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Elizabeth Semple
from
an affectionate friend
A. M. Hammond
April 13th 1853—

Fountains

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Pistyll Rhaiadr

Published for Longman & Pears, May 14th 1804.

NORTH WALES;
INCLUDING ITS
SCENERY, ANTIQUITIES,
CUSTOMS,
AND SOME SKETCHES OF ITS
NATURAL HISTORY;

DELINEATED FROM
TWO EXCURSIONS THROUGH ALL THE INTERESTING
PARTS OF THAT COUNTRY,

During the Summers of 1798 and 1801.

By THE REV. W. BINGLEY, A.M.
FELLOW OF THE LINNEAN SOCIETY,
AND LATE OF PETERHOUSE, CAMBRIDGE.

Illustrated with a Map, Frontispieces, and Music.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
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NORTH WALES:

INCLUDING ITS

SCENERY, ANTIQUITIES,

&c. &c. &c.

CHAP. I.

CAERNARVON, THROUGH BEDDGELERT, TO HARLECH.

Pont Aberglâslyn.—Mountain Road, and new Road from Beddgelert to Tanybwlech.—Tanybwlech.—Vale of Ffestiniog.—Inn.—Maentwrog.—Twrog.—Waterfall, called Rhaiadr Dû.—Impending Scenery.—Llyntecwyn Ucha.—Llantecwyn.—Beautiful Vale.—Harlech.—Harlech Castle.—Extensive View.—History of Harlech Castle.—Bronwen.—Valiant Defence in the Reign of Edward IV.—Mephitic Vapour.—Inn and Guide.

HAVING remained at Caernarvon a length of time fully sufficient to enable me to visit and examine all the places worth notice within a circle of about thirty miles on every side of it, I now proceeded towards Beddgelert and Harlech, in my journey to the other parts of North Wales.—The road to

Beddgelert, together with the scenery around that place, have already been described. I shall therefore, in this chapter, suppose myself proceeding southwards, immediately from

PONT ABERGLASLLYN.

From this celebrated bridge there are two roads to Tanybwlch, the low or *new road*, and the *mountain road*, the former of which occupies about ten, and the latter eight miles. Till within the last two years, carriages were usually taken along the mountain-road, a series of rocky steepes, which were considered so dangerous, that most persons preferred walking for at least five of the eight miles: and several people, to avoid it, have even gone more than forty miles round. For about two miles, this romantic, though rude way, commands several beautiful and extended prospects. From one very elevated situation, I had in my former journey a most delightful view of all the fine and mountainous country around me: Harlech and Criccieth castles were both in sight, and the long extent of ground forming the promontory of Llŷn, was visible even to its extremity.

Beyond the bridge, on the *new road*, which is formed through the more flat and level country towards the sands, the varied scene of wood, rock, and mountain, is uncommonly fine. In some situations the view is confined to the immediately surrounding

rounding rocks, whilst in others the eye wanders over a vast expanse of mountains. On one elevation I observed no fewer than six ranges of mountain, one above another, the uppermost at a great distance. I passed on the left two conspicuous and conical summits called *Moelwyn*. This road is on the whole so exceedingly good, as to render it passable in carriages with great pleasure, for the country nearly all the way is very interesting.

TANYBWLCH,

Below the Pass, so called from its being situated on the brow of the hill overlooking the *Vale of Ffestiniog*, or more properly of Maentwrog, consists only of a small but comfortable inn, and an elegant mansion embowered in woods, the property of ——— Oakley, esq.—This vale, watered by the little river Dwyryd, which meanders along its bosom, contrasted with the bleak and dreary mountains on the opposite side, from hence affords a most pleasing prospect. A former traveller was so highly gratified with the scene, as to make the singular remark, “That if a person could live upon a landscape, he would scarcely desire a more eligible spot than this*.”

The *inn* is a small but good house, occupied by a very civil, attentive, and obliging man of the name Cartwright. A post-chaise and four horses are kept here.

* Wyndham's Tour through Monmouthshire and Wales in the summers of 1774 and 1777.

On the other side of the vale stands the church of Maentwrog, *The Stone of Twrog*, so denominated from a large stone in the church-yard, at the north-west corner of the church. Twrog was a British saint, who lived about the year 610, and was the writer of Tiboeth, a romantic record belonging to St. Bueno, that was formerly kept in the church of Clynog in Caernarvonshire.—Dr. Edmund Prys, archdeacon of Merioneth, who attained considerable celebrity as a Welsh poet, was rector of this place, and is said to have been buried here. I searched both the church and church-yard in vain for some memorial of him, and in my hopes of obtaining intelligence respecting him from the inhabitants I was also disappointed.

I left Maentwrog, and inquiring the road to Harlech, proceeded on my journey. At the distance of about half a mile, I crossed a small bridge. From hence, leaving the road for a while, I wandered along a foot-path up a wooded valley, for about a mile and a half, in search of a

WATERFALL

That had been described to me, called Rhaiadr Dû, *The Black Cataract*. It was not without some difficulty, and after much trouble in ascending and descending the sides of the hills, that I found it. In this cataract, which is surrounded with dark and impending scenery, the water is thrown with vast impetuosity over three black and smooth rocks,
each

each in a different direction. Of its height I could form no idea, for the top of the upper fall, by the winding of the rocks, was not visible from below. The rock that hangs immediately over the fall, was, from its great height and rude form, a fine object in the landscape; and the whole of the hollow, to some distance below the cataract, was extremely grand. I attempted to climb to the upper part, but the rocks were too perpendicular, and too slippery, to suffer the attempt without danger. Therefore contenting myself with seeing as much as I could from below, I crossed the water, and crept along, but not without difficulty, on the shelving rocks, by the side of the stream, for near half a mile. Here the banks closed over my head, leaving but a narrow chasm, from which the light was altogether excluded by the dark foliage from each side, and I found myself entering, to appearance, the mouth of a deep and horrid cavern. The sides were too steep for me to entertain any idea of clambering up, and unless I chose to scramble back again to the cataract, I had no alternative but to penetrate the place. The darkness, fortunately, did not extend far, and I soon found myself in a place where the bank was sufficiently sloping to admit of my ascending to the meadows above; I was not a little pleased in having thus easily escaped from this abode of horror.

Regaining the road I had left, it led me along the side of Llyntecwyn Ucha, *The Upper Pool of*

Tecwyn, where I found the scenery pleasant, though less mountainous than what I had passed. This pool is larger than many of those in Wales, and its waters are beautifully clear. On one side there is a range of low rocks, composed of a shivery kind of slate, which had mouldered in many places to the bottom, in small sharp pieces, almost resembling needles.

Afterwards passing the village of Llantecwyn, and Llyntecwyn Ifa, *The Lower Tecwyn Pool*, I came to a most lovely little meadowy vale, about three miles distant from Harlech, called (if I understood the guide right) *Dol Orcal*. After the late uncouth scenery, I here enjoyed in the utmost the pleasing effect of the green woods and meads of the vale, and the purple heath which concealed and softened the harsh colouring of the adjacent rocks.

The whole of the walk from Beddgelert to Harlech I found exceedingly pleasant. From the continual varying of the scenery, the attention was fully occupied during every part of the journey.—The road from Tanybwllch is scarcely passable for carriages, but there is another from Beddgelert, at the ebb of the tide, over the sands: a guide, however, must be taken who is acquainted with the track, as it is very unsafe for strangers to venture alone.

HARLECH,

HARLECH,

Once the principal town in Merionethshire, is now dwindled into an insignificant village, containing not more than four or five hundred inhabitants. It is in the parish of Llanfair, and on the sea-coast, near Cardigan Bay: the houses and castle are built on a cliff that immediately overhangs the marsh. Not far from the castle, there is an old roofless building, once the town-hall; in which, however, the members of parliament for the county continue still to be elected.

HARLECH CASTLE.

This venerable structure is in tolerable preservation. It is a square building, each side measuring about seventy yards; and has at every corner a round tower. From each of these issued formerly a circular turret; nearly all now destroyed. The entrance is betwixt two great rounders. The principal apartments appear to have been over the gateway, in a building which projected into the court; and at each angle of this building there is yet left a round tower. The castle was defended on the east side by a deep foss; and its situation, on the verge of an almost perpendicular rock, rendered it impregnable in nearly every other part.—From the marsh it is said, except in size, to bear a considerable resemblance to the castle of Belgrade in Turkey.

On the evening that I arrived at Harlech, the atmosphere was so perfectly clear, that I could very plainly distinguish the peaked summit of Snowdon, elevated high above all the other mountains. The promontory of Llŷn was visible in almost every part; Criccieth castle seemed scarcely a mile distant; and the fine, though dangerous bay of Cardigan, lay entirely before me.

HISTORY OF HARLECH CASTLE.

The ancient name of this fortress was Twr Bronwen, *Bronwen's Tower*; so called from Bronwen, *the white necked*, sister to Bren ap Llyr, duke of Cornwall, and afterwards king of Britain. She lived in the third century, and was the wife of Matholwch, an Irishman. Her husband one day, *unfortunately*, struck her a violent blow in the face, and she resented the outrage by inciting an insurrection among the people, and causing a civil war. This blow is called, in the ancient Triads, one of the three evil blows of Britain; two others, of a nature nearly similar, being there said to have produced similar commotions. Bronwen is supposed by some to have resided here; and the highest turret of the present castle, though for what reason I know not, since this building was altogether founded many centuries after her time, goes yet by the name of Bronwen's tower.

In the eleventh century this place took the name of Caer Colwyn, *Collwyn's Fort*, from Collwyn ap Tangno,

Tangno, lord of Eivonedd and Ardudwy, and one of the fifteen tribes of North Wales, who repaired the ancient castle, and took it for his own residence*.

—The present name of Harlech is probably derived from the British words *hardd*, *beautiful*, and *llech*, *a rock*, indicating its situation.

According to some of the ancient British historians, Harlech castle was originally built, about the year 350, by Maelgwn Gwynedd, prince of North Wales; and it is generally believed that Edward I. founded the present fortress on the ruins of the old castle; some parts of which are yet distinguishable from the more modern work of that monarch.

The first constable, appointed in 1283 by Edward, was allowed a salary of a hundred pounds *per annum*. This salary appears to have been afterwards reduced, for even when the same person held the double office of constable of the castle and captain of the town, he usually received only fifty pounds *per annum*; and when he had not the captainship of the town, he was paid but twenty-six pounds, thirteen shillings, and four-pence. Even so lately as in the forty-fourth year of Elizabeth, the constable received but fifty pounds *per annum*. The garrison consisted of twenty-four soldiers†.

* It is sometimes, though improperly, called, *Caer Colun*. See *Camb. Reg.* i. 148.

† Cotton MSS. in the British Museum; *Vitellius*, C. i.

In the year 1404, this castle, along with that of Aberystwyth in Cardiganshire, was seized by the great, but ambitious Owen Glyndwr, during his rebellion against Henry IV. They were both retaken about four years afterwards, by an army which the king had dispatched into Wales against that turbulent chieftain *.

Margaret of Anjou, the spirited queen of Henry VI., after the king's defeat at Northampton in 1456, fled from Coventry, and, narrowly escaping the hands of lord Stanley, who discovered and seized her jewels and baggage, found in this fortress an asylum from her enemies. She resided here but a little while, when she proceeded into Scotland, where collecting her friends, she marched towards Wakefield. At the latter place she made an attack on the army of her enemy, the duke of York, which she routed; and she further succeeded in destroying the leader.

Soon after Edward IV. attained the English throne, he found means to make himself master of every part of the kingdom, except this castle and two or three others in Northumberland. These he did not think it necessary immediately to attack, in the expectation, probably, that when their governors saw the whole country continue in quiet possession, they would of their own accord submit. The idea, however, proved groundless, for David ap Ivan ap

* Carte, ii. 661. and 669.

Einion, a staunch friend to the house of Lancaster, held out in this castle nine years after the coronation of Edward, till 1468. The king finding him still determined to resist, was at length compelled to send an army against him under the command of William Herbert, earl of Pembroke. The men with incredible difficulty marched over the heart of the British Alps to the attack. On being summoned to surrender, David returned for answer: "Some years ago I held out a castle in France against its besiegers so long, that all the old women in Wales talked of me: inform your commander that I will defend this Welsh castle till all the old women of France shall hear of it." The besieging army found the place altogether impregnable, except by famine, and sir Richard Herbert (brother to the earl), who had commanded during the siege, was at last obliged to compound for the surrender, by promising the heroic Welshman that he would intercede with the king for his life. It was therefore given up, and with it upwards of fifty gentlemen of rank, who had adhered to the Lancastrian cause. These were all committed close prisoners to the tower; and when David was brought to the king, sir Richard intreated that he might receive an unconditioned pardon, on the ground that it had been in his power, if he had chosen it, to retain the castle considerably longer, even in spite of all the efforts of the English army. The king refused. "Then, Sire (said sir Richard), you may, if you please, take

take my life instead of that of the Welsh captain: if you do not, I will most assuredly replace David in his castle, and your highness may send whom you please to take him out again." The king knew too well the value of a hero like sir Richard, to carry his denial any further*. David ap Ivan was pardoned, but his friend received no other reward for this perilous service†.

In the civil wars at the conclusion of the reign of Charles I., Harlech castle was the last in North Wales that held out for the king, being surrendered in March 1647, to general Mytton, on honourable terms. At this time Mr. William Owen was the governor, and the garrison consisted but of twenty-eight men‡.

The *town* of Harlech was made a free borough by Edward I., who confirmed to it several grants of lands and other emoluments.

MEPHITIC VAPOUR.

In the winter of 1694, this neighbourhood was much alarmed by a kind of fiery exhalation, which came from a sandy and marshy tract of land, called

* Among other acts of heroism in sir Richard Herbert, it is well known that he twice cleared his way in safety, through a great Norman army, with only a battle-ax in his hand.

† Wynne, 398. Stowe, 421. Carte, ii. 775. Life of lord Herbert, 8.

‡ Whitelock, 243.

Morfa Bychan, *The Little Marfb*, across the channel eight miles towards Harlech. This injured much of the grass in such a manner as to kill the cattle; and it set hay and corn-ricks on fire for near a mile from the coast. It is represented to have had the appearance of a blue lambent flame, which by any great noise, such as the firing of guns, or the sounding of horns, was easily extinguished. All the damage was invariably done in the night; and, in the course of the winter, no fewer than sixteen hay-ricks, and two barns, one filled with hay, and the other with corn, were entirely destroyed by it. It did not seem to affect any thing else, and men could go into it without receiving the least injury. It was observed much more frequently during the first three weeks than afterwards, yet it was seen, at different intervals, for at least eight months. The occasion of this singular phenomenon is not exactly known. It appears most probably to have arisen from some collections of putrid substances, the vapour coming from which might have been directed towards this place by the wind; and yet it is singular that, although the prevailing winds here are from the south-west, which ought to have blown it in a very different direction, it should not have been observed in other parts north of Harlech. Bishop Gibson conjectured that it might have proceeded from the corrupted bodies of a great quantity of locusts which visited this kingdom about that time, and were destroyed by the coldness of the climate.

He

He says that a considerable number of them had been seen lying about the shores of Aberdaron, in Caernarvonshire*.

The *public house* at Harlech, for such it can only be denominated, is kept by a very civil man of the name of Anwyl. The provisions, at the time I was here, were homely, but the beds (only two, and those in the same room) were clean and comfortable.—The tourist, in inquiring for a *guide*, will find it worth his while to ask particularly for John Richards, a man who speaks English fluently, is well acquainted with the neighbourhood, and, for his situation, has a very superior understanding.

* Lowthorp's Abridgement of the Philosophical Transactions, ii. 183. Gibson's Camden, 659.

CHAP. II.

EXCURSION FROM HARLECH TO CWM BYCHAN.

Cylch Cyngair, or Druidical Circles.—Cwm Bychan,—Bwlch Tyddiad.—Draws Ardudwy.—Cwm Nancoll.—Cataraŷ.—Sarn Badrwyg.—Cantref Gwaelod, or overflowed Hundred.—Cardigan Bay.

CONDUCTED by Richards as my guide, I went from Harlech to explore an obscure vale, about four miles distant, called Cwm Bychan, *The Little Hollow*.

About a mile from the town, on a large elevated moor, he pointed out to me a circle of small stones near thirty yards in diameter, with another at some distance, surrounding it. From its form and appearance, I am inclined to suppose that this was one of those

DRUIDICAL CIRCLES

In which were formerly holden the *Gorseddau*, or bardic meetings. These meetings were always in some place set apart in the open air, in a conspicuous situation, and surrounded by a circle of stones, having in the centre a larger one, by which the presiding bard or druid stood. There was here no relic of

the middle stone. This kind of circle was called *Cylch Cyngrair*, or the circle of congress. At these meetings, candidates were admitted to the different degrees of bardism, and on these occasions it was that all the oral bardic poems and traditions were recited, and their laws settled. During these ceremonies all the bards stood within the circle, with their heads and feet bare, and clad in their uncoloured robes.

CWM BYCHAN

Is a grassy dell, about half a mile in length, surrounded by scenery as black and dreary as imagination can draw. On the right of its entrance there is a small pool called *Llyn y Cwm Bychan*, from whose edge, *Carreg y Saeth*, *The Rock of the Arrow*, (from its being the station where the ancient British sportsmen watched and killed the passing deer,) towers the blackest of all the vale.—I rested myself for a while on a rock above the pool, in a situation whence I could at ease observe the rugged beauties of this romantic hollow. From hence the landscape extended in all its magnificence: the vale was seen embosomed in stupendous rocks, black and barren, and enlivened only by the patches of meagre vegetation lodged on their shelving precipices.

We descended into the hollow, and passing there an ancient mansion, ascended on the other side till we came to a deep mountain hollow called

BWLCH

BWLCH TYDDIAD.

Here the rocks close, and oppose a series of shattered precipices, forming a scene of desolation and barrenness throughout. A few grasses, liverwort, and heath, constitute all the vegetation of this place. We wandered on this rocky cleft, for such it only seemed, till we got beyond the higher mountains, when, on a sudden, a fine open prospect of all the country eastward was extended before us. Here we were treated with a pastoral landscape, bounded by high distant mountains, which formed a majestic barrier around: amongst these, Cader Idris, and the two Arrennigs, were particularly conspicuous.

DRWS ARDUDWY.

From hence we made a turn to the right, still continuing our journey over a wretched horse-path, and soon afterwards turning again to the right, we entered another deep glen called Drws Ardudwy, *The Pass of the Maritime Land*, a place well calculated to inspire a timid mind with terror. The sides and bottom were almost covered over with loose fragments of stone, once detached by the force of frost, or the irresistible rushing of torrents, after storms and heavy rain, from the heights above. The fear for personal safety must sometimes, in places similar to this, be accompanied with a tremor; for the mind is not always able to divest itself of

prejudices, and disagreeable associations of ideas, and, in spite of every effort of reason and judgment, the unpleasing sensations of terror will sometimes affect us.

After this dreary scene, we entered a more wide and fertile valley, called Cwm Nancoll, *The Hollow of the sunken Brook*. From hence the guide took me, out of the usual track, to see a *cromlech*, in a farm called Gwern Einion. This *cromlech* is about two miles south of Harlech. It is at present made to form the corner of a wall, and is, on two sides, built up with stones, to prevent the sheep from getting through. There are six supporters, three about six feet, and the other three about four feet in height. The stone that rests upon these is large, flat, and flanting.

CATARACT.

