days,  
When he, the friend and brother of the bard,  
Pitying the cares that often pressed too hard  
Upon the friendless genius, sought to raise  
To an acquaintance with the world's regard,  
The soul of song that mingled in their lays.\*  
Beneath that roof, whose shelter was their home,  
Under the shadow of their own loved hills,  
With music on their harp-strings did they come,  
And with that living light whose spirit thrills  
Both heart and brain with an undying beam,  
Throwing its splendor o'er the poet's dream ;  
The "Awen" by whose wild enthusiasm  
The hot brow throbs with many a fearful spasm.

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\* In 1817, the Rev. John Jenkins succeeded in reviving, under his own roof at Ceri, Montgomeryshire, the Eisteddvod, or meeting of the Welsh bards and minstrels for the encouragement of the national music and poetry ; and most zealously persevered in his patriotic attachment to their interests.

Under the tatter'd garb may often lie  
 Souls that are fed with an immortal fire,  
 Breathing of that divine philosophy  
 That makes the fond and glowing heart aspire  
 To the sweet dream of universal love.  
 Where lie the bard's proud hopes? far, far above  
 All thoughts that mingle with terrestrial things;  
 The secret practice of a virtuous life,  
 Censuring the madd'ning guilt of human strife,  
 And living on those bright imaginings  
 That are the meteors of the mind's dark sea,  
 Shadow'd by th' incommunicable mystery  
 That doth pervade all things through earth and sky,  
 And through the hidden caves that in the ocean lie.

Thou from the wretched didst beguile their griefs,  
 Light'ning the breast from all its heaviness;  
 And to the one who would be comfortless,  
 Whose brightest hopes were wrecked upon those reefs  
 That are within life's rough and stormy ocean;  
 Thou didst awaken to a deep emotion  
 Of most unutterable joy: thy fervent prayer  
 Was ever pleading for the friendless poor,  
 And for the miserable, who were sure  
 One heart, at least, still thought them worth its care;  
 And to the dying sinner, whom despair  
 Made hopeless of an everlasting rest,  
 Thou didst pour balm into his troubled breast;  
 Making the journey of his latter hours,  
 As if the way had been bestrewed with flowers.

I would my humble muse thy praise could tell  
 In strains more fitting of so bright a theme;  
 Yet in the music of the mountain stream,  
 And in the wild hills thou hast loved so well,  
 There shall the mem'ry of thy virtue dwell  
 For ever fresh, as the bright dew that drop  
 Upon the high untrodden mountain tops.  
 And in the hearts that thou hast left behind  
 To feel the sunshine of their days departed;  
 And in the wretched, and the broken-hearted,  
 And in the throbbing breast, and troubled mind,  
 The glory of thy fame shall be enshriu'd;  
 And at the coming on of distant years,  
 There shall remain, in this beloved isle,  
 Many an aged face still wet with tears,  
 And sorrowing heart still sad for Ivor Hael.

*February 1830.*

TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV. JOHN JENKINS.

He was generally termed Ivor Hael, or Ivor the Bounteous, by his countrymen. Ivor was a Glamorganshire chief, the early patron of Davyth ab Gwylm.

As summer's gleamy pinions burn'd  
 Stern Gwyneth's iron mountains o'er,  
 Ab Gwylm's fiery spirit turn'd  
 To sweet Morganwg's vine-clad shore ;  
 And then first broke a tone of sadness,  
 E'en from the harp, of light, of love, and gladness !

The summer sun no longer blaz'd  
 On Ivor's mailed chivalry,  
 No more the bardic song was rais'd  
 Of Ivor, bounteous, brave, and free ;  
 The summer's light, the summer's bloom,  
 Threw but a lovelier sadness o'er the tomb.

Thou Ivor of these latter days,  
 Of all that Cambria's glory lov'd,  
 Thy virtues other bards will praise,  
 For all may praise what all have prov'd ;  
 Yet I, e'en I, may, borrowing, give  
 Ab Gwylm's flowers of song that ever live.

No warrior train thy bounty felt,  
 Thy voice no brand of slaughter drew,  
 By thee the peaceful shepherd dwelt,  
 Thy roof the simple harper knew ;  
 No song of hate was in thy hall,  
 Forbearance was the theme, and peace with all.

Broke is the foeman's battle brand,  
 Yet nought can that meek spirit feel  
 That loves the less his native land,  
 If heav'n, in peace, her sorrows heal:  
 Who feels not how all virtues melt  
 In this one tie? thus meek-soul'd Ivor felt.

MAELOG.

## CHARACTERS OF THE ENGLISH, SCOTCH, AND IRISH.

BLACKWOOD ; NOVEMBER 1829.

AN extensively circulated periodical is likely to produce infinite good, or to work incalculable mischief. When conducted with taste and truth, it must polish the manners and purify the minds of its readers ; but if, prostituted to the base purposes of calumny and slander, a periodical be signalized by extravagant assertions, haughty assumptions, and unblushing vituperation, then will it assuredly mislead the judgment and debase the understanding of the public. Were it my immediate purpose, it would not be very difficult to demonstrate to which of these classes Blackwood's Magazine belongs : let the reader cast his eye over the different numbers, and then let him, if he can, discover, among the records of our literature, a magazine more distinguished for ability and energy, for dishonesty and arrogance, for vituperation and untruth ! If its pages have been at times illuminated by the productions of men of undoubted genius, they have been still oftener disgraced by the ravings of the fanatic, by the virulence of the factious partisan, and by criticism, uncandid, ungenerous, and unjust. To the world of letters there ought to be fair dealing towards men of all parties : their writings should be judged of apart from their politics. Is this liberal and manly course pursued by Blackwood ? I appeal to every candid and impartial mind for a reply. What excuse can be urged for a systematic course of misrepresentation and scurrility ? what extenuation can be offered for a writer who, while professing anxiety the most intense for the education of the people, would endeavour with malicious zeal to blacken the motives and thwart the exertions of those illustrious men who are united for the accomplishment of so noble a purpose. If Blackwood be true, "the Society for the Diffusion of useful Knowledge" is nothing more than a conspiracy of wicked men for the diffusion of infidelity, heresy, and schism. If Blackwood be true, Canning's eloquence was feeble declamation ; and Sheridan, the brilliant, the immortal, Sheridan "a pretender, a quack, a charlatan ;" but if the wretched scribe who, with "the School for Scandal" staring him in the face, employed epithets so disgraceful, could conceive half a thought, or compose half a sentence, like the man whose memory he essayed so malignantly, yet feebly, to traduce, he would have been saved from the exposure of illiberality so mean, and ignorance so consummate. The truth seems to be that, Blackwood having acquired a character for energy of expression, is resolved to support it, by any means, no matter how disreputable. The reviews strikingly exemplify this remark : in

every number of Blackwood the reader will find the book of some unfortunate author selected for purposes of derision and ill-natured merriment; abusive and indecent language is unhesitatingly employed; the business of the reviewer being, not to convey a just conception of the merits of the book, but to turn it into ridicule, thus degrading the critic into a sort of mountebank, who seeks not to improve the judgment of his audience, but to excite their risible muscles by contortions and grimace.

Blackwood deals out his abuse unsparingly, upon nations as well as individuals: in your last, a positive refutation of the calumnies vented against the character of the Welsh appeared; it is my present purpose to notice and repel the aspersions which, in the same article, were lavished on the "dull English," and on those inferior order of beings who inhabit a country called Ireland. The article in question is intended, no doubt, to be very learned and luminous. "The manner," says the pompous writer, "in which national character is formed, is a subject at once of great curiosity, and of the very highest importance: *as I am not aware that any thing has yet been written about it*, I shall briefly notice it here."

Again, "There is almost always a national character, which is more or less common to the whole, and which, with the progress of time, is perpetually becoming more homogeneous;" the assimilation he ascribes to soil, climate, commerce. Such is the amazing discovery, "about which nothing has hitherto been written." Really, good Master Blackwood, you are a man of prodigious discrimination and research; and, in this instance, have imparted to the world a curious secret, which is to be found in every little geography, and every little abridgment, from Guthrie to Goldsmith. The essayist disdains phrenology, but delights in physiology; and, after exhibiting wonderful sagacity in commenting on the neck, limbs, and trunk of the Englishman, observes further, "his perseverance is the foundation of that habitude which guides so many of his actions; it is this which makes universal cant, as it has been profanely termed, not reasoning, the basis of his morals, and precedent, not justice, the basis of his jurisprudence." Universal cant the basis of morals: nonsense, Master Blackwood! you meant to be powerful, instead of which you have become unintelligible. I am not surprised at your employment of the word "cant," it is the property of dear liberal Scotland: if the writer in the "Spectator" is to be believed, it is derived from one "Andrew Cant," a Scotch presbyterian minister: as to the second part of the sentence, it is a gross and palpable misstatement; because justice is the foundation of precedent, and precedent, founded on the principles of justice, is the basis of English jurisprudence. He proceeds, "In regard to the absence of passion from the English mind, it is this which forbids one to

be charmed with music, to laugh at comedy, to cry at tragedy, to shew any symptom of joy or sorrow in the accidents of real life; which has no accurate notion of grief or wretchedness," &c.; all which, if meant to be applied to the English character, we pronounce to be a most impudent libel. The writer accuses the people of England of a "want of reasoning power;" we ask the self-sufficient northern critic, in what department of science, art, literature, or legislation, have they shewn themselves deficient in this essential quality. Blackwood must mend his manners, he is too presumptuous. So much of the English.

The character of the Scotch is given, assuredly, with vast diffidence: it seems the issue of a marriage between a highlander and lowlander "are beings of the highest intellectual organization;" these good people all stay at home, and are never to be met with out of Scotland. The following affords a fair specimen of the intolerable vanity, and disgusting nationality, of a Scotchman. "The imagination of the highlander creates his poetry; that high imagining *which his highland mother gave to Byron*, and which has now for ever blotted out nearly all the dull formalities of English poetry; that genius too equally high and wild, which wastes itself in the northern Magazine, and which every month shows how unnecessary is the dull measure and the silly tag of verse." At this miserable nonsense we can hardly smile. Byron's highland mother,—capital joke! we are told by Moore, that she was a low-bred, vulgar, uneducated woman, who was incapable of behaving with propriety and consistency, who spoiled her son's temper and checked his education, and much of his subsequent folly and suffering can be traced to the shameful misconduct of his "highland mother." "Blot out the dull formalities of English poetry;" is this rational language to apply to a nation, the treasures of whose literature have been enriched by the glorious productions of Spencer, Dryden, and Milton; English poetry will never be blotted out from the world so long as true taste and genius lives, while the malignant efforts of puny babblers will be buried in oblivion, because they are below contempt. The comparison between the Scotch and English as to their conversational powers, is impertinent in the extreme.

Lastly, the writer collects all his strength in his "character of the Irish;" this is his master-stroke: he descants learnedly on the "Celt and Milesian;" and shortly after, comparing the music of the Highlands and the South of Ireland, he says, the latter "is gay and voluptuous:" he is the first, and only man, who ever made such an observation; Irish music has been ever proverbial for sweetness and melancholy. He proceeds: "among such a people it is evident, that when owing to Saxon and Scandinavian intermarriages, calmer observation and reasoning powers are added to those high capabilities so essential to all genius, the

result must be such characters as Ireland has *occasionally* produced." It would be difficult to condense more nonsense into a narrower compass. The constant recurrence throughout the article, to the proper means of breeding people, is coarse and offensive; but to ascribe to a casual intermarriage with a Saxon or a Scandinavian "such characters as Ireland has occasionally produced," is not only extremely foolish, but indecent; and to commence a serious refutation of so silly an assertion, would justly expose us to ridicule and derision: it shews a bad feeling to try to rob a generous nation of her fame upon so flimsy a pretext: what does the man mean by the words "occasionally produced?" fearlessly do we assert that, from the days of Swift to the present time, the Irish have contributed their full proportion to the common stock of the literature of the empire, and that without laying claim to the slightest superiority over any class of their fellow-subjects. The claim of intellectual pre-eminence, so constantly put forward by the Scotch, is unfounded as it is insulting; for, if a fair comparison were instituted, it would soon appear, that in many branches of composition the Scotch have ever shewn themselves miserably deficient, but it is not my wish to uphold the English or Irish by depreciating the Scotch; to the latter, equality only will be permitted, and nothing more, and Blackwood must accordingly lower his extravagant presumption, or be prepared to fight over again the battle of Culloden. In conclusion, he charges the Irish with every enormity, saying, that no where in Europe may be seen "such a complication of villany and crime." There cannot be conceived a more intemperate, or a more unfounded accusation; if the writer were ignorant of the actual state of Ireland, it shews us the way in which some Magazines are conducted, where full permission is given to malign the character of a whole nation, without any inquiry into the competency of the writer, or his fitness to discuss with temper and propriety the important subject which he so confidently undertakes: if, however, the critic was conscious of the dishonesty of his charge, then is Blackwood's Magazine, no matter what talent may be displayed in certain literary articles, a dangerous and a wicked publication. "The disturbed state of Ireland" is a favorite topic with the newspaper men. Nothing can be more grossly exaggerated; the single province of Ulster, which contains as many inhabitants as all Scotland, is as flourishing, and as tranquil, as any portion of his Majesty's dominions; the province of Connaught has been for the last few years unstained by the commission of any atrocious crime; and Leinster, where Dublin is situate, has likewise been free from outrage: of the capital it has been observed, as a remarkable fact, that three or four years have passed without a single execution; indeed, an astonishing fact, when the number and poverty of the inhabitants are considered: some counties in the south, it is true, have been the scene of bloodshed; but were this the proper place to investigate

the matter, such commotion might be traced to other, and more rational causes, than "the domination of the Celt over the Irish character;" it might be traced home to the misgovernment of the people, who were persecuted and oppressed by minions of authority; men who, like the writer in Blackwood, had little views and contracted minds, who were reckless of the bad consequences of their foolish opinions and wicked acts, regarding nothing but the acquisition of money, and the promotion of their own interests.

Ireland is now advancing rapidly in the scale of nations; and, while her inhabitants increase in wealth and happiness, may they ever cherish and preserve those generous and noble qualities of the heart for which they have been long and proudly distinguished! may they never degenerate into cold, calculating, money-getting, money-keeping Scotchmen!

LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.



REMARKS UPON THE ARTICLE IN BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE,  
REFERRED TO IN PAGE 46 OF LAST NUMBER.

*To the Editors of the Cambrian Quarterly Magazine.*

GENTLEMEN,

THOSE who are anxious for coming to a predetermined conclusion, are generally equally indifferent as to the process of argument which they adopt; and, accordingly, one or other of the following methods of reasoning is, upon all ordinary occasions, found to answer their purpose. The first consists in drawing wrong conclusions from right principles, and the other in drawing just conclusions from false principles. But upon extraordinary occasions, they have recourse to a third, and far more efficient method, and that is, the one in which both data and deductions are all equally erroneous. This latter system of logic seems to be the one adopted by the writer of the article on national character, signed A. W., which appeared in Blackwood's Magazine for November last; and to which our attention has been directed, by the able manner in which the fallacy of its arguments has been exposed in the Cambrian Quarterly, as far as they regard the natives of the Principality. That portion of the discussion it is by no means my intention to interfere with, considering the refutation to be ample and satisfactory. But, as A. W., in order to support his attack upon our countrymen, has thought fit to take certain



liberties with historical events, as well as with existing facts, which, probably, were not deemed of sufficient importance to be brought within the limits of your reply, and as every circumstance connected with our national history and literature, comes professedly within the scope of your publication, I hope you will permit me to add the following observations to those already advanced.

In the first place, the writer, in extolling the character of the Lowland Scotch, signifies, that its superiority is in a great measure owing to the Pictish origin of the people, taking it for granted that the Picts were of the Gothic race. Now, if the question respecting the origin of that people, could be decided by any historical research, it must have been long ago set at rest by his countryman Chalmers, the most sound and dispassionate of all Scottish antiquaries; who, after minutely investigating every authority that could throw any light upon the origin of the Picts, has pronounced them to be *Cymraeg Celts!*

But A. W., notwithstanding the vast absorbing powers of the Scotch character, finding that some *leettle* degree of credit on the score of industry, attaches to the people of Yorkshire and Lancashire, which could not pass entirely unobserved, has discovered that it is altogether nothing more than a small matter of merit which has oozed to them out of the superabundance of Scotland, in consequence of the saturated state of that country, and that the industry of those English counties owes its existence to a *Pictish cross*. Now, really, this is a discovery in history. With such powers of second sightedness in our modern historians, who can any longer lament the silence of the ancients, or the loss of their ill-written and blundering annals? A Pictish settlement in Yorkshire! how infinitely should we be obliged to him, if he would inform us in what year those colonists arrived, where they settled, and how they travelled, whether by land or sea, and any other little particulars he might choose to communicate! of course these Picts not having extended the advantages of their beneficial visits to the west of England, there is no such thing as industry, wealth, or commercial energy in the idle and beggarly counties of Gloucester and Somerset, they having always laboured under the baneful influence of Silurian Celticism. But allowing, for the sake of argument, that this Pictish cross did exist in Yorkshire, yet according to his own shewing, it was no cross at all; for if the Picts were Scandinavian Goths, as he maintains, they must have been of the same race with the *Angles* of the north of England, a most beautiful exemplification of that system of logic which he has selected for his use.

We are moreover told, that the Scotch "triumph over every other tribe, and very easily over the Saxon." Surely it is no common quantity of self-complacency that could have induced

this extraordinary notion! The Scotch triumph over the English! those men whose every talent and energy is exerted but to exalt the name and swell the glory of England, and whose very existence is, by her superior genius, made subservient to the promotion of her prosperity.

Truly, this is something like the triumph of the Irish humorist's racehorse, which *drove all the others before him*. Is it not most notorious that, whenever a native of Scotland feels conscious of possessing abilities in the least above mediocrity, in any calling or profession to which he may belong, he soon becomes restless and dissatisfied in his own country, and rarely fails to seek an ampler field of action, in the more genial and fostering region of the south? and whatever of Scottish merit quits its native glens to cross the English border, however recollections of Scotland may, for a time, cling to the possessor, it is England that commands and profits by his services, and, finally, triumphs in her superior energies and powers of control.

But it is not merely in mental qualifications that the Scotch are to claim a superiority over the English. They must likewise excel them in stature, symmetry, gait, and action; they are *tall*, &c. Now, though I am far from thinking that national greatness consists in height of stature, yet I would by no means appear to disparage personal advantages where they really do exist; but with regard to this fancy respecting the *superior stature* of the Scotch, it seems only a part of the same reverie that developed the Pictish colonies of Leeds and Manchester. When we dispute about Picts, and energies, we are referring to subjects of historical and philosophical inquiry, and must be guided by such authorities and proofs as may exist in those branches of science, and which are too often either defective or difficult of access: but in such an assertion as that respecting the superior stature of an existing people, the method of demonstration is of a very different description; and all who have the use of their faculties, and access to the country, may form a judgment for themselves: and having, myself, had occasion to visit several parts of Scotland, I can assure your readers that I never noticed any thing in the appearance of the inhabitants that could, in the remotest degree, justify this hitherto unheard-of assertion of their panegyrist; on the contrary, there are many extensive districts in South Britain, in which the people possess personal advantages far superior to any I ever witnessed in Scotland. I respect the Scotch people: they are orderly, industrious, and well informed; and this exalted moral stature is infinitely more honourable to them as a nation, than if they had, in corporeal procerity, attained even to the height of the Anakims. Let them be content with this admission, and let not their ill-judging encomiasts subject them to a disadvantageous comparison, by arrogating for them a superiority to which

they have no pretension ; for though the Scotch are not marked by any striking defect, neither, most assuredly, have they any thing to boast of, either in stature or physiognomy ; and, if a registry were made of their qualifications as far as regards these particulars, those might esteem themselves distinguished who escaped the designation of *ordinary*.

But not satisfied with outraging, in the island of Britain, all authorities of history and experience, this writer must carry his preposterous system even across the ocean, into Ireland, and then celebrate his triumph over the Irish likewise. It might have been expected, that the misfortunes of that ill-fated country would have exempted it from an invidious comparison, or, at least, have entitled it to some degree of forbearance : but it appears that these considerations had no influence in the present instance ; all must yield to the more highly favored inhabitants of Scotland.

It is not my intention to enter into a vindication of the Irish character ; possibly, the time is not far distant in which it will need no advocate ; and whenever the period arrives in which the native resources of Ireland shall be properly developed, and her energies awakened, then let Scotland prepare to content herself with a rank among nations, one remove, at least, still further from that of her English mistress.

But into whatever country this writer carries his speculations, it is remarkable that, by some extraordinary accident or other, the arguments which he selects in order to support his system, prove so uniformly weak and untenable, that we might be induced to refer such a continued and unbroken series of errors to something like an unaccountable fatality. Having arrived in Ireland, one of the first things he does is, to take up the old exploded story of the Milesian colonization of that country, seemingly for no other reason than because all rational historians have discarded it as absurd and fabulous ; and, in consequence of this alleged ancient colony from Spain, he discovers, that the present Irish are remarkable for *large dark eyes*. Surely the writer can never have been in Ireland, or even looked at a party of Irish haymakers in England ; otherwise, he would have seen that they are, almost without exception, a blue or grey eyed race. But the truth seems to be that, by a trifling confusion of events and dates, he has contrived to avail himself of a real modern occurrence to account for a non-entity, whose supposed existence originated, also, in another fiction. It is well known that, in the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth, during the Irish disturbances, a considerable body of Spanish troops, under the command of Don Juan d'Aquila, landed in the south of Ireland ; and although a great portion returned to Spain, together with their leaders, yet a considerable number remained in Ireland, and settled on the southern coast : and, it is said, that their descendants are still recognised in those parts, by

their dark eye, and Spanish style of countenance. And, doubtless, this is the colony which A. W. must have heard of, and which gave rise to his ideas of Irish physiognomy and Milesian character; thus confounding an event which occurred in *anno Domini* 1601, with another, of about the same date, *anno mundi*.

Such are the grounds upon which this writer has thought fit to rest his quarrel with our national character, and that of our English neighbours, with whom, by numerous ties of consanguinity, both recent, we must, on this occasion, own a strict alliance. Possibly he may acknowledge his error, I had almost said, his numberless errors, and make due amends. But lest, in the energies of his Pictish mind, he should disdain to receive instruction from the pen of a Cambro-British Celt, and should still entertain the same notions upon the forementioned subjects, I humbly beg to suggest that, before he again commits himself by their publication, he will, at least, turn in his mind one prudent maxim of his own countrymen, "*dianna waken sleepin dogs.*"

Yours, &c.

\* \* \* \*

## Y TAIR NWYD; LLAWENYDD, GALAR, A CHARIAD.

(THE THREE PASSIONS; JOY, SORROW, AND LOVE.)

PAN VO PUR LAWENYDD yn llenwi vy mron,  
Mae v'ysbryd yn uchel, am calon yn llon;  
Mae'r awel môr bêr; mae y meusydd môr wryn;  
A'r oriau yn hedeg, mâl niwl dros y llwyn.  
Am hyny, Gyveillion! boem lawen a doeth;  
Dymunach Llawenydd, a gwell no'r aur coeth:  
A dedwydd y teulu lle mae hwn i'w gael,  
Rhydd gysur i vonwes yr uchel a'r gwael.

Môr groes ydyw GALAR, mae hwn yn pruddhau  
Vy ysbryd a'm calon, nas medrwyv vwynhau  
Un ddyddan gyveillach, na gair yn ei bryd;  
Na'r awel, na'r mensydd; na dim yn y byd.  
Am hyny, Gyveillion! aed galar o'n bron,  
Ac ynddi llettyed Llawenydd yn llon;  
A'r awel vydd bêr, ac y meusydd yn wryn;  
A'r oriau a hedant, mâl niwl dros y llwyn.

I gynnal Llawenydd doed CARIAD a'i wên,  
Ac yna môr ddedwydd vydd ieuanc a hên;  
Cartrevant o hyd yn y vonwes lân bur;  
Gadawant yr euawg; ni hofant y sur.  
Am hyny, Gyveillion! dechreuwn mewn pryd  
I garu ein gilydd yn gywir i gyd:  
Ac yna môr velus vydd oriau ein hoes,  
Er hedeg yn gyvym, hwy hedant heb loes.

TEGID.

*Rhydychain.*

### ANCIENT BRASS INSTRUMENT.

The brass instrument represented by this sketch, reduced to half its size, was found, with some sepulchral remains, on removing a carnedd, or heap of stones, for widening a road, in Llanwynda parish, about fifteen miles north-east of St. David's, near the sea, in 1826. Round the triangular end appear the fragments of a blade inserted, with a hole, probably for securing the blade.



The two lozenges on the handle are the remains of red enamel. Such a tool could have but little power; and, therefore, it is difficult to say to what use it could be applied, unless as a razor. It is in the possession of D. O. Lewis, esq., of Swansea, who permitted a drawing of it to be made by

DRISON,  
1829.

## A TOUR THROUGH BRITTANY,

MADE IN THE SUMMER OF 1829.

[Continued from p. 43.]

NOTWITHSTANDING the intimate connexion which, in former times, subsisted between the province of Brittany and the principality of Wales, yet, for several ages past, so entirely has all national intercourse ceased between the two countries that, at the present day, there is but little known of Brittany among the Welsh, further than that the inhabitants speak a language similar to their own. But although our countrymen are generally acquainted with this fact, for there is scarcely a peasant in the Principality but has some knowledge of the *Llydawiaid*, and their Celtic tongue, yet there are but very few in any station of life who have a distinct idea of the limits of that language, much less are they acquainted with its dialects and local peculiarities. Indeed, so little is the subject understood among them, that I have known more than one Welshman, on landing at St. Malo, exceedingly surprised and disconcerted at not finding the Breton spoken in that town, or even in the adjacent country.

Should any one, therefore, feel interested in ascertaining the present limits of the Celto-Breton language, if he will take a map of France, or of Brittany, and commencing at the northern shore of that province, opposite to *Guingamp*, draw a line through the little town of *Chatelaudren*, and also through that of *Quintin*, and proceeding in the same direction to the commune of *Noyal*, on the east of *Pontivy*, and from thence through the commune of *Elven*, and of *Muzillac*, to the west bank of the *Vilaine*, opposite to *La Roche Bernard*, and from thence again to the ocean, at the mouth of that river, he will find that he has thus divided the province into two parts, by a line drawn across from sea to sea; to the westward of which, with the exception of the towns, the Celtic is the general language. And of this western division, which is called, in French, *La Bretagne Bretonnante*, that is, the *Breton-speaking Brittany*, the city of *Vannes* is considered the capital. The Breton continues also to be spoken in the small isolated canton of *Batz*, in the department of *Loire Inferieure*: in the rest of the province, the French is the universal tongue. Nevertheless, it must be stated, that this line is not every where perfectly distinct; as, in some places, the French and Breton are blended together, and in others, especially in the north, it is so well defined that, in one part of a town, the inhabitants will be found to speak nothing but French, in their general conversation, while, in the other, at the distance of a few paces, they speak only Breton.

With regard to the number of persons now speaking the Breton, I have heard a great variety of opinions ; some estimating them at a *million*, and others at not more than *six hundred thousand*. It has even been asserted that, when Bonaparte ordered a census to be made of the various inhabitants of his dominions, according to their respective nations and languages, there were found *eleven hundred thousand* speaking the Celtic. I am, however, rather inclined to doubt the accuracy of this statement : for although it was the policy of that emperor to magnify his resources, yet I scarcely think he could have managed to swell the number to this amount, even though the *Basque* population were considered as belonging to the Celtic race ; for the utmost amount of that people, within the French frontier, hardly exceeds *sixty thousand* souls. But I am disposed to think that, in the present instance, as the statement was communicated in the English language, the error was occasioned by a mistake, easily made in a verbal repetition of the number, and that, instead of *eleven*, it should have been *seven hundred thousand* ; as from all the information I have been able to collect, that amount would be nearer the truth than the other ; and, in confirmation of my opinion, I submit the following documents.

In the table of the population of France, as divided into departments, and published in 1791, the only one I have now an opportunity of referring to, the following statement is given of the province of Brittany :

<i>Departments.</i>	<i>Population.</i>
Loire Inferieure . . . . .	331,270
Isle et Vilaine . . . . .	519,169
Morbihan . . . . .	281,565
Cotes du Nord . . . . .	523,880
Finistere . . . . .	285,730

Total of the population of Brittany in 1791. 1941,614.

Now, if we take the whole of Finistere, and such portions of Morbihan and Cotes du Nord as are to the west of the line I have just described, and also the little district of Batz, in Loire Inferieure, and then make reasonable allowance for the Francicised inhabitants of the towns, on the one hand, and for the increase of the Bretonnante population which must have taken place since the year 1791, on the other, it will, probably, be found that seven hundred thousand is a fair computation of the number of persons speaking the Celto-Breton.

At what particular time the Breton became confined to its present limits, is not exactly known ; though it is certain that, throughout a great portion of Upper Brittany, it had, at a very early period, given way to the more cultivated Gaulish Latin. So little was it known in some parts of the upper division in the twelfth



century, that the celebrated *Abeilard*, though himself a Breton, having been born near Nantes, yet when he was stationed in the diocese of Vannes, complained that he was surrounded by a barbarous people, whose language was hateful and unintelligible to him.

But, notwithstanding that the Breton was soon supplanted by its more elegant rival in the upper country, it appears that, in Lower Brittany, at a greater distance from the refinements of the court, it never ceased to be the general language. However, it can hardly be doubted that, at one time, it prevailed to a considerable degree, if not generally, throughout the whole of the province. For it is not probable that Conan Meriadoc, when he took possession of the country, at the head of his victorious legions, would pass by the fertile plains of the Loire and Vilaine, to settle in the uninviting climate of the west. And, accordingly, we find that the seat of the Breton government was chiefly at Nantes or Rennes; and all the descendants of the British prince, which formed the dynasty of the *Conanigènes*, held their court generally at one or other of those places. Yet when we occasionally find them at Vannes, or any other part of the lower division, we do not perceive that any difference is made between the people of the two countries. In fact, whether we take into consideration the settlement under Conan, in the fourth century, or that under Riwal, in the fifth, these insular Britons must have brought with them their native language, and, although that has been superseded by the Romance, or corrupt Latin, the parent of the present French, yet, if we had no historical intimation of the fact, the existence of its remains in the little canton of Batz, would, at least, afford strong presumptive evidence of its former prevalence in that portion of the province: and, that the present Breton is not merely a remnant of the ancient Gaulish, is, I think, placed beyond a doubt, by the very name which it bears among those who claim it as their original tongue; inasmuch as they call it the *Brezonek*, or *British*, whereas to the French, they apply the term *Gallek*, i. e. *Gaulish*; evidently implying that the present Celtic language is not the immediate descendant or representative of that of ancient Gaul.

Another inquiry arises out of this discussion. Did the insular Britons, when they established themselves in Armorica, find there any remains of the ancient Celtic of Gaul, or was the present language entirely imported from Great Britain? and, also, if there were then any remains of the ancient language, in what parts of the country was it spoken? In answer to the first part of this inquiry, it may be said, that it is by no means improbable that some remains of the ancient language may have been in existence at that period; though it was afterwards superseded by, or incorporated with, that of the new colonists. Indeed, some have imagined the previous existence of such a language to have been the cause of



the insular Britons selecting that spot for their residence ; but this is merely a gratuitous assumption, or, at least, one resting upon very slender authority, as that country, so rich in natural advantages, could not require any additional inducement whatever to tempt the choice of these wanderers. Others, again, assert that the soldiers of Conan, on their settling in Armorica, intermarried with a people whose language differed from their own ; though the authenticity of this assertion is somewhat shaken by the recital of the expedient which they had recourse to in order to prevent their children acquiring the language of their Armorican mothers, which was no other than that of cutting off their wives' tongues. The later emigrations would, of course, find there a language resembling that of Britain, which, a short time before, had been introduced by their insular precursors ; but that such a language existed there on the arrival of Conan, rests upon conjecture alone.

In the next place, as it is consistent with probability, that the ancient language of the aborigines was not entirely eradicated in the fourth century ; so it may be presumed, that like its Celtic successor, the present Breton, it would be retained in its greatest purity in the mountains and remote parts of the west. As there can be little doubt, that in this province, as well as throughout the whole of the empire, the large towns were very soon placed under the Roman municipal system ; and, we may reasonably infer, that together with the jurisprudence and civic customs of Rome, the Latin language would, in a great measure, be introduced, while such of the peasantry as resided at a distance from the influence of those establishments would retain their original Celtic.

With regard to the relative circumstances of the French and Breton languages, at the present day, they may be said to resemble, in many particulars, those of the English and Welsh, in the principality of Wales ; the French being the language of commerce, of legislation, and of the upper classes of society, while the Breton continues to be that of the peasantry. With this exception, however, in the resemblance, that, the Welsh is by far a more cultivated and literary language than the Breton ; the latter rarely appearing in the press, in works of any consideration ; whereas, the Welsh have, at this moment, at least, eight or ten monthly magazines published in their native tongue, besides numerous other publications, of various descriptions. It is, likewise, by no means uncommon in Wales to see the language, to a certain extent, employed in commercial transactions, in advertisements, &c. ; whereas, I never noticed the Breton applied to any such purpose, excepting, occasionally, in the words *Butun mād*, that is, *good tobacco*, written over a shop door.

But although the Breton has not materially lost ground for

several ages, as far as its territorial limits are concerned, yet it is evident that the French has been making considerable inroads upon it throughout the interior of the country. This is very perceptible in the interspersion of French words which continually occur in conversation, as also in the increased number of persons capable of conversing in the French language; and in some places, so corrupt is the vernacular tongue become that although its grammatical structure retains the Breton character, yet, with the exception of the smaller particles of speech, about one third of the words are French, though generally so disguised by inflexions, to suit the genius of the Breton, as not to be immediately recognised; furnishing a living example of the manner in which the ancient Gaulish gradually progressed towards the Latin, until at length it assumed the form of the present French. In most instances, the Breton words borrowed from the French, as they correspond with the modern pronunciation of that language, shew that they are of late adoption, whereas some others seem to have been introduced at a much earlier period, and before the French had begun to dispense with the sounds of the, now, quiescent letters. At the same time I am far from supposing, that because a Breton word is found to correspond in sound with a similar word in French, that it must of necessity have been borrowed from that language; on the contrary, both may have been derived from the Latin, or Gaulish, or some other language, through different channels: and I also feel convinced, that the French have borrowed some words direct from the Breton; and this will not appear matter of surprise when we recollect, that Brittany was for many ages the central point of chivalry and romance; that the Breton knights were among the most eminent that entered the lists; and that the Breton *Lays* were the originals from which the earliest French romances were avowedly translated.

The later encroachments of the French upon the Breton are attributed to two principal causes, both of which may be said to owe their commencement to the effects of the Revolution. The first is the progress of commerce, which having, about that time, from operations not easily defined, received an extraordinary stimulus, was afterwards greatly accelerated by the formation of roads, chiefly intended for military purposes, but which opened communications, and gave facilities for intercourse between districts once completely separated. The other is referred to the effects of the military conscription, in consequence of which, almost every young man capable of bearing arms was at one time or other called upon to serve in the army, where he would, of course, become in some degree acquainted with the French language. Such of those soldiers, as returned to their native country, would bring with them a knowledge of the French; and thus that language has been introduced into families, which otherwise would rarely have heard

it spoken; and in a military nation, such as France had become, the number of disbanded soldiers must at all times have been considerable, but especially after the breaking up of Napoleon's immense establishment.

But, although there are but few places in which there is not some person who is more or less acquainted with the French; yet, generally speaking, throughout the whole of Bretagne Bretonnante, the Breton is the usual tongue of the people, and it is by no means uncommon to meet with persons who cannot speak a word of French. I have frequently, when addressing them in that language, and asking for local information, been repulsed with the reply of "*Na gompenn Gallek,*" *I do not speak Gaulish, that is, French.*

I may here be asked a question, which I should myself have proposed to another upon a similar occasion, had I never visited Brittany; and that is, if the Welsh and Breton languages bear so near a resemblance to each other as is generally understood, where was the necessity of having recourse to the French as a medium of communication? Why not converse with the Bretons in the Welsh at once? To this I answer, that notwithstanding the many assertions which have been made respecting the natives of Wales and Brittany being mutually intelligible through the medium of their respective languages, I do not hesitate to say, that the thing is utterly *impossible*; single words, in either language, will frequently be found to have corresponding terms, of a similar sound, in the other; and occasionally a short sentence, deliberately pronounced, may be partially intelligible; but as to *holding a conversation*, that is totally out of the question. If the difference between the construction of the Welsh and Breton grammars were not enough to prevent this reciprocity of speech, the prevalence of French words in the Breton would effectually suffice, and yet the strong and repeated asseverations which have been advanced respecting this identity of language require some explanation, otherwise such a positive contradiction as I am now giving them, may seem not only to impugn the accuracy of those who have made the observations, but even to arraign their veracity also. That explanation I persuade myself I shall be able to furnish, having myself been more than once the means of occasioning similar observations; for, whenever I have chanced to fall into conversation with any of the Bas Bretons, I have generally availed myself of the opportunity to make inquiries respecting their native tongue; which, on a comparison of words, I have of course found to bear a strong resemblance to the Welsh; as, for instance, *pen*, a *head*; *troad*, a *foot*, &c.: and, occasionally, some particular expression, or turn of phraseology, would be found to have its counterpart in that language: now, it has sometimes happened, that a Frenchman has been present at this lingual barter; whom,

not having a very distinct idea of the subject, I have afterwards heard announcing with the greatest confidence, to the first person he has met, that I could speak Bas Breton, and that he himself had heard me speak it! and I have not the least doubt that he would ever after, when the subject should be mentioned, repeat the assertion in the same unqualified terms. I do not mean to say that I am totally ignorant of that language, but the assertion respecting my conversing in it has often rested upon no other foundation than the mere comparison of words just alluded to. That a person unacquainted with either language should fall into such a mistake, upon observing among the speakers a mutual recognition of the same terms, is not to be much wondered at, but I have generally heard even the Bretons themselves make the same assertion, after my having uttered a few detached words in Welsh, and have been much amused with the earnestness with which they have announced the fact to each other, and the remarks occasioned by it; this circumstance has generally produced an interest in my favor, as persons possessed of the slightest historical information would immediately refer the similarity of language to the original identity of nations, though among others not so well informed, I have heard it attributed to another cause not so well calculated to promote feelings of kindness towards me. I had upon several occasions perceived symptoms of such a misunderstanding, but was for some time unable to comprehend the reason of their existence: however, at length, the whole mystery was fully explained; for one day, on passing through a small village, I stopped a short time in order to make inquiries concerning my route, of such of the inhabitants as I met in the street; and finding them, as usual, speaking their native tongue, I soon entered into a comparison of it with my own; and, as every expression we uttered, produced an additional confirmation of their original identity, I began to flatter myself that I was making no small progress in their good opinion by this developement of national affinity, especially when I heard a girl, who had been listening attentively for some time, call out across the street, with considerable delight and surprise, "Father, this English gentleman speaks Bas Breton!" Had the epithet by which the girl designated me, borne the same restricted sense in French as it does in English, I should have suspected by the indifference which the old man evinced upon the occasion, that he thought it rather misapplied, to the dusty and way-worn figure which I exhibited; but he soon made me acquainted with the reason of his cool reception of the communication, and at the same time completely dissipated all my Celtic visions, by coming forward and replying to the girl's exclamation, "Well, and what is there to wonder at in that? England was formerly in alliance with Brittany." In fact, he seemed to know nothing of the early British emigrations, but was alluding to the English troops, which, under Edward the

Third and his successors, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, had been sent over as partisans in those dissensions by which Brittany was so frequently agitated; and actually supposed that the Welsh which I was speaking was nothing else than English, the general language of England, and which had somehow or other, at the above-mentioned period, become common to both countries; and, from the manner in which he enlarged upon the events of those times, and adverted to the *Combat des Trente*, and other encounters which his countrymen had with the English, it was evident that his idea of my being a descendant of a people who, though not actually enemies, were often rather troublesome allies, did not enhance his veneration for my dialect, which he never doubted to be the general language of England at this day, and spoken by the king, lords, and commons.

But notwithstanding that this notion has frequently led to discussion, and sometimes to much difference of opinion, yet it is but justice to acknowledge, that neither upon this nor any other occasion, did I ever experience the slightest tendency towards incivility, much less towards insult: on the contrary, whenever I have felt disposed to explain to them the ancient connexion betwixt our respective nations, they have always listened to me with much attention and complacency, and as I persuaded myself, not without some feelings of interest.

In addition to these recollections of the English armies being so long stationed in the country, an idea prevails that some of their churches were built by the English, and the relation of this circumstance is not unfrequently accompanied by a significant remark, that the English must be *Bons Catholiques*. There seems to be some truth in the idea, I mean respecting the building of the churches; as some of the finest specimens of ecclesiastic architecture, in the northern parts of France, are undoubtedly of English construction, though it is not probable that the English would do much in the way of church building for Brittany, a country in which they had no possessions.

But although the languages of Wales and Brittany are not so absolutely identical, as to admit of the natives of those countries using them in common, yet they certainly do bear so striking a resemblance to each other as to make it evident that they must, at some period not very remote, have sprung from the same origin. But, however, the resemblance between the Welsh and Breton is by no means so striking as that between the Breton and the old language of Cornwall, now extinct, as may be perceived by a reference to the grammars of those languages: nevertheless, the Cornish does in many particulars draw nearer to the Welsh than the Breton, and may be considered as a connecting link between the two.

One of the most remarkable differences exists in the numerals,

the Bretons and Cornish counting by *tens*, whereas the Welsh count up to *ten*, in the first decade of the score, and then by *fives* in the second; that is, counting up to *fifteen* in the usual way, and then stopping at that number and forming a new series up to twenty, saying *one upon fifteen, two upon fifteen, &c.*, and so through each of the five scores up to one hundred. Now this, it must be confessed, is a most rude and awkward method of calculation; yet it does, at the same time, argue a very remote origin, and affords a strong plea against the assertions of those who maintain that such words as are found in the Welsh resembling the Latin, must of necessity have been borrowed from that language; for instance, the words *cant*, a *hundred*, and *mil*, a thousand; as they so nearly resemble the Latin *centum*, and *mille*, it has been urged that they must of course have been taken from those words. But I think it beyond a doubt, that if the Welsh had learnt the use of these terms from the Romans, they would also have adopted the Roman intermediate arrangement of numerals, and not have used their own less commodious process of calculation; not to mention that several of the Welsh numerals, as well as multitudes of other words in that language, bear a much nearer resemblance to the Greek than to the Latin, and yet they could not have acquired this resemblance through any intercourse with the Romans, nor does it seem probable that it proceeded from any connexion with the Greeks themselves: therefore the most rational inference is, that such words are the remains of the Celtic, or aboriginal language of Europe, the parent stock from which both the Greek and Latin, as well as several other dialects, have sprung; and that this original language has been more perfectly preserved in the Welsh than in either of the other two, may be seen upon an examination of their etymological structure; for, although the original roots are more distinctly perceptible in the Greek than in the Latin, yet we find in both those tongues a great number of insulated words which have no etymological connexion with any of their existing roots, nor any thing to direct us to their original formation; but, on having recourse to their counterparts in the Welsh, we seldom fail of finding the roots, not merely in single words, but branching out into such a number of ramifications, and so interwoven with the language, as to make it evident that they could never have been foreign terms adopted for the purpose of expressing new ideas, but native words entirely formed of the elements of that tongue, and coeval with its original construction.

In consequence of the similarity between the languages of Cornwall and Armorica, some have imagined the Cornish to be the language of the Loegrian Britons, the third and last Celtic tribe that settled in Britain: but there is no authority whatever for this supposition; on the other hand it is most probable, that Lluyd

has given the right explanation of this fact in the preface to his *Cornish Vocabulary*, where he attributes it to the introduction of the Armorican by an army of Bretons; who, according to the *Welsh Chronicles*, came over into this island in the seventh century, under their leader Ivor, son of Alan the Second, king of Brittany; and having, in conjunction with the original people, re-established the ancient kingdom of Cornwall, and reconquered from the Saxons the adjoining county of Somerset, &c., they kept possession of this territory until the year 936, when they were by King Athelstan driven back beyond the Tamar. In confirmation of this statement it may be added, that the people of Cornwall kept up a considerable intercourse with the Bretons, until as late as the time of Elizabeth; and it is even said, that it was not an unusual thing for some of the Cornish families to form matrimonial alliances with those of Brittany; and, probably, if the old national customs of the Cornish could be ascertained, they would be found in many particulars to bear a resemblance to those of the Bretons. I have already noticed, that the Bretons were celebrated for their skill in wrestling, and we know that the same athletic exercise has been long cultivated in Cornwall; and so characteristic of both countries has this gymnastic science become, that our English expression, *a Cornish hug*, has its equivalent in French, in the *saut de Breton*.

But notwithstanding this colonization by the Armoricans, and so many years of subsequent intercourse with Brittany, yet the language of Cornwall does bear in its construction so strong a resemblance to the Welsh, in many particulars in which it differs from the Breton, that there can be no doubt that it always retained a great portion of its ancient British character, in consequence of the prevalence of that race which first established itself in the land.

How difficult it is to extirpate the original possessors of a country, when once they have become attached to the soil. The first inhabitants of Cornwall were of the aboriginal British race; they were, along with the rest of the neighbouring tribes, brought under the dominion of the Romans, and remained so for upwards of three hundred years; they were then invaded by the Saxons, and their limits gradually reduced; then an army of Bretons, with probably a Gaulish mixture, came over from Armorica, and coalescing with the original inhabitants, subdued those Saxons and recovered possession of the country; afterwards came a second incursion of Saxons, by this time mixed up with their Danish conquerors, and to a certain extent regained their former dominion; and, lastly, came the people called Normans, composed of Scandinavians, Gauls, Bretons, Flemmings, Piedmontese, &c.; and they, in their turn, became conquerors of the country, and established their dominion upon the debris of the Danish, Saxon, Armorican, Roman, and British dynasties. And yet, notwith-



standing all these extraordinary vicissitudes, the people of Cornwall, as late as the eighteenth century, spoke their aboriginal Celtic dialect; so difficult is it to eradicate all traces of the first cultivators of the soil.

In a champaign country, unprotected by natural fastnesses, an agricultural population, when invaded by a superior force, may soon be subdued, but they will rarely be extirpated; their non-resistance, and general usefulness as labourers, will ensure their protection; and, becoming the vassals of the conquerors, they will, in the course of time, amalgamate with them, and form one people; and if the most numerous of the two parties, they will in the end predominate: but in a wild and mountainous country, the aborigines will generally be enabled, either to repulse their invaders in battle, or else to harass and wear them out by a desultory warfare; continually retiring from one strong hold to another, and leaving them nothing to enjoy as a conquest, but the unsatisfactory possession of a deserted and desolate country. Of course there are few invading armies, however well appointed; that would not soon retreat from so unprofitable an employment, when the original inhabitants, returning to their native glens, are in a short time again prepared to give the next assailants a similar reception.

I may be told, that the fate of the American Indians can be cited as an instance of the fallacy of this idea, as they have almost without exception yielded their ancient possessions to the European adventurers, and have never returned; but I answer, that the American Indians were never cultivators of the soil, they were mere hunters, and, when driven from their original haunts, they only exchanged one hunting ground for another, without suffering any material inconvenience; to the Indian, who, in his hunting excursions, rarely slept two successive nights in the same place, the shade of one tree must differ but little from that of another, and his local attachments would be regulated by the plentifulness of the animals which he pursued. Had the aborigines of America been an agricultural people, they would have been more able to defend their country, as well as more determined to retain it; and it is probable, that by some compact or other, either tacit or avowed, they would at this day have claimed their portion of the soil, among the various nations which compose the population of the United States.

Having alluded to the landing of Ivor, son of Alan, in Cornwall, as related in the Welsh Chronicles, now published in the Myvyrian Archaiology, if we turn to the preceding part of that account we shall find, that this expedition into Britain had been previously meditated by Cadwalader, who went over to Armorica to request assistance of his kinsman Alan; but he was then told by an angel, that the Britons could not recover their ancient do-



minion until the time should arrive which Merlin had foretold before Uther Pendragon, and this could not be until he (Cadwalader) had devoted himself to fulfil a long penance, &c. Upon this vision being made known, Alan, king of Brittany, took all the books of the predictions of Merlin, and the predictions of the eagle which prophesied at Caer Septon, (Shaftsbury, also called Caer Paladyr,) in order to see whether they corresponded with the communication made to Cadwalader. Now, whoever is acquainted with the various compositions attributed to the bard Taliesin, will recollect that there is among them an ode called *yr Awdyl Vraith*, which is totally different in style from any other poem of that bard, and which, I am disposed to think, will be shewn by the above story to be spuriously attached to his name; for instance, in this *Awdyl Vraith*, we meet the following lines :

Geiriau yr angel  
Am hedd a rhyvel  
A vydd diogel  
I Brytania

Mi wn eu cerdded  
A'u twng a'u tynged  
A'u tro a'u trwydded  
Hyd ultima.

“The words of the angel concerning peace and war will be certain to Britannia; I know their progress, their lot, their destiny, their revolution, and their course, unto the last.”

Again,

Mawr gevais innau  
Yn vy mardd-lyvrau.

“I also found in my bardic books.”

Also,

Y daw'r ddarogan

“How the prediction will come to pass.”

And

Oni ddel rhyw vyd  
Yn ol hir benyd.

“But a certain period will arrive, after a long penance,”

Yno caif Brython  
En tir a'u coron.

“Then the Britons shall have their land and their crown,” &c.

It will be admitted, that all these allusions are utterly unintelligible without some explanation beyond what is to be found in the poem itself; but, if any person will take the trouble to compare them with the afore-mentioned passage in the Chronicles, he cannot for a moment hesitate in concluding, that both refer to the same event, and more especially as he will find there the selfsame words employed; as, “*Holl lyfrau darogan Myrddyn Emrys—geiriau yr angel—y gymeryd penyd—pan fai gyflawn yr amser tyngedfenawl—y cant y Bryttaniaid eu Braint a'u coron yn ol y dywaid yr angel wrth Gadwaladr,*” &c.

Now, as it is beyond a doubt, that the event thus alluded to in

the poem, is the very same with that stated to have taken place in the time of Cadwalader, the inevitable conclusion is, that the poem cannot be the composition of Taliesin, as that bard must have been dead long before Cadwalader went to Armorica, and most probably before he was born, for Taliesin flourished in the middle of the sixth century, whereas Cadwalader was alive in the latter end of the seventh, and this vision appeared to him only eight years before his death.

I am aware that many of my countrymen will regard with any thing but pleasure, this act of spoliation committed upon their favorite bard, and would prefer remaining under their long cherished delusion, rather than have the truth thus abruptly dragged to light. I can most cordially sympathise with them in these feelings of regret and veneration, and can assure them it is no slight or doubtful evidence that would induce me to impugn the genuineness of any composition attributed to Taliesin; but “y gwir yn erbyn y byd,” “the truth, even though opposed by the whole world.” And let them not be overwhelmed with grief at this discovery; Taliesin’s fame rests upon too solid a basis to be affected by the loss of a few monkish rhymes; nor would his name, as a poet, suffer any injury, if it were disencumbered of some others of a similar description.

But to return to the Breton. Although that language is by no means so identical with the Welsh as to be, either in its oral or written state, intelligible to the natives of the Principality; yet, at the same time, it must be admitted, that there exists a very striking similarity between them, and that, not only in single words, but also in phraseology, and modes of expression; and this is frequently so strong, that it might be thought that the two nations had separated but yesterday. Le Gonidec has, in his Dictionary, given several Breton expressions, together with their parallels in French, in order to show the difference of idiom between the two languages; and, on comparing the former with the Welsh, we find the difference to be very trifling: for example, the expression to *quench his thirst*, is, in Breton, *torri he zeched*, literally, *to break his thirst*; but the French say, *etancher le soif*, and not *rompre le soif*; whereas, the Welsh is precisely similar to the Breton: *torri ei syched*.

Again: for the Breton *gwell eo gan eñ*, *I had rather*, literally, *it is better with me*; the French use the expression, *j’aime mieux*, and not *mieux est avec moi*, but the Welsh say, *gwell yw gan i*.

Also, *gwerza war goll*, *to sell upon a loss*, is, in French, *vendre a perte*, and not, *sur perte*, but, in Welsh, it is *gwerthu ar gollod*. *A hed ann deiz*; *all day long*, is, in French, *tout le jour*, but, in Welsh, it is *ar hyd y dydd*.

*Merch he mamm eo Katell*, *Catherine is her mother’s daughter*.

This, according to the French idiom, is, *telle mere telle fille*; but the Welsh have an expression similar to the Breton.

*Tro all, another time*, literally another turn; for this expression the French use *autrefois*, and not *autre tour*, but the Welsh say *tro arall*.

There are a great many other expressions in which the idiom corresponds so exactly with that of the Welsh, that when we have examined them individually, in this manner, we must feel surprised that the two languages are in other respects so very different; as the words *briz kleñved*, a slight illness, the Welsh use the word *brith* in the same qualifying sense; also, *maro eo gand ar vrech*, he is dead of the smallpox; here the word *vrach*, or *vrach*, is precisely the Welsh *vrach*, which seems to indicate that this disorder was common to Europe previous to the Breton colonization. The Welsh word *vrach* is the feminine of *brych*, freckled, and in that sense is, in old writings, translated by the Latin word *varius*. Now the terms *varus* and *vara* are, by Celsus and other ancient authors, applied to a certain eruptive disease, by translators sometimes called the measles, and at others, the smallpox; The Welsh, when they intend to distinguish between the two, call the latter the *vrach-wen*, i. e. the white freckle, and the former, the *vrach-goch*, or the red freckle; but, whether the Welsh *vrach*, or the Latin *vara*, was the same with the modern *variola*, it is not for me to determine.

The verbs also, in some of their formations, have a resemblance to those of the Welsh, especially the reflective; as *emwiska*, to dress one's self; in Welsh, *ymwisco*. Some of the minor parts of speech have, also, a strong resemblance, as *piou-bennag*, who-soever, and *pegement-bennag*, how much soever, in Welsh, *pw y bynnag*, and *pe gymaint bynnag*.

The Bretons also change the initial letters in composition, like the Welsh, and, in many instances, precisely in the same manner, as *dourgi*, an otter, for *dour ki*, a water dog; *moruran*, a cormorant, for *mor bran*, a sea crow; *les-vab*, a stepson, for *les-mab*; also, in local names, as *Penwern*, for *Penn gwern*, the head of the alder swamp; the difference is but small.

The plurals of nouns are also much alike, especially in the irregular declensions, as, *askourn*, a bone, plural, *eskern*; *blaiz*, a wolf, pl. *bleizi*; *krogan*, a shell, pl. *kregin*; *davad*, a sheep, pl. *deved*; *tarv* and *taro*, a bull, pl. *tirvi*; likewise, *gwenanen*, a bee; *gwenan*, bees; *irvinen*, a turnip; *irvin*, turnips. They have also several formations resembling those of the Welsh, as, *dournad*, a handful, from *dourn*, a hand; *karrad*, a cart-load, from *karr*, a cart; *braz*, big; *brazder*, bigness; *bihan*, small; *bihander*, smallness; *teo*, thick; *teoder*, thickness.

The degrees of comparison also correspond, as *uchel*, high;

*uchelach*, higher; *uchela*, highest. And even the irregular adjectives are not altogether destitute of some resemblance, as may be seen in the words *good* and *bad*; which, in the Welsh and Breton, as well as many other languages, are found among the irregular words: as *mád*, good; *gwell*, better; *gwella*, best: *drouk*, bad; *gwaz*, worse; *gwasa*, worst. However, notwithstanding these resemblances, the conjugations of the verbs, together with the declensions of the nouns, and a variety of other grammatical essentials, are so totally dissimilar that, without absolutely studying it as a foreign language, it is impossible, even for a Welshman, perfectly to comprehend, in a connective sentence, more than a very few words of Breton.

I have sometimes been asked whether the language when spoken by the natives, does not in its sound and accent bear some resemblance to the Welsh? To this I could only reply, that the resemblance would altogether depend upon the predisposition of the listener: if he were determined upon discovering a likeness, he would as easily perceive it in the language, as others have done in the physiognomy of the two nations, and even in their very costume; but, for my own part, I never could decide, from the mere sound of the language, whether the speakers were conversing in a dialect of the Welsh, or of the German, or any other foreign tongue; and how is it to be expected I should, seeing that the people of Wales, like those of other countries, differ so greatly among themselves in their intonations of voice, and provincial peculiarities? the natives of the counties of Monmouth and Glamorgan having, in this respect, very little affinity with those of Flint and Denbigh, while the natives of Breconshire differ full as much from those of Carnarvonshire and Anglesea. The case is precisely the same in Brittany: each district has its peculiar dialect and tone of voice, and should a resemblance be found to exist between those of any parts of Wales and Brittany, I should feel inclined to attribute it more to the effect of accident, than of any preservation of national resemblance.

But if I were asked, what language I was chiefly reminded of, by hearing the Breton spoken by the natives in conversation? I should say, certainly not so much the Welsh as the Gaelic: and this from the frequent occurrence, in the Breton, of a certain nasal pronunciation, very much resembling that so frequently heard in the Highlands of Scotland. This sound, which is unknown to the Welsh, is, in the Breton, expressed by the character ñ and ñ̄, and bears some analogy to the French *gn*, in the word *gagner*, and, also, to the *n* in *vin*; though not exactly the same, being, in the Breton, so lengthened out, and strongly accented, as to form a very striking characteristic of that language, as in the words *klañv*, sick; *hañv* and *hañ*, summer, &c. However, it must be allowed, that although there is not, in the colloquial sound of the

language, so close an affinity to the Welsh as some have imagined, yet in the pronunciation of individual words, there is often a considerable resemblance; and whenever I have been reading the Breton aloud to the natives, they have always assured me that I have pronounced it much more correctly than a Frenchman could have done. And, notwithstanding the usual quantum of complaisance to be allowed for on such an occasion, I am inclined to think that the assurance I received was not altogether a mere compliment, as, from paying attention to the requisites of reading Welsh, which are also equally essential in reading Breton, that is, of duly pronouncing every letter, I may have given the words a more intelligible utterance than a Frenchman would, who, from national habit, would make about one half of the letters remain mute, and, of course, render his reading unintelligible: and from the distinct manner in which the Bretons pronounced several Welsh words, I was inclined to fancy there was a particular aptitude in their organs of utterance, towards the articulation of Welsh; though, I must confess that, in many instances, their attempts at pronouncing that language were rather *Frenchy*.

There are several letters common to the Welsh, which the generality of the Bretons cannot pronounce; among others, are the *th* and *dd*; and such words as, in the Welsh, are written with these letters, are, in the Breton, generally written with a *z*, and pronounced accordingly; as *gliz*, *dew*, in Welsh, *gw lith*; *bez*, a grave, in Welsh, *bedd*, &c. But I have met, on the southern coast, with persons who pronounced the *th* exactly as we do; and when I first noticed this peculiarity, so different to any thing usually found among the natives of France, I supposed it proceeded from some lisp or defect of speech, by which an aspirate was formed resembling our pronunciation of those letters; but, on paying more particular attention, I found that they gave the *th* as perfect a sound as we do in Wales or England.

The Welsh, *Ll* is also unknown to the Bretons. Whether the French *ll* had, originally, any affinity to this sound, I cannot say, although, when we see how variously some of the old French names are written, which commence with the letter *l*, as in the name *Lothair*, which is written *Clotair*, *Chlotar*, and *Lhotar*, &c., it would seem as if they intended to express some sound similar to the Welsh *ll*. This aspirated mode of pronouncing the letter *l* is supposed to be, at present, peculiar to the Welsh; but a gentleman, whose well-known accuracy and philological knowledge must entitle his remarks to every attention, has assured me, that a pronunciation, if not exactly similar, at least very nearly approaching to it, exists at this day among some of the tribes of Caucasus.

The Bretons, also, occasionally, make use of the *sh*, or French *ch*, though it is asserted that this sound is a modern innovation, being, formerly, that of *s*; and it is rather singular that the same

idea prevails among the Welsh respecting that pronunciation in their native tongue; for example, the word *siarad*, to talk, is, in many parts of the Principality, pronounced *sharad*; but, in others, that sound is exclaimed against as a modern corruption. The notion, I believe, originated with Llyd; and although in some parts the *sh* may seem a vicious pronunciation of the *s*, yet, with every deference to the authority of that eminent philologist, I am inclined to think that it is by no means of modern introduction, but that it always existed in most of those districts in which it is at present heard; and, probably, in some parts of Brittany, it has always formed a part of the language, though, like the *th*, which I heard in the neighbourhood of *L'Orient*, it had never the good fortune to be acknowledged as such by grammarians.

But, although the Bretons have not the asperate *l*, they have the guttural *ch*, in common with the Welsh, though that sound does not belong to the French: and, in the Breton, it is often introduced into words in which it is not used in the Welsh; as, also, in the mutations of the *c*; for example, *Poaz a-walch eo ar chig*, the meat is done enough; here the Welsh would say, *Poeth ei wala yw yr cig*. But in the dialect of Vannes, this guttural pronunciation is affected in a greater degree than in any of the others, as in the word *daroueden*, a tetter, which, in Vannes, is pronounced *derchouiden*; and sometimes it seems as if it marked the etymology of the word more distinctly, but in other instances, the *ch* is, doubtless, a corrupt and superfluous addition. It may be here proper to explain, that the Breton is divided into four dialects, named after the cantons in which they are spoken; which are Vannes, Cornouailles, Treguier, and Leon, called in the Breton, Gwened, Kerneo, Treger or Landreger, and Leon. In order to decide which of these approaches nearest the Welsh, or whether any one does so more uniformly than the others, would require an examination more elaborate than is compatible with the limits of the present article.

The acknowledged affinity existing between the languages of Wales and Brittany, has often led to a supposed discovery of other resemblances; with respect to many of which, I have already expressed my conviction that they are altogether fanciful, or, if they really do exist, that they are more the effect of accident than of national affinity. Such, in a great measure, may be the case with regard to ancient customs and superstitions, in which, although a perfect similarity may be discovered, yet it is to be attributed entirely to an identity of religious ceremonies, once common to all Roman Catholic countries. Some superstitious usages may, possibly, have had their origin in Druidism; but as both countries have, together with the rest of Europe, been so many ages under the dominion of the church of Rome, and as we know that the Welsh still retain many customs derived from that communion, though

they are now ignorant of the fact, we should be careful not to attribute such characteristics to an earlier and more original state of the two nations.

Of all the various ceremonies of a people, those of marriage are amongst the most important, both in their mode of celebration, and in their consequent effect upon the relations of society; I shall, therefore, subjoin an account of the marriage ceremonies of that part of Brittany called Bas Leon, which was given me by Mr. Le Gonidec, and which, some years ago, was read by him before the Académie Celtique, now the Société Royale des Antiquaires de France; but whether it was ever printed he could not inform me.

#### MARRIAGE CEREMONIES OF BAS LEON.

“When the father of a family has fixed his mind upon a young woman whom he would wish to see married to his son, and the latter has consented and declared himself to that effect, the father and son go both together to the house of one of those internuncios called in the language of the country, *Baz-valan*, which signifies *Broom-walkingstick*, a name these persons have acquired from their habit of carrying a walkingstick made of the wood of that shrub.

“This envoy, having received his instructions, proceeds to the residence of the young woman, and announces to the family the object of his visit. If the proposed alliance meets the approbation of her relatives, they immediately begin to signify the same by a corresponding treatment of the ambassador. For this purpose, they set about preparing him a dish of soup, into which they put a piece of salt pork, together with some eggs, and, should they be near a village, they send to fetch a bottle of wine. If, perchance, there should be no meat in the house, and they reside too far from any other dwelling to borrow of their neighbours, they then put the baking plate on the fire, and proceed to make a bake-stone cake. This eatable, being a greater rarity in the district whereof I am speaking, than in any other part of Basse Bretagne, is regarded as a dainty mess, and worthy of being presented to the most delicate palate. But when the proposed alliance does not give satisfaction, they content themselves with merely offering the ambassador some hasty pudding, by that means giving him to understand, that they dispense with more ample details upon the subject of his mission.

“If the envoy has been well received, as soon as he has finished his splendid repast, he enters upon the business of his visit. After having extolled the unspotted lineage of his principal, his fortune, his capacity, and his general merits, he inquires whether it is the



intention of the family that the young woman should reside at her paternal home, after her marriage, or at that of her husband. Should they choose to keep her at home, he inquires what portion of the household management they mean to make over to her; and, also, what dowry in money they mean to ensure her. Supplied with these particulars, he returns to the father of the young man, and renders an account of his embassy.

“When the preliminary conditions are approved of by the young man’s father, he again despatches the ambassador to the young woman’s family, in order that they may fix a day for making the *gweladen*, i. e. the *visit*. Upon this occasion, the future spouse, accompanied by six or eight of his nearest relatives, all mounted on horseback, and suitably equipped, proceed to the house of the intended bride, where, after partaking of some refreshments, the two families proceed together, to take a survey of the whole contents of the house, care having been taken to lay open for inspection, the chests, and cupboards, and all the household stores. From these, they proceed to the stables, beast houses, and barns; and from thence to the corn-fields; not forgetting to cast a look at the dunghill heap. Before separating, they appoint a time and place for meeting to arrange the marriage contract, and generally make choice of some inn in the neighbouring village or town. There they determine upon the dowry to be given on either side, and also what portion of the household management shall be assigned by the party in whose paternal house the future residence has been fixed: and which portion varies according to the property, and number of children likely to be married and reside in the house. If only one is to be married, it is usual to give up one half, or one third of the household affairs. If two are to be married, each receives a third. If the farm is considerable, and there are several children, it frequently happens that there are more than two married and living in the house, and, in that case, each receives one sixth only. For the purpose of ascertaining the amount of that half, third, or sixth, as the case may be, some competent person is fixed upon, by the consent of all parties, to make a valuation of the whole property, comprising the moveables, stock, and crops on the ground. The half, third, or sixth of which estimate, is the sum in proportion to which the young couple calculate their share in the farm. It may, perhaps, be asked, how the young couple, upon their first entering into the business of *farming*, are to find money for the payment of sums for which they must be called upon, and which upon that occasion are often very considerable. But, in order to meet this call, the parents at first agree to give each of the parties a certain marriage portion: this money goes towards the first expenses; and for the discharge of what may be afterwards advanced for them, the parents allow them time, fixing a certain sum to be paid annually until the whole is cleared. Private interest is never



allowed to interfere in these contracts ; from the moment the first money is invested, the young people have their share in the produce of all that is sold in the markets and fairs, in proportion to their half, third, or sixth, according to the original agreement. They are also obliged to furnish, towards the general stock, their portion of the sums necessary for the purchasing of farming implements, cattle, &c. There is neither steward nor cashier ; whoever has been to market, on returning home, places on the table the produce of the sale ; the division is made on the spot, and every body is content.

“The estimate being now completed, the two young people, together with the mother of the young woman, proceed to the neighbouring town, to purchase the ring, or as it is jocularly termed, *to buy the halter, prena ar chabestr*. The ring is generally ornamented with two hearts united. They also, at the same time, purchase the young lady’s sash ribbon, and other articles of the toilette, preparatory to the wedding.

“Eight days previous to the wedding, the two families go and invite their respective friends and relatives to the feast ; that invitation extends to all the inhabitants of the house, great and small, both masters and servants : and in order that the invited may have no doubt upon the subject, they never forget to request them to *put the key under the door*. The persons thus invited, think they would be grievously wanting in respect, if they did not bring with them every individual member of their household, persuaded that they cannot show greater honour to the young couple, than by contributing all in their power towards augmenting the number of their guests ; and in this manner, these assemblages generally consist of two or three hundred persons, and it is not uncommon to see four hundred : I, myself, once assisted at a marriage feast, where there were *five hundred* present. It is the invariable rule to provide a cask of wine for every hundred guests.

“As there never is, in any of the houses of the peasantry, a room sufficiently large to contain such a number of people, it is customary to erect one or more very long tents ; the interior of which, or at least the upper part, is generally hung with the finest cloth the house contains ; over the place occupied by the young couple are suspended coronets of flowers, garlands, and bouquets : the cloth is covered with images of the saints coarsely painted : the tables are formed of ladders, placed end to end, and resting upon stakes, with boards to cover the staves ; and long pieces of cloth for tablecloths : the seats are formed of planks, likewise fixed upon stakes, and placed on each side of the table.

“The wedding day having arrived, the future bride completes her toilette at a very early hour, in order to be ready to receive her intended spouse, when he comes to conduct her to the church ; who having at length made his appearance, accompanied by a

great number of his relatives and friends, he stops at the door, but finds it closed; then a couple of bards, one of whom is shut up in the house with the young woman's family, and the other stationed outside the door at the head of the young man's party, commence a dialogue, half serious, half comic: each of these bards carries in his hand a walkingstick of a dark colour, ornamented with ribbons, and with an ivory head; after saluting all the spectators with a most magisterial countenance, the bard of the bridegroom commences his discourse by demanding the young lady in marriage; the other bard within the house pretends not to understand his meaning; the former then repeats his demand, and with much emphasis descants upon the merits of the bridegroom; the other, in like manner, breaks out into a most extravagant panegyric upon his protégée, and exalts her character beyond all possible comparison; the dispute soon grows warm, and the readiness which these poets possess in this improviso style, frequently causes the dialogue to last for a couple of hours: he who pleads for the bridegroom urges the claims which his patron has upon the young lady's heart, in consequence of the strength of his affection and the unceasing attentions by which he has constantly evinced it ever since he knew her; but the other continually discovers some new reason for refusing her to him, till, at length, some unanswerable argument, or well-timed sally of wit, decides in favor of the bridegroom.

“Having thus approached the termination of the dispute, the young lady's bard asks the other if he would recognise the object of his search were he to see her; the other answers, that he could not possibly be deceived, so matchless are her charms; the door then opens, and they present to him a harsh-featured old woman; and, as she has not been selected for this purpose on account of her beauty, she does not take any extra pains to improve her appearance: this, when well managed, always causes the most immoderate merriment, among all parties excepting the disappointed bard; he, on the contrary, throws himself back with horror, and says, the person he is in quest of is quite a different being, is full of youth and beauty, and abounds in all desirable qualities; they then bring out a very little girl, and ask him if that is the person he seeks, but his chagrin is scarcely less upon this than the former occasion: having exhausted this kind of badinage, they at last bring out the real bride, whom the bard immediately acknowledges, and addresses in a complimentary harangue in the name of the bridegroom, from whose hands he receives a ribbon sash, which he immediately ties about her waist; in order, as he says, that there may be no further mistakes with regard to her identity.

“These discourses which take up so much of the day, are so interlarded with scraps of Latin, and quotations of various

kinds, and put together in so incoherent and absurd a manner, and at the same time with so much farcical humor, and oftentimes genuine wit, that to those who understand the language, the effect is of the most amusing description.

“The dialogue being now finished, both parties set off for the church, preceded by the bagpipes. The ceremonies upon this occasion differ but little from those of the rest of France. I would only observe, that, at the time of the offering, there are placed upon the altar a quantity of cakes and several bottles of wine, which are there blessed by the priest, together with the wedding-ring. It may also be remarked that, when the bridegroom places the ring upon his spouse’s finger, she takes care to close her hand in such a manner as that it shall not pass the second joint, believing that, by this precaution, she will be able to maintain a decided ascendancy over her husband.

“The marriage ceremony being concluded, the whole party set off from church, to the sound of the bagpipes, and, on arriving at the house, seat themselves at the tables, but this first meal being only a breakfast, consists merely of tripe, trotters, pettitoes, or some such light eating, together with some wine; and, as all the guests do not arrive at the same time, the breakfast is prolonged for the space of two hours, the tables being left continually supplied for those who may choose to eat. When the whole of the guests have at last arrived, they all enter the tents and sit down to dinner. The new married couple place themselves at the head of the table, and on each side of them the bridesmaid and bridesman, or friend of the bridegroom; and, next to these, are placed the most honourable of those who are invited. The first course consists of nothing but pottage, from one end of the table to the other, and as the table consists of only the breadth of a ladder, the dishes are all placed in a line with each other, and only one sort of dish is placed upon the table at the same time: after the pottage has been removed, the boiled meat is brought on, and that is again replaced by salt pork and boiled pudding; then come beef, mutton, veal, all roasted in the oven; after these they bring in a mess of wheat and rice, with raisins interspersed, also cooked in the oven: afterwards pies, plums, and grapes, and various kinds of cake for the dessert.

“Dinner being ended, one of the heads of the families arises, and having obtained silence, says grace, and puts up a prayer for the prosperity of the young couple, not forgetting those friends who have died within the year. As soon as he has reseated himself, they commence singing Latin hymns, to which succeed canticles in the Breton language, and lastly songs.

“Gradually the younger part of the company make their escape from the table, and proceed to the place appointed for dancing,

which is kept up to the sound of the bagpipes; or, in default of that, to the voice alone: sometimes they join in a circle, the men presenting the little finger, and the women the second finger; and, occasionally, they separate two and two, and skip along one before the other.

“The two new married people, instead of going to join in the dance, upon leaving the table, place themselves on each side of the door of the court, where the bridegroom, holding a bottle in one hand, and a silver cup in the other, presents some of the wine which had been blessed by the priest, to those whose residence is too distant to admit of their staying to supper; and who are, on that account, making preparation for departing; the bride, at the same time, offering some of the cake, of which every person who passes breaks off a piece.

“When there are no more left than those who intend staying to supper, the young couple proceed to join the dancers; but, during the whole of that evening, they are not to dance with any but each other: when the hour of supper has arrived, all the company seat themselves at the tables with the exception of the new married couple; who, after having been waited upon during the course of the day by their nearest relatives, now, in their turn, wait upon those, without once sitting down during the whole time; and, at the conclusion of the supper, they proceed together, each carrying a glass of wine, and walking round the tables, drink the health of all the guests: after this little mark of attention they retire to the house to divest themselves of their wedding habiliments, where they are soon followed by their friends; and there, throwing themselves on their knees at the feet of their parents, they ask their blessing: that act of piety, as well as of filial submission, being performed, the bride, all in tears, preceded by the bridesmaid, who holds a lighted candle in her hand, approaches the company, and takes leave of every one individually, kissing them all without exception, each of whom expresses some particular wish for her welfare, one wishes her health, another happiness, another long life, &c.: having satisfied herself that she has not overlooked or forgotten any one present, she takes the hand of the bridesmaid and withdraws: the bridegroom next approaches, preceded by the bridesman, who also carries a lighted candle; and he, in like manner, takes his leave of the company individually, and receives the good wishes of all, but it is remarked that he never sheds tears.

“When the young couple have thus withdrawn from the company, and taken their final leave, one of the assistants commences singing the “Veni Creator,” and is soon joined by the others, thus forming a choir, which, from the effects of the wine drunk during the day, is not always of the most harmonious description:

that Latin hymn is succeeded by songs, and the festivities are often prolonged till daylight."

It may be supposed, that in such a general uproar as must by this time have grown into existence, should any of the inmates of the house feel disposed to sleep, it would not be a very easy matter so far to indulge themselves; however, if such there should be, we are informed that it is the duty of the bridesmaid and bridesman to afford them protection; and, for this purpose, they station themselves in that part of the house where their services are most likely to be required, each holding a lighted candle without a candlestick; and as long as they can keep their candles burning, so long does their authority continue; and sometimes, such is the unwearied pertinacity of the company, that they are in danger of burning their fingers. But the arrangements of a Breton establishment being in many respects different from those of our own peasantry, I am here under the necessity of omitting some portion of the present description, inasmuch as, in order to render them intelligible, it would be necessary to enter into such explanations as the space already occupied by this article would scarcely admit of. Suffice it to say, that the persecutions which our English grandmothers were obliged to submit to, and from which the present generation has been happily rescued, are still in full force among the Bas Bretons; and, although that of throwing the stocking is not mentioned among the number, there are substitutes for it by no means less vexatious.

"Very early the next morning the young people are made to breakfast on a kind of milk pottage, whereof all the bits of bread are attached together by a thread, each person is furnished with a bone instead of a spoon, and they are expected to eat the whole of the mess to the last morsel; and, by this time, the protecting candles having been burnt out, these two people are abandoned to the mercy, or rather the mercilessness, of their persecutors.

"On the day after the wedding, the new married couple put on deep mourning, and cause a solemn service to be chanted, for the souls of their deceased relatives.

"If there are bees kept at the house where a marriage feast is celebrated, care is always taken to dress up their hives in red, which is done by placing upon them pieces of scarlet cloth, or one of some such bright colour; the Bretons imagining that the bees would forsake their dwellings if they were not made to participate in the rejoicings of their owners: in like manner they are all put into mourning, when a death occurs in the family."

Those who are acquainted with the national customs of the

Welsh, would, on reading the foregoing description, be disposed to consider it as nothing more than that of a real Welsh wedding; such as, till within a few years, was very general in the Principality, with only such slight variations as are necessary to adapt it to the character of the country in which the scene is laid; and it must be allowed, that in the general outline there is a striking resemblance; though, on a closer examination, we shall find that there are very few particulars in which there is an exact similarity: however, in the most characteristic feature of the whole ceremony, the reception of the bridegroom and his party on the morning of the wedding, the closing of the door against them, and the rhyming altercation which then takes place, together with the immense cavalcade assembled upon the occasion, the whole proceedings are literally identical with those of the Welsh. Whether this whimsical custom does, or ever did prevail in any other country, I have never learnt: but while the similarity on the immediate arrival at the house is so striking, yet, in many subsequent particulars, there is a considerable difference; for instance, in Wales, instead of the bride being voluntarily brought out, the besieging party have to make their way into the house as well as they can, and this is generally effected by stratagem, and even then they have the mortification of finding that she has been most studiously concealed from them; and, having ascertained this to be the case, they commence a general rummage for her amongst the furniture of the house, and so well is this plot of hiding the bride concerted, that I have more than once known it so completely baffle all attempts at discovering her, that the forenoon has entirely passed away in this ridiculous occupation before she could be found, so that the parties not being able to reach the church till long after the close of the canonical hours, have of course been obliged to defer the ceremony until the following day. No doubt, the Marriage Act which limited the solemnization of matrimony to the forenoon hours, must have sadly trenched upon these nuptial amusements of our countrymen.

But, as if all this rhyming and rummaging were not sufficient to peril the performance of the marriage ceremony, the Welsh have recourse to an additional expedient; that of racing and chasing each other all over the country, on their way to church. For this purpose, the bride is mounted on a pillion behind the person acting as her father, who, escorted by her friends, together with those of her intended spouse, sets off from the house for the parish-church, but when he comes to a convenient spot, instead of proceeding along the proper road, he sets spurs to his horse and gallops off in a contrary direction, along some of the numerous cross lanes which intersect the country, apparently with every intention of carrying off the bride. Upon this, the bridegroom, together with the whole troop of his attendants, set off in pursuit; while the

other party are no less active in pressing forward to protect the fugitives, and prevent their capture: and, for the more effectual carrying on of this system of attack and defence, it is necessary that the whole country should be scoured in every direction, in order that the lanes and highways may be properly occupied by the pursuing party, to prevent all possibility of escape; and, also, that gaps may be made in the fences by the others, and the gates thrown off the hinges to enable the bride and her protector to pass across the fields and avoid the ambuscades of their opponents, and then woe to those gates and hedges which happen to stand in the way. Sometimes it will happen that the route lies over a mountain or common, and as it is a matter of principle with the guardian to be continually endeavouring to effect an escape with his ward, so here upon open ground, the movements of the parties may be seen to great advantage; and the appearance of such a number of men and women, all smartly dressed, and galloping about in every direction, gives the whole scene a most singular appearance, especially as the Welsh women, from their being such bold and expert riders, keep up and mingle with the foremost of the party, and enter into the spirit of this tumultuous procession in the most animated manner: it is scarcely possible to imagine any thing more wild and irregular than the various movements of the whole company upon this occasion. It is a favorite amusement with the Welsh children to set a piece of paper on fire, and when it has ceased flaming, to watch the little sparkles running along the tinder, which they call a *priodas wyllt*, and I do not know any better representation of the hurry and confusion of a Welsh wedding.

The existence of these customs, in whatever country they may be found, indicates a state of society in which the value of time is but little understood, and the pressure of care and labour but lightly felt: a state which the toiling mechanic would regard with feelings of envy, as being exempt from the evils of unceasing exertion; and the speculating merchant would look upon with contempt, as incompatible with the improvements of commerce.

Whether such customs maintain the same ground in Brittany as formerly, I never thought of inquiring: but in Wales they are vastly more rare than they were a few years ago; for the Welsh, having assumed a character much more thoughtful and serious than they once possessed, do at the present day evince a disinclination towards numbers of amusements, which occupied the attention of the last generation as matters of the most important concern. This difference of disposition has been partly occasioned by the progress of industry, and a better estimate of the value of time; but more especially it is the result of that change of religious opinions and habits, which of late years has been so visible throughout the country.



In the preceding description may be seen notices of national customs among the Bretons, which, though simple and patriarchal in a high degree, yet must have the most pernicious effects in their influence upon the interests of agriculture. I allude to that joint occupation of the farm by several branches of the family, all living under the same roof, and mingled together in one household, than which nothing could be devised more effectual for the purpose of preserving every thing in its primitive state, and barring out every prospect of improvement. Whether this custom ever existed in any part of Wales, I am unable to state, but, as I do not recollect seeing any allusions to it in the Welsh laws, I conclude it never could have been general and systematic, as in Bas Leon. However, a division of land equally detrimental, once prevailed in several parts of the kingdom; in that practice of several occupiers taking a tenement together, and ploughing the land by alternate ridges, and dividing the crop accordingly, some remains of which practice are said to be still extant in the remote parts of Scotland, in what is termed *run-rigg*, and which, if possible, had a worse tendency than even the Breton custom, as it not only impeded every progress towards improvement, but must necessarily have had a deteriorating operation, offering no inducement even to retain the few advantages of soil which might already exist.

CARNHUANAWC.

*(To be continued.)*



TO MISS L. M.

I do not love thee for the grace  
That clothes thy glowing form,  
Nor for thy bright and lovely face  
The coldest breast might warm;

Nor for that sweet undying light,  
Whose home is in thine eye,  
Where lies the beautiful, the bright,  
The blue of heaven's own sky.

Oh! no, 'tis for some hidden cause,  
That I may never tell;  
Shut up within those sacred laws,  
That in the deep heart dwell.

R. F. W.



## CAMBRIA, MY COUNTRY.

**THERE** may be brighter climes afar, beneath more sunny skies,  
 But none, my native land, that I like unto thee should prize :  
 I dearly love the steep blue hills, and the lakes that lie below,  
 Sleeping beneath the moon's pale beams, or rich with a sunset glow,  
 And the glorious monuments of old o'er the landscape scattered wide,  
 And the white peaceful holy fanes, and the sound of the ocean tide.  
 There is a charm in the "timeworn towers," a sadly pleasing spell  
 In the roofless chambers where, alone, the owl and the ivy dwell.  
 Beautiful art thou, land of my home, e'en to a stranger's glance ;  
 Thy mountains are magnificent, thy castles breathe romance,  
 Else would they leave their own gay homes to seek, amid our hills,  
 For nature's varied loveliness, afar from splendid ills.  
 Land of the bard, the harp, the song, land of my love and birth,  
 Oh ! be the "awen" still thine own, and thine the kindly hearth,  
 Where the worn wand'rer may receive sure succour in distress,  
 And the hand of gentle charity be still held out to bless.  
**CAMBRIA**, oh ! may thy weal be great, thy people true and free,  
 Be dear to every patriot heart, e'en as they are to me.

STELLA.

*Carnarvon ; January 1830.*

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## CELTIC REMAINS IN NORTHUMBERLAND.

*To the Editors of the Cambrian Quarterly Magazine.*

GENTLEMEN,

**WHILST** Wales presents such rich stores of antique and historical remains of the Cymmry to the notice of observing minds, I am disposed to think that the different counties in England ought neither to be neglected nor overlooked, as words and facts still exist, and in places little suspected, which prove that our ancestors formerly resided in such districts, and gave names to particular spots, and erected monuments, rude we grant, which still outlive the perishable remains of human pride and grandeur. I think, further, that it would be exceedingly desirable for your different subscribers and correspondents to communicate to your excellent Repertory all they know of British or Celtic remains within the kingdom or elsewhere : by this means, a mass of valuable information might be obtained, which would throw additional light upon the manners, customs, and language of the ancient Cymmry. Under this

impression I send for your insertion a few facts which came under my observation whilst residing in Northumberland.

My observations in this paper must be confined to Alnwick and its neighbourhood, as circumstances unfortunately prevented me from extending my inquiries to other, and probably to parts more interesting, because more fertile in Celtic names and antiquities. I should here observe that the Saeson, in almost every part of the kingdom, have been remarkably assiduous, and in many cases successful, in contracting and corrupting Celtic names, so much so that it is become difficult, in many cases, to unravel the process, and to shew the ancient orthography and signification.

Alnwick is now pronounced as if written *Anick*; and Alnmouth, a small village and harbour for coasting vessels, where the river *Aln* enters the sea, is now whimsically written and pronounced *Alemouth*. The river *Aln*, which flows on the north side of the town, gives name to Alnwick, with the Saxon termination, *wick*: but *Aln* is evidently a contraction of *Alwyn*, the foamy stream. I have perambulated the banks of this lonely river for many a mile, and have almost invariably found that, with the exceptions of three places, where artificial dams have been formed, either for assisting mills or for forming fine sheets of water, the river rolls foaming and fretting over large stones and a rugged bottom, justly meriting the Cymmry appellation, *Alwyn*.

In the town of Alnwick are several reservoirs for water, covered over with masonwork, and from each of which the water is drawn by means of pumps. Almost every one of these is fixed in a hollow place, and is named a *pant*. Now, *pant* is a pure Welsh word; hence the adage, "*I'r pant y rhed y dwr*," "to the pant, or hollow, the water runs." The writer remembers a field in that part of Radnorshire in which he was brought up, and which, from its hollow and singular form, was called *pantysmwythlawn*, the puffed up hollow.

Every lake of water in Northumberland is called a *loch*, the *ch* having a guttural sound the same as in Wales. The *loch* of the Northumbrians is evidently a slight corruption of the Welsh *llwch*, an inlet of water, also a lake.

During the last century, a number of spear heads made of copper or brass was found on a moor near Alnwick. These have been either lost or mislaid, as neither others nor myself, whilst I resided in the north, could ever ascertain where they were or with whom deposited. The fact, however, of their being found on the moor in question, is certain, and I think it must be evident that they were of Cymmry manufacture. Spears formed of such metal were pretty common in Wales, even as late as the time of Owain Glendwr; and Owain Cyveiliog, in his address to the messenger or herald, says,

Cychwyn i'w thervyn, pathawr ei hoewedd  
Hirvelyn ei gwaewawr.

“Set off to its confines, in spite of its sprightly society, with its long and yellow spears.” The word *hirvelyn* evidently refers to spears made of brass or copper.

Northumberland is fertile in castles, but these are principally of Norman origin; so also, the number of camps in the vicinity of Alnwick is very numerous, but, as they have all the same circular form, it is now impossible to say whether they are of Saxon, Danish, or British formation. No documents exist relative to the period of their construction, neither does tradition afford us any clue respecting the people who raised such military ramparts of defence.

Every precipitous rock or cliff in that neighbourhood is called a *crag*, evidently contracted from the British or Welsh *craig*. Partly between Alnwick and the sea is an eminence named *Rat-cheugh crag*, which requires some notice here. This romantic rock rises many feet above the surrounding plantation, and upon its summit are an observatory and keeper's house, which are so constructed as to present, at a distance, the appearance of an ancient castle in ruins. There was, formerly, an encampment on the summit, but the trenches have been long since filled up, to make way for a fine coach-road. The western side of the rock is nearly perpendicular, and impregnable by the most daring enemy; and even the eastern, or side fronting the sea, is difficult of ascent. From attentively observing all the localities of this highly picturesque spot, I am satisfied that the name, *Ratcheugh crag*, is a corruption of the Cymmry *Rhawd uch craig*, the way or course over or above the precipice.

I have never met with any remains of bardic or druidical temples in Northumberland; but on the summit of an eminence called the Mount, situated nearly north, and about two miles from Alnwick, is an ancient rude stone standing perpendicular, and nearly six feet high, above the surface of the ground. Many a time have I leaned upon it, wondering by whom and for what purpose it was erected, but no person could give me any information. Every one who climbs that mount, disregards this isolated stone, and has his feelings wholly absorbed by the tasteful manner in which the duke's plantations are laid out, and the handsome modern tower of Brislee, said to exhibit one of the finest specimens of architecture in the county.

A few miles north-west of Alnwick, and on a by-road leading to the village of Glanton, is a place named *Aberwick*. I give the *wick* to the Saxon, but *Aber* is pure Welsh. Though this spot exhibits little more at present than a farm-house and two or three cottages, it must have been of yore a place of some importance.

This view is supported by certain artificial undulations on the surface of the ground, now covered with greensward, indicating that buildings once stood there, and near an *aber*, or where a small stream empties itself into a larger one.

In various parts of the country are ancient tumuli, or *carneddau*, some of which are formed of stones, and others of earth, and which are there called *cairns*. The Northumbrian word *cairn* is from the Welsh *carn*, being nearly the same in sound, and precisely the same in signification, denoting a heap or tumulus. Such heaps or tumuli are common all over the country, but the most remarkable which I ever saw in that part, are situated on a very elevated plain, about five miles north-west of the little but romantic village of Rothbury, or fifteen miles from Alnwick. There are numbers of them in some large sheep-pastures now enclosed. Several years ago the neighbouring farmers opened some of them on account of the stones with which they were formed, in conjunction with earth. Ignorant of the purposes for which they had been raised, their astonishment may be conceived when they found in each many half-baked urns of a rude structure, filled with ashes and calcined human bones. One farmer of my acquaintance brought one of these urns, with its contents, home for the purpose of preserving it; but the females of his house mutinied against this new species of furniture, and, with true feminine pertinacity and superstition, threw the urn and its bones out of doors, declaring that they would not be haunted by any body's ghost. I have examined shreds of several of these urns, as well as of their contents; but, never being present when any one of these *cairns* was opened, I could not obtain a single urn unbroken. It does not appear, from the inquiries which I made on the spot, that any beads or remains of arms were found. From the number of *cairns* or *carneddau* still remaining, and the various urns found in each, I think it fair to conclude that a great battle must have been fought there, and that these tumuli cover the ashes of the slaughtered warriors. Again, as the battle of Cattræth was fought somewhere in this district, is it too hazardous to ask, was this the fatal field? The Roman road leading to Galashiels, in Scotland, and now known by the name of *Watling street*, passes a little to the east of these tumuli; but this road was formerly called *Cadrail*, which is by some learned men considered to be a corruption of *Cattræth*. The phrase so often occurring in the "Gododin," *Gwyr a aeth Gattræth*, is therefore rendered, "Men went the Cattræth," or the Cadrail; that is, they marched along this ancient road to the field of battle. If this conjecture be correct, it follows that the Cattræth of Aneurin is not the name of a place, but of the great northern military road leading into Scotland. In reply to this ingenious conjecture, I observe as follows: 1, Aneurin says twice, *Gwyr a aeth Ododin*, "Men went the Gododin;" that is, I con-

ceive, the district of Gododin: hence little stress can be laid on his saying, *Gwyr a aeth Gattræth*. 2, Though the sea is visible from this elevated plain, yet it is at the distance of nearly fifteen miles in a straight line, whereas Aneurin speaks of the action as taking place *ar lawr mordai*, upon the sea-coast. 3. If this place were the Cattræth of the bard, is it probable that the victorious Saxons would bury the slain in the British manner? Have we any proof that they did so inter the dead? I have not stated these things from any captious feelings, but solely with a desire to gain information. I confess that I am anxious to identify the field where the battle of Cattræth was fought, and which proved so disastrous to the Cymmry of the north, and I sincerely hope that these very brief remarks will induce abler pens than mine to investigate the subject.

ELVAELIAD.

Jan. 9, 1830.



POETRY, BY THE LATE LORD KENYON.

Gredington, Jan. 17, 1830.

MY DEAR LORD,

As the Cambrian Quarterly Magazine is considered to be under your special patronage, I beg to offer you the enclosed, which is copied from the original in my honoured father's handwriting, and sent by him to his father (who preserved it) from Nantwich, according to its date. He was at Nantwich at that time under Mr. James Tomkinson, an eminent country solicitor, he being then second son of his father, and of the age of eighteen. As his memoir was in your first Number, I thought the enclosed likely to be acceptable. I remain, my dear lord, yours truly,

KENYON.

The Right Honourable LORD ASHLEY.



WHILOM as thro' the distant groves I stray'd,  
And tender past'ral on my flag'let played,  
The chirping birds in songs their joys express'd;  
All nature in a gay attire was dressed;  
Now this, now that, engaged my ravished eyes,  
Each object furnished matter of surprise.  
The reverend oaks their shady foliage spread,  
And formed a close umbrella o'er my head.  
Onward I roamed, each step new beauties found;  
Beauties, before unseen, bedecked the ground!

Still curiosity my steps impelled ;  
 My eyes at last a noble dome beheld ;  
 This I approached, 'twas built of Parian stone,  
 Pillars of jasper round the mansion shone ;  
 Sapphires and pearls with brilliant lustre blazed ;  
 Still more I wondered as the more I gazed :  
 The topaz there its native grace bestowed,  
 And dazzling beams from polished rubies flowed ;  
 Th' adjacent plot of land was dress'd and neat,  
 And art with nature joined, made all complete.  
 "Some demigod descending from the skies,  
 Surely," said I, "has bid this palace rise,  
 Easy retreat, where he remote from noise  
 On earth a pleasant rural life enjoys ;  
 What grand designs thro' the whole structure shine,  
 Each single part declares the work divine ;  
 Streams clear as crystal in meanders flow,  
 And Heaven is here, if there's a Heaven below ;  
 Or else some sprite has borne me on its wing,  
 To that Elysium which the poets sing!"  
 The stately doors at length themselves unfold,  
 Studded with diamonds, set in burnished gold ;  
 Beneath the vaulted roof, enthroned on high,  
 The goddess Liberty attracts my eye ;  
 Nigh her the Bruti, whom old Rome admired,  
 Whose patriot souls fair virtue ever fired ;  
 With them Fabricius, Scipio, and a corps  
 Such as Romania now can boast no more :  
 There too thy chieftains, Greece, in pomp array'd,  
 There, Aristides, sat thy mighty shade ;  
 There England's Edwards, Henrys, Charles's, stand,  
 Those parent kings of a onco happy land ;  
 There Watkin stood, firm to Britannia's cause,  
 Guard of her ancient manners and her laws.  
 Oh, great good man ! borne on the wing of fame,  
 Far distant ages shall revere thy name ;  
 While Clwyd's streams shall lave the verdant meads,  
 And Snowdon's mountains raise their lofty heads,  
 While goats shall o'er thy hills, oh, Cambria ! stray,  
 And day succeed to night, and night to day,  
 So long thy praise, oh, Williams, shall remain  
 Unsullied, free from dark oblivion's chain.

But, whilst my verse its fav'rite theme pursues,  
 Let not Llewelyn's name escape the Muse ;  
 To him let her a grateful tribute bring,  
 To him, his people's father and their king.  
 There great Glendower, his form majestic reared,  
 And Tudor there, that son of fame, appeared ;  
 There worthy Hanmer, there bold Shippen stood,  
 Who toiled in senates for Britannia's good.  
 There stood great Ormond, there illustrious Perth,  
 And many Britons of inferior birth :  
 There all those dwell who for their country strove,  
 There they enjoy that liberty they love !

No bloody German there the sceptre sways,  
 No noise of war disturbs their halcyon days,  
 Distrust and Envy there, those foes to rest,  
 Sit on no front and harbour in no breast.  
 But there serenity, there calmness reigns,  
 And mirth and harmony adorn the plains.

Ll. K.

*Nantwich, Sept. 19, 1751.*


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TWM SHON CATTI.

ANY remarks for the information of the public upon books concerning Wales, have a claim to a place in the Cambrian Quarterly; I therefore beg leave to offer a few as to a recent work, entitled "The Adventures and Vagaries of Twm Shon Catti."