A little while before we came to this *cromlech*, I heard, from the side of the hill on which we were walking, the falling of water in a wood on the opposite mountains, and apparently about half a mile from us. I could also, notwithstanding the distance, plainly perceive a silver line among the trees, formed by the rushing of water down a precipice. The guide, in answer to my questions respecting it, said that it was a cataract of no great height or beauty, and if it had a name he was not acquainted with it. My walk of this day had been very long and laborious, near twenty miles,
over

over the most stony paths that I had yet seen in the country, and I was almost fainting from want of refreshment: I was therefore under the necessity of being satisfied with his account. In almost any other case I should have crossed the vale to examine it, for I am convinced, from its appearance at so great a distance, that it must have been a cataract of very considerable height and beauty.

Betwixt the cromlech and the town of Harlech, I passed another druidical circle, somewhat smaller than the one I have before mentioned, but surrounded with a similar distant circle.

As it happened to be about the ebb of the tide when we returned, the guide pointed out to me part of a long stone-wall, which runs out into the sea from Mochras, a point of land a few miles south of Harlech, in a west-south-west direction for near twenty miles. This is called

SARN BADRWYG,

The Shipwrecking Causeway. It is a very wonderful work, being throughout about twenty-four feet thick. *Sarn y Bwch* runs from a point north-west of Harlech, and is supposed to meet the end of this. The space betwixt these formed, some centuries ago, a habitable hundred belonging to Merionethshire, called

CANTREF GWAELOD,

The Lowland Hundred. The Welsh have yet traditions respecting several of the towns, as *Caer Gwyddno*, *Caer Ceneder*, &c. These walls were built to keep out the sea. About the year 500, when *Gwyddno Garan Hîr*, *Gwyddno with the high Crown*, was lord of this hundred, one of the men who had the care of the dams, got drunk and left open a flood-gate. The sea broke through with such force, as also to tear down part of the wall, and overflow the whole hundred, which, since that time, has been always completely flooded.—Thus is *Cardigan Bay*, (a principal part of which *Cantref Gwaelod* formerly occupied,) for many miles so full of shoals, as to render it extremely dangerous for a vessel of any burthen to venture at all near the *Merionethshire* coast.

CHAP. III.

HARLECH TO BARMOUTH.

Upright Stones. — Cromlechs. — Ancient Barrows, the Mode of forming, and the Utility of them. — Barmouth — Houses singularly situated. — Inn. — Beach, and River. — Uncommonly beautiful Scene. — Trade of Barmouth.

THE road from Harlech to Barmouth (ten miles) is even and good; but lying over a flat and disagreeable country, it is beyond measure dull and uninteresting. At a distance towards the sea there are nothing but turfy bogs and salt marshes; and, on the other side, the mountains are low and stony, and in every respect devoid of picturesque beauty.

In a field by the road-side, near Llanbedir, I observed two upright stones standing near each other, the one ten, and the other about six feet in height. These were without inscriptions, and are what the Welsh call *Meini Gwyr*, “the stones of the heroes;” or the funeral monuments of celebrated warriors slain in battle.

A few hundred yards beyond the fifth mile stone, and at a little distance on the left of the road, two *cromlechs* were pointed out to me. These were very near each other, and placed on barrows, or

heaps of loose stones, which are supposed to indicate that some men of ancient note were interred beneath them. These barrows, from the circumstance of the cromlechs being erected on them, are evidently of high antiquity; but I am inclined to suppose, (with a very judicious traveller through this country in the year 1774,) that many of the heaps of stones with which this country abounds, and which are usually taken for barrows, or *carnedds*, as they are here called, “were originally piled together for no other reason than that the rest of the field might afford the clearer pasture. In the melancholy waste between Pont Aberglasllyn and Llyn y Wenwn, I observed many modern *carnedds*, which had been thrown up in large piles by the industrious inhabitants for that profitable purpose*.”—The mode of forming the ancient *carnedds* in this country was somewhat singular. When the *carnedd* was considered as the honourable tomb of a warrior, every one that passed by threw on it an additional stone as a mark of respect; but when this heap became disgraced by shielding the body of the guilty, it was still the custom of every one that passed to sling his stone, but, in this case, it was done in token of detestation.—The original intention of heaping stones over the dead, was doubtless to defend the bodies from being dug up, and devoured by the wolves, with which the wild and mountainous parts of Britain

* Wyndham’s Tour through Monmouthshire and Wales.

formerly

formerly abounded. It was a necessary precaution, to prevent the friends of the deceased from being shocked by the horrid sight of their carcases mangled by these rapacious animals.

I passed *Cors y Gedol*, the ancient family seat of the Vaughans, but now the property of sir Thomas Mostyn, bart., and continuing my journey by Llanaber, soon afterwards arrived at

BARMOUTH.

This town is situated in one of the most unpleasant places that could have been chosen for it, near the conflux of the river Maw, or Mawddach*.—Some of the houses are built among the sand at the bottom, and others, at different heights, up the side of a huge rock, which entirely shelters the place on the east. The situations of the latter are so singular, that it is really curious for a stranger to wind up along the narrow paths among the houses, where, on one side, he may, if he please, enter the door of a dwelling, or, on the other, look down the chimney of the neighbour in front. The inhabitants might almost cure their bacon in some parts of this town, by the simple process of hanging it out of their windows. The houses at the foot of the rock are nearly choaked up with sand, which fills every

* From this river the town is sometimes called Aber Maw, *The Conflux of the Maw*. This was shortened into 'Bermaw, and corrupted to Barmouth.

passage, and is blown into every window that is for a moment left open. In rainy weather this sand, on the contrary, renders the place very dirty and unpleasant. The buildings are exceedingly irregular, and in most instances very bad. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, Barmouth is frequented during the summer season by many genteel families from Wales, and the west of England, as a sea-bathing place. Its origin, as the resort of invalids, has been attributed to persons frequenting the banks of this part of the river for the sake of the scurvy-grass, which grows there in abundance*.

The company must necessarily find it a most uncomfortable place, for the inn (the Corfygedol arms) is at times almost buried in sand, and no person can possibly walk many yards without having it over his shoes. Were it not for the civility and friendly attention of Mrs. Lewis, Barmouth would fail in its principal attraction.—I was beyond measure surprised, on being introduced into the dining-room, to find, in this secluded corner of the kingdom, upwards of thirty persons, most of them of fortune and fashion. I found also, on inquiry, that this was by no means all the company at that time in the town; another large and good building, which Mrs. Lewis had in her own hands as a lodging-house, being also quite full. To be thus suddenly introduced, as it were, into the world, after my

* Sketch of the History of Merionethshire, by Mr. Robert Vaughan of Hengwrt. Camb. Reg. i. 190.

solitary rambles among the wilds of the country, was a very grateful incident; and I enjoyed the general cheerfulness and affability that prevailed, perhaps the more from its being entirely unexpected.

The lodging-houses in the town, are many of them dirty and miserable places.—There are on the sands three bathing machines, but these are altogether appropriated to the use of the ladies, the gentlemen bathing on the open coast.—The amusements seem to consist principally in going out in parties on the water, and in lounging on the beach or the sands.—The beach is one of the most delightful walks I ever beheld. The wide river Mawddach winds amongst the mountains, forming many, and elegant promontories. These rise to great heights on each side, some clad with wood, and others exhibiting their naked rocks, scantily covered with the purple heath. The summit of the lofty Cader Idris is seen to rise high above the other mountains, in the back ground. Had the town been built here, scarcely half a mile from its present situation, instead of one of the most unpleasant, it might have been rendered one of the most agreeable retirements in the kingdom.

Barmouth is the port of Merionethshire; but it is not so much frequented as it ought to be, on account of the inhabitants (who do not attempt commerce on a large scale), vending their manufactures through the means of factors, who thus seize many of the advantages which the natives

might enjoy. Mr. Pennant, however, informs us, that prior to the year 1781, flannels to the value of 40,000*l.*, and stockings to the value of 10,000*l.*, had been exported from hence in the course of a year.—The number of ships at present belonging to the port is about a hundred: and the population of the place is estimated at fifteen hundred.

CHAP. IV.

BARMOUTH TO DOLGELLE.

The River Mawddach.—Beautiful Scenery.—Dolgelle.—Whimsical Description of Dolgelle.—Fuller's Enigmatical Description.—Trade.—Inn.—Fortified in the Reign of Charles I.—Account of Places worth visiting in the Neighbourhood of Dolgelle.

I HAD already been highly gratified in my ramble along the beach for about a mile and a half from Barmouth; and, in my walk to Dolgelle, I retraced my steps with additional pleasure. The Mawddach, usually called Avon Vawr, *The Great River*, forms in this place a wide arm of the sea. It was now high water, and from the whole bed of the river being filled, the various scenes that presented themselves for some miles were truly picturesque. The two first miles, at the end of which I was compelled to leave the bank of the river, and proceed along the road, were, however, more interesting than any other part of the journey. In the composition of the views, scarcely any thing appeared wanting: there was every requisite of a fine landscape, mountain and vale, wood, water, meadows, and rocks, arranged in beautiful order. The numerous heaps of peat spread along the green bottom, were the
only

only unpleasing objects in the scene, and these were easily overlooked where every other object was so beautiful.—Beyond the beach the road winds among the low mountains, at a little distance from the river. From the openings or eminences I frequently saw the water, partly hidden by the intervening mountains, in which situations it several times assumed the appearance of a beautiful lake.

From the village of Llanelltyd, about two miles from Dolgelle, there is a road which winds along a dark and gloomy vale towards Tanybwch; and at a little distance a stile is seen, from whence a foot-path will lead the inquiring tourist, over the meadows, to the ancient monastic ruin called by the Welsh *Y Vanner*, and by Tanner *Kemmer Abbey*. This will be described in the ensuing chapter.

Many persons prefer making the excursion from Barmouth to Dolgelle by water. To sit at ease, and enjoy without interruption the pleasures afforded by the picturesque scenes along the Mawddach, must doubtless be highly gratifying to an admirer of nature. The voyage, however, must end at the distance of about a mile from Dolgelle, for here the river becomes so greatly diminished, as not even to admit a small pleasure boat any farther. The company must therefore be contented to walk from thence to the town.

DOLGELLE,

The Holme of the Groves, is a market town, in a commercial view, of some importance, seated in a wide and fertile vale, between the rivers Arran and Wnion, and furrounded on all sides by high, and in many parts wooded, mountains.

A student of Jesus College Oxford, who was a native of Dolgelle, was one afternoon drinking wine with some of his college friends, when, in a bantering stile, they asked what kind of a place it was that had been honoured in giving him birth:—"There," says he, flinging on the table a handful of nuts, and setting up a cork in the middle, "suppose each of these nuts a house, and that cork the church,—you will have some tolerable idea of Dolgelle."

The analogy holds good, for the streets are as irregular as it is possible to imagine them. The houses in general are low, and ill built. The *church*, which is by much the neatest structure in or about the place, has in itself nothing that can attract particular attention. From various points of view on the outside of the town, the painter will, however, acknowledge, that it is not without its beauty.

We have a singular enigmatical account of Dolgelle, written by Fuller somewhat more than a century ago.

- “ 1. The walls thereof are three miles high.
 2. Men go into it over the water; but
 3. Go out of it under the water.
 4. The steeple thereof doth grow therein.
 5. There are more ale-houses than houses *.”

These five enigmas he solves in this manner: the *first*, he says, is explained by the mountains that surround the place. The *second* implies, that on one side of the town there was a bridge over which all travellers must pass; and the *third*, that on the other side, they had to go under a wooden trough, which conveyed water from a rock, at a little distance, to an overshot mill. For the *fourth*, he says, the bells (if plural) hung in a yew tree; and the *last*, that “tenements were divided into two or more tipling-houses, and that even chimney-less barns were often used for that purpose.”—I presume in this he alludes to the time in which some fair was held, for the sale and exchange of the manufactures of the place. None of these remarks will apply at present, except the two first.

There are at Dolgelle very considerable manufactories of flannel, which, from the number of hands necessarily employed, have rendered the place very populous, comparatively with other Welsh towns. The principal market for the goods is Shrewsbury, but so great a portion has of late been bought upon the spot, that the inhabitants have had little occasion to send to a market at such a distance.

* Fuller's Worthies of Wales, p. 43.

The best *inn* is the Golden Lion, called likewise *Plas Ifa*, *The Lower House*. The provisions, except the wine, I found good; but the bed into which I was put was intolerable.

During the civil wars of the reign of Charles I., about a hundred of the king's troops attempted to raise a fortification about this town. Mr. Edward Vaughan, however, at the head of a small party of the parliament's forces, attacked and routed them, taking prisoners the captain and several of the men*.

The neighbourhood of Dolgelle affords many interesting objects to the tourist. The summit of *Cader Idris*, the celebrated Merionethshire mountain, is not much more than six miles distant†. A few miles towards the north, and at a little distance from each other, are the three cataraëts *Rhaiadr Dŷ*, *The Fall of the Cain*, and *The Fall of the Mawddach*. These will be described in the next chapter. To all these places guides may easily be obtained at Dolgelle.—The whole of the vale in which the town is situated is remarkable for its picturesque scenery, and beautiful views.

* Whitelock, p. 190.

† An account of *Cader Idris* will be found in chap. vi.

CHAP. V.

EXCURSION FROM DOLGELLE TO KEMMER ABBEY
AND THE WATERFALLS.

Y Vanner, or Kemmer Abbey.—Suffers from a Deception of one of the Monks.—The Cataract at Dolmelynlyn.—Distant Waterfall.—The Cataract of the Mawddach.—The Cataract of the Cain.—Guide.

THE three cataracts mentioned in the conclusion of the last chapter, *Rhaiadr Dû*, in the grounds of W. A. Madocks, esq. of Dolmelynlyn, the *Fall of the Cain*, and the *Fall of the Mawddach*, are all near the road leading from Dolgelle to Tanybwllch. The former is about six, and the other two are about nine miles distant from Dolgelle.

Y VANNER, OR KEMMER ABBEY.

In my expedition to these waterfalls, I proceeded near a mile and a half along the road, when, (a few hundred yards before I reached the bridge at Llanelltid,) I left it, and went on a foot-path to the right. This led me over some meadows, for about a quarter of a mile, to an avenue of sycamores, and thence to the remains of an abbey, not visible from the

the road, called by the Welsh, Y Vanner, and by the old writers, Kemmer abbey *.

Where pious beadsmen, from the world retir'd,
 In blissful visions wing'd their souls to heav'n,
 While future joys their nobler transports fir'd,
 They wept their erring days, and were forgiv'n.

The present remains of this monastery have little interest for any but the antiquarian: they are altogether devoid of ornament or elegance, and from no point of view are in any degree picturesque. Part of the church only is left, and the space of ground it occupies is very inconsiderable. The ruins of the refectory and the abbot's dwelling, form part of the walls of an adjoining farm-house. The other parts are much shattered, and the farmer, in whose ground the building stands, has patched them in many places with modern masonry, to render them of use in his business. The length of the church is betwixt thirty and forty yards, and the width not more than eight or nine. The east end is more perfect than any other part, and, through its thick covering of ivy, I could discern three small lancet-shaped windows. Against the south-wall there are a few small gothic pillars and arches; and in the wall an aperture where probably the holy water was kept. In this part of the building, opposite to two small arches, there has also

* Or, variously, Cymmer, Cymner, Cwmner, Kinner, Kinner, and Kynmer Abbey. *Kymer*, in the ancient British language, signified the meeting of two or more rivers.

been a semi-circular door; and, near this, there is the mutilated head of a human figure. A large plane-tree is now growing from among the ruins of the west-end of the building, whence it should seem to have long been in a ruined state. From the obscurity of its situation, and the want of that kind of elegance usual in monastic ruins, this abbey is scarcely known even at Dolgelle. The tourist will inquire for it in vain as Kemmer abbey, for the Welsh people in general know it by no other name than that of Y Vanner.

It was founded about the year 1200 for some monks of the Cistercian order, from Cwm Hir abbey in Radnorshire, by Meredith and Griffith, the sons of Cynan ap Owen Gwynedd, prince of North Wales *. “This seems (says a Welsh writer) to have been a colony of monks, sent off by that monastery, as bees do when the hive is too full †.”

About thirty years after the supposed period of its foundation, Kemmer abbey appears to have been in a flourishing state. At this time, when Henry III. was marching against the Welsh, who had risen, under their prince, Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, and

* Vaughan's Sketch of Merionethshire. Cam. Reg. i. 190. Tanner's Notitia Monastica.

† Letter of Lewis Morris. Cam. Reg. ii. 493. This seems to account for Dugdale's mistake in confounding this abbey with that of Combehire, or Cwm Hir, in Radnorshire. In the Parcolude Annals, Combehire is considered the mother abbey to Kemmer.

attacked

attacked the castle of Montgomery, one of the monks of Kemmer happened to be near, and was questioned as to the situation and strength of the Welsh army. He considered it a duty to befriend his country, rather than assist an enemy, and therefore deceived them so much by his report of the state of the opposing forces, that Henry determined on an immediate attack. The Welsh, at the first onset, feigned a retreat to a neighbouring marsh. The English foldiers, incumbered as they were with their armour, without hesitation, plunged after them, and, as soon as the enemy saw that the greater part were in the marsh, and unable either to act offensively or to retreat, they returned upon them with so much fury, as, after a short conflict, to come off victorious.—This deception naturally enraged the king, and, not long afterwards, as he passed the abbey with his army, he ordered the monastery to be set on fire and destroyed. All the out-offices were consumed, but the abbot saved the rest of the building by his entreaties to the king, and paying down a fine of three hundred marks*.

At the dissolution of abbies, the revenues of Kemmer were estimated at betwixt fifty and sixty pounds a year†. The site remained in the crown till the reign of queen Elizabeth, who, about the year 1578, granted it to Robert, earl of Leicester. In

* Powel, 287. Matt. Paris, 311.

† Tanner's Notitia; and Dugdale's Monasticon.

what manner it has since descended, we have no information.

On a bank not far distant, there was formerly a British fortress called Castéll Cymmer, *The Castle of the Conflux*. This was demolished about the year 1113, not long after its erection, by the sons of Cadwgan ap Bleddyn, on some disagreement with the founder; and it is supposed to have never been rebuilt*.

Returning from the abbey to the road, I crossed the bridge at Llanelltid, and proceeded along the vale leading towards Tanybwllch. The first waterfall the guide brought me to was

RHAIADR DU,

The Black Cataract. This, as I have before said, is in the grounds of W. A. Madocks, esq. at Dolmelynlyn, whence it is often called the *Dolmelynlyn Fall*.—The water foams, with a thundering noise, down two rocks about sixty feet high. The scene has a singular appearance from the black adjacent and uncouth rocks being in many places covered with a pure white lichen. The trees on one side of the stream had been lately cut down, but the lively and varied green and brown tints of the other were beautifully contrasted with the almost jet black rocks

* Powel, 183.

with which they were intermixed. The torrent rolls into a small deep basin, from whence it dashes itself along the rugged channel to the river Mawddach, which flows at no great distance.—Mr. Maddocks has been at the expence of making a good foot-path, both to the bottom, and to the upper part of this cataract, by which the traveller is enabled with comfort to see it to the greatest advantage.

I went about a mile farther on the road, from whence I had a walk, of near two miles, along a foot-path to the right, to the remaining waterfalls, which are within a few hundred yards of each other. From the side of an eminence about half a mile from these, I could observe the river Mawddach rolling down a steep, in a woody vale above, and its hoarse murmuring just reached my ear. Beyond it, at some distance, there was a rude arch, which crossed the glen, and from my station gave a pleasing and romantic cast to the scene.

Descending now (but cautious lest too fast,)
A sudden steep upon a rustic bridge,
We pass a gulph in which the hazels dip
Their pendant boughs.——

This was a perfectly alpine bridge over the river Cain, formed by the rude trunk of an oak which hung frightfully over the black torrent, that roared amongst the rocks many feet beneath. I had not passed this bridge far, before I found myself at the foot of Rhaiadr y Mawddach.

THE CATARACT OF THE MAWDDACH.

The river here forces itself down a rock betwixt fifty and sixty feet in height, whose strata lying in parallel lines several degrees inclined from the horizon, give the scene a singularly crooked appearance. The stream is thrice broken in its descent, and the basin into which it is precipitated is very large. The rocks and trees form an amphitheatre around, and the foreground was finely broken by the large pieces of rock that had been once loosened from above. I had to cross the stream before I could see the upper part of the fall, which was hidden by intervening rocks. In this station the scene appeared complete, and it was certainly picturesque.

PISTYLL Y CAIN*,

The Spout of the Cain, is by far the highest and most magnificent cataract of the three. A narrow stream rushes down a vast rock, at least a hundred and fifty feet high, whose horizontal strata run in irregular steps through its whole breadth, and form a mural front. These, indeed, are so regular, as in a great measure to destroy the picturesque effect of the scene, unless they are nearly hidden by a much greater volume of water than usual. Immense frag-

* The word *Pistyll*, in the Welsh language, signifies a narrow stream of water, somewhat resembling that which issues through a spout.

ments of broken rock at the foot of the fall, scattered in every different direction, communicate a pleasing effect; and the agreeable mixture of tints of the dark oak and birch, with the yellower and fading elm, formed altogether a highly pleasing scene.

My guide to the waterfalls, was an Englishman, who keeps a small public house near Dolmelynlyn. His name is Bartlet. He has resided in Wales only a few years, and is yet scarcely able to speak the language of the country.

CHAP. VI.

DOLGELLE TO MACHYNLLETH.

View of the Country around Dolgelle.—The Pool of the three Pebbles; and Tradition respecting the enormous Giant Idris.—The Blue Lion, and Edward Jones.—Ascent to the Summit of Cader Idris. Account of Idris.—Cascades.—Llyn y Cae.—Prospect from the Summit of Cader Idris.—Cataraet near the Blue Lion,—Machynlleth.—Mr. Aikin's Description of the Devil's Bridge, near Havod in Cardiganshire.

FROM the road leading to Machynlleth, and at the distance of about two miles, the town of Dolgelle is seen to greater advantage than from most other points of view. It appears in the midst of a vale replete with pastoral beauty. The wide river Mawddach in the distance, reflects its silvery whiteness in the bosom of high and dreary mountains. The intervening space exhibits luxuriant woods, meadows, and corn-fields, intersected by the river Wnion, which serpentizes along the vale.

The road now passes over high and swampy moors, and for some miles the scenery is wild, dreary, and comfortless. The lofty Cader Idris, its summit obscured in clouds, formed the entire boundary of these wilds towards the south-west.

THE POOL OF THE THREE PEBBLES.

This is a small pool on the left of the road about five miles from Dolgelle. The Welsh call it *Llyn Trigrainwyn*. It has its name from the three huge fragments of rock that are seen by its side, which the traditions of the peasantry assert to have been what the giant Idris called three pebbles. This huge man, from whom the adjacent mountain had its name, was one day walking round his possessions in these mountains, when, says tradition, he found something had fallen into his shoe that began to hurt his foot. He pulled it off, and threw out these three pebbles, after which he experienced no further inconvenience! One of these *pebbles* is about four and twenty feet long, eighteen broad, and twelve high.—So much for tradition!

The pool is believed to be bottomless; but, though this is not the case, its depth for so small a surface of water is uncommonly great, being, as I was told, upwards of fifty fathoms.

I had not got far beyond this pool, when I found the prospect become somewhat interesting. A pleasing vale now presented itself, which incloses a pool about a mile in length, called *Llyn Mwyngil*, *The Lake of the Pleasant Retreat*. This is bounded by hills.

THE BLUE LION.

As I was anxious to ascend Cader Idris, and, although the weather had become very unfavourable, as I should lose all opportunity of doing it if I proceeded any farther at present, I stopped at the Blue Lion, a small public house, a little beyond the pool of the Three Pebbles. It had begun to rain very hard a little before my arrival, and, as it was then late in the day, I determined to remain here all night, in the hope that before morning the weather might clear up. Not having yet dined, I inquired what I could have to eat, but found, as Dr. Johnson did at Glenelg, in the Highlands of Scotland, that, "of the provisions, the negative catalogue was very copious." I could have no meat (except bad bacon), no eggs, no wine, no spirits. It was needless to inquire further into what I could *not* have, I therefore directed the good woman of the house to bring me any thing that was eatable. Bread and butter, and new ale, taken evidently from the tub in which it was fermenting, constituted therefore my principal fare at this cottage for two days. I have had occasion to remark, through both my journies, that the ale is generally drank within a few days of its being brewed, at most of the small inns in Wales. The labouring people see it taken from the tub with unconcern, and seem to relish it as much, while fermenting, as they would if it was drawn from the cask. If it has but the name of

Cwrw,

Cwrw, they consider its quality a very secondary object. How far this may be injurious to their health, I am not able to say, but the general poverty of the lowest class of the people here is so great, that it is not probable they will ever have their ale of much better quality.

The landlord of the Blue Lion, if I may dignify him with that appellation, is a schoolmaster, a guide, and a cutter of grave-stones, and to his various other qualifications, he adds a very considerable taste for—ale, as the following memoranda of my cheap living at this house will shew:

	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Two dinners (N.B. bread and butter),	1	6
Tea, supper, and breakfast, -	1	0
<i>Ale</i> , - - - - -	2	6
	<hr/>	
	5	0
	<hr/>	

This man, whose name is Edward Jones, I found somewhat too talkative, particularly on the subject of his own qualifications. I obtained from him much of the news of the neighbourhood, but little information on which I could rely respecting the country. I smiled several times at his efforts to shew off his learning and talents, these, however, in so obscure a situation, were perhaps excusable.

This house is situated by the road side, immediately under Cader Idris, and is a very convenient place from whence travellers, coming from Machynlleth,

ynlleth, may ascend that mountain. If it is not found inconvenient, on account of carriages or horses, they may go over the summit, and down the other way to Dolgelle: this they would do in nearly as short a space of time as it would require to descend again to the Blue Lion.—The bed I slept in was not a very bad one, nor was I here, though in a smaller house, so pestered with fleas, as I had before been at Beddgelert,

ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT OF CADER IDRIS.

The morning proved more favourable than I expected; and although it was still cloudy, I was determined to venture on an excursion to the summit of the mountain, under the hopes that the weather might entirely clear up before I arrived at the top. About nine o'clock, therefore, in company with my loquacious host, I commenced my expedition.

I have said that this mountain had its name from a person called Idris, supposed by tradition to have been an enormous giant. The old bardic writings, however, rather represent him great in mind than stature: in these he is said to have been a poet, an astronomer; and philosopher. He is supposed also to have been a prince of these parts; but the period is so remote, that little more than his name and talents are now to be ascertained *. *Cadair Idris*,

* He is sometimes called *Cawr Idris*, or king Idris, *Cawr* being an old Welsh word for king.

or the feat of Idris, is thought to imply that he had an observatory, or study, on the summit of the mountain. These suppositions, however, seem founded on a very uncertain basis.

There had been much rain during the night, in consequence of which the guide took me along the side of a rivulet, which flows from one of the hollows above, to see a small cataract. The torrent was thrown down the face of a steep rock in a white sheet of foam, thrice broken in its descent. It might perhaps be more properly denominated a cascade, for, although it was extremely pretty, it was on so small a scale, as to be devoid of much of the grandeur that is usual in waterfalls that boast any degree of picturesque beauty.—Above this, on the same stream, another still more small and contracted was pointed out to me. The height of the latter rock was not more than seven or eight yards, and the whole scene would have appeared very trifling, had it not been ornamented by three majestic oaks, whose branches, whilst they almost concealed the stream, added greatly to its beauty.

Crossing the rivulet, I went for a little way along its bank, and was much pleased with several other cascades that were formed in its descent. After a while I arrived in the mountain hollow, that contains the waters of

LLYN Y CAE*,

The inclosed Pool, from the west side of which rises a stupendous, black, and precipitous rock, called *Craig y Cae*, that casts a gloomy shade on every thing below it, and throws upon the water its own dismal hue. Its fullen and majestic front was enlivened only with patches of the moss saxifrage, and a few goats, that were seen skipping carelessly among its dangerous steepes. From its spiry points and deep precipices, it has assumed an appearance that somewhat resembles the age-worn front of a massy ancient cathedral. The whole of the scene, from near the edge of the pool, was truly picturesque and grand.

Whilst I was gazing at the rock, a shower of rain so smart came on, that in a short time my clothes were wet through. Soon after this the clouds rose above the lower parts of the mountain, and the highest peak alone was clouded.—The summit is called *Pen y Cader*, *The Head of the Seat*. This, like that of Snowdon, is conical, and covered with loose stones. With the utmost patience and composure, I waited on this point, enveloped in mist,

* “ Some travellers have mentioned the finding of lava, and other volcanic productions here: upon strict examination, however, we were unable to discover any thing of the kind; nor did the water of the lake appear to differ in any respect from the purest rock water, though it was tried repeatedly with the most delicate tests.” *Aikin’s Tour through North Wales*, p. 62.

for more than half an hour, when, for about ten minutes, the mountain became perfectly cleared. I had from hence a view, if not more extensive, I think more varied, than that from Snowdon. On one side the mountain formed an abrupt and deep precipice, at the bottom of which a small lake or two were lodged. The distant views were of Bala pool, and its adjacent mountains, and beyond these of the long range of Ferwyn mountains, headed by Cader Ferwyn. Towards the south lay the county of Montgomery, which, with its celebrated mountain Plinlimmon, seemed almost immediately under the eye. On the west side I had the whole curve of Cardigan Bay, from St. David's entirely round to Caernarvonshire. I had scarcely looked round, when the gathering clouds swept over me in deeper folds, and all was again hidden from my sight.

The ascent to the summit of Cader Idris is much more easy than that of Snowdon; and I am confident that from Jones's house I could attain the highest point in about two hours.—The perpendicular height of this mountain, measured from the green near Dolgelle, is but 950 yards*.—Cader Idris has three high points, the most lofty is called *Pen y Cader*; the next in height *Mynydd Moel*; and the other *Craig y Cae*.

In descending I took a direction eastward of that in which I had gone up, and proceeded along that

* Pennant, ii. 99.

part of the mountain called *Mynydd Moel*. The path in this direction is sufficiently sloping to allow a person to ride even to the summit. A gentleman, mounted on a little Welsh poney, had done this a few days before I was here.

At the bottom of a hill on the right of the road leading to Machynlleth, and about half a mile from the Blue Lion, I saw another small cataract, which, although scarcely more than seven or eight yards high, was by no means destitute of beauty. The rock is five or six times as wide at the top as it is below, which gives to the scene a very singular effect. In dry weather I should think this would be in want of water: after a heavy shower of rain it may, however, be always seen in perfection.

The road from Jones's cottage to Machynlleth is very level and good; but as I had rain nearly the whole way, and as it lies along a narrow hollow, between a series of wooded mountains, without much variety of character, even this short journey was rendered very unpleasant. The murmuring of the rivulet, which accompanied me for some miles, and here and there a picturesque cottage, seated in the woods, chiefly occupied my attention, till I had arrived within two miles of Machynlleth. Towards evening the rain ceased, the clouds dispersed, and the fine vale in which the town stands appeared exceedingly beautiful. Machynlleth is hidden from
the

the observer in this direction, by intervening mountains, till he is arrived within about a mile of it; and it is first seen on a sudden turn of the road at a little distance from the river.

MACHYNLLETH*.

I crossed the Dovey, and shortly afterwards arrived at Machynlleth, a neat, and a much more regularly built town than most in Wales. The town-hall is a plain unadorned structure; and the church (a common fault in this country) is white-washed. From the church-yard there is a pretty view along a green and meadowy vale.—Machynlleth is a place of some trade, and it has an air of greater opulence than most of the Welsh towns.

An ancient building, constructed of the thin shaly stone of this country, and now converted into stables, was pointed out to me as that in which Owen Glyndwr summoned the chieftains of Wales in the year 1402. He was here acknowledged their prince, and as such proclaimed and crowned †.

It is highly probable that this town was the site of *Maglona*, the principal Roman station in Montgomeryshire. Near Penallt, about two miles distant, there is a place called Cefyn Caer, *The Ridge of the City*, where Roman coins have frequently been

* This word implies *the place near the river Cyallaeth*, which was the ancient name for the Dovey.

† Wynne's History of Wales, 321. Carte, ii. 655.

found, and where there has once been a small circular fort*.

When on the point of setting out from Machynlleth to Llanydloes, I was informed of a lofty cataract, near a pool called Llyn Pen Rhaiadr, *The Pool at the Head of the Cataract*, about six miles distant; but, as the road lay entirely over the mountains, and I was desirous to reach Llanydloes as soon as possible, I did not take the trouble of visiting it.

If I had not (that I might confine my attention altogether to North Wales, and give to it all the time I had to spare) entered into a resolution not even to set my foot in the southern division of the principality, I should have gone from Machynlleth to

ABERYSTWYTH,

The Conflux of the Iſtwyth, distant about nineteen miles. This is now a celebrated sea-bathing place, frequented by much company.—It has the remains of a castle, founded at the commencement of the twelfth century by Gilbert Strongbow, but about two centuries afterwards rebuilt by king Edward I.

From hence I should have proceeded to an inn, about twelve miles off, called the Havod Arms, not

* Camden. Vaughan's Merionethshire, in Cam. Reg. i. 189.

far from which is the celebrated bridge called Pont ar Monach, *The Bridge over the Monach*, and by the English, *The Devil's Bridge*; and from this place I should have returned into North Wales near Llanydloes.—The excursion altogether would not have been more than fifty miles, and the twenty miles of unpleasant road betwixt Machynlleth and Llanydloes I should by this means have avoided.

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

As, however, it may be useful to some future traveller in this country, I shall transcribe the short description of the Devil's Bridge, and the deep glen over which it is built, from an interesting journey through North Wales by Mr. Aikin. It is the only account on whose accuracy I could rely*.

“ After a long, and rather tedious walk (from Aberystwyth), we came suddenly to a most singularly striking spot. The valley of the Rhydol contracts into a deep glen, the rocky banks of which are clothed with plantations, and at the bottom runs a rapid torrent. This leads soon to the spot that we were in search of, which is full of horrid sublimity. It is formed by a deep chasm, or cleft, between two rocks, which just receives light enough to discover at the bottom, through the tangled thickets, an impetuous torrent, which is soon lost

* Journal of a Tour through North Wales, and part of Shropshire. Crown 8vo. Lond. 1797.

under a lofty bridge. By descending an hundred feet, we had a clearer view of this romantic scene. Just above our heads was a double bridge, which has been thrown over the gulph; the inferior bridge was built by a monastery, and hence called Pont ar Monach; this growing to decay, and being thought infecure, another arch was thrown directly above, and resting on the ancient one, and which now supports a good road across the precipice. The water below has scooped out several deep chasms in the rock, through which it flows before it dives under the bridge. A large beech has flung its boughs horizontally over the torrent, as if to hide it from the spectator; and the whole banks of this wild spot are rough with fern, moss, and native thickets, except on one side, where a perpendicular naked slate-rock lets in the light to the inmost recesses. Having sufficiently admired this tremendous scene, we walked along the cliffs overhanging the deep glen, which receives the mingled waters of the Rhydol and Monach, whose luxuriant woods almost concealed the numerous rapids and falls occasioned by the ruggedness of its rocky bottom. After a troublesome, and rather a hazardous descent, forcing our way through the trees, and across two or three headlong little streams, we arrived at a rocky bank, a few feet above the river, commanding a fine view of the junction of the Rhydol and Monach, which seem to vie with each other in the turbulence of their waters, and the frequency of
their

their cascades. Immediately above the union of the two torrents, rises a perpendicular rock, on the crags of which we saw several kites perched; the summit of the rock is crowned with wood, equal in luxuriance to that which clothes the lofty sides of the glen."

CHAP. VII.

MACHYNLLETH TO LLANYDLOES.

*Account of the Mountain Flynlimmon. — The Source of the Severn. —
Cataract. — Llanydloes.*

THE distance from Machynlleth to Llanydloes is about twenty miles, and the road lies over a series of dreary and barren moors. The mountains here have no one character of beauty, and during my whole walk I scarcely saw a single tree. The only pleasing objects were a few patches of corn, sparingly scattered in different parts of the adjacent bottoms.—I had proceeded about five miles, when I arrived at the foot of a lofty hill, along which the road continues on an ascent for near three miles. From the top I had an ample view of all the country around me; but its beauties were very few, it seemed little more than one dismal waste of hill and vale.

Proceeding on my journey, the Montgomeryshire mountain

FLYNLIMMON

Became visible at the distance of four or five miles on the right. Its name appears to have been derived from

from Pen Lummon, *The Summit of the Beacon*, from its being so much higher than all the surrounding hills. This supposition is aided by the circumstance of its being of the utmost use to the peasantry of the adjacent country, even when the ground is covered with snow, as a known mark by which they are enabled to steer their course*.—From the various accounts that had reached me respecting this mountain, there did not appear any probable compensation for my trouble in going so far out of my road to ascend its summit, I therefore continued my route, and only passed it at a distance.—The adjacent mountains being all low, render Plynlimmon much higher in appearance than it really is: from this, and its giving birth to three noted rivers, the Severn, the Wye, and the Rhydol, it seems not improbable that it originally obtained its celebrity. In perpendicular height it is far exceeded by Snowdon, Cader Idris, and many other mountains of the principality.

THE HEAD OF THE SEVERN.

The manuscript journal of a very intelligent friend has furnished me with the following short account of

* The following are conjectures by Mr. Lewis Morris respecting the derivation of Plynlimmon.—From *Plymnwydd* a battle, and *Lluman* a standard or banner: thus making Plymnulluman. Or else from *Blaen* a corner, or the convexity of a hill, and *Llymysten*, or *Llumanes*, a kind of hawk: *Blaen Llumanes*, the point where these hawks rested. Letter of Lewis Morris to Dr. Phillips, deposited among the Plâs Gwynn MSS.

the source of this celebrated river. The Severn rises from a small spring on the south-east side of Plynlimmon, and nearly at its summit. The water issues from a rock at the bottom of a kind of large hole, whose sides are formed of peat. The ground around the edges is somewhat elevated. A stream so small issues from this place, that a child four years of age might stride across it. The water, which is of a red colour, is very unpleasant to the taste.—Those persons who wish to trace the Severn to its source, are directed to keep the right-hand stream all the way up the mountain.

In the flat country, betwixt Plynlimmon and the road, I observed a small unadorned pool called Glâs Llyn, *The Blue Pool*.

CATARACT.

Having proceeded about half-way to Llanydloes, I was directed to leave the road, and go a mile and a half south, to see a cataract called Frwd y Pennant, *The Torrent at the Head of the Vale*. The rock was nearly perpendicular, and the water, then in plenty, from the late rains, roared down its lofty front with a deafening noise. The shrubs hanging from the adjacent rocks added to its beauty. This waterfall is exceeded in height by few in North Wales.

About four miles from Llanydloes, the appearance of the country began to change, and the woody
vales

vales in front, with the little Llyn yr Avange, *Beaver's Pool*, at a distance among them, formed on the whole a pleasing scene.

LLANYDLOES.

The entrance into Llanydloes, *The Church of St. Idlos*, is over a long wooden bridge across the Severn. This was such as not to prepossess me in favour of the town. The streets are wide, but the houses are principally formed by means of timber frames, with their intermediate spaces closed with laths and mud. These in general are very irregular, and I found a greater scarcity of good houses in this place than in any of its size and consequence that I had yet visited. —The town-house is a wretched building, constructed much in the manner of the dwelling-houses.