In the first place, would it not have been more proper if the ingenious author had avoided a style which throws an air of fiction over the life of our able antiquary, Thomas Jones, of Tregaron, a man, though of a wayward character, to whose perseverance in collecting and transcribing ancient British remains posterity ought to be grateful. Secondly, to enable us to appreciate his labours, there are several fairly written by him still extant; particularly the pedigrees of the families of South Wales, with neatly blazoned arms. Miss A. Lloyd, of Caerwys, has a folio book of 300, wherein are frequent references to an accompanying volume. In the body of this work he takes occasion to sign his name, and in different pages also to insert the several dates of 1598, 1609, 1612, 1615. The "Archaology of Wales," vol. II. contains a most valuable copy of the historical triads of Britain, being the only one known to exist, which the editors copied from a manuscript by the subject of these remarks; and at the end of which are words, of which the following is a translation: "And thus conclude six score and six of the triads of the isle of Britain, which have been extracted from the book of Caradog of Nant Carvan, and from the book of Ieuan Brechva, by me, Thomas Jones, of Tregaron. And these were all I could collect out of the three hundred. 1601."

The biographer fixes upon 1590 as the year of the birth of him whose life he gives, which must be twenty years too late. And, lastly, this is all that is said as to the character of the antiquary: "Thomas Jones, esq., shines no where more conspicuously than in the pages of his early friend Rhys, the Doctor Rhys whose

undoubted testimony crowns him with the fame of an accomplished herald and antiquary."

This is not sufficiently explicit. The Rhys here alluded to was our celebrated Doctor John David Rhys, born in 1534, who studied physic, and took his degree at the university of Sienna, and was appointed moderator in the school of Pistoia, in Tuscany, and who composed the very curious Grammar and Institutes of Prosody of the Welsh Language, and which work was printed in folio, A.D. 1592.

IDRISON.

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## HISTORY OF THE LANGUAGE OF THE GAULS AND OF THE ARMORICANS;

BY DAN. L. MIORCEC DE Kerdanet,

*Docteur en Droit, Avocat à la Cour, &c. Corresponding Member of the Royal Cambrian Institution.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY DAVID LEWIS,

*Editor of the Cymrodorion Transactions.*

[Continued from Vol. II. p. 104.]

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The author from whom Chrestien translated *Tristan*, acknowledges that he had translated it from the original Breton, and Sir Walter Scott also remarks that the romance was chiefly composed of Armorican lays, of which some traces are still to be found in the "*Extracts*" of Tressan. M. de Lesser says that some learned men pretend that Brittany may also lay claim to the romances of *Lancelot* and of *Meliadus*; because in Brittany is commonly the theatre of the exploits of these heroes; that in Brittany is the forest of Brécilien or Broceliand, where Merlin is buried; that, also, Tristan and Lancelot, the most brilliant heroes of the round table, were born in Brittany; in short, in that province is found the "*Chastel de la Joyeuse Garde*, the *Fountain of Baranton*, and the *Vale without Return*. We cannot dispense with inserting, in this place, M. de Lesser's description of the *Val sans Retour*, which is also connected with our subject, being taken from the ancient Breton romances.

### TRANSLATION.

Meliadus, tho' old in fight,  
The pow'r of time defied,  
Still was a just and gallant knight,  
No danger he denied.



At Arthur's wish, he Merlin sought  
On ev'ry side in vain,  
Yet all his toil avail'd him nought  
News of the seer to gain.

Thro' Britain he his course pursu'd,  
Not that the Great we name,  
When there a tow'ring forest view'd,  
'Twas one of evil fame.

The name it bore, Broceliand,  
And there a scroll was plac'd,  
Which, on a column high, did stand,  
Where "*Pass not here,*" was trac'd.

"How! *pass not here!*" unto his squire,  
Exclaims the king, amaz'd,  
"Know you their purport, I inquire?"  
As wond'ring still he gaz'd.

The faithful squire in haste replied,  
"Look, sire, the valley there,  
That winds around the forest wide,  
Let none to tread it dare.

"Its paths are mortal, lead to death:  
The vale without return;  
Oh, haste, my liege, while you have breath,  
Nor my entreaty spurn.

"For many maiden fair, and dame,  
And orphan, too, weeps sore,  
Their fathers, husbands, knights of fame,  
Who thence return no more."

"Remain yourself," the king exclaimed;  
"I'll rest me with the dead,  
Ere ever it shall be proclaim'd  
That I from danger fled."

Soon as the words the hero spoke,  
He hasten'd on full fast,  
Nor ought descry'd but stifling smoke,  
And thro' it quickly pass'd.

Tho' old, with love of bold emprise,  
Still glow'd his gen'rous mind;  
And ever, as he turn'd his eyes,  
The smoke was close behind.

Yet that could nought his courage daunt,  
When, raging from the wood,  
Two dragons, scaly, fierce and gaunt,  
Before the hero stood.

With eager step he met, nor fail'd  
His valour in the fight,  
Tho' long, Meliadus prevail'd,  
Of all their rage despight.

They fled, and as he vainly tried  
The monsters to pursue,  
A fearful lake he there espy'd,  
'Twas dark and deep to view.

*History of Languages.*

As right and left he look'd in vain,  
 No other path was seen,  
 The distant bank he sought to gain,  
 The lake was broad between,

Than what a narrow plank display'd,  
 While, at the farther end,  
 The king, who ventur'd, undismay'd,  
 Two giants did attend.

Yet own, like was the hero's gait  
 While tott'ring on the board,  
 Whom still the giants fiercely wait,  
 To dancers on a cord.

The end he reach'd, when, raising high  
 His arm, a blow he aim'd  
 Against the first he did espy,  
 Worthy a hero fam'd,

Whom Arthur at his table long  
 Had seated with the brave ;  
 His blow he miss'd, and fell headlong  
 At once into the wave.

Must we confess ? with vulgar hook,  
 Dragg'd out, this prince was seen,  
 Whom, in their arms, the giants took  
 And stretch'd him on the green.

Where as the fall'n luckless king  
 Lay breathless, all but dead,  
 Two heavy clubs, with hissing swing,  
 They brandish'd o'er his head.

“ Now yield thee, king,” aloud they cried,  
 “ You perish else, this day ;  
 Now yield, sir knight ;” he nought replied,  
 All helpless as he lay.

For peril never had he shunn'd,  
 Nor fear had e'er alarm'd ;  
 He struggled still, with blows they stunn'd,  
 And soon the king disarm'd,

And pris'ner led, nor ask'd consent,  
 Into a garden vast ;  
 Where view'd he, with astonishment,  
 Old friends, now captive fast.

Two days, in vain, his squire did stay,  
 Sad, by the forest side,  
 When hope to fear at length gave way,  
 And home he mournful hied.

In ev'ry part he vengeance cried ;  
 A hundred knights, 'twas said,  
 Who ne'er return'd, his rescue tried,  
 The boldest prudent made.

Yet Lancelot still, his friend to meet,  
 Nor rested night or day ;  
 And still to hero's indiscreet,  
 The fatal scroll did say,

*Pass not thro' here ; when Lancelot eyed  
These words, he look'd around,  
" This is not French," aloud he cried,  
And pass'd the fearful bound.*

*The dragons saw, and stretch'd them dead ;  
The plank he next did view,  
He cross'd, with firm and active tread,  
And pierc'd one giant through.*

*Swift to his aid the second came,  
And aim'd a forceful blow,  
Too late ; the fate of each the same,  
He laid both monsters low.*

*Then onward goes ; before him sees  
A gloomy wood appear,  
Whose aged, high, o'erbranching trees  
To heav'n their summits rear,*

*Nor stop'd without, or stay'd to gaze,  
When, wond'rous to relate,  
It Lancelot struck with deep amaze ;  
Life quick did animate :*

*At his approach, each neighbour oak,  
Their hoary branches shook,  
As into wild uproar they broke,  
As if they would have took,*

*And, traitor like, him pris'ner made,  
Or crush'd between each trunk ;  
Here, courage useless, had, afraid,  
From such encounter shrunk.*

*The way was shut, clos'd fast behind,  
No issue could he see,  
Nor valour's self could safety find,  
Or in it merit be.*

*Sometimes the right, and then the left,  
By turns he skilful tried,  
Or swiftly darted through a cleft,  
Straight forward or aside.*

*Yet, maugre all his utmost care,  
His earthly race was run,  
Nor had this knight, of worth so rare,  
E'er seen the morning sun,*

*Had not a tow'ring chesnut old,  
As hasten'd forward he,  
Too slowly mov'd ; his heart was cold,  
And left a passage free.*

*And now at length, the end he past,  
In doubling of his speed,  
And found himself unhurt, at last,  
From pow'rs of magic freed.*

## ORIGINAL.

Meliadus\* quoique déjà vieilli  
 Bravant le tems qui l'avait affaibli  
 Etait toujours un preux plein de merite. . .

De tous côtés ce prince ayant en vain,  
 Selon le vœu d'Artur, cherché Merlin  
 Vit en Bretagne, et non pas dans la Grande,  
 Dans la forêt, dite La Broceliande,  
 Certain poteau qui, retenant ses pas,  
 Au voyageur disait : "*ne passez pas ;*  
 —*Ne passes pas !*" ton ecuyer fidele  
 Interrogé sur ce point, sans retard,  
 Dit : voyez vous ce vallon ? on l'appèle,  
*Val sans retour ;* car on n'en revient pas—  
 Détournons nous, cette route est mortelle.  
 Me détourner ! repond Méliadus,  
 Plutôt mourir ! Toi, je l'ordonne, reste,  
 Reste en ce lieu. . . .

Il dit, le quitte, entre dans le vallon,  
 Sans y rien voir q'une fumee epaisse.  
 Il la franchit, de l'ardeur du renom,  
 Tout vieux qu'il est, ayant l'ame enflammé  
 Et voit apres un chemin assez long,  
 Qu'il est suivi par un mur de fumée,  
 Que lui venait donner sur le talon,  
 Comptant pour rien cet etrange nuage,  
 Il cheminait, quand un affreux dragon,  
 Marche vers lui, suivi par un second.  
 Meliadus déployant son courage,  
 Vers eux accourt. Si le combat fut long,  
 Il fut heureux : les deux dragons en fuite,  
 De leur vainquer éludait la poursuite,  
 Quand celui-ci, que les cherchait en vain,  
 Devant ses pas voit un nouveau chemin,  
 Sans en pouvoir changer à gauche, à droite,  
 C'était un lac profond, sinistre, affreux,  
 Qui pour passage aux pieds aventureux,  
 Ne presentait rien q'une planche étroite.  
 Elle était longue, et de l'autre côté,  
 Deux fiers géans gardaient l'extrémité  
 Quelle que soit cette difficulté  
 Sans hesiter Méliadus l'aborde,  
 Ce roi vaillant s'avance, encor dispos  
 Sur cette planche avouons q'un héros,  
 Avait un peu l'air d'un danseur de corde,  
 Les deux géans l'attendaient cependant  
 Méliadus, d'une ardeur sans seconde  
 A l'un d'entre eux detache un lourd fendant,  
 Digne d'une preux sis a la Table ronde ;  
 Mais hâtant trop son coup imprudent,  
 Il l'a manqué, glisse et tombe sous l'onde.

\* King of the Leonaise, in Little Britany.  
 "Of royal husbands, he the model was."

Faut-il le dire. Hélas ! avec des crocs,  
On retira ce prince, ce héros,  
La connoissance à peine est revenue,  
Au pauvre roi gisant sur le gazon,  
Que sur sa tête une double massue,  
Par les gèans est encore suspendue,  
" Il faut te rendre, ou tu meurs," lui dit on,  
Méliadus, q'aucun péril n'alarme,  
Veut resister encore : du premier coup,  
On l'etourdit, et puis on le desarme,  
Et puis après, sans consulter son gout,  
On le conduit en un jardin immense,  
Où ce heros, qui s'etonne beaucoup,  
A recontrè des gens de conaissance.  
Son ecuyer quand il l'eut attendu  
Deux jours durant, le croyant bien perdu,  
De toutes parts alla crier vengeance,  
Mais cent guerriers tour à tour survenus,  
Et dans ce val tour à tour disparus,  
Aux plus hardis donnaient de la prudence,  
Lancelot seul cherchant Méliadus,  
Ose braver le val sans esperance.....  
L'inscription célèbre en ces forets,  
Disait toujours aux héros indiscrets,  
*Ne passez pas.* Lancelot, pour la lire,  
S'est approché, puis il se prend a dire,  
*" Ne passez pas."* Cela n'est pas Français,  
Il a franchi l'enceinte redoutable,  
Voit les dragons, les abat sur le sable,  
Puis, sur la planche offerte a son regard  
Ayant couru d'un pas agile et libre  
Sur un géant percé de part en part,  
En arrivant, il prend son equilibre,  
L'autre géant aussitot survenu,  
Veut le frapper, mais il est prévenu,  
Ayant occis ces monstres redoutables,  
Lancelot marche et voit sur son chemin,  
Une foret aux arbres innombrables,  
Il y penetre.....o prodige soudain !  
A son approche, agitant son feuillage,  
Sans loyauté, chaque chêne voisin,  
S'est rapproché pour le prendre au passage,  
D'un tel péril peut etre alarmé,  
Car la valeur ici n'a nul mérite,  
Derriere lui le chemin est fermé.  
Que faire ? Aller devant lui, mais bien vite,  
Tantôt tout droit, tantôt par un detour,  
A droite, à gauche, il saute tour à tour.  
Pour échapper aux arbres qu'il redoute  
Malgré ces soins, ce valereux guerrier,  
Etait perdu, sans un gros maronnier,  
Qui s'etait mis trop lentement en route.  
Voilà pourtant qu'il aperçoit la fin  
De la forêt singulière et funeste.  
Courant plus vite, il la franchit, enfin,  
Presque saisi par une frêne assez leste,  
Qui le voulait presser contre un sapin.

*Thirteenth Century.*

In 1231, was held the council of Châteaugontier, which forbade curacies to be given to any one who did not understand or speak the language of the place; Fleuri remarks, "this rule applies to Lower Brittany, where the people preserve their peculiar language."

In the fortunate age of the troubadours, poetry revived, and Pierre Mauclerc, duke of Brittany, composed French songs remarkable for their grace and elegance; he also wrote charming Breton verses; he died in 1250, on his return from the crusade, and it is of him that St. Louis says: "*I never found any one who endeavoured to injure me more than the Count of Brittany.*"

In 1260, Mary of France, an Anglo-Norman poetess, translated into verse a great number of Armorican lays, which, in her prologues, she assures us were very ancient, and that other translators had already put them into the Roman tongue, that they were sung in Lower Brittany to the harp and rote, and that not only she had heard them sung, but that she had read them in the original language, of which she borrows some expressions; her lays, according to Pyramus, a contemporary troubadour, were much esteemed, particularly by the ladies. It appears, by the *Lai de Guigemer*, which she translated, that the mythology of the Ancients was known to the old Armoricans, and we even find in it quotations from the metamorphoses of Ovid. Regnaud, a French troubadour of the same period, translated into verse the lay of Ignaurez, whom he styles Seigneur of the castle of Auriol, in Lower Brittany, and affirms that he made this translation from the original Breton to please his *love*, the lady of La Caine.

Another Poet, Pierre de Saint Cloud, composed the romance of the fox, in which that animal, disguised as a juggler, boasts of his knowledge, and, above all, of knowing many Breton lays.

One of the last anonymous troubadours put into verse, the *Graalen Mor*, which he says was sung in Bas Breton, and his translation might also be sung in French, since, in the manuscript, it is transcribed so as to be noted from the first verse of the piece.

In 1284, Edward, king of England, subjugated Wales, where his first care was to order a careful search to be made for all the bards, whom he put to death because they excited the people to rebellion, by reminding them of the deeds of their fathers.\*

[*To be continued.*]

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\* Latour-d'Anvergne.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*A Letter on the proposed Changes in the Welsh Judicature.* By  
R. G. Temple, esq. Barrister at law.

THIS pamphlet, though least in size, is pregnant with matter, equal, perhaps superior, in importance, to the contents of any review in our present Number. It consists chiefly of a republication of the very able observations for which we were indebted to Mr. Temple in our third Number. He evinces a more than common solicitude for the welfare of Wales, and a regard for her interests which we should be glad to recognise more frequently. We quote from the Introduction.

“The following Letter was originally written for, and was published in the Cambrian Quarterly Magazine, solely with a wish of attracting some attention to a question, which at that time appeared to the writer to be entirely run away with by those who, seeing the dissatisfaction with which the administration of justice in the Welsh courts was looked at, were for sweeping away a system, as he thought and still thinks, beneficial in itself; when in fact the evil, which they were blinded with, sprung out of an abuse in its administration: it seemed to be a question between an entire abolition of the system and an unmitigated continuance of its abuses, and it was the sole object of this letter to arrest the intemperate zeal of those who wished well to the Principality, and to win them over to a temperate investigation and consideration of both sides of a subject, which theretofore seemed in their eyes to have but one: but there is another class of persons whose views and notions it may be feared have some influence within the Principality, and certainly very great weight out of it, who have been influential in hurrying on this question to a decision as forming part of a grand scheme of liberal improvement; and for the effecting this, their darling speculation, they have thought it beneath their notice to stop for a moment to consider what may or may not be beneficial to a part of the united kingdoms so insignificant in their eyes as the remote and unpretending wilds of Cambria. There are many persons so ignorant of the real state of Wales, that they think its resident population are little better than semi-barbarians, and that it is most preposterous for them to lay claim to a separate jurisdiction; but from what in reality does this impression of the insignificance of Wales spring? Is it not from the quietude and contentment of its peasantry? The striking features of importance to attract notice have been wanting; there have been no clamorous discontents, no violent ebullition of political discords; but little do such persons think how much of high and generous, nay I might truly say of romantic, intellect is alive throughout its remotest districts, and that too

in no small degree cultivated and enriched by the stores of learning and high attainment: but warm as the feelings of the writer of this letter are upon this interesting subject, springing from an actual experience of the truth of what he feels, he would not have intruded his views again upon the public, had he not been most unexpectedly gratified by the turn which the opinions of many have taken since the time when this letter was written; and which change of sentiment he hopes may make the view here put forward more widely acceptable than it then was: the attention of the country seems to be roused, and there are now hopes that a discussion of the question at least may take place fairly and candidly: this change has been proved by the many solicitations the writer has received from those whose good wishes and anxiety for the well-being of the Principality make their claim to acquiescence on his part imperative; he only regrets that abler hands have not taken up the task of setting this question in the light that it ought to be looked at, ere a fair consideration can be given, or a right conclusion come to; he could wish it were in his power to devote more time to a subject of such vital importance to a community to which he owes so much; but he cannot refuse his compliance with wishes and solicitations which have their rise from the same spirit in which the following pages were originally written and are now republished."

On this subject we would call the attention of our readers to an able article in the last Quarterly Review, though we have some trifling reasons of complaint against its author. In the first place, a very great part of his argument, though more dilated, appears to us to resemble Mr. Temple's so strongly, not in its outline merely, but in all its minor ramifications, that we think some slight acknowledgment was due to that gentleman, (see from p. 211 of the Quarterly to the end of the article.) In the next place, the system of Welsh judgeships is defended on the ground, that there is no serious complaint against it; though, at the same time, it is acknowledged that the character of the judges throws unjust odium on the system they administer.

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*The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties. Illustrated by Anecdotes.*

THE object of this book is to select from the records of philosophy, literature, and art, in all ages and countries, a body of examples, to shew how the most unpropitious circumstances have been unable to conquer an ardent desire for the acquisition of knowledge. We have not, for some time, seen a work of more real value: one which speaks so strongly to the high enjoyments which learning must inevitably procure for her followers. In the present day, when an uncontrollable thirst for knowledge, arising from the feeling of increased power which waits on its attainment, is the prevailing characteristic among the great body of the people, such a book will prove a most welcome accession: it has recorded for us lessons of practical wisdom, taught by the experience of those illustrious men, who, before our time, ventured on a task of



incalculable labour and hazard ; and, by the earnestness and strenuousness of their most honest and diligent endeavours, at last attained, as far as the imperfection of our nature can attain, a consummation of their wishes. There is something sacred attached to the remembrance of the past adventurers of the world of intellect, who, having toiled for our instruction, now rest from their virtuous and enlightened labours; and when we read that, in their bold and generous pursuits, they were not turned aside by vanity or interest, they were not scared by hesitation or by fears, but that, undaunted and undismayed even by the "pelting of the pitiless storm," they did not

"Bate a jot  
Of heart or hope, but still bore up, and steered  
Right onward."

But why should we not rather, on this subject, use our author's words? they are given with great dignity and power of thought, and happily express more than our pen is adequate to convey.

"And let him, who, smitten by the love of knowledge, may yet conceive himself to be on any account unfortunately circumstanced for the business of mental cultivation, bethink him how often the eager student has triumphed over a host of impediments, much more formidable, in all probability, than any by which he is surrounded. Want of leisure, want of instructors, want of books, poverty, ill health, imprisonment, uncongenial or distracting occupations, the force of opposing example the discouragement of friends or relations, the depressing consideration that the better part of life was already spent and gone; these have all, separately, and in various combinations, exerted their influence either to check the pursuit of knowledge, or to prevent the very desire of it from springing up. But they exerted this influence in vain. Here, then, is enough both of encouragement and of direction for all. To the illustrious vanquishers of fortune, whose triumphs we are about to record, we would point as guides for all who, similarly circumstanced, may aspire to follow in the same honourable path. Their lives are lessons that cannot be read without profit; nor are they lessons for the perusal of one class of society only: all, even those who are seemingly the most happily situated for the cultivation of their minds, may derive a stimulus from such anecdotes. No situation, in truth, is altogether without its unfavorable influences; if there be not poverty to crush, there may be wealth and ease to relax the spirit. He who is left to educate himself in every thing, may have many difficulties to struggle with; but he who is saved every struggle is, perhaps, still more unfortunate. If one mind be in danger of starving for want of books, another may be surfeited by too many. If, again, a laborious occupation leave to some but little time to study, there are temptations it should be remembered, attendant upon rank and influence, which are to the full as hard to escape from as any occupation. If, however, there be any one who stands free, or comparatively free, from every kind of impediment to the cultivation of his intellectual faculties, surely he must peruse with peculiar interest the account of what the love of knowledge has achieved in circumstances so opposite to his own. Certain, at least, it is, that such achievements produce a most powerful call upon his

exertions in the pursuit of science and literature, that his acquisitions may be, in some degree, commensurate to his advantages. Finally, for all who love to read of bold and successful adventure, and to follow daring ambition in its career to greatness, it cannot but be interesting to contemplate the exploits of some of the most enterprising spirits of our race; the adventures, namely, of the world of intellect, whose ambition, while it has soared as high, and performed feats as brilliant as any other, never excites in us an interest dangerous to feel, nor holds up to us an example criminal to follow, because its conquests have been a blessing and not a curse to humanity. Pp. 16, 18.

There is a manly freedom and strength of mind in this, and the author is also evidently a man of sound judgment and patient industry. The *Ana* and *Anecdotes* are thrown together without any systematic unity, but connected by a general and theoretical tone of reasoning and reflection, which never savours of pedantry or extravagance, and in which we have not found one ungenerous sentiment, or one narrow-minded prejudice. Throughout are scattered abundant indications of a strong understanding; and, as we turn each successive page, materials of instruction and amusement accumulate around us.

It has been much the fashion to talk of the "unhappy fate of the learned," and it has long been a favorite supposition that the possession of superior knowledge has generally had the effect of preventing its owners from succeeding in the world. The recorder of these examples has confuted that baseless assertion: he has proved, and has forcibly expressed it, that if such a pursuit should not bring overflowing wealth, which is, at best, but one of the means of happiness, it will bring happiness itself, wealth for the mind, if not for the purse: and that it is profitable to a far higher end than the mere advancement of its votaries in worldly wealth, although in that, too, it is an ally, not an adversary. We concur in the justness of the remarks by which he supports his opinion: we allow that genius often carries on an unequal strife with fortune; yet let the man who has intellect enough to extend his thoughts beyond the mere care of his daily subsistence; who aspires after learning, yet dreads the consequence; let him, in these pages, trace that contest, unequal though it be, through all its periods, and vicissitudes, and aspects; let him follow the lights of other days through their struggles to distinctions; and he will assuredly find that, for all the disappointments, afflictions, or even humiliations, they encountered here, they had sufficient recompense in the high destiny for which they were reserved. Those who are possessors of knowledge, are sufficient to themselves, and in so far, must be satisfied with the world: they have their reward, if not in present popularity, yet in the presage of future celebrity; they have their reward in that "inbought grace of life," which must wait upon them so long as virtue is becoming, and the pursuit of truth rational. If the young inquirer after knowledge treasures up the memory of this, his early aspirations will surely not wax

faint, but be sustained and directed to the attainment of a clearly discerned object: an object, however, which will not be approached by the mere *wish* for knowledge; for if that wish be not accompanied by persevering industry and exertion, the powerless aim will fall short, far, far short, of its accomplishment. He must remember that knowledge is not the effect of mere chance, but of a higher and more imperishable cause. But there is a rich and resplendent passage on this very subject, which we must copy from the little work before us. The author has been mentioning the persevering efforts of our own Captain Cook, by which he raised himself from the lowest obscurity to a reputation wide as the world itself, and certain to last as long as the age in which he flourished shall be remembered by history. He then proceeds with energy of language and sentiment:

“But better still than even all this fame, than either the honours which he received while living, or those which, when he was no more, his country and mankind bestowed upon his memory; he had exalted himself in the scale of moral and intellectual beings, had won for himself, by his unwearied striving, a new and nobler nature, and taken a high place among the instructors and best benefactors of mankind. This alone is true happiness; the one worthy end of human exertion or ambition; the only satisfying reward of all labour, and study, and virtuous activity, or endurance. Among the shipmates with whom Cook mixed when he first went to sea, there was, perhaps, no one who ever either raised himself above the condition to which he then belonged, in point of outward circumstances, or enlarged, in any considerable degree, the knowledge or mental resources he then possessed. And some will, perhaps, say that this was little to be regretted, at least, on their own account; that the many who spent their lives in their original sphere, were, probably, as happy as the one who succeeded in rising above it; but this is, indeed, to cast a hasty glance on human life and human nature. That man was never truly happy, happy upon reflection, and, while looking to the past or the future, who could not say to himself that he had made something of the faculties God gave him, and had not lived altogether without progression, like one of the inferior animals. We do not speak of mere wealth or station; these are comparatively nothing; are as often missed as attained, even by those who best merit them; and they do not of themselves constitute happiness when they are possessed. But there must be some consciousness of an intellectual or moral progress, or there can be no satisfaction, no self-congratulation, on reviewing what of life may be already gone; no hope in the prospect of what is yet to come. All men feel this, and feel it strongly; and if they could secure for themselves the source of happiness in question by a wish, would avail themselves of the privilege with sufficient alacrity. Nobody would pass his life in ignorance, if knowledge might be had by merely looking up to the clouds for it: it is the labour necessary for its acquirement that soars them; and this labour they have not resolution to encounter. Yet it is, in truth, from the exertion by which it must be obtained, that knowledge derives at least half its value; for to this entirely we owe the sense of merit in ourselves which the acquisition brings along with it; and, hence, no little of the happiness of which we have just described its possession to be the source; besides which, the labour itself soon becomes an enjoyment.” Pp. 133, 134.

This is the language of a man acquainted with the highest principles of human nature, and it ought to invest the reader with strong hope and much confidence. A high standard of enjoyment is laid down here, but it is not higher than zeal and labour may realise ; and we are much mistaken if this forcible reasoning has not already, in some instances, ministered to content and encouraged meritorious exertion.

We only add that the new Society for Promoting Knowledge in Wales, cannot do better than translate portions of this little volume, assured as we are that its tendency is not only to generally improve our population, but, what is infinitely of more importance, at the same time to imbue their minds with sound constitutional intelligence.

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*“Mount Sinai.” A Poem; by W. Phillips.—Maunder.*

THE spirited publisher of Montgomery's successful poems has given to the lovers of sacred poetry another rich treat. The style of composition of this poem ought to be encouraged; it would augur ill for the religious feeling and true poetic taste of the public, were they to discountenance the exertions of genius when displayed in the noblest and most solemn subjects, while they reward with liberality the tuneful songsters who so sweetly sing about “the rising of the gentle moon,” or the beauty of “a butterfly.” The flattering reception of Montgomery's excellent works dispelled a notion but too prevalent, that poetry on sacred subjects would not be likely to succeed; and proved that even trifling errors would be pardoned by a generous public in consideration of an author's youth, errors occasioned by zeal which time will moderate, or by a too ardent fancy, which experience will chasten and control. The same kind indulgence will, we hope, be extended towards the author of “Mount Sinai” for his venial errors, the same liberal patronage for his no slight display of taste and talent. The work consists of four books, in which the visitation of Moses to the sacred mount is fully treated; the subject is majestic and sublime, and handled with great energy and skill: in the descriptive parts the author is peculiarly felicitous, and evinces a lofty imagination and great power of language. It is in blank verse, and the diction is completely after the model of Milton, quaint but nervous; the acquisition of this style must have cost the author much time and trouble, and yet we fear there are many who, having formed their taste from the poetry of the annuals, will be displeased with a style more robust and manly. We think that the only error of the author consists in too close an adherence to the diction of the great bard of England; this fault, however, is amply redeemed by the manifold excellencies of the poem. It is embellished by a beautiful illustration, executed by Martyn in his best style. We

present our readers with the following extract from the poem, earnestly recommending the work itself to their attention.

\*            \*            \*

At once

Dark shadows hurtle to eclipse the sun  
 Half quench'd in terror, and with partial gouts  
 Of light slow gushing. Steadfast heav'n itself,  
 From base to centre estuate, ejects  
 Volcanic element. In solar sphere,  
 Could some vast planet, from its argent home  
 Erratic starting, disobedient mar  
 Celestial harmony, and thwart the course  
 Of comet zone with meteoric leagues,  
 Twice twenty thousand, horrible the crash,  
 And loud the ruin of the rubied orb,  
 And passing fierce were the combustion. Now  
 Seem'd all as hideous this commotion dire,  
 Uncouth deforming the distain'd concave,  
 Reflecting Sinai; and the mountain's sides  
 With darkness crown'd as with a diadem  
 Of night's investing, crimson-tissued shine,  
 One burning swell of furnace unconsum'd.  
 Leaps forth, exulting in peculiar hue,  
 With barb thrice tripled, from its murky lair,  
 Long lightning fitful, and around the mount  
 Wildly meanders. Hollow first of tone,  
 As vex'd with solid substance, and remote,  
 The brattling thunders rumble underground;  
 But, soon, more general, their rough gathering roar  
 Tremendous deepens, and, with crushing burst  
 Disrupt, reverb'rates repercussive harsh,  
 From zone to zone, from zenith to profound.

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*The Irish in London. From the Dublin Literary Gazette. Hurst, Chance, and Co., London Agents.*

WHILE politicians are congratulating each other on the beneficial effects of Catholic emancipation in cooling the heated passions of the people of Ireland, the lovers of literature have also reason to rejoice, that, as the fury of faction subsided, the interests of letters have been advanced. The Irish people must have something to occupy their attention, and, receiving no longer the united supply of maddening eloquence from the Corn Exchange, have been compelled to seek amusement from other and better sources. It was a remarkable fact, that hitherto no exclusively literary periodical was published in Ireland, no publication could stand save by the support of one or other of the rival parties. But now, be the cause what it may, no less than three Monthly Magazines, and one weekly Literary Gazette, have started, and are all likely to succeed. This augurs well for the improvement of the Irish people; for, in the same proportion that they acquire

a taste for the elegancies of literature, and become educated and refined, will they prove more kind in their intercourse with each other, more tractable as subjects, and more obedient to the laws. Our business, at present, is more particularly with the Dublin Literary Gazette, of which several numbers have appeared very deserving the notice of the English public; doubtless it will surprise those, who imagine that nothing but what is intemperate and factious could emanate from the Irish press, to meet with a periodical destitute of party politics and angry feelings, conducted by an intelligent editor who devotes his time and his work, not to promote the purposes of faction, but in reviewing the different publications of the day with the taste and candour of a calm, judging, and enlightened critic, supplying original matter interesting to the antiquary and the scholar, and depicting the "great stage" of our own time with truth and spirit. We extract the following passage :

"They say there are thirty thousand of us in London, and our own estimate does not abate an unit of the number, certes we swarm everywhere; and wheresoever we are planted, like our own potato, we do exceedingly increase and multiply. 'Twas but the other day that we ventured to peep up a long narrow passage, with small houses on either side, a cul de sac, leading out of the street which connects the end of Oxford street with the church of St. Giles. It seemed to us that we saw about a thousand children of all ages, from three years to thirteen, tumbling about in various directions and diversions, and vociferating to one another in the true Monomian dialect. We thought of Malthus, and shut our eyes. We defy an Irishman in London to forget his country, even if disposed thereto, which indeed they seldom are, as those who do not remember it for praise, keep it in mind as a fertile subject of abuse; but in any case he could not forget it, since from the makers of speeches of living eloquence in the House of Parliament, to the readers of speeches of dying penitence, falsely purporting to have been uttered at the front of Newgate, the loudest and most conspicuous are all Irish. It is a matter of marvel, and of national congratulation, that so few Irish are hanged in London; of all manner of whimsical and riotous offences on their part, there is, indeed, no end, insomuch that some of the police offices on a Monday morning, would, as we are told, almost cheat one into the belief, that we were in some magistrates' office of the peaceful realm of Tipperary, on the day after a fair or "pattern;" but these are all trifling matters of broken heads or the like, arising out of liquor, or of love, which comes to the same thing, as it is all intoxication: but the horrible deliberate offences, the premeditated plundering in the night, the cutting of old women's throats from ear to ear, and the cautious scrutiny, with the still reeking fingers, of the old woman's pouches, until each sovereign and sixpence is carefully extracted, all this part of this strange world's business, is in London generally left to the cooler habits of the natives. It sometimes happens, indeed, doubtless from the national confusion of character, such as Mr. Moore prettily speaks of, with reference to a letter of his to Lord Byron, wherein he appears partly desirous of his lordship's friendship, and partly desirous of putting him to death, that our countrymen forget the minute distinctions of property which prevail in England, and, in a sudden unreflecting

moment, appropriate to themselves certain small matters which they suppose they stand in need of, without the ordinary preliminary arrangement of an exchange of coin for the same. Such trifling peccadilloes merely evince a want of sufficient acquaintance with the grammatical construction of the possessive pronouns.

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“The women seem as much inclined to the sedentary occupations by which a small livelihood may be obtained, as the men are to the more active. We have held very interesting colloquies with about fifty-five thousand of the female apple and orange venders, who occupy the corners of the streets in London, and we never met with a single exception to the rule of their being all from Munster. We love to ask them, as the first question, “What part of Munster do you come from?” “County Cork, sir,” or “County Lim’rick, your honner,” is almost sure to be the answer; and not seldom, when we have beguiled them into talk about the Shannon, or Kilworth Mountain, or the like, we have observed that something very like tears began to flow, and our sixpence would hardly be taken, without an effort to make us have more than the worth of it in fruit.

As to the *re*-porters, whom, for such important gentlemen, we have rather unceremoniously forgotten, and therefore entreat the condescension of their pardon, they are almost as uniformly Irish as the apple-women; and a clever, dashing, rattling set of fellows they are, and indeed must be, in order to get through their arduous duties. But why are they almost exclusively Irish? Because there is a bustle, a hurry, an energetic despatch, necessary about this business, a dashing off-hand way, without being too particular as to exactness, and with a ready fancy for *guessing*, for all of which the national character is peculiarly fitted. Again, there is a something *literary*, as it is thought, about it, and we, Irish, are so desperately literary every where but at home.

“Every one knows that those who write for daily newspapers must have a rapid method of arranging and expressing their thoughts upon the revolving occurrences of every-day life. Well, this work is in London almost monopolized by the Irish. The Standard, Globe, Courier, Star, Morning Herald, Saint James’s Chronicle, Atlas, and a score of others for aught we know, are edited by Irishmen. They “knock off a paragraph,” while a sober Englishman would be thinking of the best “references,” and it does very well. The Times, to be sure, seems often as if it had the aid of the heavy machinery of the steam-engine, in writing its articles as well as in printing them; but we are told there are none but English and Scotch about the writing department of that concern.

“We wish we could add the praise of *independence* to our notice of the Irish character in London, but we cannot. The Irish labourer submits to what the English labourer would not, and thereby entails a degree of contempt upon his class.

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“The great difference between the Irish and English, and the great superiority of the latter in all mere matters of business, seems to consist in this, that they possess a methodical steadiness of procedure, arising out of a complete concentration of the mind upon the one idea that occupies it for the time, which is utterly unknown to our countrymen.



“As for the higher occupations, they say in London that we Irish are too much a kind of literary Swiss, and will write on any side for payment. Perhaps there is something too much of this, but it is not confined to the Irish, except that it must be admitted the careless habits of the Irish generally, make them the poorest class, and poverty is open to all manner of temptations. This, however, is rather an uncomfortable part of our subject, and therefore here we shall pause for the present.”

*A Numismatic Atlas of Grecian History.* By Benjamin Richard Green. Priestley and Weale, London.

The author of this work is one of those who seek to select from the diffuse labours of the antiquary, and from the cabinet of the medallist, the means of imparting to the young, and to the unlearned, a more lively and graphic impression of Grecian history. With this view he has executed drawings of a considerable number of those coins that properly belong to the times of Grecian independence and ascendancy, having chronologically arranged them, and illustrated them with his observations. “A work of this nature will, I think,” he observes, “prove a powerful auxiliary to the memory in the acquisition of historical knowledge, upon the principle of the superiority of figurative delineation over plain narrative.”

*Scynius irritant annios demissa per aurem,  
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus et quæ,  
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.*

Nor is it merely as a corroboration of historical facts sufficiently established from other sources, that labours of this description are attractive; they frequently furnish information essentially novel in itself: a very interesting instance of this is Dr. Stukeley's “History of the Roman-British emperor, Carausius:” the variety of feature and of attitude exhibited in the coins of different nations must frequently furnish matter of curious speculation; and, at any rate, must leave a more permanent impression on the volatile mind of the schoolboy than the perplexed circumlocutions by which similar matters are expounded to him in his “Roman Antiquities.”

It is amusing to contrast the rude figures and imperfect profiles that are impressed on the coins of the Arsacides, with the graceful features and allegorical symbols which Grecian genius suffused over even these dull instruments of barter, these earthen voices of self-interest and corruption, which still survive long after the relics of Phidias and Apelles have sunk under the ravages of time. Convinced as we are of the utility of a work such as Mr. Green's, it is obviously impossible for us to present our readers with a specimen of his labours, we must therefore refer them to the work itself.



**Popular Directions to Parents on the Management of Children.**  
By Henry Rees. Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper.

This is a very useful little treatise, containing a great variety of important advice as to the management of infants, either in sickness or in health. Mr. Rees, who is surgeon to the City Institution for Diseases of Children, and to some other public bodies of a similar character, appears to have maturely considered and well digested a plan for the better managing the rising generation than that at present practised in some of the best informed circles. The rules laid down for their management, both in infancy and youth, are founded on plain common sense, divested of technicalities, and easy of adoption by all classes. Mr. Rees, in this little treatise, exposes many of the absurdities practised in the nursery, by which the constitution and health of hundreds of children have, we doubt not, been greatly injured, and in some cases even the life of the infant has been sacrificed to a strict adherence to long-established prejudices. We strongly recommend this little work to the perusal of those who have the care and superintendence of infants, convinced that many of the rules laid down in it, if attended to, cannot fail to be very beneficial to those for whose advantage it is expressly intended.

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REVIEW OF NEW MUSIC.

“*Can I be False to Thee?*” a ballad written by R. F. Williams, and composed by E. A. Brown, author of “*Life’s dearest Lay.*”

We noticed in our last Number two pretty ballads of this lady’s composition. The melody of the one before us is of a sweet and melancholy character, and the words adapted with care, but there are several errors of the engraver’s which we recommend Mrs. Brown to correct. The two notes in the last bar of the symphony should be E and G, not G and B, left hand; in the 15th bar of the accompaniment, (in the first stanza,) both the D’s ought to be C, as in the corresponding bars of the other stanzas. The harmony of the 11th bar in all the stanzas ought to be, the first half, in B with a flat 7th, then E, just the reverse of what it now is. We point out these trifling blemishes, as they may be easily rectified, and thereby render the song a very pleasing publication.

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“*Pretty Little Gwenno,*” a duet, written to the favorite and characteristic Welsh melody of “*Hob y Deri Dando,*” or “*Away my Herds to the Oaken Grove,*” alluding to the time of year when the herds feed on acorns.

This melody is a very ancient one, but exceedingly playful and original; the words adapted to it form a lively dialogue between a

shepherd and a young man who is soliciting the hand of his daughter; in which the unwillingness of the old man to part with his child, and the eagerness of the swain to gain her, are well imagined and true to simple nature. This duet was sung by Mr. Parry and Mr. Fitzwilliam at the Cambrian concert in May last, and universally encored.

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“*Cupid's Flight* ;” the words from the favorite historical romance of *Geraldine of Desmond*, written by Miss Crumpe, the melody by an amateur.

This is an exceedingly pretty morceau, and must soon find its way into public favor. The words are elegant, and the idea of the “little god” coming on earth to scatter his arrows at random, then meeting with a beautiful fair one, at whose heart he aims a dart, but which recoils on himself, are elegantly expressed.

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“*The Overture to Guillaume Tell*,” composed by Rossini, arranged for the piano-forte.

This is a superb composition, inasmuch as it is so well calculated for an orchestra. The opening, indicative of an interview between *Tell* and his son, is beautiful; to which follows a storm, extremely well expressed, and afterwards a calm, during which a *Tyrolian* melody is played by a mountain minstrel; then follows a military movement descriptive of the inroads made into the peaceful *Swiss* valleys by armed bands. It is said that Goulding and D'Almaine have paid Rossini *one thousand pounds* for the copyright of this opera!

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#### LITERARY NOTICES.

*Royal Denbigh Eisteddvod*.—To be speedily published, in 1 vol. demy 8vo. by GRIFFITH, of Chester, “*A History of the National Congress held at Denbigh in 1828, with the Essays and Poems proposed for adjudication at that meeting*.” The necessity of possessing a general record of that interesting Eisteddvod is so obvious that we forbear to enlarge upon the subject.

To be shortly published by subscription, a volume of “*Odes and Melodies connected with Welsh History*,” by S. R. JACKSON. Mr. Jackson has distinguished himself a successful poetic writer in different popular works, more particularly in the *Cambro-Briton*.

“*Gwilyddydd*.”—We are extremely gratified in announcing, that the publication of this periodical was resumed last month.

**"Cambrian Shakspeare."**—The Portrait of this eminent votary of the Awen, which has just appeared, is well executed, and, we are told, very like the original.

To be published, on the number of subscribers amounting to 200, by the Rev. W. PROBERT, of Walmsley, Lancashire, "*A Hebrew-English Grammar*," in 12mo. The manuscript of the work was submitted to the examination of several distinguished scholars, and among others to the late Dr. J. Jones, and the Rev. C. Wellbeloved, Theological Tutor of Manchester College, York. Both of these gentlemen expressed themselves highly pleased with the work; and the Rev. C. Wellbeloved assured the author, that in the event of its publicity, he would introduce it in the Hebrew classes at York college. Sanctioned by the approbation of these eminent Hebraists, Mr. Probert solicits the early transmission of names, in order that they may appear in his Subscription List.

Dr. W. O. PUGHE'S "*Mabinogion*" is at last to be published, under the patronage of the Royal Cambrian Institution, and the Gwynedd, Powis, Gwent, and Dyved Societies; and it is in contemplation to publish, in an uniform edition, translations of the most interesting poems of our early bards, with notes and explanatory observations by several eminent writers who are anxious to rescue from oblivion such valuable lore.

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## LONDON AND PROVINCIAL NEWS.

### *Ecclesiastical.*

ON Sunday, the 21st of February, the Lord Bishop of Bangor held a private ordination at the cathedral, when the following gentlemen were admitted to the order of priesthood, viz. the Rev. Henry Bailey Williams, A.B. curate of Llanberis, and the Rev. Evan Owen Hughes, A.B. curate of Llanidan.

The Rev. John Williams, clerk, A.M. (Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford, has been licensed by the Lord Bishop of Bangor to the perpetual curacy of Llanvaes and Penmon, in the county of Anglesey, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Richard Thomas Clerk, the late incumbent. Patron, Richard Bulkeley Williams Bulkeley, esq. of Baron Hill.

The Lord Bishop of Landaff has been pleased to license the Rev. Francis Marenduz, A.B. to the curacy of Michaelstone super Avon.

The Lord Bishop of St. David's has been pleased to confer the dignity of rural dean for the deanery of Lower Carmarthen, vacant by the decease of the Rev. W. Morgan, on the Rev. J. Evans, B.D. vicar of Llanboidy.

His majesty having ordered a *congé d'elire* to pass the great seal, empowered the Dean and Chapter of St Asaph to elect a bishop to that see, and recommended Dr. W. Carey (late Bishop of Exeter), who has been elected.

The Lord Bishop of St. David's has been pleased to appoint the Rev. D. A. Williams, head master of the Grammar school, Carmarthen, rural dean of the deanery of Kidwelly, *vice* the Rev. C. Bowen, deceased. His lordship has also been pleased to collate the Rev. J. Jackson, A.M. vicar of Elm cum Emmett, to a prebend in the collegiate church of Brecon, vacant by the death of the Rev. John Jenkins.

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*Carmarthenshire and Pembrokeshire Road Improvements.*

A meeting of the Carmarthenshire trustees was held at Carmarthen on the 14th of January, to consider on the best means of directing the line of road to avoid Llandowror hill on the Pembrokeshire side of the county, and effecting other improvements suggested by Mr. Telford's Survey, as far as respected the portion of road in Carmarthenshire. John Jones, esq. M.P. was unanimously called to the chair, and succinctly stated the objects of the meeting; various plans were then suggested by several individuals for obviating the ascent from Llandowror hill to the summit level of Brandy hill, which is nearly to the height of 800 feet in a distance of three miles; but when the question was put by the chairman, as to what line would be most eligible, it was carried without a dissentient voice, that Mr. Telford's line to Pembroke Dock should be adopted. An order was accordingly made, that so much of it should be immediately proceeded with, as extends from the main road on the Carmarthenshire side of Llandowror village, southward, to a place called Cold Well, being a distance of about four miles, which is within a mile of the confines of the county of Carmarthen, the extreme limit of its portion of the line. A written statement was produced, which shewed, that although upwards of £13,000 had been expended in various improvements during the last three years, yet a very considerable balance of the trust funds remained in the treasurer's hands; which balance, however, being inadequate to the execution of the new line, it was resolved to borrow £3,500 in addition, on the credit of the turnpike tolls.

The Right Hon. Earl Cawdor, who attended the meeting, took great interest in the proceedings, and stated that the Pembrokeshire trustees were well disposed to carry the improved line into effect, but unfortunately their funds were inadequate to the prosecution of an undertaking of such a magnitude at once. From Hobb's Point to a place called Crafty Corner, on the Pembroke road, his lordship said, was partly done at the expense of government over the crown land, and the remainder would be soon finished by the trustees. The line then followed the present turnpike road, from Pembroke to Cold Blow, as far as Milton. It was intended, his lordship further said, shortly to make a new branch of about five miles from Milton, passing through Setson to join the turnpike road leading to Tenby at King's Moor. Thence to Castle Healy Mill, the extreme limit of the Pembrokeshire line, where it meets that of Carmarthenshire, was about four miles, which it was to be hoped would be made in the course of a few years; and to effect it, the noble earl, in addition, suggested the soliciting

a grant from government in aid of an undertaking of such national importance. It was understood that, if this line were not carried into effect, it was the intention of government to have discontinued the Milford packet line of communication with the south of Ireland.

In the course of the week following that on which this meeting was held, the committee appointed to superintend the formation of the new line of road from Llandowror to Cold Well aforesaid, travelled over the whole line on horseback, when it was found to be of so easy an ascent, that the rise was scarcely perceptible, and also to be through a very romantic glen. The contracts for forming it were in many cases concluded; and, from the spirit with which the work is undertaken, it is confidently anticipated that this portion of the new line will be open for public travelling before next Midsummer. When this is completed, it is understood to be the intention of the trustees to take early steps to carry the improved line, proposed by Mr. Telford, from Llandowror to St. Clears, also into effect, by which a saving in distance of half a mile in two miles will be gained, and a much more level surface than the present road will be traversed.

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#### Welsh Literature.

The Carmarthen *Cymreigyddion*, or Welsh Literary Society, purpose to hold their eighth Anniversary Meeting at Carmarthen on the 4th of May, when medals will be presented to the authors of the best Welsh Ode on "Light," (*Awl ar Goleuni*;) and of the best Welsh Essay on "Providence in general," (*Traethawd ar Rhagluniaeth yn gyffredinol*;) and also for the best Welsh Oration, to be delivered at the meeting, on "The benefit arising from the Welsh Literary Societies," (*Buddioldeb y Cymdeithasau Cymroaidd*.)

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The Right Hon. Thomas Frankland Lewis, having vacated his seat in parliament for the county of Radnor, by accepting the office of Treasurer of the Navy from the king, an election took place at Presteign, on Monday, the 1st day of March, when Mr. Frankland Lewis was re-elected without opposition.

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#### Sheriffs for 1830.

*Anglesey*.—T. Williams, of Glanrafon, esq.  
*Carnarvonshire*.—J. Williams, of Bryntirion, esq.  
*Merionethshire*.—J. Panton, of Llwynywern, esq.  
*Montgomeryshire*.—Henry Adolphus Proctor, of Aberhafesp Hall, esq.  
*Denbighshire*.—W. Hanmer, of Bodnod, esq.  
*Flintshire*.—Sir Henry Browne, of Bronhwyllfa, knt.  
*Cardiganshire*.—T. Hugh Jones, of Noyadd, esq.  
*Pembrokeshire*.—A. A. Gower, of Kilderweon, esq.  
*Carmarthenshire*.—Rees G. Thomas, of Llanon, esq.  
*Radnorshire*.—R. Bell Price, of Downfield, Old Radnor, esq.  
*Breconshire*.—W. L. Hopkins, of Aberanell, esq.  
*Glamorganshire*.—W. Williams, of Aberpergwin, esq.  
*Cheshire*.—George Walmsley, of Bolesworth Castle, esq.  
*Shropshire*.—Rowland Hunt, of Boreatton Park, esq.  
*Monmouthshire*.—William Jones, of Clytha, esq.

*Lampeter College.*

It having been industriously reported, that the expenses of students at St. David's College, Lampeter, fall little if at all short of those of our universities, it is stated by a gentleman officially connected with the college, that "the average annual amount of those expenses, including lodging, board, and tuition, is not more than from £50 to £54 per annum. If more is in any instance spent, it is needless expenditure.

*Churchmen and Dissenters in England and Wales.*

The Editors of the Congregational Magazine have been occupied in obtaining information as to the number of dissenting congregations in England and Wales. Their means of procuring this information have, it is said, been such as to entitle their statement even to more confidence than the returns which have been very recently made to parliament at the instance of Mr. Peel; because the forms prescribed by the latter have been so variously interpreted as, unhappily, to give rise to no small degree of confusion, which cannot fail to affect the result of his inquiry. Having completed their estimate of the dissenting part of the population, they naturally desired to exhibit, in connexion with it, a summary statement of the number of livings connected with the Established Church, and of the manner in which its patronage is parcelled out. The following is a summary of the whole:

The number of cathedral dignitaries is 755; of church livings, 10,872. Of the latter, 1014 are in the gift of government; 3769 of the church; 794 of the universities; 197 of public bodies; 5030 of the nobility and gentry; and 63 of the inhabitants of the respective parishes.

The total number of dissenting congregations is 7904: of these 389 are Roman Catholics; 258 Presbyterian; 1663 Independent; 940 (Particular) Baptist; 107 General Baptist; 396 Quaker; 2827 Wesleyan Methodist; 424 Calvinistic Methodist; 660 Methodists of other descriptions; and 241 belonging to the Home Missionary Society and to other connexions.

In the public schools in the two countries there are 274,596 children in union with the National Society; 53,298 with the British and Foreign School Society; and 690,497 with the Sunday School Union.

*The Welsh Iron Trade.*

We regret, in presenting to our readers the quantity of iron delivered by the respective iron works at Cardiff, during the year ending the 30th December last, to find that the great depression of the trade has already affected the works in this county, and that many furnaces are at this moment out of blast, and that, in all probability, more will follow, as the price of iron is now so exceedingly low as really not to net, when sold, the bare amount of cash paid for actual labour by the manufacturer to his workmen. The open and nominal price of bar iron delivered on board ship at Cardiff and Newport, is now only 5*l.* 10*s.* per ton, six months' acceptance; and it is positively stated, that a commission, or discount for money, of 5*s.* per ton, is further allowed off this low price. The state of the trade is ruinous to those engaged in it; and, were not the

consequence of stopping the works altogether so injurious to the property of the master, and to the poor workmen and their families, there can be no doubt that a general suspension of the make of iron would at the present price take place; and we fear that nothing short of a very diminishing make can at all restore the trade, for even at the price of 5*l.* 10*s.* per ton, the demand is in no degree adequate to the present production of the article. The stocks on hand at the ports of Cardiff, Newport, Liverpool, Bristol, and London, are larger than ever known, and the demand is universally found less; the present appearance of the trade is consequently most alarming to those engaged in it.—*Cambrian.*

*St. David's Day.*

The Honourable and Loyal Society of Ancient Britons celebrated its one hundred and sixteenth Anniversary. As the usual procession to church was discontinued, in consequence of the great expense attending it, a dinner, consisting of roast beef and plum pudding, was given to the children in their spacious school room, Grays inn road, and their relatives were allowed to witness the happy group. After grace had been said, the health of their royal patron, his Majesty, was drank, followed by hearty cheers, and the national anthem of "*God save the King*" was sung, with the following additional stanza, written by Mr. Parry.

May heav'n protect the throne,  
And make the cause his own,  
Of George, our King.  
From danger e'er defend  
Old Cambria's prince and friend,  
And blessings on him send,  
Long live the King!

The following will give an idea of the magnificent benevolence of his Majesty and other supporters of this excellent institution. The King has given towards it 7,140*l.* Sir W. W. Wynn and family, 3,500*l.* Sir Charles Morgan and his eldest son, 2,500*l.* Lord Clive, 950*l.* Lord Kenyon, 925*l.* Sir Thomas Mostyn, 550*l.*; and a number of other noblemen and gentlemen connected with the Principality have contributed largely towards its funds, so as to enable the establishment to maintain, clothe, and educate, *one hundred and fifty children*, born of Welsh parents, having no parochial settlement in London.

At six o'clock a numerous company assembled in the Freemason's Hall, Lord Willoughby D'Ereshy in the Chair, supported by Sir W. W. Wynn, Sir Charles Morgan, Hon. Rice Trevor, Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, &c.

After dinner *Non Nobis* was sung by Messrs. J. Smith, Collyer, Fitzwilliam, Durham, Piercy, Parry, and Parry, jun.

The noble chairman, in proposing the health of his Majesty, adverted to his bounty, and to his continued annual donation of *one hundred guineas*. (*Immense cheering.*) Then followed the usual loyal toasts and appropriate songs, &c. After the "*Duke of Wellington and the Army*" was given, Handel's fine song of *Honour and Arms* was sung in excellent style by Parry, jun., accompanying himself on the piano-forte.

Sir W. W. Wynn, president of the charity, after returning thanks for the honour conferred on him in drinking his health, proposed, in bumpers, Lord Willoughby D'Ereshy, the president of the day, who had given a donation of *one hundred guineas*.



His lordship, in a very neat address, recommended that every well-wisher to the charity should exert himself to rescue it from its present difficulties, being nearly 1,150*l.* deficient in its funds. He had the pleasure to announce that Mrs. Morgan, the lady of Sir Charles Morgan's eldest son, had set an excellent example to the ladies of the Principality by giving a donation of 50*l.* (*Loud cheers.*)

The health of the worthy baronet (Sir C. Morgan) was given, who assured the meeting of his anxiety to do all in his power to promote the interest of the Institution.

Mr. Sergeant Jones, after an excellent speech, read a list of subscriptions, which amounted to 1,034*l.*

The Hon. Rice Trevor and C. W. W. Wynn, esq., each addressed the meeting in a very elegant appeal on behalf of the charity.

Mr. Fitzwilliam sang several comic songs, and Collyer and J. Smith gave some ballads with good effect. Mr. Parry was *encored* in a national song, *Dear Cambria*. The children passed round the hall, and afterwards sang an *Ode* in a manner that much delighted the company.

The president announced that Lord Rodney had kindly promised to preside at the next Anniversary. (*Loud applause.*) "Lord Rodney, be it remembered," observed his lordship, "married a daughter of Sir Charles Morgan."

The healths of Lord Kenyon and Colonel Wood, also the healths of several other individuals connected with Wales, were given, and the company separated at a late hour.

At the children's dinner, Sir Watkin Williams Wynn introduced his son, as it would appear, to impress thus early on his mind, that he should continue his support to the Charity, and which the Wynnstay family have so long given.

Owing to the excellent arrangements made by the committee of management, and the omission of the procession to church, the saving to the funds of the Institution this year, compared with the last, was upwards of *one hundred and fifty pounds*.

#### *At Liverpool,*

There was a procession of the resident natives of the Principality, who marched to and from church, with banners and bands of music. The procession was led by the children of the Welsh Charity School, who were very neatly dressed, and adorned with blue ribbons, with leeks in their hats. The muster of Cambro-Britons was very great. A considerable number of the friends of the Principality afterwards dined together at the King's Arms, and spent the evening with hilarity.

#### *At Birmingham,*

The Sixth Anniversary Meeting of the St. David's Society was held at the Blue Coat School, under the able and eloquent presidency of the Rev. Dr. Booker, vicar of Dudley. When the report of the committee for the last year had been read and adopted, the usual resolutions passed, and the business of the day concluded, the members of the society, accompanied by several strangers, dined together at the Royal Hotel. The Rev. Dr. Booker, supported by the Hon. Arthur Trevor and James Taylor, esq., presided at the festive board, and warmly identifying himself with the cause of philanthropy, which his Cambrian friends were then commemorating, contributed greatly to the conviviality of the evening.

After dinner, the children of the St. David's Charity were introduced



and addressed by the Rev. President in most appropriate and impressive language, evincing a benevolent interest in their welfare, and in the prosperous continuance of an institution so calculated to promote the highest objects of humanity.

*At Llangollen,*

The 1st of March was spent with great glee and harmony, where about eighty gentlemen of the neighbourhood sat down to a most sumptuous dinner, prepared by Mrs. Phillips, of the *Hand Inn*, in her usual style of elegance. The chair was taken, and very ably filled, by Richard Jones, esq., of Dimbren Hall. Upon the cloth being removed, the following among other toasts, were proposed by the worthy president and other gentlemen: The King, and God bless him, four times four. The rest of the Royal Family. The Hon. Miss Ponsonby, of Plas newydd, the faithful companion and sojourner through life of the late Lady Eleanor Butler, three times three. Lord Eldon, the staunch and unbiassed supporter of the Protestant cause, four times four. John Jones, esq., of Brook street, three times three. The Rev. Robert Wynn Eyton, the much-respected minister of the parish, three times three. A song, "The Land we live in," by Mr. Thomas Edwards, who, with Messrs. Evans, Hughes, Williams, and others, sang many humorous songs: in fact, the greatest harmony prevailed, and the company did not separate until a late hour.—*N. W. Chronicle.*

The day was also celebrated at most of the provincial towns in Wales.

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*Cymrodorion.*

GRIFFITH JONES, ESQ., who has filled the office of Honorary Secretary for six years, with great ability, to the Royal Cambrian Institution, has been under the necessity of resigning, in consequence of his professional avocations not allowing him to pay that attention to the duties of the office which he was anxious to do. A vote of thanks was unanimously passed at a general meeting of the Institution, held on the 6th of March, to Mr. Jones, for the services he had rendered it; and William Hughes, esq., of Staple's Inn, was elected to the office.

At the same meeting, a communication was received from an old bard, Owen of Anglesey, accompanied with a poetical petition, setting forth his poverty, and increased infirmities, and soliciting a pair of spectacles, adding that he was too poor to purchase a pair. The committee have ordered a handsome pair of silver ones to be sent to him, with "Cymmrodorion Caerludd, i'r Bardd Richard Owain," engraved on them.

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*Monmouth.*

THOMAS HUGHES, of Abergavenny, esq., has been elected Coroner for the county, in the stead of Edward Harris Phillips, esq., resigned.

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*London Cymreigyddion.*

The members of this Society celebrated their thirty-third anniversary on the 7th ult., at the *Three Tuws*, Coleman street: a numerous and respectable assemblage sat down to a dinner consisting of every delicacy of the season, provided by Mr. Gardiner. Mr. Symon, the new elected president, was in the chair, supported by the following

gentlemen chosen as officers for the present year, each wearing his insignia of office, on which were engraved appropriate mottoes:

Rhaglaw, Mr. Evan Griffiths.  
 Trysorydd, Mr. John Thomas.  
 Isdrysorydd, Mr. Wm. Price.  
 Ysgrivenydd, Mr. John Evans.  
 Llyvrgellydd, Mr. Richard Thomas.

Mr. Symon, the chairman, after his health had been drank with great applause, in returning thanks, spoke at considerable length on the lamentable fact, that, notwithstanding the loyal and peaceable conduct of their countrymen in the Principality, conduct which, amidst all kinds of privations and sufferings, had never once broken out in clamour or popular violence, and which merited, in no ordinary degree, the protection and encouragement of a paternal government; notwithstanding their tried fidelity to the throne, and the excellency of their moral character, they were denied the dearest rights of Britons, he meant the trial by jury. For how could they be said to enjoy this privilege in the ample and unshackled manner it was enjoyed by other parts of the empire, while there were ten out of twelve of every jury who did not understand a word spoken by the counsel on either side, or the weighty and important observations addressed to them by the judge. And though these were in some degree interpreted to them, yet from idiomatic difference of language and numerous other causes, unfair constructions were frequently put upon sentences; their links were broken, false deductions were drawn, facts were distorted, and the life and property of their countrymen might thus be lost through the error and misapprehension of others. He did not allude to some of the principal towns or places on the borders, but to the Principality generally; and if they themselves were not subject to the same imperfect administration of justice, he was sure they were not the less sensible of the evils that affected their less fortunate countrymen. Had they been obstreperous and violent in their conduct, there was reason to believe, from recent events, that their wants and wishes in this respect would, before this, have been attended to; and there could be no stronger instance of the union of imbecility and injustice than in denying to loyalty and good conduct, a right which would not be withheld when sought with turbulent and clamorous importunity. In Hindoostan, where the inhabitants generally understand no other language than their own, it was essentially necessary that persons intended for the administration of judicial affairs there, should previously qualify themselves by acquiring a proficiency in the *Hindoostanee*, and why should the ancient Britons, who had at all times manfully borne their part in the struggles, the burdens, and the privations of the country, why should they, who first drew their breath in the land of freedom, be refused a right which is even granted by the government to the black Asiatic? He need not tell those who had attended the courts of law in Wales, that in the majority of cases, their proceedings to the juries and the parties interested, were as unintelligible as if they had been conducted in the Hindoostanee language, and the counsel himself could not understand a word his own witness spoke, excepting through the imperfect medium of an imperfect interpreter. Of this lamentable fact many respectable English lawyers had recorded their opinions in writing; and folly itself could never assume, that it could be said to be such a trial by jury as the law intended, when the parties who decide the issue understand not the language addressed to

them by the counsel and the judge. If the people generally had shown their attachment to their own language, to the exclusion of another, it was no fault of theirs; on the contrary it was the very soul of patriotism and virtue. He did hope to see the day when it would be imperative on all who practised in the courts of law in Wales, to make themselves acquainted with the language of the people, so as to be mutually intelligible to each other. He apologized for having digressed from convivial topics, but the subject he had mentioned had often pressed itself upon his mind, and he could not avoid availing himself of the present opportunity of expressing his sentiments.

Several gentlemen expressed their hearty concurrence with what the chairman had said, and recommended petitioning the legislature on the subject.

The patrons and lovers of the Welsh language will be glad to hear that lectures on the following subjects were delivered (in the Welsh language) in the course of the last year at the Cymreigyddion meeting. On the nature and object of human society, (*published*). On the different elements of nature. On rhetoric and elocution, (*printed*.) On philology, &c. (*printed*.) On moral philosophy. On astronomy. On what constitutes wealth, (*printed*.) On self-respect. On the pleasure and utility of study, (*now being printed*.) On the theory and practice of navigation, twice, (*now being printed*.) On anatomy, (*now being printed*.)

The proceedings of the day were extremely interesting: scientific pursuit seems to be the primary object of the Cymreigyddion.

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*Report of the Meeting of the Gwynedd Literary Society, held at Denbigh on the 26th of January, 1830.*

A numerous attendance of members of the above Society, which was established after the late grand Eisteddfod in 1828, took place on the 26th of January, in the Council Chamber of the Town Hall, Denbigh, (the Rev. R. Newcome, warden of Ruthin, the treasurer, in the chair,) for the purpose of discussing the proceedings it might be expedient to adopt. The Rev. Alfred Clough, of Jesus college Oxford, had communicated to the central Society of the Cymrodorion in London the day fixed for the meeting, and solicited a detail of the views of that Society for the furtherance of the literature of Wales: unfortunately, the answer did not arrive in time for the meeting; and as it was considered inexpedient to separate without ascertaining the sentiments of the members present, an animated discussion took place on the subject of the mischief which might result from any procrastination in taking advantage of the very laudable spirit now abroad, to rescue the fast mouldering remains of Cambrian literature from oblivion. One of the primary objects of the Society has been to procure a continuation of the Welsh Archæology; and a reprint of the three first volumes, now become unattainable to the Welsh scholar, as the Mabinogion would necessarily form part of such a work, it was considered that it would be an act of great indiscretion to allow the opportunity now afforded by the labours of Dr. Owen Pughe of procuring the work, accompanied by a translation, to elapse. On this account, a vote from the funds of the Gwynedd branch was made, of £50, to assist the work through the press, with a confident hope that the sister branches of Powys, Dyfed, and Gwent, would not allow the first portion of the literature and archives of their ancestors to feel the blighting influence of neglect and apathy.

The day after, the answer of the *Cymrodorion* arrived in Denbigh, and happy were the members who had not dispersed, to find that their sentiments were in perfect accordance with those expressed at the meeting. From the general concurrence of all who have expressed their opinions in the wish to exonerate the promoters of the *Eistedd-vodan* from the charge of supineness in giving publicity to their literary stores, it is to be expected that the *Archæology*, a work which is a noble sample of the patriotism of an individual, will be continued by the fostering influence of the thousands who feel an interest in their country, and a wish to see its records form one of the branches of our insular history. The facilities afforded by the purchase of the library of the individual before referred to, by the illustrious persons who have at various periods devoted themselves to the elucidation of Welsh literature, and while it may be expected from the zeal and talent which distinguish the *Cymrodorion*, that every thing of importance will find its due station during the course of this really patriotic undertaking.

The last meeting of the Gwynedd branch was to be held at Denbigh on the last Wednesday in March, a period which precludes our being able to ascertain what further steps have been taken; a correspondent has kindly offered to communicate the results of the meeting, which shall be given in our next.

The very general satisfaction afforded by the grand *Eisteddvod* held at Denbigh in 1828, has prompted many individuals to suggest the propriety of commemorating the anniversary; a meeting devoted exclusively to Welsh literature, was considered to be the most appropriate, and it is expected this humble though truly national festival will not be without its share of attraction.

Indeed we strongly invite the attention of the promoters of Welsh literature to these meetings, and humbly suggest the propriety of confining the objects of the *Eisteddvod* to ancient custom: we do not wish to involve ourselves with an *imperious* objection to the *parasitical* entertainments which have been unhappily grafted on the *Eisteddvod*, we prefer an appeal to the bardic meetings of the olden times, and offer our patriotic hopes that, in their revival, they may not be converted into modern balls, concerts, and oratorios.

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#### *Benevolent Society of St. Patrick.*

The forty-seventh anniversary of this institution took place on the 17th of March at the Freemasons' Tavern. The Right Hon. Robert Peel in the chair. He was supported on the right by the Duke of Wellington, and on the left by the secretary for Ireland, Lord L. Gower, whom Mr. Peel, in the course of the evening, announced as president for the next anniversary. On proposing his majesty's health, Mr. Peel observed, that amidst all the cares of state, and the high functions which his majesty discharged, he did not require to be reminded of the approach of this festival. The Right Hon. Secretary stated that he had that morning received a direct communication from his majesty, expressive of his anxiety for the welfare of the Society, and authorising him to announce his usual subscription, which, said Mr. Peel, makes the amount of his majesty's contribution to the funds of this institution, approximate to nearly 4,000*l.* The other toasts usual on these occasions were each introduced with appropriate remarks, among which, when proposing the prosperity of the Society, the Right Hon. Gentleman observed, it would be affectation in him, to attempt to conceal from the company, that this was the first opportunity the friends of the charity had of meeting

together with their best feelings perfectly unembarrassed by any other consideration than good will to each other and national benevolence. When proposing the health of the Duke of Wellington, he said, that in the presence of that illustrious individual, of whose noble simplicity and modesty he was well aware, he could not say more, than that we were too near the splendor of his patriotic achievements to be able justly to appreciate them. Lord Darnley's health was proposed, as an old supporter of the charity. He returned thanks, and proposed Mr. O'Connell, who, under apparent emotion, said that a Noble Lord had drawn upon him unexpectedly, and "the draft was of such value, that he confessed himself incapable of honouring it." After Mr. Peel, and some other distinguished guests had retired, about half-past ten o'clock Mr. O'Connell was unanimously called upon to take the chair, who proposed the health of Mr. Peel, which coming from him, he hoped they would do honour to for the second time, and thereby testify how sensible they were of the great services of that gentleman to our common country. Mr. Peel's health had been in the first instance proposed by the Duke of Wellington, who alluded to the sacrifices he had made in the discharge of an imperative duty to his country last year. The health of the President of the Royal Academy was proposed in the course of the evening, and Mr. Stuee returned thanks in a very sensible speech: he said that, while always avowing himself an Irishman, it would be his constant endeavour not to tarnish the fame of his country, though he might not be able to add to its glory. The amount of the subscription was announced, in the course of the evening, to be 1,318*l*, and other sums were afterwards received.

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*Cambrian Portrait Gallery.*

The portraits intended for this gallery are to comprise, not only those of talented and illustrious natives of the Principality, but also of individuals who, by their learning and labours, have rendered themselves objects of interest and of the lasting gratitude of Welshmen. The pictures will be the exclusive property of the Royal Cambrian Institution, and not to be disposed of by the artist, as we inadvertently stated in our last Number.

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*Births, Marriages, and Deaths.***BIRTHS.**

At Conway, the lady of the Rev. John Owen, of a daughter.

At Oswestry, the lady of R. M. Cockerill, esq. surgeon, R.N. of a son and heir.

At Castle Saunderson, county of Cavan, the lady of Alexander Saunderson, esq. M.P. of Miskin house, Glamorganshire, of a son and heir.

At Gorphwysfa, the lady of Richard Heywood, esq. of a son.

At Carnarvon, Mrs. R. Jones, jun. Newborough house, of a son.

At Chester, the lady of Lieut. Henry Lloyd, 36th regiment Bengal Native Infantry, of a son.

At Penydre, Breconsire, the lady of Captain Versturme, of a son.

At Pengwern, the Lady Harriet Lloyd, of a son and heir.

At Dolben, Denbighshire, the lady of Captain Caldecot, of a son.

At Calcot hall, the lady of R. J. Mostyn, esq. of a daughter.

The lady of Sir Edward J. Smythe, bart. of Acton Burnell park, Shropshire, of a son.

Lady Emily Bamford Hesketh, of Gwrych castle, Denbighshire, of a son.

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The lady of John Lloyd, of Trallwyn, esq. of a daughter.

The lady of the Rev. St. George A. Williams, Llwynybrain, of a son.

At Aberystwith, the lady of Henry Benson, esq. of that town, of a son.

On Tuesday last, at Chopstow, the lady of Richard Salmon, esq. of a son.

At Trefriw, Anglesey, the lady of Hugh Jones, esq. of a daughter.

At Gosforth house, Northumberland, the lady of Lieut. Col. Sir Henry Browne, K.C.H. of Brouwylfa, Flintshire, of a son.

The lady of Charles Morgan, esq. of Ruperra, Glamorganshire, of a daughter.

In Abbey square, Chester, the lady of George F. Greaves, esq. of a daughter.

#### MARRIAGES.

At Llanbeblig, Mr. R. Mills, Carnarvon, to Miss Rylands, late of Liverpool.

At Narberth, the Rev. Thomas Williams, Independent minister at Pembroke Dock, to Mira, only daughter of Mr. Benjamin Thomas, of Narberth.

At Llanybyther, the Rev. Thomas Rees, curate of Llanwnen, Cardiganshire, to Hester Eleanora, only daughter of the late John Thomas, esq. of Aberduar, Carmarthenshire.

At St. George's, Hanover square, Charles Davies, esq. of Pimlico house, to Eliza, only daughter of Griffith Davies, esq. late of Lampeter, Cardiganshire.

At Llangolman church, the Rev. Daniel Evans, curate of Cilmaenllwyd and Castledurran, to Cicely, second daughter of Maurice Griffith, esq. of Llangolman, in the county of Pembroke.

At Prendergast church, Haverfordwest, John Summers, esq. R.N. to Harriet, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Howell, esq. of Bridgend house, Haverfordwest.

At Llandilo Talybont, H. S. Walter, esq. of Congrasbury, Somersetshire, to Jane, youngest daughter of Mr. David Williams, Foes yr Efail, Glamorganshire.

At Kilkin, Mr. J. Harrison, of Halkin, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Captain Edmunds, Pen y Cefn, Flintshire.

At Abergavenny, Mr. E. Harrison, of Blakenoy, to Miss Ann Peach, second daughter of Mr. B. Peach, of the Priory, in Abergavenny.

At Llangedwin, Richard Hill Miers, esq. son of the late J. N. Miers, esq. Cadoxton lodge, Glamorganshire, to Elizabeth Jane, daughter of John Bonner, esq. of Bryngywalia, Denbighshire.

At St. David's church, Liverpool, the Rev. J. Elias, of Anglesey, to Lady Bulkeley, relict of the late Sir John Bulkeley, knight, of Presaddfed, Anglesey.

At Penrice church, Richard Franklen, esq. of Penlline castle, to Isabella, fourth daughter of the late Thomas Mansel Talbot, esq. of Margam park and Penrice castle, in the county of Glamorgan.

At St. John's church, London, Capt. Hugh Lewis, to Elizabeth, third daughter of Mr. Hugh Williams, Gelly Goch, near Machynlleth, Montgomeryshire.

At Newport, Captain David Belsey, to Miss Hannah Bevan, of Newport.

At St. Ishmael's church, Carmarthenshire, J. G. Davies, esq. lieut. R.N. to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Sir W. Mansel, bart. of Iscoel.

At Mitchell Troy, Monmouthshire, the Hon. P. H. Abbott, second son of the late, and only brother of the present, Lord Colchester,

to Frances Cecil, daughter of the Lady Elizabeth Talbot, and the late Dean of Salisbury, and niece of the Duke of Beaufort.

At Old Radnor, Frederick W. Whinyates, esq. captain in the Corps of Royal Engineers, to Marianne, second daughter of the late Charles Whalley, esq.

Robert Jones, esq. Chancery lane, London, to Lady Ratcliffe.

DEATHS.

Ann, wife of Owen Griffith, esq. of Tryfan. Her amiable disposition, and benevolence of heart, endeared her to all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.

At Dolgelly, the Rev. William Williams, A.B. Queen's college, Oxford, second son of the late Humphrey Williams, esq. Clerk of the Peace for the county of Merioneth.

Aged 85, Catherine, relict of the late Mr. Griffith Hughes, of Plas Adda, near Corwen.

Aged 67, Mr. John Williams, of Pen y bryn, Corwen.

Aged 22, John, only son and heir of John Humphreys, esq. of Hendre, near Corwen.

At the patriarchal age of 92, Mr. William Prichard, of Gorswen, near the Anglesey column.

In the 64th year of his age, the Rev. W. Molyneux, M.A. vicar of Sherburne and Fenton, and a minor canon of Chester cathedral.

At his house, in North Frederick street, Liverpool, John Leland, esq. barrister. He was son of the celebrated historian of that name, father of the Irish bar.

Aged 31, Ellen, youngest daughter of John Griffith, esq. of Tryfan, Carnarvonshire.

In the 54th year of his age, after a short illness, Capt. David James, of the Terrace, Aberystwyth.

Sir W. C. de Crespigny, bart. aged 97, of Champion lodge, Camberwell, and of Blaenpadernyn, Carmarthen.

At Munich, deeply lamented, in the 28th year of his age, after three days' illness, Francis William, fourth son of Edward Grainger, of Twysog, in the county of Denbigh, esq.

Thomas Gwynne, esq. of Kilkiffeth, Pembrokeshire, aged 74.

At Bwlch, Cardiganshire, aged 69, highly respected, Ann, relict of the Rev. Thomas Davies, late rector of Treflan, and vicar of Ystrad, in the said county.

Aged 72, Magdalen, relict of the late Thomas Evans, esq. of Llanbrogan, Montgomeryshire.

At Holywell, highly esteemed, Wm. Smalley, esq. brother of the late Christopher Smalley, esq. banker, of the same place, aged 72.

At Lampeter Velfrey, near Narberth, in his 56th year, the Rev. Wm. Morgan, A.B. rural dean for the deanery of Lower Carmarthen, prebendary of Clydan, rector of Lampeter and Cromow, and vicar of Llandewi, in the county of Pembroke, and one of his Majesty's justices of the peace.

Greatly lamented, by his relatives and parishioners (amongst whom he had resided upwards of twenty-eight years), the Rev. Evan Herbert, rector of Llanfairfechan, aged 83.

After a lingering illness, aged 77, the Rev. David Charles, of Carmarthen, brother to the late Rev. T. Charles, B.A. of Bala; he was a wise man, a faithful friend, consistent Christian, and an eminently useful minister of the gospel in the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists' connexion.



Suddenly, Mr. Humphrey Evans, of Fron Olau, near Pentre Berw, in the county of Anglesey.

Aged 59, Rachael, wife of Mr. Owen Daniel, of Bryntirion, near the Anglesey column.

Aged 88, Mr. Wm. Rowlands, of the parish of Llanfairfechan.

In the 91st year of his age, Robert Owen, of Glan Dulyu, esq. late of Pencraig Inco, Carnarvonshire.

James Fleming Baxter, esq. of Ludlow.

Aged 59, Mr. John Williams, of Aberbrwynen, near Aberystwyth.

At Wellfield house, in the county of Radnor, in his 47th year, David Thomas, esq. a magistrate, and deputy lieutenant of the county of Brecon.

At the residence of Mr. Churchey, in Brecknock, aged 92, Mr. John Jones, formerly of the Cwm, in that town, and one of the burgesses of Carmarthen.

At Court house, Newcastle, Bridgend, Glamorganshire, Charles Llewellyn, esq. who, for upwards of half a century, practised in the profession of the law, with credit to himself, and advantage to others.

At her son-in-law's, Ford street, Liverpool, aged 104 years, Dorothy Jones, formerly of Denbigh. This venerable personage brought into the world twenty-three children, of whom eleven served in the army and navy. One daughter only survives the parent stock.

At the Palace, St. Asaph, in his 74th year, the Right Rev. the lord bishop of St. Asaph. The late Dr. Luxmore, bishop and archdeacon of St. Asaph, was elevated to a mitre in 1807, when he succeeded the Hon. Dr. George Pelham, brother to the late Lord Chichester, in the see of Bristol, on the translation of Dr. Pelham to Exeter. In 1808, Dr. Luxmore was translated to Hereford; and in 1816, on the death of Dr. Cleaver, he was chosen bishop of St. Asaph.

At Oakeley, in Shropshire, after a short illness, aged 62, the Rev. Herbert Oakeley, D.D. prebendary of Worcester.

Evan Vaughan, esq. eldest son of Evan George, esq. of Plas Crwn, in the county of Pembroke.

Capt. John Rogers, of Priory street, Carmarthen.

William, eldest son of W. Morgan, esq. of Bolgoed, Breconshire.

At Lampeter, Pembrokeshire, the Rev. William Morelt, A.M. rector of that parish, vicar of Llandwy Velfri, and a prebendary of St. David's.

Mrs. Williams, of Bronith cottage, Radnorshire.

At the Hermitage, near Haverfordwest, at an advanced age, Miss Picton, eldest sister of the late General Sir Thomas Picton.

Anne, the infant daughter of the Rev. John Hughes, of Tynewydd, Carnarvonshire.

At Hereford, John Guise Rogers, esq. late commander in the Hon. East India Company's service. He was one of the few who survived the wreck of the Haswell East Indiaman, Jan. 1786.

At Carnarvon, in his 39th year, Capt. W. Henry Jones, son of John Jones, esq. formerly of Llanthomas, and Shephouse, in the county of Brecon; he entered the 23d regiment of Royal Welsh Fusileers, at the age of 16, and served with them during the Peninsular war.

The Rev. Edward John Wingfield, student of Christ Church, and youngest son of the Rev. John Wingfield, of Shrewsbury, deeply lamented by his relations and friends.

At Chester, Captain Cochran, late adjutant of the Royal Flintshire Militia, in his 78th year. He was a gentleman of unblemished character, and true piety; he had seen much active service in the line, and received many honourable wounds in the defence of his country.



In the province of New Brunswick, the Rev. David Owen, A.M. Senior Fellow of Trinity college, Cambridge ; he was a native of Montgomeryshire.

At Cardiff, Frank Williams, esq. late of Tredegar ironworks.

At the castle, Abergavenny, Frances, relict of the late Thomas Paytherus, esq.

At Gibraltar, in the 38th year of his age, Captain Macdonald, of Ansaig, Invernesshire, paymaster of H. M. R. of Royal Welsh Fusileers.

At Abergavenny, aged 76, C. Hanbury Williams, esq. Soon after taking his breakfast in his usual good health, he was suddenly seized with an epileptic fit, and expired almost immediately.

Aged 80, Hugh Rowlands, esq. of Ty-mawr, near Carnarvon ; a gentleman universally respected, and much regretted by his relatives and friends.

Aged 39, after a long illness, William Lewis, esq. of Swansea, much esteemed by his relatives and friends.

At Hagley, Worcestershire, Henry Hollier, esq. late receiver general for the county of Glamorgan.

At Bath, Margaret, the wife of Thomas Parry Jones Parry, esq. of Madryn, Carnarvonshire.

At his house, in Castle street, Ruthin, David Jones esq. aged 55.

Richard Blayney, son of Charles B. Trevor Roper, esq. of Plas Teg, Flintshire.

At Shipton, Salop, at a very advanced age, Mrs. Mytton, relict of the late Thomas Mytton, esq.

Deservedly lamented and respected, aged 23, William, youngest son of the Rev. John Hughes, rector of Llansaintfraid, Glyndowvor.

At the Moor Wood, Mrs. E. Marston, formerly of Afcott, daughter of the late Wm. Pugh, of Cae Howel, esq. in the county of Montgomery.

Jane Margaret, wife of John Josiah Holford, esq. of York place, Portman square, London, and of Kilgwyn, Carmarthenshire.

Ann Verbury Reid, wife of Mr. John Reid, and second daughter of R. Perkins, esq. of Penmean, Monmouthshire.

Aged 69 years, Edward Humphreys, esq. Pen-y-Pylle, near Holywell.

Wm. Dawson, esq. solicitor, late of Usk, Monmouthshire.

J. F. Wagner, esq. aged 79, of Penalldfed, Cardiganshire, for many years secretary of the Cardiganshire Agricultural Society.

At Dublin, Frances Althea, wife of the Rev. J. W. Trevor, vicar of Carnarvon, in her 34th year.

At Beaumaris, Mrs. Jane Hughes, in her 87th year.

At Bryntirion, Mrs. Arabella Jones, the last surviving sister of the late Griffith Jones, esq. of Bryntirion, aged 82.

At Carnarvon, aged 34, Mrs. Jane Owen, wife of Capt. David Owen.

In his 48th year, Mr. Thomas Simpson, of Ponthlyddyn, Flintshire.

At his residence in Coed Cynhelier, Bettws-y-coed, Carnarvonshire, John Parry Tilsley, esq. at the premature age of 33 years.

In her 21st year, Jane Frances, only daughter of Hugh Reveley, esq. of Bryn-y-gwin, Merionethshire.

At Clydach Ironworks, Breconshire, aged 58, Mr. Joshua Morgan, cashier to the Clydach Company, a gentleman highly and deservedly esteemed by his friends and acquaintance for the uprightness and integrity of his character, and also long distinguished among his countrymen in general for his zealous exertions in promoting the cultivation of the language and literature of his native country.

*Prices of Shares of Canals in Wales.*

Brecknock and Abergavenny, 110; Glamorganshire, 290; Montgomeryshire, 80; Shrewsbury, 250; Swansea, 272.

*Foreign Funds.*

*Closing price 20th March.*—Brazilian, 71½; Buenos Ayres, 32; Chilian, 26½; Colombian, 19½; ditto, 1824, 20½; Danish, 75½; Greek, 38½; Mexican, 25½; ditto, 1825, 29½; Neapolitan Rentes, 1824, 96½; Peruvian, 20½; Portuguese, 59; Prussian, 103½; ditto, 1822, 102; Russian, 1822, 110; Spanish, 1820, 11½; ditto, 1821 and 1822, 14½; ditto, 1823, 9; French Rentes Ex. 25 f. 70 c.; Russian Inscip. Ex. 17½; ditto Metallic, Baring's, 109.

*English Funds.*

*Closing price on the 27th.*—4 per cents. shut; new 4 per cents. 102½; 3½ per cents. shut; and consols, 92½.

## ERRATUM.

In page 96, line 19, of our last Number, for "Taste," read "Tale."

*Supplementary List of Subscribers.*

[We respectfully solicit the Names of Subscribers omitted in our List accompanying Vol. I., otherwise inaccuracies must occur. It is our intention, quarterly, to print names so forwarded, and, at the year's end, incorporate the whole in a general Subscription List.]

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## NOTICE.

*Contributions in general Celtic, ancient and modern History, Geology, Mineralogy, Chemistry, Botany, Biography, Law, Architecture, Agriculture, Manufactures, Tales and Legends, Poetry and Music, articles of imagination, provincial information, also Advertisements, &c. are received (post paid) at our office of Publication, St. Martin's le Grand, London.*

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THE PEASANTRY OF WALES.

THAT the improvement of the condition of the poor should be an object of unceasing exertion, no one will deny; but, when we come to consider the means, we differ as widely with those who fear their advance in knowledge, as with those who would preclude them from all holier hopes: we regard Mr. Southey as the representative of one class, and Mr. Robert Owen as that of the other. We by no means intend to assert that either of these gentlemen have broadly and unequivocally avowed, even to themselves, the principles that we allude to. There are strong indications in the tone and demeanour of both, that they are blinded to the real purport and tendency of their own speculations: this we are bound to premise, impressed as we are with the good intentions of both. There is a peculiarity common to Mr. Southey and Mr. Owen, that they choose to utter their dark sayings in such an ambiguity of words and incidents, that it is often a matter of no small difficulty to impute to them the obnoxious sentiments that are actually conveyed to your own mind: like the heroes of the Iliad, they generally have the chance of escaping from close conflict under a cloud.

We shall begin with Mr. Southey, whose fancy it is to develop all his opinions in a sort of familiar conversation with the ghost of Sir Thomas More. This spiritual personage makes his appearance before the Laureate, as he is ruminating in his study on the affairs of the nation, and a marvellously singular goblin he turns out to be: he has no dread of cock-crowing, no love of midnight, but, with that regard for attention to domestic arrangements which characterized him while living, he takes a walk with his host at a seasonable hour, makes a survey with him of the lakes and mountains of Keswick, and disputes with him on the way, "*de omni*

*scibile*," as leisurely and as pertinaciously as a mathematical student from Cambridge. Now, to all this, as a mere matter of taste, we entertain the strongest objection: there is a mean and grovelling spirit of materialism about it, that excludes all those fearful pleasures that arise in us at the conception of an apparition. It is in his manifestations of the supernatural world that the genius of Shakspeare is most preeminently apparent: his spirits, however frequently they may appear amongst men, never lose the mystery that belongs to a spiritual nature. And how is it that he is thus successful? We shall find that he never introduces apparitions to talk, like Mr. Southey's familiar, of men and measures with all the versatile courtesy of an English gentleman; he never makes them partake of a routine of domestic ceremonies, or sympathize with all the commonplace notions of mankind: on the contrary, he associates them with this nether world only in connexion with its most rare and fearful imagery: darkness, the wild and wasted heath, the thunderstorm, and the spray of the remotest ocean; they are, in his hands, floating, wild, transitory shadows, whose presence is rather felt than perceived by our bodily vision. Mr. Southey regrets that this feeling of the spiritual world should be discouraged so much amongst the vulgar as it is in the present day; he considers it an instinctive faculty. Be it so; we are by no means inclined to dispute his opinion; but let this mental instinct be employed, like other faculties, under the guidance of reason, and let its conceptions be associated only with what is pure and lofty in our nature.

The grand principle inculcated throughout the whole of this voluminous conference with the apparition of the decapitated Chancellor, is that the times we have fallen on can boast far less of virtue and happiness than the middle ages. It is somewhat extraordinary that, amidst all his romantic dreams of the virtues and happiness of those ages, it never should have occurred to Mr. S. to ask himself, "Supposing all this perfectly true, what has the world to gain by the discovery? supposing the change from the pastoral state to the agricultural, and thence to the manufacturing system, has tended progressively to deteriorate our population, does Mr. S. conceive that his pictures of woe and demoralization would have had any influence in any age or nation of the world, in inducing men to despise their national interest? does he expect to find the citizens of Manchester or Birmingham will assume the crook at his command, and leave their steam-engines to the French and to the Americans? Had Mr. Southey pointed out some effectual method of infusing a purer spirit of morality among our mechanics, his painful speculations would have assumed some value: like anatomical experiments, though a laceration of human feelings, they would have been for the eventual moral health of society. It is not a little remarkable

that any writer of the present day should have been so little in the secret of his own poetical associations, as to look back with serious regret to the early ages of England. Thus the adult, as he advances in life, gradually forgets the real misery of a public school: memory, deceitful as hope, gives a hue of interest even to the punishments he endured; and at last, when he has sunk into "the thin and slippered pantaloons," he looks back with complacency on "those happiest days of his life."

It is a dream of our youth, that what are called the days of chivalry were dignified by the continual exercise of all the virtues that elevate human nature, and the upholding of such a moral standard no doubt has its use in giving a fervor and imaginativeness to our better feelings. But, when the shadowy fabric of a poet's brain is attempted to be made the basis, not of a vision, but of our moral hopes and fears, it becomes high time to search deeply into the substance of things. Now I think we shall find that the tone of moral feeling that exists in Walter Scott, Shakspeare, and Spenser, though possessing some features in common with the more ancient chivalry, which it professes to imitate, is in reality far above it in real depth and purity. As it was observed of Socrates, that he brought Morality down from the clouds to dwell among men, so it may be said of Sir Walter, that he has made the principles of chivalry to harmonize with the associations, and purify the sentiments, of modern times. On the other hand, it has been imputed to Lord Byron, that he has attempted to invest vice with similar hues of interest: this is no doubt true, but it was in the very strain that Lord Byron has occasionally offended against the sense of his age, that the troubadour of the Anglo-Normans uniformly addressed his contemporaries. We cannot find a better specimen of the manners of those seraphic ages, than in the details of the proceedings of the "Court of Honour." This very grave tribunal seemed to contemplate the loves of married ladies only; in its technical phraseology, the lady's husband is generally honoured with the title of "Jealousy," "Cruelty," or some other such benign epithet. We may be told, no doubt, that there is much of this to be attributed to the playful imagination of a fantastic age: be it so; the tone and temper of an age is judged of as much by its phantasies as by its wisdom; indeed, more so; for the latter is the property of a few, the former of every one. Nor is it to be forgotten that this very state of manners exists in Italy at the present moment, and is viewed with as much lenity as it was by the judges of the "Courts of Honour." To the poets of later times, the merit is due of rendering the popular taste incapable of connecting with poetical associations heroes without dignity, and heroines without chastity. But what does Mr. Southey say to the delineation of manners in the pages of the Father of English poetry: it is quite obvious that adultery was

in Chaucer's day, as in the "Court of Honour," a jest; or, rather, that it was looked upon, as duelling is in our days, with a mixed feeling, as not quite right, but still as an amazingly interesting transgression.

The information that we possess of the condition of the lower orders during these times, is necessarily less distinct than of that of their superiors, but many of the pictures that Chaucer gives us of the licentiousness of his times are taken from the lower orders. In fact, it would have been somewhat extraordinary if the laws of the "Court of Honour" had been a dead letter to the bondsman: knowledge and virtue, like Milton's angels, find most difficulty in the descent, but the vices of an aristocracy never pass unimitated. We sincerely sympathize with Mr. Southey in his sorrow for the depravity that sometimes prevails in manufacturing districts; but, after the prominent features of ancient English manners we have just alluded to, we think there are few who will believe that vice can abound in any corner of the island so much as it did when it was the theme of song and romance in the cottage and the baronial hall. That wherever there exists a teeming population, there will be much crime, is possible enough; but it is by no means established that there is more crime amongst the manufacturing population than the agricultural, if we look to their numbers, instead of the extent of country they respectively inhabit. At any rate, the sense of decency and of the *meum* and *tuum* exists in the darkest haunts of depravity; the most degrading passions of human nature are not admitted to a sort of conventional homage; the example of Robin Hood and Little John are not revered above the eighth Commandment, nor the decrees of the "Court of Honour" above the seventh. But there is another view of this question which will suggest itself to a reflecting mind: the lower ranks of English were mere slaves, the appendages of the soil: this condition was originally imposed on them by the Norman Conquest, and the distinction of conqueror and conquered continued almost as long as that of master and slave: this has been proved beyond a doubt by M. Thierry. Now, to talk of the advantages of this system, is to eulogise slavery in the abstract.

Mr. Southey is terrified with the fear of wars, famine, and pestilence; and why? We can see no reason that he adduces, except that famine and pestilence did occur in remote times, and we are but men like those who were thus afflicted. Such reasoning as this somewhat partakes, we are sorry to say, of that *culpable* spirit of despondency that this amiable man, in another part of his volume, so properly, yet so inconsistently censures. But how is this very apprehension of the approach of evils, merely because they have not appeared since Mr. Southey's imaginary era of bliss and virtue, to be reconciled with his notions of the advantages of the times when they undoubtedly *did* exist? and, still more, how

completely does this fact disprove his impression that the poorer class of society then enjoyed healthier food or a happier frame of mind? Famine, and its fearful attendant pestilence, necessarily commence amongst the lower ranks of society, and occurred by no means unfrequently in the middle ages in every country. Now, the cause of these dreadful visitations is repeatedly stated to have been the loss of the harvest, either by the inclemency of the seasons or the ravages of war. In the present state of commerce, the cause cannot operate, why then are we to entertain a fear of the effect? The fact is well ascertained, that a bad harvest in one country is almost uniformly contemporaneous with an abundant crop in another: the present extensive intercourse between the remotest nations enables the country visited with temporary sterility to repair its deficiencies by purchasing the superabundant produce of its neighbours, with the capital accumulated in the days of its previous fertility. And is it not the wisest course to hail this result with gratitude and confidence, as one of the many arrangements by which Providence announces that nations, as well as individuals, shall enjoy his favor just in proportion as they progress in the spirit of peace, mutual aid, and forbearance. Mr. Southey has produced no authority whatever for his opinion that the lower orders, i. e. the miserable serfs who were tied down to the soil, lived mainly on animal food; nor is the fact so material to the argument as he supposes it. It is undoubted that nations are strong just in proportion as they are civilized: now, most uncivilized nations are hunters, and live almost exclusively on animal food: and yet the Englishman stands above them, and, on the average, keeps his place at the top of the scale. Has Mr. Southey ever been amongst the beautiful and athletic peasantry of Merioneddshire?

But we are digressing, and must return from the romance of history, or rather from the romance of morality, to its prose; for our transition is from Mr. Southey to our countryman, Robert Owen. Before, however, we take leave of Mr. Southey, we must notice one expression in his volumes for which he has been censured, perhaps, too sternly: he speaks of the religious freedom of the press as "a fashionable doctrine." It certainly must be admitted, however, that there is somewhat too much of levity in this for the solemnity of the subject; and we confess, moreover, that we cannot reconcile with Christianity the slightest interference with liberty of conscience. The injunction of our Lord to his disciples, to do good to those who hated them, and pray for those who should persecute them, is a precept purely affecting their conduct to unbelievers, and those, too, who added persecution to unbelief. If this was the spirit of Christianity in its weakness, does it need the secular arm now? We take our leave of Southey with unfeigned respect for his talents and en-



dowments, and we are proud to remember that they will ever be associated with the annals of Wales: if we have differed with him in opinion, we trust we have not deviated from the courtesy that is due even to the errors (as we deem them) of so distinguished a person. If we have differed from him in his distorted views of the condition of past generations, our readers will readily believe us that we are quite as little prepared to see, in the visionary declamation of Mr. Owen, the assurance of an earthly elysium. If we condemn Mr. Southey for his appeal to extinct superstitions, our hopes are by no means elevated by the promises and prophecies of our fantastic but well-meaning countryman, Robert Owen.

It has been remarked that some men are so innately virtuous, that their virtue remains proof against the worst speculative opinions. Such a man was Epicurus; such, perhaps, were some of the French philosophers of the last century; and such is Mr. Owen. Good intentions, however, will not secure a man the support or the countenance of the best and wisest of his generation, if the principle pursued involve a plea and justification of every vice. Has Mr. Owen had no experience of this? Did he find that the good, the virtuous, were those who hung most fondly on his voice when he preached the golden age of happiness and virtue in the great Babylon? did he find that it was such men who hailed his alleged discovery of the irresponsibility of man with enthusiastic applause? Was it not, rather, the apostate minister of the Gospel, the disingenuous perverter of all historical truth, the pander and the apostle of all that is loathsome and degrading in our nature? And were not brutal jest and clamour raised to drown the voices of all who attempted to speak in a temper of moderation? All these things may be but as drops of water on the furnace of his zeal, but fools learn wisdom from experience, and wise men are fools when they despise it. Has he not yet seen enough to convince him, that, if you furnish men with a plea for every depravity, they will employ it? Canute had just as much power to curb the billows as Mr. Owen's voice to arrest the headlong dance of wild and chaotic passions that he would let loose.\*

\* We have thrown our remarks on Mr. Owen's grand arcanum into a note, as the subject may be too abstruse for the general reader.

Mr. Owen's whole system is founded on a sophism; for, having been misled by it himself, we do not blame him; but we venture to think that a gentleman who professes to confute every existing system of every existing science, should have paid a little attention to the works of the most profound philosopher of his age,—Professor Stewart. This writer points out the real nature of the borrowed fallacy of which Mr. Owen is so enamoured. It consists in employing the word motive, in a sense in which no one uses it when applied to the mind; the motives of the mind are, in fact, objects of pursuit *selected by the mind itself*; and when a man is said to act from bad motives, we consider him as having made evil *voluntarily* his aim. Our consciousness intuitively and irresistably



It has been suggested that Mr. Owen's original idea of his system was derived from a colony of religionists in America; it does not seem improbable that this was the case, and that, in adopting it, he overlooked the principle to which the system owed its coherence. The whole history of the world, says Goëthe, is that of the contest between belief and unbelief, and the definition is more accurate than it at first appears to be, for superstition itself may, in many periods of the world, be traced to Infidelity, so little of truth is there in the idea that irreligion eventually enlightens mankind in any way. An age of atheism is generally followed by one of the grossest superstition. The sophistry of Epicurus, in ancient Rome, only prepared the way for the impure rites of Egypt. This lesson is fearfully depicted in the lamentation of the last of the Romans over the fallen virtues of his country; at the same time that he complains that "every garden is o'errun with gods," he emphatically enjoins a belief in a superintending Providence, and a state of future retribution. The same melancholy truth has been portrayed in the fortunes of a neighbouring nation in our own time. The destruction of every vestige of Christian worship prepared the way for superstitions more hateful than those of Phrygia or Otaheite; the scoffers at gospel morality bowed down to the Goddess of reason: and it is in this same country, that the quackeries of animal magnetism find a ready reception amongst the opulent and the learned.

There is a lesson in all this to those who will consider it dispassionately; the inference is but too plain, that religion cannot be banished from the mind of man. But, if its better influences are spurned, it will become a curse and degradation; the golden chain that binds us to the throne of God may be broken, and it will reunite, but it will be with the car of idols; he who despises the fountain of living waters, will thirst for the phantom mirage of the desert. It has been profoundly remarked by Professor Stewart, that the absurdities which are sometimes found associated with religious feelings, so far from being a just ground for a cold and

imposes on us the idea of a power of choice between objects suggested to us by our reason, and a power of such a nature that we are *morally responsible* for its exercise. Such is the *fact*, and it is a question purely of fact.

The origin of this absurd fallacy, as is observed by the great authority before alluded to, is the quibble of applying in their literal signification terms taken from matter, and used metaphorically of the mental faculties? Thus it is taken for granted that a mental motive is mechanical, like motion given to a stone by a blow. Again, it has been argued, that, as men placed in similar circumstances act generally in a pretty similar manner, analogy leads us to a strong probability that the mind exercises no moral volition; as if the sort of probability or analogy on which physical speculation is built were the surest guide to let us know what is going on in our own minds! Or as if all the probabilities in the world could disprove what we know as a certain fact, or contradict our consciousness when the fact inquired into is simply—of what are we conscious?

contemptuous scepticism, only evince how deeply those feelings must be implanted in the original frame of man, which influence men even in contradiction to their other faculties. The celebrated aphorism of Lucretius, that terror first suggested the idea of a God to the mind of man, is a contradiction in terms; terror implies an object of terror; we cannot fear any thing till we have an idea of its existence. It is, in fact, utterly impossible to maintain that the idea of a spirit could in any way have been derived from the material world around us. Nor is fear the natural aspiration of the heart to a higher order of being; fear is most deeply stamped in those religions which have proceeded from the wild and reckless imaginations of men: such was the religion of Thor and Odin, such is that of the enlightened and ingenious Hindoo, and such is that of ancient Greece, which philosophers of our own country have not scrupled, in the madness of infidel fanaticism, to eulogise and regret.

That Mr. Owen is a man of the best possible intentions we should be the last to disbelieve; it is because we feel interested in his welfare, because we share a common country, nay, the minutest early associations with him, that we regret to see so much honest exertion misapplied. Succeed, as he at present proceeds, we believe he never can; and, if our anticipations should be disappointed, we shall tremble at his success. The practical result of his system is, as it appears to us, to destroy all the softer emotions and pleasures of domestic life, by destroying all domestic privacy.

Having said thus much of the views of others, we shall now endeavour to convey our own. Any general measure of home or foreign colonization it does not lie within the compass of this essay to consider, nor do we believe that any such measure is necessary with regard to Wales. What is chiefly required, is some expedient for preserving our peasantry from losing all sense of independence, and to keep alive in them some resemblance to the delicacy and prudence of their superiors. Could we communicate to the peasant those feelings of self-respect that induce the gentleman to make almost any sacrifice rather than become a peasant, there can be little doubt that the peasant would make equal struggles to avoid sinking from a peasant into a pauper. Now, if we carefully analyze the feelings that make us most repugnant to a loss of caste, we shall find that the principal of the ingredients that constitute this aversion, even in the most uneducated of the higher ranks, is the fear of mental degradation; the dread of being doomed to pass through life with men of narrow views and coarse prejudices, of exchanging the society of genius for a communion with vulgarity and superstition. It is this feeling which, in various shapes, influences every class of the community that is in any sense intellectual, which imposes on the educated man the self-restraint that distinguishes him from the illiterate; and it is from the absence of this feeling that improvident expen-

diture and premature marriages are universal amongst the lower orders.

The very nature of this comparison must itself suggest a palliative, if not a remedy, for the evil: extend the light of education to our peasantry, and there is every reason to believe that their minds must become imbued with the same love of independence that distinguishes those who already possess that blessing; we may fairly infer that feelings must gradually and unconsciously arise in them akin to those of the volumes they peruse, and of those orders in society of whose sentiments the press is the manifestation.

It must be admitted that the vices of the wealthy must influence the vulgar mind, as an example, incalculably more often than their virtues. The poorer classes are often the ministers and spectators of the profligacy of their superiors; but secret efforts of benevolence are unknown to them; and the man of pure and reflecting mind is too apt to turn fastidiously away from all intercourse with the vulgar. It is not to be wondered at then, that the latter should pronounce all above them to be actuated exclusively by motives of mean self-interest, and, in imitation and revenge, should avail themselves of the poor laws to bring ruin on their superiors, and shameful bondage on themselves; that they should look on the most disinterested efforts on their behalf with suspicion and misanthropic thankfulness. A very limited knowledge of literature suffices to save the human heart from this indiscriminating uncharitableness. The higher ranks enjoy a personal intercourse with the virtuous and enlightened men of the age; but the press enables even them to appreciate many an example of retiring excellence, and it affords them the influence of every noble sentiment that ever animated mankind. It may safely be considered then, that, to the peasant, this preservative of his principles from the effects of local licentiousness is indispensable; to him it is the only means of showing knowledge and virtue united.

Our readers may smile, as many have smiled before, at the idea of the taste of literary cobblers; but we beg leave to remind them that there is a wide difference between literary enjoyment and literary knowledge. It is not, in fact, the communication of any new gift to the people, but it is merely imparting to them what they formerly possessed,—the influence of the higher order of feeling that belongs to their superiors. It is generally admitted that the intercourse of the master and his servants, in agricultural districts, is much more restricted, and less confidential than it used to be; in manufacturing districts this sympathy seems to have no existence. The press, therefore, must renovate, and it will, perhaps, more perfectly supply the influence of a purer grade of sentiment to the labouring classes of society.

Knowledge is not virtue; but the phrase is a trite one, that idleness is the mother of vice. Though knowledge will not necessarily make a man virtuous, the love and the pursuit of it must anticipate many temptations to vice that otherwise would occur, and wean man, by the mere force of his imagination, into a disgust for grosser crimes. Pride, scepticism, and discontent, are the evils generally imputed to popular education; but how are we to reconcile this with the character of the Lowland Scotch? how are we to reconcile it with the scriptural injunction, "add to your faith knowledge?" We believe the very reverse to be the fact. The mechanic of large towns is deprived of all the blessings of pure air and rural scenery, in the intervals of his labours; he has not even the old romantic ballad which is remembered in the cottage of the peasant: is it, then, to be wondered at, that, thus without bodily recreation, without those healthful means of keeping the kindlier feelings in play which belong, in various shapes, to all men, he should sink a victim to the gloom of fanaticism or of infidelity? The advantages of a certain degree of literary knowledge would also be felt by our agricultural population: it would tend to give them a respect for that feeling of independence, once nearly extinct amongst them; it would tend to keep them from drunkenness; nor is it an over-refinement to suppose that the general current of literature has a tendency to make men happy in a country life and a humble station.

It is with pleasure, therefore, that we learn that a Society has been recently formed for the purpose of promoting this object in the principality of Wales. They rather wish to promote the love of their countrymen for the peculiar literature of their country, than to direct their attention to scientific pursuits; their main objects, however, seem to be to emulate the "Highland Society" of Scotland, in promoting in every way the improvement of the agriculture of their country. We believe nothing can be further from the truth, than the opinion that the scanty knowledge which the poor man is enabled to glean in some countries, as in Scotland, tends to inspire him with disrespect for his superiors. The *fact* is not so; nor is the theory so, if we carefully consider it. A great deal, we know, has been said in England about the comparative insubordination of those servants who have "learnt to read," and we are readily disposed to admit that this "learning to read" produces it: but it does so simply for this reason, that the servant "learns to read," and that is all, and never does, in fact, employ the accomplishment. This may, at first sight, appear a quibble; but we are convinced that any one who will candidly consider the subject will admit our distinction to be a substantial one. An ignorant man, born of illiterate parents, very naturally conceives that the only line that distinguishes him from his master is, that the latter knows that a particular line of letters stands for a parti-

cular series of sounds, and he concludes that, when he has acquired this, he has equalled him in knowledge. But when he is encouraged to a moderate application of this faculty, the attempt sobers him again;" he becomes doubly impressed with the salutary conviction of the intellectual preeminence of those he sees above him in life, and finds that he has only approached them by a single step. It might also be expected that some degree of cultivation of the æsthetic faculties of the lower ranks in England would be useful in diminishing that distance and austerity of manner which the English gentleman preserves towards his domestics, which, although often united with the kindest feelings towards them, must certainly be less beneficial to their moral character than a more free communication both of precept and example. With all our reverence for our apparently cold-blooded neighbours, it is impossible not to observe that the semblance of an evil in this instance really produces one, and there is nothing in which Wales is more distinguished from England, and more beneficially so, than by the openness and independent, yet courteous, manner with which the poor man addresses the rich. The peasant is, in fact, always happier, and more attached to his country and its aristocracy, when he feels that he shares with his superiors something higher than the mere fruits of the earth, when he flatters himself that he is a welcome guest even at their feasts of reason, though his be the lowest seat of the banquet. In this point of view, we doubt not that even our provincial *Eisteddfodau* have had their use; nor will a benevolent mind judge of the value of these contests by the mere intrinsic excellence of the poetry produced.

Pope's poetical denunciation, "A little learning is a dangerous thing," is quoted so frequently, that, in the ears of many persons, it has acquired the same sort of sacred character that the ravings of the Pythoness had in ancient Greece, and it would be deemed profane to consider its real meaning, or to question whether, if rigidly examined, it has any at all. What mind is totally destitute of knowledge? If the human mind were involved in utter darkness, then the poet might be considered as the advocate of ignorance; but as long as man continues to be in his nature intelligent, the dangers of a little learning must chiefly impend over the most ignorant of the human race. This sentiment, therefore, if at all applicable to the condition of the poor, must be in favour of their education. It is pretty obvious, however, from the caution, "Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring," that the censure is applicable not to the knowledge that the lower orders may acquire, but to a superficial gleaning of classical learning. The effects of this latter we purpose, at some future time, more fully to discuss; it is a subject of momentous import to the interests and the virtues of England: suffice it for the present to observe, that we believe it will be found that it is not a slight stock of knowledge

that is injurious, but a disproportionate intimacy with some peculiar branches of knowledge, to the utter neglect of the rest. It is this which constitutes the pedantry of particular professions; it is this which makes the exclusive mathematician "a sceptic owl, that scarcely credits his own soul," and the classical pedant an absurd and outrageous democrat. Knowledge has certain natural gradations, which cannot be abandoned without producing narrow views and fluctuating principles; but it remains to be shown that any particular step in the progress of education is a peculiarly perilous one.

It is generally admitted that the middle classes of society in England are those amongst whom we shall find most aversion to violent and Utopian change, the most steady love of rational liberty, the greatest share of moral earnestness, and unadulterated good feeling. If we examine their acquirements, we shall find that they consist more of a general insight into the laws and constitution of their country, than of a deep acquaintance with any peculiar science, and that, instead of classical erudition, they are familiar with those writers who have embodied in romance the humane and unostentatious worth of Englishmen. Is there any reason why the effect should not be similar on those who are immediately beneath them? is it not to be expected that to make the writings of Addison, Goldsmith, and we would add Sir Walter Scott, familiar to them, is to engage their affections on the side of peace and good order, to mitigate sectarian bitterness, and at the same time to render their Christian principles at once more practical, more fervent, and more cheerful?

It certainly may be objected to the Society for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge in England, that their efforts are directed to give the lower ranks a disproportionate knowledge of the abstract sciences, though undoubtedly many of their volumes are admirably calculated to convey important information in a popular manner. We are by no means desirous of precluding the lower orders from attempting, during their leisure hours, to make a proficiency in science as well as in literature; but we confess we are inclined to think that their attention should primarily be directed to the latter. The object to be sought after is the general tone of sentiment that exists in the ranks above them; and this we have no hesitation in saying is the result of the belles lettres, and not of abstract science: on the contrary, we often find a person who has devoted his time exclusively to abstract inquiries, to the neglect of general literature, as much below his equals in feeling and courtesy as the meanest mechanic. It is on these principles that the Society whose exertions are intended for the Principality purpose to proceed; and they request us (a request that we most gladly comply with,) to communicate their views through the medium of our periodical.



Their attention will be, in a great measure, turned to the best mode of elucidating our national history and literature; and, in disseminating a knowledge of these subjects, we are convinced they will preserve a higher tone of morality among our peasantry. We say so for this reason, it has been somewhat fashionable of late, amongst a certain class of persons who choose to arrogate to themselves all the light that ever dawned on the Principality, to talk perpetually about the necessity of enlightening the Welsh by abolishing the Welsh language, and of assimilating Wales in every respect with England; nor is it an uncommon thing to hear these same advocates for English light declare that the Welsh are so irrecoverably barbarous, that all illumination would be thrown away upon them; and, with similar consistency, they denounce the *Cambrian Quarterly* as an attempt to perpetuate the Welsh language, though the said *Cambrian* is professedly an attempt to express in English all that is valuable in Welsh. With every possible respect for these judicious persons, we confess that we have yet to learn how those who speak two languages, viz. the Welsh gentry, will grow wiser by forgetting to speak one of the two; nor do we comprehend how the peasantry of Wales, who speak only one language, will gain one single spark of intelligence by exchanging it for another. Are the Welsh gentry below those of England? Is the Welsh peasant inferior in morality to the English boor? For the English, as a people, it would be worse than absurd to express any other feeling than esteem and admiration; but we believe it is somewhat a sorry mode of imitating them, to attempt on all occasions to throw ridicule on every thing that may tend to do honour to one's own country. On the contrary, the educated and enlightened part of them will always be found to look with interest on any harmless peculiarity in our national customs, and to regard a Welshman's ignorance of the literature and history of his own country, with the same feeling that they view an English Vandal who knows nothing of the poets and annals of England. We have never discussed the expediency of preserving the Cambro-British as a living tongue; but of this we have no hesitation in uttering our conviction that, as long as the Welsh peasantry are induced to abandon their language, by being given to understand that it is the mark of a barbarous people, their acquired language will prove a poor compensation to them.

We cannot conceive any more effectual way of degrading the moral tone, and indeed of destroying the happiness of a people, than by continually representing every thing that they hold dear as a motive and an argument for self-disrespect. It is utterly preposterous to talk of the evils of superstitious prejudices, when you attempt to root them out by such means as these: it would almost be better that our simple mountaineers should believe in every phantom that ever crossed the threshold of Valhalla, than that

they should come to believe that their primeval habits, their venerable dialect, and the wild and beautiful land they inhabit, are so many badges of Helot inferiority. We speak earnestly on this subject, because we are convinced that many, whose opinions we highly respect, have been blinded to the real bearings of this subject.

It is with a view to the correction of this evil, that the Society alluded to have determined to give a large share of their attention to the literature of their own country, and they trust that, whilst they hold up to admiration those deeds and sentiments which are worthy of all remembrance, they shall be enabled to extirpate all baneful superstition from the land. In the present day there is such a general impulse to knowledge, that the veil of ignorance cannot long be allowed to remain over the eyes of our people: we are glad, therefore, to see that the members of this Society have undertaken the task ere it fall into evil hands; nor need any reflecting mind tremble for the result. That the cultivators of the soil should ever excel the aristocracy in learning, is a consummation morally impossible. They will approximate more to their superiors in information, and impose on the latter a higher standard of acquirement, and, as a general consequence, of prudence, of usefulness, and of wisdom. But neither is it possible that they will be able to outstrip those whose duty through life is mental cultivation; nor can we suppose that they will become discontented with their place in the community, or disrespectful to those above them. It is positive ignorance and barbarism that despises the authority of intellect, and not imperfect erudition. Bentley and Brunck were very dull persons, no doubt, to children or clodhoppers; but the lowest Greek class at Eton has conceptions of their erudition. A slight taste of knowledge enables men to appreciate its excellence and its power; it enables them to feel how essential it is that important trusts should be imposed on superior information. It is thus that theory, as well as experience, might assure us that the strongest, as it is the proudest, bond of union between the different ranks of a free nation, is education.

The government and the religion that are built upon ignorance, are suspended by a thread; it is only among a free and enlightened peasantry that the fierce declamations of democracy have no effect. The dreams of universal equality are fitted only for the weak and wavering minds of the lowest vulgar; the least acquaintance with the history of the world and of human nature evinces their futility. The excellent but gloomy-minded man whose opinions we discussed at so much length in the beginning of the essay, has entirely forgotten that it was precisely in the times he so much admires, that we read of the most frequent and ridiculous attempts at revolution. To say nothing of the Warbecks, and other impostors under the royal name, how comes he to have for-



gotten that excellent individual Jack Cade, whose notions were far more transcendent than those of any innovator of the present day. Even Mr. Burke has represented them as having been so; and it is to him, or his poet laureate, we owe that philosophical couplet:

“ When Adam delved, and Eve span,  
Where was then the gentleman?”

Italy had her Massanellos, as well as her Spinozas; France, too, spite of the censorship of the press and an illiterate people, gave birth to her Voltaires and her Rousseaus, and the most tremendous revolution that ever befel a civilized people.

How comes it, we may ask, that the Scotch are, of all people, most attached to their countrymen and their country? that they are so even to an excess? How comes it that they continue to take the lead in science, in literature, and in the cabinet? The first fact can only be explained by the increased fervour of patriotism in the inhabitants of an enlightened country; the second arises from the general popular education, which communicates to the peasantry just sufficient knowledge to enable every superior genius to raise itself from obscurity; at the same time that it gives no unnatural encouragement to minds unworthy of elevation. It is thus that the talents of the nation are concentrated, and thus the Scotch, as an educated nation, may be said numerically to exceed the English. If we were asked whether we considered our own peasantry inferior in natural endowments to those of either of these two nations, we should answer boldly in the negative. As far as partial observers can judge, we think we have found in them much of the patient ingenuity, and all the temperance and seriousness of purpose, that belongs to the Scotch, combined with a good deal of the Celtic fervour and facetiousness that belongs to our Milesian neighbours. As a proof of this, we may mention the rustic effusions of our Eisteddfods, and the fact that almost all those men who have rescued Welsh antiquities from oblivion, rose to honour from among the “bold peasantry” of Cambria.

If some dreadful trial be really impending over Britain, she will be in the best attitude to encounter it when her aristocracy have given to the people the last best gift that has been withheld from them; when the meanest children of her soil shall have tasted that highest blessing of a free constitution, the unfettered cultivation of spirit. But, if she is yet destined to be (which God grant) the mirror of free nations, to rescue even the remotest wildernesses from darkness and slavery, what more likely means are there of enabling her to fulfil those high destinies than this “force and fulness of intellect” within her coasts?

To that part of the island which has first set the example in the work of education, we look with the utmost respect and admira-

tion, and more particularly to those whose merit it was, her enlightened and patriotic clergy. We cannot better conclude this essay than with the sentiments of one of them,\* whom it would be unnecessary for us to praise:

“How is it that Scotland is, of all portions of these realms, most free from internal dissention, most uninfluenced by the harangues of factious demagogues? But a few centuries ago, and the lawless borderer rode wildly through our valleys, and rapine and violence were rampant in the land. Ye soft and sentimental tourists, who look with wonder on the serene grandeur of our mountain scenery, oh, tell us what magic influence has subdued, too, the turbulence of the moral atmosphere, and shed over that wild and beautiful land the influences of virtue, of holiness, and of peace!”



### THE GRAVE OF KING ARTHUR. †

I CALLED on the Sun, in his noonday height,  
By the power and spell a wizard gave:  
Hast thou not found, with thy searching light,  
The island monarch's grave?

“I smile on many a lordly tomb,  
Where Death is mock'd by trophies fair;  
I pierce the dim aisle's hallow'd gloom;  
King Arthur sleeps not there.”

I watched for the night's most lovely star,  
And, by that spell, I bade her say,  
If she had been, in her wand'rings far,  
Where the slain of Gamlan lay.

“Well do I love to shine upon  
The lonely cairn on the dark hill's side,  
And I weep at night o'er the brave ones gone,  
But not o'er Britain's pride.”

I bent o'er the River, winding slow  
Through tangled brake and rocky bed:  
Say, do thy waters mourning flow  
Beside the mighty dead?

\* Dr. Chalmers on the Highland and Island Schools.

† “None of the bards of Arthur's time that survived his fall have any historical notice of his interment; whilst, on the contrary, Taliesin distinctly alludes to it as ‘a mystery of the world.’”—*Cambrian Pictarch.*

“Taliesin had foretold that, when Arthur should return from the land of spirits, the Saxons should be driven out of the whole island.”

*Review of Thierry's Norman Conquest.*

The River spake through the stilly hour,  
In a voice like the deep wood's evening sigh:  
"I am wand'ring on, 'mid shine and shower,  
But that grave I pass not by."

I bade the Winds their swift course hold,  
As they swept in their strength the mountain's breast:  
Ye have waved the dragon banner's fold,  
Where does its chiefstain rest?

There came from the Winds a murmured note,  
"Not ours that mystery of the world;  
But the dragon banner yet shall float  
On the mountain breeze unfurl'd."

Answer me then, thou Ocean deep,  
Insatiate gulf of things gone by,  
In thy green halls does the hero sleep?  
And the wild waves made reply:

"He sleeps not in our sounding cells,  
Our coral beds with jewels pearl'd;  
Not in our treasure depths it dwells,  
That mystery of the world.

"Long must the island monarch roam,  
The noble heart and the mighty hand;  
But we shall bear him proudly home  
To his father's mountain land."

ELLYLLES.

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*To the Editors.*

GENTLEMEN,

YOUR subscribers are much indebted to Dr. Rowland, and to the Rev. Walter Davies for his explanatory observations on the Doctor's list of intended Knights of the Royal Oak, which, owing to the temper of the times, it was found too hazardous to effect. You yourselves are pleased to say that you wish for further information on the subject. I can only add a remark or two; but to those you are quite welcome.

Of *Colonel Robinson* (the first in the series,) there is a monument at Gresford church, the inscription on which some one of your correspondents will perhaps be pleased to communicate, as well as the various traditions concerning him that are attached to the decayed tree in front of Gwersyllt House.

*Colonel John Jones* (the tenth), son of Edward Jones, of Nanteos, by Margaret, daughter of James Lewis, of Abernant Bychan, in the same county, married Mary, daughter and heiress of Jasper Cornelius, by whom he left four coheiresses, one of whom becom-

ing the wife of William Powell, esq. conveyed the estate to the family which still possess it. There is a half-length portrait of this Colonel Jones in armour preserved at the house.

*Essex Meyricke*, esq. (the seventy-first,) was so named from Robert earl of Essex, who commanded the Parliament forces at the commencement of the civil war, and who was probably his godfather. He was the son of Sir John Meyrick (for thus he wrote his name), of Monkton, knight, member to the Long Parliament for Newcastle under Lyne, and sergeant-major general, or, we should now say, adjutant general to the Forces. He retired from the army with the Earl of Essex; and, being one of those members who voted that the king's concessions were sufficient for settling the peace of the nation, he was arrested, and thrown into prison by Cromwell, while that infamous measure was carried which had in view the murder of the sovereign. It was no doubt from this circumstance, and a conviction that his opposition had been more to the measures of the government than the person of the king, that Charles II. included his son among the intended knights of the Royal Oak.

Though I have it not in my power to send any further elucidations in this matter, I beg leave to offer a document of earlier date, which, if another Walter Davies would illustrate, might be highly serviceable to the genealogist and topographer. This is from a MS. No. 1933, in the Harleian library: it is a list of the justices of the peace, in the year 1620, for the counties of Brecknock, Radnor, Pembroke, Monmouth, Glamorgan, and Merioneth; and is as follows.

*Justices of the Peace in Brecknockshire, 1620.*

<p>Francis Viscount St. Albanes, Henry Viscount Mandeville, Edwarde Comes Wigorn, Ludovicus Dux Lenox, Willelmus Comes Northampton,     Presidens Walliæ, Ricardus Episcopus Menevensis, Jacobus Whitelock Miles, Just.     Cestriæ, Walterus Pye Miles, } Andreas Powell,       } Justices, Henricus Williams Miles, Carolus Vaughan Miles,</p>	<p>Henricus Towensend Miles, Edwardus Games Armiger, Johannes Games de Aberbraine, Henricus Vaughan, Thomas Price, Willelmus Aubrey, Legum Doctor, Carolus Wallcott, Carolus Vaughan, Howell Gwynne, Johannes Williams, Leolinus Gwillime, Edmundus Williams.</p>
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*Justices ad Pacem in Com. Radnor, 1620.*

<p>Francis Vicecom. Sti. Albani, Henricus Vicecom. Mandeville, Edwardus Comes Wigorn, Ludovicus Dux Leonox, Willelmus Comes Northampton.</p>	<p>    Presidens Walliæ, Ricardus Episcopus Meneven, Jacobus Whitelock Miles, Just.     Cestriæ, Walterus Pye Miles, Just.</p>
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Andreas Powell, Just.  
Johannes Towensend Miles,  
Henricus Williams Miles,  
Henricus Towensend Miles,  
Evanus Vaughan, Sac. Theolog.  
Doctor,  
Ricardus Fowles,  
Jacobus Price de Monaughtre,  
Willelmus Bradshawe,  
Johannes Price de Pillets,  
Johannes Lloyd,  
Carolus Walcotte,

Willelmus Vaughan,  
Rolandus Meyricke,  
Jacobus Price de Pelleth,  
Brianus Crowther,  
Ievanus Vaughan,  
Henricus Walcott,  
Ricardus Jonnes,  
Ezechell Weston,  
Carolus Williams,  
Epiphanus Haworthe,  
Johannes Reade.

*Just. ad Pacem in Com. Pembroke, 1620.*

Franciscus Vicecom. St. Albani,  
Henricus Vicecom. Mandeville,  
Edwardus Comes Wigorn,  
Ludovicus Dux Leonox,  
Wills. Comes Northampton, Pres.  
Walliæ,  
Ricardus Epis. Meneven.  
Jacobus Whitlocke, Just. Cestriæ,  
Nicholaus Overburey } Just. Assis.  
Edwardus Littelton, }  
Willelmus Owgan, Miles,  
Johannes Owgan, Miles,  
Henricus Townsend, Miles,  
Johannes Stepneth, Miles,  
Johannes Phillips Armiger,

Thomas Cannon,  
Albanus Owen,  
Thomas Price,  
Willelmus Bradshawe,  
Devoreux Barrett,  
Willelmus Scurfeilde,  
Thomas Jonnes de Armeston,  
Johannes Butteler,  
Ricardus Cuny,  
Nicholaus Adams,  
Carolus Bowen,  
Gruffethe White,  
Henricus Lort,  
Jacobus Bowen.

*Justices ad Pacem in Com. Monmouth, 1620.*

Franciscus Vicecom. Sti. Albani,  
Henricus Vicecom. Mandeville,  
Edwardus Com. Wigorn,  
Lodovicus Dux Leonox,  
Willelmus Com. Northampton,  
Pres. Wall.  
Franciscus Epis. Herefordiæ,  
Theophilus Epis. Landaf,  
Henricus Doms. Herbert,  
Edwardus Doms. Aburgaveney,  
Pettrus Warburton Miles, } Just.  
Humfridus Winche Miles, }  
Jacobus Whitlock, Just. Cestriæ,  
Thomas Somerset Miles,  
Edwardus Morgan Miles,  
Rowlandus Morgan Miles,  
Henricus Towensend Miles,  
Carolus Jonnes Miles,  
Carolus Somerset,  
Andreas Powell Armiger,

Robertus Hopton,  
Johannes Hoskines,  
Thomas Morgan de Llanrwnney,  
Carolus Williams,  
Johannes Gaynesford,  
Hen. Morgan de Penlonisarth,  
Georgius Melborne,  
Robertus Robothan, Archdeac. de  
Landaven,  
Edwardus Kemys,  
Valentine Pritcharde,  
Willelmus Price,  
Willelmus Jonnes,  
Egidius Morgan,  
Nicholaus Moore,  
Nicholaus Kemeys,  
Hen. Morgan de le Frieres,  
Wills. Jonnes de Aburganey,  
Henricus Jonnes,  
Wills. Blethen.

*Justices ad Pacem in Comitatu Glamorgan, 1620.*

<p>Franciscus Vicecom. Sti. Albani,          Henricus Vicecom. Mandeville,          Edwardus Comes Wigorn.          Ludovicus Dux Lenox,          Willelmus Comes Northampton,          Pres. Walliæ,          Willelmus Comes Pembroke,          Robertus Comes Leicester,          Theophilus Epis. Landaffe,          Jacobus Whitlocke Miles, Just.          Cestriæ,          Walterus Pye Miles, } Just. Assiss.          Andreas Powell, }          Thoms. Mauncell, Miles et Baro-          nettus,          Edwardus Stradling, Miles et Ba-          ronettus,          Edwardus Lewis, Miles,          ....is Mauncell, Miles,          Rowlandus Towensend, Miles,</p>	<p>Henricus Towensend, Miles,          Thomas Aubrey,          Wills. Lewis,          Johannes Carne,          Willelmus Mathew de .....          Robtus. Robotham, Archideaconus          de Llandavensis,          Edwardus Carne,          Willelmus Price de Br....          Thomas Mathew,          Ricardus Seye.          Edwardus But.....          Willelmus Thomas,          Davidus Price,          Morgan Meyricke,          Matheus Pr.....          Willelmus Bawd,          Hugo Jonnes,          Willelmus Harb ...          Davidus .....</p>
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*Justices ad Pacem in Comitatu Merioneth, 1620.*

<p>Franciscus Vicecom. Sti. Albani,          Henricus Vicecom. Mandeville,          Edwardus Comes Wigorn.          Henricus Dux Leonox,          Willelmus Comes Northampton,          Pres. Walliæ,          Ricard Epis. St. Assaphe,          Ludovicus Episc. Bangor,          Jacobus Whitlock Miles, Just.          Cestriæ,          Franciscus Evers Miles, } Just.          Francis Jefferes, }          John Wynne, Miles et Baron.          ....lls Morris, Miles,          Henricus Towensend, Miles,          Thomas Middleton, Miles,          Jacobus Price, Miles,</p>	<p>.....andus Price, Archdeacon,          Willelmus Salisbury,          Robertus Vaughan,          Thomas Vaughan,          Hugo Nanney,          Simonis Thellwal,          Johannes Lloyd,          Johannes Lloyd,*          Humfridus Hugh ....          Willelmus Lewis,          Robertus Lloyd,          David Loyde de ....          Lodovicus Gwin ....          Johannes Vaughan ....          Johannes Vaughan,*          Robertus L.....          Petrus Meyricke.</p>
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The five first names in all the foregoing lists were put into the commission from their official situations.

## BRECKNOCKSHIRE.

*Richard, Bishop of St. David's.* This was Richard Milbourne, who was elected on the 20th April, 1615, confirmed July 8th, and consecrated the next day. In the year 1621, he was translated to the see of Carlisle.

\* The leaf is torn here, as well as in the preceding list.

*Sir Henry Williams.* This gentleman, who was a knight in the reign of James the First, was created a baronet in the year 1644. He was the son of Sir David Williams, of Gwernyvet, knight, sergeant at law, and married Eleanor, daughter of Eustace Whitney.

*Sir Charles Vaughan.* One of the Porthaml family, who married Catherine, daughter of Sir Robert Knollys.

*Edward Games, esq.* He married Bridget, daughter of Sir Walter Vaughan, of Fallerstone, Wiltshire; and, in 1623, served the office of sheriff. His father was Sir John Games, knight.

*Henry Vaughan.* This was the son of Sir Thomas Vaughan, of Tretower; and he married Anne, daughter of Christopher Throgmorton.

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RADNORSHIRE.

*Rowland Meyricke.* This was the only son of Sir Gelly Meyricke, knight, who forfeited his life and estates, owing to his devoted attachment to Queen Elizabeth's Earl of Essex. Rowland lived at Gladestry in this county, but married Elizabeth, one of the coheiresses of Thomas Blundeville, of Newton Flotman, in the county of Norfolk, esq., by whom he had a large family. Rowland Meyricke's sister was the first Countess of Carberry; and his cousin, Sir John Meyrick, of Monkton, mentioned in the first part of this letter.

*Brian Crowther.* He lived at Knighton in this county.

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PEMBROKESHIRE.

*Sir William Owgan.* This knight was the son of Sir John Wogan, of Wiston, knight, and married Sibel, daughter of Sir Hugh Owen, of Orielson, knight.

*Sir John Owgan.* He was either of Stonehall in this county, and descended from Maurice, second son of Sir John Wogan, of Wiston, knight, or of Bolston; though I am inclined to believe the latter, as I doubt whether the first was ever knighted.

*Sir John Stepneth* was of Prendergast in this county, and married Jane, daughter of Sir Francis Mansell, of Mudlescombe, in Caermarthenshire, bart.

*John Phillips, esq.* This gentleman was probably of Pentre-  
parc, who married Grace, daughter and heiress of Richard Vaughan, base brother to Rhys Vaughan, of Corsygedol.

*Thomas Cannon.* His family were at Cilgetty and Haverfordwest, and he appears to have been subsequently knighted.

*Alban Owen* was lord of the manor of Kemeys, and became



possessed of an estate called Court, in consequence of his father having married Elizabeth, the daughter and coheiress of William Phillips of that place, who received it from his wife, Jane, daughter of Thomas Perrot, of Haroldston, esq. Alban Owen married Joan, daughter of William Bradshaw, of St. Dogmaels, esq.

*Devereux Barrett*, so named after Robert Earl of Essex, was a relative of Sir Gelly Meyricke, and lived at Gellyswick, in this county.

*William Scurfield* was of the Moate, in Pembrokeshire, which estate he obtained in consequence of his father, Sir John Scurfield, of Kendal, knight, having married Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Green, who had espoused Mary, daughter of Richard lord Talbot.

*John Butler*, of Credygantlllys, was the descendant of a family that possessed that property from the 13th century, having then acquired it by the marriage of Sir John Butler, knight, with Isabel, daughter and coheiress of Sir Robert Cantihope, knight.

*Richard Cuney* was a captain in the army in the year 1600.

*Nicholas Adams*, of Patrickchurch, married Elizabeth, daughter of Lewis Powel, of Pembroke.

*Charles Bowen* was of Tre'rllwyn, in this county, and married the daughter of Richard Barston, one of the justices of the circuit of Caermarthen, Pembroke, and Cardigan.

*Griffith White, esq.* was of Henllan, in Pembrokeshire.

*Henry Lort* was the son of Roger Lort, of Stackpool. His sister, Elizabeth, married the before-mentioned Griffith White, and he espoused this Griffith White's sister, Judith.

*James Bowen*, the great grandson of Pentrejenkin, knight, was of Pont Gynan, in this county.

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GLAMORGANSHIRE.

*Theophilus, bishop of Llandaf.* This was Theophilus Field, who was elected on the 25th September, 1619; confirmed October 6th; consecrated the 10th of the same month; and, in 1627, translated to St. David's.

*Sir Thomas Mauncell.* The first baronet of the family was this Sir Thomas, of Margam Abbey, the son of Sir Edward Mauncell, knight. He married Mary, daughter of Lewis lord Mordant.

*Sir Edward Stradling.* This baronet, dying without issue, left by his will the freehold possession of St. Donats to his kinsman, John Stradling, though he would not have been his heir at law.

*Thomas Aubrey.* This gentleman was afterwards knighted. He married one of the daughters and coheiresses of Anthony Mansell,

of Llantrydded, in whose right he became possessed of that estate.

*William Lewis.* The name of this gentleman's estate was the Vanne. He was the son of Sir Edward Lewis.

*John Carne.* He lived at Ewennith, in this county.

*Robert Robotham, A.M.* became archdeacon of Llandaff on the 23d December, 1617.

*Morgan Meyricke.* This gentleman's family resided at a place called Cotterels, in this county, and were not in the least related to those of the name mentioned also in these lists.

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MERIONETHSHIRE.

*Richard, bishop of St. Asaph.* Richard Parry, LL.D. owed his early advancement in the church to the interest of Sir Gelly Meyricke with Robert earl of Essex, and he attended his patron in prison, and received his last words preparatory to his execution. He was afterwards, in 1604, on the 30th of December, consecrated bishop of St. Asaph, and received the temporalities on the 5th of January following. He wrote the dedication to King James, prefixed to Bishop Morgan's translation of the Bible into Welsh; in the execution of which task he greatly assisted that prelate. Dying on the 26th September, 1623, he was buried in his own cathedral. His portrait is preserved at Goodrich court, Herefordshire.

*Lewis, bishop of Bangor.* This was Lewis Baily, who was elected 28th August, 1616, confirmed 7th December, and consecrated next day. He died in October 1631, and was buried in his own cathedral.

*Sir John Wynne.* This is the celebrated baronet of Gwydir, who wrote that interesting and valuable history of his own family.

*Sir — Morris.* The contemporary of the last mentioned was of Clennennau.

*Peter Meyricke.* He was the son of the Rev. Edmund Meyrick, archdeacon of Bangor, was cousin of Sir Gelly Meyrick, and lived at his estate near Corwen, in this county, called Ucheldrev. He married Lawry, daughter of Lewis Anwyl, of Parke, esq.

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MONMOUTHSHIRE.

*Francis, bishop of Hereford.* This was Francis Godwin, who was translated from Llandaff to this see the 10th November, 1617, and confirmed the 28th of the same month. He died in the latter end of April 1633, and was buried at Whitbourne.

*Henry Lord Herbert,* of Ragland, was created earl, and afterwards marquis of Worcester.

*Charles Williams*, afterwards knighted, was of Llangybyby, in this county. He married Ann, daughter of Sir John Trevor, knt.

*Sir Edward Morgan*, of Canernam, bart. married Mary, daughter of Sir Francis Englefield, knight, who, being attainted in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, forfeited his estates to the crown, which, at the instance of the earl of Essex, were granted to Sir Gelly Meyricke and others.

*Sir Rowland Morgan*, of Machen, or Maughan, knight, married Blanch, daughter and heiress of William John Thomas, of Treowen. He was ancestor of the present Sir Charles Morgan, of Tredegar, bart.

I am tempted to send this document from a conviction that nothing can be more serviceable to the historian than the preservation of such papers; and, as I conceive no receptacle is more appropriate than the Cambrian Quarterly, permit me to hope that it will become so stored with original communications, that future writers will consider it a text-book to consult more advantageously than any other.

I remain, Gentlemen, respectfully yours,  
20, *Cadogan Place*; 22d *May*, 1830. SAMUEL R. MEYRICK.

---

### TO MORVEDD.

AND hast thou left me, too, to bear  
Alone the cold world's cruel hate?  
And hast thou added to the share  
That presses here its weary weight?  
Yes! I have lived till now,—to know  
That all thy vows have come to this;  
And all the fondness thou couldst show  
Was but to mock me with its bliss.

Although I felt within my mind  
The griefs it will not soon forget;  
Yet, while I knew that thou wert kind,  
I bore it all without regret.  
The tyrants, in their pride, might try  
To crush me in their hour of might;  
Yet still this spirit would not die;  
I knew it could not perish quite.

But thou hast left me: I am now  
Like to some wild accursed thing;  
A scorching fire is on my brow,  
And in my breast the scorpion's sting.  
Although the worm that never dies  
Now gnaws my wither'd heart for food,  
Still, in its depth of agonies,  
Thy name appears its only good.

R. F. W.

## LLAM.

*A Poem in Two Cantos.*

## CANTO II.

—  
 “There was a lady sent from Wales.”  
 God.

—  
 O, Robie Burns, wha gar'd ye write  
 Sae weel, man? Was it a' thy spite  
 That rabb'd the Muse, sae clane outright?  
 Thou griping knave!  
 Ye've left as gud as naething quite,  
 For a' the lave.

AND thou, whose little bark was lightly tost  
 On the rude billows of Fate's darkest sea,  
 Ah, reckless Childe! to us too early lost,  
 Altho', perchance, death seem'd o'er late to thee!  
 Sad pitying tears thy meet reward shall be,  
 For all the witch'ry of thy flowing strain;  
 It shall be graven in our hearts, for we  
 May never look upon thy like again;  
 For poesy like thine, long, long may wait in vain!

O, Erin! thy bard's imaginings  
 Are beauteous, and bright as his butterflies' wings;  
 He has cull'd the freshest and fairest flowers,  
 And wreath'd them in Amaranthine bowers;  
 And, O, could he centre them all in thee,  
 The rest of the world would a wilderness be:  
 To Erin then we should throng with haste,  
 The sweets of Paradise to taste.

Ho! hence! avaunt! vile imitation!  
 Would I could curse thee with obliteration:  
 But I have made a vow this night  
 To scratch out nothing that I write.  
 So now I will proceed to lay before ye  
 Further particular of this my story;  
 But first, you must suppose three years are gone,  
 Since the events detail'd in Canto One.

It was a summer's evening; dazzling bright  
 Glows nature's green, in the sun's golden light;  
 'Tis such an eve as quieteth all care,  
 And maketh happiness too much to bear.  
 We've had cold summers lately, yea and truly,  
 What with deep snow in spring and firs in July,

I've thought that we, in time, should lose all trace  
 Of the sun's marvellously pleasant face,  
 And those luxurious hours of sunset's reign,  
 Whose magic makes our old hearts young again:  
 But, Cnyp, thou hast embodied them so well,  
 That, if they go, thy works will live to tell  
 Us such things were: but here must end my prosing,  
 Or I shall set my readers all a dozing.

Prince Llew (to use a modern phrase) is wining  
 In the apartment where he has been dining,  
 While his fair queen, and all her female train, }  
 Have to the garden their departure ta'en, }  
 And there, to Cambria's harp's delightful strain, }  
 Many, upon "the light fantastic toe,"  
 Dance merrily: the phrase is stale, I know.  
 Fair Megan for the queen a garland weaves  
 Of roses red, blue violets, and green leaves;  
 Annau and Penwen (sprightly damsels ever)  
 Take pebbles smooth, and throw them 'cross the river:  
 What radiant beams of joy illumine her face  
 Whose pebble ostenest doth touch the surface;  
 Now Annan's stone six *pas de Zephyr* makes,  
 And this they call playing at "ducks and drakes!"

But who is she, apart from all the rest,  
 Silent and sad, and sullen when address?  
 See, she has sought yon shady nook,  
 Where the sun shines bright on the silv'ry brook,  
 Where the thrush and the linnet are sweetly singing,  
 Where the bee his empty trunk is bringing,  
 Where blooms in varied hues the rose,  
 And the birch its graceful shadow throws.  
 Oh! that Lord Byron had a son  
 To write thy charms, Lledwirion!  
 Look to the east, the clear blue sky  
 Is scarce so bright as that blue eye;  
 Look to the west, (the sun's last ray  
 Sinks fast behind the hills away,)  
 Yon feath'ry cloud's carnation streak  
 Is like the rose upon her cheek;  
 In golden ringlets waves her hair,  
 That last bright sunbeam nestles there!  
 The "awen," by her looks, methinks is on her:  
 Is she a *poetess*? Then out upon her!  
 She takes her harp: how it got there,  
 Reader, I neither know nor care.  
 A heroine seldom waits for any thing;  
 But, soft, Lledwirion begins to sing.

"Set, thou bright sun; why dost thou shine  
 Upon the blue hill ling'ring yet?  
 Thou shouldst not look on griefs like mine;  
 Set, thou bright sun, set!"

“ Rise, thou pale moon, gentle and still ;  
 Thou wilt look from the starry skies,  
 With quiet thoughts my heart will fill ;  
 Rise, thou pale moon, rise !

“ Wake, thou enchanter ! dost thou sleep,  
 When woman's heart is nigh to break !  
 Oh ! am I thus for aye to weep ?  
 Wake, Merddyn Wyllt, awake !”

Here I suppose the inspiration ceas'd,  
 For twice or thrice she hemm'd, and once she sneez'd,  
 And then, with downcast looks and moans horrific,  
 Scored on the sandy soil a hieroglyphic ;  
 But what the figure was she drew,  
 None ever asked, none ever knew.  
 Alas ! there were no senior wranglers come,  
 “ To witch the world ” with adding up a sum !  
 Heav'n knows how long Lledwirion would have sat  
 In the fast-falling dew, without her hat,  
 Had not some wild and horrid screams  
 Arous'd her from her waking dreams ;  
 Then a gruff voice which met her ears,  
 (And certes did not calm her fears,)  
 Said “ Simpleton ! you can't unravel  
 Mysteries by scratching on the gravel.”  
 She turn'd her head, and saw a figure  
 Some five feet broad, perhaps 'twas bigger ;  
 His height she could not then determine ;  
 She saw his cloak was trimm'd with ermine ;  
 His eyes roll'd wildly in his head ;  
 His hair and beard were very red ;  
 Upon his head a *chapeau bras*,  
 Like you see at the opera ;  
 And on his legs he wore a pair  
 Of Hessian boots, in those days rare.

Courage at length Lledwirion found to speak,  
 “ Who art thou ? Turk, or Jew, or heathen Greek ?”  
 “ Who am I ? why, who should I be but Merlin ?  
 When you call'd, I was on my road from Berlin,  
 Where I'd some little business to transact.  
 But come, fair damsel, how am I to act ?  
 I have no time to lose ; name your request,  
 And I'll submit me to your sweet behest.”  
 Here this leviathan commenc'd his screams again ;  
 Lledwirion tried to quiet him in vain :  
 “ Why dost thou bawl so loud ? art mad ? hush, peace !  
 The queen will hear thee, if thou dost not cease.  
 Quick, do my bidding ! use your magic art,  
 And take the burden off this breaking heart :  
 Lead me to long-lost Llam, my lover's lot  
 To share, whate'er it be ; I'll shun it not.”  
 Her forcible appeal at length prevailing,  
 The wizard wight wound up his woful wailing,

Saying, "You need not be in such a rage,  
 For see, here comes my little equipage."  
 Lledwirion look'd up, and in mid air  
 Saw a bright shining substance floating there ;  
 From it there came soft music, sweet, not loud,  
 'Twas partly hid in vapour, like a cloud ;  
 But, as it near'd the earth, and 'gan to settle,  
 She saw what we should call a tea kettle :  
 Such things there were not in that generation,  
 So the maid gaz'd with all due veneration.  
 "Dear me, how pretty ! Must I sit upon it ?  
 But stay a moment, let me fetch my bonnet."  
 "No, no, my time is precious, I can't stay ;  
 You see the moon is up ; we must away.  
 Here is my cloak, 'tis large, wrap yourself in it ;  
 You'll find it very warm ; you'd better pin it."  
 The maid was satisfied, and as he spoke  
 Wip'd off her tears, and then whipp'd on the cloak.  
 "Now is all right ? 'Mount we our clouds.\* Take care,  
 Don't scald yourself ; take this place ; I'll sit there."

So off they went ; the old enchanter toiling,  
 Lledwirion very hot, the water boiling.  
 At first my heroine was in great distress ;  
 She said, "I've got into a pretty mess :  
 Should the queen miss me, I'm afraid she'll scold,  
 And travelling thro' the clouds will give me cold."  
 "Ah well, you should have thought of that before,"  
 Replied her escort ; "think of it no more :  
 Here, to divert you, are some nuts to crack ;  
 We're gone so far, I cannot take you back."  
 Lledwirion acknowledged he was right,  
 She found his bark was much worse than his bite :  
 Barring his frenzy fits, his conversation  
 Gave her amusement, and much information ;  
 He told her how in time the world would wade  
 Thro' flood and fire, without his magic aid ;  
 How all would go to market, and come home on  
 Kettles like his, they'd get so very common.  
 "Perhaps you'll scarce believe it, I've a chair,  
 And what d' you think 'tis stuff'd with ?" "Can't tell ?" "Air ; }  
 The air you're breathing ! Aye, you well may stare,  
 But, maud, I tell thee that, as years shall rush on,  
 All men will sit upon an air-stuff'd cushion !  
 Deep into futurity I see ! I see !  
 Men will be conjurors all, ah ! wo is me !  
 Damsel, have I affrighted thee ? Why weep ye ?  
 I will sing for thee, if thou'rt getting sleepy."  
 So he commenc'd his song, in strains seraphic,  
 'Twas somewhat in the style of Southey's sapphic.

---

\* Manfred.

“ I had an orchard! once I had an orchard,  
Wide spread the branches, very good the fruit was,  
Streak'd with red on one side, yellow the other;  
But they all rotted.

“ Once I was a chieftain; I wore the torques of  
Gold in the fight, the battle of Arderydd;  
Alas! now *I'm a wild horrible screamer:*  
Pity me, fair one!

“ Why dost thou shed tears, O maiden, travelling  
With Merddyn the Wild, on such a pleasant night?  
Soon shall we be at the end of our journey:  
On goes the kettle!”\*

There's nothing like your literal translation  
For showing off the genius of a nation.  
But here awhile we'll leave the aeronaut,  
And turn to some, much better fed than taught.

May seven sorrows smite, with sharp-edged sword,  
The wretch, would banish supper from our board!  
May he of Severn salmon ne'er partake,  
But gnaw his life out at a tough beefsteak;  
May it ne'er be his happy lot to share  
That dainty dish yclept a jugged hare;  
For him may turkey ne'er be put to death,  
For him no woodcock draw its latest breath;  
May sucking pig, that most luxurious fare,  
E'en as he worships, vanish into air!  
May dishes divers, savoury and sweet,  
By him be scented, seen, but *never* eat!

On emerald turf, befitting fairy's tread,  
Behold a regal board, with viands spread;  
To light it Luna's brightest beam is given,  
Shed from the canopy of starry heaven.  
But this is idle: I do mean no more  
Than that Llewelyn suppeth out of door;  
Majestically getting on his legs,  
The gracious prince five minutes' bearing begs:  
“ Listen! my vassals true, my vassals all,  
A few brief hours, and we perchance may fall  
Before the savage spoilers of our land,  
Slain by our Saxon foe's ferocious hand;

---

\* Should any reader think that I have writ on  
What I know nought about, the Cambro-Briton  
Will undeceive, and furthermore acquaint him  
Merlin is just the hero I now paint him;  
And here I vow my next new coat to pawn,  
If I his character have overdrawn!



Now, hear my mandate, which I'll not revoke,  
 Let none this night presume of woe to croak ;  
 I will not have the thought of gloomy morrow  
 Cloud present hours with vain and fruitless sorrow.  
 Grono ap Heilyn ! art thou groaning still ?  
 Really, my friend, I take it very ill,  
 That thine should be the only sobs and sighs,  
 And then the only red and swollen eyes.  
 Cheer up ! redress for all our griefs we'll get,  
 We'll drink destruction to the dastards yet ;  
 Pass round the cup, makes Melancholy merry,  
 We'll quaff the mead, and all be jolly,—very."

The king's speech ended, and, like other speeches,  
 Was followed by buzzas, and shouts, and screeches,  
 Then, waving gracefully his hand, the king  
 Beckon'd a minstrel, who began to sing.

"From crystal rill we do not fill  
 The cup we're passing round us ;  
 No ! sparkling mead is all we need,  
 And that our land hath found us.

"The soldier quaffs the mead, and laughs  
 At battle's coming hour ;  
 What lights his eye with valour high ?—  
 Metheglin's magic power !

"Though spell-bound long, the minstrel's song,  
 Though long its trance unbroken,  
 When mead he sips, bark ! from his lips  
 The voice of song hath spoken."

What interrupts the barber's melody ?  
 See ! pyrotechnics, blazing in the sky ;  
 Serpents and salamanders, fire and flame,  
 And all the Vauxhall rockets you can name ;  
 I'm sure, the fiery king, Monsieur Chabert,  
 Could not have made more riot in the air.  
 The ladies fainted, and the king cried "treason !"  
 And all cried "fire !" as indeed they'd reason.  
 But all things have an end, and well we know  
 Nothing seems shorter than a raree-show :  
 The fireworks went off, as fireworks should,  
 Without much mischief doing, or much good ;  
 And, as they vanished, something heavy fell,  
 But what it was they none of them could tell ;  
 It might be Scorpio, Leo, Sagittarius,  
 But certainly it could not be Aquarius.  
 However, now the rockets were all gone out,  
 The moon's "diminished head" came back and shone out,  
 And, by her light, the party, looking round,  
 Perceived two mortals, seated on the ground.  
 "Why, 'tis Ledwirion !" the ladies cried,  
 "Conceited thing ! who's sitting by her side ?"

"Speak!" said the king, "Who art thou?"—"Sire, I am,"  
 Gasp'd out the figure, "Your poor squire, Llam."  
 "What, Llam! poor lad, why, we all thought thou wast dead!"  
 "Not *dead*, my liege, but very much exhausted."  
 "Poor wretch! did I not well foretel thy fate?  
 Doubtless thou didst believe me when too late."  
 "Something to eat!" roared Llam, "in mercy give,  
 I feel I have not many hours to live."  
 "Pooh, man! don't talk in such a dismal fashion;  
 Here, scoundrels, quick! make haste, and put the hash on.  
 So, ho! my old friends, Llwm, Ledven, Udo,  
 These Saxon dogs have starved ye also;  
 They've used you scurvily, (but, as for that,  
 You, none of you, were ever very fat."

The ladies' curiosity wont wait,  
 They make Lledwirion, Llam's escape relate;  
 And when 'tis done, one says, "I always told  
 The queen, Lledwirion was very bold."  
 Another says, "Why, what a fool to go!  
 Besides, 'twas flattering the giant so;  
 I'm sure I would not do so odd a thing  
 For any man, not even for the king!  
 Well, little miss, have you no more to tell us?"—  
 Reader, you see, they all were very jealous.  
 My story grows too long, and I must end it,  
 For your sakes, readers, I could wish to mend it.  
 Lledwirion married Llam, 'twas in the papers,—  
 They went to church with torches and with tapers.  
 Llewelyn gave away the bride; the queen  
 Gave her the prettiest necklace e'er was seen.  
 Lledwirion had saved some little money,  
 So she and Llam grew fat, on bread and honey.

But soon Llewelyn for our hero sent,  
 And to the field of battle off they went.  
 How there they fought, how there they fell,  
 It suiteth not me now to tell;  
 That must be sung in graver strain.  
 Dear reader, now we've met again,  
 "Be to my faults a little kind,  
 And to my errors, very blind;"  
 I will *lampoon* you, if you're not,  
 'Tis all the solace I have got.

## WELSH MELODIES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

*To the Editors.*

GENTLEMEN,

MY object in publishing a catalogue of Welsh tunes, through the medium of the Cambrian Quarterly Magazine, is to hand down to posterity the names of the melodies known to us in 1830; at the same time to convince those who say that "the Welsh have no music which they can claim as their own," that we really have a vast number of *airs* peculiar to our mountain-land, and many of them very ancient, as can be proved by consulting the works of the bards. As it would be impossible to fix a correct date to the various melodies, I shall only name a few, which I have no hesitation in stating are very old, and purely Welsh.

"*Towyn Castle*" is the name of an air, although there remain no traces of a castle in that neighbourhood. "*Triban Morganwg*" is so called from its being retained by the bards in Glamorganshire, after it, and several other ancient *metres*, had been discarded at an *Eisteddvodd* held at Carmarthen in 1451. "*The Lament of Winehester*" was known in 1405. Dr. Rhys, in his grammar, mentions a congress of bards held in the 7th century, at which King Cadwaladr presided, on which occasion a bard performed an air called "*The Song of Morvydd's Pipes*," which, owing to its being in a *minor* (or flat) *key*, displeased so much, that an edict was issued for all harpers to adopt "*Mwynen Gwynedd*," "*The Melody (or mode) of North Wales*" which is an air in the *major* key. "*Morva Rhuddlan*" is supposed to be composed about 795, as a lament for the defeat of the Britons on Rhuddland Marsh, about that period. The *truly* Welsh airs may be easily distinguished from spurious ones, by the admixture of the *major* and *minor* keys which pervades them; for instance, "*Y Gadlys*," known by the name of "*Noble Race was Shinkin*," "*Scrch Hudol*," "*Morva Rhuddlan*," "*Gogerddan*," "*Melody of Mona*," and a number of others, are of this kind.

In Aneurin Owen Pughe's collection of unpublished Welsh airs, which gained the premium at the last Brecon *Eisteddvod*, are specimens of the Glamorganshire ploughman's songs, which are very curious, and doubtless very ancient; there are no bars, or measure, marked to them. In the third volume of the Myvyrian Archaiology are about 170 pages of the musical notation used in the 11th century, very few of which, I regret to say, have been deciphered.

As Dr. W. O. Pughe justly observes, "The names given to a

number of our tunes by the harpers are quite barbarous ;” but still the melodies are known only by their popular names, and I am induced to insert them as such, observing, at the same time, that all those under the title of “*Farewells*” ought to be “*Ymadau*,” to render the name properly Welsh ; but the main point now is to give as complete a list of Cambrian tunes as can be collected : I make no doubt but there are many more than I know of, which it would be desirable to have inserted in a future number of the *Cambrian Quarterly*, if your correspondents will transmit the names of them.

In the following catalogue, I insert the tunes which have been *published* first, throughout the alphabet, with this mark (—) to separate them from those which I have in manuscript. My late lamented and universally respected friend, the Rev. John Jenkins, of Kerry, presented me with a most valuable collection of melodies, in manuscript ; the late patriotic Owen Myvyr also gave me “*A Book of Wels Tuns*,” (so the title runs,) noted down for him by some erudite Cambrian minstrel, during a tour made by him through North Wales, for that purpose, at the expense of Mr. Jones. Both these collections I treasure greatly, and fully intend, at some future period, to publish, in *one book*, the whole of the following melodies, with any other which I may be favored with through the kindness of my countrymen, who may feel, with you and myself, that it becomes every *Cymro* to do all in his power to uphold the dignity, honour, and literature, of the land that gave him birth.

JOHN PARRY.

WELSH NAMES.

ENGLISH NAMES.

Ar hyd y nos.  
Absen don ; Absi-don.

The livelong Night.  
The Song of Absence, ABC tune,  
or rudiment tune.

Anhawdd Ymadael.  
Alaw Solomon ; neu Salmon.  
Anni Deg.  
Agoriad Cywair.  
Avon Elwy.  
Aeres Trevaldwyn.  
Arglwydd Strain.  
Aderyn a Phig Velen.

Loth to depart.  
Solomon's Lily.  
Pretty Nancy.  
The Opening of the Key.  
The River Elwy.  
The Heiress of Montgomery.  
Lord Strain.  
The Bird with Yellow Beak.

—  
Ab Sbenkyn.  
Agoriad y Melinydd.  
Anhawdd Ymadael, hên.  
Aber Iddon.  
Accen Colomen.  
Ab Einion.  
Alawydd hen.

—  
Ap Sienkin. (*l. P.* 1803.)  
Miller's Key.  
The Old loath to depart.  
The Efflux of the Iddon.  
The Cooing of the Dove.  
The Son of Einion.  
The Old Songster.

Blodeu y Gwynwydd.  
Blodeu y Grug.  
Breuddwyd y Vrenines.

Blossoms of the Honeysuckle.  
Blossoms of the Heath.  
The Queen's Dream.

WELSH NAMES.	ENGLISH NAMES.
Blodeu y Drain.	Blossoms of the Thorn.
Blodeu Llundaia.	Blossoms of London.
Bwrw gwaŷ ymaith.	Cast away Care.
Blodeu y Dyffryn.	Flowers of the Valley.
Blodeu y Gogledd.	Flowers of the North.
Blodeu y Gorllewin.	Flowers of the West.
Blodeu Gwynedd.	Flowers of Gwynedd.
Blodeu Festiniog.	Flowers of Festiniog.
Blodeu Ceiswyn.	Flowers of Ceiswyn (in Meirion).
Bywyd y Milwr.	The Warrior's Life.
Blodeu y Vaenol.	Flowers of the Manor Plain.
Brenines Dido.	Queen Dido.
Bro Galia.	The Land of the Gauls.
Bursty.	
Breuddwyd Davydd Rhys.	Davyd Rhy's Dream.
Beddgelert.	The Grave of Gelert.
—	
Barbara Wen.	Fair Barbara.
Betti Brown.	Betty Brown.
Bryniau y Werddon.	Hills of Erin.
Hir oes i Vair.	Long Life to Mary.
Bechgyn Aberteivi.	Cardigan Lads.
Bryn Cainoon	
—	
Creesco y Wenynon.	The Bee's Welcome.
Cardd yr hen Wr o'r Coed.	The Song of the Old Man of the Wood.
Cudyn Gwyn.	The White Lock.
Cil yr Aderyn du.	The Blackbird's Retreat.
Codiad yr hedydd.	The Rising of the Lark.
Cynhan-sail Cymru.	The Welsh Ground (of Music).
Croesaw Gwraig y Ty.	The Hostess's Welcome.
Cnot y Coed.	The Wood Knot.
Cwynvan Prydain.	The Lamentation of Britain.
Creigiau Eryri.	The Rocks of Snowdon.
Castell Tywyn.	Towyn Castle.
Ceffylyn Rhygyngog.	Galloping Nag.
Caino Llywelyn.	Llewelyn's Strain.
Codiad yr Haul.	The Rising Sun.
Cainc Davydd Brophwyd.	Strain of David the Prophet.
Caniad Pibau Morvudd.	The Song of Morvudd's Pipe.
Cymro o b'le?	Welshman, from where?
Caniad Clych.	Ringling of Bells.
Clychau Prestwick.	Prestwick Bells.
Cylch-glerwyr Caer.	The Chester Waits.
Castell <i>Morton</i> .	Morton Castle.
Cwmpiad y Dail.	The Fall of the Leaves.
Caer Dinam.*	Dinam's Fortress.
Caniad y Ceiliog.	The Crowing of the Cock.
Canu yn iach i Dwm Bach.	Sing, Health to little Tom.
Cainc Stephen Sion Jones.	The Strain of Stephen John Jones.
Calonig.	New-Year's Gift.
Codiad yr hedydd Mawr.	The great Rising of the Lark.
Cloch yr Alban.	The Highland Bell.

\* Caer Dinam, Dinam fort, in Llanddinam parish.

WELSH NAMES.

ENGLISH NAMES.

Castell Penrhyn. ( <i>Prichard</i> , 1830.)	Penrhyn Castle.
Cwyn Brython.	The Complaint of Britain.
Cwynvan Prydain.	The Lament (or Wo) of Britain.
Castell Rhuthyn. ( <i>I. P.</i> 1827.)	Ruthin Castle.
Cder Idris. ( <i>I. P.</i> 1804.)	The Chair of Idris.
Cyrch Meirion.	Merionethshire March.
<hr/>	
Calon Drom.	Heavy Heart.
Clych Rhiwabon.	The Bells of Rhiwabon.
Cegin Glyn Cywarch.	The Kitchen of Glen Cywarch, (Meirion.)
Cainc Llanvihangel Ystrad.	The Tune of Llanvihangel Dale.
Cainc y Cathreiwyr.	The Ox-driver's Tune.
Cainc yr Aradwr.	The Ploughman's Tune.
Cariad Nebun.	Somebody's Love.
Cainc Gruffydd ab Cynan.	Gruffydd son of Cynan's Tune.
Cil y Vwyalch.	The Thristle's Retreat.
Cadwin Arian.	The silver Chain.
Caru yn y Coed.	Love in the Wood.
Cainc Pont y Ty Pridd.	The Bridge of Ty Pridd Tune.
Canu Govid.	Song of Affliction.
Cas gon Grythor.	The Fiddler's Puzzle.
Caban-dy.	The Cabin.
Cwtig Bach.	The Little Scut.
Cainc yr Odryddes.	The Milkmaid's Song.
Cwyn yr Alldud.	The Alien's Complaint.
Cyvarwyddyn.	The Director.
Cov Gwcnlliant.	The Memory of Gwenllian.
Divyrwch Gwyr Dyvi.	The Delight of the Men of Dovey.
Dynwarded yr Eos.	Imitation of the Nightingale.
Distyll y Don.	The Fall of the Wave.
Diddanwch Gruffydd ab Cynan.	The Solace of Gruffydd, Son of Cynan.
Dowch ir Vrwydr.	Come to Battle.
Davydd y Gareg wen.	David of the White Stone.
Dewis Hywel.	Howell's Choice.
Dewis Meinwen.	The Fair One's Choice.
Dilyn Serch.	The Pursuit of Love.
Dadl Dau.	Flaunting Two (a debating song).
Dyveriad y Gerwyn.	The Droppings of the Mashtub.
Dechreuad y Byd.	The Beginning of the World.
Divyrwch Ivan Delynwr.	Pastime of Evan the Harper.
Doed y Ddel.	Hit or Miss, (Come what may).
Divyrwch y Siri.	The Sheriff's Delight.
Distyll y Trai.	The Ripple of the Ebb.
Dydd da i Wen.	Good Day to Gwen.
Divyrwch Madam Eyton.	Madam Eyton's Delight.
Darvu ei ched velusav.	Her sweetest Gifts are ended.
Divyrwch yr Heusor Du.	The Black Herdsman's Pastime.
Dydd Gwyl Dewi.	St. David's Day.
Diddanwch Madam Edwards.	Madam Edward's Diversion.
Divyrwch Gwyr Mawddy.	Diversion of the Men of Mawddy.
Diddan Cadpen Morgan.	Captain Morgan's March.

WELSH NAMES.	ENGLISH NAMES.
Diniweidrwydd Colomen. Divyrwch Arglwydd Trefail.	Innocence of the Dove. Delight of Lord <i>Trefail</i> .
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Diniweidrwydd. Divyrwch Huw Llwyd. Divyrwch Morys Wynn. Dydd da i'r Enith Lan. Divyrwch Gwyr Emlyn. Dau Ros Cochion. Dewch yn Mlaen. Dan Darawich? Divyrwch Ewyr y Gogledd. Divyrwch Gwyr Caernarvon. Dydd Llun y Boren. Dewis Mwynen. Dydd trwy'r Ffenestr.	Innocence. Hugh Llwyd's Delight. Moris Wynn's Delight. Good Day to the Pretty Maid. Delight of the Men of Emlyn. The Two Red Roses. Come Forward.  Delight of the Men of the North. Delight of the Men of Caernarvon. Monday Morning. The Kind One's Choice. Day through the Window.
Erddygan Caerwys. Erddygan Caer Waen. Eryri Wen. Erddygan tro 'r Tant. Erddygan Danau. Erddygan Hun Gwenllian, neu Ivan Bivan Bengoch. Erddygan Glyn Cynon. Erddygan y Canorion ( <i>I. P.</i> 1820.) Eos y Bela (neu Tri a chwch.) Erddygan y Pibydd Coch.	The Melody of Caerwys. The Minstrelsy of Chirk Castle. White Snowdon. Melody of Modulation. Melody of the Strings. Gwenllian's Melody, or Evan Bivan Redpoll. Melody of Glyn Cynon. The Melody of the Singers. Nightingale of the Bela. The Red Piper's Melody.
Farwel Icuengitid. Farwel Frances. Farwel Ned Puw. Farwel Ednyved Vychan. <i>Fiddle Faddle.</i> Frec Bach. Farwel Trwy'r Pwll. Farwel Dic y Pibydd. Farwel Glanddyn. Ferdinando. Farwel Philip Ystwyth.	Adieu to Juvenile Days. Frances' Farewell. Ned Pughe's Farewell. Ednyved Vychan's Farewell. Fiddle Faddle. The little Freak. Farewell through the Puddle. Dick the Piper's Farewell. The Jovial Man's Farewell. Ferdinando ( <i>Earl of Derby, 1594</i> ). Nimble Philip's Farewell.
— — —	
Farwel Prydain. Fanni, blodau 'r fair. Filena? Farwel Llanllyvni. Farwel Gwyr Aberfraw. Farwel Twm Bach. Vy an wylyd Vach.	Britain farewell! Fanny blooming fair.  Llanllyvni farewell! Farewell Men of Aberfraw. Farewell little Tom. My Little Dear.
Gorhofedd Gwyr Harlech. Gogerddan.	March of the Men of Harlech. Name of a Mansion in Cardigan- shire.

WELSH NAMES.

ENGLISH NAMES.

Glan Meddwdod Mwyn.	Good humour'd and tipsy.
Gyru y Byd o'm blaen.	Drive the World before me.
Gadael y Tir.	Leaving the Land.
Gorhcedd Owain Cyveiliog.	Owen Cyveiliog's Delight.
Grisial <i>Ground.</i>	The Crystal Ground.
Grufudd ab Cynan.	Grufudd ab Cynan.
Gorveddwch.	Recline.
Gramwndws Galia.	The signal of the Gauls.
Gwneddigion. (I. P. 1819.)	Gwyneddigion Society in London
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Gwilledd Angabarad.	Angbarad's feast.
<i>Greece and Troy.</i>	Greece and Troy.
Gwel yr Adailad.	See the building.
Gweddus yw Gweddwdod.	Widowhood is becoming. Decent Widowhood.
Gorweddwch eich hun.	Lie alone.
Galar Don.	Note of Grief.
Gwyr Gwent.	Men of Gwent.
Gwrando yr a Deryn du.	Listen to the Blackbird.
Glamorgan Melody.	
Gwilym Owain Pencraig.	William Owen of Pencraig.
Godal Tirodd Cymru.	Leaving Wales.
Hob y deri dano, (dwy fordd.)	Away my Herds, (two ways.)
Hofedd Abram ab Ivan.	Delight of Abram son of Evan.
Hob-y-dyliv-neu Morvachyn.	The Leap of the Porpoise.
Hofedd Modryb Marget.	Aunt Margaret's Delight.
Hela'r Ysgyvarnog.	Hunting the Hare.
Hai down.	Come, let us go.
Havod y Wraig Lawen.	The Merry Dame's Dairy.
Hofder Arglwyddes Puleston.	Lady Puleston's Delight.
Hofedd y Brenin.	The King's Delight.
Hofedd Owainab Owain Gwynedd.	Owen son of Owen Gwynedd's Fancy.
Hwb y Dyriv.	A Debating Song (of peculiar metre.)
Hud Tynghedven.	The Flatteries of Fate.
Havren.	The River Severn.
Hofedd Cadpen Corbott.	Captain Corbett's Delight.
Hyd y Vrwynen.	The Length of the Rush.
Hofder Gwilym Owain.	William Owen's Delight.
Holi yn deg.	Questioning Fairly.
Haven y Cwrw Melyn.	Cream of Yellow Ale.
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Hen Garol Hav.	Old Summer Carol.
Hutyn Dincer.	Hutyn the Tinker.
Holl Ieuenedid Cymru.	All the Youths of Wales.
Hen Vwynen Mai.	Old May Melody.
Hen Ddarby.	Old Darby.
Hvryden.	The Pleasing Strain.
Hwch Sion Parri.	John Parry's Sow.
Hen Ivan Gam.	Old Squinting Evan.
Hofedd Davydd ab Gwilym.	Davydd son of William's Delight.



WELSH NAMES.	ENGLISH NAMES.
Havod Elwy.	Elwy's Summer house.
Holydd.	The Inquirer.
Hen Roger.	Old Roger.
Hen Voos	Old Manners.
Iechyd o gylch.	Health About.
Ivan Glan Teivi.	Evan of the banks of Teivi.
Llwyn On.	The Ash Grove.
Llev Caerwyt.	The Lament of Winchester.
Lliw y Gwynwydd.	Colour of the Honeysuckle.
Lliw y Ceiroes.	Colour of Cherry, Cherry <i>red or ripe.</i>
Llwydd i'r Duc William.	Success to Duke William.
<i>Limbo.</i>	<i>Limbo.</i>
Llwyd y Gwrych.	The Hedge Sparrow.
Mwynder Meirionydd.	The Courtesy of Meirioneth.
Maldod Dolgellen.	The Gallantries of Dolgelly.
Mwynen Cynwyd.	The Melody of Cynwyd.
Morva Rhuddlan.	Rhudland Marsh.
Merch Megan.	Margaret's Daughter.
Malltraeth.	A Tract of Land in Anglesey.
Megan a gollodd ei Gardas.	Margaret who lost her Garter.
Mentra Gwen.	Venture Gwen.
Moldod Arglwyddes Owain.	Lady Owen's Favorite.
Mantell Siani.	Jane's Mantle.
Mwynen Mon.	The Melody of Mona.
Mwynen Gwynedd.	The Melody of Gwynedd, (North Wales.)
Meillionen, neu Hoffder Syr Watcyn.	The Trefoil, or Sir Watkin's Delight.
Mwynen Machno.	The Melody of Machno.
Mwynen Meirionydd.	The Melody of Meirioneth.
Mopsi Don.	Mopsy's Tune.
Mwyneidd-dra	Complaisance.
Mel-Gusan.	The honied Kiss.
Mwynen Edeyrnion.	The Melody of Edeyrnion.
Mynach du.	The Black Monk.
Marwnad y Heliwr.	The Huntsman's Lament.
Mwynen Mai.	The Melody of May.
Marget merch Ivan.	Margaret, daughter of Evan.
Mael Syms.	
Merched Mon. ( <i>I. P. 1803.</i> )	The Maids of Mona.
Marwnad Prydain. ( <i>I. P. 1817.</i> )	The Lament of Britain.
Meddwyn Llawen.	The Merry Tippler.
Mwynder Meinwen.	The Fair One's Melody.
Marwnad Mwnc.	The Monk's Elegy.
Mudiad y Wawr.	Disappearance of the Dawn.
Mel Wevus.	Honey Lip.
Mwyn Susannah.	Kind Susannah.
Morgan Jones o'r Dolau.	Morgan Jones of the Dales.

WELSH NAMES.

Mwynen Llangwili.  
Mwynen Glan Teivi.  
Mwynder Meirionydd, Newydd.  
Moel yr Wyddva.  
Mathavarn.

Nos Galan.  
Nos Verchyr.  
Ned y Gov.  
Nith Megan.

Neithiwr ac Echnos.  
Nani Brydverth.

Plygiad y bedol-vach.  
Pen Rhaw.  
Plygiad y bedol vawr.  
Pob Peth.  
Pant Corlan yr Wyn.  
Per Oslev, (neu Sweet Richard.)  
Pigan Dur.  
Pistyll y Dyfryn.  
Pen Moel da.

Rhyvelgyrch Cadpen Morgan.  
Rhuban Morvudd.  
Rheged.  
Rhywbeth.  
Rhos-vair.  
Rogerro.  
Rhywbeth bach.

Serch Hudol.  
Sibyl.  
Symlen ben-bys.  
Syr Harri Ddu.  
Sawdl y Vuwch.  
Suo Gan.  
Syr Salmon.  
Sidanen.  
Sian Vwyn.  
Susannah.  
Sion ab Ivan. (*I. P.* 1802.)  
Susan Veddw.

Spain Wenddydd.  
Sybylltir.  
Susan ac William.  
Sali, blodau'r Vro.

Triban, (dwy fordd.)  
Ton y Ceiliog du.  
Tyb y Tywysog.

ENGLISH NAMES.

The Melody of Llangwili.  
The Melody of the banks of Teivi.  
New Courtesy of Meirioneth.  
The Peak of Snowdon.  
Mathavarn.

New-Year's Eve.  
Wednesday Night.  
Ned the Smith.  
Margaret's Niece.

Last Night and the Night before.  
Pretty Nanny.

Short bending of the Horseshoe.  
The Spade head.  
Great bending of the Horseshoe.  
Every thing.  
The Lambsfold Vale.  
Sweet Melody, (or Sweet Richard.)  
Steel Points.  
The Waterfall of the Valley.  
The good Bald-head.

Captain Morgan's March.  
Morvudd's Riband.  
The Name of a District.  
Something.  
Newborough.  
Rogerro.  
A Little Thing.

The Allurements of Love.  
The Sibyl.  
The beckoning Fair One.  
Black Sir Harry.  
The Cow's Heel.  
Lullaby Song.  
Sir Solomon.  
The Silken Fair One.  
Kind Jane.  
Susannah.  
John, Evan's Son.  
Topsy Susan.

The Plashy Land.  
Susan and William.  
Sally the Flower of the Country.

Triplet, (two ways.)  
The Note of the Black Cock.  
The Prince's Whim.

WELSH NAMES.	ENGLISH NAMES.
<b>Triban Gwyr Morganwg.</b>	<b>The Triblet of the Glamorganshire men.</b>
<b>Twll yn ei boch.</b>	<b>The Dimpled Cheek.</b>
<b>Tri hanner Ton.</b>	<b>Three Half Tones.</b>
<b>Tros y Gareg.</b>	<b>Over the Stone.</b>
<b>Toriad y Dydd.</b>	<b>The Break of Day.</b>
<b>Trichant o Bunnau.</b>	<b>Three Hundred Pounds.</b>
<b>Tlysig.</b>	<b>The Beauty.</b>
<b>Troiad y Droell.</b>	<b>The Turn of the Spinning Wheel.</b>
<b>Ton Alarch.</b>	<b>The Swan's Note.</b>
<b>Ton y Brenin.</b>	<b>The King's Tune.</b>
<b>Tair Cadwen Aur.</b>	<b>The Three Golden Torqueses.</b>
<b>Talaith Aberfraw.</b>	<b>The Diadem of Aberfraw.</b>
<b>Tros yr Avon.</b>	<b>Over the River.</b>
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<b>Tri tharawiad.</b>	<b>The Three Essays.</b>
<b>Ton Dic y Dawns.</b>	<b>Dancing Dick's Tune.</b>
<b>Tri tharawiad Morganwg.</b>	<b>Glamorgan Three Essays.</b>
<b>Triban y Gadlys.</b>	<b>The Camp Triplet.</b>
<b>Triban distyll y don.</b>	<b>Triplet of the Ripple of the Wave.</b>
<b>Taw a son, Vachgen!</b>	<b>Hold thy tongue, Boy!</b>
<b>Trymder.</b>	<b>Heaviness.</b>
<b>Ton Deuair.</b>	<b>Tone of the Two Distichs.</b>
<b>Ton Vechan Llanervul.</b>	<b>Short Tune of Llanervul.</b>
<b>Tros y Mynydd.</b>	<b>Over the Mountain.</b>
<b>Tyb y Tywysog Rupart.</b>	<b>Prince Rupert's Fancy.</b>
<b>Tan y Graig.</b>	<b>Under the Rock.</b>
<b>Tri haner Coron.</b>	<b>Three Half-Crowns.</b>
<b>Ursula, (neu Hen Vorgan ai Wraig.)</b>	<b>Ursula, or Old Morgan and his Wife.</b>
<b>Wyres Ned Puw.</b>	<b>Ned Pughe's Granddaughter.</b>
<b>Winifreda, (neu yr Hen Sibyl).</b>	<b>Winifreda, (or the Old Sibyl.)</b>
<b>Wyros Megan.</b>	<b>Margaret's Granddaughter.</b>
<b>Yr hen Driban.</b>	<b>The old Triplet.</b>
<b>Ysgin Aur.</b>	<b>The Gold Robe.</b>
<b>Yr hen Don.</b>	<b>The Old Ditty, or Tune.</b>
<b>Y Galon Drom.</b>	<b>The Heavy Heart.</b>
<b>Ymdaith Mwnc.</b>	<b>Monk's March.</b>
<b>Y Gerddinen.</b>	<b>The Maple.</b>
<b>Y Gadlys.</b>	<b>The Camp, (Of Noble Race was Shenkin.)</b>
<b>Y Vwyna'n Vuw.</b>	<b>The Kindest Alive.</b>
<b>Ystffwl.</b>	<b>The Door Clapper.</b>
<b>Yr Eos-Eais.</b>	<b>The Voice of the Nightingale.</b>
<b>Yr Hen Gymraes.</b>	<b>The Old Welshwoman.</b>
<b>Yr Hen Erddygan.</b>	<b>The Ancient Harmony.</b>
<b>Yr Hen Roger Bengoch.</b>	<b>Old Roger Redpoll.</b>
<b>Yr Helygen.</b>	<b>The Willow.</b>
<b>Y Brython.</b>	<b>The Britons.</b>
<b>Y Govid glas.</b>	<b>Blue Devils.</b>

**WELSH NAMES.**

**ENGLISH NAMES.**

Ymadawiad y Brenin.  
Y Gwr ai Varch.  
Y Dydd Cyntav o Awst.  
Y Bardd yn ei Awen.  
Y Bais Wen.  
Yr Hen dros byth.  
Ystwc Llaeth.  
Ymadawiad Gwyr Aberfraw.  
Y Corforaeth.  
Y pural Vesur.  
Y Vedel Vawr.  
Y Sach Wlan (*l. P.* 1827.)

The King's Departure.  
The Horse and Jockey.  
The First of August.  
The Inspired Bard.  
The White Petticoat.  
The Old for ever.  
Pail of Milk.  
Departure of the Men of Aberfraw.  
The Corporation.  
The Pure Measure.  
The Great Reap.  
The Woolpack.

Y Mynachdy.  
Y Fion Velved.  
Y Galon Lawen.  
Y Voes.  
Y Cowper Mwyn.  
Y Verch o'r Icer.  
Y Rhyveddod.  
Ymadawiad.  
Y Vrwynen las.  
Y Siaced vral.  
Y Ddimai Goch.  
Y Don Vechen.  
Y Twr.  
Y Vwyalchan Vwyn.

The Monastery.  
Crimson Velvet.  
Merry Heart.  
The Behaviour.  
The Kind Cooper.  
  
The Wonder.  
Departure.  
The Green Rush.  
The Light Jacket.  
The Copper Halfpenny.  
The Little Tone.  
The Tower.  
The Sprightly Throstle.

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**THE LOCKS OF LEA OF GOGERDDAN.**

THE following is a translation from Davyth Nanmor, a bard of the 14th century. The subject of the poem is the beautiful hair of a lady of the Gogerddan family. The words are adapted to a popular Welsh air, which bears the name of "Gogerddan," and which will be found in Mr. Parry's last volume of *Melodies*, with a song by Mrs. C. B. Wilson.

O'er noble Lea's bosom white  
Her golden tresses stray,  
Like wand'ring lightnings when they light  
On ocean's hoary spray.

Those glories on her forehead set  
In double twine descend,  
And then around her footsteps met,  
Like clouds of incense blend.\*

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\* The lady's tresses which reach to the ground are of course a little in the style of bardic hyperbole; the allusion to the incense is interesting, as it is made to the Roman Catholic religion, then predominant.

## OWAIN GLYNDWR.

BY ROBERT FOLKESTONE WILLIAMS.

Land of the brave, the bright in fame,  
 Land of the unconquered, and the free,  
 Dwells there upon thy page a name  
 More precious to thy memory  
 Than he who led his warrior band  
 For freedom for their father-land!

He who the banner of the brave  
 Upheld in freedom's sacred cause,  
 And blotted out the name of slave  
 From Cambria's land, and Cambria's laws :  
 They laugh'd the tyrant's chains to scorn  
 When Owain Glyndwr's sword was drawn.

And like an eagle from the brow  
 Of wild Eryri's mountain steep,  
 That dash'd upon the prey below,  
 That lay a wild entangled heap,  
 And forced the spoiler to restore  
 The plunder he had gorg'd before.

Thou wert a meteor in the sky,  
 Throwing out gleams of beaming light,  
 That struck with awe the gazer's eye,  
 And shook the coward soul with fright.  
 Thou wert a blazing brand, whose flame  
 Was lighted up at freedom's name.

Thrice did the tyrant lead his hosts  
 O'er the flower enamell'd plains ;  
 Thrice did he find as vain his boasts  
 To bind the free-born soul with chains.  
 Again the chance of war he tried,  
 To be defeated and defied.

There was a shout went o'er the hills,  
 There was a shout came o'er the sky  
 That pass'd like thunder when it fills  
 All nature with its fearful cry :  
 It was the shout of men who broke  
 The fetters of that tyrant's yoke.

Many a blue hill's secret cave  
Caught up the sound and gave it back ;  
And many a torrent's rushing wave  
Stopp'd in its wild and foaming track,  
Then hurried on and left behind  
Its echoes to the muttering wind.

The hour is past, the hour is past,  
'That hour that none may see again ;  
But the glory of that hour shall last  
In many an unborn poet's strain :  
And many a bard of other days  
Shall tune his harp to Owain's praise.

Son of the fearless, shall it be  
That thou who show'd the tyrant slave  
Chains were not forged to bind the free,  
Bonds were not made to hold the brave,  
Shall have no sculptured stone to tell  
Within what grave thy bones may dwell.

What boots it where thy bones are laid,  
Or in what earth thy dust may lie,  
Has not the voice of ages said  
The hero's name shall never die ?  
The memory of the brave one rests  
A monument in human breasts.

While stars shall gem night's sable pall,  
Like jewels on an Ethiop's breast,  
And flowers shall deck earth's verdant ball  
With many a bright and gorgeous vest,  
While ocean's silver waves shall flow,  
'Thy fame no power shall overthrow.

While sunbeams spread their golden wings  
Over thy mountains purple side,  
And moonlight on the ocean flings  
Its magic smile at eventide,  
While music whispers in the stream,  
Thy name shall be the poet's theme.

Raise the harp and raise the song,  
Now where memory fondly lingers,  
And let the chords come loud and strong  
From the string-entwined fingers,  
Waking up the sounds that lie  
In the soul of melody.

And when the minstrel's harp is dumb,  
And when the bard himself is dead,  
O ! shall not other minstrel's come  
To 'twine a garland round his head,  
Whose awen may be more divine,  
More worthy of his fame than mine.

*London ; May 1830.*

## ALYNTON.

A TALE.

What fates impose, that men must needs abide,  
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

SHAKESPEARE.

I WAS sitting at the door of an elegant café on the Boulevard de Namur, at Brussels, in company with my friend LE MARCHAND DE TABAC,—I trust the amiable readers of the Cambrian will pardon me for introducing the veteran again to their notice,—and enjoying, like many other worthy citizens, the cool and refreshing breezes of the evening, and our daily allowance of ices, coffee, and cigars. Not being inclined to add to the eternal clicking of the dominos upon the marble slabs around, we amused ourselves more rationally, or rather my companion amused me with the detail of a few interesting matters, from the endless stores of legendary and historical lore, which he seemed to have at his command.

“Having related to you,” said he, “already, probably, too much of ‘my travels history,’ you will, perhaps, not consider it waste of time if I give you the outline of an ‘old story’ which my poor mother often gratified me with, to abridge the tediousness of a winter’s evening before a glowing fire.” I, of course, told him that nothing could afford me greater pleasure than to listen. I ordered two more cups of coffee, and he handed me over his cigar-case, mine being already empty, and having filled his meerschaum, after whiffing away a cloud that enveloped his good-humored countenance for a second or two, he proceeded.

## CHAPTER I.

You have, no doubt, heard of the Alyntons, of Trevalun.—At the commencement of the troubles in the reign of Charles the First, the then *pen-cenedl*, or head, Sir Owen ab Meredydd, possessed one of the largest estates on the border, and it extended for miles, not only into the counties of Denbigh and Flint, but into the rich champaign of the county of Chester. His seat was Trevalun, a magnificent mansion, erected in the reign of Henry the Seventh at vast expense, and, consequently, rich in all the splendid designs and architecture of the Tudor era. Unfortu-

nately for the family, Sir Owen was a stanch cavalier, and spent with prodigal generosity, his blood and treasure in the falling cause of his royal master. He was declared by the Parliament, after the death of the king, a stubborn delinquent : his estate became confiscated, and was sold for a mere trifle by the Parliamentary commissioners. He saved his head by secretly residing with his family among the mountain fastnesses of the country, under the faithful protection of a poor shepherd.

When Charles the Second ascended the throne of his ancestors, the former owner of Trevalun was sinking into the grave, beggared and broken-hearted, stripped of his broad lands and extensive domains, with hardly a shelter to cover him from the rude blast of winter. His friends were not slow in enjoining him to make immediate application for the restitution of his property, but they could only prevail upon him to write to the monarch, stating that he was alive and in poverty; the case with too, too many of the brave cavaliers, and Charles's more immediate friends; and, as may be imagined, no answer ever arrived from him. When Sir Owen was remonstrated with, for not making direct and personal application at the foot of the throne, he would, in his old age, erect his fine tall person, into the dignified and upright carriage of his former days, and answer with fortitude, that if the king had not the heart and the generosity to recognise the substantial and loyal friends of his martyred father and himself, during the dark portion of their years, he would never sully his reputation by demanding a recompense for what he had willingly and voluntarily risked. Nevertheless, when the swell of this virtuous passion subsided, a tear would start in his faded eye, and trickle down his withered features, when he reflected upon the helpless situation of his only son, and the miserable heritage which he was dooming upon his descendants.

His son, the only one of five who had outlived the wars and troubles of the period, resolved to perform what his father could not be prevailed upon to attempt. He accordingly took a journey to London for the purpose of laying his affairs before Charles, and to represent to him their destitution, in the hopes of exciting in the mind of the king some degree of sympathy, and of doing an act of justice towards the family. After some difficulty he managed to obtain an interview, but soon discovered that Charles lent an unwilling ear to his statements; that monarch, in a most heartless and unfeeling manner, abruptly terminated the conference by demanding, from one of his adulatory courtiers, the name of the play to be performed that evening. Gryffydd felt his blood rushing to his heart at Charles's base conduct, and was so overmastered by passion that he even dared to demand some notice of his application as an act of justice due to the friend of his royal predecessor. Charles bit his lip and frowned upon the noble youth before him, desired him to withdraw, and leave the documents with his chamberlain, with a promise of investigating the matter.



Gryffydd rushed out of the palace, heartily cursing his folly for seeking an interview with such an ingrate, and determining in his own mind, to throw his papers into the fire the moment he arrived at the inn, leave London immediately, and no longer depend upon "princes' favors;" but, by the time he arrived at his temporary residence, he became cooler and ultimately concluded upon obeying the king's directions. He remained in town for some days, anxiously waiting for a communication from the dispenser of royal favors, but each day in succession only brought with it disappointment, and his heart had become sickened. He at last discovered his scanty stock of money dwindle so fast, that he found it absolutely necessary to return home, which he accordingly did, and, as might be expected, his resolution was a wise one; for the volatile king never even troubled himself with a thought of the aged baronet and his son.

Sir Owen died in a few months, and in a short time subsequently to his decease, the son found himself in the possession of a small estate which, though trifling, placed Sir Gryffydd ab Owen Alynton in comparative affluence. This estate, which was detached from the ancient demesne of Trevalun, had been conveyed at an early period of the civil war as a security for an annuity granted by Sir Owen to a person who afterwards turned out a republican, and the moment Sir Owen failed in the payment of the half-yearly stipend, entered into possession of, and retained it to the day of his death; upon which occurrence the land immediately reverted to Sir Owen's heir.

Sir Gryffydd soon after married the daughter of a neighbouring gentleman, who, though of good family, could afford to give her but a trifling fortune; they lived happily and comfortably together for some years, and would doubtless have so continued, had not an unfortunate event taken place soon after James the Second's accession to the throne. The baronet had endeavoured to forget the loss of his father's possessions, and his wife, in a great measure by her influence and excellent understanding, had convinced him of the folly of allowing the subject to rankle in his bosom and disturb his tranquillity, assuring him that they had enough to supply all their wants and necessities. The Duke of Monmouth, however, had designs upon the throne, and he considered that a man of Sir Gryffydd influence in the Principality, would be no mean acquisition to his party. He accordingly wrote to him a very friendly letter, regretting that, notwithstanding his remonstrances to the highest quarters in favor of the baronet's claims, his applications had been repulsed and mainly through the influence of the then present king, when Duke of York; he further hinted that the time had arrived when he was determined to contest the throne with the usurper, that in the event of the success of his arms, of which he had no doubt, the first step he should take upon the attainment of

his object would be to reinstate Sir Gryffydd in all the rightful possessions of his ancestors.

Without reflecting upon the consequences of Monmouth's precipitate and imprudent enterprise, he immediately assured the prince of his firm attachment to his person and fortunes, and accordingly collected as many followers as he could, and joined him at Wells, where he was received with open arms.

Monmouth's affairs were, upon Sir Gryffydd's arrival, in the most abject state, and he himself seemed to have lost all his energy and action, being depressed with the most unaccountable despondency, and on the point of leaving his unhappy followers to their fate. The baronet, however, though unattended by any great number of followers, removed in some degree these terrific impressions; and, by his counsels and excellent well-timed advice, put the insurgent forces into something like order.

While Sir Gryffydd and Fletcher of Saltoun, one of the most efficient officers in the army, were reconnoitering the enemy, they discovered the negligent disposition formed by Lord Faversham, at Sedgmoor, and immediately retired to the camp and persuaded the prince, though against the earnest entreaties of Lord Gray, who had the command of the horse, to attack the king's army. The battle soon commenced; Monmouth's forces though badly armed and undisciplined, threw the veteran army into disorder, drove them in confusion from their position, and continued the fight until their ammunition failed, and would at last, in all probability, have obtained a decisive victory had they not been prevented by the misconduct of Monmouth, and the cowardice of Gray.