The width of the streets of Llanydloes is (very singularly) a great inconvenience, for the inhabitants throughout the town, taking advantage of it, accumulate all their ashes and filth in great heaps before their doors. These heaps are, indeed, so large, that in a hot day the exhalation of noxious vapours from them, as I have experienced, must be an abominable nuisance to every person accustomed to cleanliness.

The town is built in the form of a cross, having the market-house nearly in the centre.—The *church* is remarkable only for having six arches, with columns surrounded by round pillars, ending in capi-

tals of palm-leaves. The inhabitants assert that these were brought, some time after the dissolution, from Cwm Hir abbey in Radnorshire.

In Llanydloes there is carried on a very considerable trade for yarn. This is manufactured into flannels, and sent to Welsh Pool for sale.

C H A P. VIII.

LLANYDLOES TO NEWTOWN.

View of the Country.—Anecdote of Edward Herbert, Esq —Newtown.—Cataract.—Castell Dolforwyn.—History of this Fortrefs.—The Story of Sabrina, and the Origin of the Severn.

ON my leaving Llanydloes, I soon began to find myself in a kind of country that plainly indicated an approach towards England. The road winds along a vale much flatter, and more highly cultivated, than any in the interior of Wales. I saw here several fields both of rye and wheat, two species of corn seldom grown in mountainous countries: the winds and storms are there so violent, that they would shake out the grain from the ears before it could ripen.—I now wandered

On the gentle Severn's sedgey bank.

The river was here but a few yards across, and it glided silently and smoothly along, reflecting brightly the green impending foliage of its banks.

Fields, lawns, hills, vallies, pastures, all appear
Clad in the varied beauties of the year.
Meand'ring waters, waving woods are seen
And cattle scatter'd in each distant green.
The curling smoke, from cottages ascends,
There towers the hill, and there the valley bends.

I passed

I passed *Llandinam*, a small village, about seven miles from Llanymdloes, which I mention only for the purpose of relating an anecdote of the valour of Edward Herbert, esq., the grandfather of the celebrated lord Herbert of Chirbury. This gentleman was a strenuous opposer of the outlaws and thieves of his time, who were in great numbers among the mountains of Montgomeryshire. In order to suppress them, he often went with his adherents to the places which they frequented. Some of them having been seen in a public house at Llandinam, Mr. Herbert, and a few of his servants, proceeded thither to apprehend them. The principal outlaw aimed an arrow at him, which struck his saddle, and stuck there. Herbert, with his sword in his hand, and with undaunted courage, galloped up to him, and took him prisoner. He pointed to the arrow, requesting the fellow to observe what he had done. "Ah! (replied the man,) had not my best bow been left behind, I should have done a greater deed than shoot your saddle." He was tried for the crime, found guilty, and hanged *."

NEWTOWN.

In Newtown, or, as it is called by the Welsh, *Tre-Newydd*, I found nothing remarkable. It is a clean, and rather neat place, and the surrounding country is fertile and pleasant.—The manuscript

* Life of lord Herbert, 5.

journal of my friend, quoted in the last chapter, contains the following memorandum respecting the church. "This building has a screen, said to have been brought from some neighbouring abbey. It may be antique, but its gilded ornaments rendered it very unsightly. There is also here a small altar piece, said to have been painted by Dyer the poet. The subject is the last supper, but it is in part a copy from Poussin, and is bad."

A glen about a mile from the town, on the right of the road leading to Builth, was pointed out to me as containing a *cataract*, and some beautiful scenery. I was, however, greatly disappointed in finding these scarcely worth notice. The face of the rock had much the appearance of a shattered wall, thrown assaunt by one end sinking into the ground. The water scarcely trickled down it, and if I might judge from the muddy pool at the foot, it very seldom descended in quantity sufficient to entitle the scene to the appellation of a cataract.

Returning to Newtown, I crossed the river, and walked along its banks about three miles and a half to

CASTELL DOLFORWYN,

The Castle of the Virgin's Meadow. The remains of this fortress are to be found on a lofty hill, on the north-west bank of the Severn, a situation that commands the whole of the adjacent country. From hence I had a lovely and extensive prospect of the
vale

vale of Severn, through which the river was seen to glide in elegant curves, blackened by its high and shady banks. The landscape was enlivened by the luxuriance of woods and meadows; and the towns and villages around lent their aid to decorate the scene.

The castle has been a four-sided building, of no great strength, about fifty yards long, and twenty-five wide; and the exterior walls appear to have been about four feet in thickness. A small part of the north wall, with some trifling remains of the interior of the building, are yet left. The south and the east walls are entirely demolished, and the other parts that are yet standing are greatly shattered.

There have been various conjectures respecting the founder of this castle. Dugdale attributes it to David ap Llewelyn, prince of North Wales, about the middle of the thirteenth century*. Stowe says it was the work of Llewelyn†; and Mr. Evans, who is now generally thought to be right, that it was indebted for its origin to Bleddyn ap Cynvyn, some time betwixt the years 1066 and 1073‡.

In the sixth year of the reign of Edward I., Bogo de Knovill was made governor; and, in the following year, the castle was granted to Roger Mortimer,

* Dugdale's *Monasticon*, ii. 223.

† *Annals*, 200.

‡ Evans's *Dissertatio de Bardis*, 92. from the *Institutiones Linguae Cymraecæ*, of John David Rhys.

earl of March, to hold to himself and his heirs on the service of a knight's fee *. His son was attainted of high treason, but afterwards, on the reversal of the attainder, it was restored to the family in the person of his grandson. By the marriage of Anne, the sister to the last earl of March, with Richard Plantagenet, earl of Cambridge, this, and some other Welsh castles, became the property of the house of York, and thence descended to the crown †.

These are all the memoranda of any importance that I have been able to collect respecting this fortress.

How it first took the name of Dolforwyn, or *The Meadow of the Virgin*, cannot now be ascertained. Circumstances would, however, induce one to suspect, that it had some allusion to the story of Habren, or Abren, the daughter of Locrine, son of Brutus, the first king of Britain, by Effyllt, a daughter of the king of Germany, whom he had taken captive in his wars against the Huns. Previously to the taking of this female he had espoused Gwendolen, a daughter of Corineus, one of the heroes who had

* Dugdale's Baronage, ii. 5. and i. 142. Stowe's Annals, 200. A *knight's fee* was defined to be such an inheritance, as would maintain a knight with convenient retinue for a year: in the time of Henry III., this was estimated at the trifling sum of fifteen pounds. By a statute passed in the reign of Edward II., it was raised to twenty, and afterwards to forty pounds. Sir Edward Coke says, that a knight's fee contained *twelve plowlands*, or six hundred and eighty acres.

† Dugdale's Baronage, i. 148.

entered the island along with Brutus from Troy. The chieftain fearing that Locrine's reported attachment to Effyllt might break off the intended marriage with his daughter, threatened with his army to compel the fulfilment of his promise. Locrine, thus circumstanced, was under the necessity of concealing Effyllt in a cavern, declaring that she had left the kingdom, and, greatly against his inclination, was married to Gwendolen. On the death of Corineus, which appears to have taken place but a short time after the nuptials, he immediately divorced Gwendolen, and acknowledged Effyllt to be his queen. When he died, Gwendolen assumed the government, and she revenged herself for the injuries she had sustained, by causing Effyllt and her daughter Abren to be cast into the river. From this circumstance, the old writers say, the stream assumed the name of Abren; which afterwards, by a slight alteration, became Sabrina, and then Severn*.

Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure,
Whilome she was the daughter of Locrine,

* This event is said to have taken place above 1000 years before the birth of Christ. The most ancient account of it extant is found in Tyfilio's History of Britain from the settlement of the Trojan colony to the reign of Cadwaladr, the last king of the Britons. This work is intitled *Brut y Brenhinoedd*; it was written about the year 60, and is the same that Geoffry of Monmouth afterwards published, but with innumerable alterations, in Latin. See also Matt. Westm. p. 20. Speed's Maps, ch. x. fol. 115., and Whitclock's Memorials from Brutus, p. 2.

That

That had the sceptre from his father Brute.
The guiltless damsel flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdame, Gwendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That stayed her flight with his cross-flowing course,
The water nymphs, that in the bottom play'd,
Held up their pearled wrists, and took her in,
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall;
Who, piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to embathe
In nectar'd leaves, strow'd with asphodel;
And through the porch and inlet of each sense,
Dropt in ambrosial oils, till she reviv'd
And underwent a quick immortal change—
Made goddesses of the river: she still retains
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs
That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make,
Which she with precious viol'd liquors heals;
For which the shepherds at their festivals
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lay,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream,
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy dafodils.
And as the old swain said, she can unlock
The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
If she be right invoked in warbled song;
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
In hard besetting need.

C H A P. IX.

NEWTOWN TO MONTGOMERY.

View near Abermule. — Montgomery. — Church. — History of the Town. — Montgomery Castle. — Sketch of its History. — Rural Scene. — Leland's Description of the Town. — The Cucking Stool, formerly in use here. — Memoranda of Lord Herbert of Chirbury.

FROM Newtown I had a fine cultivated country all the way to Montgomery. The infant Severn accompanies the road nearly half the way, in some places approaching, and in others bending from it, and hidden by intervening trees and hedges.

The few houses at Abermule, *The Conflux of the River Mule*, about five miles from Newtown, were delightfully situated on the bank of the Severn, surrounded by hills, and decorated by woods, in all the luxuriance of foliage. From hence the road gently ascends, and from the eminence a view so extensive and beautiful bursts on the sight, as to defy the utmost expression of the pencil to represent it. A vale in high cultivation is seen to extend for several miles, the Severn appearing in different parts from among the trees and meadows: The whole scene was bounded by distant hills. The descent continues still beautiful; and, near the town of Montgomery,
the

the fine ruins of its castle formed a very interesting addition to the prospect.—The road is so much elevated immediately above the town, as to afford the traveller a bird's eye view into almost every street.

MONTGOMERY,

From the neatness of its houses, seemed to me to be inhabited principally by persons of small fortune, who had settled here to lead a life of retirement. It is clean, and well built; and seems capable of affording the comforts and conveniences, without any of the bustle and noise of a large town. All the adjacent country is decorated with the most lively and luxuriant scenery.

The *church* is an elegant cruciform structure, dedicated to St. Nicholas, and contains an ancient monument, to the memory of Richard Herbert, esq. the father of the very celebrated lord Herbert of Chirbury, and his lady. The two figures are recumbent, under what has once been a magnificent and much ornamented canopy. In an adjacent corner of the church, I observed a large collection of legs, arms, heads, and trunks of other monumental figures, but all of them so much shattered, that I could make nothing out of them. On the grave-stones in the church-yard I remarked more epitaphs than I had usually seen together before. Among such a number, many were of course ridiculous.

In the year 1092, a few of the Norman barons that were settled in the Marches, were allowed to wrest all the territory they were able from the Welsh, on condition that they should hold it as tenants, *in capite*, under the crown. Roger de Montgomery, earl of Shrewsbury, entered Powisland, and took possession of this place, then called Tre-faldwyn, or *Baldwyn's Town*, from its having been built, and fortified with a castle by Baldwin, lieutenant of the Marches to William the Conqueror. The earl did homage to the king for these possessions, fortified the place afresh, and called it, after himself, Montgomery*.

MONTGOMERY CASTLE.

The castle is situated on an eminence on the north side of the town, and appears to have once been a grand and majestic building. It is, however, at present so much demolished, that it is impossible to trace its extent with any degree of accuracy. It stood on a rock precipitous on one side, and so elevated as to overlook all the immediately adjacent country. The present remains consist of a small part of a tower at the south-west angle, and a few low and shattered walls. In this tower I observed several small holes, similar to those I have mentioned as found in the walls of the Roman fort at Segontium near Caernarvon; and these served more clearly

* Powell, 152. Matt. Westm. 111. Camden, iii. 531.

to convince me that they were all originally formed for no other purpose than to rest in them horizontal poles, for the support of the scaffolding used in the erection. Some of these are near six feet deep. This fortress seems to have been defended by four fosses, cut in the rock, each of which had formerly its drawbridge.

HISTORY OF MONTGOMERY CASTLE.

I have already remarked that Tre-faldwyn, or, as it was afterwards called, Montgomery, was built and fortified with a castle during the reign of William the Conqueror, by Baldwyn, lieutenant of the Marches; and that in 1092, the place was fortified afresh as the property of Roger de Montgomery, earl of Shrewsbury. In the following year, the Welsh mustering all their force, rose in arms, seized and ransacked the castle*. William Rufus marched with an army to the relief of the English, retook and repaired the castle; but, in his encounter with the Welsh, having lost a great number both of men and horses, he was compelled to return into England to recruit his forces†. Montgomery castle was at this time believed to be the strongest fortress in Wales, and the Welsh, after William's retreat, again commenced an attack upon it. The Norman fol-

* Leland's Collectanea, ii. 314.

† Powel, 153. Matt. Paris, p. 15. Matt. Westm. 17. Holinshed, ii. 20. 23.

diers gallantly defended it for many days, but the Welsh, having found means to undermine the walls, took it by storm, and after putting the whole garrison to the sword, levelled the fortress to the ground. The English struggled ineffectually against this hardy people for near four years. At length they obtained a decisive victory. The castle was immediately rebuilt by the earl of Shrewsbury; but in little more than a century afterwards was again destroyed.

It appears that in 1221, Henry III., in order to restrain the predatory excursions of the Welsh, erected a castle at Montgomery, which he granted to his justiciary, Hubert de Burgh*.—About seven years subsequent to this period, as some of the garrison's soldiers were attempting, with the assistance of the country people, to open a road through an adjoining forest, which had long afforded to the Welsh a secure asylum; from whence issuing, they frequently murdered and plundered travellers through the country; they were on a sudden attacked by a body of the natives, who with great slaughter compelled them to seek refuge in the castle. The party then invested, and laid regular siege to it, on which Hubert de Burgh, alarmed at his situation, sent to Henry for succour, who brought an army to his aid, on the arrival of which the Welsh immediately fled†.

* Matt. Paris, 263. Matt. Westm, p. 111. Holinshed, ii. 203. Carte, i. 466.

† Powel, 284, 285. Matt. Paris, 295. Carte, ii. 357.

In the year 1231, a party of Welshmen having made an excursion into the lands adjoining the castle, they were intercepted by the English, and many were taken prisoners, and beheaded. Prince Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, in retaliation for this injury, assembling an enormous force, laid waste all the English borders. During the general consternation, Hubert de Burgh evacuated the castle; it was immediately seized by the Welsh, who set fire to and destroyed it, and shortly afterwards attacked and demolished some of the castles in South Wales*.

In a conference held at Montgomery, in the year 1268, a peace was established betwixt Llewelyn ap Griffith, then prince of North Wales, and king Henry III. That prince paid down a fine of 32,000 marks, and in return received four cantreds, or hundreds, in Wales, which during the wars he had lost †.

From an inquisition taken on the reversal of the attainder of Roger Mortimer, earl of March, in the year 1345, it appears that he had been possessed of Montgomery castle at the time of his death. It was in consequence restored to the family, and passed, with his other castles and property, by the marriage of Anne, the sister of the last earl, into the house of York, and thence to the crown ‡.

* Powel, 287. Matt. Paris, 311.

† Matthew Paris says, "*Triginta duo millia librarum sterlingorum regi concessit.*" p. 857. Matt. West. 347.

‡ Dugdale's Baronage, i. 147.—150.

This fortrefs was held by the immediate ancestors of lord Herbert of Chirbury, as stewards for the crown, and it was their principal place of residence*.

In the civil wars of the reign of Charles I., lord Herbert was made governor. On the arrival of the army of the parliament in 1644, under the command of sir Thomas Middleton, he declared himself of that party, and on treaty permitted the men to enter the castle. Not long after this transaction, lord Byron advanced with the king's forces, consisting of about four thousand men, on which Middleton was compelled to flee to Oswestry, leaving his foot-soldiers with lord Herbert to defend the castle. The royalists commenced their attack; but sir Thomas having been joined by sir John Meldrum, sir William Brereton, and sir William Fairfax, returned with about three thousand men to the relief of the place. Lord Byron brought forward his men to engage them, but, after a dreadful conflict, which lasted more than eight hours, the parliament's army obtained a complete victory. The routed troops fled towards Shrewsbury, and the pursuit was continued near twenty miles. In this battle betwixt three or four hundred of the king's party were slain, and above a thousand taken prisoners. Sir William Fairfax, major Fitzsimons, and about sixty men belonging to the parliament, were killed, and about a hundred

* Life of lord Herbert, 5.

others dreadfully wounded *.—The castle met the fate of all others, in being dismantled by order of the Commons. Lord Herbert, however, received from the parliament a satisfaction for the loss of his property †.

RURAL SCENE.

It was on a fine, serene morning in the beginning of September, that I happened to be at Montgomery; and I was so much delighted with the extensive and varied prospect from the castle, that I rested under the cool shade of one of its walls for near an hour, feasting my eyes with the lovely picture before me. The scene, which was calculated for almost Arcadian felicity, was enlivened by the busy work of harvest, and the merry carol of the reapers floated cheerily through the air. The rustic swains and damsels were all assiduously employed in gathering the yellow riches of the summer. Some were cutting, others binding; and the gleaner,

With bended shoulders traversing the field,
Followed the loaded waggons, storing up with care
every ear that fell.—I love to contemplate these
rustic fights.

Hail, therefore, patroness of health and ease,
And contemplation, heart-consoling joys,

* Rushworth, ii. part 3. p. 746, 747. Whitelock, 104.

† Life of lord Herbert.

And harmless pleasures in the throng'd
 Abode of multitudes unknown! Hail, rural life!
 Address himself who will to the pursuit
 Of honours, or emoluments, or fame;
 I shall not add myself to such a share,
 Thwart his attempts, or envy his success.

THE TOWN OF MONTGOMERY

Was formerly defended by a circumambient wall, strengthened with towers. Leland, in the sixteenth century, thus describes it: "The soyle of the ground of the towne is on mayne flaty rocke, and especially the parte of the towne hillinge toward the castell, now a late re-edified, whereby hathe been a parke. Great ruines of the waulle yet apere, and the remains of foure gates, thus called, Kedewen Gate, Chirbury Gate, Arthur's Gate, and Kerry Gate. In the waulle yet remayne broken tourets, of the which the white tower is the most notable*."

King Henry III. granted to Montgomery the privileges of a free borough.—The town is now governed by two bailiffs, and twelve burgesſes, or common-council men; and it sends one member to parliament, who is elected by the burgesſes, and returned by the bailiffs†.

CUCKING-STOOL.

In Blount's Ancient Tenures and Jocular Customs, I find that this singular instrument of justice

* Leland's Itin. vii. 16.

† Camden, ii. 780.

was once in use at Montgomery. Whenever any woman was found guilty, in the judgment of the free burgesſes of the town, of cauſing ſtrifes, fightings, defamations, or other diſturbances of the public peace, ſhe was adjudged to the goging-ſtool, or cucking-ſtool, there to ſtand, with her feet naked, and her hair diſhevelled, for ſuch a length of time as the burgesſes ſhould think proper, as a public warning to all who beheld her. This is the ſame kind of inſtrument which was uſed among the Saxons. It was called by them ſcealſing, or ſcolding ſtool, that is, a chair in which they placed ſcolding women as public examples; but, in addition to this, if the enormity of the caſe required it, this people alſo plunged them over the head in water. The engine in general conſiſted of a long beam, or rafter, that moved on a fulcrum, and extended towards the centre of a pond: at its end was fixed the ſtool, or chair, on which the offender was made to fit. It was called by the Welch Y Gadair Goch, *The Red Chair**.