Sir Gryffydd's horse had been shot under him while leading his brave and courageous little band against the centre of the king's army, which he compelled to retire in confusion. At the moment when the cavalry by a spirited charge among the retreating enemy might have secured a glorious victory, they stood coolly surveying, from a gentle rising ground, the advantage which the infantry had secured; Sir Gryffydd when he found that the ammunition had been expended, repeatedly sent to the duke to inform him of the absolute and imperative necessity of ordering the cavalry down, and of supplying the wants of the infantry, but the most infamous confusion reigned every where in the rear, and no answer could be obtained. The king's forces had the sagacity to perceive the disorder, and they in their turn charged: the insurgents retired firmly and unshaken, but being at last galled and infuriated by the loss of their comrades, without the power of retaliating, threw down their firelocks and rushed upon the king's army sword in hand. Sir Gryffydd fought bravely, and many of the king's troops bit the dust under the weight of his powerful arm and broad sword, but being at last overpowered by numbers, he fell covered with wounds, upon a heap of his slaughtered foes,

undistinguished from the common herd, save by his flowing locks which were dabbled in the blood of his victims, and the highly polished and burnished cuirass and corslet which reflected back the pale quivering beams of the moon.

The slaughter was terrible, and the following morning the raven and the kite glutted themselves upon the stiffened corpses of 1500 men. Monmouth and his followers, who had escaped from the battle, were perseveringly hunted down like wild beasts, and perished miserably upon the scaffold; these vengeful persecutions of James and his satellites, mainly produced that hatred of him in the minds of his subjects, which in a few years cost him his throne and his country.

Lady Alynton, having powerful interest at court, and being a near neighbour of John Jefferies, esq. of Acton, the father of the chancellor, who still possessed some influence over the stern and unbending mind of Lord Jefferies, secured for her eldest son the estate of his father. Brought up during years of trouble, her mind had been inured to misfortune, and though warmly and fondly attached to her husband, and his memory, her masculine understanding assured her that she would be rendering injustice to her children if she allowed her feelings of affection to be overmastered by grief and sorrow. The eldest son, Owen ab Gryffydd Alynton, had been matriculated at Jesus college, Oxford; the other, who was considerably his junior, remained under the roof of his surviving parent.

Owen Alynton, upon leaving college, settled at home and became the solace and comfort of his mother during her decline in life. Lady Alynton had given her second son an excellent education for entering into trade, and, through the interest of her family, she succeeded in obtaining for him a situation in a merchant's house, in London; the precepts which Llewelyn Alynton had had ingrafted into his mind, his capacity for business, and assiduous and close attention to the duties of the concern which were at all times uppermost in his thoughts, soon established him in the good opinion of his superiors, and his prospects in life were fair and promising.

Owen Alynton, soon after his mother's death, married the daughter of an ancient house on the borders, the Pulestons of Havod y Wern, who, like himself, had become impoverished during the late wars; she, however, possessed the most valuable qualities in a wife, an excellent mind, and the most perfect amiability of temper, and proved, during the short period that she was allowed to sojourn in this bitter and trying world, the solace of her husband, "the balm of comfort, and the source of joy," in every trying hour. She died shortly after giving birth to a son, named Meredydd Alynton, and left her husband with the helpless infant, like a scathed oak upon a barren plain, deso-

late and companionless, to stand the brunt of the hurricane, the winter wind, and driving sleet.

It often happens that misfortune has no bounds when it sets in against an individual; the heavy tides of sorrow roll in, in succession, and with increasing vigour, like the ocean waves against the fragile wreck, till their fury sweeps away all record of the past. Mr. Alynton, in an evil hour, was persuaded to join the insurgents in 1715, and was slain in endeavouring to force a passage through the ranks of the king's forces, at Preston in Lancashire, and his estate became forfeited to the crown.

"Suppose we replenish," said the veteran; "what say you?" "With all my heart," I replied. "Is it to be an encore?" My friend nodded assent, and called for the *garçon*, who in a short time made his appearance. "*Encore de café, et de cogniac deux petits verres.*" "*Oui, messieurs,*" said the waiter. My friend replenished his pipe, and I was supplied with another cigar: therefore, we may as well begin another chapter during the interval, as he intimated that what he had already stated was merely introductory.

## CHAPTER II.

Meredydd Alynton, upon the death of his father, was transferred by his uncle to the fostering care and protection of a distant relation of the family; and was subsequently removed to a school of considerable repute, in the neighbourhood of London, where he remained till of sufficient age to undertake the duties of a junior clerk in the establishment of his wealthy relative. At the age of sixteen he found himself, on a foggy November morning, perched at a lofty desk, with a gigantic ledger before him, in an incommensurable room, in one of those ancient and venerable habitations in a narrow and confined court leading out of Lower Thames street. The novelty of his situation, for a few days, no doubt, amused him exceedingly; and, to do him justice, he felt as if he had but one resource left to keep him from starvation: his attention and assiduity were unexampled in a person of his age and disposition; for, in his early youth, he had been led to suppose that a life of independence was in prospect for him; and, subsequently, that he should inherit the vast wealth of his uncle, to whom he was the sole heir and next of kindred. In a few years his reputation was thoroughly established, and he succeeded to the post of head accountant to the concern.

His close application to the desk produced, shortly after this

event, some derangement in his health, and he was advised to take a tour into the country; he accordingly determined upon visiting, once more, the dear green valleys and bright streams of Cambria, where he hoped to

“Hail in each crag a friend’s familiar face,  
And clasp the mountain in his mind’s embrace.”

He accordingly purchased a smart, active, little horse for the purpose of travelling from London, in preference to an imprisonment for nine days in the Fly, which was at that time advertised as the fast travelling conveyance from the metropolis to the ancient city of Chester. At the close of the fifth day he arrived within view of the quiet and secluded little village of Gresford, and he proceeded, with a palpitating heart, to the neat and elegant little cottage of his foster parent, Mrs. Prytherch, where he had spent, during the unclouded years of infancy, many merry and happy days under her affectionate protection. The cottage stood upon a gentle rising ground, on the bank of the river Alun, the prospect from which extended as far as the eye could reach, into the fruitful pasturages of Cheshire, and was screened from the western gales by the gradual ascent of the Welsh mountains, which were mottled by cloud and sunshine with the most beautiful hues that imagination could conceive. The little stream, as it struggled in its winding course through the valley, and dashed its crystal spray against the rocks that gleamed in the setting sun, produced a scene which the mind involuntarily attributed to any thing but reality. Alynton for a few minutes stood under the shade of a gigantic chesnut, and he felt himself rooted to the spot with delight and satisfaction; he could not resist drawing the comparison between the paradise, the fairy-land, before him, and the busy world which he had so recently left behind.

He was then standing upon the land of his ancestors, but no longer his; a stranger now revelled in their halls: he knew and felt the severe judgment that befell them in succession; the fullness of his heart gave way; a hectic flush passed over his pale features, and his lip for a moment quivered when he thought of those he had loved so well and mourned so deeply; but his maturer and better reflections recalled him to a patient acquiescence in the will of Providence, and he turned from the scene so full at once of beauty and sadness, without any feeling of animosity or envy to those who held the domains of his forefathers.

Alynton remained some days with his kind and affectionate second parent, and his health was soon so thoroughly established, that he determined upon extending his visit into the interior of the Principality: he proceeded by a slow route for the purpose of investigating every subject with attention, and filling his port-

folio with sketches of the most picturesque scenery, for the gratification of his city friends.

After having explored the grey ruins of Denbigh castle, and admired, through the broken arches, the beautiful and gorgeous scenery of the vale of Clwyd, Alynton passed over the then great common or waste, called Denbigh green, towards St. Asaph, and failed not to delineate every object that struck his attention, and among them the trenches and lines that were formed by the republican forces under General Mytton, when besieging the castle, of which I suppose there are now no traces, the land being enclosed and in a high state of cultivation.

It was in the cool of the evening when he arrived at a cluster of small cottages, under the shelter of a lofty rugged hill, covered with venerable oak and underwood, except in a few spots where the red sandy soil had slipt and given way under the overwhelming influence of the storm and weight of timber, the trunks of which were lying broken and in confusion, partly on the bank and partly in the channel of the rapid Elwy beneath.

These small white cottages, with the mantled foliage of the ivy and honeysuckle flourishing around the walls, looked extremely picturesque, contrasted with the dark and sombre wood above them, and shed an appearance over the scene of serenity and happiness. Here it was that he was directed to inquire for a guide to shew him the vale of Fynonvair; and you will, no doubt, recognise the spot to be that where the elegant bridge, called Pont 'r allt Goch, is situated. Alynton feeling somewhat fatigued with his ride dismounted, and having rapped at the door of the neatest cottage, he was confronted by a good-looking female, who immediately made an obeisance to him, and he begged to be informed whether she could put him on the road to the valley. "*Dim Saesneg, sir!*" was as usual the reply, and he therefore was compelled to put, as he had often done before, his scanty stock of Welsh in requisition. She told him that she would call her *Hogun*, who should accompany him to the place, which was but a very short distance off; and, in the mean time, requested him to walk in. A cloth was laid upon the polished oaken table which rivalled the snow in whiteness; and, in defiance of all remonstrances, a homely but substantial meal placed before him. "When you have done," said she, "and not before then, I'll call the lad; you have had a long journey, and must be fatigued." There he found true hospitality, the boast of many but the attribute of few; the simple cottager knew the luxury of ministering to the wants of others, and of doing a good action.

When Alynton had finished his repast, which was sweetened by the pleasure he felt in reflecting upon the genuine good feeling of his countrywoman, she went to the door, and, with a shrill voice

which echoed from wood to rock, produced a reply from Shonun, who shortly made his appearance with a fishingrod and a basket of fine saffron-bellied trout. The boy appeared to be about ten years of age, strong, active, and intelligent, and comfortably clothed in materials of home manufacture, which betrayed the industry of the cottager.

Alynton, having found that the offer of remuneration would be treated with displeasure, thanked her heartily for her good cheer, and, the boy having mounted behind him, they forded the river. After winding a short distance through the underwood, on the banks, he found himself at the entrance of a beautiful little, sequestered valley, of about a mile in length, and extremely narrow; the opposite extremity formed by gigantic rocks, here and there covered with brushwood, and a few lofty trees which found root on the ledges. They cast a gloomy shade over the stream, which rushed furiously through a deep fissure or chasm, barely wide enough, from the traces of the floods upon the sides of the rocks, to admit the sudden and furious mass of water as it descended from the highlands after a storm. The vale was bounded on either side by lofty eminences, clothed with majestic timber. The rapid Elwy glittered through the wood, on its banks, and roared melodiously in passing over the shelves of rock, in its course through green and luxuriant meadows, which produced in the mind the harmonious feelings of contentment and delight, and lulled to sleep all anxiety for the future and regret for the past.

A short distance from the banks of the stream, on a slight eminence, Alynton discovered the picturesque ruins of the chapel of St. Mary, "fashioned by long-forgotten hands," and almost hidden from the view by a clump of trees. The roofless walls were adorned with the verdant honeysuckle and wallflower; the elegant gothic windows could hardly be distinguished, for the ivy had wreathed its tendrils around them, forming the most elegant and beautiful wreaths; the evening sun was shedding its rays over the summit of the wood, and cast a stream of light, through the darkened windows, upon a crystal stream that escaped under the foundations of the ruin. At the north-west end of the chapel was a large angular well, of curious construction, which threw out the stream of water which has been just noticed: the elaborate carved work around it, though considerably injured by time and defaced by the ruder hand of man, denoted that it was in former days supposed to possess some healing power, and doubtless the resort for pilgrims, like that of St. Winefred, to which it bore in its form great similarity: in a niche above the well was the moss-overgrown remains of a statue of the Virgin, the patroness of the chapel. Alynton had left the boy at the entrance of the meadow, to watch his horse, and he sat himself down upon the root of a tree to endeavour to take a sketch of the ruin, but after



trying more than once to do justice to its beauties, he threw his pencil and his book down in disgust. As he rested upon the steps, on the brink of the well, he could not but regret that this little church should be allowed to fall into ruin, and deplored the policy of those who desecrated it. The feelings which rushed across his mind when he reflected upon the existence, at some period, of those who were lying in the mouldering heaps around him, were such as have occurred to us all in similar situations; on one side he beheld the prison-house of some reckless spirit of Cambria's days of uproar and oppression, and on the other the tenement of the gentle peasant maid, whose beauty and simplicity drew upon her the attentions of a deceiver, and who left her a prey to her own poignant thoughts and ill requited love, to perish like the blighted flower of an early spring. He had not been long in this situation when he perceived a column of smoke curling and winding among the leaves of the trees at the eastern window, and if he had been at all superstitious, might have imagined that the shades of the old clergy were performing the grand mass, and that the smoke was ascending from the incensed censer. He was on the point of examining into the cause, when he perceived a queer, uncouth-looking figure coolly turning over the leaves of his portfolio. His slouched hat and grey frieze coat, bare legs, wicker basket, and long stick, which lay at his side, almost led Alynton to imagine him a pilgrim about to pay his devotions at the shrine of our Lady of the Well; but the oddity of his countenance and earnest attention to the book chased away all feelings of that description, and he hesitated not to disturb him. He happened to be a fisherman, and had been watching Alynton's motions for sometime, as it afterwards turned out; the fire was kindled for the purpose of broiling a fish. The individual was one of those unworthy harpies that is found in most places, a prying, plot discovering, mischief making bailiff, who, when his regular trade failed him, became the disciple of old Isaac Walton, "the honest," as he is called. He found in every action of Alynton, treason, deep and black, against the king and government. His sketches of old castles, and the lines around Denbigh, were plans for the use of the Pretender,—for it was in the year 40; and from the circumstance of his leaving the lad with the horse, almost out of sight, he booked him as a rank papist. The fisherman accordingly posted off to St. Asaph, with the determination of denouncing him to the first magistrate he met. Alynton, from the conduct of the man, considered him any thing but sane, and thought nothing more of the matter; and having remunerated the boy, arrived at St. Asaph, where, in the morning he was surprised by the veritable fisherman in the shape of a constable, and about half a dozen assistants, who took him before the magistrates, who were specially assembled for the occasion.

The report was soon spread about that the Pretender, Charles



Stuart, had been taken; and many a pretty girl and goodly matron regretted the unlucky accident which threw the person of the young prince, who was so handsome withall, into the hands of such a ferret as Twm y Pandy.

Alynton felt exceedingly amused with the absurdity of the charge, and was only reasoned into seriousness by the unaccountable conduct of one of the magistrates, who had been recently appointed, and was desirous of shewing his gratitude, by his zeal for the cause of the reigning family. When Alynton insisted upon identifying himself as the son of Gryffydd Alynton of Gresford, and nephew of Sir Llewelyn Alynton of London, it only added fuel to the fire, and increased the suspicions of the whig justice; he insisted upon committing him forthwith to the county goal. Sir Thomas Salisbury, of Bachegraig, listened with silence for some time to the opinions of his coadjutor, and ultimately, by dint of arguments and remonstrances, succeeded in getting Alynton discharged, upon giving bail to appear when called upon; but he having alleged his utter inability to procure any, Sir Thomas, who took considerable interest in the case, made himself responsible for his appearance, to the evident dissatisfaction of the Dogberry's.

Sir Thomas, when Alynton was at liberty, shook him heartily by the hand, being an old college friend of his father, and gave him an invitation to spend as much time as he pleased at his residence, but stated, that he was sorry his daughter was not at home to do the honours. Alynton declined on the ground of the shortness of his stay in Wales, but the old baronet shook his head, looked sly, and hinted that he had marred the business by mentioning her absence. Alynton, however, assured him that he would call upon his return and spend a day or two at Bachegraig, and thanked him for his valuable assistance in getting him out of the scrape: they parted both delighted with the rencontre.

Alynton was now approaching the wild scenes of Carnarvonshire; the contrast between the rich and varied landscapes, and the fertile valleys of the country he had hitherto passed through, the numerous villages that stud the brows of the Clwydian hills, and the sublimity and grandeur of the towering and barren rocks and mountains before him, produced in his mind feelings of awe and surprise. As he surveyed them from the banks of the Conwy, a turn in the road opened to his admiration another scene of unexampled beauty and splendor, as the sun was retiring beyond the verge of a distant promontory, its last rays fell upon the elegant machecolated towers of Conwy castle, and as the dark shadow of the ruin was reflected in the bright expanse of waters, that seemed to surround it, a light vapour shed a divine halo on all around. The vessels too, which were drifting in upon the bosom of the deep, hardly ruffled by a curling wave, with their white sails

expanded to catch the expiring breeze of evening, produced a scene of extraordinary beauty, and almost led the mind to conceive that it was by other influence than that of simple nature and of art. He was disturbed from his reverie by the hoarse voices of the ferrymen, who were hastening him to enter the boat which was about to cross to the opposite shore. The splendid scenery on the banks of the Conwy, and the immediate neighbourhood of the venerable little town, together with the magnificent ruins of its fortress, occupied the attention of the wanderer for a few days.

Alynton, in his progress through the wild and mountainous parts of Carnarvonshire, found, at every step, something to excite his attention and astonishment, the people in their manners were primitive and consequently interesting to an individual who had mixed in the busy scenes of life from infancy. Although the inhabitants of the more remote parts of Wales are little altered in their simplicity of manners at the present day, yet it may be supposed that since the different roads have been opened through the country, and the many thousand English who have of late years frequented Wales during the summer months, that some change must have taken place in their character. He found them at all times, when treated with civility and cordiality, communicative, candid, and generous, and they seemed to feel the highest gratification in sharing their humble and scanty meal with every passer-by; but, to those who addressed them in a haughty style, or to the ignorant few who sneered at their attempts to answer them in the English language, they were stubborn, unbending, and repulsive; the lowest peasants seemed to look upon the stranger who frequented their country for the purpose of trade as far below them in the scale of society, and even prided themselves upon their simplicity, virtuous mode of life, and honest poverty. Alynton, who made a point of conversing with them upon all occasions in his native tongue, found them ready to divide their last *torth ceirch*, or oaten cake, with him, and every door was open at his approach, and a smile upon every countenance; nothing could prevail upon them to accept the smallest gratuity for what they could so ill afford to part with.

His sojourn, therefore, amid the rocks and mountains of Snowdonia was long, and to him truly interesting; during his stay with the mountaineers, he became inured to their fatigues and toils, and felt his heart beat with joy when he followed them in their athletic pursuits, over the most dangerous passes and loftiest mountains, whose sides rose perpendicularly from the shore of some Alpine lake, and buried their jagged summits in the drifting clouds. Often did he stand for hours upon the summit of Snowdon's highest peak to watch the clouds as they drifted furiously through the frightful gullies, and to admire the splendor of the lightning and the awful roar of the thunder as it leapt from peak to peak among the crags and rocks, which echoed back their thousand reverberations. He

courted the sublimity of nature in all her most savage and fierce forms, and was, in every characteristic, the child of rock and mountain.

One evening, while he was scudding before the wind on the lake of Llanberis in a small skiff, in company with a mountaineer, a gust of wind, which rushed through one of the gaps of the mountains, instantly caught the sail and upset them; they were, however, both excellent swimmers, and fortunately within such a distance from shore that they succeeded in gaining it without much difficulty. The accident was perceived from the windows of a beautiful little rustic cottage; the owner immediately ran out for the purpose of rendering them assistance; and they were requested to walk in and dry themselves. The proprietor appeared to be a farmer or herdsman, and spoke English with fluency, though with a strong accent; the evening was getting late, and Alynton's temporary residence some miles distant up the country, and he gladly accepted the offer of a bed for the night, when he found that he should not be incommoding any one. They were sitting around a glowing fire of turf, and the farmer had been amusing them with a few tunes upon his triple-stringed harp, when a lovely girl, of about twenty years of age, entered with a basket upon her arm. She moved timidly to Alynton, and her parent shook her by the hand and told him that she was his only child and housekeeper, and had but just returned from Carnarvon market; he threw out some hints as to the lateness of the hour, and questioned her about her stay; she blushed deeply, but made no reply, and retired. Alynton had frequently seen many lovely peasant girls amid these mountain recesses, but he saw none that appeared so truly interesting. Her figure was above the middle size, well knit, and beautifully formed; and her features, which were commanding but truly feminine, were surrounded with fine dark silky locks, which seemed to have escaped from their fetters and hung in natural curls over her shoulders; the contour of the countenance and her dark piercing eye would have stamped her in England as an Andalusian, her clear rosy lips and beautiful symmetry of foot and ankle would have borne out the comparison. She soon returned, and enlivened the evening not only with her animated conversation but with her vocal powers, accompanied by the harp, on which she played in a masterly manner. It was with regret that Alynton found the hours fly away so suddenly, and he fain would have craved the indulgence of a few minutes longer, had he not perceived that he had already trespassed upon the natural rest of his entertainers.

He and his companion were ushered into a plain but comfortable chamber, in which was a bed; the peasant threw himself on a rug on the floor and soon gave notice that he had sunk to sleep; but Alynton found a difficulty in following his example,

and was disturbed by odd dreams and fancies, which fitted before his imagination and deprived him of that balm of all cares.

The moon was shining brilliantly on the surface of the *llyn*, and he watched its silvery rays as they flickered on the rippling waves; he fancied that some one passed the window, but, at the moment, he did not pay any attention, supposing that it might be some of the cattle that were browsing on the green sward on the margin of the lake. He presently heard a voice in a melodious strain sing a few stanzas in Welsh, but so low and indistinctly, that it was hardly possible to arrive at the meaning; the voice gradually rose to a higher pitch, and he caught the concluding verses, which I have attempted to render into English.

One word from thee, my charming maid,  
 In gloomy sorrow's hour,  
 One cheering glance from thy bright eye  
 Will act like magic power.  
 Oh! rush then to my open arms  
 Thou loved and beauteous form;  
 I'll guard thee from the winter's wind,  
 And house thee in the storm,  
 Thou fairest of Arvon's daughters.

The moon is up, my steed is nigh;  
 Oh, haste thee then away:  
 I'll take thee to my ancient hall  
 Before the break of day.  
 My home is in a sylvan dale  
 On Mona's lovely strand;  
 Oh, fly with me, thou fair one, dear,  
 To rich and fertile land,  
 Thou fairest of Arvon's daughters.

These bleak and dreary mountains  
 Are desolate to me;  
 A fairer and a brighter home  
 Is ready now for thee.  
 A heart, a truer never beat  
 For woman's love than mine:  
 'Twill still respond, as years roll on,  
 The warmest throb of thine,  
 Thou fairest of Arvon's daughters.\*

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\* "The air to which he sang it has not been handed down to me, but I have no doubt," said the marchand, "that my excellent friend Mr. PARRY, the talented and patriotic collector of the Welsh National Melodies, will be able to furnish it."

Alynton endeavoured to discover the serenader, but failed: the voice appeared, however, to proceed from a small clump of trees in front of the house. Presently he heard a window open, and the voice of Gwenllian cautioning him to be more circumspect, as there were strangers within. The interview lasted a few minutes, when the casement again closed; and he observed a person wrapped in a cloak retreating through some low brushwood. Alynton soon composed himself to sleep, and was disturbed by his companion at the break of day: he thanked the farmer for his good cheer and entertainment, and, having made several ineffectual attempts to behold his daughter after her night's disturbance, they set sail and arrived at the village of Llanberis without further accident.

In a few days, Alynton, in one of his rambles, arrived once more at Llanberis, and had intended to pay a visit to the farmer and his daughter Gweno. He was sitting at a small public-house situated on the banks of the lake, when two or three little chubby-cheeked urchins came rushing into the room boisterous in all the happiness of infancy: like the children of all houses of entertainment, they were wholly unconscious of the presence of a stranger: their conduct, which doubtless the landlady would have allowed to pass unnoticed in the presence of a less honoured guest, was severely punished; Alynton defended the children, and begged that she would allow the little saplings of future manhood to amuse themselves, for he felt a pleasure in beholding the gambols of her lively and interesting family. "Ah!" said she, "they are now young and innocent, but I trust that the grave will receive them ere they turn their backs upon their parent's home with ingratitude for the past; may no child of mine act like the only one of Morgan ab Evan!" Alynton immediately recognised the name as that of the hospitable farmer, and inquired what had happened. The hostess informed him that his daughter had eloped with a person who had resided for some time in the neighbourhood, under the pretence of fishing, and of amusing himself with his gun in the mountains. Alynton had frequently seen an individual of that description, and he appeared far above the station of Gwenllian. "Her father," said she, "has been deserted in his old age, a widower as he is, and I fear that the shock will sink his grey hairs prematurely to the grave, now the ruin of his only child and only comfort has, in all probability, been effected by her heartless seducer. They were seen entering a boat together at Carnarvon early one morning, and have not since been heard of: would to God," added she, "that they were both at the bottom of the raging element, for the old man's sake!"

Alynton's blood boiled at the base conduct of the wretch who had enticed away the lovely blossom of the mountain, and it occurred to him immediately that he must be the serenader; he felt no inclination to trespass upon the parent's seclusion, and

he left the rustic little inn with a heavier heart than when he arrived.

Having spent a considerable time among the *Creigiau Eryri*, he proceeded to Carnarvon, and having sent his pony and gear on to Aber by a peasant, crossed over the Menai to Anglesea, and, after proceeding along the coast, arrived at Beaumaris, where he remained a day or two for the purpose of visiting the ruins of the castle and ancient abbeys in the neighbourhood, for he found

“ A magic in the ruined battlement,  
For which the palace of the present hour  
Must yield its pomp and art, till ages are its dower.”

The view from this sweet town across the bay towards the Snowdonian alps is magnificent, and may be safely alleged to be the most striking in Wales. However, the hour for parting at length arrived, and Alynton bade farewell to the merry isle of Anglesea and her dark-haired beauties. The boat was already loaded, but he managed to find a corner unoccupied; the evening was sultry and oppressive, and heavy clouds at no great distance indicated the near approach of a thunderstorm. The sea was calm, and a slight breeze but gently ruffled the surface. His companions were principally of the lower orders: a few drovers with their blue great-coats and long whips occupied the bow, and two females, apparently of respectability, and a young man who might be considered upon cursory inspection to be above the middle class, occupied the stern, together with a servant in livery. Alynton thought he had seen the young 'squire before; and he found that the female at his side, whose countenance was hidden by the drooping hood of her cloak, eyed him rather narrowly, and whispered to her companion. The other lady was enshrouded in a cloak likewise, with a thick veil over her face, a low-crowned black hat, with a golden buckle in front, adorned her head; however, she was so enigmatically dressed, that it defied the power of Alynton to discover whether she was young or old, though her foot, as if warring against imprisonment, seemed to court public admiration under the ample folds of her garment; it was small and beautiful, and confined in a black silk shoe, which almost convinced him that she must not only be young, but lovely.

It was some time before Alynton had an opportunity of entering into conversation. The sea, before the boat had proceeded half a mile from the shore, became considerably agitated, and the breeze increased rapidly, and veered round almost dead against them, which rendered it necessary to tack; the wind lent him at last a helping hand towards the gratification of his wishes, and blew her veil on one side, and exposed, for a moment, the features

of youth and beauty. He adjusted her cloak, which had been partly removed by the same rude breeze. She thanked him with an inclination of the head: they soon after entered into conversation, and he could judge from his very short acquaintance that she was a person of education. The wind now blew furiously and the thunder howled at a distance, the sea was one continued mass of foam; the sea-birds were scudding wildly over the waves, and dashing and screaming through the spray. The boat danced like a living thing upon the water, yet made but slight progress. Darkness was coming on apace, which made their situation in the frail and open bark truly hazardous and appalling; heavy masses of water passed over them; and it was only by incessant efforts that the boat could be kept from sinking, which unnerved the exertions even of the boatmen. The wind rushed with redoubled fury through the gullies in the mountains, and it was at last determined to send her right before it, and endeavour to make Aber ferry. Alynton felt the worst presentiments, but wisely kept them to himself; the young lady seemed to throw herself upon his protection, for her man servant had sunk into the bottom of the boat, overcome with fear and sickness. Alynton quietly and unperceived unbuttoned her cloak and hat, for the purpose of rendering her escape the easier, should the worst consequences ensue. The lights upon the shore were now seen, and the Aber bell tolled, as is customary in foggy and stormy weather. They were, it was supposed, about half a mile from the shore, and the tide was ebbing, which rendered the approach still more dangerous. Alynton disencumbered himself of his coat, and it was fortunate he did so, for the boat in a few moments dashed upon a sunken rock, and was instantaneously filled by the raging element; he saw, by a flash of lightning, one half the passengers washed overboard; his companion, who had already clung to his person in the agony of despair, cried out: "Save me! oh, save me, for mercy's sake! for my poor father's sake," she shrieked, "save me!" Another wave overwhelmed them, and they were one and all engulfed in the roaring mass of waters. Alynton firmly grappled her in his arm when he heard the roaring wave approaching, and threw himself and her along with it, and was hurled forward with the most impetuous fury for some time; still he tenaciously held her within his grasp, and buffeted the waves as they dashed against him and his load: he was fortunately cast upon a sand-bank at a moment when he almost despaired of saving even himself. The efforts which he had undergone rendered him nearly helpless, but he managed to carry her farther in shore, when he sunk down, absolutely overpowered: partially recovering, he shouted as loud as he could, and was shortly after joined by some of the inhabitants, who carried her to a cottage. She gave signs of life: the moment she recollected herself, her



eye seemed to search for the person of her deliverer, and she failed not to recognise him, wan and worn out with fatigue as he appeared; she took his hand and gently pressed it, and, as if ashamed of what she had done, covered her pale and lovely features in her hands: Alynton immediately retired, hoping in his own mind that she might be restored to health on the morrow.

Having taken some brandy, he felt himself sufficiently strong to return to the shore, with the view of rendering assistance to some unfortunate object who might require it in such an hour. He was hurrying past the door of a cottage when he was requested by a female to step in, to prevent a young man, who had just been saved, from rushing back to the sea, and terminating his earthly career. Alynton recognised the person whom he had noticed in the boat, as of respectable rank in life; he found him raving with despair and the most poignant grief; "Why," said he, "was I saved? and why was I not allowed to share her fate?" He struck his hand violently against his forehead: Alynton spoke to him, and begged that he would compose himself, that in all probability the person he regretted was saved; if it had pleased God to will the contrary it was not for man to gainsay his judgment. He raised his head and looked wildly at him, his hands were clenched firmly on the table. "You speak," said he, "wisely, but I possessed a treasure that I have lost this night which the world cannot purchase,—my wife!" He groaned and dashed his burning forehead upon the table; Alynton felt relieved, when he heard the loud sobs, and saw the tears moisten his cheeks, and trickle between his fingers. In a few minutes after a female was brought in insensible; the stranger raised his head and instantly rushed to her side and kissed her cold features. He was removed by force from her, and shortly afterwards he had the consolation of knowing that the wife of his bosom had been secured to him; the interview between them was affecting in the extreme, and few, if any, were capable of beholding it with composure. She was the lovely daughter of the farmer of Llanberis, and he subsequently discovered that she was married to the son of a wealthy but eccentric old gentleman in the isle of Anglesea. What his motives might be in eloping with the young girl, without the knowledge of her father, could not be conceived, unless, indeed, he fancied that Morgan ab Evan, who was a straight-forward sort of character and a rigid moralist, would insist upon making the old 'squire acquainted with the transaction before the marriage took place, which would, in all probability, have marred the affair. The young couple left Anglesea with the view of visiting Llanberis once more, and were sufficiently punished for their misconduct by the evils and perils of that frightful and fearful night. Out of three and thirty



souls, thirteen were only saved, and those principally by the efforts of the daring and brave peasantry. Those who perished were in a tide or two washed on shore, and most of them buried in the churchyard of the retired and picturesque little village of Aber, over whose earthly tenement has been recorded the awful catastrophe which deprived them of existence.

By the time the veteran concluded this chapter, the company at the café had almost wholly separated; the dominos were silenced and the chess and backgammon boards at rest.

“The closing hour of day  
Came onward mantled o'er with sober grey,”

and gave intimation that if we remained much longer we should be left by ourselves. He promised to proceed with his tale at our next meeting, and accompanied me to the Place Royale, when we parted. I saw him by the dull glimmering of the lamp, with his bulky pipe in his mouth, hobbling round the corner of the square and down the street called Montagne de la Cour: he was shortly out of sight, and in a few minutes I was fast asleep at the Belle Vue, dreaming of Meredydd Alynton, the interesting and beautiful female he rescued from a watery grave, and the lovely dark-eyed daughter of Morgan ab Evan of Llanberis.

HYWEL.



## THE MOUNTAIN GALLOWAY.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

My tried and trusty mountain steed,  
Of Aberteivi's hardy breed,  
Elate of spirit, low of flesh,  
That sham'st thy kind of vallies fresh ;  
And three score miles and twelve a day  
Hast sped, my gallant galloway.

Like a sea-boat, firm and tight,  
Dancing on the ocean, light,  
'That the spirit of the wind  
Actuates to heart and mind  
Elastic, buoyant, proud, and gay,  
Art thou, my mountain galloway.

Thou'st borne me, like a billow's sweep,  
O'er mountains high and vallies deep,  
Oft drank at lake and waterfall,  
Pass'd sunless gulfs whose glooms appal,  
And shudder'd oft at ocean's spray,  
Where breakers roar'd, destruction lay.

And thou hast snuff'd sulphureous fumes  
Mid rural nature's charnel tombs ;  
'Thou hast sped with eye unscar'd  
Where Merthyr's fields of fire flar'd ;  
And thou wert dauntless on thy way,  
My faithful mountain galloway.

There is a vale, 'tis far away,  
But we must reach that vale to-day ;  
There is a mansion in that vale,  
Its white walls well the eye regale !  
And there's a hand more white they say,  
Shall pat my gallant galloway.

And she is young, and she is fair,  
The lovely one who sojourns there ;  
Oh, truly dear is she to me !  
As thou art mine, she'll welcome thee :  
Then off we go, at break of day,  
On, on! my gallant galloway.

\* \* \* \*

MADOC MERVYN.

## THE ORIGIN OF CHIVALRY.

“The verses in which ancient Cambrian poets had expressed, with overflowing souls, their patriotic wishes and aspirations, were regarded as mysterious predictions. Hence the fantastic celebrity attached to Myrdhin (among the nations of Europe), a bard of the 7th century, five hundred years after his death, under the name of the enchanter Merlin; hence also the extraordinary renown of King Arthur.”—*Conquête d'Angleterre par les Normannais, par M. THIERRY, vol. iii. p. 147.*

THERE are few questions with which a Welshman of the present day is good-humoredly assailed so often by the descendants of the conspirators of “the plot of the long knives,” (Twyll y cyllyll hirion,) as one like this: “Pray what great men has your country produced of late years?” To this we might, we believe, furnish a tolerably satisfactory reply, by showing that Wales, with all her disadvantages, has contributed her full quota to the collective intellectual wealth of the kingdom, did we not think the question in itself a preposterous one. Supposing that Wales has not produced any distinguished men during the period alluded to, we might ask in reply, “When was there an instance of a country similarly circumstanced that had it in its power to make such a boast?” Possessing no town of sufficient size to attract together its aristocracy, and thus form a focus of excitement to native genius; blest until of late with no university; many of the most opulent of its gentry utterly ignorant of the language of the people, and visiting the country for a few months in the year only, and then probably injudiciously evincing the scorn of an absentee for those national feelings and topics of local interests, on which alone the genius of a peasant can be excited; Wales is not a country from which it is just to expect a national literature. This is, in fact, to accuse us of mental inactivity, when every object on which the mind of man is excursively vigorous has been taken from us, to ask us to elicit melody from the mere strings of our mountain harp, after shattering the frame, which alone can give them harmony and expansion. Nothing can be more unfair than to compare our opportunities with those of Ireland and Scotland. It remains yet to be proved that either of these countries has produced a greater number of men of genius in proportion to its population; but, our proposition is, that the species of comparison is perfectly unphilosophical in itself: in weighing the mental exertions of a nation, we are not to reckon them like a herd of bullocks, “by the head;” but the difficulties and the excitements must also be taken into consideration. Now, both the Scotch and the Irish have the advantage of national colleges richly endowed, of a capi-

tal larger than that of many an independent continental state; and in neither of these two nations is there amongst the higher classes a shadow of that unamiable spirit which has been personified by us, (under the name of Dick Sion Davyth,) as vices of most frequent occurrence were amongst the ancients.

To speculate why the Tyrol has not given birth to as many Goëthes, Kants, and Schillers, as northern Germany, or why Connaught has not been so prolific in genius as eastern Ireland, would be nearly as rational as a disparaging comparison between Wales and any other portion of the United Kingdom. The highest praise that a region of mere shepherds can be expected to earn is that its peasantry are moral, religious, and contented, and that its resident gentry are distinguished by the truly paternal solicitude with which they watch over their poorer neighbours, in seasons of general distress.

We do not intend to maintain that we are theoretically deprived of any one blessing that belongs to our fellow-subjects, but we contend that we are placed in a more unfavorable situation than any other people perhaps ever were for exhibiting examples of intellectual superiority, or at least what would be regarded as such, by our fellow-subjects. Should a man of genius rise up amongst us he has every impediment to contend with; if his talent be for the mechanical sciences he is far from those models which abound in manufacturing districts, and which were constantly before the eyes of the Peels and Watts; does he possess a taste for learned investigation, he is remote from those magnificent literary institutions that exist in the capitals of the other three parts of the kingdom; his remote situation deprives him also of the intercourse of kindred spirits which alone adds soundness and perfection to inventive genius. These obstacles present themselves to all classes of our countrymen, but where genius manifests itself amongst our peasantry it is still more hopelessly lost on our English contemporaries; does a poet, of real genius, rise up amongst us, a Bardd Nant or even a Goronwy Owain, his teeming thoughts are as completely hidden from their eyes as the blast that murmurs in our mountain caverns. The dialect in which he sings is not like a playful and antique imitation of their own, its very rudeness impressed with the interest that accompanies the broken accents of childhood; it is not the language of Burns nor of Cunningham, but in every sense a foreign language. It may naturally suggest itself from what has previously been observed, that the only fields of inquiry into which the Cambrian can enter with much chance of success are natural history, and the antiquities of his country; now amongst naturalists few stand higher than Pennant, and amongst antiquaries and philologists the names of Llwyd, Sir William Jones, Dr. Pughe, and Dr. Meyrick, will ever be remembered. In alluding to the last of these, we may remark that, if the history of

Britain itself, were regarded with half the same interest as the legends of Romulus, and his vulpine step mother, the patience, erudition, and acuteness displayed in the "costumes and customs of the ancient Britons," would meet with quite as much admiration as the speculations of Niebuhr.

But why, we may ask, is Wales of all countries that have seen better days, to be confined to *modern* times, in a discussion like this? Much has been said about the genial climate on which the poetical inspiration of Greece depended, and yet how rapid was her mental degeneracy after the fall of her freedom! and how inadequate was the patronage of her Roman masters to reanimate the Pindars and the Tyrtæus of former times! Yet though the Romans extended patronage, and not scorn, to the Greek language and literature, we do not hear of any gasconading young patrician who, during the Augustan age, was in the habit of asking his Greek slave or friends, what great men Greece then possessed, and which of them had eclipsed Horace and Virgil.

The presence of sovereignty on their territory, whether centered in the king or the demos, was the source of Grecian genius; and the slaves of Rome could not even comprehend the free inspiration of their sires, any more than an Englishman of the present day can draw a bow of the time of the Plantagenets. It was this proud consciousness that his genius must necessarily be displayed in the very metropolis of his native land, and be publicly appreciated by every individual, in so small a state as that of which he was a member, that gave such a splendid energy to the efforts of the Grecian poet; hence it was, that the simplest product of his native land, a wreath of wild olive, awakened nobler efforts of genius than all the gold of the Roman tyrant, "who found Rome brick, and left it marble." Why then may we not also content ourselves with an appeal to the past?

We have, it is true, no period in our annals which could boast of its Plato or its Euripides, but we may triumphantly remember the poets that flourished in the time of our independence, and challenge the three other portions of the island to produce from their united archives, poetry, written before that event, which can for a moment be compared with the lays of the ancient Cambro-British poets. Let our English friends select one single English poet of those times fit for Gray to imitate, or Wiffen\* to translate, and we will at once admit, that "dull mysticism" is the basis of our character, and admit it without any "smouldering anger" in our hearts. But if, on the other hand, they have never been able to do any such thing, does not such a result seem to suggest the wisdom of abstaining from rash accusations of Bœotian dulness inherent in a Cambrian occiput? lest the insinuation might be made

\* Mr. Wiffen is translating the old British poet Aneurin.

that English poetical genius began to develop itself only, when the two nations began to be confounded, and Cambrian Gower learnt the English tongue.

I am by no means disposed to dispute the intrinsic beauty of the chivalrous legends that were recited by the troubadour, in the hall of the Anglo-Norman Baron; they were the very sources of all the civilization of the middle ages; but this very admission is the proudest homage to the mental supremacy of the British race, if these legends be themselves of British or Armorican origin. Amongst the various theories that have been adopted on the origin of the legends of Chivalry, some have attempted to trace them to Arabia, others to the forests of Germany; but the following remarks of Bishop Percy have always appeared to my mind conclusive: "Armorica or Bretagne was the first province of France in which they were known, and from them the Arabians, [and he might have added the Germans,] most remote not more in situation than in the manners and habits of its Welsh inhabitants."

M. Sismondi has congratulated himself very much on the Norman-French origin, to which, he thinks, he can ascribe the romances of chivalry; this inference, he deems, conclusively arises from the utter impossibility which he finds of tracing their peculiar tone of feeling and sentiment to any other country; and he proves that the *trouveurs*, or minstrels of Normandy, preceded the troubadours of Provence by a long interval. In this question, however, he has omitted to examine a test which must be conclusive against his conjecture, the nature of the legends of chivalry themselves. Now the favorite scene of these legends is either Britain or Brittany; their grand hero, who is to them like Achilles to the *Iliad*, is the British king Arthur. Whether the notions that they entertained of this personage were historically correct or not is immaterial; if we find a British king and a British court the favorite topics of Norman Minstrelsy, it is impossible to understand how this could have come to pass, without some literary influence from Britain.

M. Sismondi's remarks are certainly very satisfactory, as far as they prove that Normandy was the first of *French* provinces, in which the legends of chivalry were current, and that from Normandy they were disseminated through France and England. But it certainly is not a little extraordinary that it should have escaped that writer's discernment, how utterly preposterous it was to imagine that the poetical feeling of these northern settlers should spontaneously select for its object Britain and Brittany, the first a country of which they knew nothing, and the latter a district with which they were often at war. Had they still adhered to the wild songs of the Scalds, it would have been consistent with their Scandinavian descent, if they had adopted the historical traditions

of France; it would also be perfectly intelligible; but, when we find the names of a British king and British localities mixt up with the very elements of their civilization, M. Sismondi's hypothesis must be admitted to be unsatisfactory. The two following romances were selected from *Le Grand's Fabliaux*, by J. R. Richter, as a specimen of the oldest French or Norman romance; their Celtic origin is strongly apparent.

**LANVAL**, (*from "Le Grand's Fabliaux et Contes du 12me et 13me Siecle, Paris."*)

"Lanval was the most beautiful in countenance, and the bravest in fight, of the knights of Arthur, king of Britain. A beautiful fay became enamoured with him; they vowed eternal fidelity to each other, and Lanval promised never to reveal the secret of their love. It happened sometime afterwards, that the most beauteous of the ladies of the court of Carduel became inspired with a passion for Lanval, but he still rejected all her advances. Indignant at this contempt of her charms she attempted to elicit his secret from him, but in vain. She then employed her influence at the court, and Lanval was condemned to die. The scaffold was erected, the whole court was assembled, Lanval stood prepared to die with the executioner by his side, when a dwarf appeared as a messenger from an unknown lady, and begged a short delay of the sentence. Then the lady herself appeared on a white palfrey, and the malignant princess heard, with the anguish of envy, the whole court exclaim, that a countenance so beautiful they had never seen before. It was the fairy, she looked on Lanval with a smile of rapture and gratitude for his well proved constancy, flung him on her palfrey, and bore him away to fairy-land.

#### GRÜELAN.

"One day as Grüelan was wandering in the woods and forests on his steed Godefer, he came to a stream, by the side of which he beheld a beautiful fay asleep. Enraptured with her beauty, the inconsiderate knight drew near, and stole a kiss; the fay awoke indignant at the insult, Grüelan used every means in his power to appease her, and vowed that her irresistible attractions were the only cause of his crime. It ended with a vow of mutual fidelity, and Grüelan promised not to reveal the secret to any mortal. It was not long, however, before the Royal Genevra made Grüelan a profession of her love, which Grüelan rejected. So much was Grüelan persecuted and perplexed by her, that he was at last obliged to declare that he was plighted to another, and to reveal the name of his mistress.

But now when he rides out in the forests he no longer meets his beloved Morgana, neither by the rivulet, nor by the fountain. One morning he was wandering about in recklessness and despair, when Godefer bore him to the very stream where he first beheld the fairy. He dismounted, and was going to rush headlong from the shore, when his beloved Morgana appeared at his side, promised him her forgiveness, and, for the confidence produced by his firm affection, avowed to him, that her slumber by the rivulet was a mere feint to gain his affection. A

boat appeared on the waters and bore them away to fairy-land. Godefer staid behind, but every year, on the return of the day on which his master had disappeared, he returns and stamps with his foot on the shore.

To any person at all conversant with the Welsh language, the names in these tales will immediately betray their British origin. Genevra is evidently Gwenhwyvar, the unfaithful wife of Arthur, frequently mentioned in the Triads. How then, we may again ask, is it possible to agree with M. Sismondi, in referring these tales to a purely Norman origin?

In Basnage's Coutumier of Normandy, there is a passage that at once explains the mystery: he says that Rollo, the captain of these Scandinavians, who settled in Neustria, invited many of the Breton gentry to settle amongst his followers. His object in this is supposed to have been the civilization of his countrymen, for the Bretons (though they sunk into insignificance when their country became a province of France,) were always looked upon, in the middle ages, as a peculiarly enlightened and civilized people.\* Now it is the uniform course of things, that the barbarian people, under such circumstances, become enamoured of the literature of its instructors; thus the Roman classics are still revered in England, and some of the Polynesians have probably, by this time, read Shakspeare. But there is a still more conclusive circumstance than even this: Mr. Ellis has remarked that the Norman *trouveurs* actually refer to the Bretons as their masters, and the word *trouv-eur* is, as has been well remarked by Peter Roberts, as regularly formed from the British word *trov-i*, to consecrate a man a bard, as the word *instruct-or* is from *instruct*, or *build-er* from *build*.

But the most curious part of this subject is the minute similarity that may be traced between the habits of the old Britons, as handed down to us in the Triads, and many of the usages and notions of chivalry. The most prominent character in the institutions of chivalry is the knight. The English knight is generally treated as equivalent to the Latin equestrian, or horseman; but neither amongst the Norsemen nor the German tribes was the privilege of riding on horseback uniformly considered as a distinction of rank; amongst the Cymry, on the contrary, it was the peculiar privilege of a "freeborn Cambrian;" or, in other words, any one who could trace an unsullied pedigree for nine generations: those who could not do so, were not allowed even to learn to ride.

"There are three arts of a gentleman: arms, horsemanship, and the pleasures of the chase; and no person must learn any one of these, unless he be a freeborn Cambrian.—*Triad*, 79.

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\* See Mr. Ellis's Specimens of Ancient Romance.



Amongst the Cambrians, therefore, the knight or horseman was identical with the "knight of chivalry," the man of "gentle blood."

*The harp*, which became so favorite an amusement amongst the Crusaders, and which is said to have released Cœur de Lion from his confinement, was unknown amongst the Teutonic and Latinized nations. Amongst the Cambro-British it was one of the indispensable accomplishments of a gentleman; and we have classical authority to prove that it existed amongst the ancient Britons before Cæsar.

"There are three indispensables of a freeborn gentleman: his tunic, his *harp*, and his kettle; and they are paid for by a general contribution."  
—239th of *Probert's Triads of Dynwal Moelmud*.

The punctilious regard of the knight-errant to the purity of his descent, and the preservation of his hereditary escutcheon, met, in aftertimes, with the castigation of the pen of Cervantes. Amongst the old Welsh, this was not a matter of personal vanity, but is spoken of, in the laws of Moelmud, as a measure of political precaution. See *Probert's Laws of Moelmud*, pages 35 and 36.

I may add to this, the ridicule that our apparent pride of ancestry has exposed us to; but in a nation like the old Cymry, whose numbers did not render it impracticable, and amongst whom the fate of war sometimes involved all but remote relations, it was absolutely necessary to exclude from the councils of state all but men of pure Cambrian descent, in order to prevent the treachery of foreign connexions. Thus, all those romantic institutions, heterogeneous, extraneous, and fantastic, when adopted by other nations, were identical with the sound political regulations of the Cymry. Every Briton who aspired to any office of dignity was obliged to prove a pure Cambrian descent through nine generations.

There is, to the philologist, a strong corroboration of the truth of this fact, and of the authenticity of those laws in which it is found, from the circumstance that distinct names are employed for each individual link in the chain of descent.

#### *Scale of Lineal Kindred.*

##### DESCENDING KINDRED.

8. Gorchengaw,	Gorchengawes.	Son, Daughter in the 7th degree.
7. Hengaw,	Hengawes.	.. .. 6th degree.
6. Gorchaw,	Gorchawes.	.. .. 5th degree.
5. Gaw,	Cawes.	.. .. 4th degree.
4. Gorwyr,	Gorwyras.	.. .. 3d degree.
3. Wyr,	Wyres.	Grandson, Granddaughter.
2. Mab,	Merch.	Son, daughter.
1. Tad,	Mam.	Father, Mother.

##### ASCENDING KINDRED.

1. Tad,	Mam.	Father, Mother.
2. Tadcu,	Mamgu.	Grandfather, Grandmother.

3. Hendar,	Henvam.	Father,	Mother in the 3d degree.
4. Gorbendar,	Gorbenvam.	..	.. 4th degree.
5. Taid,	Nain.	..	.. 5th degree.
6. Hendarid	Hennain.	..	.. 6th degree.
7. Gorbendarid,	Gorbennain.	..	.. 7th degree.

Words are formed according to the necessities of life; and the English, whose legal institutions seldom lead them to look beyond the third in descent, have no single word for the "*caw, gorwyr,*" &c. &c.; indeed, amongst the Welsh themselves, these words have become extinct since the subjugation of the Principality to the laws of England; but this, I say, is a mark of truth that the philologist may point out *à priori*, but which the ingenuity of forgery could never have anticipated, particularly in an age when these philological principles were not understood. To this I may add the singular fact, that there is a popular tradition attached to almost every lake in the Principality, in which vengeance is prophesied against a sinful family, in the third generation. This legend is related in the "*Cambro-Briton,*" of Llyn Syvaddon, or Brecknock mere, but the time of retribution is there deferred until the *ninth* generation, which can only be accounted for by the rigid adherence of the people, amongst whom it is found, to the associations of their forefathers, though to them no longer intelligible.

The practice of bearing heraldic arms has by some writers been supposed to have originated with the Crusaders, in the 12th century; but, though many symbols of oriental allusion may have been then adopted, the general practice of using these symbols may have existed before; and accordingly we find, in Probert's *Moelmud*, that the *arms* of a family cut on a particular part of a house was *evidence* of its belonging to *that* family. The British bards were the authorities in heraldry, not as the retainers and parasites of individuals, but the registers of state, whose records were appealed to in all cases of disputed title; and it is difficult to say, whether the preservation of the descent of each individual, by the unimpeachable accuracy of the bardic herald, was not a wise preventive to litigation, which we have good reason to envy in these days. The power which the herald, in the tournament, possessed of interposing and putting a stop to the combat, belonged to the bard, as a branch of his prerogative and duty, as a priest, and a man of peace; and no man dared even to present a naked weapon in his presence. The hospitality which the troubadour *solicited* in his circuits, was a matter of *positive right* in the British bard, (see Edward Williams's *Pastorals*,) perhaps from his original avocation of a priest; and it is recorded, in page 146 of Probert's *Laws of Moelmud*, that an exemption from this burden was one of the privileges with which Rhun (a prince contemporary with Taliesin,) rewarded the valour of the men of Arvon.

But the most important feature in the tales of chivalry is that they uniformly recur to the hero Arthur, and his court, as the source and model of every thing great and heroic. Let us now

consider the Welsh traditions respecting him. In them, as well as in the lays of the continent, he is represented as a king of British race, who defended his country against foreign invaders with unparalleled bravery. In the legends before given, the word Carduel evidently alludes to some British town of a similar name, perhaps Carleon, or Carlisle.

It is not a little singular, that such a paradox should have existed amongst the Norman invaders of the island, as their habit of casting the stigma of barbarism so unsparingly on the brave but unfortunate Cymry, while their minstrels recurred to a Welsh capital as the origin and perfection of all that is refined and ennobling in their own institutions—chivalry: the duty of protecting the oppressed, of employing arms merely in the cause of weakness, innocence, and justice, was no part of the ferocious rites of Thor and Odin; but it was a natural emanation from Druidism, for Druidism was originally a system of peace and benevolence, not more inconsistent with Christianity than was the religion of the patriarchs. (*Williams's Pastorals.*)

The following Triads have always struck me as peculiarly interesting, since they appear to trace the source of that mixture of the incoherent dispositions of war and peace, of which chivalry consisted, to the attempt of the British knights to reconcile their own martial tastes with the doctrines of Christianity.

#### TRIADS.

112. The three free guests having origin in the court of Arthur: Llywarch Hên, son of Elidir Lydanwyn; Llemmenig; and Heiddyn the Tall; and these three were bards.
113. The three compeers of the court of Arthur: Dalldav, son of Cynin Cov; Trystan, son of March, son of Meirchion; and Rhyhsawd, son of Morgant, son of Adras.
114. The three princes of the court of Arthur: Goronwy, son of Echel Vorddwydtwll; Cadraith, son of Porthor Godo; Fleidurflam, son of Godo. That is to say, they were princes possessing territory and dominion, but, notwithstanding this, they preferred remaining as knights in Arthur's court, judging that to be superior to all honour and dignity; and they went by the name of the three just knights.
115. The three golden-tongued knights of Arthur's court: Gwalchmai, son of Gwyar; Drudwas, son of Tryffin; and Eliwlod, son of Madog, son of Uthur. They were the wisest of all the wise of their time; and so fair and gentlemanly was their deportment, and so mellifluous and eloquent were their addresses, that no one could refuse to grant them what they desired.
116. The three wise-counselling knights of Arthur's court: Cynon, son of Clydno Eiddin; Arawn, son of Cynvarch; and Llywarch Hên, son of Elidir Lydanwyn. Prosperity always followed their counsels, if they were attended to, and misfortune happened wherever their counsels were neglected.
117. The three just dispensing knights of Arthur's court: Blâs, son of the prince of Llychlyn; Cadawg, son of Gwallw the warrior;

and Padrogl, the spear-splinterer, son of the king of India. The dispositions of these were to defend all feeble ones, orphans, widows, virgins, and all who had placed themselves under the protection of God and his tranquillity; and all the poor and weak, without exception; and to save them from violence, injury, and oppression. Blas, by the common law; Padrogl, by the law of arms; and Cadawg, by the law of the church and the ordinances of God. And they acted neither from respect, nor fear, nor from love, nor hatred, nor from passion, nor from complaisance, nor from anger, nor from mercy of any kind; but only because it was just and right, according to the law of God, the nature of goodness, and the demands of justice.

118. The three kingly knights of Arthur's court: Morgan, the greatly-courteous son of Adras; Medrawd, son of Llew, son of Cynvarch; and Howel, son of Emyr, of Armorica. It was their disposition to be so placid and mild, and pure in their discourse, that it was difficult for any person to refuse what they wanted.
119. The three lovely knights of Arthur's court: the best towards any guest and stranger, and the most liberal of their gifts and kindness: Gwalchmai, son of Gwyar; Garwy, son of Geraint, son of Erbin; and Cadeir, the adopted son of Seithin Saidai. And no one could be denied what he sought from their courtesy; and so great was their generosity towards every person, that what they gained was the same as if a friend had obtained it on account of real friendship.
120. The three privileged knights of Arthur's court: Eithew, son of Gwrgawn; Coleddawg, son of Gwyn; and Geraint the Tall, son of Cymmanon the aged. They were plebeians, and the sons of vassals; but their word and their disposition for honesty, urbanity, gentleness, wisdom, bravery, justice, mercy, and every praiseworthy quality and science, either in peace or in war, were so good, that the court of Arthur and its privileges were free for them.
121. The three knights of Arthur's court who guarded the Greal:\* Cadawg,† son of Gwynlliw; Illtud, the sainted knight; and Peredur, son of Evrawg.
122. The three continent knights of Arthur's court: Cadawg, son of Gwynlliw; Illtud, the knight; and Bwrt, son of Bwrt, king of Llychlyn. That is, not one of them would commit a carnal sin, nor would they form any matrimonial connexion, nor have any connexion with women, but chose to live as bachelors, and to conduct themselves by the law of God and the Christian faith.
123. The three vain bards of the Isle of Britain: the first was Arthur; the second was Cadwallon, son of Cadvan; and the third was Rhyhawl, the adopted son of Morgant of Glamorgan.
124. The three golden shoe-wearers of the Isle of Britain: Caswallawn, son of Beli, when he went into Gascony to obtain Flur, the daughter of Mygnach the dwarf, who had been taken there, clandestinely, to the emperor Cæsar, by a person called Mwrchan the Thief, king of that country, and the friend of Julius Cæsar; and Caswallawn brought her back to the isle of Britain. Second,

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\* A celebrated book of stories supposed to be long lost.

† Galad ap Lawnselot. Peredur, ap Evrog Burt, ap Burt, king of Gascony.—*Panton Manuscript.*

**Manawydan, son of Llyr Llediaith, when he went as far as Dyved, imposing restrictions. Third, Llew Llaw Gyfes, when he went with Gwydion, son of Don, seeking a name and purpose of Riannon his mother.**

**125. The three chief bards of the isle of Britain: Merddin Emrys; Taliesin, chief of the bards; and Merddin, son of Madawg Morvryn.**

**126. The three royal domains which were established by Rhodri the Great in Cambria: the first is Dinevor; the second Aberfraw; and the third Mathraual. In each of these three domains there is a prince wearing a diadem, and the eldest of these three princes, whichever of them it might be, is to be sovereign; that is king of all Cambria. The other two must be obedient to his commands, and his command is imperative on each of them. He is also chief of law and of eldership in every collective convention, and in every movement of the country and the tribe!**

I may remark on the 114th Triad, that it furnishes an explanation of the "round table," the traditional symbol of Arthur's equality with the knights of his court. These knights were, in reality, the different kings of the Cymry, who were perfectly equal to Arthur, in peace, though, according to the laws, they had elected him their leader in the field: Arthur was, in fact, nothing more than the Agamemnon of the British tribes.

I have thus, I trust, succeeded in pointing out the strong features of resemblance which existed between the customs of chivalry and those of the Cymry; the troubadour, like the bard, was a wanderer who claimed hospitality as his right, the punctilious regard to birth was equally a characteristic of the British freeman and of the European knight-errant; but what is most conclusive of all, is the circumstance that Britain and Brittany are the fairy-land of the poets of the middle ages, in exactly the same way that images borrowed from Greece and Italy continually occur in the writings of Pope, and other poets who have professedly taken the classics for their model. The degree of influence exercised by the Breton bards on the rude followers of Rollo, and the precise state of literature in Brittany, at the time that conqueror settled in Neustria, is a subject of some obscurity; it is to be expected, however, that your able correspondent on Brittany will be enabled to throw considerable light on this interesting subject. However this may be, the great preponderance of British imagery in this aboriginal literature of Europe satisfactorily evinces that the ancient Britons had no inconsiderable share in that extraordinary system which may, perhaps, be regarded as the source and impulse of all the light and the freedom we enjoy in the present day.

Nor ought it to be a matter of slight consolation to us, in these the days of our weakness, if to the Cymry, (the exiles of the crags of the hills and the caves of the sea,) must at last be ascribed, though in the smallest degree, the humanizing influences of chivalry, perhaps the only preservative, in those days of darkness and superstition, of

the dignity and energies of man. While their literary calumniators have ventured to deny to them the knowledge that even their Roman opponents ascribed; like a great oriental nation akin to them in misfortune, language, and descent, though their temples are desolate, and their fair island is in the hand of the stranger, to them we must perhaps ascribe the origin (though in a less sacred, a less perfect, and a less permanent sense,) of a civilizing spirit amid the rude tribes of the North; we must regard them as the people who first taught the Gothic barbarians to bend their swords into reapinghooks, the fierce aspirant to Valhalla to mingle even with his warlike pastimes a spirit of gentleness, justice, and peace.

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**THE COMPLAINT.**

**'THE brook runs bubbling through the vale,  
The trees are all in bloom,  
Flowers of a thousand hues exhale  
Their exquisite perfume:  
I hear the cuckoo in the wood,  
His form I cannot see;  
It does not break my solitude,  
For all is sad to me.**

**Ye Birds that sit upon the boughs  
And sing your merry songs,  
Ye bring me mind of broken vows  
And thoughts of cruel wrongs;  
Oh, move away, ye little Birds  
Such thoughts they may not be,  
Ye mock me with your idle words,  
And all is sad to me!**

**Glide softly, Brook, along your bed,  
Or move more far away;  
Ye flowers that do your odour shed,  
Why do ye look so gay?  
Ye trees that lift your heads on high,  
Ye blossoms that I see;  
Oh, grow beneath some foreign sky,  
For all is sad to me!**

**Oh, Cuckoo, do not sing so loud,  
And haunt me not again  
With sounds that bring a painful crowd  
Of thoughts upon the brain!  
For there's a weight upon my heart,  
A weight I cannot free;  
With pleasant songs it has no part,  
For all is sad to me.**

**R. F. W.**

*To the Editors.*

GENTLEMEN,

IN looking over my album, for some contribution to your Magazine, I met with the following by a well known bard of the present age, Ioan Tegid; and, in my humble opinion, they are worthy of being preserved. The first is an accurate and elegant translation of "The Destruction of Sennacherib," by Lord Byron; and the other, of Anacreon's well known ode Εἰς Ἑρώτα: "Ἐρως ἄστυ γένουσι αἱ," which has been translated several times into the English and other European languages, but not hitherto, I believe, into Welsh. No unprejudiced critic can deny that there are several translations in Welsh which are certainly equal, if not superior, to the originals; and a knowledge of the genius of the Welsh language will corroborate the presumption of your wellwisher,

D. C.

## DYSTRYW SENNACHERIB.

Mâl blaib àr y praid y disgynai yr Assyr  
Mewn glaswsg ac aur y pelydrent ei vilwyr;  
Ydoedd Uachar eu beri vâl ser àr y lli,  
Yn y nos pan oddnawg dwyn vôr Galilt.

Mâl gwyrb-dail yn nechreu yr Hav yn y goedwig,  
Y llu oeb àr vachlud yr Haul yn weledig;  
Mâl dail yn y goedwig, pan Hydrev àr diweb,  
Y llu ydoedd dranoeth môr farw yn gorwedd.

Canys Angel Marwolaeth àr chwyth á ehedai.  
Ac yn wynec y gelyn wrth vyned anadlai;  
A llygaid y cysglyd yn angen á rocent,  
A byth eu calonau eu gwaith á anghovient.

Ac yno gorwedi y march froen agored,  
Ond mwyach ni froenai o awyð i fyned;  
Ac ei ewyn tro olav y llawr á orwynai,  
Yn oer, vâl môr-bifant àr graig, y disgynai.

Ac yno gorwedi y marchawg yn angen,  
Ac y gwlyth àr ei rub, a rhwd àr ei arvau:  
A dystaw pob pabell, dichwyv y baneri,  
Y pibellau hyd lawr, a'r cyrn yn dystewi.

A gwedwon gwlad Assur yn uchel a udant,  
Ac yn Nheml Baâl yr eulunod a dorant;  
A chryvder yr Bthnig, heb glebyv, yn hyrwyð,  
A doðai vâl eira yn ngwyðvod yr Arglwyð.

IOAN TEGID.

**CAN I GARIAD.***Cyfeithad Eis Ewra o waith Anacreon.*

**CARIAD** unwaith aeth i chwareu  
 Ar ei daith i blith rhosynau ;  
 Ac yno 'r oeb heb wybod ido  
 Wenynen vach yn diwyd sugno.

Wrth arogli o hono' n hoyw  
 Y rhosyn hwn a'r rhosyn acw ;  
 Y Wenynen vach a bigod  
 Ben ei vys ; ac ymaith hedod.

A gwaeod yntau rhag ei cholyn,  
 A chan y poen ag oeb yn dilyn,  
 At ei Vam y gwnai brysuro,  
 A'r dagrau dros ei rubiau 'n llivo.

Gwaedai, Mam! yr wyv yn marw ;  
 Brathwyd vi yn arw arw,  
 Gan ryw sarf hededog velen,  
 Ac ei henw yw Gwenynen.

Ebai GWENER, os Gwenynen  
 Ath bigodd di môr drwm, Vy machgen !  
 Pa vaint mwy y saethau llymion  
 A blenaist ti yn llawer calon ?

*Rhydychain.***IOAN TEGID.**



## STUDIES IN BRITISH HISTORY.

NO. II.

*The Descent and Succession of the Princes of Wales.**To the Editors.*

GENTLEMEN,

HAVING already considered the succession of the *British kings*,\* it becomes almost imperative that I should follow it up with the succession of the *Princes of Wales*. This, however, is no very easy matter. Astounding as the declaration may be, yet I think it is a fact that cannot be controverted, that the further back we investigate historical records, the easier and the sooner we arrive at satisfactory conclusions. The nearer we arrive to the confines of authenticity, and when we are once embarked upon the ocean of facts, these authentic records and abundant facts become so multifarious and so complicated, that it is almost impossible to disentangle them. The more remote the period which we investigate, the fewer and the simpler are the facts which are recorded, and, therefore, we find less difficulty in coming to a conclusion; on the contrary, as we sail down the stream, and arrive within the boundaries of well-authenticated history, the facts are multiplied upon us to confusion, and nothing but the most patient and determined investigation will enable us to arrive at any thing like a clear understanding of the subject. The former and present papers will bear me out in the assertions I have made.

I find great difficulties in arranging the succession of the Princes of Wales. This arises, in a great degree, from the subdivisions of the Principality. It appears to have been divided into separate departments, governed by separate princes, long before Rhodri Mawr divided it into three, between his three sons; and even after this division by Rhodri, and the settlement of the paramount power on the Princes of Gwynedd, they seem to have been almost as independent of each other as before; and this gave rise to the almost ceaseless wars for supremacy, which, for a long succession of years, desolated the country.

That a house thus "divided against itself" should not be able to stand, cannot be a matter of wonder; the only thing strange is, that a people who were few in number, and thus divided amongst themselves, and, therefore, continually turning their arms against each other, should be able to withstand the greatly supe-

\* Cambrian Quarterly Magazine, i. 486.

# The Descent and Succession of the Pr

Beli Mawr  
 |  
 Coel Gode  
 |  
 Llywarch  
 |  
 Mervyn V

## GWYNEDD.

Anarawd, N. W.

Edwal Voel, N. W.

Trawst. = Sitsyllt.

Ieva, N. W. and Iago, N. W.

Llewelyn, N. W.

Meyric, N. W.

Hywel, N. W.

Cadwallawn, N. W.

Edwal, N. W.

Iago, N. W.

Conan.

Gruffydd, N. W.

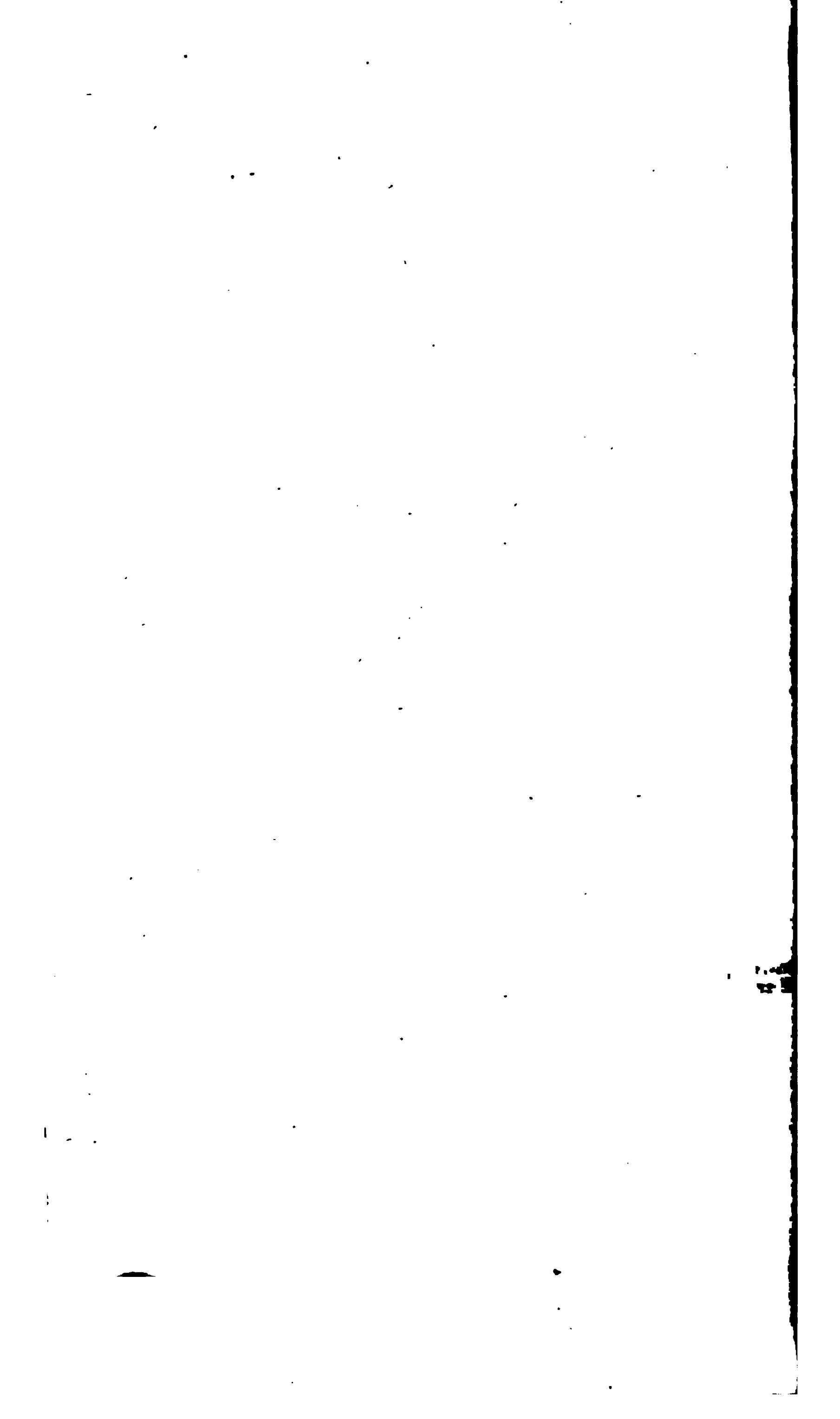
Owain Gwynedd, N. W.

Emma, sister of — David, N. W. Iorwerth Drwyndwn. = Married, daughter of Madoc ab Meredydd, of Powys.

Emma, daughter of Geoffry Plantagenet. = Llewelyn, N. W. = Joan, daughter of Ki

Senena. = Gruffydd, N. W.

LLEWELYN, last prince of



rior power of England, from the death of Rhodri, in 873, to the death of Llewelyn, in 1282.

But the three divisions of Wales by Rhodri, is not sufficient for the present purpose. In tracing the history of the period, we continually find other established powers thrusting themselves upon our notice.\* The chronicles of the country will give us some insight into this. Ievan Brechva, in his Chronicle,† says: "Wales was divided into three kingships, between the three sons of Rhodri Mawr; Cadell, the eldest son, had Caredigion and Dyved; Anarawd, the second son, received Gwynedd; and Mervyn, the third, had Powys; leaving, between Severn and Wye, to the tribe of Caradawc Vraichvras, and Glamorgan and Gwent to the tribe of Morgan Mwynvawr; so that there went five royal tribes on the country and nation of the Cymry." What were the bounds of these several principalities, it would be difficult, exactly, to define. Gwynedd extended from the Dee, around the coast, to Aberdyvi, that river bounded it up to its source in the mountain, and then the line of demarcation ran along the chain of mountains until it joined the Dee again. Powys was bounded by South Wales, by the rivers Wye and Tywy, by Gwynedd, and by the English marshes from Chester to the Wye, a little below Hereford. Deheubarth, or South Wales, included Caredigion (Cardigan,) Dyved (Pembrokeshire,) Carmarthen, Glamorgan, Monmouth, and Brecon shires.‡

It will immediately be manifest to the reader that, in this division, Gwent and Morganwg are included in Deheubarth; but, according to Ievan Brechva, there was a separate principality, including Monmouthshire, Glamorganshire, and, perhaps, Breconshire. If Ievan Brechva is correct in his divisions, it will be evident that South Wales, or Deheubarth, was of but a very limited extent. But small as these kingdoms were, they appear to have been divided into still smaller parts; for we often read of the kings of Glamorgan and the kings of Gwent, as separate individuals. This division of South Wales was, probably, the cause of the wars that existed between the descendants of Morgan Mawr and Tewdwr Mawr, and which led to such lamentable consequences in the time of the despicable and detested Iestyn ab Iwrgan.

This impolitic and unfortunate division of the kingdom into minute, and therefore weak, principalities, appears to have been the bane of the Britons from time immemorial. The petty tribes, thus subject to separate chieftains, were continually at war with each other; and this gave to the whole nation a character of union and ferocity which was seized upon with avidity by their enemies, and which cannot be entirely cleared away by their hands. A nation thus divided, must, of necessity, be weak;

\* Myvyrian Archaeology, ii. 474.—† Ibid. 480.—‡ Powel's History of Wales, (Ed. Lond. fol. 1811,) xxi. xxx.

the Romans, the Saxons, and the English, availed themselves of this trait in the British character, and, therefore, by fomenting discord amongst the tribes, or by subduing them singly, they obtained a conquest over the whole.

The country between Severn and Wye can hardly be said to belong to Wales; its proximity to the kingdom of Mercia, and the connexion of one of its principal men (Elustan Glodrudd) with the Saxon Athelstan, soon served to Saxonise the inhabitants to such a degree, as to render them beneath the notice of the Welsh chroniclers.

Powys was subdaed to the English interest much in the same way, at an early period, and was the scene of contest, warfare, and bloodshed, for a long succession of years. The regular succession of princes in this province appears, therefore, to have been very unsettled; one occasionally bursting upon our view, and exciting our attention by some daring exploit, and then sinking into oblivion. The insignificancy of Powys as a state, may be easily illustrated. The custom of gavelkind was its destruction. Let us examine it for a moment. Meredith, ab Bleddyn, ab Conwyn, inherited the whole of Powys, but after him it was divided, as shewn at p. 342.

South Wales being divided into separate interests, as shown above, and being more open and easier of invasion to the English, was the next that fell a sacrifice to the yoke. Yet, though early made to acknowledge themselves as subject to England, the conduct of some of their illustrious princes cannot fail to excite the highest admiration, and to command our most lasting respect.

Gwynedd, opposing almost insurmountable natural barriers, long held out (alas, how forlornly!) against the power of England. How many times was the whole force of England driven back from its borders with loss! or entrapped into the fastnesses of its mountains to perish! and not until a monarch of the most consummate skill made its conquest the sole object of his ambition, and joined treachery, baseness, and fraud to the power of the sword, was the great and magnanimous Llewelyn overcome: subdued he was not. The malicious and brutal conduct of Edward towards the mangled remains of Llewelyn, and his unjust and cruel behaviour towards David, the prince's brother, is such as cannot be thought of without indignation, nor recorded without a blush!

But before we proceed further in the consideration of the adjoining chart, it will, perhaps, serve to simplify the subject by giving a scheme of the Descent and Succession of the *Paramount Princes of Wales*. The reader will recollect that Rhodri Mawr gave this superiority to the Princes of Gwynedd; therefore, the possessor of that portion of the Principality in aftertimes, whether that possession arose from rightful descent or from usurpation, exercised, in some degree, an authority over the other divisions. These princes, according to Powel, will rank thus:

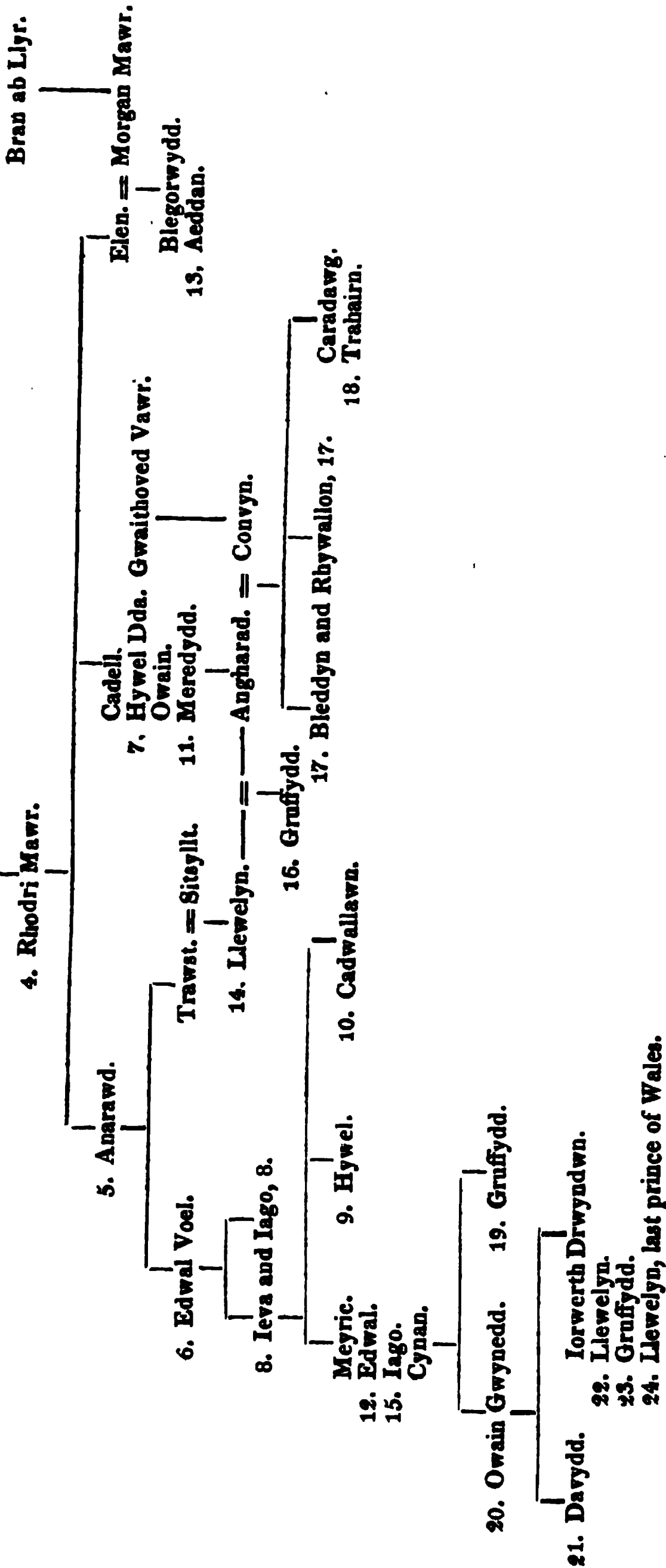
THE PARAMOUNT PRINCES OF WALES.

Cadwaladr, last king of Britain.

Idwal Iwrch.

- 1. Rhodri Molwynog.
- 2. Cynan Tindaethwy.

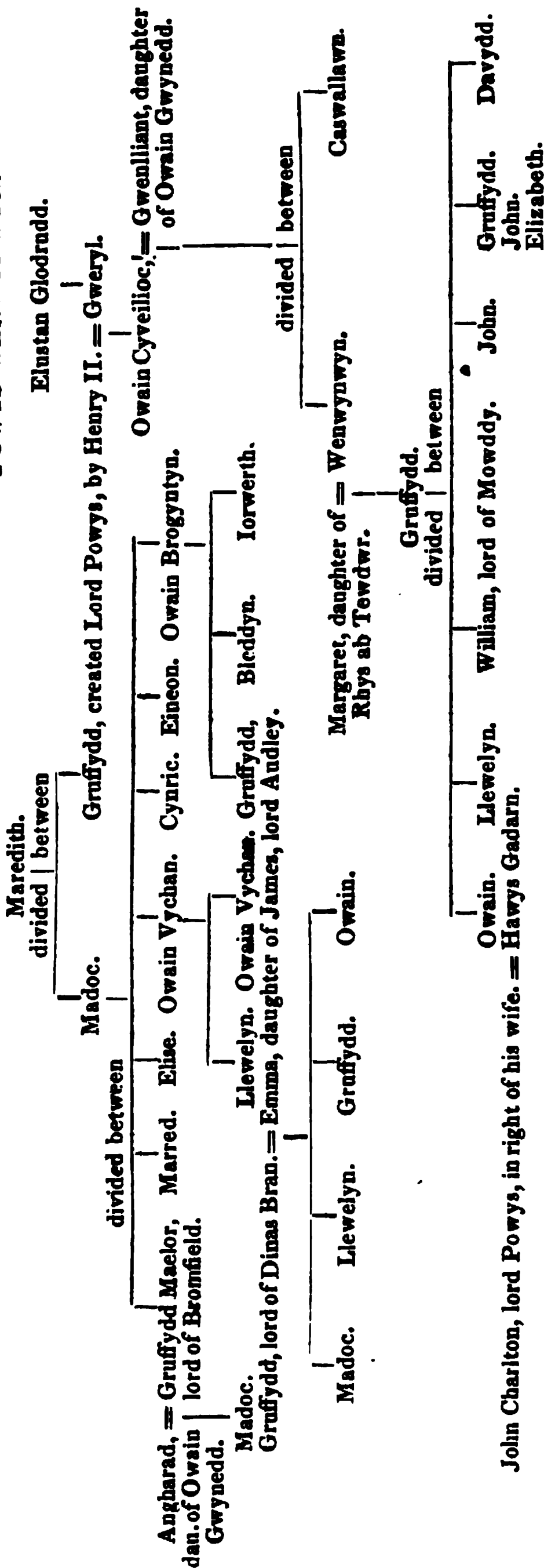
Essyllt, sole heiress = 3. Mervyn Vrych, king of Man.



DIVISIONS OF POWYS.\*

POWYS MADOC.

POWYS WENWYNWYN.



\* Here we immediately see the effects of the system. First, the division which destroys it. An appeal is made to the king of England, who marries the heiress to one of his domestics. Nothing can more plainly exhibit the evils of gavelkind. It is, however, but one link in the chain of causes which led to the overthrow of the Ancient British dominion. The subject is peculiarly seductive, but this note is already too long. Perhaps the subject may be renewed at some future period.

Here there are some difficulties to be adjusted. First, we will consider the case of Aeddan ab Blegored. Powel says:\* “I do not know, neither could I ever find, what colour or pretence of title this Aeddan ap Blegored had to the principality of North Wales, nor yet of whom he descended, or who came of him: whereas, all other princes are notoriouslie knowen, of what families they descended, and who came of them.” In the Cambrian Quarterly† he is made to be the brother of Morgan Hên, and the son of Owain ab Hywel, descended from Bran ab Llyr. Caradoc, however, says:‡ “the same year, 994, died Ithel, prince of Morganwg, and Gwrgan, his son, went in his place, and he was a wise and peaceable prince; but Iestyn, his son, loved anarchy, and would have war and unpeaceableness; and in that year he married a daughter of Bleddyn ab Convyn, prince of Powys, whose name was Dennis, and he had of Gwrgan his father, the commot of Trev Essyllt, and there he made a castle, and put upon it the name of Denis Powys; and he took to him Aeddan ab Blegoryd, ab Morgan Mawr, &c.” The next point to be solved is, who was Morgan Mawr? Pughe says:§ “Morgan Mwynvawr, or Morgan the Courteously Great, also called Morgan Morganwg, *Morgan Hên*, and *Morgan Mawr*.” Here, then, the Morgan Hên of the Cambrian Quarterly is made the Morgan Mawr of the adjoining scheme, and also the same person as Morgan Mwynvawr. The doctor, however, in another place,§ makes Morgan Mawr and Morgan Mwynvawr to be two separate personages; thus in giving the descent of Caradog ab Iestyn, he says: “Caradog ab Iestyn, ab Gwrgant ab Ithel, ab *Morgan Vawr*, ab Arthvael, ab Gweirydd, ab Brochwel, ab Meirig, ab Arthvael, ab Rhys, ab Eunydd, ab *Morgan Mwynvawr*, ab Andros, &c.” How these statements are to be reconciled, I know not.

It is needless, and would be tedious, to follow the succession of all the princes. A few occasional remarks may be sufficient. Dr. Pughe says:¶ “that on the death of Cadell, in 900, Anarod became sovereign of all Wales, and reigned until his death, in 913;” but we are also told that,\*\* “Hywel Dda became Prince of Deheubarth on the death of his father, in 907: now, this father of Hywel Dda, who is said to have died in 907, is the same person who is mentioned as having died in 900!

The intermarriages of the several families often leads to much ambiguity in adjusting the succession. “In the same year,” says Powel,†† “died Meredith, the son of Owen, king or prince of Wales, leaving behind him an onlie daughter, which was married to Llewelyn ab Sitsyllt, and after his death to Convyn, who had

\* Powel's Hist. Wales, 58.—† Cambrian Quarterly, i. 463.—‡ Myv. Arch. ii. 501.—§ Cambrian Biography, 258.—§ Ib. 40, note (\*).—¶ Ib. 7, —\*\* ib. 188.—†† Hist. Wales, 57.



children by either of them, which was the cause of much wars and mischief in Wales." I may, perhaps, as well observe in this place that, from our printed records, I have been totally unable to trace the descent of this Sitsyllt.

The succession in South Wales was often very confused, and sometimes almost undistinguishable. The usurper, Aeddan ab Blegored, dying without issue, nominated Rhydderch, ab Iestyn, ab Gwrgan, as his successor, and the dominion thus unjustly laid claim to, fomented the disunion between the families of Iestyn ab Gwrgan and Rhys ab Tewdwr, until it so unfortunately terminated in the conquest of Glamorgan, by Fitzhammon and his followers. The succession of the princes of the Welsh blood was thus interrupted for some time, for Gruffydd ab Rhys did not assume the government until 1112 or 1113. During the interval, the caprice of the conquerors, was the law of government; indeed, the chronicle of the princes\* in recording the death of Rhys, says: "and so ended the kingdom of Wales." This was, probably, in a great measure, the case, for no sooner had Fitzhammon and his friends obtained so easy a conquest of Glamorgan, than the lust of power seized other of the English nobles, and each bent his views towards obtaining possessions in Wales, and in these conquests originated the tyrannical establishment of lord marchers.

The Princes of Powys were, as before remarked, but "few and far between." Madoc ab Meredith, Owen Cyveiliog, and Gwynwyn, arrest our attention, and bring this portion of the Principality to notice at distant intervals.

Even Gwynedd itself appears to have been, occasionally, but insecurely held. In 993 we are told that† Idwal ab Meurig was made Prince of Gwynedd, *because*, at that time, there was neither head, nor possessor, nor court, nor rule, nor any one who would stand in the defence of the country against strangers. Again, it is said,‡ about the same time, 1192, Llewelyn, ab Iorwerth, ab Owen Gwynedd, succeeded to Gwynedd, unkinging his uncle, David ab Owen, who was not loved, owing to his cruelty, and his disagreeableness in killing and putting out the eyes of every one who would not do according to his will, after the manner of the English.||

I believe I have said what is necessary to make the accompanying chart understood. The length of the present article also warns me to a conclusion. Should my communications not prove

\* Myv. Arch. ii. 527.—† Ibid. 500.—‡ Ibid. 580.

|| I have given, perhaps, more than necessary of these quotations; but Caradoc is one of my favorites. There is something so very quaint and so very interesting in his style, that I cannot help lamenting the want of a *literal* translation of his Chronicle into English.

intrusive, there are some subjects casually introduced into the present article that may be further descanted upon at a future period.

*Gwent Is Coed; February 1830.*

O. N. Y.

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### THE WANT OF INSCRIPTIONS IN WALES.

There is a general complaint amongst those strangers whose taste and love of rural and romantic scenery lead them to visit Wales, of the thorough absence of statues, pillars, and monuments of commemoration of any kind, throughout our Principality. With submission to those connoisseurs, I would remark, the absence of *inscriptions* is alone to be deplored; as to the more classic ornaments of sculpture, marble pillars, and statues, (setting aside their want of durability in our rough climate, except when preserved in parks, pleasure grounds, or gardens,) I conceive they would but ill harmonise with the rude grandeur, sublimity, and magnitude of mountainous scenery in general. But in those parts of Wales which have been theatres of memorable events that stand on record in the page of history, or the more slight tenure of oral tradition, would it not be more characteristic, and at the same time answer the purpose of adding interest to their respective scenes, to give a *poetic inscription* of the particulars on large upright unhewn stones, (smoothed on the surface only,) such as we generally met with among the remains of Druidic temples? the expense would be comparatively trivial; and placed on spots where battles have been fought, or to commemorate any interesting events, they could not but excite pleasing and elevated sensations; especially when aided by those scenic charms for which Wales is so pre-eminently and deservedly famed: thus adding infinitely to the enjoyment of the spectator, whether native or stranger, by replacing many a time-reft garland on the honoured brow of long-neglected Cambria. As my humble mite towards the accomplishment of such objects, I have written a few inscriptions: and, such as they are, I beg leave to submit the following to the indulgence of the public.

MADOC MERVYN.

[We perfectly agree with the sentiments of our correspondent; we esteem such monuments, not merely for the information they convey to strangers, but for the beneficial interest they are calculated to excite in the minds of our peasantry, in the past events of their country's history. We agree with our friend Blackwood in his ideas of the value of distinct national excitement and association.—EDITORS.]

## INSCRIPTION

For a pillar in a garden at Nannau, near Dolgelley, Merionethshire, the seat of Sir Robert Williames Vaughan, Bart. M.P.

Where stands this pillar, once there grew an oak  
Of huge rotundity of boll and branch,  
The giant-patriarch of the forest :  
The storms, the lightning, of six hundred years,  
At length did lay it low ; though long it frown'd here,  
A thing that seasons changed not : sear and leafless,  
Divest of its green livery of youth,  
And clad in the dark mantle of decay,  
A spectral skeleton of thrilling awe.  
Thus hoar tradition graced it with a tale :  
Sepultured within its wasting pithless trunk,  
That vastly vaulted in a roomy round  
Oft echoed deeply to the thunder's peal,  
Was found a fleshless ancient warrior's form,  
Whose bones did rot within old rusty mail ;—  
'Twas what remain'd of Howel Sele's frame,  
A lord of Nannau in the days of yore ;  
In combat with the brave Glyndwr he fell,  
His body, thrown into the cavern'd tree,  
When warfare ceas'd, was gain'd. Bethink thee, reader,  
And bless thyself to think, we live not now  
In days so terrible, so fierce, and bloody !

## INSCRIPTION

For an arbour in the walks above Ystrad house, near Carmarthen, the seat of John Jones, esq. M.P.

Stay ! thou who wand'rest through these silent shades,  
And list to me, the geni of the scene,  
A placid woodland goddess. Art thou sad ?  
Bear'st thou through the world a wounded spirit,  
From baffled pride or disappointed love,  
Faithless friendship, or from means inadequate  
To hold thee equal to thy spirit's soarings ?  
Stroll here awhile, and pause and ponder ;  
Look on the silver Towy ; green its banks,  
Freshly gem'd with wild-flow'rs ; the meads, the corn-fields,  
And yon distant town of ancient date,  
The once proud seat of Cambrian royalty,  
Merlin's grove, of legendary fame,  
And all the landscape's rich variety :  
Are they not beautiful ? breathe they not repose ?  
Oh, nature's votary ! imbibe and love  
The balm they proffer'd to the sad of soul :  
Be wise, nor shun thy better angel's voice,  
Ambition knows her not ; 'tis wisdom's child,  
By sages called tranquillity ; she's here !

INSCRIPTION

For a large upright unhewn stone, on an ancient British encampment, at Aberedwy village, Radnorshire.

I know not what the book-crafts call romantic,  
Unless, as goddess of this wond'rous scene,  
Romance reigns here supremely : a deep gulf,  
Threaded by a rapid mountain river  
Rushing o'er a varying bed of rock,  
Green slopes beside it, and high overhead  
Strange cliffs stupendous, intermix'd with wood  
A perpendicular of rock and grove ;  
So that they look as if some ruin'd walls,  
Built by the giants, peep'd amid the trees,  
A vestige of antediluvian greatness :  
And, higher still, on either hand appear  
A glade and forest in their virent garb,  
Opposing Aberedwy's village-church,  
Whose far-spread yews have roof'd the train  
Of rustic revellers, right oft, while dancing  
To the gay strains of festal harpers. Below,  
The Wye rolls proudly 'neath a ruin'd fortress :  
Adjoining the wilderness, above the wood,  
(Fair contrast to the meads and fields beneath !)  
A crown of rocks, grotesque and fanciful,  
Surmounts the wond'rous landscape. The simple,  
The awful, and astonishing, combine :  
Oh, beautiful to see, and sweet to feel,  
These wilder charms of nature are enjoy'd  
In fearlessness and dear security  
From afterpangs that follow guilty pleasures.

## THE FIEND MASTER.

### A LEGEND OF THE WELSH BORDERS.

A girl, who once went to a "Hiring or May Fair," was addressed by a very noble-looking gentleman all in black, who asked her, if she would be a nursemaid, and undertake the management of his children? she replied, that she had no objection; when he promised her immense wages, and said he would take her home behind him, but that she must, before they started, consent to be blindfolded; this done, she mounted behind him on a coal-black steed, and away they rode at a great rate. At length they dismounted when her new master took her by the hand, and led her on, still blindfolded, for a considerable distance: the handkerchief was then removed, when she beheld more grandeur than she had ever seen before: a beautiful palace, lighted up with more lights than she could count, and a number of little children as beautiful as angels; also many noble-looking ladies and gentlemen. The children her master put under her charge, and gave her a box, containing ointment which she was to put on their eyes; at the same time he gave her strict orders always to wash her hands immediately after using the ointment, and be particularly careful never to let a bit of it touch her own eyes.

These injunctions she strictly followed, and was for some time very happy, yet she sometimes thought it odd that they should always live by candlelight; and she wondered too, that, grand and beautiful as the palace was, such fine ladies and gentlemen as were there should never wish to leave it. But so it was; no one ever went out but her master. One morning, while putting the ointment on the eyes of the children her own eye itched, and, forgetting the orders of her master, she touched one corner of it with her finger, which was covered with ointment; immediately with the vision of that corner of her eye she saw herself surrounded by fearful flames; the ladies and gentlemen looked like devils, and the children appeared like the most hideous imps of hell! though with the other parts of her eye she beheld all grand and beautiful as before, she could not help feeling much frightened at all this, but having great presence of mind she let no one see her alarm; however, she took the first opportunity of asking her master's leave to go and see her friends. He said he would take her, but she must again consent to be blindfolded, accordingly a handkerchief was put over her eyes; she was again mounted behind her master, and was soon put down in the neighbourhood of her own house. It will be believed that she remained quietly there, and took good care not to return to her place; but, very many years afterwards,

being at a fair, she saw a man stealing something from a stall, and with one corner of her eye beheld her old master pushing his elbow; unthinkingly she said "How are you, master? how are the children?" He said, "how did you see me?" She answered, "with the corner of my left eye:" from that moment she was blind of her left eye, and lived many years with only her right.

A similar legend to this is prevalent in Germany; the ghostly mansion is there placed underneath the billows of the sea.

There is apparently a moral bearing in this legend; viz. the delusive splendor of sensual pleasures, and the opening of the mind's eye to their real nature.

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## TUDYR AND MOREIDDIG.

FROM THE WELSH OF OWAIN CYVEILIOC.

The following verses form an episode in Owain Cyveilioc's celebrated poem of the Hirlas; thus remarked upon by Sharon Turner in his "Vindication of the Ancient British Poems." "Before I dismiss the prince of Cyveilioc, I must mention a very interesting and elegiac turn which occurs in his poem of the Hirlas. The prince was a turbulent warrior, generally fighting with some of his neighbours. His Hirlas, however, shews that he possessed a strong poetic genius, and applied it to celebrate the warriors who accompanied him in his quarrels. The plan of the poem is ingenious and picturesque. He fancies himself surrounded by his chiefs at the festive table, rejoicing in their victory; and he orders his cupbearer to pour out the generous beverage to those whom he intends to celebrate, and whom he selects and describes successively. Two of his accustomed companions and favorite warriors were Tudyr and Moreiddig, who had just perished in a preceding battle. In the ardour of his festivity and panegyric, he forgot they were no more, therefore, after directing the horn of mead to be sent to his warriors, and after addressing each of them with appropriate praise, he proceeds to send it to Moreiddig and Tudyr. He recites their merit; he turns to greet them; but their place is vacant. He beholds them not; he hears their dying groan; he recollects their fate; his triumphant strains cease; his hilarity flies; and the broken tones of mournful exclamation suddenly burst out. To enhance the compliment which he is going to pay, he threatens death to his cupbearer, if he execute his office unskilfully."

*Tudyr and Moreiddig.*

SEEK not thy death, cupbearer !  
 But give my warning heed ;  
 Be thou the dextrous cheerer,  
 And bear around the mead,  
 The banquet horn of honour  
 That is so long and blue,  
 Girt thick with ancient silver,  
 And beautiful to view.

Bear thou the horn to Tudyr,  
 The war-field's eagle dread,  
 Delicious mead and florid  
 Provide, or, off thy head !  
 And bear it to Moreiddig,  
 The friend, the theme of songs,  
 Oh blameless train, ye brothers !  
 Ye well aveng'd my wrongs.

Aspiring souls of honour  
 That durst the fire grasp,  
 For me, for me, ye battled,  
 Unto th' extremest gasp :  
 Unwearied rushing heroes,  
 What have ye not achiev'd ?  
 First in the crimson van ye  
 The hottest charge receiv'd.

First in the crimson'd ranks e'er,  
 Ye grasp'd your bleeding pikes,  
 Brave leaders of Mochnantians  
 From Powys hills and dykes ;  
 E'er prompt to watch the borders,  
 And keep inviolate,  
 Ye stood like stony pillars  
 To guard my native state.

To Tudyr and Moreiddig  
 The horn of beauty bear ;  
 Eternal God ; where are they ?  
 Oh, Christ, where are they ! where ?  
 My soul is torn with anguish ;  
 I hear their sobs of death !  
 Their cry was wild and horrid ;  
 Oh, worse their stifled breath !

LEWELYN PRICHARD.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

## THE GREY SQUIRREL.

*To the Editors.*

GENTLEMEN,

I AM induced to offer a few remarks upon the natural history of Wales, under the hope that they may draw the attention of others to the subject; and, though it cannot be supposed materially to vary from other parts of the British empire in its animal productions, yet I am aware that sufficient difference does exist, perhaps to afford some new information to the professor, and certainly amusement to the mind unequal to the acquirement or retention of science.

I believe that the grey squirrel, known to naturalists as the *Sciurus Cinereus* of Linnæus and the *Petit Gris* of M. Buffon, has not been classed an inhabitant of this country, yet, in some retired glades in Montgomeryshire and Denbighshire, a grey squirrel is found. Between Llanvair Caer Einion and Llan Eurvyl, in the former county, in a line nearly east to west, is a deep woody dingle, called Cwm Llwynog (the Fox's dingle); its windings are intimately known only to the sportsmen, wood-gatherers, and peasantry, of the neighbourhood, and the great retirement of the place accounts for the neglect its natural history has experienced; here a grey squirrel lives and breeds. The specimens I have seen were as large as a small polecat, or a three-quarters grown rabbit; the head roundish; the eyes very prominent; the ears shorter than in the common red squirrel, and not the slightest appearance of tufts upon them; the back and legs of a fine grey colour, the latter short and muscular, and furnished with very strong claws; there is a beautiful variegation of red along the sides of the ribs, from the elbow to the hind leg; the tail is covered with hair rather longer than in the common sort, and of a mixture of grey and black. This description precisely answers to that of the *Petit Gris*; whether the Welsh animal is one and the same, I venture not an opinion, my object is to call the attention of naturalists to the point.

Regarding the habits of the grey squirrel, I confess my ignorance, further than that their nests present the same ingenious formation as those of the common species, and upon a natural presumption we may conclude that the grey sort also store up wild fruits against the winter, but whether in the hollows of trees, or in magazines in the earth, as is the case with the foreign *Petit Gris*, I have had no means of ascertaining; they are extremely shy on the approach of man, darting through the intricacies of the foliage with amazing swiftness, and taking single bounds of many yards' length. The variableness of



our climate considerably influences their season of generation ; but the young are usually produced from the latter part of April to the end of May. I have been informed that the grey squirrel monopolizes the woods, and that the common red kind are seldom seen near them, which appears reasonable enough, for the size and strength of the grey animal renders him more than a match for the other.

I have also seen a very fine stuffed specimen of the Welsh grey squirrel, in the possession of a gentleman residing in Chester; it was shot near Llandisilio hall, Denbighshire, in October 1828.

Before concluding this imperfect sketch, permit me to express my doubts regarding the extraordinary tales told of the Lapland squirrels; at present I have no work by me written on the subject, except Goldsmith's large octavo edition, vol. iv. page 33. I proceed at once to quote the passage:

“ In Lapland, and the extensive forests of the north, the squirrels are observed to change their habitation, and to remove in vast numbers from one country to another. In these migrations, they are generally seen by thousands, travelling directly forward; while neither rocks, forests, nor even the broadest waters, can stop their progress. What I am going to relate appears so extraordinary that, were it not attested by numbers of the most credible historians, among whom are Klein and Linnæus, it might be regarded with that scorn with which we treat imposture or credulity; however, nothing can be more true, than that when these animals, in their progress, meet with broad rivers or extensive lakes, which abound in Lapland, they take a very extraordinary method of crossing them. Upon approaching the banks, and perceiving the breadth of the water, they retire, as if by common consent, into the neighbouring forest, each in quest of a piece of bark, which answers all the purpose of wafting them over. When the whole company are fitted in this manner, they boldly commit their little fleet to the waves, each squirrel sitting on its own piece of bark, and fanning the air with its tail, to drive the vessel to its desired port. In this orderly manner, they set forward, and often cross lakes several miles broad; but it too often happens that the poor mariners are not aware of the dangers of their navigation; for, although at the edge of the water it is generally calm, in the midst it is always more turbulent, there the slightest additional gust of wind oversets the little sailor and his vessel together. The whole navy that, but a few minutes before, rode proudly and securely along, is now overturned, and a shipwreck of two or three thousand sail ensues.”

We have read of the ape tribes warming themselves near the heated embers left by the hunters in the forest, yet this caricature upon humanity has not reflective reason to prompt him to supply the expiring fire with fuel; we have heard of the sagacity of the land-crab, in preparing to lay her eggs; of the no less sagacious rat, in leading others of its kind, blind with age, to food and water; of the determined obstinacy of the lemming in pursuing its course direct, and dying at the bottom of perpendicular obstacles to its progress, in preference to going round; we have also heard of the

almost geometrical efforts of the castor, and of examples without end of astonishing instinct with which the Deity has imbued his animal creation, but I must be permitted to declare my disbelief (although opposed, as it is, to the testimony of men of undoubted veracity, yet whom I venture to think were themselves misinformed;) of the fact of squirrels possessing what is neither more nor less than a knowledge, by no means inconsiderable, of the art of navigation, a thing apparently so directly at variance with the necessities and formation of the animal.

I am induced to submit this curious statement to the consideration of the scientific, and I hope to draw from their lucubrations, what is essential in the acquirement of every kind of knowledge, a sound determination.

Yours very obediently,

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OLION.

[Various short communications interesting to the Celtic scholar are transmitted to us, we shall in future print such papers, when approved, under the title OLION.]

The Cymrodorion in Gwynedd have favored us with a letter addressed to them by Professor Rafn, of Copenhagen. The advantages literature may derive from correspondence of this nature are invaluable.

*To the North Wales Cymrodorion Society at Denbigh.*

GENTLEMEN,

*Copenhagen, the 24 Aug. 1829.*

THE R. Society of Northern Antiquities has had the pleasure of knowing that its undertaking with the beginning of publishing the old northern historical writings has, in several foreign places, excited the attention and participation of eminent learned men.

I have believed that an ample communication about this undertaking might expect a kind reception from several of the honoured members of the Denbigh C. S.; and, in this expectation, I have therefore thought of using my situation as director in the working committee for the publishing the ancient writings, to give such a communication.

By the sending of the Society's statutes, I looked upon it as proper to begin. Lately, one of the foreign members of our society, Professor Giesbrecht, in Stettin, has given a view of the Society's regulations and undertakings in the German language, which I tane the liberty to send.

In the last four years, (1825, 1828,) we have been so fortunate as to publish thirteen volumes of the old northern writings, partly in the Iceland original, partly in Latin and Danish translations.

The condition of the old Iceland skin boons\* will, by the well-hit facsimile, be seen.

In the public libraries of this place there are several Orkney and Shetland documents on parchment, offering notices of interest to elucidate the older state and language of these islands. I am going to copy these documents, and to accompany them with the explications required, of which I thought it my duty to inform you beforehand.

It shall be a pleasure for me from time to time to be able to give further communication about the objects mentioned here.

I have the honour to be,

Gentlemen,

You most obedient Servant,

CHARLES CHRISTIAN RAFN, P. D.

*Professor-Knight of the R. order of Dannebrog; Hon. Member S. A. London, and Newcastle upon-Tyne; R. S. A. Dublin; H. S. Concord; M. A. P. S. Philadelphia; of the Massachusetts, H. S.; and of the Colombian Institute of Washington.*

*To the Editors.*

GENTLEMEN,

In looking over the ninth number, just published, of the Welsh Encyclopædia, now being compiled by Mr. Owen Williams, of Waenvawr, near Caernarvon, under the well-written article *Arlech*, I was struck with a circumstance there mentioned, viz. that Margaret, the wife of Henry VI. after the battle of Northampton, took refuge in Harlech castle; and calling to mind a suggestion of an ingenious correspondent in a late number of your Celtic Repository, that the traditionary remains amongst the Welsh may serve to explain and exemplify many passages in Shakspeare, it occurred to me that the lugubrious air, formerly very popular, and sung in every cottage in Wales, "Farwel i ti Peggy Ban," might have an original allusion to Margaret of Anjou, composed during her residence at Harlech, and might have suggested to the bard of Avon the parting scene between the queen and her paramour:

*Queen.*

Give me thy hand

That I may dew it with my mournful tears;  
Yet now farewell: and farewell life with thee!

*Suffolk.*

Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished;  
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.

*Act 3, scene 3, part 2, Henry VI.*

\* Meaning books, the *n* having been made use of instead of *k*; as also in *take*, in last line of the preceding page.

Peggy Ban is a very appropriate title to the "*well-skilled in curses, Margaret the prophetess.*"

"You bade me *ban*, and will you bid me leave?  
Every joint should seem to curse and *ban*."

And it is probably owing to the direful execrations and national misfortunes which characterized the life of this queen, that the ballad above mentioned is still listened to with superstitious dread by the natives of the Principality.

I beg leave, at the same time, to refer to an able article in your last number by Elvaeliad, on the subject of Celtic Remains in Northumberland. The author, erroneously in my opinion, ascribes to the Saxons the exclusive right to the word *wick*, so often recurring in the names of places; whereas it is purely Celtic, and of frequent occurrence in names of modern date in Wales, having a signification analogous to that of the Roman *vicus*. The Saxon chronicle abounds with names of places terminating in *wick*; but the word may easily be traced, as in the instance of *Wigwern*, *Vigornia*, to a period antecedent to the arrival of the Saxons. *Gwig*, in its primary meaning, signifies a grove, a wood, and is a primæval term for a habitation.

Domus antra fuere  
Et densi frutices.

Festus observes of the word *vicus* :

"Vici appellari, incipiunt ex agris qui ibi villas non habent, ut Marsi et Peligni."

According to Dr. Owen Pughe's testimony, *Gwig* signifies a retreat, a nook, angle, cove; and corresponds with the Saxon *wic*, that is, *vicus*, *sinus*, *castellum*. Londonwig, the old name for Sandwich, was so called from its being the cove or port most contiguous to London. Verstegan observes that *wye*, in the Teutonic dialect, means an enclosed or fenced place. Probably the Greek *οἶκος* was derived for the same source.

In confirmation of the truth of Elvaeliad's remarks upon the prevalence of the Celtic in the analysis of the names of places throughout England, I subjoin the following instance. Dr. Buckland in his *Reliquiæ Diluvianæ* takes notice of the river *Evenlode*, as owing its existence as a stream to denudations cut through the oolite strata into the clay beds in Oxfordshire. Discoloration being consequently a prominent feature of this river, and colour a distinguishing appellative of rivers among the Celts, it may fairly be presumed that *Evenlode* is a corruption of *Avonlwyd*, the muddy stream, as being descriptive of it. It takes its rise not far from the source of the Avon, in Warwickshire.

April 27, 1830.

LLWCHGORFAI.

## LLONGBORTH.

*To the Editors.*

GENTLEMEN,

DR. Owen Pughe, in his translation of the poems of Llywarch Hên, in his notes to the elegy on Geraint ab Erbin Tywysog Dyfnaint, states Llongborth to have been "some harbour on the south coast, probably Portsmouth." Now, without inquiring the grounds on which Idrison gives this as his opinion, there is a place in Cardiganshire, in the parish of Llanvihangel Penbryn, which appears to me to have strong claims to be the Llongborth of Llywarch. Its name is Llongborth; there is a place close by called Maes Llâs; and a stream just below bears the name of Ffynon Waedog; and, indeed, the name of Geraint is retained in Perth Geraint, one of the largest farms in the parish.

The words "Gelyn y Sais," in the elegy, may probably refer to former exploits of Geraint, as from the situation of this place it is scarcely probable that they were then fighting against the Saxons, the Gwyddel Fficti were more likely their opponents.

I am yours truly,

ΓΙΝΝΥΝ&lt;V&gt;Α&gt;ΙΛ&gt;.

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Copy of a letter from Mr. Humphrey Thomas, schoolmaster, at Llanddaniel Vab, in Anglesey, and brother of the celebrated Welsh bard, Mr. David Thomas, Bardice Dafydd Ddu or Eryri, (Black David of Snowdon,) to the Rev. P. B. Williams, rector of Llanrŭg.

REVEREND SIR,

ON finding one of my *desiderata*, lately, I must own, indeed, that I could hardly forbear from singing *Io Pæen*. I had formed a strong notion in my mind that the Rev. Mr. Bulkeley of Brynddu must have left behind him some curious Welsh manuscripts, in the bardic line, either in his own handwriting or that of some other person; for he was a poet himself, though I never saw but one piece of his composition, the subject of which was the "Day of Judgment," a song adapted to a common tune. He was the Mæcenas of the bards of his time. He patronized Michael Prichard, the poet, an ingenious young man of the parish of Llanllyvni, in Arvon. He employed him as his gardener, and he died at his residence. Mr. Bulkeley's house was also for a time the asylum of poor John Prydderch, (bard and printer,) in his distress. You know, sir, that Mr. Lewis Morris, when his *awen* soared the highest, addressed a Cywydd to Mr. Bulkeley, which is to be seen in Gwaith Beirdd Mon; and what is most singular,

he fixed upon the snail as his express on the occasion. The idea had in it much originality and humour. John Prydderch is mentioned in it, and jocularly represented as a toper; but I do not find that he was addicted to the vice of drinking to excess. Pre-possessed with the idea of making some valuable discovery, I set off from home, and made several inquiries, respecting the fate and disposal of Mr. Bulkeley's manuscripts, but could obtain no information till this week; when a large manuscript was shown me, in his own handwriting, as far as I can judge. It is a large folio, long and broad; the character fair, the writing close, a fine small Italian hand, the initial letter of every *Cywydd*, a large strong Roman print. I have sent you the titles of the *Cywyddau*, except seven or eight of David ap Gwilym; the latter part of the volume consists of old songs, composed principally by Angleseymen; they are of the 17th century, one or two in the reign of Elizabeth. The *Cywyddau* seem to be selected, being choice pieces, and in general either of a humorous, pleasant, or else of a loving, amorous description. The book is paged, and the poems numbered. The transcriber was a poet, as appears by his marginal emendations, and a critic, as is evident from his explanatory notes. He was also a good grammarian, which may be proved from the following remark on a word in No. 34. "Y Rhiaïn pan wrhëych," the second person, future tense, from *gwra*; and also in No. 73, "Tan a Dwr yn ymwriaw," *odiwrth y Ferf gwra*. One of the songs (No. 25), no doubt, must have been nearly as interesting to our ancestors as Captain Cook's voyages were to us, comparing great things with small. The title of it is "Hanes Bagad o Gymry a aethant yn amser y Frenhines Elizabeth, druz ei gorchymmynhi, i'r Gorllewin India, i ddial ar, ac i anrheithio'r Hispaenwyr;" that is, An Account of a number of Welshmen who went out to the West Indies, by the command of Queen Elizabeth, to make reprisals, to annoy and plunder the Spaniards. Edited by Lieutenant William Peilyn, 1570. The pelican, a waterbird, is, with great propriety, deputed as a harbinger, to convey the intelligence to Great Britain. In the dialogue, the bird accepts the office, and is represented as making use of the following expressions:

"Myvi a vedrav vyw ar Vôr,  
A dal ystor o Bysg yn siwr;  
Novio, hedeg by'd hi bell,  
Nid oes mo'm gwell negeswr."

I can swim, and fish, and fly,  
Explore the regions of the sky;  
Or hear, as envoy, your commands,  
With matchless speed, to distant lands.

The narrative then commences, after the pelican had ascertained the distance and course he was to take. Some of the places men-

tioned are on the coast of Spain: Porth y Saint, yr ynysoedd dedwydd (the Fortunate Islands,) Caractacos; Tre Saint Iayan, &c. Mention is made of some Indians who were cannibals: the existence of such savages was in some measure doubted, till late melancholy facts proved the shocking reality. Then follow these appropriate lines:

“ Dymma'r creaduriaid gwaetha a geid,  
Y cannibaliaid creulon,  
Pobl ydynt fel eirth dig,  
Yn bwyta cig Cristnogion.”

Fly, fly the inhospitable shore,  
When cannibals remain,  
Who thirst like bears for human gore,  
And prowl along the plain.

This expedition was very successful. The names of the Welshmen are here inserted, viz. Captain Belings, Captain Roberts, Lieutenants Salisbury and Peiljn, Sergeant Hughes, Hugh Middleton. Captain Roberts is thus distinguished:

“ Captain Roberts yw'r ail gwr,  
A ventria 'n siwr val *Saison*,  
Nen vel Theseus gnwppa mawr,  
Ve gur i lawr ei' Cynlon.”

Brave Roberts next, like Jason bold,  
Or dauntless Theseus fam'd of old,  
To seek the foe he ploughs the deep,  
And ocean's waves his warriors sweep.

Whether these brave heroes ever returned to their native land, is a question that cannot easily be decided at this distance of time.

I wish to be informed whether there was one Roger a minister at Llanberis about the year 1679, or thereabouts, as he is mentioned in the list of Welsh poets, and he is also noticed in this manuscript. May I request that you would note the poems that you have not seen with an asterisk, the bards, if any, with a section; the poems of D. ap Gwilym, which may not be in the printed book, with a caret. The Cywyddau not enumerated are No. 127, Cy: i un or Lleianod; 128, C. i Ferch a elwid Efa; 129, C. i Ddyddgu; 130, C. i Gwenhazvar; 131, C. o Edifeirwch. I have now finished the account of the manuscripts, and beg leave to return you my sincere thanks for the many favors I have received.

I am, reverend sir, your obliged humble servant,  
HUMPHREY THOMAS.

Llan Daniel Mon; May 1801.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Divines of the Church of England, with Lives of the Authors.* By the Rev. T. S. Hughes, B.D. vol. I. 8vo. Bishop Sherlock.—Valpy, London.

It is known that George III. was a religious prince, and well versed in old divinity. We have heard that upon a certain occasion, when conversing with a dignitary of the church, his majesty alluded to the theological writers of the 17th century, and that the said dignitary having observed that their writings were not adapted to the taste of the times in which he lived, the king replied, "There were giants in those days."

The fiery ordeal through which the ministers of the established church passed, during the interval between the breaking out of the war of the parliament with Charles I., and the restoration of Charles II., had the salutary effect of rousing them to the active exertion of all their energies. Under these trying circumstances men of superior talent found their proper place. After the episcopal church had regained the ascendancy, of which it had been deprived by the government of the Commonwealth, fresh causes arose to prevent the clergy from slumbering over the performance of their duties. Among these are to be numbered, the controversies of churchmen with Papists on the one hand, and Infidel writers on the other. In these controversies much sound learning and talent were displayed; and we are greatly inclined to think that a time is arriving when there will be occasion to resort to the ample stores of historical fact and of powerful argument, which the polemical divines of the 17th and 18th centuries have provided for us: we refer more particularly to those who flourished from the middle of the 17th to the middle of the 18th century.

Among the opponents of Popery, Chillingworth and archbishop Tillotson hold a distinguished rank. Not a few of the primate's sermons are devoted to a refutation of the dogmas of the Romish church. Of Chillingworth, Tillotson speaks in the highest terms of praise; he styles him "incomparable," and "the glory of his age and nation." And Mr. Locke, in a piece containing some thoughts concerning reading and study for a gentleman, thus expresses himself: "Besides perspicuity there must be also right reasoning, without which, perspicuity serves but to expose the



speaker; and, for attaining of this, I should propose the constant reading of Chillingworth, who, by his example, will teach both perspicuity and the way of right reasoning, better than any book that I know; and therefore will deserve to be read on that account over and over again; not to say any thing of his argument." If this advice be good for a layman, it is still more applicable to the clergy of our day, who are likely to be called upon to discuss the points regarding which Protestants and Roman Catholics have been so long at issue.

With respect to *Infidelity*, it is truly lamentable to witness the progress which it is making among us. Its advocates, not contented with disseminating their demoralizing principles among the working class, by means of cheap tracts, have adopted the bold expedient of preaching on Sundays to mixed congregations. Under these alarming circumstances, it behoves every one who wishes to be well grounded in the evidences of the truth of Christianity, to study the writings of those eminent men who devoted their powerful minds to the refutation of the arguments adduced by the many specious and eloquent unbelievers who chiefly flourished about the beginning of the last century.

In the editor's prospectus to the Series of Divines of the Church of England, it is stated that it will not exceed fifty volumes. We are not told whether the Series is to embrace such works as *Origines Sacræ*, and the Divine Legation of Moses, or whether it is to be restricted chiefly to sermons. If treatises of the former description are to be included, we doubt the practicability of completing the series within the specified limits. We hope that, at all events, the reverend editor will not overlook the lectures delivered at the institution founded by the honorable Robert Boyle.

Of the volume of Bishop Sherlock's sermons, which is the first of the series, we are happy to be able to express ourselves in terms of commendation. We are of opinion that the summary of contents prefixed to each sermon is calculated to be useful to readers in general, as well as to "assist the young divine in composition." When the series shall have been completed, a general index of subjects to the whole would, if well executed, be an invaluable acquisition to a student of divinity, who would be thus enabled to trace with facility whatever has been stated upon the many material and interesting questions which are treated of by the respective authors.

We beg leave to suggest the republication of some of the pieces of William Sherlock. We have more particularly in view a treatise on Providence, which is very scarce, and which, in our judgment, contains a greater number of wise observations than we ever met with in the same compass.

We would also recommend to the attention of the reverend

editor, a tract entitled "a Discourse upon Truth, by Dr. Rust," who held the see of Dromore after the death of Bishop Jeremy Taylor. If Dr. Rust published any other works, we should expect from the tenor of the above-mentioned tract, that they would well deserve to be included in the Series of Divines of the Church of England.

From the nature of the work, and the restrictions we are compelled to place upon the extent of our department of reviews, we cannot avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded of quoting many brilliant specimens of divinity writing; but there are two letters introduced in the biography of Shirlock peculiarly interesting, additionally so, because it enables us not only to record his virtues, but to draw a parallel most gratifying to our feelings. For a considerable period of his life Shirlock held the see of Bangor, and was afterwards translated to Salisbury; the present Bishop of Salisbury is Dr. Burgess, whose admirable distribution of church patronage, and fatherly protection of the poorer classes of the Welsh clergy, when Bishop of St. David's, has endeared him to every class of Welshmen: we know that all eulogy of ours is useless, but we cannot refrain from bearing our humble testimony to the virtues of the excellent prelate, whose translation to an English diocese was a deep and universal subject of regret.

It appears in the sequel that Shirlock was actuated by a like nobility of soul, in proof of which we have merely to extract the two letters already mentioned.

"MR. LLOYD,

*Temple, November 5, 1734.*

"I do assure you that I thought of you and your circumstances in Llanfrothen, before I received your letter. I will make it my request to the bishop to provide a more comfortable living for you, and I hope I shall be able to recommend you to him with effect."

"It is a concern to me when I think of the state of the clergy in the diocese which I am now very soon to leave. I did what I could to help them, much less than I wished to do; and am sensible I have left many worthy clergymen but meanly provided. I should have left more so if I had not withstood great importunities for the sake of those whom I judged deserving; I will not forget you, and though I leave the diocese, yet I hope the good opinion you have given me reason to have of you, will not be altogether useless to you.

I am your humble servant,

THOMAS BANGOR.

"MR. LLOYD,

*March 15, 1739.*

"Immediately upon receiving yours I applied to the Bishop of Bangor for you. I wish I could have succeeded in the present instance; but I found the bishop had very kind intentions towards you, which he intends to acquaint you with himself; and, therefore, I have nothing to add but my good wishes for your success, and that I am your affectionate brother, and humble servant,

THOMAS SARUM."

A note states

“It is satisfactory that the application to Bishop Herring was satisfactory; he very soon afterwards presented Mr. Lloyd to the rectory of Llanfwrog.”

We conclude our remarks in terms of general commendation, and strongly recommend the book to the notice of the public. The only detraction from the general respectability of the work, and which is but a trifling one, is a confusion of misprinted dates, we particularly allude to page 18 of the biography.

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*A Defence of the Reformed System of Welsh Orthography, being a Reply to the Rev. John Roberts's Reasons for rejecting the same, and for adhering to that used in Bishop Parry's edition of the Welsh Bible, and that of 1630.* By the Rev. John Jones, M. A. Precentor of Christ Church, Oxford.

*Traethawd, ar Iawn-Lythyreniad, yr Iaith Gymmraeg.—A Treatise on the right Orthography of the Welsh Language.* By the same Author.

SINCE the introduction of our Quarterly to a certain portion of his majesty's most loyal and faithful subjects of Wales, no matters have fallen to our disposal from whence we anticipate some opposition to our views so surely as by a cursory investigation of the well-known little works of Ioan Tegid. They have already given rise to much discussion, and, sorry are we to add, not unaccompanied with impolitic warmth. Strange indeed that some of our worthiest and best men should possess a spirit, found, we believe, to the same extent no where but in Wales.

All living languages must have been, and for ever will be, in a certain degree, undergoing changes, and yet we have some advocates arguing against the slightest innovation in their black letter system, not with the dignity and moderation inseparably connected with good writing, but impelled by a peevish irritability, which appears distilled into their better and less puerile qualifications.

We do not know that we can explain what we mean more perfectly than by alluding to some trifling obstructions experienced in the course of our literary advancement, though we must be understood by no means to insult the learned and excellent individuals who have devoted their attention to Welsh orthography, by even naming them, for instance, with the swarms of anonymous cubs who inundate us, in common with all authors, separate as fallen angels from honest men, who fatten any or every where upon the vilest offal. Yet, in the very distinct case of honourable controversialists, how much detraction is there from the force of

sound argument, if the arguer allows his temper to get the better of his reasoning; how low may petty contention fall.

This peculiar pettishness has its degrees of obtrusion. From the appearance of No. II. to No. VI. of our Quarterly, we have been doomed almost weekly to receive communications from a very well meaning and a very sensible correspondent. "If," says he, "you will mix up so much extraneous matter in your magazine, it cannot live;" while we, not so learned as our well intentioned friend, insist upon being the better judges; and we assert that no country ever rendered its literature popular, without introducing matter foreign, but of popular interest. We are not writing for Carnarvon, for Denbigh, or the south; we are writing for the world, and in sustaining our foster child, solely and purely from a wish to preserve all that we possibly can of venerable antiquity, we claim unshackled freedom to think and to act for ourselves: such dictation might have suited the 17th century very well, it would have been in unison with Elizabethian coarseness, but it passeth not current in the 19th.

Having urged the maintenance of our just rights, before proceeding to examine Mr. Jones's Pamphlets, we have yet one observation to make. In admitting a review of them, we do so without prejudice; we are of no party, our pages bear upon them the bible orthography, Ioan Tegid's, Idrison's, and the venerable Coelbren y Beirdd; we therefore trust that, in expressing our sentiments upon the works of Ioan Tegid, we shall publish one review without afterwards (an indulgence never yet granted to us) being pestered by trumpery and anonymous insult.

We pass over some introductory passages, and commence our extracts at the bottom of page 4.

"A language like the Welsh surely cannot fail to claim and merit the attention of the learned, especially among the natives, even though it exhibited no other claim but its great antiquity. In every inquiry, therefore, concerning the orthography of this language, the utmost candour should be exercised; controversial feelings entirely disordered, nor any motive be allowed to operate, but a genuine wish to decide a point of such important interest. From the unprecedented attention which the subject has lately obtained, there is encouragement to hope that the contest may be brought to a final and satisfactory determination.

"It might here be suggested, that it would be highly desirable if the editors of the Welsh periodical publications were to deliver their sentiments respectively on the subject of orthography, and then agree to adopt one and the same system. This, I am firmly convinced, would be the most likely way of putting an end to many idle and malignant disputes, and also the means of creating universal harmony in the language. It is with this view, and with the hope of finally succeeding in establishing, on a firm and lasting basis, a rational system of orthography, that I now offer my observations on the present pamphlet.

"It must here be premised, (and in this I have the sanction of the

most approved writers of the present day,) that the standard orthography of the language should be determined upon the following principles :

*First*, Let the genius of the language be assumed as the only criterion by which we may proceed in the examination of the different modes of spelling the same word ; and,

*Secondly*, Let that mode of spelling be adopted, which, after due consideration, appears most consistent with the etymology and pronunciation of the word.

This is the only mode by which we can hope to arrive at that uniformity in orthography which all agree to be so desirable.

• • • • •

“Now, with respect to our alphabetical characters, I quite agree with Mr. Roberts, that no change should be made in them ; for although there may be several alphabets extant better suited to the genius of the language, still I should hesitate a little before I would recommend the adoption of any one of them ; lest the rejecting the common alphabet should be the cause of infinitely greater evils.

“It is hoped that this avowal of the propriety of adhering to the present alphabet, together with the proposal of the two canons for regulating the orthography, will be deemed a sufficient guarantee that it is not my intention to introduce any capricious or unjustifiable innovation.

“I shall here present the reader with a few extracts from Mr. R.’s Essay, with my observations on them.

“‘One principle of our innovators,’ says Mr. R., ‘is to reject the aspirate *h*, and the double consonants.’ P. 9.

“‘The adoption,’ he continues, ‘of this sweeping principle of discarding what are called superfluous letters, for marks, is strongly opposed by the uncouth appearance which it will give to our orthography. For such words as *àto, àteb, àtoch, mainc, cainc, synu, tynu, hàner*,\* thus dressed in their new fashion, and *mwyâu, lleiâu, gwagâu, gwastadâu, rhyddâu*, for *mwyhâu, lleihâu, gwaghâu, gwastadhâu, rhyddhâu*, greatly offend the eye till we are familiarised with them, and then our present orthography will become a nuisance and an eyesore. Any Englishman may judge of its effects in this view by parallel specimens from his own language, † were the double consonants and the aspirate *h* expunged in such polysyllables as the following: *letter, bitter, running, stopped, uphold, vehement, stronghold, withhold, &c.* and their place supplied with marks: *lèter, bìter, rùnning, stòped, upòld, vedèment, strongòld, withòld, &c.*’ P. 13.

“It is evident to all who understand any thing of English and Welsh, that the letter *h* in *uphold, &c.* forms an essential part of the syllable *hold*, and that it cannot be taken simply for an aspirate ; but in *mwyhâu, &c.* it is an aspirate, and by no means an essential part of *au*. If *h* in *hold* be omitted, the characteristic feature of the word is destroyed, and its original meaning lost : but should it in *mwyhâu* be taken as essential to the word, then *mwyhâu* can no longer signify *to augment, to increase* ; but its meaning must be sought from *mwy, more, greater*, and *hau, which signifies to strew over, to sow*. Now had the letter *h* been discarded

\* This word is invariably spelt *hanner*, agreeable to its etymology.

† What has the English orthography to do with it ? Etymology settles it in Welsh.

from words like the following, viz. *anhardd, anhawdd, adhaer, borehun, gwchelyth, &c.* where the *h* forms as essential a part of each word as it does in *hold*, then might Mr. R. with great reason come forward and expose such an unwarrantable proceeding, and doubtless would be more successful than in his present attempt.

“Since the etymology both of verbs infinitive ending in *au*, and of certain\* nouns, is far more perceptible without the aspirate *h*, the question to be settled is, whether *h* may or may not be dispensed with and ejected from such verbs and nouns whose etymology does not warrant its insertion? There are instances of its omission under the old system, as in the following verbs, viz. *arwyddocâu, coffâu, gwarthâu, iachâu, llacâu, llesgâu, llipâu, nacâu, nesâu, tristâu, &c.*

“I cannot avoid thinking that the system of orthography would be much simplified, and more uniform and consistent, were the *h* entirely rejected, as in the above verbs, and as in *cyffroi, deffroi, osgoi, paratoi, &c.* which have the accent on the last syllable, like the verbs ending in *au*; but, since the accent requires a very strong aspiration, it would be better perhaps to continue, when necessary, the subsidiary *h*.

“It is to be considered, in the next place, whether the first syllable in *êto, âteb, âtoch, &c.* should have a mark over it to denote the place of the accent; and my opinion, like that of Mr. R., is decidedly against it, not so much for its ‘uncouth appearance,’ but because it is superfluous and unnecessary: for it is obvious to all where the accent should be placed without the assistance of such a mark. But here there are two important questions to be solved. viz. Why should the word be spelt with a single *t*? Would they not sound better with two *t*’s? The first question is easily answered on the principle of etymology: for if the etymology of the words will admit of two *t*’s, or even more, they should remain unmolested; in tracing, for instance, the word *ateb* to its root, we find it cannot have two *t*’s, it being compounded of *ad* and *eb*; and one *t*, it must be allowed, is sufficient to harden a single *d*, and to become its representative. The same may be said of *atoch, &c.*; and of *cytundeb*, compounded of *cyd* and *undeb*, and sometimes written *cydun-deb*. This observation will also serve to shew that the following infinitives should have only one *t*; viz. *bwyta, coeta, diota, llymeitia, pysgota, &c.* from *bwyd, coed, diawl, llymaid, &c.*; also *gwreica*, from *gwraig*, where *g* is hardened, or changed into *c*. Under this rule are to be included the following adjectives of the comparative and superlative degrees, viz. *hynotach, hynotaf*, from *hynod*; *trugarocach, trugarocaf*, from *trugarawg*. In answer to the second query, I acknowledge that I cannot perceive any difference of sound between one *t*, two *t*’s, or even three *t*’s, when together.

It must be further observed that, when two *d*’s come together, as in *attethawl, dattodiad*, from *ad* and *dethawl, dad* and *dodiad*, each of them is changed into *t*; and frequently also the preposition *ad* preceding a *t*, and other consonants, is changed into *at*, as in *attwf, attyb, atchdwell, atfod, atgrymu, &c.*; also *dad* is changed into *dat*, in the same way in *datguddiad*.” P. 7.

We decline extracting from Mr. Jones’s reply to Mr. Roberts’s

\* As *enedlu, enedloedd*, from *enedl*; *breninoedd*, from *brenin*, and the like; where the roots *enedl, brenin*, do not warrant such reading as *cenhedlu, cenhedloedd, brenhinoedd*.

charges respecting the "rejection of the double consonants," because we do not feel ourselves inclined to repeat what certainly, in our view, constitutes something of vituperation. We know not upon what terms these gentlemen may be, or how far they have prescribed to themselves "the glorious freedom of debate," but, for the reason assigned, we pass on to page 15.

"Again, in reply to Mr. R.'s question. 'How can words of *different* *acceptation* as well as pronunciation be distinguished, if our present use of double consonants in this respect is discontinued?' P. 11. I should say, certainly by the context, precisely in the same manner as in English, for instance, the verbs to *conduct*, *contrast*, *contract*, &c. and the substantives *conduct*, *contrast*, *contract*, are distinguished from each other; for it is the sense of the context that determines the power of the word, and not a load of cumbrous consonants; therefore to each of the following queries proposed by Mr. R., I return a negative answer.

<p>"Will not these words  <i>Canu</i>, to bleach,  <i>Genni</i>, to be contained,  <i>Honni</i>, to assert,  <i>Honno</i>, a feminine pronoun,  &amp;c. &amp;c.</p>	}	<p>if thus written  <i>canu</i>,  <i>geni</i>,  <i>honi</i>,  <i>honu</i>,</p>	}	<p>be confounded with  <i>eanu</i>, to sing.  <i>geni</i>, to be born.  <i>humi</i>, a feminine pronoun.  <i>hono</i>, a masculine pronoun,  &amp;c. &amp;c.</p>
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"It has been already observed how the second *n* supplied the place of *t*, in words like *dannedd*, *tannau*, the plurals of *dant*, *tant*; now if the second *n* stands for another consonant, as it certainly does, then for that reason, as well as for the sake of preserving a consistency in the orthography of the language, I should omit it in *cannn*, *gennn*, *honnno*, &c. since, from the etymology of the words, it is clearly not required.

"When it is maintained that by its insertion it will greatly assist in the true pronunciation, (the only use that can be assigned to it,) I should dissent, grounding my assertion on the rules laid down concerning pronunciation. Besides, by throwing away the redundant *n*, we have at once a regular and uniform system of orthography, founded on the genius of the language.

"It is further urged that, without doubling the consonants, the words in the above list might be mistaken one for the other, and that it would be desirable to have some visible distinction made between them, independent of that which we gain from the sense of the several passages where they occur. In answer to this I would suggest that, nothing can be more simple than the use of a grave accent placed over the vowel in the first syllable, as *cànu*, *gèni*, *hòno*, &c. which would prevent the possibility of a mistake. This mode of writing, I am proud to observe, has, since the time Mr. R. first published his Essay, been almost universally adopted.

"Now, while I am writing about the accents, I trust it will not be unacceptable to the reader if I enter a little more fully into that subject. It being ascertained that in the Welsh language by far the greater number of monosyllables are long, some of the most skilled in the language are of opinion that the short words should be distinguished with a grave accent; as *màn*, a place, or spot; *glàn*, a brink, or side; *càn* or *gàn*, by,



&c. and leave the long unaccented, as *llev*, *nev*, *llid*, *man*, (small); *glan*, (pure or fair); *can*, (a song); &c. And also lay down this additional rule, which, though not essential, may yet be convenient: viz. Let the *a* answering to *that* have

a grave accent over it; as *à*.

*a* as a verbal agent answering to *will* and *did*, have an acute accent; as *á*.

*a* answering to *with*, have a circumflexed accent; as *â*.

*a* answering to *and*, have no accent.

But in case the above plan is not approved of and followed, I would suggest a slight improvement in the present received method; I would retain the circumflex over the long vowel, as in *mân*, *glân*, *cân*, and omit the grave accent in their corresponding short vowels *man*, *glan*, *can*, &c. I would also omit the circumflex in *llev*, *nev*, *llid*, and the like, since they have no short words corresponding to them, that is, spelt in the same manner and bearing a different signification.

“The prefixes *di*, *dy*, and the privative partiole *an*, and the preposition *yn*, will next be considered.

“I perfectly agree with Mr. R., that *di* is used both as a negative and affirmative prefix; but at the same time it is my opinion that *dy*, and not *di*, should be adopted as a prefix affirmative; inasmuch as this mode of writing the language would be productive of regularity and uniformity. The manner, however, in which Mr. R. treats this subject is very far from being satisfactory; especially when he states that ‘the proposed alteration cannot be made without altering the signification of the compounds. If *dy* be adopted, as our innovators desire, how can it be distinguished from the possessive pronoun *dy*, thy; or the force of its signification as a pronoun be avoided upon words compounded with it. Such a word as *dioddef*, suffer, if written *dyoddef*, will signify the tolerating of thee, and *dyoddefiadau*, thy sufferings, and thy sufferances.’ P. 16. The passage that follows this is equally gross and absurd, and therefore I shall not introduce it here; but simply ask Mr. R. if he knows whether Dr. Davies intended *dy* for a prefix affirmative or a pronoun, in these words, copied from his (Dr. D.’s) Dictionary; *dychrynu*, *dychyfarfod*, *dychyfyd*, *dyfrysio*, *dyfysgi*, *dyhyni*, *dyundeb*, &c.? Is it not evident that *dy* in all these places is a prefix, and not a pronoun? and who has ever heard of the pronoun *dy* being prefixed to nouns or verbs in the sense Mr. R. here insists upon? Indeed, it would have been but honourable in Mr. R. to have discussed the subject fairly and impartially; for, according to his hypothesis, *dychrynu* signifies ‘to frighten thee,’ and so of the rest!

“With respect to the article *an*: it is immaterial, according to my idea of things, whether it be inflected to *am* in composition, as *ammharawd*; or not inflected, as *anmharawd*; for both are right; as, in Latin, *adnotation* is used for *annotatio*, &c. &c. It is also in certain cases inflected into *af*, as *afwyddiant*, *afonydd*.

“Nevertheless, with respect to the preposition *yn*, I am decidedly of opinion that it should not, except in poetry, be changed into *ym*, *yng*, before words beginning with *m*, *ng*, as ‘Heddwch *ym* Mbrydain:’ ‘Llawnder *yng* Nghymmrú.’

“There is one more observation which I wish to make, viz. that with respect to the substantive verb *sy* or *sydd*, answering to *ἐστὶ* and *ἐστιν* in



Greek, I would strongly recommend to continue the custom of writing *sy* before a consonant, as 'Pwy *sy* draw?' and *sydd* before a vowel, as "Pwy *sydd* acw?" Also *sydd* when it is followed by a punctuation, as 'Y *sydd*, y fydd ac a fu.'" P. 15.

We do not see any thing to differ in opinion from Mr. Jones and the quotations from his book; he has laboured evidently with zeal, and with a view of benefiting the literature of Wales, by simplifying its spelling. Whether any of his deductions may be improved by others of our literati is another point, a point upon which we shall offer no opinion.

"Hoff a derbyniawl yn ddiammau gån lawer o goleddwyr a charwyr yr Iaith Gymmraeg fyddai traethawd byr ac eglur àr ei hiawn-lythyrenlad. Canys yn yr oes hon yn anad un arall y gwelir pob ysgrifenydd yn arferu trefn arbenig iddo ei hun, heb gymaint ag ymosyn à yw ei drefn yn nuawl àg ansawdd yr iaith, neu honan-gyson. Yn yr oesoedd gynt nid fâl hyn ein hynafiaid; canys yn hyn o beth yr oeddylt hwy yn llawer mwy rheolaidd a chyson noc ydym ni. Am hyny, prif ddyben y traethawd hwn ydyw adferu cysondeb: a chàn fod y pwnc yn bwysig ymgeiniwn osod àr lawr àr fyr eiriau, y cyfryw reolau à dybier genym yn beuaf a chymhwysaf." P. 5.

"Ymgeiniasom ysgrifenu yn eglur a diduedd; am hyny wrth derfynu dymunem àr ein darllenwyr bwysaw yn iawndeg yn eu meddwl y rheol à gynnygiasom iddynt yn nechreu y traethawd; canys os gwneir hyn nid ydym heb ddylfal a dwys obeithiaw y llwyddwn er eu dwyn i gydfeddwl a chydweled à ni àr y pwnc. Llawnhâem yn sawr pe gwelem ein cydwladwyr yn fwy byddysg a chysarwydd yn y lythyracth Gymmraeg; yn fwy eu hawydd am iawn wybodaeth o honi. Y mae yn beth anhygoel feddwl bod niferi yn Nghymru yn cymeryd yr enw o fod yn awdwyr; er àr yr un pryd na sedrant silliadu braidd un gair yn ei le, nac ysgrifenu mewn iaith bur; nac ychwaith wisgaw eu meddyliau à geiriau priawd, ac eu cyffredion àg iaith gyfymred. Yma hefyd trwm yw meddwl bod afrifed yn arferu eu geiriau yn Saesongaidd, ac nid mewn Cymmraeg loew." P. 16.

Our limited space precludes our extracting more than the stated objects of the treatise, or of adding at any length our own sentiments; our ideas upon the subject generally are, that it is incalculable how much of intellectual labour is utterly and worthlessly wasted on the difficulties presented by the intricate orthography of some languages. In this respect the Welsh student possesses peculiar advantages in the great simplicity of the rules of Cambrian orthography; with a few trivial exceptions the sound of a letter in one situation is its sound in all, and he who knows the alphabet may be said to be able to read any work correctly, from Taliesin down to Dr. Owen Pughe's *Coll Gwynva*. We have observed that there are some exceptions, it is of these Mr. Jones treats, and, as we conceive, laudably enforces on the minds of his countrymen the advantage of doing away with them altogether.

*A Statement of the Principles and Objects of a Proposed National Society for the Cure and Prevention of Pauperism by means of Systematic Colonization.* Ridgway, Piccadilly, pp. 73.

THE crying sin of the present age is flippancy; and in such an age the man who unites the intellect to conceive a scheme likely to be extensively beneficial with the assiduity requisite to ensure its execution, is an invaluable blessing. Such a man is Mr. Wilmot Horton, and it is gratifying to observe that the voice of the public is at last in his favor; for undoubtedly both the able article in the last Quarterly Review and the proceedings of the National Emigration Society must be considered as mainly presenting convictions such as his arguments were calculated to produce. The question between Mr. Horton and the sham patriots of the present day lies in a very short compass; that question is not whether we are to create emigration, for emigration is daily going forward, but whether we shall attempt so to modify and regulate it that it shall be least injurious, or rather most beneficial, to the kingdom at large, and the individual emigrants themselves. We have remarked in a previous part of this number that the evils of pauperism are not as yet very extensively felt in Wales, yet the evil is sufficiently formidable even there, particularly on our borders, to render it imperative on us to disseminate as far as lies in our power, the very wise and practical views of the society alluded to.

We have observed that the real question is not whether we are to give an unnatural encouragement to emigration, but whether we can draw the stream of emigration from a different source, and divert it into a better channel, for, undoubtedly, emigration is going on; but whither? and amongst what class of society? Why, to the country of our professed rivals, the United States, and amongst precisely that order of men who are most useful to us, the middle classes, the small capitalist, the ingenious, the moral and industrious part of the community. Now, it is obvious that this species of emigration, so far from remedying in any degree the pauperism of a district, may be proved to a demonstration inevitably to augment it. Voluntary emigration is impossible without some amount of capital, and every spontaneous emigrant must export with him at least enough of capital to pay the expenses of his voyage and of settling in his adopted country, and in many instances, of course, he takes with him much more than is needed for these purposes. Thus his expatriation is not only unserviceable to the country, since he takes away with him what would have maintained him at home, but is more frequently a positive source of the increase of pauperism, as he exports also capital which gave employment to many of his poorer neighbours.

But what is the source of this anxiety to quit his native shores? The answer is readily given, it is the dread of moral and physical degradation, a more paramount principle in a virtuous mind than even the love of country; rather than sink into a pauper, he chooses to cease to be an Englishman. But this answer only leads to the further inquiry what is the origin of these apprehensions? and these are justly founded on the prospect of the accumulating tax of pauperism itself, which, if it continue to progress much further, must involve all wealth, virtue, and happiness, in a more fearful ruin than could be accomplished by any revolution, generated by a mere momentary burst of the fiercer passions of mankind.

We have no right to complain of these desertions; it is utterly unjust to blame any man for abandoning his native country when his stay will eventually only add one more to the number of those who are a burden and a dishonour to her; but we ought hence to be doubly alive to any proposition which may enable us to retain undiminished the worthy and industrious members in our island, by disposing of the discontented and idle, to ransom, as it were, the substantial and respectable farmer, by the pauper population that impoverishes and expatriates him. In the present state of things, a pauper, however desirous he may be, cannot emigrate, because emigration itself requires capital; the proposition of Mr. Horton, therefore, is, that parishes should be enabled, by a mortgage of their rates, to enable voluntary emigrants to effect their object, appears to us a wise one, inasmuch as it substitutes a less expensive emigration for that of the private capitalist; for it is plain that the emigration of a pauper will be accomplished with the least possible expense, and the temporary loss of capital in the first instance never can exceed the necessary cost of emigration itself. Mr. Horton calculates that the average costs of pauper emigration amount to three years' maintenance; it is plain, therefore, that even this plan must tend greatly to alleviate this growing evil. But the system proposed in the pamphlet under review is certainly, in its details, an improvement on Mr. Horton's, since it presents a scheme by which emigration *may entirely repay* its expenses. The process by which this is proposed to be effected, may be thus shortly stated.

The value of land depends not only on its natural fertility, but on the facility which its owner possesses of obtaining labourers to cultivate it. If an agriculturist can procure the assistance, on his farm, of two labourers, for six shillings this year, whereas he could only allure one into his service by that sum last year, the superior cheapness of labour is as much a positive addition to the value of his farm, as if its fertility were augmented. Now the value of the land in our colonies is depreciated by this very scarcity and dearness of labor, just as it is less valuable elsewhere on

account of a difficulty in obtaining lime, or any other ingredient of fertility; it is obvious, therefore, that were we to supply our colonies with a reinforcement of labourers, the land in them would rise in value just in the same way, and on the same principle, that it does in England, when a lime rock is for the first time broken in its vicinity. It is by this increased value of the land that the Emigration Society hope, by the aid of government, to accomplish their patriotic and benevolent views, without imposing any tax whatever on the mother country; for this increased value in the land will enable the government to demand a higher price from the agricultural capitalist, and this increase of price will be employed in remunerating the costs of that emigration of labourers from which it will arise.

We have thus attempted to give the leading features of the proposed system; but those who wish to acquire a more accurate insight into its details must consult the pamphlet under review: it will enable them more fully to comprehend it in all its bearings, and to rectify any inaccurate conceptions that our analysis (necessarily imperfect,) may give them. We are enabled from good authority to state that the present administration is favorable to emigration; it becomes important, however, that the public voice should be raised also in its behalf, and that exertions should be made to form branch societies in every part of the country, in order that the Society may embrace as wide a sphere of usefulness as possible, and that its plans may be matured and modified by wide and diversified experience; it will thus, of course, acquire a stronger claim to immediate legislative sanction. It is for this reason that we have brought forward the subject in our magazine, and we trust our brethren the editors of the many Welsh periodicals will not think our example unworthy of imitation. The resolutions are as follow:

*First.* That a society be formed, to be called "The National Colonization Society."

*Second.* That his majesty's government be requested to aid the objects of the society, by requiring a payment in money for all future grants of land in the three great colonies, Canada, South Africa, and Australasia; and by paying to the society, out of the proceeds of sales, a fixed sum for every young couple which the society shall convey to a colony free of cost.

*Third.* That as soon as an emigration fund shall be obtained, the especial business of the society be, to provide a free passage to the several colonies for the greatest number of young pauper couples who may be anxious to emigrate, and for whose labour, at the same time, the colonies may furnish an ample demand.

*Fourth.* That until the increase of colonial people, and the sale of waste land, shall have created an emigration fund, the society undertake to provide a free passage to those *orphan and destitute children*, of both sexes, for whose emigration, parishes in England, and societies or

individuals in Scotland and Ireland, may be willing to pay at the rate of £10 for each person; and that such orphan and destitute children be apprenticed to settlers in the colonies.\*

*Fifth.* That the society endeavour to obtain subscriptions and donations, to be applied to the emigration of orphan and destitute children, and to the general purposes of the society.

*Sixth.* That, as more than one society, acting independently of each other, would raise the price of freights by means of competition, would further enhance the cost of emigration by requiring separate agents in each colony, and would conduct emigration with less safety and effect by reason of their less accurate information as to the demand for labour in the colonies, the inhabitants of the several counties of Great Britain and Ireland be invited to form *branch societies*, for the purpose of acting in concert with the national society in London.

*Seventh.* That each county society be empowered to name one director of the national society."

No doubt the sickly sentimentalist will shudder and shiver over this sort of "banishment," as he will perhaps call it; but the wise man will consider it as a release from prison to the pauper emigrant, for what is Britain, with all its freedom and refinement, to the pauper, but a prison? His feeling on leaving his country must be that of a captive who takes a farewell view of his fetters, the cobwebs of his dungeon, and his only familiars their spider population; not that of a "Pius Æneas," with his ancient sire and his household gods upon his shoulders. But it should continually be repeated, and ever borne in mind, that the only emigration suggested is a purely voluntary one, and the only interference with the poor man's choice, is the proffer of means and of friendly advice. But why, it may be asked, not provide for the poor on the waste lands, instead of sending them abroad? Without disparaging the plans of home colonies, it will be time enough to talk thus, when this alternative remedy is in existence. In the mean time, whoever aids pauper emigration is adding to the collective wealth of the community, by lessening the number of opulent emigrants; he who thus acts would be the first to rejoice in seeing his nostrum give place to a better; but it is not to be supposed that the prospect of contingent improvements like this, will detain one single capitalist from escaping from the burden of legalized mendicity that oppresses him; *until*, therefore, a better mode can

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\* It has been fully ascertained, that there are now in London and its neighbourhood some thousands of destitute children, for whose emigration the parishes would rejoice to pay at the rate of 10*l.* each; and that great numbers of settlers in all the colonies (but more especially in those where the inhabitants are least dispersed,) will rejoice to obtain the services of such children by maintaining them, and paying one shilling per week, during the whole term of apprenticeship, which it is supposed might average four years.

be devised, let us not desist from employing the palliative of emigration.

But when we look at the collateral consequences of the diffusion of our surplus population over more thinly peopled countries, we confess that we cannot conceive that home colonies will be attended with half the benefits. The colonies will be equally competitors for our manufactured goods with the home colonist, and their agricultural wealth will in every way be our commercial wealth; the former has a virgin soil, the latter a desert to contend with, the load of debt that the nation will be relieved from will be in both cases the same, and the bond of mutual benefit and respect equally strong between us and our countrymen, "whatever skies are o'er them." But there are still nobler prospects, in which the philanthropist and the Christian will exult, the increase of a free labouring population will destroy slavery, both in America and in many other countries, for slavery itself owes its continuance only to the impossibility of procuring a white peasantry. It is certain, however, that as soon as the white population shall have increased to a certain extent, the toil of the white will be less expensive than that of the negro, and thus slavery will lose even its strong hold on the mind of man,—self-interest. The new fields of enterprise thus opened, furnish also a satisfactory answer, because a practical one, to those who argue against all history on the subject of the increase of mankind.

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#### LITERARY NOTICES.

IN the press, and speedily will be published, a Welsh translation of "*The Clergyman's Companion in visiting the Sick;*" from an old edition, revised. By the Rev. W. B. Knight, A.M. Chancellor of the Diocese, and Examining Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Llandaff. This work was re-edited in English, with some slight alterations, by Paley. It has been always esteemed as a manual, and having become extremely scarce in Welsh, it is hoped that the present edition may be acceptable to the clergy, and to the inhabitants of the Principality at large.

To be published as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers shall be obtained, "*Gwinllan y Bardd;*" being a collection of all the poetical works of the Rev. Daniel Evans, B.D. Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford, (*Daniel Ddu o Geredigion,*) that have appeared in different miscellaneous publications; together with a great number of poems, in various metres, mostly free, consisting of several thousand lines, by the same author, which have never been in print.

Proposals have been issued by the *Dynolwyr* Society, (formed in the western part of Monmouthshire, and adjoining district of South Wales,) for publishing shortly, should sufficient encouragement be received, a new monthly Welsh magazine entitled "*Y Donolydd,*" (*The Humanist,*) containing historical, legal, literary, and scientific information, for promoting literature and science among the Welsh. The work to be printed at the expense of the society, and the profits, after the expenses



of editorship, &c. to be given to its fund, for promoting science and literature among those acquainted with the Welsh language.

At the commencement of the year was published the first number of a new monthly publication, called "*Y Cymro, sef Trysorfa o Wybodaeth fuddiol a chyffredinol i'r Cymry, (The Welshman, or Treasury of Useful and General Knowledge for the Welsh.*" The work to be published in London on the last day of every month, so that it may be conveniently received on the second day of each month in every part of the Principality.

Preparing for the press, and printing to be commenced as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers shall be obtained, "*A New Welsh Metrical Version of the Psalms of David,*" in a variety of metres, and adapted to popular tunes; for the use of churches. By the Rev. Daniel Rees, Aberystwith, Monmouthshire. In this work, the author has deemed it expedient to make as much use as he could of the well-known version of the Rev. Archdeacon Prys, but endeavoured to make it more popular and useful, by smoothing the verses, and varying the metres; at the same time, however, carefully preserving his ideas, and, as far as he was able, his mode of expression.

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## LONDON AND PROVINCIAL NEWS.

### *Ecclesiastical.*

SINCE our last number, Dr. William Cary has been translated from the see of Exeter to St. Asaph, vacant by the death of Bishop Luxmore.

The first stone of a new church was laid at Aberystwith, in the early part of June; the ceremony was witnessed by a vast throng of inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood, and visitors from all parts. In the morning the parties more immediately interested, met at the Town Hall, and proceeded thence in procession. First came the charity children; then a band of music; these were followed by the clergy of the town in their gowns, and behind them came Mr. Edward Haycock, the architect, and Mr. James, the contractor. The Mayor and corporation came next, followed by the committee, and a large body of subscribers. In this order they proceeded to church, where, after prayers were offered up for the Divine blessing, an excellent sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Hughes. After the sermon, the procession again formed, and proceeded to the spot where the new church is to be erected, and the foundation stone was laid with the usual ceremonies. A very appropriate prayer was then put up, by the Rev. Mr. Hughes; two hymns were sung, and the anthem of God save the King, with an additional verse appropriated to his late majesty's distressing illness. The procession then returned to town, where the evening was closed by several public dinners.

The Rev. William Ellis, A.B. on the resignation of the rectory of Rhiw, was instituted to the rectory of Llanaelhaiarn, Carnarvonshire, on the collation of the Lord Bishop of Bangor, having become vacant by the death of the Rev. Wm. Williams, the former incumbent.

A dispensation has passed the Great Seal to enable the Rev. E. H. G. Williams, M.A. (of Llwynywormwood, Carmarthenshire,) Rector of Rushall, Wilts, and chaplain to the Right Hon. the Dowager Lady Cawdor, to hold the rectory of Saint Peter, in Marlborough, along with Rushall.

The Rev. David Jones, Vicar of Castlemartin, Pembrokeshire, has

been instituted by commission, to the vicarage of Llanddewy Velfrey, and rectory of Crinow in the same county, on the presentation of the king, commissary Rev. D. A. Williams.

The annual association of Welsh Calvinists was lately held in Chester, when impressive discourses were delivered by the Rev. John Elias, of Anglesey, the Rev. Evan Griffith, and the Rev. David Morgan, of Montgomeryshire, and several other ministers. The attendance was numerous and respectable, and a liberal collection was made towards liquidating the debt on the chapel belonging to the body in Chester.

The annual Calvinistic association has also been held at Bangor; it is calculated that not less than 5000 persons were present at the different services.

*Judicial.*

WELSH CIRCUITS.

Returns of the salaries, emoluments, charges, and incidental disbursements of the justice of the Chester circuit, the chief justice of the North Wales circuit, and the justice of the Brecon circuit, as officially demanded by the secretary for the home department:

I.

Return of the salary, emoluments, charges, and incidental disbursements, of the justice of the Chester circuit.

SALARY, &c.

Salary .....	£1,250	0	0
Emoluments (the justice of the Chester circuit has no emoluments) .....		0	0

CHARGES, &c.

Deductions at the Treasury and Exchequer ..	18	8	0
Posting.....	76	0	0
Household expences £420, (the chief justice pays two thirds) .....	140	0	0
		<u>234</u>	<u>8</u>
			<u>0</u>
			£1,015 12 0

Since the death of the late chief justice, I have received the fees of that office, which have amounted in the whole to the sum of £237 18s. and I have paid all the household expenses of the two last circuits.

T. JARVIS,

*His Majesty's justice of the Chester circuit.*

Old Palace yard, May 31, 1830.

II.

*To the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, bart. &c. &c. &c.*

Sir,—I have the honour to inform you that my salary as chief justice of the North Wales circuit per annum is .....	£1,150	0	0
Emoluments arising from fines and other fees due to me as chief justice amount to rather more, but I state them at		50	0
		<u>1,200</u>	<u>0</u>
			<u>0</u>
The charges and disbursements incident to my office I estimate at, per annum .....		200	0
			0

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

35, Bedford row; May 29, 1830.

JONATHAN RAINE.

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## III.

*To the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, bart. &c. &c. &c.*

Sir,—In compliance with your request, I have the honour of transmitting to you a return of my salary, emoluments, and incidental disbursements, as justice of the Brecon circuit.

Salary ..... £1,150 0 0  
Emoluments (being 6d. on every fine levied) between 2l. and 3l.

Disbursements (including expenses incurred in travelling to and from the circuit, and during my stay at each circuit-town) between 150l. and 160l. per annum.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

Temple; May 29, 1830.

ROBERT MATHEW CASBERD.

It has been finally arranged that the retiring pensions of the Welsh judges are to be as follows: T. Jervis, esq. his majesty's justice of the Chester circuit, is to receive 1100l. and Messrs. Raine and Casberd, 1000l. each per annum.

## MONTGOMERYSHIRE.

A meeting of the inhabitants of this county assembled in the Town hall, Welshpool, on Tuesday, the 27th of April, for the purpose of considering the Bill before the House of Commons for abolishing the present system of Welsh judicature, and substituting that of England in its place. The high sheriff, H. A. PROCTOR, esq. in the chair, who, having read the requisition, declared it to be competent for any gentleman to address the meeting.

WILLIAM OWEN, esq. (Glansevern), in moving that the petition he held in his hand should be adopted by the meeting, hoped it would not be considered presumption, in a man of his years, bred to the study of the law, and having for forty years practised in the court of great sessions, to attempt making the great question now under discussion to be rightly and fully understood. On the importance of that question, he need not dilate, or his own impartiality in considering it, and, he hoped, in laying it before the meeting, he need say no more than that he had no interest in the result save the interest of his country, and his own honour; and, although it might be said that a gentleman of his time of life could not be very anxious to undergo the fatigues of a public discussion, still he thought, when the interest of his country called, he was bound to obey, and he would therefore not hesitate to offer his services to his countrymen. He would first read his petition, and would then state the reasons why he should move its adoption by the meeting. The learned gentleman then read the petition, and entered with great minuteness and ability into a history of the various efforts made by members of the British legislature at different periods, to effect alterations in the mode of administering justice in Wales. We may remark, that no one could be better qualified for giving to the public information on these points than Mr. Owen, for he has been repeatedly called upon to give his evidence before the commissioners instituted to inquire into this momentous subject. He then proceeded to point out at great length what he considered to be the defects of the present system, and we regret we are incapacitated from following up in detail this part of his very able address. Mr. Owen proceeded—"I now come to the consideration of the juries; and, although with a jury from the county of Montgomery, every person might be safe, yet, to be above suspicion, they ought occasionally to be chosen from other parts. All of us have our

partialities; we live in a narrow compass, and closely together. We must consider it extremely harsh to decide against our neighbour, and in favor of a stranger; and I put it to every man, whether it would not be preferable in all cases to have juries above suspicion? Under the present system, I need say no more than that it cannot be done. All these ingredients for a proper tribunal are therefore wanting in our courts. Our judges though great men, have been among them, are composed of men who yesterday may be counsel in a case, on which tomorrow they are erected into judges. Our Bar is deficient, and exposes suitors to great expense, or a deprivation of justice; and our juries are not above suspicion. The introduction of the English system would at once remedy all these grievances. It would give us judges, unbiassed, unfettered by local or other prejudices, above suspicion, independent, and whose decisions were liable to review. It would give us a bar abounding in talent; and it would give us the discretionary power of selecting our juries from amongst unbiassed men. No amendment of our present system could alter any one of these grievances; the introduction of the English courts alone will be a remedy. Much had been said relative to the process of *concessit solvere*. It was true that by that process expenses were saved in the outset of the case: yet great inconveniences had arisen in the old practice on this head; the court considered every person to be present in it when sitting; and a plaintiff could sue out judgment for a debt before a debtor knew that any proceeding had been commenced against him: to remedy this the New Rule was adopted, by which notice was to be given to the debtor of the action being commenced, and indeed no respectable practitioner would act without giving notice: and hence the unjust debtor against whom the plaintiff proceeded for a debt of £5, could put that plaintiff to considerable expense without a remedy; for, after the plaintiff had gone to a certain expense, the debtor, as soon as commission was opened, would pay into court the £5, and leave the plaintiff without any power of obtaining his costs. Still, however, the process of *concessit solvere*, if properly modified, might be retained in Wales with great advantage, and extended also to England with the best results. Mr. Owen then proceeded to balance the opinions of practical men on both sides of the question. He described a number of those who were for retaining the present system as interested men; while, on the other hand, the abolitionists were men who had been compelled to change their opinions from the force of evidence and conviction; although in some cases against their interests and pre-conceived opinions. Some gentlemen who had undertaken to enlighten the Principality by the publication of a periodical work, had stated that all the arguments used against the present system of Welsh judicature were the vituperation of lord Cawdor; this was unjust.\* Lord Cawdor's work on Welsh judicature was a most able

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\* We are indebted to Mr. Owen for his allusion to our humble labours, and beg to observe, that if we have enlightened the Principality, it has been by borrowed light; we have attempted to elicit the real merits of this question by allowing advocates on either side the free expression of their sentiments in our pages. Had Mr. Owen indulged us with his, we should have had great pleasure in giving them currency. We must beg to observe, that, notwithstanding the numerous defects which Mr. Owen has certainly pointed out in the *practice* of the Welsh courts, he has not shown that any one of these defects may not be remedied without depriving us of our local courts; consequently he has not in any way dis-

production. It was true he might have acted more judiciously in following the example of Sir W. W. Wynn, and the other gentlemen who composed the former committee of inquiry, by appending the evidence, and giving the deductions therefrom not as arguments of his own, but as inferences which must necessarily arise from such evidence. In this particular I deem his lordship not to have adopted the most convincing course; but it is impossible for any man to read his work without being satisfied that every proposition that is made is a necessary deduction from premises founded on evidence, and not, as these gentlemen represented, a mass of vituperation. I cannot account, sir, for the fact, that any man of spirit and integrity could incite his countrymen to be quiet under the annihilation of their dearest rights. I am induced to make this remark from seeing, that the chief argument of those who resist any alteration in the present system is, that it is a birthright descending from our ancestors through a long course of ages, and as such it ought to be cherished and retained. Sir, the present system of Welsh judicature is no such thing. It is a modern innovation. We, who desire its improvement, desire only to restore it to what it was before we were robbed of its brightest parts. (Great applause.) The statute of 13 Geo. III., as I contend, robbed Wales of the three best portions of its judicature: it robbed her of all the courts of justice at Westminster, and left her only the inferior local court of Great Sessions. We wish to have an equal right to obtain justice in Westminster Hall as our fellow-subjects in England, and we wish also to retain our local courts, wherein our trifling disputes may be arranged cheaply and expeditiously at our own doors. For this end, the power formerly possessed by the judges, of causing trivial actions to be tried before the magistrates, ought to be retained: delay would thereby be avoided, and expense saved. But in talking of saving individual expense in the pursuit of justice, I would have you recollect, that there are other parties besides the suitors, to whom the saving of expense is an object. Is it no hardship, no expense, to the industrious farmers and shopkeepers of our county, that they may be summoned to Pool, to act as jurymen at the great session, and may there be detained *five days*, because two litigious persons have disagreed about a sum of £5. In Wales, the whole of this expense falls upon the jurymen who are compelled to attend. Sir, I have now gone through all the arguments by which I propose to support the petition I have put into your hands. My only object, an object which I have pursued without interest or bias of any kind, is the welfare of my country. That welfare, I believe, will

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proved the remarks of our last correspondent, that to confound the defect in practice with the jurisdiction itself, is mere declamation.

We are compelled to differ from Mr. Owen, upon his remark that Lord Cawdor's rank and talents ought to have sheltered him from the observations of our correspondent. We think that where rank and talents are on the side of what is considered a fallacy, they become additional motives for entering into the controversy; if report speaks truly, the noble lord in question would be the first to assent to this.

In our opinion, generally, of Mr. Owen's observations, we believe we express the sentiments of all men by saying, that the pains he has bestowed upon the question entitle him to the thanks of his country; and in differing from him upon some points, we only take the position of persons conscientiously discharging, in the best manner they are able, a great and paramount public duty.—EDITORS.

be increased by the assimilation of our courts and laws to those of England.

WM. PUGH, esq. of Brynllowarch, moved an addition to Mr. Owen's petition. Among other things he heard that it was intended in the new bill to dismember the county of Montgomery, sending five of the hundreds to Shrewsbury and the rest to Dolgelly. Upon that monstrous proposition he was determined to take the sense of the county, being, in his opinion, the most monstrous and unjust proposition that ever was laid before a body of men. Of the judges (said Mr. Pugh) I will say nothing, because men in authority ought to be respected; only I may generally remark, that practising barristers in one county ought not to be judges in another. (Cheers.) The nearer Wales and England approximate, the better will it be for both countries. In saying this, however, *I by no means desire that the good parts which belong to the present system of Welsh judicature should be lost.* The chief of these I conceive to be, the facility afforded us of recovering small debts. That facility I wish to see retained; and also the boon awarded by the statute of Henry VIII., whereby magistrates were empowered to decide such trivial causes as might remain undecided when the judges left, and I see no reason why these privileges (for such they undoubtedly are) might not be extended to England. (Cheers.)

The High Sheriff was about to put the question to a show of hands, when an amendment was proposed by Col. DAVIES, which was negatived; and Mr. Owen's motion carried by a considerable majority.

We had prepared reports of county meetings in Anglesey and Carnarvon, but we regret exceedingly that a pressure of matter compels us to exclude them.

#### MEETINGS IN LONDON.

At a meeting of the natives of the Principality, held at the Crown Tavern, Bow lane, on May 13, the following resolutions were unanimously passed.

1. *Resolved*,—That this meeting, composed of Ancient Britons resident in the metropolis, views with satisfaction the uniformly loyal conduct of their fellow-countrymen throughout the Principality, and regards the union of their nation with the English, abstracted from its concomitant circumstances, as the most auspicious event recorded in their history.

2. That they consider the Welsh as the only language spoken by the aggregate of the inhabitants of the Principality, and from their attachment to it, they regard its extinction as neither desirable nor practicable in the present state of society.

3. That, being sensible of the defects in the administration of justice in the Principality, and fully appreciating the motives of the legislature in the modifications proposed to be made therein, they at the same time are strongly of opinion, that such remedy would be felt more oppressively by their countrymen than the disease.

4. That, fully participating in the feelings of their countrymen for retaining the ancient British language, and being convinced that the bill now in parliament relative to Welsh judicature, if passed into a law, would accelerate its extinction, they by disclaiming any factious opposition to the measures of government, recommend that a respectful appeal be made to the legislature to suspend the said bill, and to suggest that the acknowledged evils in the present mode of administering the laws in Wales might be corrected without removing the local courts.

5. That, as the Welsh language is best understood by the people in

general, they have for years deplored that their countrymen are deprived of much of the benefit resulting from a trial by jury, inasmuch as in many cases the witnesses are totally unintelligible to the judge and counsel, and the judge and counsel equally unintelligible to them and the jury, excepting through the imperfect medium of an imperfect interpreter.

6. That the removal of the courts of law into England would greatly aggravate this unconstitutional evil; as in such a case many would be the instances wherein the parties and their witnesses would not only be unintelligible to the judge and counsel, but to the jury themselves; and that it would be monstrous to suppose, under these circumstances, that such a trial would afford the subject that protection and justice which are intended by the laws of England, and they would thus be deprived of the dearest rights of Britons.

7. That, therefore, this meeting imperiously feels the necessity of convening a public meeting, to petition the legislature against the proposed removal of their courts of law; and that a deputation from this meeting do respectfully solicit the attendance of some nobleman or gentleman connected with the Principality to preside on the occasion.

A public meeting was accordingly held, and a petition, most numerous and respectably signed (the petition is an echo of the resolutions), has been presented to parliament, in the Lords by the right honourable lord Dynevor, and in the Commons by John Jones, esq., M.P. for Caermarthen.

#### Lampeter College.

Francis Burton, esq. late one of the justices of great sessions for Chester, Denbigh, Flint, and Montgomery, has given one hundred pounds to St. David's College, at Lampeter, to be invested in the public funds, as the commencement of a foundation for annual prizes for competition among the students of the college.

A friend of John Scandrett Harford, esq. has likewise presented to the college the four usual annual prizes for the present year, to which Mr. Harford has added one himself. These prizes will be awarded among the students, as follows:

1. To the author of the best *Latin* Essay on "*Quæ forma politiarum civium commodo maximi conveniat.*"

2. To the author of the best *English* Essay on "*The use and abuse of learning in the study of theology.*"

3. To the author of the best *Welsh* Essay on *Gair Duw goreu dysg.* (The Word of God the best learning.)

4. To the student who possesses the best general examination in the classics.

5. To the student who possesses the best Hebrew examination in the Pentateuch, and Lee's Hebrew Grammar.

#### Caermarthen Cymreigyddion.

The members of this society held their eighth anniversary meeting at the Guildhall, Caermarthen, on the 4th of May. The chairman, David Jones, esq. mayor of the town, commenced the proceedings with a neat introductory address, detailing in English and Welsh the objects of the meeting, which he advocated with considerable force. The venerable and patriotic president of the society, the Rev. Archdeacon Beynon, then stated that he had, on account of his advanced age, relinquished all intention of again actively mixing in the affairs of the society, but having a message to deliver from a society of gentlemen in North

Wales, associated for the promotion of an object truly British, he was induced to appear once more at a public meeting of the members. The society to which he alluded, he said, was formed at the late Denbigh Eisteddvod, and the gentlemen which constituted it, were associated for the purpose of publishing several Welsh manuscripts, connected with different parts of Welsh literature. As the attainment of their object will be attended with considerable expence, they invite co-operation in prosecution of their undertaking; and in order to inform the meeting of the views of the society, he read a letter addressed by the Rev. A. B. Clough, of Oxford, detailing its objects. The archdeacon then stated that he was desirous there should exist a transcript of the peculiarities and superstitions of the Welsh, similar to the work lately published on the characteristics of Irish society, denominated *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*; he would give a premium of twenty sovereigns, and a medal of the value of three guineas to any person who shall write a book of five hundred pages on the subject, and if the writer should come from any distance, he would, in addition, pay his travelling expenses. He said that the national characteristics and popular peculiarities of the Welsh were numerous and prominent, which, however, were every day becoming more faint, and, unless some effort would be soon made, would disappear altogether from the face of society.

After the Rev. Thomas Price, of Crickhowel, had addressed the meeting, the more immediate business of the day commenced, and the awarding of the premiums took place. For the premium for the best Welsh oration on *Buddioldeb y Cymdeithasau Cymroaidd*, (the Benefit of the Welsh Literary Societies,) there were two candidates, Mr. W. E. Jones, (*Cawrdaf*), and Mr. John Williams, who delivered their orations. Mr. Jones was declared to be the best, and was invested with the prize medal. The author of the best Welsh Essay on *Rhagluniaeth*, (Providence), was then called on, but not appearing, the seal was opened, and he was discovered to be Mr. Hugh Hughes, 10, Fisher street, Red Lion square, portrait painter to the London Cambrian Institution. The secretary, in his absence, was invested with the medal. *Florio*, the assumed name of the author of the best Welsh Ode on *Goleuni*, (Light,) was then called; Mr. John Thomas, printer, Seren Gomer office, presented himself, and was invested with the medal.

The minstrels from Brecon played some Welsh airs in duett, on the triple harp. A medal was awarded to Mr. John Jones for his performances on that instrument. Master Henry Richards, junior, and his sister, performed a duett on the *piano* with effect. Master Richards was rewarded with a medal. The proceedings excited much interest. A large party dined afterwards at the Old Bush Inn.

#### *Royal Cambrian Institution.*

A general meeting of this society was held at the Freemasons' Hall, on the 22d of May, for the purpose of awarding its annual medals and premiums, Captain Scott in the chair.

The Royal Medal was awarded to a bard who signed his name Galaris (the mourner), for an elegy in the Welsh language on the death of the late Thomas Jones, esq. bard and treasurer to the institution. The adjudication of the prize essays, also of the best historical account of the ancient fortifications in Denbigh and Montgomeryshires, was postponed. The society's large silver medal, and a premium of five guineas,



will be awarded to the author of the best account, or brief biographical sketch, of the most eminent individuals which the Principality of Wales has produced since the reformation; the candidates to send in their productions by the 1st of March, 1831.

A select number of the members dined together in honour of the birthday of the son of their president, Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, bart.

The healths of various noble and patriotic individuals connected with Wales were drank.

Pritchard, harper to the society, attended, and performed a variety of national airs on the triple-stringed harp: he introduced in the course of the evening a new Welsh melody, composed by himself, called "Castell Penrhyn," in honour, we presume, of that magnificent pile of building now erecting, for the residence of G. H. Dawkins Pennant, esq.; he also accompanied the penillion singing in the ancient mode of reciting, to the great delight of the company. In this national and peculiar style of singing to the harp, we particularly noticed the skill of Messrs. Parry, Meredith Jones, J. Williams, and W. Hughes. Mr. Parry, jun. whose *debut* at Mr. Cramer's concert was eminently successful, sang several ballads, accompanying himself on the pedal harp, in a very superior style.

Some of the resolutions that have been lately past by this society are in every respect so important, that we think it advisable to bestow on them a notice separated from our account of its general proceedings. We felt it our duty, in our last year's report of the proceedings of this institution, to employ some expressions that appeared to border on censure; yet we are sure that the following resolutions will not be read with greater gratification in any part of the Principality than they were by us, and there is no part of our present number that we give with more pleasure to the public.

"In November 1829, a motion was made by D. Lewis, esq. and carried unanimously, that a new edition of the *Myvyrian Archaeology*, with an English translation, and a selection from bards, never printed, be published at the charge of the society. That the proposed publication appear from time to time, in a series of volumes; and that each volume embrace the works of at least one bard complete, with such illustrations in English as the subject will admit of. That Dr. William Owen Pughe, the Rev. T. Price, and the Rev. W. Davies, be requested to cooperate in superintending the projected publication."

The two former gentlemen have kindly promised to assist in the undertaking, but it unfortunately happens that the Rev. W. Davies is deterred by other avocations from doing so. It is gratifying to remark at the same time that this plan was organized, two associations, one at Denbigh and the other at Oxford, adopted, without any mutual communication, resolutions precisely similar in effect to those of the metropolitan institution, which we have just detailed.

*March 1830.*

D. LEWIS, esq. in the Chair.

"After the election of William Hughes, esq. to the office of honorary secretary, it was resolved—That an encouragement similar to that afforded to the publication of the ancient bards be extended by the society to the ancient romances, or *Mabinogion*, to be edited by Dr. W. O. Pughe."

*May 22, 1830.*

CAPTAIN SCOTT in the chair.

"After other resolutions of minor importance, it was moved and unanimously acceded to,—That endeavours should be made to form a museum

of the natural productions of the Principality, and that the superintendance of it be confided to R. Evans, esq. one of the librarians of the institution."

Such a collection, together with the valuable and gradually increasing library in the possession of the Cymmrodorion, must necessarily render their meetings more attractive to the scholar and the man of science. As long as the institution continues to be conducted in this spirit, it will always possess our warmest good wishes. We feel assured that there is no expedient more likely to improve a national character, than making its national institutions as intellectual as possible.

A. J. JOHNES, esq. in the chair.

June 5, 1830.

This being the last general meeting before the holidays, an interesting discussion took place, on the course which it might be expedient to adopt in future for the promotion of Celtic learning. Upon the motion of Mr. Parry, it was determined that the secretary transmit to Dr. William Owen Pughe the earnest request of this society, that the manuscript of the first volume of the *Mabinogion* may be forwarded for publication as soon as possible, accompanied by an expression of their anxiety that its learned editor may speedily be restored to health. Dr. Meyrick then addressed the meeting, and pointed out the best mode of elucidating Cambrian antiquities. The Doctor's observations met with universal approbation. He suggested that more valuable dissertations might be called forth by the institution than heretofore; he recommended prize disquisitions, directed to some insulated and obscure point of Welsh history, instead of involving those subjects only which have been repeatedly discussed, and, in fact, exhausted: he enumerated several subjects. He highly approved of the proposition of publishing the *Mabinogion*, and intimated that this work had excited a general interest amongst English literati, and expressed a great anxiety that it might soon appear.

The following books have lately been added to the library: Description of Two Ancient British Shields, preserved in the Armoury at Goodrich Court, Herefordshire, by Dr. Meyrick;—Volume Three of the *Welsh Melodies*, with words by Mrs. C. B. Wilson; by J. Parry, esq.;—*Churchyard's Worthies of Wales*, by W. Hughes, esq. the secretary.—Ordered to be purchased by the Librarian, *Thierry's History of the Norman Conquest*.

May the Cymmrodorion at the same time ever continue to keep aloof from the utilitarian school in Wales, who confound national distinctions and national emulation with national hostility. Let them continue to cultivate the poetry, and music, and the intellect, of Wales, in every way, and they may depend upon it that by so doing they will gain in the esteem of Englishmen, they will lose only in that of certain cynics of their own country.

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### *Births, Marriages, and Deaths.*

#### BIRTHS.

At Severn-side, Newtown, Montgomeryshire, Mrs. Valentine Tillsley, of a daughter.

At Hanmer, Flintshire, the lady of the Rev. John Hanmer, of a son.  
The lady of the Rev. H. Price, of Bangor, of a son.



The Hon. Mrs. Heaton, of Plas Heaton, of a daughter.

At Trevorgan, Cardiganshire, the lady of T. L. Lloyd, esq. of Nantwillt, of a daughter.

At Plas Bold, near Carnarvon, the lady of Captain Jones Parry, R.N. of a son.

At Panyswarn, Pembrokeshire, Mrs. Mortimer, wife of J. M. Mortimer, esq. of a son.

The lady of Thomas Hughes, esq. of Castell du, Cardiganshire, of a son.

In Grosvenor place, London, the Lady Georgiana Cholmondeley, of a son and heir.

At Newcastle Emlyn, the lady of J. M. Evans, esq. of a daughter.

At her father's residence, the lady of T. A. Prickard, esq. of Llanelwydd, hall, Radnorshire, of a daughter.

At Mellington hall, Montgomeryshire, the lady of Thomas Brown, esq. of a son and heir.

At Cheltenham, the lady of the Rev. W. Spencer Phillips, B.D. of a daughter.

#### MARRIAGES.

At Llandingat, Mr. Watkin Walters, of Llanfairclydogau, in the county of Cardigan, to Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Evans, of Llandovery.

The Rev. D. N. Thomas, of Abergwilly, to Anne, third daughter of William Nicholls, Esq. of Pant-y-gleien, Carmarthenshire.

At Llangynllo, Cardiganshire, Mr. T. Thomas, of Penyvoel, in the parish of Penybryn, to Miss Elizabeth Jones, of Cwmbwch, in the parish of Llangynllo.

At Llanbadarnfawr, Cardiganshire, Edward, only son of Edward Locke, esq. of his majesty's customs in the port of Aberystwith, to Mary Ann, widow of the late J. Newton, esq. of Merten Murgorg, Demerara, and youngest daughter and co-heiress of the late John Simpson, esq. Belmont, Shrewsbury.

At Bristol, Rees Jenkins, esq. solicitor, Bridgend, in the county of Glamorgan, to Isabella, only daughter of John Davies, esq. of Newcastle cottage.

At Holyhead, O. W. Williams, esq. surgeon, to Caroline, youngest daughter of Mr. Spencer, of Holyhead.

At Shrewsbury, S. F. Waddington, esq. of Birmingham, to Margaret, youngest daughter of the late Rice Jones, esq. of New hall, Rhuabon.

At Cadoxton, Glamorganshire, H. George Jones, esq. barrister at law, second son of Calvert Richard Jones, esq. of Heathfield lodge, in that county, to Maria Alicia, second daughter of Sir G. William Leeds, bart. of Glyn Clydach, in the same county.

The Rev. Shadrach Davies, to Mrs. Prudence Moses, of Swansea, This is the bride's fifth appearance at the hymeneal altar, (thrice within the last four years.)

At Paris, Captain Charles Warren, 65th regiment, second son of the Dean of Bangor, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of William Hughes, esq. of Dublin.

At Bitterley, near Ludlow, Robert Bell Price, esq. High Sheriff of the county of Radnor, to Sarah, eldest daughter of the Rev. John Walcot, of Bitterley Court.

At Holyhead, Mr. C. Morison, of Liverpool, to Miss M. A. Jollycomb, only surviving daughter of the late Nicholas Jollycomb, esq. of Heath cottage, Holywell.

At Abergele, Mr. Hughes, surgeon, to Mrs. Salusbury, relict of Mr. Salusbury, of the Bee, Abergele.

Mr. W. Prosser, of Portland house, Breconshire, to Frances, daughter of the late G. Oames, esq. of Clirow, Radnorshire, and granddaughter of the late Rev. J. Hughes, of Glyn hall, Denbighshire.

Mr. Hugh Williams, of Llanerchymedd, to Miss Mary Jones, of the same place.

Mr. Robert Dew, to Ann, third daughter of Mr. Owen Owens, of Llanerchymedd.

Samuel Beavan, esq. of Glascomb court, Radnorshire, to Eliza Ann Gomery, niece of Mrs. Jarvis, of Moorfield place, Hereford.

At Cliro, Radnorshire, William Pugh, esq. solicitor, Hay, to Miss Ann Maddy, of Cliro.

E. M. Whyte, esq. of Hotham, Yorkshire, to Alice Maria, second daughter of Sir J. Owen, bart. of Orierton, Pembrokeshire, and M.P. for that county.

At Liverpool, Mr. Thomas Bradford, of Chester, to Jane, daughter of Mr. C. Cartwright, of Llanasa, near Holywell.

John Griffith, esq. of Hafod onen, to Miss Jones, of Amlwch.

At Llandysilio, Anglesey, Mr. Thomas Owen, of Bangor, to Miss Anne Rowlands, late of Llanerchymedd.

At Holywell, the Rev. William Jones, formerly of Glasgow College, now Baptist Minister at Holywell, to Mary, only daughter of Mr. Hugh Owen, of that town.

At Knighton, Mr. E. T. Meredith, of Knighton, Radnorshire, surgeon, to Helen, youngest daughter of W. Meredith, esq. of the same place.

Lieutenant Beebee, of the 6th regiment of foot, youngest son of the Rev. James Beebee, rector of Prestcign, to Ann, eldest daughter of Edward Walker, esq. of Kington.

At Towyn Merioneth, Mr. John Morris, of Plas Jolly, Towyn, aged 72, to Mrs. Catharine Samuel, of Newtown, Montgomeryshire, aged 68. The same day both walked to Newtown, and arrived there several hours before night: the distance from Towyn to Newtown is forty miles.

At Snead, Mr. W. Hamar, of the Farm, Montgomeryshire, to Mrs. Sayce, of Brockton, Salop.

DEATHS.

**The London Gazette Extraordinary.**

*Whitehall; Saturday, June 26, 1830.*

A Bulletin, of which the following is a copy, has been this morning received by Secretary Sir Robert Peel, one of His Majesty's principal Secretaries of State:

*Windsor Castle; June 26, 1830.*

It has pleased Almighty God to take from this world the King's Most Excellent Majesty. His Majesty expired at a quarter-past three o'clock this morning, without pain.

Signed,

HENRY HALFORD.

MATTHEW JOHN TIERNEY.

Aged 85, after an illness of nine days, the Rev. John Williams, vicar of Laugharne, and rector of Llansadurnen, Carmarthenshire, for the last thirty years; he was previously rector of Llandeveylog, in Breconshire, for twenty-five years. His benevolence was unbounded, his piety exemplary, his manners engaging, and his industry and attention to professional duty such, during the first fifty years, that he was but three Sundays without performing divine service.

The Rev. John Roberts, vicar of Tremeirchion, in the county of Flint, aged 53. Mr. Roberts was editor of an edition of the Homilies of the church, in Welsh, and was author of the best English Essay at Carmarthen Eisteddfod, on the reasons for rejecting the Welsh Orthography that is proposed to be introduced with a view of superseding the system that has been established since the publication of Dr. Davies's Grammar, and Bishop Parry's edition of the Welsh Bible, and that of 1620.

At Orulton, Pembrokeshire, much lamented by a large circle of friends, Lady Owen, wife of Sir John Owen, bart. M. P. and lord lieutenant for the county of Pembroke. Her ladyship will be long regretted by the poor of the neighbourhood, to whom she was a great benefactress.

At Brighton, 31, the Hon. Edward Henry Edwardes, eldest son of the Right Hon. Lord Kensington.

Sir William Mansell, bart. 63, late of Iscoed, in the county of Carmarthen.

At Llangendiern, Carmarthenshire, 72, Mr. John Owen, late shopkeeper, at Machynlleth, and one of the proprietors of the Dyfnogwn and Eogirgaled mine-works, Montgomeryshire, for a great number of years; but better known among his countrymen as the author of "*Troedigaeth Atheos.*" He has left a large circle of relatives and friends to deplore his loss.

At his seat, Pennoyra, near Brecon, 68, the Rev. Thomas Watkins, M.A. F.R.S. rector of Llandefaelog, and vicar of Llandefalle; a very active and intelligent magistrate, and one of the deputy lieutenants of the county of Brecon. In the earlier portion of his life he visited the continent, and after his return published an account of his travels in Greece.

In London, 60, after a long illness, William Vaughan, esq. of Llanlay, in the county of Glamorgan, barrister at law, and marshall and registrar of the great sessions for the counties of Glamorgan, Brecon, and Radnor. He was a gentleman of the most benevolent disposition, a warm and steady friend, anxious for the improvement of the agriculture of the district in which he resided, and a zealous promoter of Welsh literature.

At Marlow, Vice Admiral Sir James Nicholl Morris, K.C.B.

At Gredington, the seat of Lord Kenyon, Miss Peregrina, youngest daughter of his lordship, aged 21.

The Rev. Evan Pughe, of Llancynfelin and Eglwysfach, in the county of Cardigan, and diocese of St. David's.

Mrs. Morris, of Penygelley, Kerry, Montgomeryshire.

Mr. Henry Williams, the *Isaac Walton* of Newtown, Montgomeryshire.

At Llanwrst, Mr. John Thomas, of Jesus College, Oxford.

At Pentraeth, bordering on her 100th year, Mrs. Mary Jones.

Mr. Owen Williams, of Pen-y-chwintan, Bangor, 82.

63, Anne, relict of the late Mr. John Peters, of Tan-y-clawdd, near the Anglesey Column.

The infant son of Mr. John Jones, late of Siglen-bash, Llanfair-pwllgwyngyll, Anglesey.

75, greatly respected and regretted, Mr. J. Jones, of Bryn Coch, near Flint.

At Gwern y-toe, Worthenbury, Mr. Thomas Williams, 75.

At Montgomery, 89, Mrs. George, widow of the late Mr. John George, of that town.

Mr. John Jones, 75, of Bryn Coch, near Flint.

At Aberystwith, James H. Wemyss, second son of Lieut. Col. Wemyss, late of the 50th regiment.

At Tyn'yeoed, 78, the Rev. William Williams, rector of Llanael-hajarn, Carnarvonshire.

At Dublin, 34, Frances Althea, wife of the Rev. J. W. Trevor, vicar of Carnarvon.

Lucy, the relict of Hugh Smythe, esq. the third son of the late Sir Edward Smythe, bart. of Acton Burnell, Salop. This lady was second daughter and co-heiress of the late Edward Sulyarde, esq. of Haughley park, Suffolk, and sister to the Right Hon. Lady Stafford.

Letitia, wife of John Donne, esq. Powis place, Great Ormond street, London, and only child of John Edwards, esq. banker, Shrewsbury.

77, John Griffith, esq. of Llanfair, Carnarvonshire.

26, Miss Mary Morris, of Beaumaris.

44, Mr. Griffith Jones, Carnarvon.

At Beaumaris, Mr. William Jones, of the Customs of that port ; having served fifty-two years in that department.

At Tyddyn Blowman, Llangian, Carnarvonshire, Mr. Thomas Parry, formerly in the French army, and for the last thirty years Tabyrddwr in the Carnarvon rifle corps.

77, Grace, wife of Mr. Henry Rowlands, of Moel-y-don, Anglesey.

At New Orleans, Captain Rowlands, son of the last-mentioned person.

At Maentwrog, Merionethshire, 17, Catherine, eldest daughter of Mr. Owen Jones, of that place.

At Ellesmere, 48, Mr. E. Hughes, eldest son of the late Edward Hughes, esq. of Shrewsbury, banker.

At Glanmachles, near Llanegryn, Merionethshire, 89, the Rev. William Jones.

The Rev. J. Griffith, vicar of St. Ishmael's.

At Crickhowel, 86, Mrs. Price, wife of Mr. Price, late of that town.

80, Mrs. Williams, relict of the late Rev. W. Williams, vicar of Crickhowel, and the only surviving sister of the above-named Mrs. Price.

59, Thomas Edgworth, esq. of Wrexham Fechan, near Wrexham.

At Rhyl, 67, John Hughes, esq. of Denbigh.

At Haverfordwest, after two days' illness, Miss Ann Griffiths, of Solva. This was the young woman who brought the action against the Rev. Thomas Williams, for breach of promise of marriage, which excited so much interest at the last great sessions for the county of Pembroke.

At Pentrevoylas, 73, Mr. H. Lloyd, of vocal celebrity, an excellent singer of church music.

At Llanasa, 83, Mr. Edward Saunders, of Pieton.

At Wrexham, deeply lamented, T. Edwards, esq. 63.

55, Mr. Roger Garner, of Riley wood, Denbighshire.

At Montgomery, 76, Mr. Edward Davies, late of Rhydwmion.

At Rhayader, Radnorshire, Anne Stephens, relict of the late Richard Stephens, of Garth, esq. in the said county.

At Shrewsbury, 32, Hannah, youngest daughter of the late Mr. W. Evans, of Towyn, Merionethshire.

Caroline, eldest daughter of the late John Roberts, esq. of Llanerchymedd.

At his house on Mount Pleasant, near Swansea, W. Grove, esq. senior alderman of that borough.

At Sodston house, Pembrokeshire, 21, J. E. Phelps, esq. of Studda, near Milford.

At Tetford, Lincolnshire, 78, Elizabeth Probart, relict of William Probart, esq. of Bedwell, in the county of Denbigh.

At Plasnewydd, Mr. Owen Foulkes, 60, an eminent agriculturist.

At Morben, near Machynlleth, Elizabeth, second daughter of the late Edward Williams, esq. and of the Right Hon. Jane, viscountess Bulkeley, his wife, of Peniarth, in the county of Merioneth.

At Mostyn, at the advanced age of 102, Mrs. Elizabeth Hughes.

At Min-y-don, Carnarvonshire, Miss Medwin, 71.

26, Catherine, wife of Mr. Humphrey Jones, of Ty-gwyn Llanfwrog.

79, Thomas Peregrine, esq. fifty years tide surveyor of Customs at Milford, and a notary public.

John Parry, esq. of Ty-newydd, near Denbigh.

Suddenly, Mr. P. Joseph, at Llangunier, near Crickhowel.

Mrs. Williams, relict of Humphrey Williams, esq. of Dolgelley.

68, Mrs. Margaret Davies, of Crigywheel.

#### *Prices of Shares of Canals in Wales.*

Brecknock and Abergavenny, 110; Glamorganshire, 290; Montgomeryshire 80; Shrewsbury, 250; Swansea, 272.

#### *Foreign Funds.*

Closing price 28th June.—Brazilian, 72½; Buenos Ayres, 34; Chilian, 28½; Colombian, 22; ditto, 1824, 23½; Danish, 73; Greek, 36; Mexican, 31; ditto, 1825, 37½; Neapolitan Rentes, 82½; Peruvian, 22½; Portuguese, 62; Prussian, 1818, 102; ditto, 1822, 103½; Russian, 1822, 109½; Spanish, 1820, —; ditto, 1821 and 1822, 18; ditto, 1823, 12; French Rentes, 104; Russian Inscip. Ex. 17½, 82; ditto Metallic, Baring's, 109.