* Jacob ſays of the cucking-ſtool, (tumbrellum,) that it was “an engine invented for the puniſhment of ſcolds and unquiet women, by ducking them in water, called in ancient time a Tumbrel, and ſometimes a Trebucket. In Domeſday it is called *Cathedra Stercoris*; and the Saxons deſcribed it to be *Cathedra in qua rixosæ mulieres ſedentes, aquis demergebantur*. It was anciently a puniſhment inflicted upon brewers and bakers tranſgreſſing the laws, who were thereupon in ſuch a ſtool immerged over head and ears in (*ſtercore*) ſtinking water. Some think it a corruption from ducking-ſtool, and others from choaking-ſtool, *quia hoc modo demerſæ aquis ferè ſuffocantur*.” See Jacob’s Law Dictionary.

Ye vixen dames, your neighbour's pest,
 Unless your tongues in future rest,
 Know that with all your faults, your fate
 Is the *red-chair's* degrading seat*.

MEMORANDA OF LORD HERBERT OF CHIRBURY.

This very singular and celebrated character, whose property and residence in Montgomery castle call for a mention of him in this place, was born in 1583.—During several of the first years of his life he was very puny and sickly; and he did not acquire the use of speech for so long a time, that most people supposed, if he did survive, that he would be entirely dumb. In his life, written by himself, he says he could remember that he understood what was said by others, but that he forbore to speak, *lest he should utter something improper!* One of his first questions was, he says, *how he came into the world?*

At seven years old it was thought proper that he should be taught to read, and he made so great a proficiency, that in the course of five years he had attained a competent knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages, and of logic. He was, at this early age, admitted a student in University College, Oxford. Here he obtained uncommon applause by his logical disputations, and from composing his exercises more frequently in Greek than in Latin.

* Welsh epigram of William Phylip, translated by Mr. Lloyd, the author of Beaumaris Bay.

Sir William Herbert of St. Julian's had an only daughter, to whom, on his death, he bequeathed all his possessions, on condition only, that she should marry some person of the name of Herbert. She continued unmarried till she was of age, when young Herbert, then only fifteen years old, was proposed to her. She accepted the youth for her husband, and they were united in February 1598.

He returned to Oxford with his wife and mother, took a house there, and continued his studies with assiduity. Besides classical literature, he attained a knowledge of the French, Italian, and Spanish languages, and this without any assistance. He also acquired some knowledge of music and medicine; and in the latter he pretended to cure many disorders that baffled the skill of the most able physicians: in the account of his life he enumerates several cases.

Three years after his marriage he quitted Oxford, and resided in London till he was twenty-one.—Soon after the accession of James I. he was created a knight of the bath; and he declares that he adhered strictly to the tenor of his oath of knighthood, which required him never to sit in the place where injustice should be done, but to right it to the utmost of his power; and in case of ladies or gentlemen being wronged in their honour, if they demanded his assistance, that he should give it without reserve, &c.—In this character it is that, “in one point of view we observe him, like the knight of

La Mancha, fighting with windmills, redressing the wrongs of distressed damsels, and risking his life, to wrest the top-knot of a girl but ten years of age, from the hands of a rude despoiler; whilst at other times we discern the same man devoted to a life of retirement, and with equal spirit cultivating philosophy, history, and poetry *.”—In the true spirit of knight errantry, he once personally challenged a celebrated French cavalier, in the following form: “I hear that you have a fair mistress; I will maintain that I have one more worthy, and will do as much for her sake as you will dare for yours.” The challenge was, however, too ridiculous to be accepted.

In the year 1608 he visited France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, and performed in these countries many acts of extraordinary heroism. Soon after his return he was appointed ambassador to France; and, in 1621, James I. advanced him to the dignity of a baron of the kingdom of Ireland. Ten years subsequent to this he was created an English peer, by the title of lord Herbert of Chirbury in Shropshire.

In the rebellious troubles of the reign of Charles I. he for some time espoused the royal cause, and defended his prince on every occasion with a manly spirit, but afterwards, from the weakness and division of the king's councils, he went over to the popular side, and took part with the parliament.

* Coxe's Historical Tour in Monmouthshire, 109.

He died in 1648, at the age of sixty-seven, and was interred in the chancel of the church of St. Giles in the Fields*.

In considering the character of lord Herbert, it is evident that vanity was his prevailing foible. Hence he represents himself, from his infancy, as the most extraordinary of all human beings. Common incidents he exaggerates into unprecedented events. Hence he informs us, as miraculous circumstances, that he grew the breadth of two little fingers after he was thirty years old; that he weighed lighter than other men who were both lower in stature, and more slender than himself; that he had a constant pulse in the crown of his head; and that his shirt and under garments always smelt uncommonly sweet.—As a soldier he won the esteem of the brave: as a knight his chivalry was drawn from the fairy queen. Had he been ambitious, the elegance of his figure and person would have carried him to the highest pitch of honour. He obtained particular notice from queen Elizabeth and Anne of Austria; and he received such marked attentions from Anne of Denmark, the queen of James I., as to attract public notice, and excite the jealousy of his sovereign.

* The following inscription, his own composition, is to be seen on a flat marble slab over his grave. “ Hic inhumatur corpus Edvardi Herbert, equitis balnei, baronis de Chirbury et Castle island, auctoris libri, cui titulus est, *De Veritate*. Reddor ut herbæ, vicesimo die Augusti, anno Domini, 1648.”

Lord Herbert was also remarkable for agility in all bodily exercises; in running, leaping, wrestling, and fencing, he had few equals; and he was uncommonly expert in the management of his horse, and in fighting duels on horseback. He records the following instance of having saved his life when the advantage was greatly against him.—Sir John Ayres, imagining that lord Herbert had improper connexions with his wife, made several attempts to assassinate him. He was passing Whitehall on horseback, with only two servants, when sir John, and four men, set upon him at once. In an early part of the encounter his sword was broken within a foot of the hilt, and his horse was so much wounded, that he attempted to alight. At that moment sir John rushed up, and from the horse starting against him, lord Herbert was thrown off: one of his feet hung in the stirrup, and in this situation, with only a broken sword in his hand, he had to defend himself. Sir John Ayres made several attempts to stab him, all of which he parried with the utmost dexterity, and, seizing a favourable moment, caught the knight by the legs, and brought him to the ground. One of his servants now freed his foot from the stirrup, he got up, and with the poor remains of his weapon, put himself into a posture of defence. He allowed sir John to rise, and two friends taking part with his two servants against his adversary's four adherents, he at length with his broken sword completely disarmed the knight, and beat off the other assailants.

In

In his own age lord Herbert was also justly esteemed a prodigy of learning, but in his literary pursuits we observe the same enthusiasm, affectation, and eccentricity, as were apparent in all his other actions. He was the author of several works: A life of Henry VIII.; Memoirs of his own Life; a treatise "*De Religione Gentilium, Errorumque apud eos Causis;*" and a work which he esteemed so excellent, as even to insert its title in his epitaph, "*De Veritate.*"

This nobleman is said to have been the first author who formed Deism into a system, and endeavoured to assert the sufficiency, universality, and absolute perfection of natural religion, without the necessity of any extraordinary revelation. He attempted to prove that the light of reason, and the innate principles implanted in the human mind, were sufficient to discover the great doctrines of morality, to regulate our actions, and conduct us to happiness in a future state. But at one moment he enforces the belief of a Deity in terms of the highest veneration, and inculcates the necessity of a future state, and the doctrine of rewards and punishments, and at another labours to undermine the truth of the only religion which ascertains the existence and attributes of a superintending Deity, and substantiates by moral and historical proof the certainty of future retribution.—All his positions have been ably refuted by Locke, Leland, and others.

But at the same time that he combated enthusiasm in his writings, his actions proved that he was himself an enthusiast.—When his treatise “*De Veritate*” was finished, he long doubted whether it ought to be given to the world, as, though he still considers revelation of no utility, yet this differed from all his other writings concerning the discovery of truth.

“ Being (says he) thus doubtful in my chamber, one fair day in the summer, my casement being opened towards the south, the sun shining clear, and no wind stirring, I took my books *De Veritate* in my hand, and kneeling on my knees devoutly, said these words; ‘ O thou eternal God, author of the light which now shines upon me, and giver of all *inward illuminations*, I do beseech thee of thy infinite goodness to pardon a greater request than a sinner ought to make; I am not satisfied enough whether I shall publish this book *De Veritate*: if it be for thy glory, I beseech thee give me some sign from Heaven, if not, I shall suppress it.’ I had no sooner spoken these words, than a loud, yet gentle noise, came from the heavens (for it was like nothing on earth), which did so comfort and cheer me, that I took my petition as granted, and that I had the sign I demanded. Whereupon also I resolved to print my book. This, (how strange soever it may seem,) I protest, before the eternal God, is true; neither am I any way superstitiously deceived herein, since I did not only clearly hear the noise, but, in the

sereneſt day I ever ſaw, being without all cloud, did to my thinking ſee the place from whence it came. And now I ſent my book to be printed at Paris at my own coſt and charges *.”

This blind and fooliſh conduct is warmly reproved by the late earl of Orford in his Royal and Noble Authors. “ There is no ſtronger characteriſtic of human nature, than its being open to the groſſeſt contradictions: one of lord Herbert’s chief arguments againſt revealed religion is the improbability that Heaven ſhould reveal its will to only a portion of the earth, which he terms particular religion. How could a man who doubted of partial, believe individual revelation? What vanity, to think his book of ſuch importance to the cauſe of truth, that it could extort a declaration of the divine will, which the intereſts of half mankind could not!”

The ſum of the character of lord Herbert has been thus drawn in few words. “ He ſtands in the firſt rank of the public miniſters, hiſtorians, and philoſophers of his age. It is hard to ſay whether his perſon, his underſtanding, or his courage, was the moſt extraordinary, as the fair, the learned, and the brave, held him in equal admiration. But the ſame man was wiſe and capricious; redreſſed wrongs, and quarrelled for punſtilios; hated bigotry in religion, and was himſelf a bigot in philoſophy. He expoſed himſelf to ſuch dangers as other men of

* Life of lord Herbert, p. 172.

courage would have carefully declined; and called in question the fundamentals of a religion which none had the hardiness to dispute but himself*.”

* This account of the life and character of lord Herbert is compiled principally from his Life published by himself; Coxe's Historical Tour in Monmouthshire; Pennant's Tour in Wales; Walpole's Royal and Noble Author's; and Granger's Biographical Dictionary.

CHAP. X.

MONTGOMERY TO WELSH POOL.

*Welsh Pool.—Church.—Powis Castle.—History of Powis Castle,
and Account of Powisland.*

LEAVING Montgomery, I went over a rich champagne country, about ten miles, to Welsh Pool. I passed on the left Powis castle, situated on the narrow ridge of a rock, about a mile from Pool. For three or four miles of the road this building is a striking object in the scene.

WELSH POOL

Is a large and populous place, and from its vicinity to England, it has assumed much the appearance of an English town. The houses are in general well built, and principally of brick. There is one long and handsome street, in which stands the county hall, an elegant structure, erected by subscription a few years ago. The manners of the inhabitants of this town are so completely English, that even the language of the country seems scarcely known here. An air of opulence unusual in Wales may be observed throughout the place, owing to the trade

in Welsh manufactures, which is carried on to a great extent. It is principally resorted to as a market for Welsh flannels, which are manufactured here, and in various adjacent parts of the country: from hence these are sent into England, and principally to Shrewsbury and Liverpool.—The Severn is navigable to a place called Pool Stake, within a mile of Welsh Pool, although upwards of two hundred miles from its mouth in the Bristol channel.

The *church*, apparently a modern structure, is singularly situated at the bottom of a hill, and so low, that the upper part of the church-yard is nearly on a level with its roof. This church has a chalice which was presented to it by Thomas Davies, some time governor-general of the English colonies on the western coast of Africa. It is formed of pure gold brought from Guinea, and is valued at about a hundred and seventy pounds. Notwithstanding the evidence of its inscription to the contrary, the sexton informed me, with much assurance, that this chalice had been given to the church by a transported felon, who, from industry and application during his banishment, had returned to his country the possessor of considerable wealth.—I was somewhat surprized in observing in the choir a few branches of ivy that had penetrated the roof, and were permitted to hang entwined round each other in a cylindrical form, to a length of more than eighteen feet. The neatness of the place was not in the least injured by them,

them, and I presume their singularity was the cause of their preservation.

POWIS CASTLE

Has been originally built of a reddish stone, but in order to keep the structure in repair, this has of late years been so plaistered over with a coat of red lime, that at present very little of the stone is visible. This red coating gives to the building so much the appearance of brick, that it was not till I almost touched it, that I was undeceived in supposing it such. The antique grandeur of this castle is much injured by the great number of chimnies, and by the striking and harsh contrast betwixt the walls and the modern sash windows.

The ascent to the castle is up a long and laborious flight of steps, much out of repair when I was there; and the principal entrance is a gateway betwixt two large round towers. The edifice is kept in repair as an habitable mansion, but its owner very rarely visits it. The apartments have a heavy and unpleasant appearance, from the great thickness of the walls; and the furniture is chiefly in the ancient stile of elegance. In some of the chambers the old and faded tapestry is yet left. There are, in different rooms, several portraits, chiefly of the family, the best of which are the work of Cornelius Janfon. Among them there is one of king Charles II. painted by sir Peter Lely, two of the earl of Strafford, one

of lord Herbert of Chirbury, and others of various other celebrated characters. In the gallery, which is near a hundred and twenty feet in length, there is a small collection of antiques, some of which are supposed to be valuable.

The gardens were laid out in the wretched French taste, but in 1798, when I saw them, they were greatly out of repair.

The prospects from the terrace are very extensive, this situation commanding all the beautiful and spacious country eastward, intersected by the Severn, and the Breiddin hills; with much of the cultivated and well wooded county of Salop.

HISTORY OF POWIS CASTLE.

Leland informs us that there were formerly at this place two castles included in the same walls. “Welfch Pole had (he says) two lord’s marcher’s castles within one waulle, the lord Powys, named Greye, and the lord Dudley, caullid Sutton; but now the lord Powys hath bothe in his hand. The Welfch Pole castle is in compas almost as much as a little towne. The lord Dudley’s part is almost fallen downe; the lord Powys part is meatly good*.”

Whether these castles were erected at the same, or at different times, I have not been able to learn, nor what were their distinct names. None of the writers, except Leland and Camden, mention more

* Leland’s Itinerary.

than one castle. This was anciently called *Pool Castle*, from its vicinity to Pool; and *Castell Coch*, the Red Castle, from the hue of its stone. Its name of Powis Castle, which is more modern, it seems to have obtained from its having been the principal place in that division of Wales called Powisland.

The principality of Wales was anciently divided into North Wales, South Wales, and *Powisland*. This was a tract of land which once extended, in a straight line, from the Broxton hills in Cheshire, southwards to Shrewsbury; from thence through the eastern limits of Montgomeryshire, including all that county, part of Radnorshire, and Brecknockshire; then turning northward, it comprehended part of Merionethshire, the whole of Denbighshire, except the lordships of Denbigh and Ruthin; and from thence it went towards the south-east, and included Molefdale, Hopedale, and Maelor, in Flintshire*.

This particular part of Powisland was obtained from the Welsh by Henry I., who, about the year 1110, gave it to Cadwgan ap Bleddyn ap Cynvyn, a Welshman, who had rendered himself eminent by his services and bravery. He began to erect a castle here with an intention of making this the place of his residence, but before the work was finished, he was murdered by one of his relations†. The castle

* Pennant, i. 212.

† Powel, 170.

appears to have been completed before the end of the same century ; for in 1191, on various depredations having been committed by the Welsh in the marches, Hubert, archbishop of Canterbury, in the absence of Richard I., on the crusades, hastened here, and with a powerful army besieged the castle, at that time in the hands of the Welsh. The garrison did not, however, surrender till they perceived that the besiegers had undermined their walls ; and they did this at last on honourable terms, notwithstanding the English forces being at least thrice their own number. As soon as the archbishop had obtained possession he fortified it afresh, and he left it with a very strong garrison. The Welsh, however, soon again attacked and retook it *.

It changed owners again not long afterwards, for in 1233 it was attacked and seized by prince Llewelyn ap Iorwerth †.

It descended to Llewelyn's grandson, Owen ap Griffith, and on his death to his daughter Hawys Gadarn. Four of her uncles disputed her title to the property, under the allegation that a female was incapable of inheriting. King Edward II., however, took her part ; she was married to John de Charlton, and the estates continued in their posterity for several generations.—The barony and title went afterwards to sir John Grey of Heton in Northumber-

* Powel, 248. Hovedon, 775. Stowe, 163. The two latter writers say that this event took place in 1197.

† Powel, 288.

land, by marriage with Joan the daughter of Edward lord Powys : these remained in their descendants till the reign of Henry VIII., when the title became extinct.—The estate went, by purchase, to sir Edward Herbert, the second son of William earl of Pembroke, who died in the year 1594*.

In October 1644, Powis castle was attacked and taken for the parliament by sir Thomas Middleton. Its owner, Percy lord Powys, was taken prisoner, all his estates were sequestered, and he was obliged to compound for them. During the siege the castle is said to have received much damage in its outer walls from the enemy's cannon†.

* Pennant, ii. 378. Yorke, 58.

† Whitelock, 106.

CHAP. XI.

WELSH POOL TO OSWESTRY.

The Breiddin Hills.—Llanymynech.—Llanymynech Hill, and Cavern called Ogo.—Lime Quarries.—Prospect from the Hill.—Account of Offa's Dyke.—Oswestry.—House of Industry.—Account of the Death of Oswald.—Monastery.—Churchyard's Encomium on Oswestry, and the Welsh People.—Oswestry Castle.—Account of various Disturbances in the Marches of Wales.—Siege of Oswestry Castle, and daring Attempt of a Youth, which succeeded in forcing open the Gates.—Charters and Trade.—Sketch of the History of the Welsh Marches.

ABOUT six miles from Welsh Pool I passed a groupe of three lofty mountains called the

BREIDDIN HILLS.

The highest and most conical of these has the name of *Moel y Gofa*; the second *Craig Breiddin*; and the third *Cefyn y Castell*. On one of them an obelisk was erected a few years ago, from a subscription of several of the neighbouring families, in commemoration of lord Rodney's defeat of the French fleet, under the command of the Count de Grasse.

Just before I arrived at Llanymynech, I had to cross the furious little river *Virnwy* by a ferry.

LLANYMYNECH,

The Village of the Miners, is a small white-washed village, standing on the northern bank of the *Virnwy*. Its name was evidently derived from the mines in which the neighbourhood formerly abounded, and which were worked in the adjoining hill, called *Llanymynech Hill*, even so early as the time of the Romans. Of this there are undeniable proofs. One vestige of their work is a large artificial cave, of immense length, called *Ogo*, from whence they obtained considerable quantities of copper.—The windings of this cavern are very numerous and intricate. Some years ago, two men of the parish, endeavouring to explore it, were so bewildered in its mazes, that, when they were discovered by some miners who were sent in search of them, they had thrown themselves on the ground, in despair of ever again seeing the light.—Previously to this period, some miners who were searching for copper, found in the recesses of the cavern several skeletons; and near them some culinary utensils, a fire-place, and a small hatchet. These too plainly indicated that the unfortunate wretches had for some time dragged on a life of misery in this gloomy mansion. One of the skeletons had a battle-axe by his side, and round his left wrist there was a bracelet of glass beads, like those

those druidical rings called *Gleiniau Nadroedd*, *Snake's Beads* *. About fifteen years after this first discovery, other miners found human bones, and in one instance a bone of the arm clasped by a golden bracelet. Several Roman coins of Antoninus, Faustina, and others, have also been discovered in this cavern.