#### *English Funds.*

Closing price on the 26th.—4 per cents. 104½; new 4 per cents. shut; 3½ per cent. red. 99½; 3 per cent. red. 91½; and consols, for acc. 92½.

#### *Supplementary List of Subscribers.*

[We respectfully solicit the Names of Subscribers omitted in our List accompanying Vol. I., otherwise inaccuracies must occur. A general Subscription List will be published in our next Number, forming Vol. II., and we are anxious to render it as complete as possible.]

Davies, Rev. D. P. Belper, Derbyshire.  
 Davies, Rev. T. M. vicar of Ystrad.  
 Dynevor, Ld. Dynevor Castle, Llandilo, S. Wales  
 Evans, David, esq. solicitor, Liverpool.  
 Evans, Rev. Timothy, vicar of Llanbadarn, Tref Eglwys.  
 Griffith, Edward, esq. Liverpool.  
 Hughes, John, esq. solicitor, Aberystwith.  
 Hughes, John, esq. 85, Gracechurch street.  
 Hughes, H. esq. Dean street, Fetter lane.  
 Jones, John, esq. Liverpool.  
 Jones, Edward, F. esq. ditto.  
 Jones, John, esq. surgeon, ditto.  
 Jones, Mr. John, ditto.  
 Jones, Ellis, esq. ditto.  
 Lewis Lewis, esq. Fronfraith, near Aberystwith.

Lyceum Library, The Liverpool.  
 Lloyd, John, esq. Pen-y-Glanau.  
 Morris, Rev. J. W. head master of Ystrad-Meyrick Grammar-school.  
 Owens, Owen, esq. Liverpool.  
 Powell, W. E. esq. M.P. Nanteos, Cardiganshire.  
 Prichard, R. W. esq. Liverpool.  
 Rees, Henry, esq. Finsbury square London.  
 Roberts, R. esq. St. John's street.  
 Roberts, Mr. Richard. Liverpool.  
 Wakeman, Mr. William, surgeon, Tregony, Monmouthshire.  
 Williams, D. esq. Lledrod.  
 Williams, Owen, esq. Liverpool.  
 Williams, Robert, esq. ditto.

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**Celtic Repertory.**

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SIR WILLIAM JONES,  
AND THE EMINENT BRITISH LAWYERS.\*

THE rapid strides that education has taken within the last few years over the minds of the people, and the consequent increase of the well-informed among the members of society, has given a stimulus to literature greater than was ever known before. There has certainly never been such an immense number of books printed in any age, as the press now throws off. Daily, weekly, monthly, and yearly publications are continually increasing; and increasing to an astonishing extent; while the vast multitude of elementary works, on all subjects, which are offered to those who thirst after knowledge as the stepping-stone to its hallowed font, and the many and various guides in the shapes of cyclopædias and libraries, that offer to disclose to all seekers the innermost sanctuary of the holy temple, have become so numerous, that we are likely to get confused in a maze of many roads, from whence no friendly ball of silk is likely to extricate us. The peasantry of Scotland and Wales have long been known for their superior intellectual organization; there have been men among them who have raised themselves merely by self-tuition to no contemptible scholarship. In Wales, you seldom enter a cottage without seeing one or two of the many excellent periodicals that are published in the Welsh language, for the improvement of those who do not understand English, lying about the room, with evident symptoms of their having been well read; while in Scotland, even in the highlands, the same passion for knowledge may be observed. In London, two colleges have been founded, for the purpose of giving to those who cannot afford the expense of a classical education at either of our ancient

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\* Lives of eminent British Lawyers, by Henry Roscoe, esq. barrister at law; forming vol. vi. of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. Longman and Co., Paternoster row.

universities, opportunities of possessing themselves of so desirable an object at the least possible expense; and at the large provincial towns, we continually hear of subscriptions being raised, and buildings erected, with the same laudable design. Of the good effects that are likely to arise from bestowing the advantages of education on the lower orders, we have little doubt; a man cannot be a worse workman for knowing the nature of the materials which he is manufacturing, or a mechanic a worse artisan for possessing a knowledge of the principles of the machinery with which he works. That the knowledge may become dangerous, when possessed by so many millions, we have little fear: we agree with the opinion of a clever writer, who observes, "that if knowledge be dangerous, it is only when confined to a few individuals among the ignorant multitude, and that the correction of that danger is to be sought in universal information."\* There will be few, indeed, among that class for whose good this improvement is principally intended when they become aware of the value of the knowledge they possess, and know what benefit it can bring them by a right use of it; how far they may be raised above the lowness of their being, and the poverty of their birth, and how possible it is to become honoured and respected in possessing that true nobility of soul which is always the inheritance of genius and talent; there are few, we say, who, knowing that "knowledge is power," would wish to abuse it, and give up the expectation of honour and emolument to become factious demagogues, the organ and tools of a levelling democracy.

Mechanics' institutes have gone a great way towards hastening the progress of the present march of intellect, and when properly conducted, and under the management of men who are only influenced by love for their species, and a desire to contribute to their happiness, are likely to lead to the most beneficial results; but when such institutions are in the power of unqualified persons, who do not possess that philanthropy which is necessary for carrying on with a proper spirit so praiseworthy an object, the original design is soon lost sight of, it is degraded into a political machine for forwarding the designs of a party, a channel for some angry radical to spout forth his dissatisfaction of government, and endeavour to instil feelings of hatred and disaffection into the minds of the multitude against their rulers; a vehicle for some political enthusiast to declare the immeasurable superiority of his idea of government above that of the reigning ministry, and the vast advantages that would accrue to the community at large, as well as to each individual member of it, were they, the ministry, to embrace his system of political economy: or almost as bad, it dwindles into an establishment for the delivery of lectures, on subjects impossible to be understood by those who seek elementary instruction on the useful arts or practical sciences; or else of so useless

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\* Simond's *Tour in Italy and Sicily*, p. 461.



a nature, as to be thrown from the memory as soon as heard, as lumber impossible ever to be of any service to the possessor.

We certainly do not carry our mechanics' institutes on so liberal a scale as our continental friends. "At Liege," says Dr. Granville, "as well as at Louvain, some of the professors of the university are required to give separate courses of lectures to the working classes, at suitable hours in the evening, without any charge or fee payable by the student. The branches taught are chemistry applied to the arts and manufactures, arithmetic, elementary algebra, practical geometry, architecture, linear drawing, and mechanics. These gratuitous schools are under the inspection of the council of management, which is presided over by a field-officer of artillery."\*

Of course, among so many thousand volumes that are printed, much rubbish is to be expected; but, if we sift the chaff from the wheat, we shall find still that we are considerable gainers of good and wholesome nutriment. Encouragement is held out to authors to give the world the produce of their genius; and to publishers, to speculate in literary undertakings, by the increasing avidity of the public appetite for knowledge of every description; and though, by means of puffing, pretenders may for a time obtain distinction in the literary world, still their reign will be but short, no permanent reputation will ever be conferred on the undeserving. "Men of real merit will, if they persevere, at last reach the station to which they are entitled, and intruders will be ejected with contempt and derision."† There are so many good books now published that no one has the least occasion to read a bad one, and works on every branch of science are brought out so cheap, that there are few by whom they may not be obtained with ease. "Modern literature," says D'Israeli, "now occupies a space which looks to be immensity, compared with the narrow and imperfect limits of the ancient. A complete collection of classical works, all the bees of antiquity, the milk and honey of our youth, may be hived in a single glass-case; but to obtain the substantial nourishment of European knowledge, a library of 10,000 volumes will not satisfy our inquiries, nor supply our researches even on a single topic."‡ The first person who awakened the impulse that has spread so largely not only over England but over the whole of continental Europe, was Constable of Edinburgh, who published his "Miscellany," from which all the "libraries" that are now publishing derive their origin. The success he met with, proved how great a thirst was existing for the pure waters of knowledge; and gave rise to the formation of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Since this excellent society has been

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\* Dr. Granville's *St. Petersburg*, vol. i. p. 77. This is a liberality we should like to see followed nearer home, instead of letting out the Institution as a puff-shop to increase the sale of some political egotist's sixpenny pamphlet.

† *Edinburgh Review*, vol. ci. p. 200.

‡ D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, 2d series, vol. i. p. 3.



in existence, they have published many valuable treatises on the different branches of philosophy, of biography, history, and the useful arts, at so low a price as to be within the reach of the poorest mechanic: the immense sale these met with emboldened them to attempt other and greater labours. They have since produced many works of a highly clever and amusing character, under the title of "The Library of Entertaining Knowledge;" and have lately brought out a series of treatises, called "The Farmer's Series," containing the nature, history, and treatment of all domestic animals, with valuable information to those whose lives are passed in agricultural pursuits; in fact, a complete library for the peasant. Murray, the great London biblioplist, is publishing a "Family Library," in a cheap and elegant form, many volumes of which are valuable additions to any bookcase: the success this enterprising publisher has deservedly met with has made his rival, Colburn, issue prospectuses announcing a "Library of General Knowledge," a "Library of Standard Novels," a "Library of Voyages and Travels," and a "Juvenile Library." Valpy, the classical publisher, is bringing out an excellent work, under the title of "The Family Classical Library," containing correct and elegant translations of the Greek and Latin classics; a work of very great utility to all those whom want of time, or the great expense attending learning the languages, renders it difficult to become acquainted with the originals. Pickering is producing a valuable addition to these, in his Aldine edition of "The British Poets:"\* and the extensive firm of Longman and Co. are publishing a "Cyclopædia," under the direction of that excellent scholar Dr. Lardner, which, from the names in the prospectus, we should think, was likely, for practical utility and sound usefulness, to beat all its bulky and unwieldy predecessors out of the field. The first men of the age, in science and literature, are among its contributors; and Dr. Lardner promises that the treatises on the more abstruse sciences shall be written in a style divested of technicalities, which only encumber the sense, and confuse the student, without being of the least assistance to the practical man. The volumes already published are Sir Walter Scott's "History of Scotland," in two volumes; one volume of the "History of Maritime and Inland Discovery;" "Donovan's Domestic Economy;" a "Treatise on Mechanics," by Dr. Lardner and Captain Kater; and "Roscoe's Lives of eminent British Lawyers," the work on which this article is written.

Biography has employed the pens of some of the most celebrated men of all nations and of all ages; it seems to be a task so pleasing to the scholar to relate the history of the great men that have preceded him, and point out to the wayfarer the shining lights, by whose guid-

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\* Since this was written we have seen the announcement of three others, under the titles of "Sharpe's Library of the Belles Lettres," "The Edinburgh Cabinet Library," and "Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Library."

ance he, himself, was directed in the right path; and so pregnant with interest to those who are but groping their way out of the shadows of ignorance, and only to be led by the example of such as have obtained a knowledge of each step of the painful way by which they have been enabled to attain their glorious pre-eminence,—that we cannot marvel at its becoming so pleasing a study. The many who from the humblest stations in society, have attained the highest offices in the kingdom; and the numerous examples of men, who, from the lowest depths of ignorance, in the midst of every thing discouraging, and surrounded by every difficulty, have triumphed over all impediments, and raised themselves to the highest pinnacle of literary fame,—prove that though talent and genius may for a time become obscured under a cloud of unpropitious circumstances, still there must come a time when they shall emerge from their obscurity, and gain the willing admiration of a world.

There are few men, perhaps, of the present day, who could bring talents so admirably fitted for the task, as the author of the work before us. His name is in itself a host; it is consecrated to literary fame, in the admirable biographies of Lorenzo de Medici and Leo X.: but this production will never add, in the smallest degree, to its celebrity; it is evidently written with great haste and little attention, and is altogether unworthy of him.

A work purporting to be the Lives of eminent British Lawyers, should contain the most eminent: we naturally expect to read of those who, by the superiority of their intellectual endowments, have raised themselves to the highest offices; their history becomes interesting, and the development of their characters, as they expand under the hand of the skilful biographer, a valuable addition to our knowledge of human nature. A facility in grouping incidents into one connected whole; a dexterity in demonstrating principles and deducing inferences; a persevering industry in going, link after link, over a chain of moral causes, to arrive at the great truth; a deep insight into the mysteries of the human heart; and an eye that can penetrate through the many disguises in which its feelings are clothed;—are among the many necessary qualifications required to be possessed by a writer of biography. It is not so much flowing diction and harmonious periods that are wanted; these, though they throw a charm over the subject, and invest it with many beauties, should always be a secondary consideration in a work wherein we look for the secrets of men's bosoms, and their hidden principles of action.

“The men of the greatest genius,” says Coleridge, “as far as we can judge from their own works, or the accounts of their contemporaries, appear to have been of a calm and tranquil temper in all that related to themselves. In the inward assurance of permanent fame, they seem to have been either indifferent or resigned with regard to immediate reputation. •”

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\* Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, vol. i. p. 32.

As a remarkable instance of the truth of the first part of this quotation, we may notice Sir Walter Raleigh's replies to the insulting and abusive language of the Attorney General Coke, when examining his illustrious victim.

"It is difficult," observes Mr. Roscoe,\* "to assign any adequate cause for the indecent eagerness with which he pressed the case against the prisoner, and for the harsh and cruel language with which he assailed him. In the course of the Attorney General's address, Raleigh interrupted him: 'To whom speak you this? you tell me news I never heard of.' To which Coke replied 'Oh, sir, do I! I will prove you the notorious traitor that ever came to the bar. After you have taken away the king, you would alter religion, as you, Sir Walter Raleigh, have followed them of the bye in imitation, for I will charge you with the words: 'Your words cannot condemn me,' says Raleigh; 'my innocence is my defence. Prove one of those things wherewith you have charged me, and I will confess the whole indictment, and that I am the horriblemest traitor that ever lived, and worthy to be crucified with a thousand cruel torments.' 'Nay,' answered Coke, 'I will prove all. Thou art a monster; thou hast an English face, but a Spanish heart. Now you must have money. Aremberg was no sooner in England, (I charge thee, Raleigh,) but thou incitest Cobham to go unto him, and to deal with him for money, to bestow on discontented persons to raise rebellion in the kingdom.' 'Let me answer for myself,' said Raleigh. 'Thou shalt not,' was the fierce and brutal reply of Coke. Again, on Raleigh observing that the guilt of Lord Cobham was no evidence against himself, Coke replied, 'All that he did was at thy instigation, thou viper! for I *thou* thee, thou traitor.' 'It becometh not a man of quality and virtue to call me so,' was Raleigh's dignified rebuke; 'but I take comfort in it, it is all you can do.' 'Have I angered you?' said Coke. 'I am in no case to be angry,' was Raleigh's answer."

In support of the second sentence we may notice Lord Bacon, whose philosophical writings were not understood in the age in which they were written; he always described himself as "one who served posterity," and his writings as requiring "*some ages for the ripening of them.*" He foresaw that posterity would do him justice—an opinion he frequently expressed in different letters; one of which was written during his short retirement from public business, on the accession of James I., when he was remaining in his solitude at Gray's Inn. He says,

"My ambition now I shall only put upon my pen, whereby I shall be able to obtain memory and merit of the *times succeeding.*"

In a private letter that accompanied the public dedication of his *Novum Organum* to James I., he says,

"I am persuaded that the work will gain upon men's minds *in ages.*" And in his last will, he says,

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\* Lives of eminent British Lawyers, p. 2.

“My name and memory I leave to foreign nations, and to mine own countrymen *after some time be passed over.*” “Time,” observes a popular writer by whom we have been much assisted, “seemed always personated in the imagination of our philosopher, and with time he had to wrestle with a consciousness of triumph.”\*

Of the great and celebrated men who are omitted in Mr. Roscoe's book, there are amongst them many of such surprising genius, that we cannot possibly find a reason for their non-admission among their less intelligent brethren. Those whose lives we think are most interesting, are passed by without the least mention being made of their existence, and those for whom we had expected a long and ample biography, worthy of their well-merited fame, are dismissed in a meagre and ill-arranged sketch. Why the lives of old Littleton, Sir Thomas More, and Lord Bacon are omitted, we are not able to say, celebrated as they were for the superiority of their attainments, and looked up to, at the present time, as the brightest ornaments of the British bar. But it is for our own countrymen that we have reason to feel most dissatisfied, for of the many, either of Welsh extraction or born in the Principality, that have adorned the bench, the bar, and the woolsack, with their distinguished abilities, we meet with two only, Jefferies and Sir William Jones. There is no more mention of the Littletons (father and son,) Plowden, Archbishop Williams, John Vaughan, Judge Price, Baron Richards, and Lord Kenyon, than if these justly celebrated individuals had never possessed

“A local habitation and a name.”

This is rather too bad, in a work professing to be the lives of eminent British lawyers, and possessing, as it does, some claim upon our attention, from being the composition of a writer who possesses every advantage in his professional capacity of rendering it valuable.

Of Sir Edward Littleton and his son, we can say but little: the father was chief justice of North Wales, but the son was superior to him in knowledge of the law, and rose to a rank much above his father. He advanced through the different gradations of office in the legislature, till he became Lord Keeper of the Seals to Charles I., and was created Baron of Mounslow in Shropshire, the place in which he was born. Lloyd, in his “*State Worthies*,” mentions him in high terms of praise. Judge Plowden was another border man from the same county, of a most studious and reflective turn of mind;—his observations on the common law of England were held in great esteem, and his deep learning, and sound judgment, gained him the admiration of his contemporaries. He was made treasurer of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in 1572, when

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\* D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*: second series, vol. iii. p. 89.

that magnificent hall was erected, and he assisted considerably in its erection by advances from his own funds. A Latin epitaph on the north side of the Temple church, makes honourable mention of his abilities, and informs us, also, that he died in the year 1585, aged sixty-seven.

**Archbishop Williams:** the life of this celebrated man is so extraordinary, and so honourable both to himself and the country that gave him birth, that we purpose, at no very distant period, giving our readers a full and perfect account of his life. He was the youngest son of Edward Williams, esq., and born at Aberconway, in Caernarvonshire. He was educated at the school of Ruthin till his sixteenth year, when he was sent to St. John's college, Cambridge, where the extraordinary progress he made, and the unwearied application with which he pursued his studies, brought upon him the notice of his superiors. Bishop Hacket, who had been his chaplain and familiar friend, and who afterwards became his biographer, asserts that he usually slept but three hours in the four and twenty. He seldom engaged in those pleasures in which young men of his own age took such delight, when they were emancipated from the surveillance of the college authorities, but made use of the time that others passed so unprofitably to become more and more familiar with the sciences, and increase his knowledge in almost every branch of human learning. He became batchelor of arts, fellow of the college, proctor, and, in the usual time, master of arts, batchelor, and doctor of divinity. His studies were so various, yet so deep; his knowledge so universal, yet so profound, and his abilities so extraordinary, yet so unlimited, that nothing that the human mind had compassed, however deep and metaphysical its researches had been, whether employed in developing the hidden principles of matter, or of disclosing the secret laws of nature, or of searching into the deep and mysterious truths of philosophy; nothing, however infinite and vast; nothing, however subtle and obscure, but he threw upon it the blazing light of his own genius, or grasped it in the powerful embrace of his gigantic intellect. He made a quick ascent in the various gradations of church preferment, being created bishop of Lincoln, and afterwards archbishop of York; and, from the knowledge he possessed of the laws of England, to which he had early given his attention, James I. thought none so well fitted to hold the office of chancellor on the dismissal of Lord Bacon, and conferred the seal upon him with the title of lord keeper. Objections were at first raised against him, on a mistaken supposition that he was ignorant of the law, and that the holding so important a function was inconsistent with his religious character; but the attention he evinced in the trial of causes, and the diligence with which he sifted the merits of the case, the impartiality of his opinions, the justice of his decrees, the eloquence of his arguments, and the strength of his reasoning, soon silenced all complaints, and he became more celebrated and popular than any of his predecessors.

We may possibly be accused of sketching the Lord Chancellor's character with too liberal a spirit, considering that Clarendon and others of his party have spoken of him far less favorably than we have; but James I., no contemptible judge of human nature, saw and appreciated his extraordinary abilities, and spoke of him with a partiality he took no pains to conceal; for, on the first public appearance of Prince Charles and his favorite Buckingham in the king's presence, on their return from that romantic and useless expedition to Spain,\*

“His majesty said thus to his highness, looking intently on the lord keeper, ‘Charles, there is the man that makes us keep a merry Christmas.’ But the prince looking as if he understood not his father, ‘Why,’ said the king, ‘’tis he that laboured more dexterously than all my servants to bring you safe hither to keep Christmas with me, and I hope you are sensible of it.’”†

And regarding the opinion in which he was held by his contemporaries, one of the judges observed,

“That never any man apprehended a case so clearly, took in all the law, reason, and other circumstances more punctually, recollected the various debates more faithfully, summed it up more compendiously, and concluded more judiciously and discreetly.”‡

His enjoyment of the king's favor was looked upon with an evil eye by the proud and imperious Buckingham, who at first had been his patron, but fearing the popularity of the chancellor might eclipse his own, and hating the friendly freedom he took to tell him of his faults, who, as Hacket observes of the duke, “could not bear to have his infirmities looked through with a piercing eye,” he resolved to ruin him, but found it difficult to put his project into execution during the life of James, for that monarch, even to his death, was his firm friend and generous patron, and received the last consolation of religion from his hands. The affection he felt for his kind patron, and his regret for his loss, was evinced in his funeral sermon,§ where he enumerated the many amiable qualities of the dead sovereign, lauded his virtues, spoke of his merits, and finished by drawing a parallel between Solomon and his deceased master, highly honourable to the latter.

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\* Characterized by the wasteful and shameful expenditure of the public treasure, the squandering of the crown jewels, (some of which had belonged to Queen Elizabeth,) to flatter the vanity of the prince, or satisfy the avarice of his mistress; and the ridiculous familiarity with which the king allowed the Duke of Buckingham to address him in his letters, in one of which he importunes for a further supply of jewels; he addresses his majesty as his “dere dad, gossope, and steward,” and concludes by signing himself, “your majesty's most humble slave and doge, Steenie.” MS. Harl. 6987, art. 40.

† Bishop Hacket's *Memoirs of the Life of Archbishop Williams*, p. 59.

‡ Lloyd's *State Worthies*, p. 899.

§ Ellis's *Original Letters illustrative of English History*, vol. iii. p. 188.



On the accession of Charles I., Buckingham, from the great influence he possessed over that prince, found that the time had arrived when his revengeful determination might be put in practice, nor was he long in taking advantage of it, for he plotted with that ambitious prelate, Bishop Laud, till their machinations had the desired effect. Their success, Fuller, in his "Church History," informs us, was observable even prior to the coronation, for the mind of Charles was so poisoned by the foul slanders of his favorite, that he would not allow the Lord Keeper, as Dean of Westminster, to officiate at that ceremony; from these facts we may learn the source from whence Clarendon, a court and party man, drew his information, so prejudicial to the fame of one of the most extraordinary and talented men that ever influenced the decisions of the English government.

John Vaughan, chief justice of the Court of Common Pleas, was a man of most extensive reading, and his judicial knowledge distinguished him among many of his competitors. He was the distinguished and familiar friend of those eminent lawyers, Selden and Hale, who held him in high estimation for the soundness of his judgment and the depth of his learning. He was also on terms of friendly intimacy with Clarendon, who speaks of him as

"A man of great parts of nature, and very well endowed by arts and books.

He looked most unto those parts of the law which disposed him to least reverence of the crown, and most to popular authority, yet without inclination of any change of government; and therefore, before the beginning of the civil war, and when he already discerned the approaches to it in parliament, (of which he was a member,) he withdrew himself into the fastnesses of his own country, North Wales, where he enjoyed as secure and near as innocent life, as the iniquity of that time would permit: and upon the return of King Charles II. he appeared under the character of a man who had preserved his character entire, and was esteemed accordingly by all that party."\*

Robert Price, the brave and patriotic Robert Price, memorable for the glorious stand he made against the encroachments of William the Third upon the constitution, served four kings, Charles the Second, James the Second, William the Third, and George the First: he was most probably of Tory principles, for the Dutch prince, when he came to the throne, removed him from the attorney-generalship of Glamorgan. William the Third, as if bitten by the spirit of favoritism that had been the downfall of so many kings before him, began, when he came to the throne, to shower English lands and English gifts upon the foreign friends he had brought over with him; this, of course, raised a formidable opposition in England: the people, who called him to the throne, were not tamely to submit to have their lands taken from them, and bestowed upon strangers by one whom they had called from a petty principality to be sovereign of a great and powerful people.

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\* Clarendon's Life, vol. i. p. 32.

His most distinguished favorite was William Bentinck, whom he was not contented with raising to be Earl of Portland, but bestowed upon him a grant of three lordships in the county of Denbigh. Then rose the patriotism of the Welsh lawyer to assert the rights of his fatherland, with a spirit of freedom that was caught up by every heart, and echoed by every voice; a spirit so strong and irresistible, that the king dared not stand against it, and was obliged to revoke the grant.

“The submitting of 1500 freeholders to the will of a Dutch lord, was,” as he sarcastically observed, “putting them in a worse posture than their former estate, when under William the Conqueror and his Norman lords. England must not be tributary to strangers; we must, like patriots, stand by our country, otherwise, when God shall send us a Prince of Wales, he may have such a present of a crown made him, as a pope did to King John, who was surnamed *sans-terre*, and was by his father made Lord of Ireland, which grant was confirmed by the pope, who sent him a crown of peacock’s feathers, in derogation of his power and the poverty of his country.”\*

Another event by which he gained great honour occurred in the reign of George the First, when a quarrel took place between that monarch and his son the Prince of Wales, and the prince, in disgrace, left the palace. The king opposed the taking away of his royal highness’s children, claiming, as a royal prerogative, his right to their care, and it became a point of law to ascertain, “whether the education of his majesty’s grandchildren, and the care of their marriages, &c. belonged of right to his majesty, as king of this realm, or not?” Out of twelve judges, ten obsequiously gave their opinions, allowing the lawfulness of the royal prerogative in full; and two only, one of which was Judge Price, stood up for nature and justice,—the right of a father over his own children, and the injustice and unlawfulness of any power used in opposition to it.

Of Baron Richards, as we intend giving his biography at a future period, we shall say nothing now; and for the biography of Lord Kenyon, we refer our readers to the first volume of the *Cambrian Quarterly Magazine*.

Having related something of those illustrious individuals which Mr. Roscoe has omitted to mention in his *Lives*, we now proceed to the work itself, and select the Biography of Sir William Jones as most suitable to critical analysis. It is but a skeleton of the well-written memoirs of his life by his friend Lord Teignmouth, to which Mr. Roscoe has entirely forgotten to mention his obligations. He says nothing of his family, except that he was born in London, and his father was a man

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\* This copious and powerful speech contained too many truths, and truths of too bold a character, to be printed during the reign of William the Third: after his death it was published with the following title, “*Gloria Cambriæ, or the Speech of a bold Briton in Parliament against a Dutch Prince of Wales,*” with the motto of, “*Opposuit et Vicit.*”



of some celebrity in the literary world; we will, however, endeavour to say something more satisfactory.

“The origin of the family of Sir William Jones on the maternal side,” says Lord Teignmouth, “has been traced, by the industry of Lewis Morris, a learned British antiquary, to the ancient princes and chieftains of North Wales. I shall only transcribe from the list a single and remarkable name in one of the collateral branches, that of William o Dregaian, who died in 1581, at the advanced age of 185 years, with the note annexed to it, that, by three wives, he had thirty-six children, seven more by two concubines, and that eighty of his issue, during his life, were living in the parish of Tregaian, in Anglesey.”

This same Lewis Morris, who was allied to the family both by his father and by his mother's side, in a letter to Sir William Jones's father, encloses the genealogy of the family, (which, we are sorry to say, has not been preserved by his biographer,) saying as a reason,

“It was a custom among the ancient Britons, (and still retained in Anglesey,) for the most knowing among them in the descent of families, to send their friends of the same stock or family, a *dydd calan Ionawr* a *calennig*, a present of their pedigree; which was in order, I presume, to keep up a friendship among relations, which these people preserved surprisingly, and do to this day, among the meanest of them, to the sixth and seventh degree.”

His father, one of the most eminent scientific men of the age in which he lived, and the intimate and honoured friend of Newton, Halley, Mead, Johnson, and the most celebrated characters in science and literature, was born in the island of Anglesey, in which his family, for many generations, had held small farms: he married a most respectable and highly accomplished woman, by whom he had three children, and Sir William was the youngest.\* Of the other two, both died; the eldest a boy in its infancy, and the other a daughter, was married to an opulent merchant retired from business, and unfortunately perished in the year 1802, by her clothes accidentally taking fire. His father died when he was scarce three years of age, leaving him to the whole care and guidance of his mother, a woman of strong sense and superior attainments, who proved admirably fitted for the task. Even in his early years she stimulated his mind to exertion, by answering his juvenile inquiries with, “*Read and you will know*,” and laid the foundation of that propensity to acquire knowledge which afterwards displayed itself so conspicuously in his desire to possess a thorough insight into all matters of scientific research that came within his reach. At the close of his seventh year she sent him to Harrow school, then under the direction of Dr. Thackeray; but, before he had been there two years, he unfortunately broke his thigh-bone, and was obliged, in consequence of the accident, to leave school for a twelve-

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\* He was born at No. 11, Beaufort buildings, Strand, so he informed the late Mr. David Jones, of the House of Commons, who taught Sir William the Welsh language.

month. His progress in classical learning was in the mean time entirely suspended, although, from perusing some of the poetical works of Pope and Dryden, he began to acquire a relish for poetry, and frequently composed verses in imitation of his favorite authors.

“On his return to school,” says Mr. Roscoe, “he was placed in the same class in which he would have stood had not his studies been interrupted, a circumstance which stimulated his industry, and developed the extraordinary powers of acquisition with which he was gifted.”\*

But it was not his being placed in the same class in which he ought to have stood had he continued his studies that stimulated his industry, it was the effect of a far different cause.

“On his return to school,” says Lord Teignmouth, “he was, however, placed in the same class which he would have attained if the progress of his studies had not been interrupted. He was of course far behind his fellow-labourers of the same standing, who erroneously ascribed his insufficiency to laziness or dullness, while the master who had raised him to a situation above his powers, required exertions of which he was incapable; and corporal punishment, and degradation, were applied for the non-performance of tasks which he had never been instructed to furnish. But in truth he far excelled his schoolfellows in general, both in diligence and quickness of apprehension, nor was he of a temper to submit to imputations which he knew to be unmerited. Punishment failed to produce the intended effect, but his emulation was roused. He devoted himself incessantly to the perusal of elementary treatises, which had never been explained, nor even recommended to him; and having thus acquired principles, he applied them with such skill and success, that in a few months he not only recovered the station from which he had been degraded, but was at the head of the class: his compositions were correct, his analysis accurate, and he uniformly gained every prize offered for the best exercise.”†

With his schoolfellows, though held in great esteem by them all, he associated but little, for the time they expended in their amusements he devoted to the cultivation of his intellectual faculties: he assiduously continued with persevering industry his many and various studies: he wrote a dramatic piece on the story of Meleager, translated into English verse all the pastorals of Virgil, and many of Ovid’s epistles, and for two years wrote the exercises of many boys in the two higher classes, who frequently obtained credit when they least deserved it, while the boys of his own class were glad to become his pupils. His two most intimate associates were Dr. William Bennet, bishop of Cloyne, and the late Dr. Parr. The former of these celebrated men, in a letter to the Dean of St. Asaph, dated November 1795, speaks of young Jones’s character in terms of the most affectionate remembrance.

“I knew him,” he says, “from the early age of eight or nine, and he was always an uncommon boy. Great abilities, great particularity

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\* *Lives of Eminent British Lawyers*, p. 367.

† *Memoirs of the Life of Sir William Jones*, p. 20.

of thinking, fondness for writing verses and plays of various kinds, and a degree of integrity and manly courage, of which I remember many instances, distinguished him even at that period. I loved him, and revered him; and, though one or two years older than he was, was always instructed by him from my earliest age."

He invented a play of something like a political character, in which the principal parts were performed by himself and his two friends.

"They divided the fields in the neighbourhood of Harrow, according to a map of Greece, into states and kingdoms; each fixed upon one as his dominion, and assumed an ancient name. Some of their school-fellows assented to be styled Barbarians, who were to invade their territories, and attack their hillocks, which were denominated fortresses. The chiefs vigorously defended their respective domains against the incursions of the enemy; and in these imitative wars the young statesmen held councils, made vehement harangues, and composed memorials, all, doubtless, very boyish, but calculated to fill their minds with ideas of legislation and civil government. In these unusual amusements Jones was ever the leader, and he might justly have appropriated to himself the words of Catullus:

"Ego gymnasii flos, ego decus olei."\*

In Jones's fifteenth year, Dr. Thackeray† retired from the school, and was succeeded by Dr. Sumner, with whom he soon became an especial favorite, and has been heard to say, with a partiality that did the doctor honour, that young Jones knew more Greek than himself, and was a greater proficient in its idiom.

His desire for knowledge was so unlimited, and his application to study so unremitting, that he would frequently sit up whole nights, taking coffee or tea to prevent sleep; and his improvement became so extraordinary as to attract the attention, not only of the masters and his fellow-pupils, but of strangers. Early as it was, he began to pay that attention to languages, in which he afterwards obtained so great a proficiency: independent of his superior knowledge of the Greek and Latin classics, he learned the Arabic characters; studied the Hebrew, so as to be able to read the Psalms in the original; and, during the vacations, acquired a knowledge of the French and Italian.

His application was so great as to bring on a weakness of sight, when Dr. Sumner interdicted it for a time, and dispensed with his attendance at school; he, however, was not to be deprived of all study, for he managed to learn chess, by practising the games of Philidor, and dictated to some of his schoolfellows, whom he got to put them down in writing, some of his compositions, among which

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\* Teignmouth's *Memoirs of the Life of Sir William Jones*, p. 25.

† Dr. Thackeray's opinion of young Jones deserves to be mentioned; he declared him to be a boy of so active a mind that, if he were left naked and friendless on Salisbury Plain, he would, nevertheless, find the road to fame and riches.

was an unfinished piece called "Limon,"\* in imitation of Cicero, "a writer he was so fond of," says Maurice, in his spirited memoirs, "that he invariably read through his works every year, whose life, indeed, was the great exemplar of his own."

Another schoolfellow and familiar friend, Sir John Parnell, who was afterwards Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer, in an extract from a memorandum he gave to Lady Jones, writes in the highest terms of his mental capacity. He observes,

"He gave very early proofs of his possessing very extraordinary abilities. His industry was very great, and his love of literature was the result of disposition, and not of submission to control. He excelled principally in his knowledge of the Greek language. His compositions were distinguished by his precise application of every word, agreeably to the most strict classical authority: he imitated the choruses of Sophocles so successfully, that his writings seemed to be original Greek compositions, and he was attentive even in writing the Greek characters with great correctness.

Of the poetical works he wrote during his stay at Harrow, there are many of great merit; an imitation of Horace's celebrated ode,† addressed to his friend Parnell, we select as a composition that would do credit to an older head than a boy's of fourteen.

How quickly fades the vital flower!  
Alas, my friend, each silent hour  
Steals unperceived away;  
The early joy of blooming youth,  
Sweet innocence, and dove-eyed truth,  
Are destined to decay.

Can zeal, dread Pluto's wrath restrain?  
No; though an hourly victim stain  
His hallowed shrine with blood;  
Fate will recall her doom for none,  
The sceptered king must leave his throne  
To pass the Stygian flood.

In vain, my Parnell, wrapt in ease,  
We shun the merchant-marring seas;  
In vain we fly from wars;  
In vain we shun th' autumnal blast,  
(The slow Cocytus must be passed;)  
How needless are our cares!

Our house, our land, our shadowy grove,  
The very mistress of our love,  
Oh me, we soon must leave!  
Of all our trees, the hated bows  
Of Cypress shall alone diffuse  
Their fragrance o'er our grave.

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\* Works of Sir William Jones, vol. ii. p. 627.

† Ode xiv. lib. 2.

To others shall we then resign  
 The numerous casks of sparkling wine,  
 Which frugal now we store,  
 With them a more deserving heir,  
 (Is this our labour, this our care?)  
 Shall stain the stucco floor.

1760.

At the age of seventeen he left Harrow for Oxford, but his first entrance into the university seems to have been anything but pleasing to him; his disgust, however, soon subsided, and he applied himself with renewed diligence to the study of Oriental literature, besides reading all the Greek poets and historians of any note with great attention; and the whole works of Plato and Lucian, with their bulky commentaries, he passed over, pen in hand, making observations as he went along.

A native of Aleppo, who wrote and spoke the vulgar Arabic fluently, without possessing the least pretensions to scholarship, he managed to pick up during one of his visits to the metropolis, and prevailed upon him to take up his residence at Oxford, where he maintained him during his stay at college. He employed him a part of every morning in translating the Arabian tales of Galland into Arabic, he himself writing down the words of the Syrian, and afterwards correcting the grammatical errors by the help of Erpenius and Golius. It is said that, while applying his studies to this ancient language, he discovered unexpectedly a great resemblance between the modern Persian and Arabic: this determined him to pay particular attention to the former, and he studied it, with the assistance of the few works that lay within his reach, until he became a proficient in both. At home, during the vacations, for the exercise of his body, he practised the useful and elegant accomplishments of riding, fencing, and dancing, and still exercised his mental powers in becoming familiar with the best authors in Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese.

After a few months' residence at the university, he was unanimously elected one of the four scholars on the foundation of Sir Simon Bennett; and, two years afterwards, the fellowship was bestowed upon him, a gift as unexpected as it was agreeable to him. In his nineteenth year he accepted an offer from Earl Spencer, to become tutor to his son, Lord Althorpe, then a youth of seven years of age; a situation that he filled with great pleasure to himself from the amiable disposition of his pupil, with whom he ever after continued on the most friendly terms of intimacy, and with great satisfaction to his lordship's father, until 1770, when a Treatise of Fortescue, "*De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*," accidentally fell in his way, which induced him to study the law as a profession; he accordingly resigned his situation, and was admitted a student in the Temple. As early as his twenty-first year, while with his noble pupil, he began his "*Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry*," in imitation of Dr. Louth's Prelections at Oxford, on

the Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews ; and, with a seeming resolution of becoming as universally accomplished as he was universally learned, he received instructions in dancing from Gallini, who attended the younger members of the family, and afterwards of Janson, the celebrated dancing-master of Aix-la-Chapelle, and continued his attendance at the riding and fencing schools of Angelo. From an old Chelsea pensioner, a remnant of the wars, who amused him with a too frequent propensity to "fight his battles o'er again," he learned the use of the broadsword ; nor was the acquisition of new languages neglected, for, by the assistance of an excellent German grammar and dictionary, he became so far a proficient in that language as to be able to read Gesner in the original ; the pronunciation he had already acquired from a fellow-collegian.

An Eastern manuscript of the "History of the Life of Nadir Shah,"\* which the King of Denmark had brought with him into this country, he was desirous of having translated into the French language, and, through the secretary of state, with whom the minister of his Danish majesty had spoken on the subject, he sent the volume to Mr. Jones, with a request that he would undertake the task.† This Mr. Jones objected to, endeavouring to get excused from so troublesome and difficult an office ; but, his objections being overruled, and flattering offers held out to him, desirous of fame, he commenced his arduous and tedious undertaking, and completed it in less than a year, to the satisfaction of his Danish majesty, who was so pleased with the performance, that he forwarded a diploma, constituting him a Member of the Royal Society of Copenhagen, and recommending him in the strongest terms to his own sovereign. To this History was added, a "Treatise on Oriental Poetry," in the same language, exhibiting the most astonishing erudition, with a profound acquaintance of the subject on which he wrote. He was obliged, from not having sufficient confidence in his own knowledge of the French language, to get a native of France to correct every chapter, and the work was offered to the public with every advantage that could be bestowed upon it to render it valuable.

He received great delight in learning to play on the Welsh harp, a study which, from his national partiality to the land of his ancestors, (an honourable partiality he evinced in his poetry, and his correspon-

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\* Nadir Shah, one of the greatest heroes in the Persian monarchy, and conqueror of India, rose from a low origin to be one of the most absolute monarchs in the East. The manuscript Sir William Jones translated was written by Meerza Mehdee, the confidential secretary of the Persian king. There are two other histories of him extant, one in the works of Jonas Hanway, and the other by Mr. Frazer, with a very excellent memoir in Sir John Malcolm's History of Persia, vol. ii. He was born in 1688, and died, by assassination, in 1747.

† Sir William Jones's Works, vol. v. p. 531. Introduction to the Life of Nadir Shah.

dence, proving his heart ever dwelt upon the blue hills of his mountain-land,) never failed in giving him pleasure. He received lessons from Evans during his stay in town, and soon arrived at a tolerable proficiency on that beautiful instrument. In a letter which he wrote to Lord Althorpe, dated Bath, Dec. 28, 1777, he says :

“Of music, I conclude, you have as much at Althorpe as your heart can desire ; I might here have more than my ears could bear, for we have with us La Motte, Fischer, Rauzzini ; but as I live in the house of my old master Evans, whom you remember, I am satisfied with his harp, *which I prefer to the Theban lyre, as I prefer Wales to Ancient or Modern Egypt.*”

In 1775 he was called to the bar, when he gave up, for a time, his study of Oriental literature, to apply himself to a diligent perusal of the law books ; he wished to devote himself exclusively to the study of the law, as he was ambitious of obtaining distinction in his profession ; but, notwithstanding his severe application, he managed still to pay some attention to the philosophical discoveries of the times ; he had before been admitted a Fellow of the Royal Society, and, in 1778, he published his “Translation of the Speeches of Isæus,” which, with the qualifications he possessed, we need not say was a work of great elegance and peculiar merit. This he dedicated to Lord Bathurst ; and his lordship acknowledged the obligation by presenting him with a substantial and permanent token of his regard, in making him a Commissioner of Bankrupts. He was a regular attendant at Westminster Hall, and frequently attended the assizes in Wales, where he practised as a barrister, with considerable success. He had written a political pamphlet, a *jeu d’esprit*, he calls it, in a letter to Lord Althorpe ; and the Dean of St. Asaph published an edition of it in Wales ; it was a dialogue between a farmer and a country gentleman on the “Principles of Government,” which seems to have given great offence to the powers that be. Roscoe declares that,

“The tract itself was a short and familiar exposition of the principles of government, illustrating, in a forcible manner, the right and duty of resistance as recognised in the theory of the English constitution.”

The following passage relating to it, occurs in Dr. Tower’s tract on the “Rights of Juries,” p. 117.

“After a bill of indictment had been found against the Dean of St. Asaph, for the publication of the edition which was printed in Wales, Sir William Jones sent a letter to Lord Kenyon, then chief justice of Chester, in which he avowed himself to be the author of the dialogue, and maintained that every position in it was strictly conformable to the laws and constitution of England.”

This little tract seems to have caused a great sensation, for although the government took no notice of it, an indictment was preferred against the dean, at the instigation of Mr. Fitzmaurice, brother of the late Lord Lansdowne, at the summer assizes at Shrewsbury, in 1784 ; when the talented and eloquent Erskine was retained as counsel for



the defendant, an office he filled in so admirable a manner, that the speech he made on this occasion Mr. Fox declared to be the finest piece of argumentative eloquence in the English language. We give the commencement of this brilliant piece of oratory, which, in our humble opinion, for rich and powerful eloquence, is not much inferior to any speech ever delivered in the senate or at the bar.

“This declaration of my own sentiments, even if my friend had not set me the example by giving you his, I should have considered to be my duty in this cause; for although, in ordinary cases, where the private right of the party accused is alone in discussion, and no general consequences can follow from the decision, the advocate and the private man ought in sound discretion to be kept asunder, yet there are occasions when such separations would be treachery and meanness. In a case where the dearest rights of society are involved in the resistance of a prosecution,—where the party accused is in this instance a mere name,—where the whole community is wounded through his sides,—and where the conviction of the private individual is the subversion or surrender of public privileges,—the advocate has a more extensive charge;—the duty of the patriot citizen then mixes itself with his obligation to his client; and he disgraces himself, dishonours his profession, and betrays his country, if he does not step forth in his personal character and vindicate the rights of all his fellow-citizens, which are attacked through the medium of the man he is defending. Gentlemen, I do not mean to shrink from that responsibility upon this occasion; I desire to be considered the fellow-criminal of the defendant, if by your verdict he should be found one, by publishing in advised speaking (which is substantially equal in guilt to the publication that he is accused of before you,) my hearty approbation of every sentiment contained in this little book, promising here, in the face of the world, to publish them upon every suitable occasion, amongst that part of the community within the reach of my precept, influence, and example. If there be any more prosecutors of this denomination abroad amongst us, they know how to take advantage of these declarations.”

Sir William Jones, in a letter written after he arrived in India, observes;

“Had I dreamt that the dialogue would have made such a stir, I should certainly have taken more pains with it. I will never cease to avow and justify the doctrine comprised in it. I meant it merely as an imitation of one of Plato’s, where a boy, wholly ignorant of geometry, is made by a few simple questions to demonstrate a proposition, and I intended to inculcate, that the principles of government were so obvious and intelligible that a clown might be brought to understand them. As to raising sedition, I as much thought of raising a church.

“My dialogue contains my system, which I have ever avowed and ever will avow; but I perfectly agree, (and no man of sound intellect can disagree,) that such a system is wholly inapplicable to this country, where millions of men are so wedded to inveterate prejudices and habits, that if liberty could be forced upon them by Britain, it would make them as miserable as the cruellest despotism.”

In 1783, in the month of March, during the administration of Lord



Shelburne, after having been delayed and disappointed for five years, he was appointed a judge of the Supreme Court of Judicature, at Fort William, at Bengal ; at which time the honour of knighthood was conferred upon him ; and in the April following, he married Anna Maria Shipley, the eldest daughter of the Bishop of St. Asaph, a young lady he had long loved with an honourable and sincere affection, and would have married before, but for a determined resolution never to owe his fortune to a wife.

In April he embarked for India, with Lady Jones, in the *Crocodile* frigate, and in December of the same year he entered upon his judicial functions. His fame had preceded him, and his arrival was welcomed by all parties who felt interested in his appointment. During the eleven years Sir William Jones passed in India, he directed his attention to all scientific subjects within his reach, and endeavoured to promote the happiness of the people among whom he was placed, by devoting his talents to their service. He was the founder and president of the Asiatic Society, and a principal contributor to many volumes of the *Asiatic Researches* ; became familiar with the native dialects, and a proficient in Sanscrit ; translated the *Ordinances of Menu*, esteemed by the Hindus the first of created beings, and the oldest and holiest of legislators ; and kept his pen continually employed, either in translation or in original composition.\* He wrote many works of the most profound research, and investigated many subjects, in which he displayed surprising scholastic abilities and extraordinary classical erudition. He died on the 27th of April, 1784, of an inflammation of the liver, brought on by incautiously remaining in conversation in the open air to a late hour. He was universally lamented by the many who had the happiness of knowing him during his stay in India, and regretted by every European scholar who knew him either by the fame of his extraordinary abilities, or by an intimacy he had ever kept up with some of the most celebrated, by his valuable and learned correspondence.†

His works shew the extent of his learning and the variety of his knowledge, and his correspondence displays the depth of his research in all scientific or erudite subjects on which his attention was directed. His genius was of the highest order, his taste of the most finished elegance, and his mind of the most vigorous and boundless character. Every subject he investigated, he entered upon with the whole power

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\* In his correspondence with Sir Joseph Banks, Sir John Sinclair, and other eminent British naturalists, he made many additions to our limited knowledge of the natural history of Asia ; his botanical researches were much assisted by Lady Jones's talents in drawing.

† A monument was raised to his memory in the chapel of University College, Oxford, the creation of Flaxman ; it is a bas-relief, and represents the accomplished judge engaged with some venerable Bramins in a digest of the Hindoo code. Allan Cunningham's *Lives of the most eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects*, vol. iii. p. 321.

of his intellectual resources, and never left it until he was familiar with its most hidden meanings. He studied philology only as the medium through which the accumulated wisdom of all ages and nations was to be acquired; he would have disdained the reputation of a mere linguist; he panted for a more useful fame and gained it.

“With the keys of learning in his possession,” observes his biographer,\* “he was qualified to unlock the literary hoards of ancient and modern times, and to display the treasures deposited in them, for the use, entertainment, and instruction of mankind. In the course of his labours we find him elucidating the laws of Athens, India, and Arabia; comparing the philosophy of the porch, the lyceum, and academy, with the doctrines of the Sufis and Bramins; and, by a rare combination of taste and erudition, exhibiting the mythological fictions of the Hindus, in strains not unworthy the sublimest Grecian bards. In the eleven discourses which he addressed to the Asiatic Society on the history, civil and natural, the antiquities, arts, sciences, philosophy, and literature of Asia, and on the origin and families of nations; he has discussed the subjects which he professed to explain, with a perspicuity that delights and instructs, and in a style which never ceases to please, where his arguments may not always convince. In these disquisitions he has more particularly displayed his profound Oriental learning in illustrating topics of great importance in the history of mankind; and it is much to be lamented that he did not live to revise and improve them in England, with the advantages of accumulated knowledge and undisturbed leisure.”

In his thirty-third year he wrote the following memorandum:

“Resolved to learn no more *rudiments* of any kind, but to perfect myself in,

“First, twelve languages, as the means of acquiring accurate knowledge of the

I. History  
of

1. Man. 2. Nature.

II. Arts:

1. Rhetoric. 2. Poetry. 3. Painting. 4. Music.

III. Sciences:

1. Law. 2. Mathematics. 3. Dialectic.

“N.B. Every species of *human* knowledge may be reduced to one or other of these divisions. Even *law* belongs partly to the history of man, partly as a science to dialectic.”

“The twelve languages are:

Greek,  
Latin,  
Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese,  
Hebrew, Arabic,  
Persian,  
Turkish,  
German, English.

1780.”

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\* Lord Teignmouth's *Memoirs of the Life of Sir William Jones*, p. 465.

In another memorandum he gives us the following account of his singular attainments.

**“ Languages :**

**Eight languages studied critically ;  
English, Latin, French, Italian,  
Greek, Arabic, Persian, Sanscrit.**

**Eight studied less perfectly, but all intelligible with a dictionary ;  
Spanish, Portuguese, German, Runick,  
Hebrew, Bengali, Hindi, Turkish.**

**Twelve studied less perfectly, but all attainable ;  
Tibotian, Pali, Phalani, Deri,  
Russian, Syriac, Ethiopic, Coptic,  
Welsh, Swedish, Dutch, Chinese.**

**In all twenty-eight languages.”**

As a philologist, his universal attainments have been seldom, if ever, surpassed.\* He has added considerably to our literature by his admirable translations. His “Turkish History,” which he mentions in one of his letters as ready for publication, we have never seen. It was to have been inscribed to that excellent man, the patron of men of merit, the late Earl of Radnor, to whom, he says, his lordship had given him leave in the most flattering terms to inscribe it. A prefatory discourse to an essay on the History of the Turks, is contained in the appendix to Lord Teignmouth’s *Memoirs of his Life*; it seems compiled from every source, and displays his usual erudition and profound acquaintance with the subject.

As his taste was formed from the most classical models, his works display all the elegance and beauty we have before admired in the masterpieces of ancient literature. His poetry, especially that which he wrote in India, abounds with the flowers of Oriental eloquence, it seems clothed in the glowing warmth of an Asiatic sky, and there is a charm of richness and beauty about it which we only meet with in the early poems of Southey, or in the Eastern romances of Moore.

“His mind,” says a contemporary, in a well-written memoir of him, “by early exercise, seems to have grasped nearly the whole world of letters; and such was his thirst for knowledge, and such the extraordinary facility with which he acquired it, that had his life been protracted to its ordinary duration, he must have sighed, like Alexander, for more worlds to subdue.”†

His death was a loss to science and to letters, for had he lived,

\* One of the most eminent of German writers, and celebrated above all foreigners for his justice towards English literature, his knowledge of its excellencies, and appreciation of its value, ranks Sir William Jones as the greatest Orientalist of the 18th century, and one of the most accomplished scholars to which England has ever given birth. Frederick Schlegel’s *Lectures on the History of Literature, Ancient and Modern*, vol. i. p. 218.

† *Asiatic Review* for June 1830.

what achievements might he not have gained in the field of literature, what laurels might he not have won in the temple of science.

“But,” remarks the author, in an admirable little work, “he fell a sacrifice to his zeal in the discharge of his duty; and if it has been accounted a befitting fate for a great captain to die in the field of battle, surely his is to be doomed an equally appropriate, and a far more enviable lot, who, after a life, whether of many or of few years, in which he has done enough for his fame, sinks to his rest in the full brightness of a career made glorious by many peaceful triumphs.”\*

Mr. Roscoe, in summing up his character, gives us one of the most eloquent passages in the book.

“But the crowning virtue of Sir William Jones’s character,” he observes, “was his pure and ardent desire to benefit mankind. To this shrine he carried all the rich offerings of his taste, his learning, and his genius. In this great ambition every meaner passion was forgotten. He loved knowledge with that wise love which teaches us that it is the means only, and not the end,—the means of laying open to man the sources of his true happiness,—virtue and freedom, and truth and honour. Unconnected with the interests of his fellow-creatures, he knew no ambition. To him power had lost its evil allurements, and riches their debasing influence: and he so justly estimated the value of fame, as to regard it only when it echoed back the voice of his own pure and uncorrupted conscience. It is the interest, as well as the duty of mankind, to bestow upon characters like his, the full measure of their grateful applause. The world has too long lavished upon its enemies the praises due to those who have truly and faithfully served it; and it is fitting that the gratitude of mankind should be at length directed to their real benefactors;—to those who, opening to them the gates of knowledge, and guarding for them the strong holds of liberty, find their noblest ambition gratified in the divine office of doing good.”†

This work of Mr. Roscoe’s we should hardly think would establish for him any thing like a reasonable share of literary reputation; the merit it possesses, and the faults it contains, the one might have become more conspicuous and the others less glaring, had he paid more attention to matter than to style. As an instance of carelessness or ignorance, or both, the author, in his memoir of Lord Erskine, page 352, has put into his mouth, as part of an original speech, a quotation from a tract on the Falkland Islands, written by Dr. Johnson.‡ We did suppose that, from his connexion with the

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\* *The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties*, p. 110.

† *Lives of Eminent British Lawyers*, p. 328.

‡ Complaints have been made of other volumes of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia* possessing errors of a similar nature, or treating in an inefficient or unsatisfactory manner, the subjects they have pretended to elucidate; these errors have been pointed out in works by authors whose names are among the most eminent of our English literati. This will ever be the case when great haste is used in the composition, or negligence shewn in the compilation of volumes that evidently require much time and labour for the careful investigation of the subjects on which they treat; and it should not be suffered to pass without

law, such a work as this would be admirably suited to the bent of his genius ; we hailed the appearance of it accordingly ; but our feelings, on perusal, were soon changed from pleasure to dissatisfaction. The lives are most of them but unsatisfactory sketches, mere outlines in general, hastily filled up. Here and there a flash of true genius seems to beam out from the rubbish by which it is surrounded ; something of a philosophic spirit occasionally breaks forth, disclosing to us all the author's excellencies, and we become aware that we are influenced by a power of no common character. The beauty of his language hurries us along with him in his narrative, but we are seldom struck by the profoundness of his observations ; we give him all the praise that is due to the melodiousness of his diction, but, holding a due regard to our own literary reputation, we cannot so far follow the example of contemporary periodicals, and puff forth fulsome adulation, when we do not think that even praise is merited. We have a great regard for Mr. Roscoe, a great opinion of his abilities, and he is as far from requiring unmerited puffing as we are of bestowing it ; we certainly think that, if he had regarded his literary reputation, he would have been less hasty in the publication of such an imperfect work. Far be it from us to endeavour to take from him the smallest portion of whatever fame he merits ; we are only doing our duty to the public, we are only doing our duty to ourselves, when we point out those faults to his notice which, had he allowed himself sufficient time to correct his too-hastily written manuscript, the painful duty would not have been ours to perform.

We think he is too sensible a man to refuse to attend to a little good advice, we therefore advise him for the future not to allow himself to be influenced by the liberal offers of any publisher, when he cannot give that time to the undertaking, and that attention to his subject which a work, professing to come from his pen, demands. He must know we are not influenced by party feeling or political prejudice ; for we are of no party, and do not profess politics : and he must be equally aware we are not envious "to filch from him his good name ;" because the name of Roscoe is too well secured in public opinion for the most dexterous Spartan to deprive him of the glory that surrounds it.

R. F. W.

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pointing out the mischief that is likely to be the result of such a system, and shewing the necessity of impressing upon the authors how much they compromise their own fame, and render themselves liable to the suspicion of being actuated by motives of a sordid nature, if they do not themselves see to the correction of the proof sheets, that no gross inconsistencies, or glaring errors, are allowed to pass unnoticed, to render themselves ridiculous, and their works contemptible to all posterity.

## ELEGIAC STANZAS,

*Written on the Death of George the Fourth, the last Prince of Wales.*

BY ROBERT FOLKESTONE WILLIAMS.

A little power, a little sway,  
A sunbeam in a winter's day,  
Is all the proud and mighty have  
Between the cradle and the grave.

DYER.

O varw ein hên Vrenin,  
Gwir gwae ir *wyllt*\* werin.

THE dead sleep softly in their dreams,  
Softer than e'er the living slept,  
Where the sun shrouds them with his glowing beams,  
Or the soft dews have wept  
Tears that were born where the red light'ning gleams,  
Or where the whirlwind swept.

And the same sleep hath shed  
Peace, from the shadow of its gloomy pinions,  
Over a prince's head,  
And over the lowest of his humblest minions,  
So that the mightiest dead  
Find but a lowly couch in death's unseen pavilions.

Awful, and strange, and wild,  
Whose home is in the darkness, and who sits  
Calm as a sleeping child,  
Dreaming of sunshine and of flowers by fits :  
On whom the wise have smiled,  
Thou dread of fools, and fear of feeble wits ;

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\* In allusion to *Gwyllt Wallia*, of Taliesin.

Thou, in whose smileless brow,  
 And terrible look of speechless sufferings,  
 We see but to avow  
 The dread that o'er the dying spirit clings  
 And murmur, who art thou,  
 That speakest incommunicable things ?

Yet thou art beautiful, whene'er  
 Thy presence dwells upon the sleepless one,  
 And on her shining hair  
 And delicate limbs thy fearful light hast shown,  
 And o'er her forehead fair,  
 Damp with the dews of her life's setting sun.

Glory and power and pride,  
 Shadows of splendor, which ambition gave,  
 Oh ! lay them all aside,  
 Man finds no flattering honours in the grave :  
 Are not all ranks allied  
 Where kings divide their slumbers with a slave ?

Where sleeps he now ?  
 He of the open hand and liberal heart ;  
 He who taught nature how  
 Her beauty might be glorified by art.  
 Cold is the marble brow  
 Stiffened in death's embrace each vital part.

Yes ! now the last is gone.  
 Last of the princes of the blue hill'd Wales ;  
 Oh ! she is sad and lone,  
 Lone as the beauty of her own bright vales ;  
 Making her feeble moan  
 From the dark tarns o'er which the eagle sails.

Gone, and with him are past  
 Those vain delights that floated round a throne,  
 Darkness is round him cast,  
 Darkness and death, the desolate and lone :  
 The grave's a home too vast  
 To hold the guests that to its halls are gone.

The last of Cambria's kings,  
 Last of those glorious princes who have been,  
 Like the warm light that clings  
 Over some fading sunset's glowing scene,  
 When the sun lingering flings,  
 His last and brightest look, in warm and dazzling sheen.

Time renders up his trust  
To other hands, and other powers to hold ;  
When his forgotten bust,  
Is numbered with the nameless kings of old,  
Gone to the silent dust  
To crumble, and to mingle in its mould.

Yes ! there have passed away  
The gorgeous trappings of his kingly state,  
Changed to a thing of clay,  
Silent and dark—and oh ! how desolate.  
And the blue earth-worm's prey  
Is all left of the mighty and the great.

Oh !—there is a spell,  
A glory bright with evanescent beams,  
Falls on the heart's deep well  
Of its own pure and unpolluted streams,  
Making its beauty dwell  
Like forms of light appaared in dreams.

No more—it is too sad  
To linger o'er the memory of those days,  
When the young heart was glad,  
And pleasure met it in a thousand ways,  
Though now deep gloom hath clad  
Its brilliance, and its fondest hope decays.

No more—'tis but a dream  
Floating upon the eyes' ungathered tears ;  
A vision that must seem  
Like the soft glory of departed years ;  
A bright immortal theme  
Moving the heart's commingled hopes and fears.

No—no, the grave is fed,  
And from its depth of everlasting gloom,  
There came a voice that said,  
“ Let the dark mantle and the nodding plume  
Cover the kingly dead,—  
His fathers wait him in the narrow tomb.”

Oh ! it is wondrous strange,  
Making weakminded mortals terrified,  
To think how vast a range  
Have kings to show their glory and their pride ;  
And lo ! how great a change ;  
The narrow grave becomes a home too wide.



Too wide, and still too vast,  
 Shrink'g within its small and narrow space,  
 Soon from the form 's cast  
 The visible beauty which it used to grace;  
 'Till fashionless at last  
 Ashes and dust are all the eye can trace.

Thus it has ever been,  
 And still the same must it for ever be;  
 While the young buds are green,  
 And the bright blossoms sparkle on the tree,  
 The waves of Time are seen,  
 Floating upon Eternity's dark sea.

*Aug. 1830.*

SONNET.

THE modest violet in the hedge-row sits  
 Like a young quakeress in silent prayer,  
 And still the daisy now and then by fits,  
 Lifts her bright cups to catch the dewy air;  
 Can these have changes—these know ought of care?  
 Bright things of spring and summer's sunny weather;  
 Can these have ought of natural griefs to share?  
 No!—their glory and their joy exists for ever;  
 We saw them yesterday—again to-day,  
 To-morrow views them still as bright and gay,  
 And journeying in the vale of distant years;  
 While we with vision dim their forms survey,  
 They bring within our eyes the sweetest tears  
 That ever blest the heart still trembling in its fears.

R. F. W.

## THE SETTLEMENT OF THE NORMANS IN WALES.

WHILST the Welsh opposed a noble resistance to the invasions of the Saxons for a period of nearly 150 years, the latter were laid prostrate at a blow, and experienced the same hardships, spoliations, and oppressions, which they had so unfeelingly bestowed upon others. They fought admirably at Hastings, but that was the grave of their valour. There their martial spirit was broken, and their defeat enabled William, surrounded by his iron-cased knights, to ascend the throne of England. Whether the conqueror of the Saxons had at that early period any designs upon Wales, and if so, to what extent, is at present unknown; though, if we are to judge from the greatness of his ambition, there can be little doubt of his hostile intentions. However this may be, the discontent and murmurs of his newly acquired subjects, combined with some pressing affairs, both in Normandy and France, obliged him to postpone any plan of invasion which he may then have meditated, and to regard the Welsh as an independent nation.

Our object at present is to point out the causes which led to the settlement of the Normans in Wales, the time when it took place, with its extent, and its results. Each of these topics is important; each is pregnant with instruction to the antiquary, historian, and philanthropist; and we are persuaded that each of these, whether treated singly or combined in one general whole, cannot fail to be interesting to all who love their country, and who are solicitous to trace the relative situations and affinities of the different tribes and families which now form an honourable part of the mighty nation of Britain.

When we speak of Wales in the present day, we naturally confine ourselves to those boundaries which the wisdom of modern British legislation has pointed out; but at the period of the Norman invasion the Principality was far more extensive. The rivers Severn, Wye, and Dee, then formed its general boundaries to the east, and no Welshman of understanding can forget the very unceremonious manner in which Monmouthshire has been taken from us by an Act of the legislature, though its geographical position, with the language and manners of its inhabitants even to the present day, mark it as genuine Welsh. But though an Act of legislation has severed that fine district from us, it is still an integral part of Wales; the features, manners, and language, of its people are genuine Welsh; and when we meet with them, regard their manly deportment, and hear their Celtic tongue and accents, we claim them as our brethren, and with the feeling of brethren exclaim, "ye are

of the seed of the Cymmry our friends." Upon the same principle of reasoning, we regard all that fine district of country from the mouth of the Severn to those of the Mersey and the Dee, as appertaining to Wales at the time of the conquest. Since that period it has been studded with castles and strongholds, the original proprietors of which, under the title of "lords marchers," were, in reality, invaders of other people's property, and petty tyrants of the country: the causes of which we now intend to explain.

One cause of the settlement of the Normans in Wales was the ambition of the English kings. Having conquered the Saxon territory, they naturally wished to bring every part of the island under their sway; and as the Welsh has been forced through necessity to submit to Harold, who had been momentarily victorious over them, to pay him tribute, and to give hostages for their future obedience, William the Conqueror and his successors ridiculously imagined that Wales formed an integral part of the Norman crown, and that they had a right to divide and grant its territory among their barons, on the plan of partition they had effected in England.\* The fallacy of this species of reasoning is obvious, but invaders like the Normans know of no reason or justice but their swords.

A second cause was the avariciousness of the Norman chiefs. Having been successful in the shock of arms, some of them obtained grants of land nearly as large as all the province of Normandy. Hence, their desires increased with their good fortune, and England, extensive as it is, became too small to satisfy their wishes. They cast a longing eye towards the fertile parts of Wales, and petitioned their sovereigns for grants of as much lands as they could conquer in the Principality. Desirous to gratify those upon whose arms and courage they principally depended; and anxious to bring the stubborn natives of the mountains into subjection, the English, or Norman kings, readily made them grants of as much land as they could obtain by force of arms, to be enjoyed by them and their heirs under homage and fealty to the crown of England.

A third cause was the union of the Welsh chiefs with some Saxon noblemen to recover the liberties of the latter, and to resist the encroachments of the Normans. We are told that a marriage was splendidly celebrated at Norwich, between Ralph, earl of Norfolk, and a sister of the Earl of Hereford. Many Welsh chiefs were there by invitation, in consequence, it is supposed, of the mother of the Earl of Norfolk having been born in Wales. In the midst of their carousals they entered into a conspiracy against William, who was then in Normandy; but next morning, Waltheof, a Saxon nobleman, and one of the conspirators, hastened to William and betrayed his coadjutors. This was worthy of a Saxon, and is characteristic of the nation, from the plot at Stonehenge to the plains of Leipsic. The

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\* Warrington's Hist. of Wales, 4to. ed. pp. 223, 248.

conspirators were almost immediately seized, and suffered by the hands of the executioner, among whom the Welsh were severely punished. Some were hung, others had their eyes put out, and the least guilty were banished the realm.\* Independently of this confederacy, which proved so unfortunate, Bleddyn and Rhiwallon, sons of Cynvyn, joined Edric the Forester against the Normans, made several fierce inroads into their territory, and laid siege to Shrewsbury.† These things so exasperated William, that in 1080, he raised a powerful army, and invaded South Wales. Awed by the influence of his martial name, and unable, by reason of their factions, to oppose his numerous and highly-disciplined warriors, they submitted to do him homage, and took the oath of fealty.‡ Appeased by this submission, the invader marched with his army to Menevensis, in the professed character of a pilgrim, and offered up his devotions at the shrine of St. David, then highly celebrated for its supposed virtues. Sulien was then archbishop of that see. This prelate having, from some cause or other, given offence to William, he expelled him from his see, and appointed one Gwilfrid in his place.§ This act of violence shews more of the conqueror than the pilgrim.

A fourth cause was the fatal dissention which unfortunately existed between the Welsh princes. Their jealousies and quarrels for superiority led to fierce and deadly contentions, by means of which the power of the country was exhausted, and an easy way opened for invaders. The defeated party generally applied to their neighbours for assistance; and in cases of great emergency, called in foreigners. Upon this injurious and impolitic principle Caradog ab Gráfydd acted, when, having lost a great battle, he succeeded, about the year 1069, in raising a body of Normans, and, joining them with as many of his men as he could muster in Gwent, he marched against Meredydd ab Owain, king of South Wales. The hostile forces met on the banks of the river Elerch, and, after a severe action, victory perched upon the banners of Caradog. Meredydd fell in the battle, and Caradog succeeded to the vacant throne.|| Thus the Welsh themselves were the first to introduce the Normans into their country. Had the Welsh chiefs been united and judiciously submitted to a prince capable of governing them in such a perilous time, all the power of England would have been ineffectual to obtain a single settlement; but divided as they were, and frequently engaged in deadly hostilities against each other, their country fell an easy prey to the foreigner, and those swords which might have formed an impregnable rampart of steel upon the frontiers, were unfortunately plunged in each others' bosoms. Oh, Wallia! Oh, my mother country! distinguished for the loftiness of thy mountains, the grandeur

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\* Warrington's Hist. of Wales, 4to. ed. p. 231. † Hume.

‡ Warrington's Hist of Wales, 4to. ed. p. 241.

§ Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. p. 522.

|| Ibid. vol. ii. p. 518.

of thy scenery, and the fertility of thy vales; and eminently distinguished for the bravery of thy sons, the beauty of thy fair, and the generous hospitality of all, how fatal to thy peace and independence have been the dissensions of thy chiefs! "Cursed be their anger, for it was fierce, and their wrath, for it was cruel and fatal in its effects."

Having thus briefly sketched the causes which led to the settlement of the Normans in Wales, we now proceed to notice the time when this event took place, and its extent in the Principality.

The very year that Caradog obtained the throne of South Wales, a body of Normans invaded Dyved and Caredigion, and did very considerable mischief. Whether these were the same as had assisted Caradog, or a fresh troop of needy adventurers, or whether they came for the purpose of booty, or to ascertain the fertility of the soil and the natural resources of the country, is not known; but the new king promptly marched against them, drove them to their ships, recovered the booty which they had taken, and by this action acquired the affection of his subjects.\* The chastisement which the Normans received on this occasion was speedily forgotten, for in 1071 they again invaded the same district, but were soon driven back with great loss by the prowess and spirited conduct of Rhydderch ab Caradog. †

Hitherto we have seen the Normans making temporary inroads in the Wallian territory, and severely distressing the inhabitants; but these were only passing evils, producing momentary terror and then disappearing. They were merely the precursors of the coming storm, which lowered along the confines of Cambria, darkened the bright irradiations of liberty, benumbed the energy of the brave Silurians, and settled down upon the most fertile parts of that highly-gifted country.

We must here observe that immediately after the conquest, William, in order to ensure his kingdom on the western frontier, and to reward some of his principal followers for their military services, placed them, with extensive powers, in the strong garrisons and large towns of Bristol, Gloucester, Worcester, Hereford, Salop, and Chester. Chester was assigned to Hugh Lupus, Salop to Roger de Belesme, or Montgomery; Hereford to Osbern de Crepon, or Fitz-Osbern; Worcester to Urso d'Abetot, or d'Abtot; whilst Gloucester and Bristol were granted to other potent chiefs. To secure their possessions, these powerful barons petitioned and obtained permission of their sovereigns to invade and possess as much of the Welsh territory, which lay contiguous, as they could conquer. In consequence of a grant so unjust, Sir Ralph Mortimer obtained Wigmore; Fitz-Alan,

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\* Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. p. 518.

† Idem, p. 519.

Clin and Oswestry; Walter Lacie, Cwra's Lacie; Dru de Baladon, Abergavenny; Monthault, Hawarden and Mold; Gilbert, lord of Moamouth, Monmouth; Foulk Fitzwarren, Whittington; and Roger le Strange, Elsmere.\*

During these transactions the following singular circumstance happened, which placed Glamorganshire in the power of the Normans. About A.D. 1088-9, Cadwor ab Collwyn, lord of Dyved, died, and his sons, Llywelyn and Einion, with their uncle, Einion ab Collwyn, confederated against Rhys ab Tudor, prince of South Wales, and induced Gruffydd ab Meredydd to join them. Thus united they marched against Rhys, who, as usual, was not wanting to himself, but vigorously prepared to oppose the coming storm. The hostile parties met at Llandudoch, near Cardigan, when, after a bloody battle, the forces of the confederates were routed. In that action the two sons of Collwyn were slain, Gruffydd was taken in the pursuit and beheaded as a traitor, whilst Einion ab Collwyn escaped with difficulty, and fled to Iestyn ab Gwrgant, lord of Glamorgan and Gwent. Iestyn being at war with Rhys, gave Einion a friendly reception; and after hearing his case, promised him his daughter in marriage, with the lordship of Meisgyn, if he would bring him such assistance from England as would enable them to make head against their formidable and common enemy. This was not very difficult, as Einion had served under William in France and other countries, and was held in high esteem both by the ambitious monarch and his warlike knights. Fired with love for a beautiful maid and her rich dowry, and animated with a desire of revenge against Rhys, he hastened to London, and soon persuaded Robert Fitzhamon, a nobleman of great power and a relation to the monarch, to engage in the adventure. Fitzhamon not only mustered his own men, but induced twelve other knights with their retainers to join his standard, and to march under his orders. Early in 1091, this formidable band landed in Glamorgan, and, as might have been expected, were received by Iestyn with much courtesy; who, joining his force with theirs, invaded the territories of Rhys, and devastated the country with fire and sword as far as their line of march extended. As soon as the gallant Rhys was apprised of this invasion he collected his forces, and with uncommon spirit and ability, considering his age, (for he was then above ninety-two,) hastened to encounter them. They met at a place named Hirwaen Wrgant, near the present village of Aberdare, in Glamorgan. A most dreadful battle took place, but Norman discipline ultimately prevailed over Welsh bravery, and the army of Rhys was completely defeated and, indeed, nearly destroyed. According to the Chronicle of Caradog, the aged prince himself was overtaken in Glyn Rhodnai and instantly decapitated by the ferocious Iestyn; but others think that he escaped to his brother-in-law, Blodddin,

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\* *Cymmrodorion Transactions*, part iii. p. 3. Gough's *Camden's Britannia*.

who then resided at Caerbannau, near Brecknock, and who, shortly after, lost his life in battle against Bernard Newmarch.

After the action was over, Fitzhamon collected his followers, and being paid handsomely by Iestyn for their services, they immediately departed to return to London. This being done, Einion applied to Iestyn for his daughter and her dowry, according to promise; but the latter, elated with his victory and fortunate circumstances, refused to comply, derided him, and said that he knew better than to give his daughter to the traitor of his country and his lord. Stung to madness by this reply, which his conscience told him he had justly merited, he lost every feeling in a desire of retaliation, and basely resolved to sacrifice his country in the gratification of his revenge. He hastened after his Norman friends, but finding on his arrival at the shore that they had just embarked, he waved his mantle as a signal for return. They returned accordingly, when he told them of his wrongs, the hatred of several chiefs to Iestyn, and how easily they might conquer and possess his territory. They listened to his statement, confederated with the chiefs mentioned, and, contrary to all principles of honour, marched against Iestyn. The latter had hardly time to muster a few forces when the enemy came up with him near Caerdyv, and easily routed his feeble army. Seeing all was lost, he escaped over the Severn, and went first to Glastonbury, then to Bath, from whence he returned to the monastery of Llangennys, in Gwent, where he soon after died. Thus the refusal of his daughter to Einion cost him dear. Oh, woman! beauteous in thy form, lovely in thy tears, and heavenly in thy smiles, how great is thy ascendancy over man! If thy sweetness and thy virtues have led generous minds to perform glorious deeds, how often have thy charms proved fatal to thrones, to crowned heads, and to independent nations!

The field being thus clear, by the defeat and death of Iestyn, Fitzhamon paid but a slight regard to the claims of Einion ab Collwyn, and took possession of the whole by the right of conquest. Causing his followers to acknowledge his superior right, he proceeded to parcel out or divide the territory in the following manner:

Robert Fitzhamon took upon himself the sovereignty of all the country, and the castles of Caerdyv, Trev Uvered, and Cynfig, with the lands belonging to them: he generally resided in Caerdyv castle.

William de Londres obtained the castle and manor of Aberogwr, being four knights' fees.

Richard Grenville had the lordship of Glyn Nedd, with the borough town of castle Nedd, and the lands belonging to them.

Robert de St. Quintin had the lordship of Llanvleiddian the great, and the privileged town of Pontvaen.

Richard Stewart had Tal y Van, and its lordship.

Gilbert Humphreville had the lordship of Pen Marc.

Roger Berclos had the lordship of Llandathan.

Reginald Sully obtained the lordship of Abersili.

Peter le Soor had the lordship of Llanbedyr ar Vro.

John Fleming had the lordship of Llan Uvelwyn.

Oliver St. John had the lordship of Abernant.

William de Esterling, or Stradling, had the lordship of Llanwerydd.

Payne Turberville obtained the lordship of Coetty, by marrying Asar the daughter of Meirig ab Gruffydd, ab Iestyn ab Gwrgant.

Having rewarded his companions in arms in the manner above stated, Fitzhamon then proceeded to make the following grants to those native chiefs who had assisted him in conquering the country, as well as those of Iestyn's family whom either from policy or kindness he deemed worthy of regard.

Einion ab Collwyn, the traitor, obtained the barren district of Seinghenydd, and that of Meisgyn, along with Nest, the daughter of Iestyn, in marriage.

Caradog ab Iestyn had Aberavon, with all the lands between Nedd and Avon as a royal lordship.

Madog ab Iestyn had the lordship of Rhuthyn.

Hywel ab Iestyn obtained Llantrydyd.

Rhys ab Iestyn obtained the lordship of Soblen, comprehending the territory between the rivers Nedd and Tawe.

Robert ab Seisyllt had the lordship of Maes Essyllt.\*

In this easy manner the fine county of Glamorgan, with its fertile soil, its strong castles, and its white houses, fell into the hands of foreigners, who, having established themselves there, possessed *Juria Regalia*, with the exception of granting pardon for treason. They kept their chancery in the castle of Caerdyv, where each knight was obliged to attend one day in every month, and for whom appropriate apartments were prepared in the outer ward of the castle. We are further told, that each of the other lordships, previously mentioned, had a distinct jurisdiction, and enjoyed the same rights and privileges as the supreme court of Glamorgan; but when a wrong decision was given, the party injured had the privilege of appealing to the superior court. When disputes arose in matters of equity in any of these

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\* Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. pp. 524, 526. Camb. Biog pp. 197, 199.  
Warrington's Hist. of Wales, 4to. ed. pp. 245, 247.



lordships, they were determined by the chancellor in the Chancery court of Glamorgan.\*

As soon as Fitzhamon had made these regulations, he began to consider himself permanently established in the country, and sufficiently powerful to make such further incroachments upon the liberties and usages of the natives as he might deem proper. Accordingly he began to introduce the feudal system of the Normans, and to abolish the old laws and customs of the country. This fired the natives, who still retained their estates, with resentment; and, in 1094, whilst the Normans were invading Gower, they rose in great force, besieged and took many castles by storm, and put the garrisons to the sword. What renders this affair singular is, that the insurgents were headed by Payne Turberville, one of Fitzhamon's knights, and one to whom he had granted great favors. Turberville having married Asar, the daughter of Meurig ab Gruffydd, obtained large estates in consequence, which, we have a right to suppose, he wished to hold by a free and independent tenure. It is probable also that his affection for Asar may have inspired him with generous feelings of regard for her countrymen. Be this as it may, he headed the insurgents, marched rapidly upon Caerdyv, and with an overwhelming force besieged Fitzhamon in the castle. The latter being totally unprepared for such a storm, entered into a negotiation, and restored to the natives their ancient laws and privileges.†

The success which attended the Wallian arms in this transaction, animated them with additional courage, and, being desirous to expel the invaders, a great pitched battle was fought sometime after, in which the Normans were defeated. Unwilling to relinquish the fertile fields of which they had obtained violent possession, they applied to England for reinforcements; and, being joined by the Earl of Arundel and others, they again took the field and resumed offensive operations. Perceiving this, the Welsh retreated into a hilly district, where they could be more upon an equality with the heavy armed troops of their antagonists. The latter not suspecting any stratagem, pursued them eagerly into some dangerous defiles, when the former faced about near Gelli Gaer, and overthrew them with prodigious slaughter, and those who succeeded in escaping from the field of battle took refuge in different fortresses.‡ This victory procured several advantages for the Welsh, but as the Normans had such strong fortresses in that district, they maintained their footing there, in spite of the most vigorous exertions.

Upon the death of Fitzhamon, which happened in A.D. 1107, two of

\* Warrington's Hist. of Wales, 4to. ed. p. 248.

† Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. p. 528.

‡ Ibid. vol. ii. p. 530.

his daughters embraced a religious life, a third married the Earl of Brittany, and Henry the First bestowed the fourth upon Robert his natural son whom he had by Nest, daughter of Rhys ab Tudor, and who became Lord of Glamorgan and Earl of Gloucester in right of his wife. On coming into possession of Glamorgan he endeavoured to enforce the feudal laws upon the native landholders. This attempt raised a furious storm, and Ivor ab Cadivor, a chief of consequence and of spirit, took advantage of the angry spirit which existed, and marched at the head of a powerful body of the natives to Caerdyv castle. He took the place by storm, and made the earl and his lady prisoners. The King of England was forced to desire a negotiation to be entered into for their release, but Ivor resolutely refused to liberate his prisoners "till he had obtained a promise, which he made the king guarantee by oath, that the Welsh of Glamorgan should remain unmolested in the enjoyment of their ancient usages."\*

But neither this promise, nor the oath which bound it, was observed. Hence, we are told, that in 1315, Llywelyn Bren ab Ivor, lord of Seinghenydd, made an effort to recover the castle of Caerphili, and the lordship of Seinghenydd, which the Normans had most unjustly taken from his father. For this purpose he raised ten thousand men, and gained possession of the castle. Alarmed at an insurrection so formidable, numerous forces were raised in different parts, and marched rapidly to where the danger lowered. The rebellion, as it was called, was soon suppressed, Llywelyn and his two sons, Gruffydd and Ievan, were made prisoners and sent to the Tower of London. But though this rising was unfortunate in its results for Llywelyn, it proved very favorable for the natives. They obtained a considerable diminution of feudal services, and reacquired several of their ancient rights and privileges. These indulgences were granted for the purpose of securing their attachment to their new masters, and succeeded generally; at least we read of no more formidable risings in that district on account of Norman oppressions.†

When Fitzhamon and his knights seized upon Glamorgan in the manner stated, Bleddin ab Maenarch was the regulus or chief of Brecheiniog, or Brecknock. He resided at Caerbannau, a place near the present town of Brecknock, and had married a sister of Rhys ab Tudor. Bernard Newmarch, with a powerful force, directed his march upon this chief about 1091, according to some, but others think a little earlier. Be this as it may, the object was to dispossess Bleddin by force of arms, and to become lord of his territory. The native prince collected what force he could, assisted, it is said, by Prince Rhys, and those who escaped from the battle of Hirwaen

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\* Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. p. 540. Beauties of England and Wales, vol. xvii. p. 575.

† Jones's Hist. of Brecknock, vol. i. p. 149 et seq.

Wogant, and waited for the invaders near Caerbannau, the place of his residence. The enemy coming up, the action commenced, and was fought with fury, but victory unfortunately decided for the lawless and cruel invaders. According to some, Prince Rhys was slain in the retreat, whilst the gallant Bleddin fell in valiantly defending his own residence.\*

Having thus killed the chief in a pitched battle, and made himself master of his country, he divided it as follows between himself and his companions in arms, taking care to apportion the largest allotment to himself, with the feudal seigniority over all the others. "To Sir Reginald Aubrey he gave the manors of Slwch and Abercynrig; to Sir Humphrey Bourghill, or Burghill, the manor of Crughywel; to Sir Peter Gunter, the manor from him called Tregunter, or Gunterstone; to Sir Miles Picard, de Picarde, or Pitcher, the manor of Yscethrog; to Sir John Walbieffe, or Walbeoff, the manor of Llanhamlach and Llanvihangel Tal y Llyn; to Sir Humphrey Sollers, the manor of Tredustan; to Sir Walter Havard, the manor of Pontwilym; to Sir Richard de Bois, the manor called from him Trebois; to Sir Richard Peyton, the manor called from him Peytin; to Sir John Skull, the manors of Bolgoed and Crai; to Sir Thomas, or according to others, Sir Richard Bullen, or de Boulogne, the manor of Wern Vawr; to Sir Philip Walwyn, the manor of Hay; to Sir Hugh Surdwall, the manor of Aberescir; to Sir Giles Pierrepont, otherwise Parkville, the manor of Gileston; and to Walter de Cropus, lands in Llansainfread."†

Whilst engaged in this lawless division he did not entirely forget the sons of Bleddin. He assigned them some lands for their support, and though he kept Gwrgan the eldest as a kind of state prisoner in Brecknock castle,‡ he treated him with more respect than might have been anticipated from a man of his violent character. He removed the chief residence from Caerbannau to Brecknock, and with the materials of the former he built the castle of the latter. In order to conciliate the Welsh, and to soften their prejudices against a foreign usurper, he married Nest, the granddaughter of Gruffydd ab Llywelyn, prince of North Wales; and, in consequence of this singular woman illegitimatizing her son before Henry I., the lordship of Brecknock fell into other hands upon the death of Bernard, though several of the descendants of his followers still enjoy considerable property in that county.§

When Bernard Newmarch seized upon Brecknock, the territory of Buallt, including part of the present county of Radnor, was in the

\* Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. p. 527. Jones's Hist. of Brecknock, vol. i. p. 92.

† Jones's Hist. of Brecknock, vol. i. p. 92.

‡ Gough's Camden's Britannia.

§ Ibid. vol. ii. p. 471.

possession of Cadwgan ab Elystan Glodrydd, whom the former overthrew and reduced to subjection. This rich and extensive lordship was granted to Philip de Breos, de Braiosa, or Bruce, one of Bernard's followers. Philip de Breos formed an alliance with the family of Milo Fitzwalter, and left two sons, William and Philip, the former of whom became lord of Brecknock, Built, and Abergavenny, upon the death of his father. He married Maud, or Matilda, the daughter of Reginald de St. Waleri, a complete amazonian, and the history of whose life is fraught with boldness, singular adventures, and ultimately starvation. Her husband was as perfect a savage as ever existed, and guilty of some of the greatest crimes. Secretly instigated, according to some, by Henry, but more probably, as others think, desirous to add Gwent to his other very extensive possessions, he invited several of the native chiefs of that district, among others Sitsyllt and Ivan ab Rhyrid, to an entertainment in Abergavenny castle. Not suspecting that any treachery was intended, they unfortunately went; and in the midst of the feast, when they were heated with wine, De Breos demanded that in future they should not bear either sword or bow, or any other weapon about their persons, and take an oath immediately to that effect. The insulted chiefs instantly and indignantly rejected so base and dishonourable a proposal. Their rejection had been expected, and measures taken to murder them all. A signal was given; the room was instantly filled with armed men, and the unsuspecting and unarmed chiefs were immediately murdered. Whilst their swords were reeking with the blood of the brave, they went directly to Sitsyllt's castle, made his wife Gwladis prisoner; and, after murdering her infant son in her presence, dragged her to Abergavenny castle, there to be insulted and dishonoured by the murderer of her lord. In 1196 this monster, dreading the power and spirit of Trahaiarn Vychan, inveigled him to Llangois, under the pretence of a friendly conference, seized him, and after fastening him to his horse's tail, dragged him, in this barbarous manner, to the gallows in Brecknock, where he first caused him to be beheaded, and then suspended by the feet.\* Such atrocious actions led to fierce retaliations, and the author of these cruelties finally died in exile and in misery.

With regard to Radnorshire, and the adjoining parts, the Breoses seized upon Colwyn; Paginus, or Paine, upon Painscastle, which subsequently fell to the Mortimers; the Mortimers upon Radnor, and the neighbouring parts; Fitz-Osborne upon Clifford; Huntingdon fell to the Bohuns, and Clun to the Fitz-Alans.†

Among other powerful Normans who then appeared on the Wallian territory with hostile intentions, was Gilbert Strongbow, son of

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\* Warrington's *Hist. of Wales*, 4to. ed. p. 341. *Arch. of Wales*, vol. ii. p. 582. Jones's *Hist. of Brecknock*, vol. i. p. 115.

† Gough's *Camden's Britannia*, under Radnor, Hereford, Salop.

Richard earl of Clare, who invaded Caerdiganshire; and, probably, Caermarthenshire, with strong forces, and succeeded, after much hard fighting, in seizing upon many fortresses in those parts, with rich and extensive lands. In vain did the Welsh drive them from the open field, and batter down the castles about their ears; they always returned to the charge, and, assisted by fresh forces out of England, ultimately succeeded in obtaining a permanent settlement in these districts.\*

Another Norman knight, named Martin de Turribus, or de Tours, sailed round the promontory of Pembroke, landed his troops at Fishguard, and easily conquered the lordship of Cemaes.† He made it into a lordship marcher, and secured the possession of it by marrying William Martin's son to the daughter of Rhys ab Gruffydd. After this arrangement he fixed upon Cemaes as his principal residence, though he had large estates in Devonshire, which had been awarded him by William his royal master. The success of Martin encouraged others to try their fortune in the same parts; among whom was Arnulph, a younger son of Roger Montgomery, earl of Arundel and Salop, who succeeded in the reign of William Rufus in gaining a footing in the country; and, in order to secure his conquest, he built the castle of Pembroke, and appointed Gerald de Windsor governor, as his lieutenant. Arnulph did not long enjoy his new acquisitions, for, rebelling against Henry I., he was banished the realm, and his estates confiscated to the crown.‡ Whilst Gerald was governor, the Welsh besieged him in the newly erected castle, but were obliged, after some vigorous efforts on both sides, to retire without success. Upon the banishment of Arnulph, Gerald obtained Pembroke and the adjacent parts by a grant from the crown, in consequence of which he made the castle stronger, and fortified the town.§

Though our subject refers to the settlement of the Normans in the Principality, we cannot pass over nor omit alluding to a large body of Flemings who were enabled, in a most extraordinary manner, to settle in the county of Pembroke, and subsequently to annoy the natives on several occasions. From the accounts which we possess, it seems that a terrible storm carried away the embankments on the coast of Flanders about 1106, and forced the sea over a considerable tract of country. The distress arising from this calamity was very great, and such of the inhabitants as escaped the fury of the ocean came to England for refuge. They were kindly received, and placed in some of the northern counties; but, as they gave offence to the natives, Henry removed them to the district of Ros, which he claimed as belonging to the crown, in consequence of the rebellion of Arnulph

\* Gough's Camden's Britannia, under Caerdigan et Caermarthen.

† Idem, vol. ii. p. 515.

‡ Beauties of England and Wales, vol. xvii. p. 741.

§ Camden's Britannia, Gough's ed. vol. ii. p. 513.

previously mentioned. After remaining there some time, it is said they disappeared,\* the cause of which is unknown. Shortly after, another colony of the same people applied to England for a settlement, in consequence of the sea making a second irruption on the coast of Flanders in 1113. Henry being then hard pressed by Gruffydd ab Rhys, sent them to the district of Ros previously mentioned, upon condition that they became his subjects, and would assist him in his wars against the Welsh. To this proposal they readily agreed, in consequence of which, orders were given to his commanders to provide them with habitations and means of subsistence, and Englishmen were also sent with them to teach them the Saxon language, laws, and customs. There their descendants remain to this day, and the district has been whimsically named *little England*, beyond Wales.†

If we turn to Powysland and North Wales, we shall find nearly the same distressing picture which the south has presented; the same violence and injustice; the same evil policy on the part of England; and the same dissensions and quarrels on the part of the native Reguli.

Part of Flintshire seems to have been conquered and occupied by the Saxons, prior to the Norman conquest, particularly the lordship of Mostone or Mostyn. It appears from Domesday book, that when William ascended the English throne, a considerable part of this county belonged to the earldom of Chester, by right of conquest. Hugh Lupus, the nephew of William, being created earl of Chester, had a grant made him by his uncle, of the greatest part of Flintshire, extending even to the banks of the Conway, and as much of Denbighshire as he could conquer, which, on doing homage, he was to hold by his sword as freely as his master held England and its crown. In consequence of this very liberal grant, of other people's property, Hugh Lupus became liberal, in his turn, and granted Hawardin and Mold to the family of Monthault, or Mont, also under the tenure of seneschalship; Hope was granted to one Gislebert, and, subsequently, to the Montaltos; and Rhuddlan was given to Robert, a nephew of Hugh Lupus, by an order from the king.‡ These great chiefs subdivided the several lordships mentioned among their respective retainers, according to the policy of the times, some of whose descendants remain there to the present time.

Influenced by the spirit of invasion, which then existed, and impressed with the idea that what was conquered by the sword became lawful property, a powerful Norman, of the name of Baldwin, swore fealty

\* Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. p. 537.

† Idem, p. 554. Camden's Britannia, Gough's ed. vol. ii. p. 514. Warrington's Hist. of Wales, 4to. ed. p. 277.

‡ Beauties of England and Wales, vol. xviii. pp. 628, 630, 751.

and homage to William for as much land as he could conquer in that part of the country, now named Montgomeryshire. Having subjugated a considerable district, he erected fortifications to secure his newly acquired possessions, and built the town of Montgomery: hence the Welsh call it Tre Valdwin, or Baldwin's town.\* Strong as Baldwin may have made this fortress, it soon fell into the hands of the native chiefs; but Roger Montgomery entering the country, by royal permission, and with an overwhelming force, retook both town and castle, re fortified the same, and called both town and district by his own name of Montgomery, which appellation it still bears.†

A similar system was adopted with reference to Denbighshire, where the country was parcelled out, seized upon, and held *in capite* of the crown, by various tenures, under several English sovereigns. Hence the Lacies obtained Denbigh; the Warrens had Broomfield and Yale; and the Mortimers, Chirk and Nanthendwy, through the commission of murder; and the Greys seized upon Ruthyn.‡ By means of these unjust seizures the most fertile parts of that picturesque country fell into the hands of foreigners, whilst the wretched inhabitants had either to submit to vassalage or to retreat into the hilly and barren portions.

At this early period few attempts were made upon the district, now known by the names of Meirion and Caernarvon; probably the mountainous nature of the country, and the resolute bravery of its hardy inhabitants, prevented the foreigner from attempting to penetrate defiles where he must either have been entirely lost or have suffered irremediable ruin, in the progress of his march. An attempt, however, was made on Anglesea; for in 1096, Hugh, earl of Chester, and Hugh de Montgomery, earl of Arundel and Shrewsbury, invaded that island, and being aided by the treachery of Owain ab Edwyn, they forced Gruffydd ab Cynan to fly into Ireland, built the castle of Aber Slienawg and were guilty of the most horrible atrocities towards the innocent and defenceless natives. But their career of impiety met with an unexpected opposition, and Providence punished the guilty by the hand of a foreigner. A Norwegian chief, named Magnus, unexpectedly arrived on the coast, and attempted a landing. This was opposed by the earls of Chester and Shrewsbury, the latter of whom even rushed into the sea, upon a fine spirited horse, when an arrow from the bow of Magnus entered through the opening of his armour, pierced through his right eye, and penetrated his brain. He instantly fell, convulsed, into the water, when the victor exclaimed *Leit loup*, "let

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\* Camden's Britannia, Gough's ed. vol. ii. p. 531.

† Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. p. 527. Camden's Britannia, Gough's ed. vol. ii. p. 531.

‡ Beauties of England and Wales, vol. xviii. pp. 495, 497.



him dance." This disaster produced confusion among the Normans, and induced them to abandon the island with precipitation.\*

A considerable part of Powisland escaped from the fangs of the Normans by the following means. Its princes perceiving the weak state of their own country, and the overwhelming power of the Normans, renounced obedience to the princes of Wales, and agreed to hold their lands and baronies in capite of Henry the First. Whether they were actuated by fear or interest in making such submissions, or both together, is not now the question; it is sufficient to observe, that the fact itself is unquestionable, and by this means "The baronies of Powis had not any manors which held under it, like other lordships which were gained by the conquest; and for the same reason there were no knights' fees, nor plough nor ox lands in those lordships."†

Having thus given a sketch of the settlement of the Normans in Wales, we proceed to observe, in the last place, that that event was productive of four great results, the two first of which were injurious to the natives, but the two latter were highly favorable to their prosperity and literature.