The hill, besides copper, affords zinc, lead, calamine, and so much lime, as to supply the whole county of Montgomery, and great part of Shropshire. In the summer of 1795, upwards of eight

* These were glass rings, usually about half as wide as our finger rings, and generally of a greenish colour. They were invented and used by the druids as amulets, or charms. The popular opinion respecting them in Cornwall and some parts of Wales is, that they are not glass. They are believed to be produced at a certain time of the year by a number of snakes joining their heads together and hissing: the people say that a kind of bubble of a slimy substance is formed upon the head of one of them, which the rest, by continued hissing, blow on till it passes quite over the body and off at the tail, when it immediately hardens. —Another opinion prevalent in Wales is, that at that time of the year when the snakes usually cast their skins, a number of them collect together, and so entwine themselves round one, that from the rapidity of their motions, they heat and soften its scales and skin, which being thrust from its head off at the tail, soon after hardens into a solid ring. When this office has been performed to one, another undergoes the same, till they have all gone through the operation. Some of the inhabitants assert that they have seen them at work: they say that at those times their eyes appear fiery, and glisten in an extraordinary manner; and that they are so fierce as immediately to spring at any one who is unlucky enough to disturb them.

thousand

thousand tons were exported from hence to different parts of the adjacent country. About a hundred and fifty men are usually employed here during the summer in burning the lime, and about fifty in winter in breaking and raising the stone.—The lead and zinc obtained here, have of late years been conveyed by the Stourport canal to Birmingham, Macclesfield, and other places*.

From the summit of Llanymynech hill I had an extensive view over the plains towards Shrewsbury on the east; and, on the other side, of the rough and uncultivated parts of Montgomeryshire, in which I either could, or fancied I could, discern the lofty cataract called Pistyll Rhaiadr, lighted by the beams of the morning sun, and glittering like a stream of light down the black front of its rock. Below me was the Virnwy, sweeping in elegant curves along the meadows; and towards the south of the Breiddin hills, I had a view in Montgomeryshire of a series of wooded and pleasant vales.

OFFA'S DYKE.

Under the west side of this hill runs the rampart constructed by Offa, king of Mercia, for the purpose of dividing his country from Wales, called Clawdd Offa, *Offa's Dyke*. This commences from the river Wye, near Bristol, and extends along Herefordshire, Radnorshire, part of Shropshire and Denbighshire,

* Cam. Reg. i. 271, 272.

and ends near Treyddin chapel in Flintshire. From the time of its formation, till nearly the conquest, Offa's dyke was considered as the dividing line betwixt England and Wales: in 1064 a law was made by Harold, directing that if any Welshman, coming into England without licence, was taken on the English side of Offa's dyke, he should be punished with the loss of his right hand *. It has been conjectured by some of our historians that this rampart was intended to protect the kingdom of Mercia from the inroads of the Welsh. "But," says Mr. Lewis Morris, "how came the king of Mercia to build this wall across the island? There must have been other kings to join him; and it seems the Welsh were *plaguy* troublesome when there must have been a wall to separate them. But I cannot be of the common opinion, that this was a defence against the Welsh, for how soon would they have demolished a mud wall if they were such terrible creatures? If they were a parcel of poltroons, as some modern wits will infer from this silly fortification, what occasion was there for any wall against such worthless animals? Doth it not seem more likely, that upon a peace betwixt the English and British princes, this was an everlasting boundary line between the two nations, and that they all concurred in forming it †?"

* Speed's Chronicle. Gibson's Camden, 585.

† Letter of Mr. Lewis Morris to Dr. Robert Vaughan of Nannau, near Dolgelle. Cam. Reg. ii. 498.

OSWESTRY

Is a considerable market town in Shropshire, and a place that during the Saxon times was much celebrated.—A little distance from the town I passed a large and elegant brick building, a *house of industry*, erected a few years ago by the joint subscription of several of the adjacent parishes, for the use of their poor. From every present prospect, this place promises to afford greater comforts to the poor, and in time to be much less expensive to their maintainers, than if they were supported in their respective parishes.

This town was anciently called *Oswaldstre*, a name that it is said to have obtained from the following event: In the year 642, the contending armies of Oswald king of Northumberland, and Penda, the ferocious king of Mercia, met here: the former was routed, and Oswald fell on the field of battle. Penda, with unexampled barbarity, caused the breathless body of Oswald to be cut in pieces, and stuck on poles, as so many trophies of his victory. Thus the place was called *Oswald's Tree*, and some time afterwards Oswestry*.—In a manuscript account of the town written in 1635, I find the following note: “There was an old oake lately standing in Mesburie, within

* *Oswaldstre*, as a Welsh word, signifies only *Oswald's town*. Previous to the death of Oswald, this place was called *Mæser-felth*, or *Mæserfield*, in the kingdom of Mercia.

the parish of Oswestry, whereon one of king Oswald's armes hung, say the neighbours by tradition *."

Oswald had been a great benefactor to various monasteries, and his character was so much revered by the monks, that a short time after his death he was canonized; and the field in which he was slain became celebrated for the numerous miracles that were believed to have been wrought in it.

On the place of martyrdom, as the monks have termed it, a *monastery* was founded, dedicated to St. Oswald; but there are no evidences at present extant of the time either of its foundation or dissolution. In the reign of Henry VIII. no part of the building was left, for Leland, who then visited this place, says that the cloister only was standing within the memory of persons then living †.

This accurate writer likewise informs us, that when he was here, the houses of the town were principally formed of timber, and slated.—On the south-west side of the church there was, he says, a

* Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, No. 1981.

† His words are, "The church was sometime a monasterie called the White Minster. After turned to a parochie church, and the parsonage improprieate to the abbey of Shrewsbury. The cloister stood *in hominum memoria ubi monumenta monachorum.*" Itin. v. 39.—This church had also the names of Blanc Minster, Candida Ecclesia, and Album Monasterium, from which circumstance many writers have supposed it to have been situated at Whitchurch. This, however, cannot have been the case, for Leland made his inquiries on the spot, and it seems not many years after some parts of it were standing.

free school founded by a lawyer of the name of Holbech, steward of the town and lordship.—Not far from the church there was a fine spring of water, surrounded by a stone wall, (having a chapel over it,) called *Oswald's Well*. Of the origin of this well, the inhabitants had a tradition, that when Oswald was slain, an eagle tore one of the arms from the body, and making off with it, fell and perished on this spot, whence a spring of water immediately gushed up, which has remained ever since a memorial of the event.—The town was defended by walls, and was moated round, but in the walls there were no towers except those of the four gates.—This place, he says, was also principally supported by its trade in woollen cloth *.

Of the town of Oswestry, and of the Welsh people, we have a curious encomium by Churchyard :

—“ Oswestry's a pretie towne full fine,
Which may be lov'd, be likte, and prayfed both.
It stands so trim; and is maintaynd so cleane,
And peopled is, with folke that well doe meane:
That it deserves to be enrould and shrynd
In each good breast, and every manly mynd.

“ The market there, so farre exceeds withall,
As no one towne comes neare it in some sort:
For looke what may be wisht or had at call,
It is there found, as market men report.
For poultrie, fowle, of every kind somewhat,
No place can shew so much more cheape than that:
All kind of cates that countrie can afford,
For money there is bought with one bare word.

* Leland's Itin. v. 37. 38.

“ They hacke not long about the thing they sell,
 For price is knowne of each thing that is bought :
 Poor folke, God wot, in towne no longer dwell,
 Than money had, perhaps a thing of nought.
 So trudge they home, both barelegge and unshod,
 With song in Welsh, or els in prayſing God.
 O ſweete content, O merrie mind and mood,
 With ſweate of brows, thou lov’ſt to get thy food.

“ O plaine good folke, that have no craftie braines,
 O conſcience cleere, thou knowit no cunning knacks :
 O harmleſſ hearts, where feare of God remaines,
 O ſimple ſoules, as ſweete as virgin waxe.
 O happie heads, and labouring bodies bleſt,
 O fille doves of holy Abraham’s breſt :
 You ſleepe in peace, and riſe in joye and bliſſe,
 For heaven hence, for you prepared is.”

OSWESTRY CASTLE.

On an artificial mount, at the outside of the town, are the remains of this fortrefs; but they are at preſent little more than a confuſed heap of ſhattered walls and rubbiſh.

According to the Welch hiſtorians, it was founded in 1148 by Madoc ap Meredith ap Bleddyn, prince of Powis, an ally of Henry II.* The Engliſh records, however, aſſign to it a more ancient date. They inform us that it was in being before the Norman conqueſt, and that William the Conqueror, ſhortly after that event, beſtowed it on Alan, one of his Norman friends. The artificial mount on which it was placed, indicates it to have been earlier than

* Powel, 201.

the Norman æra: The Britons and Saxons gave their fortresses this species of elevation. The Normans built on the firm and natural soil, or rock; but often made use of these mounts, which they found to have been the site of a Saxon castle. This appears to have been the case with that in question*.

In the year 1214, a complaint was laid to the archbishop of Canterbury by Llewelyn ap Griffith ap Madoc, against the constable of Oswestry castle, for compelling him to put to death two young noblemen, in derogation of their birth and extraction; “which disgrace (he states) their parents would not have undergone *for three hundred pounds sterling†!*” He alleges also, that the constable had twice imprisoned sixty of his men, when each man was compelled to pay ten shillings for his liberty; and that when the Welsh people came to Oswestry fair, the constable would seize their cattle, by driving them into the castle, and refuse to make any satisfaction‡.

Two years after this the town was destroyed by order of king John, on account of Llewelyn, prince of Wales, having refused to aid him in the contentions with his barons. It experienced a similar dis-

* Pennant, i. 264.

† This is a singular valuation of parents of the lives of two children.

‡ Phillips's History of Shrewsbury, Appendix, 236.

after in the reign of Henry III., in being burned during an insurrection of the Welsh*.

In the subsequent reign, that of Edward I., Oswestry was surrounded with walls, that it might be less liable to suffer from the plundering excursions of this people.

These, however, do not appear to have altogether restrained them, for during the rebellion of Owen Glyndwr, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, it was again plundered and burnt.—Oswestry has likewise thrice suffered dreadfully by accidental fires in the space of thirty years. In 1542, two long streets were thus consumed; two years afterwards there was a fire more destructive than this; and in 1567 two hundred houses were burnt to the ground, namely, a hundred and forty within the walls, and sixty in the suburbs, in only two hours, betwixt two and four o'clock in the morning†.

The contests, robberies, and disturbances in the *marches* of Wales, appear to have been continued with little interruption till a very late period. Both Welsh and English seem to have considered every thing as lawful plunder which they could seize in each others territory. In consequence of this, the stewards, the constable, and the lieutenant of Oswestry, and Powys, entered into covenants in the year 1534, to restrain these plundering excursions.

* Powel, 287, 288.

† Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, No. 1981.

sions. It was agreed that if, after a certain day then fixed, any person of one lordship committed a felony in the other, he should be taken, and sent into the lordship where the offence was committed, to receive his punishment; and that if any goods or cattle were stolen from one lordship and conveyed into the other, the tenants, or inhabitants of that lordship, should either pay for the same within fifteen days, or otherwise four principal men should remain in bail or mainprize till they were either paid for or recovered.—Among the records of the draper's company at Shrewsbury, there is the following order: "25 Elizabeth, 1583. Ordered that no draper set out for Oswestry on Mondays before 6 o'clock, on forfeiture of 6s. 8d.; and that they wear their weapons all the way, and go in company. Not to go over the Welsh bridge before the bell toll six." William Jones, esquire, left to the company one pound six shillings and eight-pence, to be paid annually to the vicar of St. Alkmunds's church for reading prayers on Monday mornings before the drapers set out for Oswestry market.

The town of Oswestry was rendered by its walls a place of considerable strength; and during the civil wars of the reign of Charles I., it was in possession of the royalists till June 1644. It was then besieged by general Mytton and the earl of Denbigh with a force consisting of two troops of horse, and two hundred foot soldiers. These were so furious in their attack, that in the short space of an hour, and

with the loss of only one or two men, a breach in the wall was effected, by which they entered the town. The inhabitants, in consternation, fled for shelter to the castle; but an attack was immediately commenced on it by cannon. A daring youth, of the name of Cranage, was persuaded by some of the parliament's officers to fasten a *petard* * to the castle gate. Being well animated with sack, he undertook the desperate enterprize. With the engine hidden, he crept unperceived from one house to another, till he got to that next the castle, whence he sprang to the gate; he fixed his engine, set fire to it, and escaped unhurt. This, by the force of its explosion, burst open the castle gate, and the place was immediately taken. The deputy governor, four captains, and about three hundred foldiers, were made prisoners. From hence the parliament's soldiers hastened into Lancashire to other service there.

Previously to the attack, the governor pulled down the tower and part of the body of the church, which stood without the walls, lest the enemy should use them to the annoyance of the garrison †.

* A petard is an engine made of copper and brass, somewhat in the shape of a high crowned hat, about ten inches high, seven in diameter at the top, and ten at the bottom. Its use was to break down gates, barricades, drawbridges, &c. which were intended to be surprized. After being loaded with gunpowder, it was fastened to the place to be forced, and then lighted by a match, which burnt sufficiently long, before the explosion, to allow the foldier to escape.

† Whitelock, 92.

About a fortnight after its surrender, the king's forces, consisting of about three thousand foot, and fifteen hundred horse, under the command of colonel Marrow, attempted to retake this place. Intimation of their approach was immediately sent to sir Thomas Middleton, who hastening to the assistance of the garrison, attacked the king's troops, and completely routed them. After the death of the king the castle was demolished *.

Oswestry has at different times been favoured with many privileges from its lords. Its most extensive charter was however granted in the year 1406, by Thomas, earl of Arundel, at that time owner of the place. From this the inhabitants derived several advantages which they had not before enjoyed. The chief of these were, that neither the lord nor his heirs should seize on or confiscate the effects of any person in the corporation that died without making a will; and that none of the inhabitants of the lordships of Oswestry, Molverley, Kinardsley, Egerley, Ruyton, and eleven adjacent villages, at that time called the *eleven towns*, should convey cattle or goods to any other fair or market without having previously exposed them for sale in the town of Oswestry, under the penalty of six shillings and eight-pence for each offence †.

* Rushworth, part iii. vol. 2. p. 744, 745. Whitelock, 94.

† Pennant, i. 268, 269.

Till about the end of the sixteenth century there was a very considerable market at Oswestry for Welsh flannels: Shrewsbury, however, soon after this period, deprived it of the principal part of this trade.

Oswestry and its hundred, at the making of Domesday, formed a part of Wales. They were taken thence, and annexed to England in the eighth year of the reign of Edward I.

THE WELSH MARCHES.

As the place I am mentioning was one of the principal towns of the marches, and at different times suffered very greatly from that circumstance, it is proper that I should here say something of their nature and government.

It appears from various ancient documents, that after the conquest of England by the Normans, king William placed several of his Norman nobility on the confines of Wales, and gave them power to make such conquests in that country as they were able. By this piece of policy a double end was answered: those whom he had brought over into England were thus left to provide territory for themselves; and their power tended in some degree to reduce the Welsh people into subjection. The lands thus seized were holden, *in capite*, of the crown of England: several of the English nobility, who possessed property on the borders of Wales,
found

found it worth their while to aid these incursions. Such of the Welsh as had feignories or lordships here, were invited by the king to acknowledge a dependance on the crown under ample promises, and full reservation of all their rights and privileges.

All the lands rendered thus dependant on the English crown were denominated *Baronies Marchers*; and a kind of palatine jurisdiction was erected in them, with power to administer justice in the respective territories, and the king being supreme lord, wherever their own jurisdiction failed, redress was sought in the English courts of law.

This scheme was continued with considerable success for several reigns, till at length a wide strip of frontier country, extending all the way from Bristol to Chester, which formerly belonged to the Welsh, became subject, under a certain tenure, to the English crown. This tenure was, that in case of war, the lords should send to the army a certain number of their vassals; that they should garrison their respective castles, and keep the Welsh people in subjection. In return for these services, the lords seem to have had an arbitrary and most despotic power in their own domains. They had the power of life and death in their respective courts, in all cases except those of high treason.

In every frontier manor a gallows was erected, and if any Welshman passed the boundary line that was fixed between the two countries, he was immediately seized and hanged: every town within the marches had a horseman armed with a sword and spear,

ſpear, who was maintained for the expreſs purpoſe of taking theſe offenders. If any Engliſhman was caught on the Welch ſide of this line, he ſuffered a ſimilar fate from them.

The Welch people eſteemed every thing that they could ſteal from their Engliſh neighbours as lawful prize. On this account many of the latter were compelled to have their dwellings moated round, and to have palifadoes, or ſtakes, on the edge of the moat; and theſe inhabitants every night, for better ſecurity, drove their cattle within the fence. If a Welchman could but get a horſe or cow over the boundary line, he had only to cry out “my own,” to prevent the claims of his countrymen, for the horſeman could not dare to follow, leſt he ſhould be hanged.

After the conqueſt of Wales by Edward I., the baronies marchers were continued, but under regulations ſomewhat different from the former. In the reign of Edward IV. they were governed by a lord preſident, and a council, conſiſting of the chief juſtice of Cheſter, and three juſtices of the peace of Wales. In caſes of emergency, other perſons were allowed to be called in.

By a ſtatute paſſed in the reign of Henry VIII., the principality and dominion of Wales became formally annexed to the realm of England; and the ſame juriſdiction and government, and a ſimilar adminiſtration of juſtice, was adopted. All the Welch laws, and moſt of their peculiar cuſtoms and tenures,
were

were by this statute entirely abolished. By this statute also four new counties were made, Radnorshire, Brecknockshire, Montgomeryshire, and Denbighshire. The marches became annexed partly to England, and partly to these new counties of Wales. The president and council of the marches were, however, allowed to continue as before, and their general court was holden at Ludlow.

A statute, however, was passed in the year 1689, the second of William III., after the death of the earl of Macclesfield, the last lord president, by which the government of the entire principality was divided between two peers of the realm, who had the titles of lords lieutenant of North and South Wales. From this period the marches were entirely abolished*.

* Cotton MSS. in the British Museum; *Vitelius*, C. i. Phillips's Shrewsbury, note, p. 27.

CHAP. XII.

OSWESTRY TO RUABON.

Chirk. — Aqueduct. — Church. — Memoranda of Dr. Sacheverell. — Chirk Castle, and extensive View. — Anecdote respecting a whimsical Painting of Pityll Rhaiadr. — History of Chirk Castle. — Memoranda of Sir John Trevor, formerly Master of the Rolls. — Beautiful Scene at New Bridge. — Ruabon. — Church and Monuments. — Dr. David Powel.

THE village of *Chirk* is situated on the brow of a hill; and from the numerous coal-works and other undertakings in the neighbourhood, it appears to be a place of some business.

The Ellesmere canal passes within half a mile of the village, and is carried over the river and vale of *Ceiriog* by a long aqueduct.

In the *church* at *Chirk* there are several marble monuments in memory of the Middletons of *Chirk* castle: the best of these was erected for sir Thomas Middleton, one of the commanders in the army of the parliament during the civil wars.

MEMORANDA OF DR. SACHEVERELL.

This well known character, whose history affords a striking instance of the folly and madness of party,

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exalting

exalting an obscure individual, possessed but of moderate talents, to the greatest height of popularity, was inducted to the living of Chirk in 1709.

Sacheverell seems to have little talent, learning, virtue, or religion. Furious in high church principles, he courted the popular favour by impetuously, and without intermission, exerting himself in the most outrageous and inflammatory discourses against the persons then in power, and against the dissenters, in defence of the doctrines of non-resistance and passive obedience.—A sermon that he preached at St. Paul's was of such a nature as immediately to attract the attention of the public; and a short time after it was printed, upwards of 40,000 copies were circulated over the kingdom.

The clergy in general were staunch in his defence, and, to silence the rising discontent, it was thought necessary for the House of Commons to impeach the author of high crimes and misdemeanors. His trial was heard in Westminster hall, and lasted three weeks. During this time Sacheverell was every day conveyed thither in a coach, attended by the most tumultuous crowds, who all expressed the greatest concern for his cause. He was found guilty, but such was the popular fury against his enemies, that the House thought it expedient to proceed no further than merely to suspend him from preaching for three years, ordering his sermon to be publicly burnt.

It was before the expiration of this period that he was presented with the living of Chirk, for his sentence had not precluded him from taking preference. In his journey hither he was escorted through the different towns and villages on the road by such multitudes of people, and treated all the way with such magnificence, that during the progress even of our princes scarcely greater attentions have been shewn.—At Wrexham above two thousand persons, many of them of family and fortune, met and conducted him; and in his return to Oxford he was brought into Shrewsbury by nearly five thousand horsemen, besides an immense concourse of people on foot. Near Bridgenorth he was met by four thousand persons on horseback and three thousand footmen, most of them wearing in their hats white knots edged with gold, and three gilded leaves of laurel: the hedges for two miles from the town were dressed with flowers; and each of the churches was adorned with flags and colours that cost a considerable sum of money.

These attentions were highly flattering to Sacheverel; but the favour he had thus obtained at length subsided, except at those times when the populace was momentarily roused, by his inflammatory discourses, to acts of violence against the principles of justice and good government.—He died on the 25th of June 1724, persevering in the same sentiments to the last.

CHIRK

CHIRK CASTLE

Is about a mile and a half from the village. This building, like that of Powys, still retains a mixture of the castle and mansion. It stands in an open situation, on the summit of a considerable eminence, which commands an extensive view, into *seventeen* different counties. On the exterior it retains much of its primitive aspect. It is a quadrangular structure, having five towers, one at each corner, and the fifth for the gateway, in front. The entrance is into a spacious court yard, a hundred and sixty feet long, and a hundred broad; and on the east side of this there is a handsome colonade. The principal apartments are a saloon, a drawing-room, and gallery; in the latter of which there is a large collection of paintings, consisting, however, almost entirely of family portraits.

In a room adjoining to the gallery I observed a singular landscape, in which *Pistyll Rhaiadr*, the waterfall in Montgomeryshire, is represented as falling into the sea. I asked the cause of this strange impropriety, and was informed that the painter was a foreign artist; he had been employed by one of the Middletons to take a view of that cataract, and when the piece was nearly finished, it was hinted that a few *sheep*, scattered in different parts, would probably add to its beauty. The painter mistook the suggestion, and nettled that a person whom he judged ignorant of the art should presume to instruct

him, replied with considerable tartness, “ You want some *sheeps* in it? Well, well, I will put you some *sheeps* in it!” He soon dashed out the bottom of the picture, and introduced the sea, and several *sheeps*, (ships) some of which are represented as lying at anchor close to the rocks.

There is a dungeon to this castle, as deep as the walls are high: it is descended by a flight of forty-two steps.—The building is on the whole low and heavy, and wants magnitude to give consequence to its appearance.

HISTORY OF CHIRK CASTLE.

The present structure was the work of Roger Mortimer, the son of Roger, baron of Wigmore, founded on the site of a very ancient fortress called *Castell Crogen*.

John, earl of Warren, and Roger Mortimer, were appointed guardians to the two sons of Madoc ap Griffith, a strenuous partisan of Henry III. and Edward I. These villains murdered their wards, and appropriated the estates to their own use. Mortimer's share in the robbery consisted of the lands at Nan-heudwy and Chirk, which belonged to the youngest boy. At the latter of these places he found it politic to erect a place of defence. This he was suffered to enjoy with impunity till his death, which took place in the tower, after an imprisonment of four years and a half, for the commission of some other crime. The property was even suffered to
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continue in the family, and his grandson sold the castle to Richard Fitz Alan, earl of Arundel, whose son, in the seventh year of Edward III., was made governor, with a confirmation of his father's grant. The Fitz Alans possessed it for three generations, after which it passed to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, in right of his wife, the eldest sister of Thomas, earl of Arundel. On the duke's disgrace and exile in 1397, it was probably resumed by the crown; for it was afterwards granted to William Beauchamp, earl of Abergavenny, who had married the other sister of the earl of Arundel. On the marriage of the grand-daughter of this nobleman with Edward Nevil (afterwards lord Abergavenny), it was, in the reign of Henry VI., conveyed into that family. After this it became the property of sir William Stanley, and on his execution it escheated again to the crown. It was bestowed by queen Elizabeth on her favourite, Dudley, earl of Leicester, on whose death it became the property of lord St. John of Bletso, whose son sold it in 1595 to sir Thomas Middleton, knight *, in whose family it yet continues.

In the civil wars sir Thomas Middleton revolted from the parliament, and defended his castle, till one side, and three of the towers, were thrown down by the enemy's cannon. These he, however, rebuilt within twelve months, but at an expence of not less than eighty thousand pounds.

* Camden. Pennant, i. 285, 286.

MEMORANDA OF SIR JOHN TREVOR.

About a mile from the village of Chirk is Brynkinallt, the family seat of the Trevors, descendants of Tudor Trevor. This was the dwelling of Sir John Trevor, master of the rolls, and speaker of the house of commons, in the reigns of James II. and William. Being a man of considerable talents, he found means to ingratiate himself with king James, and during his reign obtained some popularity.—He was, however, too fond of money, and this was the cause of his expulsion from the house in 1695. An act was passed for creating a fund towards repayment of the debt due to the orphan charity from the city of London, and Trevor received from the city a purse of a thousand guineas, for his services in influencing the house in their favour; and it was believed that he had received from the same quarter other sums to a much greater amount, of which, however, no proof could be obtained. He would have been impeached by the House of Commons for this offence, had the parliament not been unexpectedly prorogued. He therefore escaped with no further punishment than his dismissal and disgrace.

Trevor is said, among his other qualifications, to have been an economist. Of this we have a whimsical anecdote: he one day dined by himself at the Rolls, and was drinking his wine quietly, when his cousin, Roderic Lloyd, was unexpectedly introduced to him by the side door. “You rascal, (said Trevor

to his servant), and you have brought my cousin Roderic Lloyd, esquire, prothonotary of North Wales, marshal to baron Price, and so forth, and so forth, up my *back stairs*. Take my cousin Roderic Lloyd, esquire, prothonotary of North Wales, marshal to baron Price, and so forth, and so forth; you rascal, take him instantly back, down my *back stairs*, and bring him up my *front stairs*." Roderic in vain remonstrated; and whilst he was conveying down one, and up the other stairs, his honour had removed the bottle and glasses *.

Sir John Trevor died in 1696.

About two miles from Chirk, in the road to Ruabon, I was much pleased with a view down a woody dell, in the bottom of which ran the river Dee. It was the first time that I had seen this stream surrounded by those romantic features for which it is so justly celebrated.

This scene was interesting, but at

NEW BRIDGE.

About half a mile farther on, it was greatly exceeded. Out of the road, about a hundred yards above the bridge, such a scene presented itself, that with the pencil of a Claude, I could have sketched one of the most exquisite landscapes the eye ever beheld. The river here dashed along its rugged bed, and its rocky

* Yorke's Royal Tribes, p. 109.

banks clad with wood, where every varied tint that autumn could afford added to their effect, cast a darkening shade upon the stream. With the green oak, all the different hues of the ash, the elm, and the hazel, were intermingled. Above the bridge arose a few cottages furrounded with foliage. The evening was calm, and the smoke, tinged by the setting sun, descended upon the vale, whilst the distant mountains were brightened by his beams into a fine purple. I sat down on the bank of the river, and contemplated these beauties till the declining sun had sunk beneath the horizon, and twilight had begun to steal over the landscape, and blend into one every different shade of reflection, and to cover the whole face of nature with its sober grey.—I forced myself away, and pursued my journey to Ruabon, my intended residence for the night.

RUABON

Is a village pleasingly situated on a rising ground, and has around it the residences of several persons of fortune. I spent two or three days very agreeably in this place, and in little excursions around the neighbourhood.

The *church* is a good building: it contains an organ, an instrument very unusual in Welsh churches, which was given by the late sir Watkin Williams Wynne.—At its east end I observed a table monument of marble, with the date of 1526, in memory of
of

of John ap Elis Euton, and Elizabeth Clefeley, his wife :

A tombe, it is right rich and stately made,
Where two do lye, in stone and auncient trade.
The man and wife with sumptuous solemne guise,
In this rich sort, before the aulter lies *.

His head on crest, and warlike helmet stayes,
A lion blue, on top thereof comes out :
On lion's necke along his legges he layes,
Two gauntlets white are lying there about.
An auncient squire he was, and of good race,
As by his armes appeeres in many a place :
His house and lands, not farre from thence, do shew
His birth and blood were great, right long ago †.

Besides this, there are four other marble monuments, two of which deserve particular attention. One of these is in memory of the late sir Watkin Williams Wynne, and the other of his wife, lady Henrietta Williams Wynne. The latter is represented by a beautiful figure of Hope, reclining on an urn : the inscription is on a pedestal, within a serpent with its head and tail united, expressive of eternity. If I am not deceived in the recollection, they are both the workmanship of Roubiliac.

DR. DAVID POWEL,

The Welsh historian, was instituted to this vicarage in the year 1571, and lies buried here.—He was born about the beginning of the reign of queen

* Not at present.

† Churchyard.

Elizabeth; and after he left Oxford, obtained the living of Ruabon, and was made a prebendary of St. Afaph. Thus rendered easy and independant in his circumstances, he studied with great assiduity the ancient history of Britain. For this he was well qualified by his extensive acquaintance with the Welsh and other languages.—He translated into English the History of Wales written in Welsh of Caradoc of Llanancarvan; and edited the writings of Giraldus Cambrensis, which he illustrated, and corrected by many learned and valuable notes. He died in 1590, leaving behind him a large collection of ancient manuscripts.

CHAP. XIII.

EXCURSION FROM RUABON TO BANGOR ISCOED,

Wynnstay.—Beautiful Scene at Nant y Bele.—Overton.—Conjectures on the original Planting of Yew Trees in Church Yards.—Bangor Iscoed, the oldest Monastery in Britain.—Account of Gildas Nennius, and of Tyfilio, the Authors of two very ancient Histories of Britain.

FROM Ruabon, I wandered into the grounds of sir Watkin Williams Wynne, baronet, at

WYNNSTAY.

These grounds are brought close up to the village; they are well wooded, and about eight miles in circumference. I observed here some immensely large oak, ash, and birch trees: the trunk of one of the oaks was near fifty feet in girth in the smallest part.

I ascended, by its well-staircase, to the top of a handsome, lately erected stone column, of very considerable height. I had entertained hopes that from thence I should have had a fine view of the surrounding country, but was disappointed: the prospect was sufficiently extensive, but in no degree interesting.

At

At a little distance from the column there is a tolerab'y large pool. The rivulet that supplies it is thrown over some artificial rock-work, and forms not an inelegant cascade.

The house is deficient both in elegance and uniformity, having been erected at different periods, and in different styles of architecture.—From the ancient rampart called Watt's Dyke, which passes through the grounds, this place was formerly called Wattstay : but, on the marriage of sir John Wynne with Jane, the daughter of Eytton Evans, and heiress of this property, he changed its name to Wynnstay. He inclosed the park, in the year 1678, with a stone wall for deer, and planted the avenues. Sir John died about forty years afterwards, and was buried at Ruabon. He bequeathed all his estates to his relative Watkin Williams, afterwards sir Watkin Williams Wynne, bart., the grandfather of the present owner.

This place was anciently the property and residence of Madoc ap Griffith Maelor, the potent lord of Bromfield, and founder of Valle Crucis abbey, near Llangollen.

NANT Y BELE,

The Dingle of the Martin, within the grounds of Wynnstay, is a deep and wooded hollow. The sides are precipitous and rocky; and the waters of the Dee, which roll along the bottom, are blackened by the shady banks, and for the most part concealed from

from the eye of the observer, by the thickness of the foliage. In the distant background, I observed Chirk castle, and the country around it, clad in lively colours; whilst, to the westward, I had a view of Castell Dinas Brân, crowning the summit of its steep. The whole vale of Llangollen, as far as the town, lay nearly in a straight line, and was richly varied with wood, rock, and pasture. The scene was closed in the horizon by the far distant British Alps, which bounded the sight.—From this station I proceeded along the bank of the Dee, clambering over hedges and ditches, till I found myself at Pen y Llan, the seat of Mr. Lloyd, whence I had another charming view of the country.

I returned to Ruabon, and rambled from thence to Bangor Iscoed, *Bangor under the Wood*, a village about ten miles distant. In this excursion I passed through

OVERTON,

A picturesque little village, seated on an eminence at a small distance from the Dee. Near the bridge I had another fine prospect along this romantic stream.

In the churchyard I saw several fine old *yew trees*. These, from their size and beauty, have been accounted among the wonders of Wales.—If the poems of Ossian can be considered as authority, the custom of planting yews in burying-places was adopted in a very remote period. He thus speaks
of

of two lovers:—"Here rests their dust, Cuthullin; these lonely yews sprang from their tomb, and shade them from the storm."—A short inquiry into the origin of this custom may deserve attention.

Were they planted to protect the churches from storms?

By a statute passed in the thirteenth year of Edward I., which settles the property of trees in churchyards, it is stated that trees were often planted "to defend the force of the wind from hurting the church." This remark, however, seems, by the context, only to apply to such trees as were adapted to the repairs of the church and chancel; which were therefore ordered to be cut down for no other purpose. The growth of yews is much too slow to allow us to suppose that they could be intended as any protection to the buildings; and if we could overcome this objection, we ought to find them more generally adopted, and in great numbers in each churchyard, to be rendered of extensive use.

Were they planted to furnish bow-staves?

Our ancient legislators do not appear to have ordered any plantations of yews for this purpose; although there are various laws which encourage archery, and even enter into minute particulars relative to bows and arrows. On the contrary, our old laws, although full of complaints of the scarcity and dearth of bow-staves, instead of directing the cultivation of the yew at home, oblige merchants to import materials for bows from abroad.—A statute
of

of the twelfth of Edward IV., recites that the king had perceived, by a petition from the Commons, the great scarcity and excessive price of bow-staves, whereby the practice of archery was greatly discontinued and almost lost: it is therefore ordained that "every merchant stranger, that shall convey into this land any merchandize of the city or country of Venice, or of any other city, town, or country; from whence any such bow-staves have been before this time brought, shall bring at the same time four bow-staves for every ton of such merchandize, on pain of forfeiture to the king of six shillings and eight-pence for every bow-staff short."—Another statute, of the first of Richard III., informs us, that upon the bowyers representing, that "in times past good and able stuff of bow-staves had been brought into this realm as well by English merchants as strangers, whereby the inhabitants, bowyers, might competently live upon such stuff, which they bought at 40s. the hundred, or 46s. 8d. at the most;" but which then, by the seditious confederacy of the Lombards, who frequented the ports of this realm, were at the outrageous price of eight pounds a hundred; so that in short time this realm was like to fail, as well of stuff of artillery, as of workmen thereof;—it was ordered, that no merchant of Venice, nor other which used to repair unto this realm with merchandizes of those parts, should bring into this realm any such merchandizes, unless he bring at the same time ten bow-staves, good and able stuff,

stuff, with every butt of malmsey, and with every butt of tire, on forfeiture of thirteen shillings and eight-pence for every butt of such wines, and for each bow-staff short.—Even so lately as the thirteenth year of Elizabeth, the statute of the twelfth of Edward IV. was ordered to be duly put into execution; and that all merchants strangers, using to bring wares into this realm from the eastern countries, as well as from the seventy-two Hanse towns, should thenceforth be comprized and meant under the name of such merchants as were bound by the said statutes. This act recites that archery was a singular defence of the realm, and an occasion not only of many noble victories, but a very wholesome exercise.—Thus it appears that this country ever depended on the imported bow-staves for their best and most valuable bows, which would not have been the case if our church-yards had been planted, and well stocked with yew-trees, for this purpose. On further inquiry, it appears that the English yew was of very *inferior goodness*; and our brave archers, who were the glory of the nation, and the terror of its enemies, were compelled to have recourse to foreign materials.—In the “Act for Bowyers,” of the eighth of Elizabeth, the prices of bows are thus settled:

Bows meet for men’s shooting, being *outlandish* yew, of best sort, were to bear no greater price than 6s. 8d. each.

Bows meet for men’s shooting of second sort, 3s. 4d.

Bows of a coarser sort, called livery bows, 2s.

Bows of *English* yew, 2s.

Thus

Thus we see that bows of English yew were only equal in value to the most inferior of the foreign ones; and they seem rather to have been used for domestic exercise and practice, than to be relied on for deeds of valour in the field of battle. But suppose the trees planted even for this purpose, we cannot conceive it possible that all our statutes would have been silent on the subject; and we should undoubtedly have had much more considerable remains of them than now occur.

Sir Thomas Brown, in his *Urn Burial*, says, "it may admit conjecture, whether the planting of yew trees in church-yards, had not its original from ancient *funeral rites*, or as an emblem of resurrection, from its perpetual verdure."

An intelligent writer has remarked, that in this country there was formerly a procession (as in Catholic countries there still is) on Palm Sunday, in memory of the entrance of Christ into Jerusalem, where branches of palm-trees were strewed in his way. We have authority that *palms* were borne in the procession with us till the reign of Edward VI. An old manuscript states, that in this country, from want of olive, that "berith greene leves," *palm* was used to be carried in its stead. From these intimations it is evident that something green, called *palm*, was carried in procession on Palm Sunday, which is sometimes so early in the year as the 15th of March, and never later than the 18th of April, when very few plants are in leaf: and in some church-yards in
east

east Kent the yew-trees are to this day called *palms*. It is therefore more than probable that the palms were no other than the branches of yew-trees, which are not only always green, but usually in bloom about this time; and one or two trees, the number usually found in each church-yard, would be amply sufficient for the purpose *.

Yew-trees may also have been considered emblematical of the state of mankind. The leaves having a most poisonous quality, may have been thought representative of mortality; whilst the durable foliage, and the long period through which they flourish, of two or three centuries, are not unaptly significant of immortality and eternity.

BANGOR ISCOED

Is somewhat more than two miles beyond Overton. It is situated on the banks of the Dee, which here flows under an elegant stone bridge of five arches.

This place has its chief celebrity from having been the site of the most ancient monastery in Britain, founded, as the old writers assert, by Lucius, the son of Coel, and first Christian king of Britain, somewhat prior to the year 120†. Lucius formed

* Gent. Mag. vol. 49.

† Speed's Chronicle, i. 207. According to the account left us by Rowlands, Lucius was converted to the Christian faith from the preaching of Timothy, the son of Claudia Rufina, a British female of distinction, who had been a disciple of St. Paul. Mona Antiqua, 178.

it an university, for the increase of learning, and the preservation of the Christian faith in this realm; and it produced for an age so unenlightened many learned men. It is said by some writers to have been converted into a monastery about the year 530 by Cynwyl or Congelus, who was created the first abbot *. Others say that Pelagius the monk, a native of Wales, who had studied here in his youth, after having travelled through France, Italy, Egypt, Syria, and various other countries, was made a bishop, and on his return to England converted this house †.

The monastery of Bangor was rich in manuscripts, and universally celebrated for its valuable library: and Speed states, that from its great age, and the number of its learned men, it was acknowledged to be the parent of all the other monasteries in the world.