One result was great misery to the native chiefs and inhabitants. They were, indeed, often at war with each other, and plunged their swords in each other's bosoms; they frequently invaded each others' territories, and effected as much mischief as their reciprocal hatred could invent, and their power execute; but all these evils were light, compared with those caused by the Normans. What must have been the distress, the shame of Iestyn, upon his expulsion, the loss of his power, honours, and property; of Einion, upon receiving the barren district of Seinghenydd as the reward of his treachery; of the sons of Bledden, who were kept as state prisoners, and of various other chiefs too numerous to mention? But, severely as they must have felt, we can cherish but little pity for several of them, because their distresses were the results of their own crimes and baseness. Our commiseration is reserved for the more humble inhabitants, those nameless thousands upon whom the great weight of the oppression fell. To be expelled from their homes, or submit to Norman vassalage; to have Norman laws and customs imposed upon them at the pleasure of the new proprietors; to be obliged to march and fight for their enemies whom they hated; and to be hung up like dogs, upon the most frivolous pretences; these indeed were evils, were miseries at which the heart sickens and the blood runs cold. The statements of historians and the stream of tradition prove that the above picture is not overstrained, that the bare outline is not sufficiently strong; but though ages have passed away since these miseries were inflicted

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\* Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. p. 531. Warrington's Hist. of Wales, 4to. ed. p. 266.

† Warrington's Hist. of Wales, 4to. ed. p. 256.



and experienced in all their bitterness, we shall not here enter into the detail, for we confess that we have not courage for the task.

A second result was the endangering of Welsh independence. The Norman monarchs were extremely anxious to bring all Wales in subjection to their sway; and, in order to effect that ambitious project, they frequently led many powerful armies to that country, but were generally driven back with loss and disgrace, without obtaining the results desired. History assures us, that whenever the Welsh chiefs united, all the power of England, aided by Scotland, Flanders, and even Spain, were unable to make any serious impression upon those hardy mountaineers. Were we to enter upon the detail of the mighty armies levied and led by monarchs to the Welsh frontiers, the stratagems resorted to, the efforts made, and the battles fought, we should proceed into a spacious field in which Welsh valour shone with bright irradiations, but this is not the place for discussing so important a theme. It is, however, worthy of remark, and very singular in our historical annals, that individual and petty chiefs succeeded so generally in making extensive settlements in the country by force of arms, whilst the English kings, though heading formidable armies in person, were unable to effect anything of great importance. Nothing less than the mighty genius of Edward I. could force the natives into a species of nominal subjection; and every reader of British history knows the efforts he had to make, and the difficulties he had to encounter, before he could accomplish his purposes. At that time most of South, and a very considerable part of North Wales, were in the possession of the Normans, and Llywelyn, with his faithful band, were cooped up in the mountainous parts of the latter; still they made a noble stand, and the great Edward found more difficulty in reducing them to a temporary submission than in conquering the whole of Scotland. Had Wales at that period been free from Norman settlers, and all the Welsh chiefs properly united under their sovereign, Prince Llywelyn, Edward would have had to relinquish his hostile designs, and been driven back with defeat and ruin. Even as it was, his situation in Anglesea, upon the defeat of his vanguard, became very critical, when the Buallt traitors turned the fortune of the campaign, and opened an easy road for the triumph of the English arms. How often does the fate of a country depend upon the life or death of a single man! The dispensations of Providence are inscrutable.

A third result was the amalgamation of the Norman settlers with the natives, which ultimately produced important benefits on the country. They intermarried with the natives, they learned their language, they often sided with them in their wars against England; the result of which has been, that these heterogeneous masses have become blended together in one harmonious whole. They

may trace their origin to the Normans, but their hearts, dispositions, and feelings, have become eminently Welsh, and their attachment to the Principality is equally as warm and ardent as that of any of the aboriginal inhabitants. The feudal and the gavel laws no longer contend with each other in dire hostility; they have been blended and moulded anew, and all are governed by the same just and equitable code. The strong Norman castle, with its dread portcullis and deep dungeons, no longer exists but in ruins; the modest and comfortable gentleman's seat rises in its stead, and peace reigns upon the mountains, in the vales, and upon all the frontiers. The traveller or the tourist can now proceed from north to south, and from south to north, without carrying arms for his defence, sure of meeting with kindness and the most generous hospitality. The glare of the beacon, the burning of towns, the foraging of hostile bands, are no longer seen; security and confidence reign on every side, whilst prosperity and affluence attend upon the great and the noble; and health, peace, and contentment, cheer the humble cottage of the virtuous and industrious poor. Land of our fathers! sincerely do we rejoice that the storms of foreign invasion, of domestic factions, and of civil wars, which formerly darkened thy bright horizon, have passed away, and that thou art now blessed with halcyon days, when we can range thy mountains and thy vales in safety, and listen to the thrilling tones of thy divine *telyn*. May thy prosperity, thy honour, and thy liberty, last for ever!

Lastly, a fourth result arising from the settlement of the Normans in Wales has been, the advancement of Welsh literature. We know indeed, and it is a proud source of triumph to us, that our Taliesins, Aneurins, Gwalchmais, and a host besides, wrote and sung in early periods of our history, and that our Owains and Llywelyns rewarded the bards and encouraged the language and literature of the country during periods when other nations were strangers to song, and had not even an alphabet. But whilst we feel proud of such names, and rejoice in their literary exertions, we wish to give the due meed of praise to many honourable descendants of the original Norman settlers for their spirited and patriotic exertions in the same literary career. They not only learned and spoke Welsh, but they wrote in it, and formed some splendid collections of ancient British manuscripts. They also became munificent patrons of others who engaged in similar pursuits. Such were the Jaspers, the Herberts, the Bassetts, and the Nevills, of South Wales, and the Salesburys, the Middletons, and the Bulkleys, of North Wales. Even since the revival of the *Eisteddvodau* a similar spirit is manifested; and we perceive with joy, that these meetings are attended by noblemen and gentlemen of Norman origin, who take as much pleasure in bardic speeches, poems, pennillion, and the thrilling tones of the harp, as the native *Cymmry* themselves.

GRIFFITH GRYG'S SATIRE ON DAVYTH AP GWYLYM.

[ONE of the most singular incidents in the fantastic life of Davyth ap Gwylym was his poetical conflict with Griffyth Gryg, a bard of the isle of Anglesea. These sort of contests were not uncommon in ancient times, nor have they fallen into disuse yet. They seem to have been frequently conducted in the mere humour of goodnatured quizzing; at least it was so in this instance, for a firm and even a romantic friendship seems to have united the two bards, as may be judged of by the following incident, which I shall repeat in the language of Dr. William Owen Pughe.

“After the contest had been carried on for a long time, which excited the attention of the country, and each party being unwilling to give way, one Bola Bauol laid a wager with another person that he would effect an accommodation between them. To bring about this purpose, Bola Bauol went into North Wales and industriously spread a report that “Davyth ap Gwylym, the Demetian bard, was dead.” On hearing this Griffyth Gryg was so affected that, forgetting every other feeling in the poignancy of his grief, he composed an elegy bewailing the supposed loss of his rival in the most affectionate terms. Bola Bauol having previously contrived to get a story of the like nature spread abroad in South Wales of the death of Gryffyth Gryg, returned thither, and was pleased to find it had the same effect on Davyth ap Gwylym, in producing an elegy on his opponent.”

The contest, upon this, terminated, and they became in every sense sincere friends.

*Life of Davyth ap Gwylym, by Dr. O. Pughe, prefixed to the edition of his Poems, published by Owen Jones.]*

THIS sad and simple bard of ours!  
A thousand caroled sorrows kill him;  
Despair o'er all his visions lowers,  
And yet, he lives, the sweet Ap Gwylym.

Still lives, and loves, and moans, and sings,  
This tortur'd of all tortur'd things!  
Rent with more anguish, ten times o'er,  
Than Cambrian ever felt before.  
Speak not of wound from single brand,  
Though brandish'd by King Arthur's hand;  
Of wounds, as stars unnumber'd, he—  
And pangs—is the epitome.  
All sorrows are his brain assailing,  
His voice is one wild utter'd wailing.  
Blest Virgin, bring him to repose,  
This child of fantasy and woes!

And yet, methinks, our bard prefers  
Love's perils to the dang'rous fight,  
Less at a thousand sighs demurs  
Than one winged shaft or mailed knight!

MARLOG.

THE VENGEANCE OF OWAIN.\*

—

“ It may be bowed  
 With woes far heavier than the ponderous tomb  
 That weighed upon her gentle dust, a cloud  
 Might gather o'er her beauty, and a gloom.  
 In her dark eye, prophetic of the doom,  
 Heaven gives its favorites—early death.”

CHILDE HAROLD.

—

“ Oh Gwynedd, fast thy star declineth,  
 Thy name is gone, thy rights invaded,  
 And hopelessly the strong oak pineth,  
 Where the tall sapling faded ;  
 The mountain eagle idly cowers  
 Beside his slaughtered young,  
 Our sons must bow to other powers,  
 Must learn a stranger tongue.  
 Pride, valour, freedom, treasures that have been,  
 Do they all slumber in the grave of Rhûn ?”

Thus sad and low the murmurs spread  
 Round Owain's stately walls,  
 While he, a mourner o'er the dead,  
 Sate lonely in his halls ;  
 And, not the hardiest warrior there,  
 Unpitying, might blame  
 The reckless frenzy of despair  
 Which shook that iron frame ;  
 Eyes that had coldly gazed on woman's grief,  
 Wept o'er the anguish of their stern old chief.

Not all unheard those murmurs past,  
 They reached a lady's bower,  
 Where meekly drooped beneath the blast  
 Proud Gwynedd's peerless flower ;

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\* The death of Rhûn overwhelmed his father (Owain Gwynedd) with grief, from which he was only roused by the ravages of the English, then in possession of Mold Castle ; he levelled it with the ground, and, it is said, forgot his sorrow in his triumph.

*The Vengeance of Owain.*

And she, the hero's widow'd bride,  
 Has roused her from her sorrow's spell,  
 And vowed one effort shall be tried  
 For that fair land he loved so well.

There came a footstep, light and lone,  
 To break the Chieftain's solitude,  
 And, bending o'er a harp's low tone,  
 A form of fragile beauty stood;  
 More like the maid, in fairy lay,\*  
 Whose very being was of flowers,  
 Than creature, moulded from the clay,  
 To dwell in this cold sphere of ours.

Her snowy brow through dark locks gleamed,  
 And long and shadowy lashes curled,  
 O'er eyes whose deep'ning radiance seemed  
 Caught from the light of another world;  
 And on her cheek there was a glow,  
 Like clouds that kiss the parting sun;  
 Death's crimson banner, spread to shew  
 His mournful triumph was begun.

Has grief so dulled Prince Owain's ear,  
 Her melody he may not hear?  
 No kindly look, or word, or token,  
 His trance of wretchedness has broken,  
 Yet knows she, in that lonely spot,  
 Her presence felt, tho' greeted not;  
 Knows that no foot, save hers, unbidden;  
 Had dared to tread the living tomb,  
 No other hand had waked, unhidden,  
 The echoes of that sullen gloom;  
 And now her voice's gentle tone  
 Blends with the harp, in dirge-like moan:

"I mourn for Rhûn; the spider's patient trail  
 Hangs fairy cordage round his useless mail;  
 The pennon, never seen to yield,  
 Bends in the light breeze, idly gay,  
 And rusted spear, and riven shield  
 Tell of a warrior past away.

"I mourn for Rhûn; alas! the damp earth lies  
 Heavy and chill on those unconscious eyes;  
 Around those cold and powerless fingers,  
 The earthworm coils her slimy rings;  
 Above his grave the wild bird lingers,  
 And many a requiem o'er it sings.

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\* Flower Aspect, vide the Mabinogion.

“I mourn for Rhûn ; doth not the stranger tread,  
With spurning foot, upon his lowly bed ?  
Doth not his spirit wailing roam  
The land his dying wishes bless'd ?  
And finds, within the Cymry's home,  
But the oppressor and oppress'd.”

The minstrel pauses in her strain,  
To gaze on Owain's altered brow,  
Where shame and sorrow, pride and pain,  
Are striving for the mastery now.

Not long the pause, again she flings  
Her fingers o'er the sounding strings :  
Mournfully still, yet hurriedly,  
Waking a bolder melody ;  
Her form assumes a loftier height,  
Her dark eyes flash more wildly bright,  
And the voice, that seem'd o'er the ear to float,  
Now stirs the heart like a trumpet's note.

“Whence is the light on my spirit cast,  
A glance of the future, a dream of the past ?  
There's a coming sound in the shelter'd glen,  
Like the measur'd tread of warlike men,  
And the mingled hum of a gathering crowd,  
And the war-cry echoing far and loud.

“I hear their shields and corselets clashing,  
I see the gleam of their blue spears flashing,  
And the sun on plume-deck'd helmets glance,  
And the banners, that on the free wind dance,  
And the steed of the chief in his gallant array  
As he rushes to glory, away, away !

“Sweep on, sweep on, in your crushing might,  
Bear ye that banner o'er hill and height !  
Sweep on, sweep on, in your 'whelming wrath,  
The far-scented raven shall follow your path ;  
Let him track the step of the mountain ranger,  
And his beak shall be red with the blood of the stranger.

“On, for the fortress, whose gloomy height  
Looks down on the valley in scornful might,  
Leave not one stone on another to tell  
That the Saxon has dwelt where no more he shall dwell ;  
Let the green weed o'ershadrow the desolate hearth  
That has rung to the spoiler's exulting mirth.

“On ! When the strife grows fierce and high,  
Vengeance and Rhûn, be your battle-cry !  
Star of the Cymry ! can it be  
They go to conquer and not with thee ?  
Thy blood is on the foeman's glaive,  
My lost, my beautiful, my brave !”

*The Vengeance of Owain.*

The song has ceased, but ere its close,  
 The lustre from those eyes is gone,  
 The cheek has lost its crimson rose,  
 The voice has changed its thrilling tone,  
 Till the last notes in murmurs die,  
 Faint as the echo of a sigh.

The task is done, the spell is cast,  
 And, left in silent loneliness,  
 The o'erwrought spirit breaks at last,  
 Her hands her throbbing temples press,  
 And tears are gushing fast and bright,  
 Down those small palms and fingers slight.

Oh, human love! how beautiful thou art,  
 Shading the ruin, clinging round the tomb,  
 And ling'ring still, tho' all beside depart;  
 Can the cold sceptic, with his creed of gloom,  
 Deem that thy final dwelling is the dust,  
 Thy faith but folly, nothingness thy trust?

The Saxon feasted high that night,  
 In Wyrddrug's fortress proud,  
 Where countless torches lent their light,  
 And the song of mirth was loud;  
 And ruby juice of Southern vine  
 Sparkled in cups of golden shine.

Sudden there rose a fearful cry,  
 That drowned the voice of revelry,  
 And then a glare so fiercely bright,  
 It paled the torches' waning light,  
 And as its blaze more redly glowed,  
 Leaving no niche or grey stone darkling,  
 A deep and deadly current flowed  
 To mingle with the wine-cup's sparkling.

And, in that triumph's wild'ring hour  
 Of sated vengeance, grappled power,  
 Owain has lost the shew of grief,  
 Once more his Cymry's warlike chief,  
 With dauntless mien he proudly stands,  
 The centre of his faithful bands,  
 Who gladly view the haughty brow,  
 Whence care and pain seem banished now,  
 And little reck what deeper lies,  
 All is not joy that wears its guise,  
 And, not, 'mid valour's trophies won,  
 Can he forget his slaughtered son.

Forget! no, time and absence have estranged  
Those who in sundered paths must tread,  
We may forget the distant or the changed,  
But not—oh, not the dead:  
All other things, that round us come and pass,  
Some with'ring chance or change have proved,  
But they still bear, in mem'ry's magic glass,  
The semblance we have loved.

The morning breaks all calm and bright  
On ruins stern and bloody plain,  
Flinging her rich and growing light  
O'er many a ghastly heap of slain;  
And pure and fresh her lustre showers  
On shattered helm and dented mail,  
As when her coming wakes the flowers.  
In some peace hallow'd vale.

But where is she, whose voice had power  
To rouse the war storm's awful might!  
Glad eager footsteps seek her bower,  
With tidings of the glorious fight;  
On her loved harp her head is bowed,  
One slender arm still round it clings,  
And her dark tresses in a cloud,  
Are clust'ring o'er the silent strings.  
They clasp her hands, they call her name,  
They bid her strike the harp once more,  
And sing of victory, and fame,  
The song she loved in days of yore.  
Vain, vain, there comes no breath or sound  
Those faded lips to sever,  
The broken heart its rest hath found,  
The harp is hushed for ever.

ELLYLLES.





## ALYNTON.

## A TALE.

(Continued from p. 322.)

As the deep-toned bells of St. Gudule tolled for vespers, I finished the remains of a long-necked bottle of burgundy, at the Hotel de Flandres, and hurried off to meet my old friend, the Marchand de Tabac, at his usual bivouac, the café, half afraid that my procrastination would ruffle the temper of the veteran, and deprive me of the pleasure of listening to the continuation of the tale, which he had commenced the preceding evening; but, as good fortune would have it, I arrived there just as he was reconnoitering. "Ah, ah," said he, "I thought you had sounded a retreat, and marched off in double-quick time, not finding me at my post; but, pardonnez-moi, madame deputed me her representative behind the counter, and I was left like a solitary sentinel at the outposts, kicking my heels on the look out. The guard was however relieved, and here I am ready for une tasse de café, or any thing you choose." "No apologies, monsieur," I replied, "I was about to trouble you with a string of excuses myself, if you had not surrendered yourself at discretion." "Well," replied he, "so much the better, neither of us has reason to complain of the other; what with a sly leer twinkling in his eye, some pretty French grisette has been captivating your young blood, and leading you a devil of a dance along the Boulevards, or through the labyrinthian defiles of the lower town. What a pity it is you islanders cannot curb your unruliness, when you tread the soil of the continent! That tight-laced Marchand des Modes, from the Magasin de Nouveautés de la Petite Cendrillon de Paris, will be—" "I really beg your pardon, monsieur;" interrupting him, "I have but this moment turned my back upon a dozen of those islanders you have just slandered. And I pledge my word that your friend, the milliner, has not even crossed my thoughts." "Aye, aye," said he, "as the tars say, you may tell that to the marines;" the conclusion of the sentence was lost in a cloud of smoke, from his huge pipe, which scattered a sweet perfume in the air.

"So, monsieur, I am for merry England to-morrow." The old gentleman stared with apparent astonishment. "What!" said he, "so suddenly! y diawl gwilt; why did you not give us note of preparation?" "I should have found some difficulty in doing that," I replied, "for I have been as much taken by surprise as yourself." "I hope we shall see you again shortly." "It is not un-

likely," I answered, "but you will not deny me the pleasure of hearing the conclusion of your tale." "My lame story—; but this is not the time for trifling, friend; to-morrow you leave us; we can spend the evening more rationally otherwise." "Pardon me, monsieur, I must crave it as a boon." "The which," said he, "as a soldier, I cannot refuse to grant."

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## CHAPTER III.

It may be supposed, that Alynton's rest was not undisturbed after the frightful scenes he had witnessed the preceding day, and the perils and dangers he had undergone. The young lady, whose life he had been a principal agent in saving, was continually in his presence, and acted a prominent part in his drama of dreams. The tremendous roar of the ocean still sounded in his ears; he fancied the lifeless body of the fair unknown to be dashed from his enervated arms, and he possessed not the power, or the energy, to make one struggle to rescue her from the terrific gulf that yawned beneath him. Life seemed to him, in the agony of the moment, without one redeeming charm, and he threw himself, in his imagination, headlong after her, into the deep. He then awoke, not to investigate the recesses of the ocean, but to behold as bright a morning, and as calm a sea, as ever decked the face of nature.

He was shortly afterwards disturbed by a servant, who brought him his wardrobe, which had been forwarded some days ago with his horse, from Caernarvon. He was informed that the young lady was much better, and that her father had arrived late the preceding evening. Alynton lost no time in adorning himself to the best advantage, with the view of paying his respects to them, if his good fortune should give him the opportunity.

He was not disappointed in his anticipations, for he had not proceeded three paces from the door before he beheld his friend, Sir Thomas Salisbury; the old gentleman immediately recognized him, and though his salute was not made with his wonted flow of animal spirits and joyousness; yet it was cordial and affectionate.

"Ah, my boy," said he, "are you here? what a terrible event has occurred in this place! thank God it is no worse! my poor dear girl is saved; but how many orphans, how many widows, has that awful storm left desolate and helpless!" "It was indeed," replied Alynton, "a night of terror and of horrors; but I trust that you, Sir Thomas, have not suffered by it." "I return thanks to an all-protecting Heaven, I have not—; but, come in; come in; Bella

is waiting for me." The old gentleman took Alynton by the arm, and ushered him into a room where the breakfast things were already laid; Alynton was surprised to behold the young lady enter at the opposite door. She blushed deeply; Sir Thomas observed it. "Come, Arabella, I have found a friend here. What's the matter, my child; are you unwell?" "My dear father!" said she, half confused, and then hesitating for a moment as if undecided how to act. "Mr. Alynton, how can I ever sufficiently repay you for your brave and generous conduct?" "My dear father," said she, "this is the gentleman to whom you are indebted for saving the life of your child." "Who, Meredydd Alynton?" cried the old gentleman, tears bedewing his manly countenance, "give me your hand, my boy; may God in his infinite goodness repay you for this action! God bless ye, God bless ye both!" Alynton was mute, and felt almost incapable of uttering a word, in answer; he could not resist, childish as it might appear to the callous mind, shedding tears at the scene of filial and paternal affection before him. "I have," stammered he, "but performed what the humblest of mankind would take a pride in; I claim no merit, it was but my duty." "Well, my boy, I shall never forget it; salute her; nay, she'll not shrink from the caress of her deliverer." Alynton did not, however, go to the extent of Sir Thomas's authority, but pressed his lips upon her small and beautiful hand, which trembled like the aspen leaf. Oh, how her heart beat, when she essayed once more to express her gratitude!

Now that Arabella Salisbury was seated at the table, the face of her parent beamed forth happiness and unfeigned delight. Alynton had leisure to observe her: she was, as he before imagined, eminently beautiful, and her manners truly captivating, she was dressed in a simple robe of white, with a blooming red rose, newly plucked from the adjoining garden, in her bosom; her dark hair, in consequence of the immersion in salt water, hung loosely but gracefully over her shoulders.

She appeared to be about eighteen; her person, though rather below the middle size, might have formed a study for the artist, so well proportioned did her symmetry appear to the admiring eyes of Alynton. Her features being slightly prominent, her dark hazle eye gave them an expression of high-mindedness and command, though, at the same time, the least observant might behold in them an indication that she possessed a heart full of generosity, benevolence, and affection, and a temper which could not be ruffled by common occurrences. In one word, Alynton thought, when the glistening tears stood like dew-drops upon her long silken eyelashes, and the almost imperceptible fluctuating crimson tinge mantled upon her pale cheeks, that she was the loveliest and sweetest creature his eye ere dwelt upon.

The breakfast, as may be imagined, was a matter of positive indifference to them both, and it was sometime before the party were sufficiently at their ease, to enjoy each other's society.

Sir Thomas shortly after went out to prepare for his return home, and left Alynton to amuse the young lady, he ventured to suggest that a walk in the adjoining garden would conduce to relieve her mind, and remove, in some measure, the indisposition and the langour which she laboured under. She thanked him, and consented. Alynton's heart throbbed when she permitted him to draw her arm within his, and escort her through the neighbouring grounds, which had been cultivated with great labour, upon the site of an ancient fortress of the native princes of Wales.

"What a lovely and a beautiful country this is, Miss Salisbury!" said Alynton, as they were seating themselves on a bench, under a gigantic oak, "and what an enchanting scene lies before us! that sea now so calm and beautiful, these towering mountains, and the distant island, of Anglesea, just emerging from a shroud of mist!" "It is beautiful, indeed," said she, "but the sea has no charms for me, after the terrors with which it filled my soul last night. Oh, Mr. Alynton, how can we ever repay you for what you have done! and, how am I, a simple country girl, unacquainted with the fettered forms of society, to excuse myself in your eyes for these ebullitions of feelings, which I can neither control nor disguise." "Indeed, indeed, you must pardon me." "Miss Salisbury," said Alynton, "no thanks and no apologies are necessary; let me conjure you to say nothing further on the subject."

Sir Thomas then interrupted them, and stated that all was ready for departure, "Come, my love," said he, "get ready; Mr. Alynton is to accompany us, and will, I trust, honour our poor mansion with a visit of a few days." "Pardon me, Sir Thomas, I shall, with pleasure, bear you company to St. Asaph; but I have already so far exceeded the limits of my period of absence, that I cannot do myself the pleasure of visiting you this time." "Pooh, pooh, boy! I say you shall; and, sooner than lose your company, I'll send an express to your house, to claim the indulgence." Alynton shook his head. "But I say again, I will not have a denial, and Arabella will not either." "I do sincerely trust," said the young lady, "that Mr. Alynton will accede to my father's request; a lover of nature, as he assures me he is, cannot so suddenly turn his back upon the wild scenes of our country." "If you demand it, I cannot refuse," said Alynton, directing the emphasis towards Arabella; "but my stay, I assure you, must be a brief one." "Now, Alynton, I thank you; so get yourself ready, your horse is already saddled; we will travel according to the old-fashioned way. Little did I imagine, Alynton, when I assisted you out of the fangs of those rascally whigs, at St. Asaph, that you would be the protector of my child; and little, God knows, did I imagine, when I arrived

here last night, that that dear child had been rescued from the deep. I entered this house almost impressed with the belief, that she was one of those miserable beings whom we could see by the uncertain moonlight strewed upon the beach.

The preparations for departure were soon completed, and the cavalcade quitted Aber, after leaving a handsome donation for the fishermen, and the widows and children of those who had suffered. Arabella had one consolation, that both her servants had been saved by the exertions of the peasantry, and none felt any very bad effects from their fright. Nothing of importance happened on the road, the journey passed off as pleasantly as it could; Sir Thomas, however, occasionally complained that his young friend was more disposed to engross the conversation of his daughter than his own, and with truth, for Alynton felt a charm in her presence, which he had hitherto never enjoyed in that of any other female.

Toward the latter end of the evening they arrived within view of the cupola of Bachegraig, towering high amid a splendid forest of oak. This extraordinary and foreign-looking mansion, which was built by Sir Richard Clough, a celebrated merchant of Antwerp, could not but strike him with astonishment. The house was in the form of a pyramid, and about six stories high: on the top rose a fine lantern, or cupola, that commanded a noble prospect far and wide, over the picturesque vale of Clwyd; capacious buildings formed three sides of a court, in the front of which, and over an archway which led to the principal entrance, were the initials of the founder, R. C. and the date 1569, in massive iron characters. The material was of the finest and brightest Dutch brick. "Tradition declares," said Arabella, as they approached the house, "that our ancestor designed to make the Clwyd navigable thus far, and introduce commerce into the country; the buildings which are now converted into stables, and other offices, were intended for magazines for the purpose of dispensing his imports. You perceive the iron rings in the wall for the purpose of fastening the boats."

Alynton was surprised and astonished at the extent of this singular and extraordinary building, and its gloomy appearance, in the midst of a dark and seemingly impervious forest. A double flight of steps led to the principal entrance of the mansion; and over the porch, or portico, were also the initials of the founder, and the date 1567. He was led into a magnificent hall, the walls of which were adorned with full suits of ancient armour of all descriptions, crossbows and matchlocks, muskets and holster pistols, the burnished cuirass and headpiece, with the broadsword, partisan, and dagger, which were borne by the knight's ancestors in the civil wars. The vacant places were filled up with the huge antlers of the red deer; and, in fact, the *four-*

entirely was peculiarly striking and interesting, as the evening sun shed its last rays through the windows, which were stained with Catherine wheels, the arms of the knights of the Holy Sepulchre, his partner Sir Thomas Gresham, and of the several kingdoms with which these wealthy and munificent merchants traded.

In the hall they were met by Mistress Janet Puleston, an elder sister of the late Lady Salisbury, who superintended the establishment. She was of the good old school, dressed in a stiff starched cap and hood, with hooped gown of rich figured damask silk. She leaned on an ivory-headed crutch stick, and was attended by a pug dog with a silver collar and bells; or, as Grose would describe it, "A fat phthisicky dog, who commonly reposed on a cushion, and enjoyed the privilege of snarling at the servants, and occasionally biting their heels with impunity." By her side jingled a bunch of keys of all sorts and sizes, the badge of her office; at that day characters of this description were becoming scarce, and Alynton could not help smiling at the old lady's extraordinary appearance.

When she heard of the danger which Arabella had escaped, and the courageous behaviour of Alynton in rescuing her, she flew from one to the other in ecstasy of commiseration and thankfulness: her conduct, if it had happened upon a less solemn occasion, might have excited no inconsiderable mirth. Sir Thomas soon put a stop to her gabbling and snivelling, as he termed it, and told her to thank God it was no worse, and get supper ready, for he was as hungry as a grey friar after six hours fasting.

Alynton, when he retired to his chamber, to arrange his dress, could not help reflecting upon the circumstances that brought him so suddenly into the presence of such an amiable and beautiful girl; he began to search his heart, to discover whether he had not already fallen into the meshes of love. "She is an only child," thought he, "the heiress of this mansion and demesne, and doubtless will inherit much wealth, besides the very all in all of her father's fond affections. And I,—a poor and helpless dependant upon a distant relative, chained to a trade which I detest, and doomed to reside in the close and confined purlieus of a large and crowded city. She is far above my pretensions and hopes; and, for my own peace of mind, let me leave this place for ever."

Supper was announced, and Alynton, with a throbbing heart, proceeded to join the family. He found them in a small octagon room, wainscoted with dark and highly polished oak: over the huge and ancient mantelpiece frowned the portrait of the wealthy and powerful merchant, and around the room some of the finest specimens of the earliest Flemish and Dutch artists.

The supper was sumptuous, and served up on massive plate, that bore every appearance, from its ornamental tracery, of having

answered the same purpose when the Antwerp merchant did the honours of the board. A silver tankard of foaming ale was handed to Sir Thomas, and he pledged Alynton, observing, that London could not boast such, though it was said to contain the first of every luxury. Mistress Janet suggested that he should taste her metheglin, as an excellent restorative. "Tut, tut, sister," cried Sir Thomas, "if the lad can't relish a cup of ale he is no Welshman." "Aye, but, brother, with your pardon, metheglin is the more ancient beverage, and a beverage too, I ween, which the Britons of old caroused in." "Madam," said Alynton, "I have heard much of that wine, permit me to drink with you, and perhaps Miss Salisbury will join us." It was declared excellent, to Mistress Janet's satisfaction, and she proposed the making up of a small hamper for Alynton. "Ale, sister, ale is the thing." "Well, papa," said Arabella, "what say you to both?" "Right, girl, right, it shall be so." Alynton thanked them, and observed, "that his friends would revel in the luxury of the Principality." The things being removed, they surrounded the blazing fire of wood and coal that seemed large enough to roast a moderate-sized ox.

Miss Janet retired to lock up her treasures of confections, and look after household affairs; Alynton found more pleasure in examining Miss Salisbury's cabinet of curiosities, and listening to the native melodies which she played upon the harp, than in Sir Thomas's detail of otter and badger hunts. The baronet was compelled to finish his tankard of ale and his pipe by himself, and presently he fell asleep in his easy chair, and left the young couple to a quiet *tête à tête* by themselves, till they were surprised by the vigilant Mistress Janet, who observed, that it was time to put up the harp and retire to bed, that they had already made a march upon the hours of rest.

It would be tedious to detail the occurrences of each succeeding day, time did not hang heavily on Alynton's hands, but on the contrary he found the hours fleeting quicker than he wished: one day he hunted with Sir Thomas; and another was spent in exploring the antiquities of the house, and the neighbourhood, with Arabella; and a third, in accompanying Miss Janet through her poultry-yard, and listening to her tales of the ghost of Sir Richard Clough, which had been laid in a huge piece of granite in an empty room at the top of the house; in fact, to him they were days of business, and of pleasure unalloyed by care.

The last day of his stay however arrived, much against the will of the whole family; to none more so than Arabella, for the hours that he had passed in her company had engendered in her bosom something more than mere friendship and gratitude. A stranger might have observed, while they were seated together, that they spoke when their lips were silent; and, by a species of free-



masonry, always managed to be together, whether at table or otherwise. Alynton had retired to his bedroom, for the purpose, as he stated, of putting his travelling equipage in order, but that he had already completed; it was only for the purpose of reflection, and he sat down in the recess of a window as delightfully dull as a man in the situation of an undeclared lover could possibly be. "Does she love me," thought Alynton, "or not; it is true, that come what come may, I shall never cast a thought upon another woman myself.—Shall I venture to speak to her, and declare my passion?—can I with propriety do so? I am poor and almost friendless. Had I been in possession of the fortune of my ancestors, I should not hesitate a moment, I would invest her with all I possessed were she poorer than I am myself;—would that she were poor, I would labour hard to support her, aye, night and day would I devote myself to maintain her. If I ask her hand of her father, he may imagine that I am coveting his acres; if of her, she may probably feel that I am counting upon her gratitude; unfortunate that I am!" said he, stamping his foot passionately upon the polished oaken floor, "unfortunate and miserable Alynton!—I am resolved not, let me try to forget her."

He returned for the purpose of taking his leave; and, in passing along a corridor, heard the notes of the harp in a large room that led out of it. She was playing an air that Alynton had frequently listened to with delight and pleasure, and accompanied it with her voice in a strain of melancholy sweetness, that riveted him to the spot in silent admiration; she ceased, and Alynton stepped in: he found her in the recess of a large window at the end of the room, which was partly separated from it by a green damask curtain; the thousand colours of the stained glass fell upon the polished floor, and threw a halo over her person as she stood leaning pensively upon the harp. Alynton walked silently up, but her thoughts probably were too much occupied to notice his approach: he touched the strings of the instrument; she started; and he, to his surprise, found that her face was suffused with tears. "Mr. Alynton!" said she. "Pardon me, Miss Salisbury, I fear that I am an intruder." "No, no," said she, striving to smile, "I was only thinking of,—of—some foolish thing or other," and turned her head round to hide her blushes.

"I came," said he, "to pay my respects before my departure, and hoped to find Sir Thomas here likewise." "We cannot, then," said she, hurriedly, "prevail upon Mr. Alynton to remain another day with us in this humble and retired spot." "I regret, Miss Salisbury," said he, "that I am reluctantly compelled to relieve you from my presence." "To relieve us, Mr. Alynton!" "I mean, Miss Salisbury, that my presence in London is absolutely necessary, and I fear that I have already incurred some responsibility." "I trust," said she, pensively, "that the gaieties



of London will not induce you to forget us; that you will not forget to call when you visit Wales again." "Forget you, Miss Salisbury; your kindness, and the kindness and hospitality I have met with here, can never be effaced from my recollection. You are unwell, I fear," said he, for she tried to smother her sobs in her handkerchief. "No, no, I shall be better immediately:" he held her hand, it was cold and clammy, and she trembled violently. Alynton could contain himself no longer: "Arabella," said he, "dear Arabella, can you love me," and he pressed her hand within his, "can you return a passion that has already taken root in my bosom never to be removed." "Meredydd," said she, raising her eyes towards his, "I did not expect this; oh, pardon me! for mercy sake, pardon my indiscretion!" "Pardon your indiscretion, my dearest Arabella! oh, may I ever cherish the recollection of this present moment! I shall leave this spot with many a fond look behind me, and shall never cease to think upon you. Is it possible you can love me, Arabella?" "Do you doubt it, Meredydd;" said she, as she allowed herself to be pressed to his bosom. "Oh, this is bliss unspeakable; bliss, Arabella, that I could not hope for." Smiles now decked her countenance, as she looked in his face, with a perfect confidence that she was beloved by him. "You will not forget to think of me, Meredydd, and write to my father, when you arrive at your journey's end." "May I forget myself; oh, may I forget even the hope of eternal happiness hereafter, if day or night pass without uttering a prayer for your weal and happiness."

A servant then disturbed them, and stated that dinner was on the table, Alynton's heart trembled at the thought of meeting the baronet, and Arabella anxiously inquired if he would mention the subject then. Alynton was inclined to do so, but they upon reflection considered that it would be better to write, when he arrived at his journey's end. They found the baronet and Miss Janet, and two or three neighbouring gentlemen, and the clergyman of the parish, assembled. "Well, my boy," said Sir Thomas, "we have ordered dinner at twelve, instead of one, to give you an hour to spare with your wine." "I am sorry, Sir Thomas, that you have inconvenienced yourself." "Oh, Mr. Alynton," said Mistress Janet, "tomorrow is Michaelmas-day, and you know it is the custom here to dine at twelve, from that time till Lady-day." Alynton did not feel any inclination to enter into the spirit of the chace, or the politics of the ensuing election for the county, which were successively canvassed by the party. He occasionally, however, heard Sir Thomas exclaim against the ministry in no measured terms, and called them a pack of rascally Whigs, and the Elector of Hanover a stubborn old brute; that the nation was on the brink of destruction between them all, and the national debt as much as fifty millions sterling. The parson was very emphatic against the system of church preferment, and violently denounced

the conduct of the government. "The ministry, Sir Thomas," said he, "send us English bishops who are utter strangers to every one in the country, and they again bring down their sons, nephews, and what not, to seize every living of value here, though they do not understand one word of the language; they hire a poor curate, at the rate of 20 or 30*l.* a year, to do their duty for them, while they are amusing themselves in England." "Aye, aye," observed the baronet, "they are men of the most unbounded stomach, and, like the far-famed dragon of Wantley, will digest any thing,

'For houses and churches were to him geese and turkeys,  
He ate all, and left none behind,  
But some stones, dear Jack, that he could not crack,  
Which on the hills you will find.'

But we should have a different system if the right man was in his right place."

Arabella's spirits were now elevated, and Alynton felt his heart much lighter. He however found himself at last compelled to leave them. Sir Thomas wished him a safe journey, shook him heartily by the hand, and hoped to see him again. Mistress Janet also stumped with her crutch stick and saucy little pug, and produced a flask of some prime cordial, as a sovereign remedy against any ill effects from his long journey, which Alynton accepted, more to please the old lady, than in expectation of the relief prognosticated. The lovers succeeded in taking leave privately; and, no doubt, pressed their young hearts together in ecstasy of love and hope, and exchanged many a burning thrilling kiss,

"Distasted with the salt of broken tears."

#### CHAPTER IV.

Alynton paid a short visit to his fosterparent on his way, and he was cordially congratulated, on his arrival in London, by all his friends upon the beneficial change in his health: he had not been in town many days, before he was directed to proceed to Paris, for the purpose of arranging some important matters with a merchant there, connected with a mutual agency house in the West Indies. Previously to his departure, however, he wrote to Sir Thomas Salisbury, declaring his passion for his daughter, and the terms upon which they separated: he stated his prospects, which were anything but brilliant at that period, but hoped that a few years would place him in affluence. The arrangements of the post-office were not so expeditious as they are at this day, and he

was obliged, before he received an answer to his proposition, to start for Paris in a state of great uncertainty and discomfort.

Nothing worth recording occurred in his journey to the gay metropolis, he immediately proceeded to transact his affairs, without undergoing any of the important operations under the hands of the peruquier and tailor, at that period so necessary to an Englishman on his arrival at the empire of folly and fashion. He arranged the affairs of his principals to his own satisfaction, but being anxious to have their opinion upon the result previously to his departure for England, he determined to wait until he received a communication confirming the transaction; in the mean time, he had the opportunity of decorating his outward man according to the last rules of fashion, and of viewing the sights of the French metropolis and its neighbourhood, which he had hitherto deferred on account of more important matters. Versailles, now in a state of solitary dilapidation, was at that time in its zenith of splendor, and Paris a scene of thoughtless gaiety and amusement. His time was fully occupied in admiring the Tuileries, the Louvre, and the splendid collection of paintings in the Palais Royal, at that period containing the choicest gallery in Europe. The magnificent church service of the Roman Catholics, and the grandeur of their temples, could not but astonish the mind of an individual who had only beheld the simple and unostentatious ceremony in the Protestant churches. One evening as he was returning from a visit to a friend, after having admired the Palais du Luxembourg, where he had been detained later than usual, he had to pass over the Pont Neuf to his hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain; and, being apprehensive of a street robbery, at that time exceedingly frequent, he walked at a quick and rapid pace, with his hand on the hilt of his rapier. On his approach to the bridge, he was accosted by a man of apparently suspicious character, muffled up in a military cloak and a slouched hat, with an umbrella in his hand.

“A fine night, monsieur,” said the stranger. Alynton merely answered in the affirmative, and pushed on; but the stranger kept pace with him, and soon overtook him opposite to the statue of Hen. IV.; he stopt his progress for a moment, by placing himself, as if unintentionally, right before him on the path; his suspicions were rife at the moment, and his sword more firmly grappled; he longed to be in a more populous part of the town, but hardly had the reflection crossed his mind, ere the villain made a sudden halt, and before Alynton could disengage his sword from under his cloak, received from behind a blow on his head that almost stunned him, and, but for his hat, would have levelled him to the earth; the rascal who had been dogging him, drew a short instrument from his umbrella, and tried to strike him. Alynton immediately rushed to the middle of the bridge, and he found

himself surrounded by three men, whom he immediately judged to be some of "Les Parasols," a banditti, who then scoured the streets, and robbed and murdered with impunity: they made a rush upon him; Alynton kept them at bay with his rapier, and ran one of them through the body, but the fellow falling before he could disengage his sword, which had become entangled in his cloak, he was levelled to the earth by a blow from the short instruments\* the rascals carried; they immediately rifled his pockets, and proceeded to lift him over the battlements of the bridge, into the river; he was stunned for the moment, but when he perceived their diabolical purpose, he shouted as loud as he could for help, and struggled with them, and tightly grappled one of the rascals by the throat: being a powerful man, he so far succeeded, that he got one of the fellows under him; in the meantime, the other, who had been disengaged, blew a shrill whistle, and Alynton found his heart sink within him, when he heard the approaching footsteps, but he was agreeably relieved by the appearance of two or three persons, who immediately rushed upon and secured the robbers; these events happened in less time than I have been detailing them, and so sudden was the assault and the rescue, that the villains had hardly time to use their knives, which they carried in cases of emergency. Alynton, however, received a severe wound in the side, and he bled profusely; when the excitement had ceased, he sunk down faint with loss of blood and dizziness. One of the rescuing party supported him, and inquired if he was hurt; Alynton, with difficulty, informed him that he thought he was, and it became soon sufficiently apparent. The drum of the garde royale, or city watch, was heard approaching the quay, and presently their arms gleamed on the bridge; they immediately took the robbers into custody, and shortly returned with a chair: the person who so seasonably rescued him, ordered it to a chirurgien in the neighbourhood, and kindly supported Alynton till they arrived there. Upon examination it was found that, though his wounds were severe, there was no immediate danger unless a fever were produced, but it was, nevertheless, recommended that he should pass the night in the domicile of the medical man. A violent fever, however, followed, and for two or three days the patient sank into a state of delirium; the gentleman who had been his preserver was unwearied in his attention. Alynton's constitution being a strong one, he overcame the crisis. When he had sufficient recollection, he discovered the stranger sitting by his couch; he was a young man of noble countenance and prepossessing appearance, but dressed in a style that denoted that he was above the

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\* This weapon was about a foot in length, and made of cane or whalebone, to one end of which was fastened a piece of lead about half a pound in weight: the tube of the umbrella formed the sheath, and hence the banditti were called "Les Parasols."

rank of a citizen, and his manners soon confirmed Alynton in his opinion, that he was, if not a nobleman, a gentleman of rank.

In a few days he was sufficiently convalescent to be removed to his apartment in the hotel de Montmorency, where he daily improved in his looks and health. The stranger was still unremitting in his attention, and extremely desirous to render him every assistance, and offered to lend him his carriage to drive around the Boulevards, as more comfortable than a common fiacre. Alynton thanked him warmly for his attention and generosity, but declined it. "Oh! by the by," said the stranger, "I have the pleasure of handing you a sealed packet, which was forwarded to me by the police, being, it is imagined, your property, which was discovered on the person of one of the villains whom we had the good fortune to secure." Alynton thanked him, and upon breaking the seal, found that they were his papers and letter of credit. "I am happy to find," said the stranger, "that I have been fortunate in doing a piece of service to a countryman of mine own, from his accent." "I am an Englishman," said Alynton. "May I be permitted," said the stranger, "to inquire to what family you belong?" "My name is Alynton." The stranger immediately seemed to recollect the name. "Alynton, Alynton," said he, "I must be acquainted with that name." And he opened a small book, in manuscript, which was fastened with silver clasps. "Atholl, Arundell, Annandale, Allan," he muttered, as he cast his eyes over the page, "Allen, Alynton, aye, Alynton, of Trevalyn." "The same," said the invalid. "A brave and wealthy family in Wales," observed the querist. "My ancestors, sir," said Alynton, "have, indeed, in some measure merited the title of bravery, for they have fallen in the field for some generations past; but, as to being wealthy, I am sorry to say that if they had been addicted to a more peaceful life, they would not have been dependants upon the bounty of others." A tear glistened in the stranger's eye. "Ah!" muttered he, "the usual fortune of the friends of the Stuarts." "I suppose," said Alynton, feeling interested in the observation, "you, too, have suffered by an unfortunate attachment of your family to the royal house of Stuart. I hope that you are but a voluntary exile, and that the shores of old England are not barred against your entrance into the country." The stranger sighed, and his lips quivered at this observation. "If every man had his own, Mr. Alynton, we should both, probably, be enjoying life in a different situation to the present; but the time will come, and, I trust, shortly, when our countrymen will adopt the cause of their rightful princes, and hurl the usurper who now occupies the throne, back to his insignificant electorate." "Sir," said Alynton, "words like these my ears have not been accustomed to; if my family have lost all by the Stuarts, and suffered much through the persecutions of their successors upon the throne, I have been bred up to admire the policy of our reigning monarch, and am old enough to value the blessings of his domination."

“Pardon me, my dear sir,” said the stranger, “I have been incautious; but had you, as Hamlet says, the motive and the cue for passion that I have, you would probably make use of harsher expressions. I should be sorry to prejudice any person, but I could avouch one thing, that should the Stuarts ascend the throne again, they would do much to alleviate the sufferings of their friends, and reinstate them in their confiscated properties.” “I think, sir,” said Alynton, “if those who have lost all by the Stuarts wait till they are on the throne of England for a repossession of their fortunes and honours, that there will be few of them to claim the boon.” “You shall see, sir,” said the stranger, laughingly, “the white cockade supplant the black one of Hanover before many moons are passed.” Alynton shook his head, and told him that his hopes would be deceived.

“The Alyntons,” said the stranger, “were not used to be so cold hearted in the good cause.” “The few of the Alyntons that remain,” said Meredydd, “are grown wiser than their ancestors, they have purchased it too, by many a wound and many an hour’s misery. “Their connexions in the Welsh border, are still loyal to the cause, my friend,” said the stranger, “and it is to be hoped will continue so.” “I am aware,” said Alynton, “that the Stuarts have wellwishers in the Principality, but it is their policy, if they have any regard for their heads and their fertile lands, to be cautious in their proceedings, and I doubt not but they are so. However, sir, I regret that I cannot pursue this conversation any further, I feel that I am doing an injustice to myself and to my country; I should be sorry to return to England tainted in my loyalty to my king and his government.”

The stranger bowed, and observed that he regretted the subject had been mentioned, and begged that Alynton would take a ride with him, and accompany him to his hotel to dinner. Alynton did not feel much anxiety to run the chance of being seen in the company of one of the exiles, but being pressed, he reluctantly gave his consent. After taking a stroll through the environs of the city, they turned into the court yard of a large mansion; he was ushered into splendid apartments, where he recognised the portraits of Charles I. and II., James II. and his queen, Mr. Chevalier St. George, the duke of Powis, Lords Ormonde, Castlemaine, and several other exiled noblemen; the servants were dressed in the royal livery of England.

“I have declined, Mr. Alynton, hitherto, to give you my name, my motive you may guess when you are informed that I am Charles Edward Stuart, by some called the young Pretender.” Alynton was thunderstruck, and for a moment completely lost in astonishment; he fell on his knees, and begged that the young prince would forgive him for his past freedom.

“ Rise, rise, Mr. Alynton,” said Charles Edward, “ I stand before you a private gentleman, like yourself; I have no wish to draw you from your allegiance to the sovereign you were born under; I met you as a stranger, and you shall depart as free as when you came, though, I could wish—, but no matter; I dine alone today, and in private; and shall feel gratified if you will join me.” “Your royal highness—.” “ Nay, address me as plain sir,” said he, “ I shall be more contented, I am almost tired of formalities, Mr. Alynton, and had I my own will, and could I divest myself of that innate pride of ancestry, I would with pleasure descend many steps lower in society. An empty title is but a sorry companion: but no more of this; we met as private individuals, and we’ll e’en part so.” The dinner having been announced, Alynton was led into a room of small dimensions. The furniture was rich and elegant, but unostentatious. The prince listened, with pleasure, to Alynton’s description of England, and the lively comparisons which he drew between London and Paris, and the people of both nations. Charles Edward passed the evening evidently gratified with his companion, and Alynton returned to his hotel, no less pleased with the blandness of manner and good feeling which the young prince evinced:

On the following morning he received a communication from London, confirming the arrangements which he had entered into, and thanking him, in the name of the firm, for his exertions, and the manner in which he had completed the transaction. They regretted, however, that his uncle was severely indisposed, and requested him to return as soon as possible. Alynton lost no time in his preparation, and he felt it his duty to pay his respects to Prince Charles Edward, whom he called upon and fortunately found at home. The prince again received him with cordiality and kindness, and regretted that he was leaving Paris so soon. “ I have one request to make, Mr. Alynton, before you leave, and to demand a favor at your hands.” “ I shall feel it an act of gratitude to serve your royal highness,” was the reply. “ It is a small packet that I wish to be delivered to a warm friend of our house in Wales,” said the prince. “ I should not intrust it to any one, as it might fall into improper hands, and injure him, but I can place implicit reliance on you.” “ Your royal highness flatters me; it shall be delivered to the individual it is addressed to, even if I take purposely a journey to the Principality.” “ I believe you, but that will be unnecessary. The gentleman may be found in London, he is well known through England, and few men more highly honoured. There it is; and I need not tell you that much depends upon it. You will open the envelope at your journey’s end.” He handed him a small parcel, tied with green silk, and Alynton again assured him that he might depend upon its safe delivery.

“ I cannot do less, Mr. Alynton, than wish you a safe journey, but I fear that it will not be a pleasant one: I should recom-



mend you warm clothing, for this severe frost, we are told by a cunning man, that it will last some weeks yet. If you are not prepared with fur, this Polish pelisse will be serviceable between Paris and London." He threw over Alynton's shoulders a valuable sable dress; when, demurring to accept it, the prince told him, familiarly, to hold his tongue, and say nothing about it. "If we should meet at St. James's," said the prince, as he held him by the hand, "I hope that we shall not forget the rencounter with Les Parosols, on Pont Neuf, and when you are married, give your wife this ring, it belonged once to a Queen of England; tell her to pray for the happiness of Charles Edward, if not for his success." Alynton could not thank him with words, but buried his face in his handkerchief, and left the house with an overclouded brow, deeply commiserating the situation of a prince who gave him so many proofs of good feeling.

Alynton found his valuable pelisse, as the prince had prognosticated, extremely serviceable, for the winter of 1740, was the most severe within the memory of man: after a tedious journey he arrived in London, but his uncle had breathed his last, some days before, and left him the whole of his splendid fortune, consisting solely of money on mortgage, and the capital in the concern. The old gentleman, at his own request, was buried in the parish he resided in, without any pomp or show. "My life," said he, in his will, "has been a secluded one, and I desire that my last earthly journey may be in accordance with it, simple, and without pomp or unnecessary ceremony.

He found a letter from Sir Thomas Salisbury, full of kindness and openheartedness. "My Arabella," said the baronet, "I can ill afford to part with; but you shall have her, and every penny that I have got; and I wish I could give you the old house and land into the bargain; but 30,000*l.* in broad pieces, will answer your purpose quite as well; so come down and marry the girl immediately, she is fretting her little heart to death, here." Alynton, it may be supposed, lost no time in returning an answer to the letter, and at the same time, informed Sir Thomas of the great accession to his own fortune, by the death of his uncle; and that he should pay them a visit as soon as he could arrange his affairs.

These were more complicated than Alynton imagined, as the affairs of the firm had to be wound up; he was offered a share in the business, but he considered his fortune sufficiently ample to satisfy every want; and, having recently seen so much of the joys and pleasure of the country, felt no inclination to tie himself down to a laborious life in the confined recesses of the city. The offer was declined, much to the dissatisfaction of the firm, for the name of "Alynton" had become a tower of strength in the mercantile world.

Alynton had not forgotten the packet intrusted to him by Prince Charles Edward: he removed the envelope, and found a letter addressed to the Honourable Sir W. W. Wynn, bart., and he lost no



time in calling at his town residence, but he learnt that he was still at Wynnstay. The affairs of his late uncle having been brought into a proper train for settlement, he proceeded to Wales, where he hoped to *clasp* his lovely Arabella in his arms.

He arrived at Wynnstay late in the day, and upon inquiry, was informed that the baronet was at home, but engaged, having a small party to dinner. Alynton was too anxious a lover to lose an hour's time, and therefore insisted upon the valet taking in his name, —that he must have a personal interview, however unseasonable it might be. The man grumbled intolerably, but departed, he was ushered into a large room wainscoted with dark polished oak, and adorned with portraits of the families of Wynn and Williams; one side of the room was occupied by a fine full-length portrait of Charles II., and exactly opposite that of his queen; a large oriel window, with small diamond panes, with the arms of the different branches of the family, stained in different compartments, occupied another portion, commanding a delightful prospect towards the Berwyn chain of mountains, and the tremendous breach in them through which the fierce Dee seems to have forced its way, and also into part of the country of the "irregular and wild Glyndwr."

He had not waited long before the worthy baronet entered. "Mr. Alynton, I presume?" "That is my name." "I am sorry that I have to condole with you upon the recent death of Sir Llewelyn Alynton. I hope we shall be better acquainted." Alynton acknowledged the compliment: "I have a packet," said he, "of some importance to deliver to you, Sir Watkin; and before I do so, you will allow me to close the door. It is from Prince Charles Edward." "From Prince Charles Edward?" said he, in a whisper. He broke open the seal, and perused hastily several letters. "I am glad to find you have recovered from your accident. My correspondent informs me that you had a narrow escape." "I think, Sir Watkin, if the prince—," the baronet held his finger up: "correspondent," said he: "your correspondent," said Alynton, "had not rescued me from their fangs, I should not have had the good fortune to see old England again: he saved my life." "Generous youth!" said the baronet; "I am glad to find that he shows his mettle at so early an age: but you must dine with us; I have a small party of gentlemen in the other room; you will be a welcome visitant." Alynton demurred, and stated that he hoped to be at Bachegraig ere night. "Nonsense, my good sir, you must take a bed here," said the baronet, "you will not be able to cross the mountains this night; they are almost impassable, in consequence of the recent heavy fall of snow. I expected Sir Thomas here today, but I imagine that he has not been able to keep his appointment, by reason of the bad state of the roads,—come, I'll have no denial." Alynton was accordingly compelled

to go, and the baronet directed his servant to put up the horses for the night.

“I have brought you, brothers,” said the baronet, “a substitute for Sir Thomas; he will complete our Cycle:” perturbation appeared in some of the guests’ faces: “he is a friend!” with a strong emphasis on the last word; “a friend to the good cause:” they all seemed quieted with this explanation. “Mr. Alynton,” said the baronet, “will you sit on Mr. Puleston’s right; Mr. Kenrick Eyton will you move a little.” He then introduced him to the party, some of whom were distant relations that he had never seen or hardly heard of, but most of them friends of his father.

The cloth having been removed, wines of all description, and jorums of ale, with silver cups, were placed upon dumb-waiters around the room, and within reach of every person; all the servants, with the exception of an old grey-headed harper, having retired, the double doors were securely locked. Alynton could hardly understand these preparations, and fancied that the party were determined to see each other roll under the table; but he was mistaken: it was a periodical assembly of the Cycle, a club that had been established among the great landed proprietors on the borders of Wales, for the purpose of favoring the views of the Stuarts to the throne of England.

Several toasts were drank, among them: “Our rightful king, and down with usurpers.” “The memory of the brave men who fell in 15.” “Health and strength to the Scottish clans.” Sir Watkin then rose, and stated, that his young friend, Mr. Alynton, had just returned from Paris, where he had been fortunately rescued from the hands of assassins, by the noble spirit of Prince Charles, though unknown to him at that time; and that he had had frequent communication with the prince subsequently to that period: he had every reason to believe that the parties were equally gratified with their chance acquaintance; and so far had Mr. Alynton gained the esteem of the prince, that he had intrusted him with despatches of considerable importance, the which he should have great pleasure in submitting to the club at a fitting opportunity; he would, therefore, propose Mr. Alynton’s good health, and he trusted that they should see him again at their round table.

Alynton’s health having been drank with boisterous applause, he briefly returned thanks. Several toasts were proposed during the evening, most of which were extremely equivocal; a discussion afterwards took place upon the subject of the Pretender’s ensuing invasion. It appeared that most active preparations were making for his support, that arms and ammunition had been collected, and large sums of money subscribed for the purpose of effecting ulterior objects: it had, however, been impressed upon the Stuarts and their adherents on the continent, the utter impolicy of counting upon any

assistance from his friends in England, unless he arrived supported with something like a foreign army to back him,—to form a sort of head for his adherents to assemble round. Mr. Eubule Lloyd stated, that “nearly one half of the country was favorable to his views ; and a quarter of the population,—if not more,—indifferent about the matter ; he, therefore, considered that the chances of success were very great, but it was absurd to imagine that the aristocracy would risk their lives and valuable estates, unless they were certain that they should not be destroyed in detail before an army could assemble.” “The prince and his family,” said Mr. Shakerley, “ought to be aware that the clubs are watched narrowly, that it is impossible to form what I might call a compact coalition, so as to have a general rising at one and the same moment.” “The Prince is aware of it,” said Sir Watkin, “and I am this day informed that the French ministry have pledged themselves to supply him with an army of fifteen thousand men, and several thousand stands of arms, and that the armament is even now preparing at Dunkirk.”

“Then huzza for the good cause!” shouted the whole party ; the glasses and bottles danced upon the table, and many a worthy member had his garments stained with juice of the grape, as it ran in streams out of the overturned vessels. The old harper thrumed his harp, and all seemed to leap in phrenzy of joy. “Prince Charles Edward, again!” said Mr. Philip Egerton, “and success to the good cause ! huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! A song, a song !” Mr. Edwards accordingly prepared himself, and observed that, “being a new one, they must judge of its merit.” “*Y dune ! Y dune !*” cried Prbys, the harper : “Our dear Catholic brother,” was the answer.

Of quarrels and changes, and changelings, I sing,  
Of courtiers and cuckolds, too ; God save the king !  
Now Munster's fat grace lies in somebody's place,  
And hopeful and so forth are turned out to grass ;  
O, G——e, thou'st done wisely to make such a pother  
Between one German *slut* and the son of another.

Now that son of another, so stubborn and rusty,  
Is turn'd out of doors, and thy favors, most justly,  
Since he was so unwise as his child to baptize,  
He may e'en thank himself if you bastardize.  
For there ne'er would have been all this wrangling work  
If, instead of a Christian, he had bred him a Turk.

The youth that so long had dwelt under thy roof,  
Might sure have found out, by many a good proof,  
That you ne'er were so mild as to be reconciled,  
If once you're provok'd, to man, woman, or child.  
But, alas, for poor England, what hopes can be had  
From a prince not so wise as to know his own dad !

Were he twice more thy son than e'er any one thought him,  
 There are forty and forty good reasons to out him,  
 For he trod on the toe of a gallant young beau,  
 And made it so sore that he hardly could go;  
 And unless for this due correction he feels,  
 Who knows but he soon may tread on thy own heels!

Of your heels, oh! take care, let no one abuse 'em,  
 For it may be you'll soon have occasion to use 'em,  
 For if J—y should land, you'd soon understand  
 That one pair of heels is worth two pair of hands;  
 And then the pert whipster will find, I suppose,  
 Other work for his feet than to tread on folk's toes.

The song was received with shouts of laughter and applause, and many would have had an encore, but the vocalist stated that he was quite out of breath, and begged that they would for the present excuse him. The party got still more noisy as the evening proceeded, and songs and toasts of the most revolutionary character and principles, echoed fearlessly in the tabernacle of the Cycle. Alynton was heartily tired, and often cast a furtive glance towards the doors, in hopes that some one would intrude, so as to permit his escape unobserved. One of the party noticed his anxiety: "Come, come, Mr. Alynton," said he, "you must not shrink, such a day as this, we must initiate you into the mysteries of our bacchanalian festivities." Alynton referred to his recent journey, and pleaded fatigue. "Presently, presently, Mr. Alynton," said the baronet; "we must have a song from Mr. Broughton Whitall; I have no doubt he can produce something from our Shropshire side to enliven ye: the chorus of Robin John Clark, for instance. "I have left my voice behind me," said the squire. "Oh, hang the voice!" said a neighbour; "you have been vociferating till you are hoarse; we will give you plenty of voice;" and the fox hunter gave them a Hark forward, in a style that compelled Alynton to put his hands to his ears for protection. "The song, the song, Yr-wan Phrys."

YE true bacchanals come to Ned of the Dales,  
 And there let 's carouse o'er a butt of strong liquor,  
 Bring with you no shirkers, nor friends to usurpers,  
 But souls that will drink till their pulses beat quicker.  
 May the courtier who snarls at the friend of Prince C—s,  
 And eke who our houses and windows made dark,  
 Ne'er pilfer much treasure, nor taste of such pleasure;  
 Then hark to the chorus of Robin John Clark.

May each bung his eye till the vessels quit dry,  
 And drink to the low'ring extravagant taxes;  
 For the spirit of Britain, by foreigners spit on,  
 Quite cold by oppression and tyranny waxes.

Then here's to the toast, tho' the battle was lost,  
 And he who refuses a traytor we'll mark :  
 Here's a health to the prince, not meaning from whence,  
 For thus sings the chorus of Robin John Clark.

Then fill up another to the good duke his brother,  
 Not meaning that blood-thirsty cruel assassin ;  
 May the Scotch partisans recollect their stout clans,  
 Their force, twenty thousand in number surpassing ;  
 May they enter Whitehall, old St. James's, and all,  
 While the troops are for safety encamp'd in the park ;  
 May kind heaven inspire each volley and fire,  
 For thus sings the chorus of Robin John Clark.

Hand in hand let us joyn against such as combine,  
 And dare to enslave with vile usurpation ;  
 Whenever time offers, we'll open our coffers,  
 And fight to retrieve the bad state of the nation.  
 We'll not only drink, but we'll act as we think,  
 We'll take the brown musket, the sword, and the dirk,  
 Thro' all sorts of weather, we'll trade it together,  
 So God bless the chorus of Robin John Clark.\*

Sir Watkin, no doubt, thought Alynton had become heartily tired of the scene, which grew, with the fox-hunters' tantivies, most gloriously uproarious, and he beckoned him out, fortunately unnoticed by some of the most violent roarers of the party : he retreated to bed, to a distant part of the mansion.

On the following morning Alynton started for Bachegraig ; and, notwithstanding the great quantity of snow which blocked up the roads in the passes of the mountain, he managed to arrive at a seasonable hour. It may be supposed that he was received with open arms by Sir Thomas and his family ; but no one can describe the joy which Arabella evinced at his appearance.

#### CHAPTER V.

Alynton remained with his intended bride for some weeks in full enjoyment of all the pleasures and assurances of loving, and being beloved, which is probably the happiest era in the life of a human being. The wedding-day was at last appointed ; and, in

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\* These songs are veritable jacobite relics, and now, for the first time, printed ; they were written, it is believed, purposely for the Cycle club. The writer of the article was permitted to take copies of them by Owen Ellis, esq., a descendant of one of the members of the club, in whose family the mss. have remained upwards of a century. One word in the first song has been purposely substituted for another rather too gross to meet the eye.

the mean time, Alynton took another journey to London, where he finally arranged his affairs, and found himself in possession of a fortune approaching to 100,000*l*. On his return he was married to his lovely Arabella, at the humble parish-church of Tremeirchion, whose solitary bell sent forth far and wide the joyful tidings, which were echoed back by all the white steeples in the vale. An ox and half a dozen sheep were roasted on the village green, and divers barrels of cwrw broached. In the evening the hills formed but one blaze of light; never was a marriage more sumptuously and joyfully celebrated in that secluded place; for years the peasants looked back upon the event as something never to occur again. Sir Thomas Salisbury entertained a large party of neighbouring friends, and made them

“Red hot with drinking;  
So full of valour, that they smote the air,  
For breathing in their faces;”

and flying rumours confidently declared, that several determined toppers were found, the next morning, wallowing in the neighbouring ditches.

Alynton had taken a mansion and an extensive demesne on the borders of Shropshire, from a gentleman who had the misfortune to run through his property: he resided there for three years, in full enjoyment of wedded life, and the smiles and caresses of his wife and only son; when an event happened which totally blighted his happiness, and seared all his fond hopes for the realization of the blessings which he so fondly coveted. He was, about the same time, deprived of Sir Thomas Salisbury, who died, after a few days' illness, regretted by all who knew him: the old gentleman expired in the arms of his beloved daughter, and with his last sigh he breathed a blessing upon the heads of his children.

It was in the spring of 1744, when Mr. and Mrs. Alynton were returning from a visit to a neighbour, that his carriage was stopped by two strangers, one of whom requested to be informed, in broken English, whereabouts Beaumere hall was, the seat of Mr. Alynton. “I may save you some trouble, sir,” said Alynton, “for I am the occupier of that mansion.” “My friend, sir, will be glad,” said the stranger, “to have a moment's conversation with you.” “If you will follow the carriage a short distance, we shall be at home, and I shall be happy to afford him the opportunity.” The stranger bowed, and turned to his companion; the latter took off his hat and moved: Alynton had but a slight glimpse of his countenance; but it struck him forcibly that he had seen him before, where at he could not conceive. However, they soon arrived at the hall; the stranger, who had not spoken, dismounted, and threw the bridle of his horse into the hand of his companion. The servants were desired to shew him into his library, and directed refreshment to be sent in.

Alynton in a few minutes entered; the stranger was rapidly pacing the room, and did not notice Alynton's entry; he was muffled in a Spanish cloak, and had the appearance of a military man. "I believe," said Alynton, "you wished to speak to me." "Mr. Alynton," said the stranger, "I am rejoiced to see you. What! am I so soon forgotten?" "Good God!" said Alynton, after a moment's reflection, "but surely I must be mistaken!" "I cannot," said the stranger, "be surprised at your astonishment in beholding me in England, and a free agent into the bargain. Charles Edward, indeed, stands before you in propria persona! nay, nay, no ceremony." "I am indeed, sir, amazed," said Alynton; "how, in the name of all that is good and merciful, could you venture here?" "Why, to tell you the truth, I had some curiosity to see the land of my ancestors, and, being secretly on the coast of Bretagne,—my enemies fancying that I was safely sheltered in Italy,—I thought that it was a favorable opportunity to gratify my long-cherished wishes, and accordingly ventured to land at Milford Haven, hardly a week ago. I am taking a tour through the country, and pay, as chance directs me, a visit to our friends: hearing, at Wynnstay, that my protégé lived here, I e'en did myself the honour of calling upon him for auld lang syne, as our Scotch friends say." "I am grateful for the honour you have done me, but I trust, sir," said Alynton, "that you will not meet with any mischances in your perambulations, for the eyes of the ministry are overwatchful, I assure you." "Never fear, my good friend," said the prince; "I have more friends than you imagine. I have ordered my companion," said he, "to put up the horses, trusting that you will not refuse us a domicile for the night." "You may command my hospitality," said Alynton, "for any period that you may think proper to honour us with your presence. May I be favored with your *nom de guerre*; we dare trust no one in these suspicious times, not even our wives." "Why I have hitherto," said the prince, "adopted the name of an Italian friend of mine, the Count Polotzzi, who is on his travels through Europe: my worthy friend there, who is now passing the window, has volunteered to lose his good name, and to act as my groom, valet de chambre, secretary, or what you please." "Shall I desire him to walk in?" said Alynton. "No," replied the prince, "it will favor our disguise the better, if he retires into another room; your servants must not perceive that we are on too intimate terms. So, Mr. Alynton, I hear that you have not only succeeded to a large fortune, but married into the bargain." "I am happy to say," said Alynton, "that what you have heard is correct; and I shall be honoured, sir, if you will allow me to present my wife to you." "I not only congratulate you upon your good fortune," said the prince, "but shall be delighted to pay my respects to Mrs. Alynton, and most happy to join your family dinner." Alynton accordingly



introduced the prince to his lady as the Count Polotzzi, a friend whom he had met at Paris.\*

It would be tedious to detail the conversation that took place between the party, and the comparisons drawn, by the prince, between the verdant and romantic scenery of Wales, and those of France and of Italy; he appeared evidently delighted with what he had seen, and the character of the people; tears glistened in his eye when he dropped a wish that he might be possessed of one of the many quiet mansions he had visited during his progress through the country. Mrs. Alynton told him, that she should have supposed that the glowing landscapes, and sunny skies of Italy, would have more charms for him than the cold and wintry blasts of her own country: the prince sighed, but pursued the subject no further.

Alynton, during the evening, had an opportunity of being alone with the prince, and then he learnt that every thing was in readiness for an invasion, and that the descent upon England would be supported by a numerous French army, as soon as the ministry of his most Christian Majesty could meet with a favorable opportunity for landing them. The Scots and aristocracy of England are ready for revolt; and I trust," said the prince, "when we do arrive, that we shall see Mr. Alynton by the side of his rightful sovereign. Alynton, however, gave him no hopes of assistance, but told him that he should not feel himself bound to support the cause of King George the Second. The prince, however, flattered himself, that Alynton would not desert the cause at the proper time. The travellers were on their journey early the following morning, the prince having accepted, with little pressing, a subsidy of 500*l.* in Bank notes, to supply their immediate wants.

Mrs. Alynton felt a degree of mystery about the strangers which she could not unravel, and frequently observed her husband correct himself when addressing him, and otherwise conduct himself in a manner totally at variance with his usual bearing. She endeavoured to win the secret by many artful and pretty ways, which woman can so well manage; and hinted that the bosoms of man and wife ought to be the depositaries of each other's secrets, or there was an end of all confidence. Alynton kissed her, and begged, in a goodnatured bantering way, that she would not be so curious about matters that did not concern her. She still persevered, but he rigidly adhered to his resolution, and many a pouting frown did he endure.

The subject passed off, and Count Polotzzi no longer troubled the rest of Mrs. Alynton; till, one morning, Alynton was informed that the ministry had strong suspicions that the prince visited the country, and had been entertained by him; and further, that Bank notes, which

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\* Tradition reports that the young Pretender visited the Principality antecedent to the rebellion.



Alynton had recently received, had found their way into the Pretender's custody; and that he was in active correspondence with him. Alynton was, as may be easily imagined, disturbed with this communication; a few days afterwards, he was cautioned to be on the alert, as the ministry had strong evidence of his having visited the prince at Paris, and that he had worn a mantle which had been recognised as that of Charles Edward, and his wife a ring likewise of peculiar character; that, if he had any regard for himself and his family, he would retire from the kingdom, till the matter was cleared. This was a thunderbolt which he had not anticipated; and he, in the fury of the moment, cursed himself, for being so careless and utterly thoughtless; for it was well known at the time, that most of the prince's servants were in the pay of the English government, and acted as spies. How to break the subject to his wife he knew not, and he feared the worst consequences might follow. Sometimes he doubted the reality of his situation: "It must be a dream!" said he; yet reflection realized the truth of the report. "The blood-hounds of the ministry may be at this moment at my heels!" and he ordered his horse, and rode off to Wynnstay; but, on his arrival there, he found that the baronet was in London, and was told, by a confidential servant, that he was in honourable confinement at his own house, the ministry having some suspicions of his conduct, but whether there was any danger to be apprehended to his person, he knew not. Alynton, on his return to the hall through a by-road, was informed by his steward, who met him, that two gentlemen had been demanding to see him, and who, when they were denied, insisted upon examining the house, which they performed, in the confusion of the moment, with little ceremony as regarded the feelings and apprehensions of Mrs. Alynton; they were told that he had gone to Chester; and they started off as fast as their horses could carry them in that direction. Alynton's worst fears were now completely realized, and he immediately determined to retire from the country, in accordance with his friends' advice; but the task of separating from his dear and affectionate wife was worse than death; he immediately sent for an intimate friend, to advise him in the matter, and endeavour to console her. She was now friendless and helpless like himself, the only child and representative of an ancient family, with hardly a relative in the world.

To separate two hearts so wrapped up in each other was, as might be expected, a task of no ordinary character; she begged, she supplicated, even insisted upon accompanying him; but he, though night-broken-hearted himself, was firm in his determination; he would not sacrifice her to the perils that awaited him "by flood and field;" and it was with the greatest difficulty that she was persuaded to stay at home, and then only upon the solicitation and apprehension of her friends that she might interfere with his escape: she could offer herself up as a sacrifice for him, but she would not become an instrument to risk his life. When the fatal, the sad hour arrived, he had not

the heart or the courage to leave his dear home, his darling child, too, who was now just approaching the sweet age when children become still more dear to the doting and affectionate parent. The boy had just learnt to recognise him, and to call him by the most pleasing and endearing appellation; his wife, too, now more dear than ever, the partaker of his troubles, the soother of his afflictions, and his ministering angel. The hour of parting, with all its terrors and apprehensions, at last arrived, the long-suppressed and deep-drawn sighs, and tearless agony, the hastily formed resolutions, and tremblings of distress. The horse that was to carry him was at the door ere the day had dawned, and every thing prepared for his sudden departure, for he felt that he could not trust himself in the presence of his wife; but his plans were too carefully watched, he had secretly escaped from the house, and was on the point of mounting his charger, when she followed him, and rushed into his arms in agony of distress: she hung upon his neck, like the tendril of the vine around its supporter, and could hardly articulate the desolate farewell, ere she fainted; he conveyed her to the house, and laid her upon a couch, and implanted a burning kiss on her forehead; he gazed on her pale features till she began to revive, and rushed out of the house a dispirited and almost broken-hearted man. He and his servant were dressed as persons of the same rank in life, that of respectable yeomen; they arrived upon the coast of South Wales, after undergoing many perils, and found a vessel about to sail to the French coast. They were driven about the seas for a considerable time, and their hairbreadth escapes were astonishing, if not miraculous; a landing was ultimately effected at Bourdeaux.

Alynton spent his exile, as may be imagined, in a very miserable way, he was bereft of all but his existence. He retired to the pretty town of Boulogne, where he remained in solitude, and under constant expectation of being allowed to return to his paternal roof and the arms of his beloved.

He had the melancholy pleasure of gazing upon the white cliffs of the coast of Britain, and to see her cruizers pass under the batteries of the town, which they at times saluted with balls and shells, to annoy the inhabitants. Often, and I might say daily, did he ascend the rocks or heights, at the dawning of the day, and there intensely watch the coast as it rose above the level of the ocean, and the old castle of Dover as it broke through the morning mist, but it was only to return with an aching heart and overclouded spirit. Grief had already, in his early age, for he was barely thirty, made him, in appearance, a tottering old man; his glossy brown locks had prematurely given place to a scanty crop of grey hairs; he was a friendless and solitary being, reckless and almost regardless of existence. The citizen marked his downcast and hollow eye, his emaciated

frame, and would have alleviated his sadness, but he was above consolation, and crushed, like the gigantic oak under the merciless power of the thunderbolt, even to the earth.

Mrs. Alynton, after the exile of her husband, became disconsolate and sick at heart: it was but a few years since they were married, and how swiftly had some portion of that time fled!

“Then the longest summer’s day  
Seemed too, too much in haste;”

and how tedious and lonely had been the remainder of her married life! hope and fear, doubt and uncertainty, misery and sickness, had been her constant companions. A son, the best and only pledge of their love, the emblem of his father, the solitary tie which bound his affectionate mother to life, was her only solace and only comfort, in every eventful and trying hour. True it was, she was surrounded by friends who commiserated her pitiable situation, and did every thing in their power to sooth her mind, and subdue her troubled feelings: she brooded over her misfortunes, and courted solitude in all its most uninviting charms. Every memorial of the being to whom she was so firmly attached, was treasured up with religious solicitude. Sickness and misfortune had clad her face, lovely and beautiful as it had been, with a sorrowful and melancholy aspect;

“The eating canker, grief, with wasteful spite,  
Preyed upon the rosy bloom of youth and beauty;”

and, though the remains and traces of former loveliness still appeared preeminent, she was but the wreck of an early and beautiful flower prematurely destroyed by the eastern blast: she looked like a being designed for another state of existence; she had too long “pined in thought;” and it plunged her to distraction, and the very abyss of grief, when she reflected how happy she had been, and how miserable she was at that moment.

She might be seen wandering about the grounds with her interesting and lovely child; and when he came bounding to her side, in all the boisterous mirth of thoughtless infancy, with some pretty flower to shew his mother, she would smile, with that vacant and forced appearance so characteristic of the broken heart,—take him in her arms and kiss his fair forehead, and for a few moments scan his looks and seem to trace the lineaments of her husband in his countenance, and in an instant, as if the recollection of the disastrous event which deprived her of his protection, had crossed her memory, would pour forth a torrent of tears. The child, as if checked for his untimely hilarity, would cover his little face in the folds of his parent’s garment, and cry, though he knew not why. At other times, she seemed to exert herself, and strive to overcome these feelings, half convinced that, if she allowed them to predominate above others, they would

ultimately plunge her into the silent grave, "where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest." She knew that if she died, her child would be thrown on the wide world a helpless orphan, and, probably, without a real friend. He had been weak and sickly from his birth, and she felt it her duty to make head against grief; a week hardly passed, after this determination, but some trifling circumstance, some "trivial fond record" of her husband would strike her sensitive mind, and open all her wounded feelings of affection, and sink her again almost to the earth. This miserable course of life could not last much longer: she had combated affliction too long to overcome it, and her strength was fast declining. Her friends saw it, and they endeavoured to persuade her to go into society, but to no purpose; she seemed bound to "the scenes mid which they met and parted," and that for a brief period.

The war still raged with unabated violence between England and France, and the rebellion, which broke out in the year 45, had not, as yet, been completely quelled; the scaffolds were still deluged with the blood of the adherents of the Stuarts. Mrs. Alynton had one consolation in her affliction, that her husband, though goaded by revenge, had not joined the ranks of the prince, and continued firm in his allegiance to the reigning sovereign. Powerful interest had been resorted to, to get him recalled, but hitherto of no avail. The ministry were not as yet satiated with persecution; but strong hopes were entertained that, when matters were properly explained as to his connexion with the Pretender, and his retired residence during the troubles at Boulogne, permission would be given for his return to his native country.

Alynton, some time before, had given intimation that he should make a secret journey to England, in the event of his not obtaining a pardon; but the time had long since passed away, and the expectation of his arrival had died almost in the heart of his wife. She would often sit up during the greater part of the night, and whenever the slightest commotion took place, she hoped it was her husband;

"Fancy too  
Delusive most where warmest wishes are,  
Would oft anticipate his glad return,  
And dream of transports which she was not to know;"

but she had been too often disappointed, and hope deferred had made the poor heart sick.

She was sitting one evening in her room, and brooding over her misfortunes, before her lay a miniature of her husband, the door of the room was thrown gently open, and a huge dog, of the wolf breed, formerly common in Wales, but now extinct, came stalking quietly in. He was thin, and his bones seemed to be jutting out of his grizzly hide, for he appeared old, and looked as if he had had a

weary day of it ; he snuffled, whined, and moaned ; proceeded quietly around the room, breathed hard, and seemed to be familiar with the place by the motion of his tail and his actions ; he came up to Mrs. Alynton, looked at her for a moment, then paced around the room again, and placed his huge head on her lap. She was astonished, if not frightened, at the sudden appearance of the animal, and remained two or three moments as if buried in recollection and astonishment. "Surely it must be Gellert !" she thought, and repeated the word aloud,—“Gellert !”—the dog seemed also confirmed in his recollection, barked, and darted out of the door. The animal had been missing for some years, the chain by which he was fastened to the kennel, appeared to be broken, and his absence discovered the morning after Alynton's departure. She thought his appearance strange, if not supernatural. At that moment some one commenced knocking at the gates of the court yard ; a loud neigh of a horse broke upon Mrs. Alynton's ear, she seemed astonished, stared wildly around, and drew her thin and emaciated hand across her forehead, the veins in her temples were distended, and appeared to be almost bursting ; with a half-frantic laugh she cried out, "It is, it is my husband ! I know the neigh of his horse, and the strange appearance of the dog, too ! it must be my Alynton !" She rushed out of the house, maddened with excitement.

The moon was just breaking forth from some dark clouds that were drifting along the horizon, and shed a partial light over the court yard, the gates had been thrown open, and a hearse, decorated with the melancholy trappings of the grave, drawn by four horses, entered ; a grey charger followed it, led by a man attired in black.

"Awhile she stood  
Transform'd, by grief, to marble, and appear'd  
Her own pale monument :"

a strange foreboding possessed her ; she rushed forward, and recognised the companion of her husband in his exile. "Your master ! where is he ?" The man hesitated a few moments, and fearfully inquired if she had received no tidings of him from London ? One question more sufficed to inform her that his mortal remains were present, and she sank on the ground, and never breathed more.

It appeared that Alynton effected his escape in a Lugger from Boulogne, and being overtaken by a storm, which drove them on the Goodwin sands, perished in the wreck ; his servant effected his escape on the back of his master's horse. Upon the receding of the tide, the remains of the unfortunate Alynton were discovered. His faithful attendant wrote to Mrs. Alynton from London, detailing the unfortunate event ; but, as if some dreadful fatality attended the whole family, the letter miscarried.

The poor boy lived not many months after this event ; and the name

of Alynton was no longer heard on the border, save in the legendary tales of the peasantry. The splendid fortune he inherited, devolved upon a distant relation, who had emigrated to Philadelphia, with the ancestors of President Jefferson, and many other influential individuals from the Principality, some years before.

It was late in the evening when the veteran concluded. I accompanied him to the depôt, where I found that madame had arranged his frugal supper, with her accustomed neatness and simplicity. At parting, I wished them both, most heartily, a long continuance of connubial felicity, and trusted that prosperity would always attend le Marchand de Tabac; and that madame would never regret doffing the martial habiliments of a "Tambour de la Garde Imperiale," to become the better half of Le Fusilier Gallois.

HYWEL.

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FAME.

"Thou shalt have Fame! oh, mockery! give the reed  
From storms a shelter,—give the drooping vine  
Something round which its tendrils may entwine;  
Give the parched flower a raindrop, and the meed  
Of love's kind words to woman." FELICIA HEMANS.

OH Fame, proud manhood's toy art thou!  
Thy coronal of care,  
Whose glitter mocks the aching brow,  
Is not for woman's wear.  
For thee, undaunted, man will brave  
Danger and death by land and wave;  
Or wise or fool, enslaved or free,  
He studies, toils, and dies for thee.

Go herald, with thy loud acclaim,  
The gifted and the brave;  
But I, a shrinking woman, Fame,  
From thee have nought to crave;  
Enough, if my unlauded strain  
May wile one ling'ring hour of pain,  
Lull the o'erwearied eye to sleep,  
Or win a smile from those who weep.

Yet one ambitious hope I prize,  
That this rude minstrelsy  
Greeting some absent loved one's eyes,  
May wake a thought of me;  
While eager mem'ry, scanning o'er  
The treasured looks and words of yore,  
Dwells on some long, unthought-of day,  
And blends the minstrel with her lay.

## HECTOR TO HECUBA,

ON HER OFFERING HIM WINE, WHEN RETURNING FROM BATTLE.

*Μη μοι οινον ασιρε μελιφρονα ποτνια μητηρ.*

Il. vi. 264.

LIFT not for *me* the sparkling wine,  
 Nor round me thus thine arms entwine,  
 Mildly-gifted mother, benign.  
 Not *this* the time for banqueting,  
 While Troy, in her death-pang slumb'ring,  
 Waits her last impending doom  
 To whelm her in oblivion's tomb.  
 Oh, lift not *now* the sparkling wine,  
 Thou mildly-gifted mother, benign!

I come from yon embattled field,  
 Gleaming with burnished spear and shield;  
 Still in mine ears the war-shouts ring,  
 'Mid the vanquished, and the vanquishing.  
 Hark! hear you not my comrades cry—  
 "On, Hector, on! the foemen fly."  
 I quaff not *now* the sparkling wine,  
 Thou mildly-gifted mother, benign.

*Today* nor feast nor wine hath charms  
 To tear me from my country's arms;  
 Quench'd in the deep Lethæan bowl  
 Expires the flame of the hero's soul.  
 See, see, these hands, they're red with gore,  
 Can *they* the pure libation pour?  
 I lave not my lips in the sparkling wine,  
 Thou mildly-gifted mother, benign.

But haste thee to Minerva's fane,  
 And summon all the matron train;  
 Take, too, the robe thou lovest most,  
 The work-embroidering Sidon's boast,  
 Lay it at the fair-tress'd virgin's knees,  
 With promise of a sacrifice:  
 Perchance the gift may intercede  
 To crush the might of Diomedé,  
 And ruin from our walls repel,  
 Our wives, our babes, and citadel.  
 Hence, hence remove the sparkling wine,  
 Thou mildly-gifted mother, benign.

H.

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• The beautiful epithet "ἤπιω δώρα, the mildly-gifted," is applied to Hecuba, immediately preceding the scene described.

## THE ANTI-NATIONAL SPIRIT OF THE WELSH BORDERS.

THE controversies in which we have been engaged, are, one would imagine, as remote from the passions and the politics of the present day, as the wanderings of the Pelasgi; yet we, it seems, have objections to answer, and difficulties to explain.

And first, to the abolitionists of the Welsh judicature, we flatly deny that we have, as they assert, impeded a free inquiry into the question, except by refusing assent to their arguments. The first Number of the Cambrian contained an article, our last Number an elaborate speech, in favor of abolition. They have had both the first word and the last.

We are next held responsible for a more weighty offence, an attack on an eminent and learned prelate of the Irish church. For the article containing it, we were indebted to an Irish friend, who was enjoined to avoid political discussion. If he has plunged into the maze of local politics of the "isle of Saints," it is very fortunate that neither the editors nor the readers of the Cambrian were much the worse or much the wiser for it. Were we replying to a captious critic, we should congratulate ourselves on having shewn so strict a political neutrality, as to have attacked no principles but our own. If we have to appeal to a man of unstentatious virtue, and who had thrown additional lustre over the fairest scenery of Wales by his eloquence, we would tell him that no man is likely to be loved or admired the more for an over-anxiety of political criticism: he will perhaps admit that the Noble Lord who gives this Volume his unhesitating sanction, has sufficiently proved his integrity on the subject of Ireland, and his attachment to the principles of the church of England.

We now come to objections of a very different character, and of a far more important tendency than to be judged of by so insignificant a criterion as their influence on our own individual interests or feelings.

The good days of the Principality seem to have departed with the misguided family of the Stuarts. The romantic devotion of its inhabitants to the interests of that dynasty, naturally subjected them to jealousy and indignities under the new order of things. Had the higher ranks then shewn a dignified indifference to the ridicule that it became fashionable to attach to their nation, all would have been well. If they had shewn a disposition to endure any sacrifice for the sake of presenting their long and interesting series of national poetry in an intelligible shape to the world, the



contemptuous spirit with which Wales and Welshmen were for a long time treated in England, and to a certain extent still are treated, would have been stifled in its birth; their national peculiarities would never have been a starting theme for the buffoonery of the stage, nor would their beautiful territory have been deemed the nursery of prejudice and barbarism. But instead of combating English prejudices, they fostered them; instead of aiding to elucidate national antiquities, they were themselves the foremost to bring the pursuit into contempt: they began to affect an ignorance of the Welsh language, and to echo the commonplace declamation against it that they had heard elsewhere, allowing themselves to be deceived by the puerile self-sophism, that when they had forgotten the Welsh language, their own origin would be forgotten; and closing their eyes to the very obvious fact, that the Saxon wag who amused himself at the expense of the Taffys, would in all probability feel little respect for the Welshman who should carry the jest as far as himself, and would feel a most profound contempt for him should he carry it further. This state of feeling has, unfortunately, continued more or less down to the present day, and we confess that we do not regard it as merely slightly injurious in its influence either on the tone of social intercourse in Wales, or on the broad and vital interests of the community.

In the mean time, however, a race of men had sprung up, whose patriotic devotion to the good name and literature of their native land, perhaps, possesses few parallels in the history of any country. It was not merely the utter barrenness of their labours in a pecuniary point of view that constituted the dreariness of their prospect, but the certainty of meeting with what the man of genius is, of all men, least fitted to endure, the torture of narrow-minded hostility. They were constantly liable then, as they are at present, to be told that as calm a dissertation on the Welsh language as might be written by a German philologist, must be meant to give longevity to the Welsh as a living tongue: did they collect together the fast perishing MSS. of our ancient bards, they were again teased and thwarted by some childish suspicion or other: fortunately, they seemed to have been, in many respects, suited to the crisis; they were chiefly men who had risen from the humbler ranks in Wales, and they possessed that haughty hardihood of mind which springs from such an origin, to enable them to care little for any petty opposition that might impede them. It must however, perhaps, be admitted, that these efforts would have been comparatively of little avail, had it not been for the munificent patronage afforded to them by an individual whose name will ever remain both an honour and a reproach to his country, Owen Jones. This patriotic man, after realising a small fortune in trade, took upon himself the expense of publishing all

the most distinguished productions in the ancient British language from the fifth to the thirteenth century. This he performed, with the assistance of Dr. Owen Pughe and Mr. Edward Williams, in a publication in three large volumes, octavo. His whole leisure hours appear to have been devoted to the collecting and transcribing mss. for publication, of this description, if we may judge from the many volumes in his handwriting, in the library of the Cymmrodorion in London; and he had, before his death, made a collection of the most interesting portions of Welsh literature, from the time when the Archæology ends to the days of Elizabeth: in the mean time, two able periodicals had issued from the press, containing much of profound and philosophical research; and Dr. William Owen Pughe had given a dictionary of the Welsh language to the world, in which, by a most beautiful specimen of philosophical analysis, he proves that the Welsh language is in its origin, monosyllabic; and Dr. Meyrick's beautiful work on the Costumes of the ancient Britons appeared.

It was in this state of things that the Cambrian Quarterly was established: we claim no merit for the project as our own; we possessed, indeed, a general conviction that something might be done to forward the cause of Cambrian literature, and were willing to aid in any mode of furthering the object. The form of a periodical was adopted, by the advice of experienced friends, as the best mode of promoting the cause we had at heart; it was conceived that this would form a continually recurring stimulus, most likely to call forth the greatest portion of valuable research. Our aim was not to rival the brilliant periodicals of the day, but to employ the best means that suggested themselves to prevent an irreparable loss, and a loss which concerns the honour of every Welshman just as deeply as our own. The profits of Celtic literature have seldom tempted the learned adventurer into the field: we knew full well that Dr. O. Pughe experienced a pecuniary loss by every work that ever issued from his pen; we knew that Owen Jones had died impoverished; and that Edward Williams, (Iolo Morganwg,) was obliged to toil for bread at his original trade of a mason, even during his antiquarian labours, and almost to the very day of his death. It could not, therefore, have been expected that our hopes of our profits exceeding our expenditure were at any time very high, yet these hopes, such as they were, we thought it wisest to renounce. We state not this as any peculiar merit on our part; we urge it only to this extent, that if our readers (of course we mean our Welsh readers,) have something to endure in the way of dullness from us, we also have something to endure in another way; that if there is sacrifice on one side, there is also sacrifice on another, and in neither case a greater than we both owe to our country. We might not unjustly have expected at the hands of a countryman, at least a slowness to cavil at trifles, a disposition to investigate well and long before

condemning us, and in every respect, a peculiar leniency of judgment: but what was the fact? In the periodicals of England, of Scotland, and of Ireland, we met with a tone of temperate encouragement, mixed with judicious admonition; whilst in our own native land alone did we experience the loquacious hostility of a fierce and fastidious criticism!

Far be it from us to prescribe the limits of fair or even severe criticism; but this we must say, that it is impossible to mistake, in such a contrast as this, the influence of that spirit which we have been tracing to its rise, and which we must be permitted to term the anti-national spirit of the borders. To those who are educated by this spirit, we must profess obliged if not for the candour and kindness of friendship, at least for all its freedom of speech; in their most valued characteristic, we will imitate them: we will tell them, then, that these are not days in which much credit may be gained by mere negative endowments, by the ignorance of this language or that usage, or by the still more extraordinary gift of being reckless about the history of their own country; we will advise them, too, to repress a little of that pride of superior intelligence which they assume over their less Anglicised brethren, till their collective donations to the cause of learning shall have equalled that of one clergyman of West Wales, nay, of one English stranger;\* their literary praise and literary censures may then acquire some weight. We would also recommend them to deal more sparingly in the very decorous practice of accusing their country of a sterility of intellect, and invidious comparisons with Scotland, &c. Censure of others implies, at least, some superiority in one's self; what have they done to brighten the darkness? The success of Scotchmen at home and abroad is, proverbially, the result of a strong feeling of national attachment to each other. Do these gentlemen promote this among us, by saying we ought to be ashamed of our country? What is the origin of the intellectual honours of the Scotch? why their systematic education of the people, which detects, and to a certain extent, develops the talent of the whole body of the nation. Most of the eminent men of Scotland in science or in literature, have risen from a humble station. Let us listen to the present leader in the Scotch church:

“Education is visibly obtruded on the notice of every little vicinity.

It is the scholastic establishment of our land that has called its people out of their quiescence and lethargy, in which every people are by nature so firmly imbedded. It has drawn them forth of their stronghold; and awoke from their dull imprisonment those higher and greater faculties which be so profoundly asleep among a people who,

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\* We allude to the splendid donations of Archdeacon Benyon, and Mr. Justice Burton of the Chester.circuit, to St. David's college.

till addressed by some such influence, are wholly ingrossed with animal wants and animal enjoyment. In other words, it is to a great *national endowment* that our *national character* is beholden.\*”

Beautifully expressed, Dr. Chalmers; and such a man as you, who labours to dispel ignorance from the land, both through the press and from the pulpit, might well blame his nation were it to turn out barren in genius at last. But it is certainly dangerous for those to indulge in pleasantries at the stupidity of their nation, who either show no disposition to forward popular education or rail against it in the abstract, and in some instances, allow the endowments of ancient times to go into decay. Raillery at others may suggest indignation against themselves; general imputations on the people of Wales may resolve themselves into a proof of the deplorable negligence and barbarism of one class of men. A want of taste for the history of one's own country may be very sincerely expressed; we do not doubt it: and in those days when the aristocracy signed their marks instead of their names, this distaste might have been a mark of dignified feeling; but we fear things are sadly changed in the nineteenth century, men will gain little admiration by a distaste for writing, for arithmetic, or an elementary knowledge of the annals of their own country; nor can it be very creditable to us that we should consider our own history as too dry for our perusal in an age in which Southey, Scott, and Hemans have deemed its incidents worthy of the most brilliant efforts of their imaginations.

The wide and sweeping contempt for Welsh antiquaries in the general becomes doubly grotesque however, when contrasted, as it sometimes is, by a profound veneration for the poorest part of them, the lore of the genealogist. We are by no means disposed to despise this useful auxiliary of history, but we cannot help thinking that it ill becomes the man who despises the labours of the historian, to deck himself in the plumes of the genealogist. It could hardly have been anticipated that the conflicting follies of Pinkerton and Flaellin, should meet in the minds of the same individuals, anti-celtic prejudice, and pride of Celtic birth!

“The force of nature could no further go,  
To make a third she joined the former two.”

Yet, notwithstanding what we have said, we are far from feeling disrespect for the present race of gentry of the Welsh borders; on the contrary, it was the strong conviction, how much they were doing to impair their interests, and injure their honour, that was one of our primary inducements to establish this work, and we

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• Dr. Chalmers on Endowments.

care little what they say of us or our labours generally, but for this once we will say, like the Athenian,

“Strike us, but hear us.”

We respect the gentry of the borders, some of them are distinguished by an industrious zeal for improvement, and a generous benevolence that is not often met with elsewhere, and they are almost to a man courteous, hospitable, and humane. The real blame of that short-sighted feeling that we have alluded to, rests more with their fathers (we mean their fathers in the literary sense,) than with them; they have only caught it up as we do many a conventional absurdity, without examination; and perhaps a long residence in England is necessary to open their eyes to the mischief that has been done, and to wiser feelings. It is impossible not frequently to perceive in English society a sneer of unlimited contempt, when the name of Wales is mentioned in connexion with any effort of enterprise or genius: is it not pretty clear that such a prejudice as this against the people operates to the prejudice of individuals; and is it to be expected that legislators can entirely divest themselves of the notions of their nation? and how it should have entered into the mind of men to suppose that they should escape the stigma, merely because they could not speak Welsh, is somewhat hard to divine, particularly when they still trace their descent with as much complacency as ever, from the five royal tribes of Wales. No, they may depend upon it, act as they will, talk what language they please, they can no more change their country than their physiognomy or their stature; her good or ill fame is like the leprosy of Gehazi, it will cling to them and to their children. It became our wish, therefore, to prompt them to revise the charter of their freedom, and to show them (as we trust we have elsewhere succeeded in doing,) that much as we may revere England, we are no debtors to her; that we have done as much for those free and intellectual institutions which seem progressing over the world, as any portion of her territory that enjoys them; we have shown that for English legislators to sneer at Welshmen, is to show an ignorance of the history of English freedom, and a contempt for men who dictated, under the uplifted arm of despotism, those uncompromising lessons of constitutional liberty that guide and protect us even to this hour: we have shown that the chivalrous refinement of Europe may be in a great measure traced to our shores; that Wales was rich in genius and poetry, when England had not one single poetic name to boast; and that the name of a Cambro-British king, and a Cambro-British poet,\* have kept their hold as the favorite models of romance and chivalry, and refinement, over the spirit of English poetry, from

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\* Arthur and Merlin.

the days of Spencer to those of Scott. Had they remembered these things, and taught others to remember them, their sentiments and feelings would never have been a byword in light places, even in those matters which concerned none but themselves. We blame not our rulers for this, nay, we rejoice when we see any proof that the influence of talent and of intellect is gaining power in their councils; and we are glad when we find that those who have stript their country of this influence begin most acutely to feel its value.

But to pass by mere matters of fact for a moment, what are we to say of the feeling? if our country is really unworthy of us, and not we of it, still is it modest, is it decent in us to noise forth the intellectual nakedness of our land? To pass over the high standard of patriotism imposed in the stern moral codes of the ancients, is this in the spirit of that purer faith, all gentleness and "tender heart," whose Divine Author himself wept over the devoted city of his race, the guilty, the apostate Jerusalem! Would it not be far better for us to turn with averted eyes, and lips reverently silent, from the faults and follies of our country, at the same time that we strive to elevate her by every exertion and every sacrifice on our own parts. It is not the spirit of wisdom, or of Christianity, stoically to refuse the aid of any soft, or graceful, or elevated emotion of our nature, but to seize and to sanction them by a more fervent, forcible, and abiding spirit.

It may appear to some that we are intruding into themes too solemn for discussions like this: to think so, we must first believe, that the temper of mind we have been reprobating is merely a folly and not a fault, which we do not. A spirit that holds the good fame of its country cheap, to the gratification of a depraved personal vanity; a spirit that degrades us in the eyes of Englishmen, and of each other; a spirit that makes the poor man contemptible in the eyes of the rich, and the rich hateful in the eyes of the poor; a spirit that strives to make us loathe the magnificent country of our birth, we have no measured reprobation for such a spirit, it demands the utmost solemnity of censure.

In the first place, we think that it creates the very evils it complains of; a national poetry,—a poet such as Burns, or Schiller, or Ossian, never could have arisen without the excitement of high and romantic national recollections. To suppose that genius can gather inspiration from the gibes and jealousies of unblushing apostacy, is to expect it "to feed upon the vapor of a dungeon." Our first step to national poetry, or national distinction of any sort, must be an indefatigable industry in the publication of every fragment of our ancient poetry and romance, indeed of our ancient literature of all kinds, and that without reference to our own peculiar tastes and interests. We are of opinion, that a man ought

not to confine his patriotism within the bounds of his taste, that is, his personal gratification; he ought to encourage every art or inquiry that he knows will do his country honour in the eyes of others, however uninviting that art or science may be to himself: and is not this the principle on which virtuous men habitually act? Are we to refuse our subscription to the erection of a piece of ornamental architecture, because we do not understand the rules of Grecian proportion? Do we refuse our children the benefit of a classical education, because we never could get through the first chapter in Matthew? The principle is in both instances the same; two thirds of the good that we do in life, must be done upon trust, with reference to the effects which we know ensue in the minds of others, rather than in mere indulgence to tastes and anticipations of our own. A Welsh society in London, aided by other societies in Wales, undertakes the republication, in an improved shape, of Owen Jones's "Archæology," with an English Translation. Is it supposed that this arises, in the majority of the members, from a taste for this sort of literature, when it is recorded that many of them have been entirely engrossed in trade from their earliest youth, without having had the time or the means of profound study? No! their conduct proceeds from far higher motives, the disinterested, unswerving, enthusiastic patriotism that ennobles the middle classes and peasantry of Wales. We have heard an eloquent and accomplished man observe, that he thought the ancient Triads of Wales, preserved in the "Cambro-Briton," contained the finest elements of a new school of poetry and romance: and this remark has been, we are glad to say, in some measure practically confirmed, in the fanciful little novel of "The Sorrows of Elphin;" to say nothing of the beautiful use made of the Triads by M. Thierry. Yet, we believe, no part of British antiquities are so readily denounced as dry, &c. by superficial readers, as the Triads.

We now come to a far more important question, the influence of this feeling on the moral character of our peasantry. It will, we believe, be generally admitted, that if you will perpetually impress it on a man, that he is a rogue or a blockhead, or that his fathers were so before him, you are not very likely to raise his love of virtue, or to improve his temper, or augment his happiness. Yet by arguments of a kindred character, have the Welsh people on the borders been induced to abandon their language: of the good or the evil of such a change in itself, we will say nothing; all that we say is, that such a change we cannot approve, produced as it was by teaching the people, that there was something of degradation in the language of their fathers, and the language of the affections of their childhood. Imitating the bad example of their superiors, the people now call themselves what they know they are not—"English," and assume an air of coxcombical importance in the presence of their



more simple countrymen of the West. Is a high degree of honour or honesty consistent with a standing prevarication? We shall reserve the question of the preservation of the Welsh language for discussion in our next Number; it will suffice, for our present purpose, to take the admissions of many of those who seek its abolition by any means as an incalculable benefit. Nothing is more common than to hear these very men remark the great change that has taken place in the manners of our peasantry; that they are more insolent, at the same time that they are more servile; that, instead of the frank and cordial greeting of former times, the peasant passes you by, either with a sullen scowl, or with an abject and terrified obeisance. Is any man so blind as not to see that this is in the style of "Merry England?" How ready are we to imitate the worst part of her habits,—the pompous and unchristianlike demeanour of the rich to the poor! how little the real zeal for the good of mankind that is shrouded under a forbidding exterior! This cant about "assimilation" has always worked its way in this fashion, destroying all that is good in our own peculiarities, and adopting only the worst part of theirs. Why is not a more general disposition shewn to assimilate with England in her better features, in her improvements in agriculture? this is the peculiar province of the country gentleman; and, if we had seen a general ardour of this kind, we should have thought less of the extraordinary complaints of the amazing difficulties of acquiring the most commonplace acquaintance with the history of one's own country! Let border gentry but heartily turn their attention to this subject, and they may even yet vindicate themselves in the eyes of their countrymen, in the eyes of the world. What a noble example have our brethren of the Highlands of Scotland set us, in this respect! About the end of the last century, a set of Lowland writers commenced a series of diatribes against the capacity and character of all Celtic nations; these have been echoed, from time to time, by the periodical polyphemuses of the North, and even a grave writer on geology has, within a few years, given them additional currency. But mark the manner in which the Highlanders laughed this self-sufficient and intolerant philosophy to scorn: they appealed not to the ruined piles of Iona, to which the Lowlanders owe the very beginnings of their civilization; they appealed not to the oft-tried bravery of their mountain soldiery; no! they, the people of a purely pastoral country, surpassed the natives of the Lowland plains in their own peculiar art, in the very first art of civilized life; and the Highland Society is at this moment the oracle on agriculture to the most southern Scottish county, and the philosophers of modern Athens. What a splendid example is this! how much the most common arts of life depend for their improvement on the confederating principle of romantic national enthusiasm!

The energies of our empire are supported, we are convinced, not less by that unity which produces good will between Celt and Saxon,



than by those distinctions which inflame emulation. Such institutions as the Strathflan of the Highlands, or the Eisteddfod of the Welsh, have nothing in them of ill feeling to England, and he is the narrow-minded fanatic who rails against them as such—not he who encourages them. None are more delighted with our peculiar customs, and our peculiar melodies, than our English friends; not from a distaste for the enjoyments of their own country, but for the same reason that they love occasionally to change their fertile plains for the wild range of our mountain scenery. Variety in manners, and even in language, is in itself a blessing to a kingdom, and not, as it is taken for granted, necessarily a curse. Among a people just emerged from the fierceness and national bigotry of the middle ages it might be otherwise, but the interest and affections of civilized people are wormed to each other by the charms of reciprocal novelty, by the associated beauty of variety. The mingling together of two nations at the ancient festivals of one, has no other effect than an examination of the broken armour of former days; it tends only to make us more vehemently feel the blessings of harmony and peace.

We deem it the best affection to our fellow-subjects, as well as the noblest loyalty to our monarch, to foster a peculiar national spirit within our own mountain fastnesses, convinced as we are that it will only add fervor to that more expanded patriotism which we owe to the British islands. Are the good dispositions of man like filthy lucre, to be stinted, and hoarded, and cautiously parcelled out? is a man a worse son because he is a sincere friend, and a foe to mankind because he loves the wife of his bosom? good feelings of man, like the widow's cruise of oil, grow rich by exhaustion, like the waters of Bethesda gain virtue when often agitated. A wide spreading monotony of manners, and of thought, has a tendency to give a narrowness to the mind, as a far expanse of wilderness to weary the vision: the curiosity becomes dead from want of exercise, and the energies of intellect are debased by being pent up within a mean and unvarying circle. It is perhaps from his secluded insular situation that we may thus explain the phlegmatic apathy of the English midland peasant. We can, on the other hand, account for the intellectual achievements of ancient Greece, by the smallness of the different states, and the more concentrated spirit of rivalry and enthusiasm that consequently animated every territory.

Wales, in her union with England, shares in the security of a mighty empire: she possesses, also, in her literary stores, resources that may preserve her from the listlessness of a remote province. It is the folly of the present day to ridicule the imagination, as if, unlike every other gift of God, it were given only to mislead us; but those who judge more accurately of history, and of man's moral frame, will find that reason has seldom achieved one mighty triumph without its aid. Is it not wiser, then, diligently to gather up all the relics of our ancient civilization, to delight in those appeals to our own national

associations which must ever reach, with a more enthralling and domestic vehemence, to our hearts. National institutions, whatever they may be, have a natural tendency to open men's hearts, and make them prone to deeds of general charity and good feeling. How much good has been indirectly effected in this way by Welsh literature! how much this developing of a common theme of friendly discussion, has done to soften down religious animosities in Wales!

There cannot be a meaner sophism than that a nation is not interested in her ancient recollections; she is interested, in every sense, in the lowest as well as the noblest. What is there, for instance, in the character of the present Greeks that has called to their aid the bravest spirits of Western Europe? Long as man is a creature of imagination and affection, the virtues of our fathers will essentially influence his conduct to us.

The greater degree of romantic association we shall succeed in gathering round our majestic scenery, the more frequently will the curiosity of the tourist lead him to bless with some portion of English abundance, and inform with English intelligence, the remotest wildernesses of our land. Nor do we think that this species of intercourse will be beneficial only to us; there cannot be a greater moral blessing to a commercial people, than to be within the attraction of such a country as Wales. It serves to counteract the debasing influence of the pursuit of gain, and renovate those loftier feelings on the continuance of which our common liberty is based.

And now, in conclusion, we must beg to disclaim intentions of aiming our remarks at individuals; it is a spirit and not men that we have assailed: when we speak of this feeling as prevalent on the borders, we are far from meaning to impute it generally to the border gentry. All that we say is what no one can deny, that such a spirit has existed: and all that we argue is, that it has done much to destroy their legitimate influence; has degraded their tribunals with imbecility; and, in no very remote times, profaned their church with adventurers.\* We have no anxiety to defame them; our only wish is to awake them to a full sense of the obloquy that they are accumulating on themselves. The peasantry around them naturally impute general ignorance to them, when they find themselves better versed than their superiors in the first accomplishment of a civilized man, the history of their own country.

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\* See the suit instituted by the Cymmrodorion society, about the end of the last century, in the Ecclesiastical Court, to expel a clergyman from his pulpit, for the very *slight* deficiency of not being able to officiate in the language of the people!

They have excited amongst the people a sort of fierce anti-anglican spirit, which designing men may easily convert into the wildest phrensy of radicalism. We have uttered no novel accusation; more than we have said has been said already by the Quarterly Review, or by M. Thierry. It is our wish to see the gentry of Wales beloved as they used to be; our object is to point out to them that the means are even yet amply in their power. We ask them not to revive again an antiquated language, but let them respect its cultivation as a learned dialect; and seek to combine like the Pennants of former times, a deep proficiency in Welsh literature, with all the accomplishments of an English gentleman; let them progress with their age, but still retain a pious reverence for past ages, imitating the truly dignified spirit of the highland gentry, who while they lay aside their ancient costume as unfit for the common purposes of life, resume it as the dress of state and of hospitality. Let them but sacrifice as much for national literature as the Highland gentry have for Ossian alone; let them but subscribe as much to the publication of the translations of the Mabinogion and the Bards, as the London tradesmen of Cambro-British origin; let them but give in something like the same proportion as the Wynns and the Kenyons of the North, or the Morgans of the South, the patriotic members of their own body: let them but do this for a very few years, and their vindication will be complete, and those documents will be displayed to the world which prove that our wild mountains were at one time informed with a brilliant spirit of poetry and courtly refinement, whilst the nations around us were sunk in the gloom of Gothic darkness; a spirit so powerfully beautiful, that, as we have before observed, it retains its spell even yet over the most brilliant imaginations of England: let them but act thus, and we will admit that they may with just pride recur to their noble ancestry, since they will have respected all that remains of them,—their intellect.

Instead of exciting angry feelings by railing against an ancient dialect, let them strain every nerve to give education to the people in any dialect in which they will receive it. Instead of deploring the dearth of talent in the land, let them purify the classical schools in the Principality from abuses, and graft on them all the improved principles of instruction recently promulgated, such as those of Hamilton and Hazlewood school: let them remember that national pageants do us no honour if they show no honour to Celtic learning; and that indignities to Welsh bards are just as bad as indignities to Spanish troubadours: let them love rather the unaffected hospitality of old Cambria, than the unattainable splendor of England. Let them act thus, and Wales will again send bishops to the altar, and judges to the tribunals of England; instead of being looked upon as the foes, they will be loved as the patrons of their country's good name and good feelings; instead

of the service of slaves, they will unite, in their peasantry, the intelligence of education with the warm devotion of a patriotic, a cheerful, and a chivalrous obedience.

We cannot well be supposed to have spoken thus boldly from motives of self-interest; nor is it common with editors, any more than with other grave personages, to gratify a momentary personal irritability at the expense of weightier considerations. But we have no such feeling to gratify; on the contrary, we cannot forget that a distaste for Welsh literature only enhanced the kindness to us, personally, of many supporters of the *Cambrian*. What may be the result of the observations we have made we know not: we rely with confidence, it is true, on our English friends, and the fast increasing support of the Principality generally. But were it not so, did our literary existence depend on these sentiments, we should not have shrunk from uttering them; we would close our toils with pleasure were we assured that the anti-national spirit of the borders would perish with us.

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SONG.

I saw the maiden of my heart  
Among a throng of sisters fair;  
I took the blushing girl apart  
To ask one trembling question there:

“By the starry light above,  
Now the gentle moon is gone,  
Tell me, maiden, can you love,  
Can you love but only one?”

Oh, how loved, how fond, how dear,  
Did her falt’ring accents dwell,  
When she murmured in my ear  
Words too sweet again to tell!

R. F. W.

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EPIGRAM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF F. V. KÖPKEN.

*On an old Coquette.*

When gaily dress’d, despite her shrivell’d face,  
The aged Thais still exerts her powers,  
And seems, whilst mimicking each youthful grace,  
A living skeleton bedeck’d with flowers.

Think not she aims to captivate our love;  
Her active thoughts a nobler end pursue;  
For our instruction, merely, she would prove  
That, not herself, but Death, is fair to view.

Sept. 1830.

T. F.

## OLION.

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*To the Editors.*

GENTLEMEN,

My friend Mr. Patrie, keeper of the records in the Tower, who is now employed in arranging for publication the government edition of our early chronicles and histories, has sent to me a few queries, which, as some of your correspondents may be able to answer, I request you will insert in your valuable publication.\* They are all connected with the Druidic rites anciently practised in Wales, but his object is to know whether the places of which such traditions exist, can still be identified.

“Where is the river Trannoni, Trahannoni, Transhannoni, or Thranboni, distinguished by a remarkable effect of tide at its mouth, apparently like that of the Wye.” I conceive the true name to be *Traeth Annwn*, i. e. the shore of the deep, or region of the British Neptune.

“Where is Aperlin, or Operlinn Livan, a pool or spring near the Wye, which pours forth its waters in a body on the retreat of the tide?” This is evidently, in Welsh, *Aber-lin-Llivan*.

“Where, in Gwent, is a cave called Huith Guint, whence there is a constant rush of wind?” *Wyth Gwynt*.

“Where, in Gower, is Loingarh, a cave connected with the story of Saint Illtut?” *Llwyn-garth*.

“Where is a pool or spring in the valley of Twll Meuric, which formerly contained a marvellous log of wood? If carried away by the tide of the Severn, or otherwise, it constantly returned to its former place.” I presume this is the pool itself of Meuric, that is, guardian, whom we meet with as a mythological personage, but it would seem, from the query, to be occasionally overflowed by the Severn.

“Where, in Buillt, is a carn, on the summit of which is a stone bearing the impression of the foot of Cubal, a hound belonging to Arthur? If carried away, it returned again to its place.”

“Where, in Erchenfield, is a carn, or barrow, near a pool or

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\* Our learned correspondent will find, on reference to Number I. of our present Volume, page 60, a paper which may partially answer, or at least assist in elucidating some of the present queries, the date of that paper as given to its heading in italics, we beg to add is wrong, much too early.

spring, called Oculus Amr, or Anir? It changed its dimensions as often as it was measured." Its Welsh name was, probably, Llygyd aur, that is, golden eye.

Yours respectfully,

Goodrich court; August 25, 1830.

SAMUEL R. MEYRICK.

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*To the Editors.*

GENTLEMEN,

THE following plan for collecting local remains, in a letter from Iolo Morganwg to Owen Myvyr, dated April 15, 1800, is submitted to your consideration, as being useful to be diffused by societies in Wales at the present time.

IDRISON.

DEAR SIR,

You receive this by Mr. Edward Morgan, my friend and neighbour. I mentioned in my last to you a wish, that the Gwyneddigion would, for a few years at least, change the object of literary encouragement in North Wales; instead of poetry, to give rewards (in money rather than medals) for the best collections of local words, proverbs, idioms, traditions, anecdotes of history, names of places, rivers, mountains, &c. I have thought of a plan. It is as follows: divide North Wales into three districts: first, Mon and Arvon; second, Denbigh and Flint; third, Meirion and Montgomery. Give out, in the course of this year, printed notices, that at Christmas, in 1803, a reward will be given of five guineas for the best collection of words, proverbs, &c.; for the second best, three guineas; for the third, two guineas. Thus, for ten guineas, you will have collections by three different persons in each district, besides something from inferior candidates. In 1804, the same premiums to be proposed for the second district; and, in 1805, for the third. My reason for immediate printed notices of such an intention is, that the candidates may have three years to collect for the several articles; and proposing Christmas as the time for sending in such collections, is, that the time may be as far as possibly extended within the year: less than three years would be too little for any thing of the kind; but, in that time, something considerable may be done. After North Wales has been thus explored, extend the plan to South Wales. First district, Monmouth and Brecknock, with Enos, in Herefordshire, where Welsh is mostly spoken; second, Caermarthen and Pembrokeshire; third, Cardigan and Radnor: Glamorgan you will have from me, for nothing. Such manuscript collections to be deposited where it may be thought proper. I cannot help thinking that persons of taste and judgment would be able, in three years, to make very interesting collections of these things; and for every district but the first, there would be four, five, six, seven, and eight years. This plan, or a better, properly acted upon, would be of very great use to the historian, antiquary, philologist, &c. and would recover more than can at present be easily believed, of what in the language is supposed to be obsolete. I am firmly persuaded, from my own observations, that there

are but few, if any, words in our ancient writers, that are not of common use in one part or the other of Wales. Dialectical peculiarities should as much as possible be noticed; and it might be pleasing enough to collect peculiar usages, social manners, habits of living, oldest maxims of tillage, &c. I do not however mean, that for so small a sum as ten guineas, in each district, that we could expect answers to all the statistical inquiries that are generally held out. The chief objects should be language, proverbs, idioms, and historical anecdotes: these things are hastening daily into the land of oblivion, and it is but with difficulty that we can lay hold of the tailtips of many of them. When you see what I have done with respect to proverbs and idioms; and, I hope, in the course of one year more, what of local words I have collected, I flatter myself that you will approve of such a plan, which you can greatly improve, I doubt not. I think that I see in these things, in our country, the noble ruins of what was once very great and splendid in our language and ethics, &c. These aboriginally highly cultivated by our ancient bards and druids, acquired a higher polish from our having been a province of the Roman empire during upwards of 400 years of its brightest era, during those times when learning was at its brightest pitch of improvement. Nothing of this nature appears amongst the English peasantry, either in their manners, or in their language: go into the country, at no great distance from London, and you find nothing but the still very prominent vestiges of Saxon barbarity, of savage rudeness. Local proverbs greatly illustrate the works of the bards of the several parts of Wales. My collection throws great light on David ab Gwilym, and others, who were natives of, or for a long time resided in this part of Wales. William Lleyn and Tudyr Aled are the most beautifully sententious, I think, of the bards of their parts of Wales: of those parts, the local proverbs and idioms would be useful in illustrating the works of these favorite bards; indeed, the reading of their works would enable the collector to recollect and recognise many that would not otherwise readily occur to his memory. I hope to be in a very short time in London, and to find you, and all friends well.

I am, dear sir, yours, &c.

E. WILLIAMS.

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## PEACE TO THE BRAVE.

*To the Editors.*

GENTLEMEN,

IN No. iii. vol. i. of the *Cambrian Quarterly*, there are some meritorious lines, headed, "Peace to the Good and Brave." As these lines were composed by the gifted author, in consequence of seeing a monument, in Mold church, to some members of the universally beloved family of Rhual, a mansion situate in that parish, and as there are errors in the note at the foot of the page, I send you the whole inscription, together with an inscription on another tablet in the

same church, erected by Thomas Griffith, esq, to the memory of another son, who fell in battle on the plains of Hindoostan. By inserting the above inscription in your valuable publication, you will oblige a great number of your constant readers in Flintshire.

Yours, &c.

HENRY PARRY.

*Llanasa*; 1830.

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“ Sacred to the Memory  
of Thomas Griffith, esq. of Rhual,  
who died  
June 18th, 1811.

Of Henrietta Maria, his wife,\* who died  
June 18th, 1813.

And of Edwin, their youngest son,  
Major in the 15th Light Dragoons,  
who, on a day so fatal to his family,  
June 18th, 1815,

fell, in the thirtieth year of his age, pierced in the breast by five honourable wounds, while gallantly leading his regiment, which he commanded, to a charge of a body of French, in the sanguinary and ever memorable battle of Waterloo.

His remains were interred, by his afflicted companions  
in arms, on the field of arduous conflict.

Peace to the good and brave!

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Sacred to the Memory  
of Watkin Griffith, esq. of Rhual,  
Major in the 29th regiment of light dragoons,  
which he commanded, on the glorious,  
but fatal, 1st of November, 1830,  
on the plains of Hindoostan; and, having led it on  
to three most desperate charges,  
was struck by a cannon ball on the breast,  
and instantly expired, in the thirtieth year  
of his age.

His remains were interred,  
with all military honours, at the village of Saswaree,  
near the field of battle.

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\* Henrietta Maria was sister to Sir Alured Clarke, Knt. and commander of the 7th regiment of foot, lately made fieldmarshal.



*To the Editors.*

GENTLEMEN,

“Cowydd i Dydecho cant, yn amser maelgwyn Gwynedd.”

HE that put this legend of Tydecho, the patron saint of Llan y Mowddwy, in rhyme, was Davydd Llwyd ab Llewelyn ab Gryffydd, lord of Mathavarn, who had a great hand in bringing in Henry VII., by feeding his countrymen with prophetic poems, of a countryman of theirs, who was to deliver them from the servitude of the English; by which means, some thousands of them met Henry, then earl of Richmond, at Milford, under the conduct of Syr Rhys ab Thomas.

The poetry is not very smooth, and in some places scarcely intelligible; but, as far as I understand it, the historical part is thus: Tydecho an Abbot in Armorica, or little Britain, having suffered by an inundation of the sea, came over here, in the time of king Arthur, whose relation Tydecho was, being a grandson of Llydaw, king of Armorica. Wales swarmed at that time with ecclesiastics from Brittany, a vast number of them having come over with Aurelius Ambrosius, and Uther Pendragon, the sons of Constantine, who destroyed Vortigern and his party, then usurping the British throne. These princes gave the best places in the church to their friends and relations; the people and their effects were in a great measure at their disposal, as well as the church and state formed to govern them. The Saxons at this time having possession of the greatest part of England, which at best was but the seat of war, this part of Britain was therefore safe from their inroads, and a proper place to act the hermit in. The poem says, that St. Tegvan and St. Dogmael had once their cells at Llan y Mowddwy, and at Llandegvan, in Mona; Tydecho had a cell which bears his name to this day: so that it seems, though they were hermits, they loved company. The ancient writer of *Bonedd y Saint*, at Llannerch, says, Tydecho was the son of Anan ddu ab Emyr Lydaw; and the British history makes Howel ab Emyr Lydaw to be auxiliary with Arthur, in all his wars; so that Tydecho's time agrees very well with Maelgwyn Gwynedd's youth, about the year 560: here Tydecho tilled the ground, and kept a hospitable house, but lived himself an austere life, wearing a coat of hair, and lying upon “bare stone,” “yn gwr y glyn dr graig las:” the report of his sanctity reached the ears of Maelgwyn Gwynedd, a dissolute young prince, son of Caswalun llaw hir: which Maelgwyn, for his feats in war, was called the Island Dragon; he, to make a joke of the old recluse, sent him a stud of white horses to be fed by his prayers. The horses immediately changed colour, and ran wild to the mountains, where they fed on heath; when the horses were sent for, they were all found of a golden-yellow colour, which Maelgwyn would not own to be his horses, and therefore, by way of reprisal, took away Tydecho's oxen; but the next day, wild bucks were seen to plough Tydecho's fields, and a grey wolf harrowing the ground after them. Maelgwyn with his white dogs

came to hunt to this rock, and he sat upon the blue stone, Tydecho's bed, where he stuck so fast that he was immoveable; the stone is shewn by the inhabitants to this day. Maelgwyn, upon submitting and asking pardon, was released, and he delivered up the oxen, and granted several privileges to the place, particularly that of a sanctuary for malefactors; and it seems, by verse 29 of the poem, that one Meilir, a lord or baron, in that neighbourhood, gave some immunities to this place, but the privileges granted by Maelgwyn were, that for a hundred ages the place should serve as a sanctuary for man and beast, and though a man should have a halter about his neck, if he could be brought here, it would save him. The place was also exempted from fighting, burning, or killing, that is, from being a place of war; nor was it lawful to affront any of the inhabitants of this precinct without making proper amends. Tydecho cured the cripple, the blind, and the deaf; but the greatest feat performed by Tydecho was his striking with blindness, on a moonlight night, the men who carried away his sister at the instigation of Cynan prince of Powys, the fair nun escaping safely out of their hands. There is a parish called Garth Beibio, in that country, which was given, by this prince, by way of atonement for the outrage.

This land of Tydecho was free from mortuaries, vindication of right, oppression, and that great duty which most places were subject to; that is, amobr merched, money paid to the father if alive, otherwise the prince had it, he being guardian of all infants. The barons of the pope granted these immunities, and Howel Dda, son of Cadell, corroborated them. Verse 46 mentions a party of about 500 men spoiling Tydecho's lands, but he miraculously overcame them, without fighting, after the same manner as he had overcome some preachers of false doctrine formerly; it appears these preachers were those of the Palagian heresy, which had overrun Britain about this time.

Thus far goes the historical part of the poem, which, though mixed with superstition and folly, yet contains some valuable hints, if judiciously handled. These little lights, such as this poem before us throws upon the transactions of those days, are therefore not to be despised, but rather looked upon as curious relics of the credulity and folly of our ancestors; shewing the connexion between Armorica and this island in those days, and corroborating our British history and national tradition. I have seen another of Dd. ab Llewelyn's prophetic odes very admirably translated by Mr. Justice Bosanquet, who is in possession of an excellent collection of ancient British mss.

Yours, &c.

*Cacrwys; August 14th.*

## WELSH LEXICOGRAPHY.

*To the Editors.*

GENTLEMEN,

DR. PUGHE'S "Dictionary of the Welsh Language" must ever be regarded, by all competent judges, as a standard of excellence, so long as the language continues to exist. It is a noble work; and a finer monument of what human energy, philological skill, and unwearied research, when judiciously and ably directed, can effect, is not to be met with in the whole range of literature. The difficulties which Dr. Johnson had to encounter in compiling his "English Dictionary," are often referred to by our Saxon neighbours; and the successful termination of his labours, with reference to that work, has been long and justly applauded. But the difficulties which Johnson had to encounter, were but small compared with those with which Dr. Pughe had to grapple. Dr. Johnson had several large English dictionaries prepared to his hand; Dr. Pughe had only meager performances, scanty in words, badly arranged, and many of the terms not understood by his predecessors: Dr. Johnson had to apply for authorities and references to *printed* books, easy to command, and still easier to read; but Dr. Pughe had to pore over *old manuscripts* for authorities, which were difficult of access, and more difficult to be understood, on account of their antiquity and illegibility: Dr. Johnson was assisted in his work by several amanuenses, besides receiving a considerable sum of money whilst his work was in progress; but Dr. Pughe, we believe, had no such aid, either in money, or in transcribing his work for the press, and was frequently discouraged by his friends from the undertaking. Dr. Johnson's Dictionary is, indeed, a noble one; but Dr. Pughe's is more so, as it contains nearly 100,000 words, with their analysis and significations, besides 12,000 quotations, with accompanying translations. Let then the English boast of their Johnson; we have no envious feelings nor "smouldering anger," in hearing such praises; but this we will say, that a Welshman has executed a work, and executed it well, which is equal in magnitude with that of the English lexicographer, and which required more talent, industry, and philosophical research in the performance.

But whilst we are justly proud of Dr. Pughe's Dictionary, and think that it is a work which ought to adorn and enrich the library of every Celtic scholar, we are of opinion that a Welsh Lexicon is still wanted, which may be so arranged as to combine the various excellencies of Dr. Pughe's, and yet be small in size and adapted for the pocket. The doctor's *Geiriadur* should form the basis, and furnish all the materials. We respectfully offer the following hints to the notice of your readers for such a compilation.

1. Let all the monosyllables, and even words of two syllables where necessary, with their respective analysis and significations, be written down in alphabetical order: the compiler would have but little occasion to extend his list to those of three syllables, except as it regards some few words which are peculiarly applied.

2. Let tables be prefixed to such a list, with suitable examples, unfolding the doctrine of mutation in the composition of words; the mode of compounding words from monosyllables and dissyllables; the simple and compound prefixes, as used with nouns and verbs; the simple and compound terminations, as affixed to nouns; the formative terminations of adjectives, with their respective significations; and the terminations used in the formation of verbs, in the infinitive mood, and also in participles.

Such is simply the plan. We are aware that its execution would require a clear head and a skilful hand; but such a work may be well accomplished, and would, we are sure, be a valuable acquisition to the Welsh student. Whilst it would be small in size, cheap in price, and a constant pocket-companion, facile for reference, it would be like a golden key, easily unlocking the philosophy of the language, and enabling both the native and the stranger to range through the rich and verdant fields of Cymmry lore, and to hold converse with our Taliesins, Aneurins, Gwalchmais, and Cyddelws. Dr. Pughe himself first suggested the idea to us, of the nature and propriety of such a work: ten years have rolled away since that period. We were in hopes that he would have employed his distinguished talents upon the performance, but we now begin to fear that it is too late to expect him to engage in such an undertaking.

CLEIRW.

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## THE OLD BRITONS NOT BARBARIANS.

*To the Editors.*

GENTLEMEN,

WHEN the Romans first landed on the British shores, Cæsar, their general, as well as other contemporary historians, represented the natives as barbarians. Subsequent writers, particularly English ones, have followed the same track, and, without inquiring into the sense in which the Romans used the word barbarian, still continue to repeat the same story, and to describe the Britons, in the time of Cæsar, as a set of naked and ferocious savages. To give greater effect to this false colouring, prints are introduced into some of our most popular schoolbooks, in which the old Britons are exhibited nearly naked, with their bodies painted, and grasping enormous spears in their hands. But did the Romans apply the

term barbarian in the sense in which it is now used? We think not. Those iron-nerved men often used the word with reference to those whose language and manners were different from their own; and as such it had nearly the same signification as our word *foreigner* at present. Thus Hórace, in his address to Iccius, says,

“Icci, beatis nunc Arabum invides  
Gazis, et acrem militiam paras  
Non ante devictis Sabææ  
Regibus, horribilique Medo  
Nectis catenas. Quæ tibi virginum,  
Sponso necato, *barbara serviet?*”

Now, we think, it is pretty clear, that this maid was not barbarous in manners, but being a foreigner, she is called *barbara*, because she spoke a different language to the Romans. In the same sense St. Paul uses the word barbarian: “Therefore,” says he, “if I know not the meaning of the voice, I shall be unto him that speaketh a barbarian, and he that speaketh shall be a barbarian unto me.” There is no allusion here to ferocity of disposition, nor barbarism of manners, but simply to the using of an unknown or foreign tongue, which was not understood by the hearers. Our object is to prove that the Britons, in the time of Cæsar, were *not* barbarians, as the word is now popularly used; and consequently, that English writers have strangely misunderstood the Roman historians. In support of this position we advance the following facts; which, as they are taken principally from Cæsar himself, will, we presume, be generally credited.

*First fact.* A dense population is incompatible with a state of barbarism. The page of history, and the most accurate observations made by travellers and voyagers, whether ancient or modern, prove that where the natives of any island or country are barbarians, they are few in numbers. Their very barbarism, their wandering mode of life, preclude the possibility of great numbers, because in such a state of things there are not means to support life upon an extensive scale. But the Britons were very numerous. Cæsar says, “*Hominum est infinita multitudo, creberrimaque ædificia, fere Gallicis consimilia.*” Now, without taking the phrase *infinita multitudo* in its literal sense, it is clear that the British population was very great; and, as the country was thickly studded with houses, and built in the Gaulish manner, they were evidently domiciliated, or reduced to a social state.

*Second fact.* The keeping of numerous flocks and herds, and the use of money, are things not to be found, or even known, among people in a savage and barbarous state. Savages depend upon the chase, and upon fishing, for a precarious subsistence; and with respect to money it could be of no use, where the little

trade carried on, if trade it may be called, was by means of barter. People must advance from the savage to the social state before they will enter upon the patriarchal state of shepherds, and introduce money as the medium of their transactions with each other. With reference to this progressive state towards civilization, Lucretius says,

“Tum igitur *pelles*, nunc aurem et purpura, curis  
Exercent hominum vitam, belloque fatigant.”

But the Britons had risen from a state of savage barbarism; they had numerous flocks, and used brass and iron for money. Cæsar observes, “*Pecoris magnus numerus. Utantur aut æreo, aut talis ferreis ad certum pondus examinatis, pro nummo.*”

*Third fact.* Barbarians, such as the Britons are described by our Humes, Goldsmiths, and others, are not agriculturists. Far from cultivating the soil, they will not even take care of cattle. But the ancient Britons were agriculturists, and therefore could not be the barbarians which they are commonly represented as having been at the period in question. The Roman general informs us, that even in that part of Kent, where his army was encamped, the corn was so abundant that he sent the seventh legion to cut it down and convey it to the camp. Whilst thus engaged they were attacked by the natives, and would have been infallibly destroyed had not Cæsar, with some cohorts, hastened to their assistance. We here say nothing relative to the aggression of the Romans, nor what the partisans of Cæsar might term the violated faith of the Britons: we confine ourselves to the facts stated, and affirm that the Britons were agriculturists, and, therefore, ought not to be branded with the term *barbarians*.

*Fourth fact.* The knowledge and use of letters are quite at variance with the state of barbarism; and if any barbarian people acquire a knowledge of letters and use them, they are rising above their primitive condition, and ought not to be described by the former opprobrious term. But the Britons were acquainted with letters, and were masters of their import. Speaking of this system of education, their knowledge of letters, and their superior attainments, in these respects, to their neighbours on the continent, Cæsar, their avowed enemy, has the following words: “*Magnum ibi numerum versuum ediscere dicuntur. Itaque nonnulli annos vicens in disciplina permanent; neque fas esse existimant ea litteris mandare, quum in reliquis fere rebus publicis privatisque rationibus Græcis litteris utantur.*” Again, “*Disciplina in Britannia reperta, atque inde in Galliam translata esse existimatus. Et nunc, qui diligentius eam rem cognoscere volunt, plerumque illo, discendi causa, proficiscuntur.*” Without entering, at present, into the inquiry whether these letters were really Greek, Etruscan,

or Bardic, it is sufficient to know that the Britons, or at least the learned part of them, were acquainted with letters; that their system of education required much time, as well as the powerful exercise of the memory; and that they were more enlightened and better educated than their Gaulish neighbours, the latter of whom sent their pupils to Britain for the purpose of completing their education. This fact alone proves that they were *not* barbarians. We say nothing, at present, of their knowledge of coals, tin, iron, and brass; their sithe-armed chariots, calculated to strike terror into the stoutest hearts; their knowledge of mechanics in raising and poising, with such nice art, those immense rocking stones which in various parts of the island still attest their power; the various Cromlechs, Stonehenge, and above all Abury, which required the skill of an Archimedes: lest we should excite the "smouldering anger" of our ambitious brother Sawney, all these, with several others, we keep as *corpes de reserve*; but at present we affirm, because we have facts to bear us out, that the *ancient Britons were not barbarians*.

Were, then, the Britons, in the time of Cæsar, as enlightened and as polished as the present inhabitants of this country? Certainly not. They knew nothing of modern drawing-rooms, nor of that ridiculous foppery which unfortunately exists at present, and which we consider to be a perversion of good taste and of good manners. The present system of education is founded upon false principles. Both sexes are taught to deceive each other, and, upon the same Machiavel rule, one nation deceives its neighbour under the name of *policy*. We consider the ancient Britons, in the time of Cæsar, to be in a similar state of civilization to that of the Greeks in the time of Homer. The prince of poets describes his chiefs, at one hour, as cooking their food with their own hands, and the next as delivering speeches worthy of the most enlightened sages and the greatest heroes. Extremes often meet, nor is it possible to draw a distinct line between the extremes of barbarism and the highest points of civilization. They have been often blended; they are still so, and will probably continue for ages to come. Should it be asked, when did the ancient Britons first become civilized? We answer, we cannot tell. It is sufficient for the present inquiry that they were *not* barbarians when the Romans first polluted our shores with their presence.

ELVAELIAD.



## To the Editors.

GENTLEMEN,

IN your last Number there appeared a communication signed *Lhochgorfai*, upon the ballad of *Peggy Ban*. Of the antiquity of that ballad among the Welsh, or its connexion with the historical circumstances alluded to by your correspondent, I do not feel competent to offer an opinion. The subject of the Welsh composition, is of course of Cambrian origin. But I have long been in the habit of considering the air itself as *Irish*, and I think the character of the music will justify my opinion. At least, I can assure you, that it is as frequently heard in Ireland as in Wales, and is known there by the name of *Peggy Bawn*, that is, *Fair Peggy*. The Irish word *bàn*, (pronounced *bawn*,) signifying *fair*. It is in reality the same air with that of *Savoorna Deelish*, the air of Campbell's celebrated *Exile of Erin*; though, probably, *Peggy Ban* is the original setting, as the other seems a variation, having the time slightly altered. But as *Savoorna Deelish* possesses more graces of music, as well as the good fortune to be joined to very superior poetry, it has in a great measure supplanted its more simple and unornamented original.

TEITHIWR.

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*Unpublished Letters from Edward Llhyd, of the Museum Ashmoleanum, Oxford, author of the Archæologia Britannicæ, Lithoplacia Britannicæ, and many other valuable works. See Miss Lwyd's Catalogue, in the 3rd vol. of Cymmrodorion Transactions. The late Watkin Williams, esq. M.P. for Montgomeryshire, became possessed of them by his father's marriage with the daughter of Richard Mostyn, esq. to whom a large portion of them were addressed.*

No. I.

January y<sup>e</sup>. 8th. 1685.

DEAR FRIEND,

Y<sup>r</sup> letter came too late to my hands, to returne you an answer against y<sup>e</sup>. time you have engaged to go to Bôdyscallan; neverthelesse, thought it not amisse to write as soon as I could, least it should give you an occasion of accusing my negligence, but if you stay till Mr. Francis Lloyd goes along with you, I doubt not but this letter will reach you time enough; for unlesse I have either forgotten him, or he have some extraordinary businesse in those parts besides viseting old Morgan's, 'twill be long enough 'ere he accompanies you soe far. As



for Mr. Morgan I question much whether he be dead or alive, and would, therefore, have you satisfie yourself as far as you can, in that point, 'ere you proceed. I have writ to him several letters, as earnestly as I could, but never had any reply. 'Twould be to me a great satisfaction to receive some account of him from you. He is one that has lived in great esteem, and one that, in his way, has deserved as well as any in England: a man equally commendable for his good life, and indefatigable industry.

He has a studie of books with ab<sup>t</sup>. 10*lb*. w<sup>ch</sup> he has told me several times he would leave me; if you can bring it in, handsomely, you may with a safe conscience assure him that he cannot bestow e<sup>m</sup> on one who wishes him better, nor perhaps on any friend y<sup>t</sup>. will make better use of y<sup>m</sup>, w<sup>ch</sup> is all at present f<sup>m</sup> y<sup>r</sup>. real friend and servant,

EDWARD LLOYD.

If you could find a way of sending us some Lees Llygaid Aevon, and Mwyar Berwil, I mean y<sup>e</sup>. fruits when ripe, you'd much oblige us, for they are things that never were known in Oxford.

[There is no direction upon this letter, but docketed]

ED<sup>d</sup> LLWYD's to

DAV<sup>d</sup> LLOYD.

June y<sup>e</sup> 8<sup>th</sup>. 1685.

No. II.

Oxon.; Nov. y<sup>e</sup> 12<sup>th</sup>. 1689.

DEAR FRIEND,

I have wanted directions to write to you ever since Mr. Powel died, which has been y<sup>e</sup>. only occasion of interrupting our usual correspondence. Y<sup>r</sup>. brother Robert, whom I saw at London, advised me to direct my letter to be left with him, but I have noe desire any letters of myne should come to his master's shop; one directed to me from Jack Lloyd, of Wrexham, having miscarried there, because (I suppose) I had sent a few days before to demand some books y<sup>t</sup>. had been lent Mr. Lloyd, when my father died. Pray be soe kinde as to let me have a letter y<sup>e</sup>. 1<sup>st</sup> post after this comes to y<sup>r</sup>. hands, and let me know if it be true what y<sup>e</sup>. Cronie tells me, viz. y<sup>t</sup>. you succeed Mr. Jones at Lhangar. Dr. Plot offer'd Mr. Ashmole to surrender his place in y<sup>e</sup>. museum, if he accepted of me to succeed him, at first he seem'd to consent, but afterwards alter'd his thoughts, and told y<sup>e</sup>. Dr. another time, y<sup>t</sup>. he had promised it his kinsman, one Mr. Smallridge, of Christchurch, soe y<sup>e</sup>. Dr. keeps it still, and allows me y<sup>e</sup>. one half. He talks much (I mean Dr. Plot) of encompassing Britain, along y<sup>e</sup>. sea coast, and of writing a natural history in Latin, under the title of *Zodiacens Britanniae*, but this he'l not meddle with, unlesse he finds encouragement amongs y<sup>e</sup>. Parliam. men, and tomorrow he goes to London with a design of proposeing it.

I am lately enter'd in correspondence with Mr. Ray, who leads y<sup>c</sup>. solitary life he always affected, at a place called Black Notley, in Essex: I judge he's a man of y<sup>c</sup>. most agreeable temper (as to his letters and other writings) imaginable; he has a book in the presse, entitled *Synopsis methodica stirpium Britannicæ*, w<sup>ch</sup> may be published about Christmase; there are in it all my discoveries at Snowdon y<sup>c</sup>. summer 88, w<sup>ch</sup> are above forty new plants. I refer you to the bearer for news relateing to the University, and have noe more to say, but to desire a letter by y<sup>c</sup> first post, to

Y<sup>r</sup>. most affectionate fr<sup>d</sup>.  
and humble servant,

ED. LLWYD.

Direct y<sup>r</sup>. letters to  
y<sup>c</sup>. Musæum.

[Docketed]—Ned Lloyd, Oxon. 89.

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No. III.

*Oxford, March 3, 89*

DEAR FR<sup>D</sup>.

I ought to have answered y<sup>r</sup>. obligeing and most acceptable letters long since, but I am very sorry y<sup>t</sup>. now at last I can give you no satisfactory answer to your last. The Italian that teaches Anatomy, at Oxford, has two guineas from each person he admits to a classe. He's very much commended by all such as have been with him, particularly Mr. Jos. Wyn, who goes through a course at present. Each classe continues about six weeks; and his way is to cut up dogs, cats, pullets, fishes, &c. and to inform his auditory of the names and use of all the parts. It is necessary for a man y<sup>t</sup>. will make any benefit of it to have read some systeme of Anatomy before hand; and to have some little insights in chymistry and natural phylosophy; but, perhaps, a good natural capacitie will supply that defect pretty well. He says that when he has finished this course (to wit, a fortnight hence,) he thinks he shall go to London, but we take that for a mountebank story; and believe he will stay another course or two e'r he leaves us. I design to go thro' y<sup>c</sup>. next myself, and if y<sup>r</sup>. brother be desirous to see a classe, you may be assured I shall be very ready and willing to collate what observations I can make with his; and to shew him all y<sup>c</sup>. kindnesse that may lye in y<sup>c</sup>. power of

Dear friend,  
Y<sup>r</sup>. most affectionate kinsman, and humble servant,  
EDW. LLWYD.

If he fayle of him here, he may go after him to London, and doe better, for there he'l see human carcasses, and corpus erin, and corpus gwydyn, dissected.

They say y<sup>c</sup>. times are bad enough with y<sup>c</sup>. London apothecaryes, and here in Oxford they want noe journeymen, nor have they businesse enough to employ themselves and their apprentices, but he understandes

his own trade and his business best; wherefore consider what he says, and if you finde it reasonable, stretch your hand accordingly. My humble service to Dav<sup>d</sup>.

For the Rev<sup>d</sup>. Mr. Jo. Lloyd, at Lhangar, Merionydshire ;  
to be left w<sup>th</sup> Mr. Rob<sup>t</sup>. Lloyd, at Mr. Francis Lloyd, in  
Oswalstree. Salop post.

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No. IV.

Oxford, Jan. 15, 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

KIND S<sup>R</sup>.

It is soe long since I writ to you, and my dear fr<sup>d</sup>. Ned Humphreys, that I'm afrayd you begin to number me amongst your obsolete or frigid acquaintance, but these are onely words of course; I cannot seriously think so: I rather think it impossible, (as oft as I have any thoughts of you,) that either of us shall ever be able to forget the rest.

This by way of preface: Diwedh y bregeth yw'r Geiriog. Mr. Cælius Anovillus (formerly Mr. Elis Anwyl) understanding y<sup>r</sup>. his veteran fr<sup>d</sup>. has two or three gentlemen to enter in Jesus Coll. this term, has orderd me to acquaint you, that he is your humble oratour for the tuition of them, if you think fit, and if the matter lies at y<sup>r</sup>. disposal. His ability is in some measure known to you; and since your conversation with him, is as much improved as may be expected. He will be elected fellow this term (as y<sup>e</sup>. principal tells him,) infallibly; and, upon his successefull beginning with pupils now, depends in a great measure his reputation and profit, not to say fortune.

I doubt not but he will be very diligent; and indeed it seems impossible, for a man of his emulating temper, to neglect that which will contribute so much to his profit and reputation. Pray let me know what may be done at your first leasure; and also how it fares with you, how you like your *Provincia Pædagogica*, &c. without reserve.

Inform me of Ned Humphreys, and all other friends, and how I may write to the Cronic, and whether he be married or not, &c. All your friends here are very well: Ken Eyton and Will Jones are your humble servants.

Dear S<sup>r</sup> , y<sup>r</sup>. most affectionat fr<sup>d</sup> and kinsman,

ED LLWYD.

I designe for y<sup>e</sup>. presse a small tract in Latin, under the title of *Prodromus Lithologia Britannicæ*. Twill be, perhaps, when I finish it, about y<sup>e</sup>. bignesse of Mr. Ray's Catalogue, and twill contain a methodical enumeration and description of such form'd stones as I have hitherto met with; if you hear accidentally of any thing of this nature, they would be of use to me, if they can be procured; it may be y<sup>r</sup>. brother and you have formerly collected something.

[There is no direction upon this letter, but merely the following endorsement]—*Ned Lloyd's, March 3<sup>rd</sup>, 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ .*

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Gwyneddion; or, an Account of the Royal Denbigh Eisteddfod held in September, 1828: together with the Prize Essays and Poems on the Subjects proposed for Adjudication at that Meeting.* Griffith, Chester, 1830, 1 vol. 8vo.

PECULIARLY desirable it is that the historical records of a country should be perfectly preserved, for how dense a vapor is uncertainty, and how important it is that posterity should clearly see and understand the operations of their ancestors, whether of good or evil, and so improve upon, imitate, or discard them: the editor has laboured in this cause successfully.

As far as we can recollect, the matter-of-fact portion of his work is very accurately given, and there were many attendant circumstances upon the Royal Denbigh Eisteddfod unusually interesting in detail. The presence of his Royal Highness Augustus Frederick of Sussex, the commendatory letters received from Sir Walter Scott, Sharon, Turner, Southey, and Moore, were circumstances of themselves alone sufficient to induce a modest author to publish his unassuming little *tome*, and more than sufficient to set a gross of cat-brained scribblers on fire; but gratifying as this portion of the history of the Eisteddfod may be, we confess it is superficially so in comparison with its other more important features. There are associations formed at such a meeting infinitely and substantially serviceable to the great family of mankind; and estimable as Sir Edward Mostyn was in the eyes of his countrymen, we venture to assert that his coalition, in 1828, with the bards and minstrels of Wales, has greatly tended to increase those feelings of estimation. It was not a condescension or a degradation to associate on such an occasion with the native poet, the poor blind harper, or the rustic Datganiad; nor was it the seeking of vulgar popularity, no: the reflective mind will instantly see (always upholding the respect due to virtue or superiority of caste, for if there be no superiority of caste, there is nothing beyond the mere acquisition of wealth to induce a man to toil for accumulation,) it is the intercourse between man and man, the principle which in all epochs has prevented, and will yet prevent bloodshed,—revolutions; for how can demoniacal revolution, how can irreligion, stalk forth when there is a progressive chain of esteem wrought by intercourse? an instructive moral tendered by the conduct of the worldly great to each connecting link of society, from the sceptre of monarchical dignity, down to the lowest member of the community: they cannot; and we think the axiom complete.

In a work of this nature, abounding with speeches, essays, or poetry, having singly their relations to something local, it would be needless to extract for the generally incurious, and useless for the well-informed connoisseur; we shall content ourselves with a very short development of its design.

The preliminary arrangements for the Congress are printed in a style well calculated to render the peculiarities of Eisteddfodau intelligible to strangers, and the Englunion must be exceedingly interesting to Welsh readers; regarding the speeches, we profess a feeling of delicacy; most of the orators, if not by name, by composition are familiar to our readers; and it may be sufficient to state that the language and sentiments of these addresses are worthy, fully worthy of the patriotic men who delivered them. It would be unnecessary to allude to the reception of the Duke of Sussex at Denbigh, were it not that its omission might appear on our parts a matter of inattention. Since the Welsh have perfectly enjoyed the privileges of English government, who ever doubted their staunch loyalty? and, according to the book before us, we apprehend his Royal Highness cannot soon forget the manner in which he was received at this Eisteddfod: the contests for the gold and silver harps and Pennillion prizes are well described, and the essays and poems embody matter fit to be acquired by the scholar of any country.

The work is, most decidedly, a material addition to modern Welsh history: some may sneer at the importance we give to a chronicle of a Cambrian Eisteddfod; "the borders," aye, "the borders," are ticklish ground,—always have been; but if we had a copy or two for presentation to the Baron Humboldt and Mons. Thierry, we would undertake their safe transmission, and we venture to say *they* would *not* sneer.

We have briefly noticed the leading features of this little history, excepting the assistance rendered by eminent English vocalists, &c. at the concerts; no persons respect these artists more than ourselves, but our humble opinion is, that at "a congress of Welsh bards and minstrels," for very *substantial reasons*, they are totally misplaced. We may upon some future occasion discuss fairly the question, whether, as a matter of necessity, such retainers are necessary.

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Thomson's *Welsh Airs, adapted for the Voice, united to characteristic English Poetry, with accompaniments; composed chiefly by Joseph Haydn.*

THOUGH this work was published long before our labours commenced, we think that the very high intrinsic interest it implies in our national music and traditions makes it imperative on us to notice it. We cannot help thinking that it demands some hardihood of illiterate assurance to affect to regard as too dry for the attention of a polished gentleman, themes which Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Rogers, Dr. Wolcot, Mr. M. Lewis, Miss Joanna Baillie, Mrs. Grant, &c. have thought worthy of their collective genius.

Mr. Thomson, the editor, we believe, of Burn's Songs, thus expresses himself:

"The editor's researches for his collection of Scottish and Irish

Melodies naturally led him to think of the Welsh airs also. Delighted with the beauty and peculiar character of these, and finding that they never had been given to the public in a vocal shape, he formed the resolution to collect and to adapt them to the voice."

Mr. Thompson was surprised to find that no English songs were generally sung in Wales to the national melodies. A Highland\* gentleman, a friend of Mr. Thomson, thus accounts for the fact, in a letter, which pleasingly evinces the strong interest which the Highlanders and Welsh almost necessarily feel in each other.

"Gratitude to the inhabitants of the Principality, among whom I have passed the happiest period of my life, calls upon me to explain the cause of the non-existence of English songs to their melodies. It is by no means imputable to a want of poetical genius; the Welsh are distinguished by a most happy and energetic vein of poetry; but the voice of the Muse is heard only in their own original tongue. You know the animosities which long subsisted between the Highland and Lowland Scots, though both subject to the same monarch and the same laws. What then must have been the feeling of the Welsh towards their inveterate enemies, the English, who were continually harrassing them, and, at last, destroyed their princes, subdued their country, and overturned their laws? Why, till a late period, they hated the English, their language, and all that belonged to them; and hence that language was not only not cultivated, but despised, in Wales: how then shall we here look for English words to Welsh airs?"

We have never read a more beautiful or appropriate song than the following, by Miss Joanna Baillie, to the melody called "Ton y Ceiliog Du," or the Note of the Black Cock.

Good morrow to thy sable beak  
 And glossy plumage, dark and sleek,  
 Thy crimson comb and azure eye,  
 Cock of the heath, so wildly shy!  
 I see thee, slyly cowering through  
 That wiry web of silver dew,  
 That twinkles in the morning air,  
 Like casement of my lady fair.  
 A maid there is in yonder tower,  
 Who, peeping from her early bower,  
 Half shews, like thee, with simple wile,  
 Her braided hair and morning smile.  
 The rarest things, with wayward will,  
 Beneath the covert hides them still;  
 The rarest things, to light of day,  
 Look shortly forth, and shrink away.

A fleeting moment of delight,  
 I sunn'd me in her cheering sight,  
 And short, I ween, the term will be  
 That I shall parley hold with thee.

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\* Mr. John Clark, author of a small volume, entitled the "Works of the Caledonian Bards," a translation from the Gaelic, in prose and verse.

Through Snowdon's mist, red beams the day,  
 The climbing herd-boy chaunts his lay,  
 The gnat-flies dance their sunny ring,  
 Thou art already on the wing.

The following poem, to the war song of the Men of Glamorgan, is from the pen of Sir Walter Scott. It is interesting, as exhibiting the peculiarities of his style.

THE NORMAN HORSESHOE.

The Welsh, inhabiting a mountainous country, and possessing only an inferior breed of horses, were generally unable to encounter the shock of the Anglo-Norman cavalry. Occasionally, however, they were successful in repelling the invaders; and the following verses celebrate a supposed defeat of Clare, earl of Striguil and Pembroke, and of Neville, baron of Chepstow, lords Marchers of Monmouthshire. Rymny is a stream which divides the counties of Monmouth and Glamorgan; Caerphili, the scene of the supposed battle, is a vale upon its banks, dignified by the ruins of a very ancient castle.

Red glows the forge in Striguil's bounds,  
 And hammer's din, and anvil sounds,  
 And armourers, with iron toil,  
 Barb many a steed for battle's broil.  
 Foul fall the hand which bends the steel  
 Around the courser's thund'ring heel,  
 That e'er shall dint a sable wound  
 On fair Glamorgan's velvet ground.

From Chepstow's towers, e'er dawn of morn,  
 Was heard, afar, the bugle horn,  
 And forth in banded pomp and pride,  
 Stout Clare and fiery Neville ride.  
 They vow'd their banners broad should gleam  
 In crimson light on Rymny's stream;  
 They swore Caerphili's sod should feel  
 The Norman charger's spurning heel.

And sooth they swore; the sun arose,  
 And Rymny's wave with crimson glows,  
 For Clare's red banner, broad and wide,  
 Roll'd down the stream to Severn's tide.  
 And sooth they vow'd; the trampled green  
 Show'd where hot Neville's charge had been;  
 In every sable hoof-tramp stood  
 A Norman horseman's curdling blood.

Old Chepstow's brides may curse the toil  
 That arm'd stout Clare for Cambrian broil:  
 Their orphans long the art may rue,  
 For Neville's war-horse forg'd the shoe.  
 No more the stamp of armed steed  
 Shall dint Glamorgan's velvet mead,  
 Nor trace be there in early spring,  
 Save of the fairies' emerald ring.

We need only add that a great deal has been done in the collection of Welsh music since the publication of this work.

*An Account of the Convincement, Exercises, Services, and Travels, of that ancient Servant of the Lord, Richard Davies, comprising some Information relative to the spreading of the Truth in North Wales.* 8vo. Harvey and Darton, London; and Jones, Stockport. Pp. 138.

THE first edition of this curious volume was published, we believe, very early in the last century; it had been for a long time scarce, and out of print. Independent of its quaint singularity, it possessed more substantial recommendations: a well digested account of the origin, rise, and progress, of any religious party, becomes at once important; and we presume these to be the primary reasons for printing the sixth edition, which we purpose examining.

The work commences with testimonials of the worthiness of Davies; these testimonials were probably not attached before his death, they are given by persons whose descendants are, many of them, now living in Montgomeryshire, and must therefore possess at least a strong provincial interest.

Richard Davies was born in 1635, in Welsh-pool, of parents possessing a small property; he evinced, when very young, a fondness for study, and books treating of divinity chiefly constituted his reading. The first twenty-eight pages include the testimonials already noticed, and an account of his severe religious practices, very unusual in a mere boy. He at first attached himself to an Independent congregation, but, owing to an accidental argument with a member of the Society of Friends, who was a Southwalian, he became tinctured with Quakerism, and ultimately embraced, and avowed himself a member of that body; but, upon so material a point, he shall speak for himself.

"About this time, 1657, it was the great talk of the country that I was become a Quaker. My parents were much concerned about me. I was informed that the priest of Welsh-pool, W. Longford, went to them, and told them that I was gone distracted, and that they should see for some learned men to come to me, and restore me to my senses. I had not been yet with my father nor mother, but waited for freeness and clearness in myself, and then I went to see them, and in my way I visited an old friend of mine, a professor, and had a little opportunity to speak to him of the things of God, and his goodness to me; and a young man, called David Davies, was then convinced of the truth: this was on a seventh day, in the afternoon: and when I was clear there, I went to Welsh-pool to my parents. It was a trouble to them to see that I did not, as formerly, go down upon my knees to ask their blessing, and bow to them, and take off my hat. My father soon turned his back upon me. I had heard of his displeasure, and that he had said he would leave me nothing; saying to my relations, that they thought to have had comfort of me, but now they expected none, but that I would go up and down the country, crying Repent! Repent! Now if my father should have cast me off upon such an account, I was well persuaded it was for Christ's and the gospel's sake. I remembered David's condition, when he said, "Hide not thy face far from me, put not thy servant away in anger: thou hast been my help, leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation; when my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up; teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies." Psalm xxvii. 9, 11.



“At length my mother came tenderly to me, and took a view of me, looking on my face, and she saw that I was her child, and that I was not, as they said, bewitched, or transformed into some other likeness; which was reported of Quakers then, and that they bewitched people to their religion, &c. Thus they deceived them and many others, with such strange stories, and we were accounted with the apostles, Deceivers, yet true. And when I discoursed with her out of the scriptures, her heart was much tendered and affected with the goodness of God towards me; she went to see for my father, and when she found him, said unto him, Be of good comfort, our son is not as was reported of him, we hope to have comfort of him yet.

“But when my father came to his house, he spoke not much to me that night. The next day, being the first day of the week, when I heard the bells ring, it came upon me to go to the steeple-house, to visit that priest that had told my father, I was gone distracted, &c., and when he was at his worship, I went to our own seat to my father; (there was no common-prayer read then to the people, as part of their worship in those days,) there I sate still till he had done, and when he had done what he had then to say, I stood up and told him, That he might do well to stay, and make good the false doctrine that he had preached that day, if he could; and if I was distracted, as he reported, that he might labour to restore me to my right senses again. But I spoke but a little while, ere I was taken away to prison, with the young man before mentioned, that came to see for me, and found me in the steeple-house, so both of us were taken; there we were prisoners that night, in which time many far and near came to see us, expecting that we were some deformed creatures. God gave me a seasonable exhortation to them to fear the Lord, and indeed to cry, “Repent, repent, for the kingdom of heaven was at hand;” letting them know “that we were God’s workmanship, created anew in Christ Jesus;” with much more to that effect. I spoke to them from the scripture, which was much to their satisfaction, and we praised God, that kept us in his fear and counsel.

“We were committed to prison on that law, made in Oliver’s days, that none were to speak to the priest or preachers, neither at their worship, nor coming and going. The next morning we were had before the chief magistrate of the town of Welsh-pool, and after some discourse with him, it seemed good to him to discharge us, for he could find nothing justly to accuse us of, except concerning the law of our God.

\* \* \* \* \*

“A little after this I came to hear, that some of the people that were called Quakers, were at Shrewsbury, in the county of Salop, being distant from the place of my abode about eighteen miles; I waited for an opportunity to go to see them, and the way of their worship, for as yet I had not seen any of them, but that one poor man before mentioned. When the time called Christmas came, my master’s work being somewhat over for a while, I got leave to go so far. I went first to the house of John Millington, where many friends resorted, and they of the town came to see me in great love and tenderness, and much brokenness of heart was among us, though but few words. We waited to feel the Lord among us, in all our comings together. When the first day of the week came we went to a meeting at W. Pane’s, at the Wild Cop, where we had a silent meeting, and though it was silent from words, yet the word of the Lord was among us, it was a hammer and a fire, it was sharper than any two-edged sword, it pierced through our inward parts, it melted and brought us into tears, that there was scarcely a dry eye among us; the Lord’s blessed power overshadowed our meeting, and I could have said that God alone was master of that assembly. The next day as I was preparing homewards, having had a considerable time with friends there, and being much comforted with the goodness of God, and unfeigned love of the brethren, we heard that John ap John was come to town, and was to have a meeting there; I staid that meeting, where I heard the first friend that was called a Quaker, preach in a meeting, and when I heard

him, I thought he spoke as one having authority, and not as the Scribes, his words were so sound and piercing."

These extracts very fairly exhibit the nature of Davies's sentiments, and the state of religion at that time: we at least discover a serenity in the man which commands our esteem.

We extract the following description of his field, or rather hill-side preaching, which forcibly reminds us of the mode of worship of the primitive teachers, and their stoical contempt of difficulties and privation in their labours of proselytism.

"About this time I went to visit some young men, my former companions in the profession of religion; two or three of them were convinced, and received the truth. When we were come to the number of four, it was with me that we ought to meet together in the name of the Lord; for I remembered the promise of Christ, who said, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Matt. xviii. 20.

"So we all agreed to meet together, but none of us had a house of his own to meet in. We determined therefore to meet upon a hill in a common as near as we could, for the conveniency of each other, we living some miles distant one from another. There we met in silence, to the wonder of the country. When the rain and weather beat upon us on one of the hills, we went to the other side. We were not free to go into any neighbour's inclosures, for they were so blind, dark, and ignorant, that they looked upon us as witches, and would go away from us, some crossing themselves with their hands about their foreheads and faces."

In the choice of a wife we do not pledge ourselves to imitate the quaker; his story deserves at least a nook in "the annals of courtship." It is not at the devotional character of the man we point,—we smile not profanely,—but the way he describes himself as requiring a wife, positively beats Slender in the play; what an ardent lover!

"My pain of body and spirit increased upon me, till at last I was forced to bow to the will of the great God, who was too strong for me; and, reasoning with him one night, upon the bed of my sorrows, he showed me clearly that I was to go to my own country; and I was made willing to give up to go, if he would be pleased to let me know his will and pleasure by this sign and token, that he would remove my pain. I also reasoned with him thus; that I was alone like a pelican in the wilderness, or a sparrow on a housetop. The Lord still commanded me to go, showing that he would provide an help-meet for me. And when I had made a covenant with the Lord to go, immediately my pain was removed, and I had peace and quietness of mind and spirit. I arose next morning, and went to my work; and when those tender friends, that had a regard for me in my sickness, came to see me that morning, I was gone to work, which was to their admiration.

"So the Lord gave me a little time, and he alone provided an help-meet for me; for I prayed unto him that she might be of his own providing, for it was not yet manifest to me where she was, or who she was. But one time, as I was at Horslydown meeting, in Southwark, I heard a woman friend open her mouth, by way of testimony, against an evil ranting spirit that did oppose friends much in those days. It came to me from the Lord that that woman was to be my wife, and to go with me to the country, and to be an help-meet for me. After meeting, I drew somewhat near to her, but spoke nothing, nor took any acquaintance with her, nor did I know when or where I should see her again. I was very willing to let the Lord order it as it seemed best to himself, and therein I was easy; and in time the Lord brought us acquainted one with another, and she confessed that she had some sight of the same thing that I had seen concerning her."

After this, and much more cooing with the fair quakeress, it ends as usual in the matrimonial finale.

The energetic character of Davies involves him in many difficulties, but nothing damps his ardor in promoting the dissemination of his tenets: imprisonments, unsparing insult, theological discussion, magisterial interference, all tend to fresh exertion; and, though he carries his points with indiscriminate zeal, we must again pay our unqualified homage to his memory. In the mode of worshipping the great God of the universe, prescribed by the Quakers, we believe there never was a more devoted servant, or, in sustaining their credance, a more unflinching partizan.

The narrative of his life, as given from pages 37 to 102, are very curious, but were we to mutilate them in abstract, it must detract from their originality, and consequently their incorporated value.

Hitherto the ratio of Davies's labors had been comparatively of a confined nature, but, as the book advances, we are shown proceedings of much greater importance. We shall first allude to his connexion with the notorious George Fox; at the mention of this name we naturally increased our attention. When Fox and Davies lived, it might not have been necessary to deviate from the even tenor of the narrative, because the most ignorant of that day probably would have some knowledge of the state of parties, and their connexion, when so celebrated a person formed a prominent feature; but, in this last edition, we think a perspicuous note on the subject would have materially added to its interest, perused by readers possibly not versed in the early transactions of the Societies of Friends.

Having noticed this defect, we shall not further allude to Fox, for, unless we supply the deficiency ourselves, it would be impossible for us to render a just epitome of this portion of the work, which must be our excuse for introducing a somewhat unconnected commencing paragraph, but it illustrates so brutal an instance of judicial tyranny, that we cannot forbear recording it.

"1677. Some years after this trial of G. Fox at London, counsellor Walcott, who was a counsellor against him, was made judge of three counties in North Wales, viz. Merionethshire, Carnarvonshire, and Anglesey. He began his circuit in Bala, in Merionethshire. He caused several friends to be brought before him, and tendered them the oath of allegiance and supremacy. He did not intend to proceed against them by *premunire*, but said, the refusal of those oaths was high treason, and he would proceed against them upon that statute for their lives the next assizes; threatening that the men should be hanged, and the women burned. He was a wicked hard-hearted man, and intended much mischief to friends, if the Lord had not prevented him. So friends of that county acquainted us here of the whole proceedings in that affair. It being the time that the parliament was sitting, friends concluded, that our friend Thomas Lloyd should go up to London immediately, and we desired him to advise with counsellor Corbet, what to do in the matter, who was then in London. When counsellor Corbet heard of the business, he was much concerned, for he was very well acquainted with this Walcott, and said, by that way they might try us all, if popery came up again; for they have, said he, the writ *De Heretico Comburendo* in force, which was executed in queen Mary's days, for the burning

of heretics, which was not repealed to this day. So counsellor Corbet and Thomas Lloyd went to the parliament house, and acquainted several parliament men of it, and that sessions it was repealed; and judge Walcott was spoken to in London, and our friends were no farther prosecuted, but had their liberty; and, blessed be the Lord, friends had great peace and quietness in that county for a considerable time afterwards. In a few years judge Walcott died, so there was an end of that persecutor."

We have historic authority for knowing this evidence is not *ex parte*, and we think Mr. Counsellor, or Mr. Judge Walcott, should have been employed in the slaughter-house rather than the bar; he would have dishonoured the profession of a slave-driver! and, instead of passing sentence as a judge, he was totally unworthy administering the law's extreme sentence upon a Newgate criminal. Intolerant rule over the free exercise of divine worship is horrible, and, next to that national chaos, the absence of religion, as great a curse and degradation as can well befall a people.

Davies became opposed in disputation to Bishop Lloyd (of Bangor); the arguments carried on on both sides were entirely free from that acrimonious hostility so much at variance with the maxims of the New Testament, yet so often an ingredient in religious arguments of the present enlightened day; were it only for the honor of our truly pious departed countrymen, we could not refrain from merely alluding to them.

Davies is introduced to the king, his quaint account of the audience is very interesting, and which, we regret, our limits will not admit of our quoting at full length.

Most of this book is instructive, none which is not entertaining; the numerous features of Davies's progress crowd upon each other, yet are so distinctly told, that no confusion arises in the reader's mind; did our limits permit, we could, with much pleasure, lengthen our selections; it is replete with devotion: the fervidity of Davies is unsuitable to the conceptions of perhaps the majority of readers in the present day: his labours are long since terminated, and no enlightened man can read his little history, for a mere biography it is not, without closing it with a deep conviction of the "faith, hope, and charity," of its compiler; it is full of morality, but one moral it carries with it, which perhaps, above all others, we could oftentimes wish to have seen practised, and hope, whenever theological arguments become necessary, yet to witness, viz. religious controversy conducted in a spirit of mutual "peace and good will." Here we find a Welsh bishop and Richard Davies dispassionately maintaining the superiority of their religious impressions; but this was not all, a friendship arose between the disputants, which ceased but with their lives; and Lloyd, whose sound judgment upon the case no one will question, (for he carefully examined its various ramifications,) joined not in the cruel persecutions of the Quakers, and had very many opportunities of ameliorating their condition; this was owing to Davies; nor does it end here, for when Lloyd was imprisoned and deserted, his chief friend and comforter in misfortune was his coun-

tryman, *Richard Davies, the Quaker*; this was indeed honoring their joint Creator, by obeying and practising one of the first injunctions of his written law.

Davies died at Cloddicochian, on the 22d of January, 1707-8, and was buried in Welsh-pool churchyard.

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### LITERARY NOTICE,

We regret to say, that the first edition of the "*History of the Gwyneddigion Society, from its Foundation by Owen Myfyr in 1770, to the Present Time,*" on the eve of publication, was entirely destroyed by the recent fire in Bartholomew Close.

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### LONDON AND PROVINCIAL NEWS.

#### ECCLIASTICAL.

At the ordination, held at St. Asaph, in the cathedral, by the Lord Bishop, in the early part of last month, the following priests and deacons were ordained:

##### *Priests.*

John Blackwell, B.A. of Jesus College, Oxford.

Hugh Thomas, B.A. of Jesus College, Oxford.

##### *Deacons.*

Walter Cecil Davies, B.A. Jesus College, Oxford.

William Williams, B.A. Christ College, Cambridge.

Hugh Owen, B.A. St. John's College, Cambridge.

George Robertson Edwards, B.A. Brasenose College, Oxford.

Morgan Davies, B.A. Jesus College, Oxford.

##### *Preferred.*

The Rev. Thomas Gorst Mouldale, A.B. curate of Llanfairtalhaiarn, Denbighshire, to the vicarage of Hope, Flintshire, void by the demise of the Rev. George Warrington. Patron, Lord Bishop of St. Asaph.

The Rev. J. Griffith, prebendary of Rochester, to the rectory of Llangynhafel, Denbigh.

Rev. W. M. Mayers, to a stall in the cathedral of St. Patrick's, with the rectory of Malhelburt, (a non cure.)

The Rev. John Hopper, to the rectory of Bedingfield, on the presentation of J. J. Bedingfield, esq. of Aberystwith.

The Rev. J. Darby, to the rectory of Skenfretth, Monmouth.

On Sunday, the 12th September, at an Ordination held in the Cathedral of Llandaff by the Lord Bishop, Mr. Thomas Bevan, of St. David's College, was admitted into Holy Orders.

The Bishop of Salisbury (late of St. David's) has signified to Dr. Llewelin his intention to admit as candidates for Holy Orders such members of St. David's College as can produce testimonials of having resided the prescribed period of four years, and of having passed their examinations in Hebrew, &c.

A liberal subscription has been entered into for the erection of a new

church in the town of Pwllheli; upwards of 700*l.* having been already subscribed by the Lord Bishop of the diocese, and the public-spirited gentry and clergy of the district towards the accomplishment of so laudable an object.

*Judicial.*

We abstract a list of clauses in the new Act for the administration of justice in England and Wales, more particularly connected with Wales and the county-palatine of Chester :

“The jurisdiction of the courts shall extend to the counties of Chester and city of Chester, and the several counties in Wales; and originals issued into those counties shall be issued by the cursitors for London and Middlesex, and the process and proceedings thereon issued by, and transacted with, the officers appointed by the superior courts respectively.

“The jurisdiction of the counties-palatine and principality of Wales to cease: and suits already depending to be transferred to the courts of Chancery or Exchequer.

“This Act not to affect the rights of the corporation of Chester.

“Attorneys of the courts of Great Sessions to be allowed to practise in the superior courts of Westminster, on payment of one shilling, in all actions and suits against persons residing, at the commencement of the suit, within those respective districts.

“Attorneys of Great Sessions may be admitted as attorneys of the court at Westminster, on payment of the usual fees.

“Assizes to be held in Chester and Wales, and the laws in force relating to commissions in England, to extend to Chester and Wales respectively.

“The assizes in Chester and Wales to be held as heretofore, until his Majesty shall otherwise direct.

“A defendant held to bail in mesne process may be rendered in discharge to the prison of the court out of which process issued, or to the common gaol of the county in which he was arrested. For this purpose the defendant or his bail shall obtain a judge's order, and lodge such order with the gaoler of the county gaol, and a notice in writing of such lodgment, and of the defendant's being in custody, signed by the defendant or bail, shall be delivered to the plaintiff's attorney or agent; and the sheriff, or other person responsible for the custody of debtors in such county gaol, shall, on such render, be charged with the custody of such defendant, and the bail wholly exonerated from liability.

“Where the defendant is in custody in any other action, he may be rendered in the manner before provided.

“Compensation to Welsh judges.

“Compensation to persons affected by the abolition of the courts of Wales and Chester.

“Records of the several courts abolished to be kept as heretofore until otherwise provided for: the court of Common Pleas to have power to amend the records of fines and recoveries heretofore passed in any of such courts.

“Proclamations upon fines may be made at assizes in Chester or Wales.

“Fines and recoveries to be levied and suffered in Chester and Wales, as in other counties of England.

“This Act not to affect the rights of lessees by patent, before the passing of this Act.

“The lord chancellor, or keeper of the seals, or judges of assize, may appoint trustees for charitable uses, in lieu of the judges, abolished by this Act.

“Oaths to be taken by officers.

“Mode of passing the accounts of the sheriffs of the courts of Chester and principality of Wales.

“In 1831, and afterwards, quarter sessions are to be held in the first week after the 11th of October, 28th of December, 31st of March, and 24th of June respectively.

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*Mr. Justice Goulburn.*

The last Great Sessions holden for the counties of Carmarthen, Cardigan, and Pembroke, closed on Saturday week, and Mr. Justice Goulburn, about one o'clock, left Carmarthen for Dynevor castle. That town presented upon the occasion a scene of much interest. The gentlemen of the county, anxious to testify their regard for the learned judge, and their sense of his judicial conduct and services, assembled in procession, and escorted him some miles on his road. Amongst them were the high sheriff, the members of parliament, and many magistrates for the county and town, and the mayor and corporation in their official robes; and to these were added a large concourse of all classes of the people. The scene was equally novel and striking, and evinced most clearly the strong attachment of the Welsh towards the learned judge.

In addition to addresses from the grand juries of the several counties and towns upon the circuit, the following was presented to the judge by Sir William Owen, bart. the attorney general, on behalf of the members of the bar:

*“To the Hon. Mr. Justice Goulburn, &c. &c.*

“The gentlemen of the bar attending this circuit request that they may be permitted, previous to the final dissolution of that jurisdiction which has existed for so many centuries, to add to the testimonies which your lordship has received from the magistrates and grand juries of the several counties composing the Carmarthen circuit, the humble tribute of their heartfelt thanks for the courtesy and civility which they have experienced from your lordship during the time in which you have presided over them; and they respectfully beg leave thus publicly to record their opinion that the judicial talents which your lordship has displayed in the administration of justice, the order and regularity which you have preserved, and the alterations which you have made in the practice of the court, have already contributed, and would, if the jurisdiction had been suffered to continue, have most materially conduced to the benefit of all classes of the community.

The new Bill for introducing English judges into Wales, and abolishing the Welsh courts, is intended to come into operation the ensuing Michaelmas Term. Whilst the Bill was in the House of Lords, a material alteration was made in it by Lords Tenterden and Eldon, which is thus noticed by the attorney general in adopting the amendments in the House of Commons:—“Their lordships have made one omission in the Bill, which he (the attorney general) looked upon as a great deterioration of it. There was a great rapidity in Wales, of getting judgment entered after verdict. Owing to the special jurisdiction which prevailed in those parts, judgment could be entered up within a few days after the termi-



ation of the assizes. He had proposed to continue to the county palatine, and to the people of Wales, this privilege; but he understood that this privilege had been taken from them in consequence of a representation that had been made by the master of the King's Bench, that it would occasion himself and his clerk a week or a fortnight's additional labour each year. That did not appear to him a reason at all satisfactory, and he therefore gave a pledge to the gentlemen of Wales, and of the county-palatine, that in the very first bill he should introduce for the further improvement of the administration of justice, he would introduce a clause restoring to them that privilege."

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*St. David's College, Lampeter.*

At the close of the annual examination at St. David's College, on Thursday, the 21st of June, the following list of honours was put up in the hall.

In the first class of merit, Bowen, Thomas; Francis, James; Griffiths, Daniel; Howell, Hugh; Hughes, John; Hughes, Joshua; James, William; Jones, Owen; Nichols, William; Price William; Thomas, Thomas; Turnour, Francis Edward.

The prizes (given by J. Scandritt Harford, esq.) were awarded as follows.

For the best Latin Essay on the following subject: "*Quæ forma πολιτειας civium commodo maximi inserviat;*" to W. Harris, of Llandilo.

For the best English Essay on "the Use and Abuse of human Learning in the Study of Theology;" to James Francis.

For the best Welsh Essay on the College motto "*Gair Duw goreu dysg;*" to Joshua Hughes.

For the best examination in Hebrew to James Francis.

For the best examination in the Classics, to Francis Edward Turnour.

The prizes were given in books, with the arms of the college impressed. Mr Harford has signified his intention of giving six prizes of £5. each, for next year.

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*Carmarthenshire Road Improvements.*

The new line of road from the village of Llandowror, to avoid the very inconvenient ascent to Tavernspite, on the borders of Pembroke-shire, which was commenced the first week in February, was finished, and opened for public travelling on Tuesday, the 15th of June; an instance of despatch in road making, highly creditable to the trustees, to whose indefatigable activity, and frequent personal superintendence, the public are indebted for this speedy and desirable result. The length of the new line exceeds four miles; and the outlay in formation of the road, and indemnification of the landed proprietors, amounts to £3100. It is the intention of the public-spirited trustees to adopt Mr. Telford's proposed line to St. Clears, as soon as the state of their finances will enable them; an extension by which an important saving in distance, and in the rate of inclination, will be effected.

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*The Cymrodorion Society.*

Our last number contains a full report of the proceedings of this Institution, and among other transactions we stated it to be the intention of the council to form a museum of natural history, &c.; as a com-



mencement of the design, a gentleman, to whom the society is much indebted, has collected various specimens of Gaelic geology, among which will be found some fine ones from Ben Lomond and its vicinity: another member had added two specimens from Montgomeryshire; a brilliant piece of quartz, the crystallizations beautifully variegated with lead ore, from the Plinlimmon mines, the other, what is usually termed petrified moss, this specimen is from Gunley wood.

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*The Society of Ancient Britons.*

The following Address from the honourable and loyal Society of Ancient Britons, in London, was last month presented to his Majesty by Sir W. W. Wynn, bart. President:

“ TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

“ *May it please your Majesty,*

“ We, the society of Ancient Britons, originally instituted at the auspicious period of the first accession of the house of Hanover to the British throne, and founded in commemoration of the birthday of the first princess of that illustrious house, it is our pride to acknowledge, with sentiments of gratitude and attachment, that from the cradle of our late gracious monarch, we have experienced his unabated patronage and his liberal protection.

“ For sixty-five years did his Majesty extend to us, not only the encouragement of his munificent personal contributions, but the still more valuable boon of his unvarying public countenance under which the Welsh charity school, from the education of only twelve boys in 1765, has increased to the entire maintenance, clothing, and support of not less than 100 boys and 50 girls.

“ For benefits so generously conferred, we are desirous of offering this last, but zealous, tribute of our gratitude and acknowledgment to the memory of our late Royal Patron; and, at the same time, we crave permission to congratulate your Majesty upon your accession to that crown which your Majesty's ancestors have worn from the earliest period to which the most remote tradition can extend, and to express our anxious hopes that we may still experience the same patronage with which your Majesty has already honoured us, by presiding at our annual festival, and that your Majesty will be convinced that the sentiments of loyalty and attachment to your Majesty's sacred person and government, though they prevade every class of the subjects of these realms, are no where more warmly cherished than in the breasts of the society of Ancient Britons.

“ Signed at the request, in the name, and on the behalf of the Honourable and Loyal Society of Ancient Britons.”

WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN, President.

This society was instituted in 1714.

When our late beloved monarch was only three years old, he received an address from the society, a copy of which, ornamented at the top with a drawing representing the Prince of Wales receiving the Deputation, is preserved at the Welsh school in Gray's-Inn-lane road. From that early period to the 1st of March last, his late Majesty gave the munificent donation of a hundred guineas annually, and, in 1820, when he ascended the throne, he presented the charity with an extra hundred guineas, making a total of more than £7000.

The line of descent from Egbert, in 828, to William IV. 1830, by marriages and intermarriages, may be traced: On the death of Queen

Anne in 1714, the Elector of Hanover was called to the British throne as George I. in virtue of the Act of Settlement, he being the nearest Protestant descendant of James I.

His present Majesty presided at the 114th anniversary festival of the Ancient Britons, on St. David's day, 1830.

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*Patriotism and Munificence.*

We learn from the North Wales Chronicle, that Thomas A. Smith, esq. of Vaynol, with a liberality unparalleled in that part of the Principality, has offered to the corporation of Carnarvon an immense pile of building called Plas mawr, at a nominal rent, for the purpose of being converted into a public market; and also, for the convenience of the public, has given some valuable property, between Market street and the Quay, for making an entrance into that street. Plas mawr is situated in the most central part of Carnarvon town, and is a property of very great value.

At a numerous meeting of the Kidwelly Trust, Carmarthenshire, held lately, the High Sheriff in the chair, it was unanimously resolved that application be made to Parliament for leave to erect a Suspension Bridge over the Loughor, according to the plans of Mr. Beech, civil engineer, London. This is the line that Mr. Telford pointed out as the best for the country.

At a public dinner held at Kerry, Montgomeryshire, a silver vase was presented by W. Pugh, esq. of Brynlywarch, in the name and on the behalf of the inhabitants of that parish, to the Rev. D. Davies, in token of their approbation of his conduct and services whilst curate to their deeply-lamented vicar, the late Rev. J. Jenkins. It is gratifying thus to perceive, that wherever clergymen do faithfully and fearlessly discharge the duties of their important office, their congregations are not slow in appreciating and honouring their worth.

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*Specific Gravity of Fluids.*

On the subject of the fire in Bartholomew close, which conflagration totally destroyed the office of Messrs. Adlard, printers of the Cambrian Quarterly, a correspondent of the Times newspaper remarks, that the firemen, when they discovered that oil was mixed with the water, did not know how to remedy the evil, but left off working: he goes on to observe, that it is a great pity that the fire-offices do not give a little scientific instruction to the men that they employ, enough at least to enable them to discover, that the specific gravity of oil being less than water, it must of necessity float on the surface, and as such, that they had only to carry the hose through the oil stratum, and the watery one beneath would have furnished the needful supply to the pumps.

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*Births, Marriages, and Deaths.***BIRTHS.**

At the Bank, Carnarvon, the lady of John Morgan, esq. of a daughter.

The lady of P. Panton, esq. of Kilhendre, of a daughter.

At the Schoolhouse, Beaumaris, the lady of the Rev. D. Owen, of a son.

At Bache Hall, near Chester, the lady of H. R. Hughes, esq. of a daughter.

At Cardigan, the lady of the Rev. D. Evans, B.D. head master of Cardigan school, of a son.

At Llynon, in the county of Anglesey, the lady of H. H. Jones, esq. of a stillborn son.

At Talacre, the lady of Sir Edward Mostyn, bart. of a daughter.

At Weaverham, the lady of the Rev. Robert Law, of a daughter.

At Aberystwith, the lady of Alfred Stephens, esq. of a son.—The lady of — Monkhouse, esq. of a daughter.—The lady of Sir John Hort, of a daughter.

At Upper Grosvenor street, London, the lady of F. R. West, esq. M.P. of a son and heir.

#### MARRIAGES.

At Llanbeblig, by the Rev. G. P. Manley, the Rev. Robert Nowell Whitaker, of Whalley, in the county of Lancaster, to Anne, second daughter of the late Rev. Henry Jones, of Ty Coch, Carnarvon.

At Shrewsbury, R. G. Hughes, esq. third son of Sir W. B. Hughes of Plascoch, Anglesey, to Hannah, second daughter of the late Mr. Jorden, of Shrewsbury.

As Iscoed Chapel, Mr. J. Garner, of Ridley wood, to Charlotte, only daughter of W. Samuels, esq. of Plascoch.

At Holton, Lincolnshire, by the Rev. James Hale, M.A. Richard Bythell, esq. of St. Asaph, surgeon, to Eliza, fourth daughter of the Rev. John Hale, rector of Holton-cum-Beakering, and of Buslingthorpe, in the former county.

At Lampeter, Cardiganshire, by the Rev. J. Hughes, the Rev. Rees Evans, curate of Llanganfelin, near Machynlleth, to Margaret, only daughter of Mr. Daniel Edwards, of St. Thomas street, Lampeter.

At Kirk Braddan, Isle of Man, George Watkin Kenrick, esq. of Mertyn, Flintshire, to Jane Mary, second daughter of the late J. Dumbell, esq. and sister of G. W. Dumbell, esq. of Douglas.

At Llanwennog church, Cardiganshire, the Rev. D. H. G. Williams, son of Sir G. Williams, bart. to Ann Gertrude Frances, daughter of the late W. S. Davies, esq. of Penylan, Carmarthenshire.

At Llanarth, Cardiganshire, Henry, son of the late T. Jones, esq. of Llanio, to Mary, daughter of J. J. Jones, esq. of Bronwen.

Major Holford, Grenadier Guards, of Kilgwyn, Carmarthenshire, to Ann Maria Elinora, only child of the late R. Gwynne, esq. of Buckland, Brecknockshire.

At Bangor cathedral, by the Rev. Mr. Jones of Caerhun, Mr. Owen Roberts, of Ty mawr, Clynnog, to Catherine, only daughter of the late Mr. John Roberts, of Castell, Llanddeniolen.

At Llanstephan, by the Rev. Gustavus L. Hamilton, H. Hamilton, esq. of Langharne, to Charlotte Viney, only daughter of Samuel Shaw, esq. of Carmarthen.

At Liverpool, Mr. Benjamin Harrison, to Miss Charlotte Simon, both of Holywell.

At Northop, Mr. William Goff, miller, of Buckley, Flintshire, to Miss Beavan, of the same place.

At Chester, Richard Kyrke, esq. of Gwersyllt, to Mrs. Walker, widow of the late Mr. Walker, of Stone Bridge house.

At Clirow, Radnorshire, Joseph Lewis, esq. of Hay, to Ann, widow of the late H. Bevan, esq. of Lower house, Clirow.

At Kennington, Copner Oldfield, esq. of Perth-y-terfyn, Holywell, to Mary Ann, daughter of Charles Francis, esq. of Vauxhall.

At Northop, by the Rev. H. Jones, Mr. Robert Williams, to Jane, daughter of Mrs. Davies, both of Northop.

## DEATHS.

At Maesgwyn, Radnorshire, 36, John, eldest son of John Price, esq.

At Denbigh, 65, Mrs. Rachael Byffin, of Eglwysfach, much lamented by her relatives and friends.

At Denbigh, 61, Mr. John Parry, second son of the late John Parry, esq. of Bachymbid, Denbighshire.

At Swansea, 97, John Baylis, esq. late of the Royal Naval Hospital, Plymouth.

24, Margaret, fourth daughter of Mr. John Jones, late of Dolenbychan, Llanwrin, near Machynlleth.

At Chester, 38, the Rev. John Watkins, of Llanfair, Carnarvonshire.

At Bodedern, Emma, wife of Mr. W. Hughes, and youngest daughter of O. Prichard, esq. of Treiddon, Anglesey.

At Abergavenny, of a violent attack of pleurisy, the Rev. Ebenezer Skell, 65.

At Wrexham, universally esteemed and regretted, the Rev. George Warrington, rector of Pleasley, Derbyshire, vicar of Hope, and a canon of St. Asaph, Flintshire.

Universally lamented, 67, the Rev. John Jones, of Holywell. He was for nearly forty years a faithful minister of the Gospel amongst the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists; his death will be deeply felt by the different congregations in the Principality.

After a short but severe illness, Mr. Thomas Edwards, Llangollen; who for many years was member of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists.

At Sutton, Montgomeryshire, 44, Mr. Humphrey Jones.

Richard Edwards, esq. colonel of the Carnarvonshire Militia, and upwards of forty years a magistrate, and latterly chairman of the Quarter Sessions.

At Cowbridge, the Rev. John Nicholl, B.D., formerly rector of Remenham, Berkshire.

At the house of her brother-in-law, Henry Crosby, esq. in Cloghan, Ireland, after one week's severe illness, deeply lamented, Grace Emma, eldest daughter of William Currie, esq. of Itton Court, Monmouthshire.

Deeply and sincerely regretted, 72, Margaret, wife of the Rev. Owen Jones, of Mynydd Ednyfed.

20, Eleanor, second daughter of the Rev. Richard Newcome, warden of Ruthin.

At Ruthin, John Spier Hughes, esq., formerly cap'tain in the Royal Denbigh Militia.

At Bala, Miss Maria Jones.

At Montgomery, the Rev. Maurice E. Lloyd, 62, late rector of that place, a man whose conduct in the various relations was seldom equalled: he was a sound divine, pious, learned, and charitable; as a magistrate, his legal knowledge peculiarly fitted him to discharge the duties of that office; and as the minister of a large populous parish, he laboured for a long period of his life in a most exemplary manner.

At Ellesmere, 81, Bulkeley Hatchett, esq.

At Rhyl, after a short illness, 63, deeply regretted by his relatives and friends, the Rev. J. Jones, M.A. rector of Llangynhafal, in the county of Denbigh. His amiable disposition and faithful discharge of his dut.

procured for him, in an eminent degree, the esteem and regard of his parishioners.

At Bristol, 54, Philip James Hughes, esq. late major in the Royal Artillery, and only son of the late Hugh Hughes, esq. of Bodwryn, Anglesey. He served during the principal part of the campaigns in the Peninsula, and obtained a medal for his services at the battle of Barrosa.

At Acton park, Denbighshire, Harriot, wife of Sir Foster Culliffe, bart.

After a long illness, much respected, Mr. John Prichard, of Nant Gwag, Anglesey.

At Liverpool, in consequence of the bursting of a gun, 24, Hugh, youngest son of Mr. Richard Jones, of Hendre, near Llanerchymedd.

Capt. Henry Harding, 64, many years adjutant of the Royal Carmarthen Fusiliers, much and deservedly regretted by his family and a large circle of friends.

The Rev. John Wingfield, 75, vicar of Montford, Satop, and of St. Issey, in Cornwall.

27, John, second son of Mr. Edward Griffiths, of Rhyd-Galed, near Mold.

At Birkenhead, after a protracted illness, Eleanor, wife of Mr. Owen, late of Aberystwith.

At Dolhyfryd, Denbighshire, 21, Charlotte Jane, youngest daughter of the late J. Peel, esq. of Bowes Farm, Middleton.

At Neath, the Rev. R. Howell, vicar of Llanarvan, and curate of Cowbridge and Llanblethian.

At Llanidloes, Montgomeryshire, 65, Mr. David Evans.

At Clifton, Jane, wife of Mr. T. Blunt, chemist, of Shrewsbury, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Thomas Colley, esq. of Cefnwised, in Montgomeryshire.

At Hope, James Jones, and Ithel his son, whose united ages amounted to 160 years, the former being 94, and the latter 66. They were buried in the same grave, and each was carried to his grave by four of his sons.

At Haverfordwest, Colonel Phillips, of Williamston, Pembrokeshire.

At Enjobb, Radnorshire, Jane, relict of the late E. T. Halliday, esq. of Chapel Cleeve, Somerset.

At Wrexham, Charlotte, the wife of Richard Myddelton Lloyd, esq. banker.

The Rev. Dr. Roche, vicar of Tenby, Pembrokeshire.

At Marseilles, Capt. William Richards, R.N. of Bellevue, Llanengan, Carnarvonshire; whose loss is deeply felt, and sincerely regretted.

#### *Prices of Shares of Canals in Wales.*

Brecknock and Abergavenny, 105; Glamorganshire, 290; Montgomeryshire, 80; Shrewsbury, 250; Swansea, 273.

#### *Foreign Funds.*

*Closing price on the 25th September.*—Brazilian, 69½; Buenos Ayres, 30; Chilian, 23; Colombian, 1824, 20½; Danish, 68½; Greek, 32½; Mexican, 29; ditto, 1825, 37½; Peruvian, 18; Portuguese, 61; Russian, 1822, 100½; Spanish, 1821 and 1822, 24; ditto, 1823, 17½; French Rentes, 98; ditto, 68.

#### *English Funds.*

*Closing price on the 25th.*—3 per cent. consols, 88½; New 3½ per cent. 98½.

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### ERRATA.

- P. 404, line 1, for "Patrio," read "Petrie;"  
 P. 487, line 26, for "1830," read "1803;"  
 P. 505, line 4, for "serenity," read "sincerity."