At the arrival of Augustine, who was missioned about 596, from pope Gregory I., to convert the English Saxons to Christianity, this monastery appears to have been in a very flourishing state. There were at this time as many as 2400 monks: a hundred of these, in turns, passed one hour in devotion, so that the whole twenty-four hours of every day were employed in sacred duties ‡. Bede says there

* Jones's Welsh Bards, p. 11.

† Holinshed, i. 26. 148. Rowlands, 179. Some writers have asserted that Pelagius was never in this kingdom.

‡ Speed, i. 206.

were just so many, that being divided into seven parts, each of these contained three hundred men, which, with their proper rulers, passed their time alternately in prayer and labour*.

The monks of Bangor were dissenters from the Romish church; and, on a conference betwixt Augustine and its governors, the imperious monk demanded of them that they should keep the feast of Easter at the same time the papists did; that they should administer baptism according to the ceremonies of the church of Rome; and “preach the word of life with him and his fellows.” In other things, he said, they would be allowed to retain their ancient customs, insolently concluding, that “if they would not accept of peace with their brethren, they should receive war from their enemies, and by them, without reserve, should suffer death†.” They refused obedience to his injunctions, and resolutely maintained the original rites of their church. Shortly after this period followed the dreadful massacre of above twelve hundred of the monks by Ethelfrid, king of Northumbria, at the memorable battle of Chester. This unmanly slaughter the British annals and songs ascribe to the instigations of Augustine.

Not long after this event the monastery became neglected, and went entirely to decay. William of Malmesbury, who lived shortly after the Norman con-

* Bede, lib. ii. c. 2. p. 111—113. Holinshed, i. 15.

† Holinshed, i. 103.

quest, asserts, that even in his time, there remained only some relics of its ancient magnificence: there were, he says, so many ruined churches, and such immense heaps of rubbish, as were not elsewhere to be found *.—Leland says of it, in the reign of Henry VIII., that its site was in a fertile valley on the south side of the Dee; but that the river having since changed its course, then ran nearly through the middle of the ground on which it stood. The extent of its walls, he says, was equal to that of the walls round a town; and the two gates, the names of which had been handed down by tradition, had been half a mile asunder. Within the memory of persons then living, the bones of the monks, and pieces of their clothes, had been ploughed up, in the cultivation of the ground, as well as pieces of squared stones, and some Roman money †.

GILDAS NENNIUS,

A disciple of Elbod, bishop of North Wales, was abbot of Bangor in the seventh century. This early writer was the author of a history of the Britons in Latin, copies of which are yet extant. All the copies in the public libraries under the name of Nennius, Gildas Minor, Gildas Nennius, &c. owing to the ignorance of transcribers, are, however, said to be extremely inaccurate.—This history, with several others, was published by Dr. Gale in 1691; but his

* *Scriptores post Bedam*, 294.

† *Leland's Itin.* v. 30.

copy was very incorrect, and the notes and various readings, it is said, tend more to confound than instruct. The editor left also several parts of the work unpublished, on account of the facts there related being found in the history written by Ranulph Higden, an author five hundred years subsequent to Nennius. This was improper, and, to the character of Nennius, unjust.—Some historians have supposed that the work was commenced by Gildas, the author of the epistle “De Excidio Britanniae,” and that it was only continued by Nennius; for it is quoted under the name of Gildas by Tyfilio, and many of the English historians. In the preface Nennius declares it to be his own entire composition, from traditions, writings, and ancient British monuments, as well as from the works of foreign authors.—It appears that the name of this writer, before he became abbot, was Gildas, but on his preferment he took that of Nennius. The latter, therefore, was probably only his ecclesiastical name; and the various titles of Gildas Nennius, Gildas Minor, Gildas Sapiens, &c. appear to have been intended, by the transcribers, to distinguish his work from the works of Gildas ap Law, the North Briton. This circumstance obtained for him by Polydore Virgil, and others, the appellation of Pseudo Gildas, or *The False Gildas*, without the least apparent consideration that there might have been two ancient writers of the same name.

TYSILIO.

While I am speaking of the monastery of Bangor, and its eminent men, I ought by no means to leave this writer unnoticed. Tyfilio was a British bishop, the son of Brochwel Yfythroc, prince of Powis, and was nearly contemporary with Nennius. He was the author of a British history intitled *Brut y Brenhinoedd*, or the traditions of the British bards. It commences with the descent of the Trojan colony, and ends with the reign of Cadwaladr, the last king of the Britons. This history, about the year 1150, fell into the hands of Galfrid Arthur, or Geoffry, archdeacon of Monmouth, and afterwards bishop of St. Asaph, who translated it into Latin, inserting in his translation all the monkish fables that he could collect. In this state the work took the name of the translator, and has suffered the most violent abuse by all the English, since the time of Camden, that have written on the British history, and by various French and Dutch writers. This, however, has been done without any acquaintance with the original work in the British language, which is essentially different from the translation both in general matter, and in the statement of facts.

C H A P. XIV.

RUABON TO WREXHAM.

*Erddig.—Wrexham.—Church and Monuments.—Anecdote of Elibu
Tale.—Wrexham Fair.—Trade and Manufactures.*

I LEFT Ruabon, and proceeded on my journey towards Wrexham. In order to pass through the grounds of *Erddig*, belonging to Philip Yorke, esq.* I left the carriage-road, and went along a foot-path, over the meadows on the right. I observed considerable taste displayed at *Erddig*, but all the efforts of art are so infinitely inferior to the majestic operations of nature, which I had lately seen in so much variety, that I cannot say I derived much pleasure from these grounds.—Watt's Dyke runs through them; and not far distant is the fragment of a wall, conjectured to have been part of a Roman fort.

WREXHAM

Is a populous market town, and of such size and consequence as to have obtained the appellation of the metropolis of North Wales. The streets and

* The author of a valuable history of the Five Royal Tribes of North Wales.

buildings

buildings are in general good; and the adjacent country is so beautiful, as to have induced many families to fix their residence in its vicinity. The centre street, in which the market is held, is of considerable length, and of unusual width for an ancient town. The common hall is a large and convenient building. This place was known to our Saxon ancestors by the name of Wrightesham, or Wrightlesham. A few centuries ago it was noted as the resort of buckler, or shield makers*.

The *church* was formerly collegiate, and is yet a most elegant structure. On the exterior it is richly ornamented with gothic sculpture. The tower, which is about a hundred and forty feet in height, is particularly beautiful. On three of its sides there have been statues as large as life, of no fewer than thirty saints: two have been destroyed by falling from their niches. Miss Seward, in her verses on Wrexham, has finely expressed the elegance of this building:

Her hallow'd temple there religion shews,
That erst with beauteous majesty arose,
In ancient days, when gothic art display'd
Her fanes in airy elegance array'd,
Whose nameless charms the Dorian claims efface,
Corinthian splendor and Ionic grace.

* "Wrexham, truly called Wrightlesham, is the only market town of Welsh Maelor, having a goodly church collegiate: there longith no prebendes to it, though it be collegiated. There be sum merchauntes and good bokeler makers." *Iceland's Itin.* v. 32.

The interior of the church is plain, but exceedingly neat, being devoid of the load of ornaments common in gothic churches. It contains, among other monuments, two of the elegant workmanship of Roubiliac. One of these, having the date of 1747, was erected to the memory of Mary, the daughter of sir Richard Middleton. A female figure is represented in the act of bursting from the tomb: the countenance is truly angelic, and the mixture of surprize and admiration is so delicately, and at the same time so firmly expressed, that after gazing for some moments stedfastly on the face, I could almost have fancied it more than stone. The fainted maid,

———Amid the bursting tomb

Hears the last trumpet shrill its murky gloom,

With smile triumphant over death and time,

Lifts the rapt eye, and rears the form sublime.

Against the wall, an ancient pyramid, a building, from its solidity, calculated to resist the efforts of time, is represented as falling into ruin. The ridiculous little figure blowing the trumpet might have been omitted without any derogation from the merit of the sculpture. On the whole, however, it is so uncommonly beautiful, as to demand the admiration of every lover of the art.—The other piece of Roubiliac's performance, is a medallion containing two profile faces of the reverend Thomas Middleton, and Arabella his wife.—Nearly opposite to the former of these monuments there is a recumbent figure

of *Hugh Bellot*, of the ancient family of Morton in Cheshire. He was bishop of Bangor, was afterwards translated to the see of Chester, and died in the year 1596. Bellot was one of those divines who adhered to the monastic austerities long after both law and custom had rendered them unnecessary: during the whole of his life he would never admit a female into his family*.—There is under the belfry an antique monument, which was some years ago discovered in the ground by the workmen who dug for a foundation for the iron gates of the church-yard. The figure is of a knight in complete armour; his feet rest on some kind of animal, and round his shield there is an inscription, but this is at present illegible.

The altar-piece is a fine painting of the institution of the sacrament. It was brought from Rome, and given to the church by Elihu Yale, esq. a native of America, who went on speculation to the East Indies. Of this person, it is recorded by one of the travellers in India, that he ordered his groom to be hanged for having ridden his horse on a journey of two or three days for the sake of his health: he was tried for this crime in the English courts, and escaped with a high pecuniary punishment†. He died in London in the year 1721, but was interred in this church-yard with the following inscription on his tomb:

* Yorke, 22.

† Harris's Collection of Voyages and Travels, i. 917.

Born in America, in Europe bred,
 In Afric travelled, and in Asia wed ;
 Where long he liv'd and thriv'd—in London dead.
 Much good, some ill he did, so hope all's even,
 And that his soul through mercy's gone to Heaven !
 You that survive and read this tale, take care
 For this most certain exit to prepare,
 Where blest in peace, the actions of the just
 Smell sweet, and blossom in the silent dust.

The present church at Wrexham was finished, except the tower, before the year 1472 : the latter, from a date that there is upon it, does not seem to have been completed till about thirty-four years afterwards. In 1647, during the civil wars, this venerable building was used for some time as a prison, and several of the committee-men were confined in it by the parliament's soldiers, who had mutined for want of pay*.

At this town there is a noted annual fair, held in the month of March, which lasts nine days. This is frequented by traders from various, and even very distant parts of the kingdom. The commodities brought by the Welsh people are chiefly flannels, linen, linsley-woolsey, and horses and cattle in abundance. Traders from other parts bring Irish linen, Yorkshire and woollen cloths, and Manchester and Birmingham goods of all kinds. For the accommodation of those who have goods to sell, there are two squares, or areas, furnished with little shops or booths†.

* Whitelock, 243.

† Aikin's Manchester.

The two principal inns are the Eagles and the Red Lion, both good houses. At the former I had excellent accommodations, and experienced the most obliging treatment.

In the neighbourhood of Wrexham there are several manufactories of military instruments; and in particular a large cannon foundry not far from the town.

CHAP. XV.

EXCURSION FROM WREXHAM TO HOLT.

Village of Holt.—Castle.—History of the Castle.

FROM Wrexham I made an excursion to *Holt*, an obscure village on the west bank of the Dee, about six miles distant. This was once a market town, and a place of some consequence; and it still continues to be governed by a mayor and aldermen. The former is usually some gentleman of respectability who resides in the neighbourhood.—The town was incorporated in the year 1410, by a charter of Thomas earl of Arundel, which, however, restricts the burgessees from being Welshmen:—the charter runs in this singular form: “To the burgessees of our town, and to their heirs and successors, being *Englischmen*.” This arose, no doubt, from the hatred which the lords marchers entertained towards the Welsh people, on account of the insurrection of their hero Glyndwr, at that time scarcely suppressed*.

This place has also the name of *Lyons*. The castle was anciently called *Castrum Leonis*, which

* Pennant, i. 210.

appellation Camden conjectures to have been derived from the Roman twentieth legion having been stationed at a little distance higher up, and on the other side of the river.

The two villages of Holt and Farndon are divided only by the Dee, and have a communication by a very ancient bridge of ten arches.—All the scenery of this neighbourhood is flat and unpleasant. The Dee flows through meadows, without any of the beauty or grandeur of rocks, or foliage, that adorn its banks in the more mountainous parts of the country.

HOLT CASTLE

Was situated close to the river, and defended on three sides by a moat forty or fifty yards wide, cut out of the solid rock: the present remains consist of little else than rock, for this originally seems to have formed the first eight or ten yards of the castle. The stone used in the building appears to have been that obtained in making the moat.—The fortress consisted of five bastions, of which four were round, and the remaining one, facing the river, square. The entrance was by a drawbridge on the west side. So little of the masonry is left, that in the present state it is impossible to form any idea of its ancient strength. The site is by no means extensive; and as it stood on a piece of ground level with the town, it must have had its principal strength in the deep and perpendicular sides of its moat.

The

The lands of Holt and Chirk, in the reign of Henry III., and the commencement of the reign of Edward I. were the property of Madoc ap Griffith, a native of Wales who had espoused the English cause. On the death of Madoc, two sons were left, both of them under age; and Edward gave one of them to the guardianship of John, earl of Warren*, and the other to the care of Roger Mortimer, the son of lord Mortimer of Wigmore. To the former boy belonged the lordship of Bromfield and Yale, in which Holt stands, and the castle of Dinas Brân; and to the other the property of Chirk and Nanheudwy.—The villainous guardians, to disburthen themselves of their charge, and get possession of the estates of the children, caused them both to be murdered. Their inhumanity, so far from meeting its just reward, was freely pardoned by Edward, who came in for a share of the spoil. He confirmed to Warren the castle of Dinas Brân, and the lordship of Bromfield and Yale; to Mortimer he gave the property of Chirk; and the castle and demesnes of Caergwrle, or Hope, he reserved to himself. Warren and Mortimer immediately began to secure their possessions by erecting on them places of defence. The latter built Chirk castle, and Warren com-

* Camden is wrong in stating that John earl of Warren was guardian to "Madoc, a British prince;" as it was the son of Madoc that had been entrusted to his protection.

menced

menced this fortress, but dying soon afterwards, it was finished by his son*.

In the ninth year of Edward II., John earl Warren, the grandson of the founder, having no issue, gave this castle, with that of Dinas Brân, and the lordship of Bromfield, to the king. He was soon after divorced from his wife, and he obtained a regrant of them to himself, and Matilda de Nereford, his mistress, for life, with remainders to his illegitimate children, and their heirs. Matilda was the last survivor, and therefore at her death, in the following reign, the property reverted to the crown. It was, not long afterwards, given to Edward Fitz Alan, earl of Arundel, who had married the sister of the late owner. In this family it remained for three generations; but on the execution of Richard it appears to have been forfeited to the crown. When, in 1399, after this event, Holt castle was delivered to the duke of Hertford, there were found in it jewels to the value of two hundred thousand marks, and a hundred thousand marks in money. These had been deposited there, as a place of safe custody, by the unfortunate Richard II. previously to his expedition into Ireland†.

The estates and title were restored in the succeeding reign, and they once again escheated to the crown. Henry VII. granted them to sir William

* Gibbon's Camden, 682. Ayloff's Rotuli Walliæ, 81. Powel, 213. Carte, ii. 193. Pennant, i. 217. Yorke, 63.

† Holinshed, ii. 500.

Stanley; but on his execution resumed them, and took in this castle plate and money to the value of above forty thousand marks, which Stanley had obtained from the plunder of Bosworth Field*.

The lordship of Bromfield and Yale afterwards became the property of Henry Fitzroy, duke of Richmond, the natural son of Henry VIII.; and in the reign of Edward VI., of Thomas Seymour, brother to the protector Somerset, who formed here a magazine of military stores. On his execution it once more fell to the crown †.

During the civil wars Holt castle was garrisoned for the king, but in 1643 was seized by the parliament. It was afterwards retaken, and in February 1645-6 was again besieged by the parliament's forces. The governor, sir Richard Lloyd, defended it for more than a month with the utmost bravery, but was at length compelled to surrender. Towards the end of this year this castle, with four others, was dismantled by order of the parliament ‡.

The lordship of Bromfield and Yale is at present the property of the crown; and sir Watkin Williams Wynne, bart. is the steward.

The inhabitants of Holt contribute with those of Ruthin and Denbigh, towards sending a member to parliament.

* Fuller's Worthies of Wales, 34.

† Pennant, i. 219.

‡ Whitelock, 77. 192. 197. 231.

CHAP. XVI.

WREXHAM TO MOLD.

*Romantic Glen.—Caergwrle.—History of Caergwrle Castle.—Mold.
—Church.—History of Mold Castle.—Account of Maes Garrion,
and the “Alleluia” Victory.*

ABOUT five miles from Wrexham I passed through a romantic glen, which would have had considerable picturesque effect, if this had not been destroyed by several white-washed cottages obtruding themselves on the sight from among the trees. A little beyond this scene I passed a neat bridge of a single arch, which appeared very beautiful, accompanied by the rustic cottages overshadowed with trees on the bank of the stream.—The country I now journeyed through was somewhat mountainous; but beyond this vale it became again flat and uninteresting.

CAERGWRLE

———Comes right now to passe my pen;
With ragged waulles, yea all to rent and torne:
As though it had been never knowne to men,
Or carelesse left, as wretched thing forlorn;
Like beggar bare, as naked as my nail,
It lies along, whose wrecke doth none bewaile*.

* Churchyard's Worthines of Wales, 122.

Caergwrle, like Holt, was once a flourishing town, but it is dwindled into an insignificant village.—Its parish church is about a mile distant.

There is good reason for supposing that Caergwrle was a Roman station, probably an outpost to Deva. Camden discovered here an hypocaust, hewn out of the solid rock, six yards and a quarter long, five yards broad, and somewhat more than half a yard in height. On some of the tiles were inscribed the letters LEGIO XX., which seem to point out the founders. This is further corroborated by the name of the place. *Caer gawr lle*, *the camp of the great legion*; *Gawr lle* being the name by which the Britons distinguished the twentieth legion *.

The *castle* stood on the summit of a high rock. Its present remains are very inconsiderable; they are, however, sufficient to indicate that it could never have been a fortress of any great importance †.

The founder has not been ascertained; but from its construction it has been evidently of British origin.—In the reign of Edward I. we find it possessed by the English crown, for that monarch bestowed it, along with the lordship of Denbigh, on David, the brother to prince Llewelyn. Whilst in his hands,

* Gibson's Camden, 688. Pennant, i. 432.

† “The town of Hope, now decayed, was sumtime burgeisid and privileged, and ys caulled in Walsch Cairgorles. Ther stond yet grete waulles of a castle set on an hylle, wher be diggid good mill stones of a blue grit.” Leland's Itin. v. 38.

Roger de Clifford, justiciary of Chester, cut down the adjacent woods, and endeavoured to wrest the castle from its owner: this, however, he was prevented from doing by the timely interference of the king.—When David, in 1282, insidiously took up arms with his brother against his former benefactor, he left a garrison of some strength in the castle; but it was besieged by a division of the English army, and was shortly afterwards surrendered to them*.

In the preceding account of Holt I have remarked that Caergwrle castle was excepted from the grant which was made to John earl of Warren of the property of one of the children of Madoc ap Griffith†. Edward annexed it, with the tract of land in which it is situated, to Flintshire: it continued to form a part of this county till Henry VIII. separated, and added it to the county of Denbigh. It was, however, not long afterwards restored to its proper county.

Edward I. after the surrender of the garrison that David left in it, gave the castle to his consort, Eleanor, from whom it acquired the name of *Queen Hope*. She lodged here in her journey to Caernarvon; and either during her abode in the castle, or very shortly afterwards, it was by some accident set on fire, and burnt‡.

* Powel, 350.

† Carte, ii. 193.

‡ Camden. Yorke, 63.

In the first year of the succeeding reign, this castle and manor were granted to John de Cromwell, on condition that at his own expence he should repair the castle *.—Some years afterward they were given to sir John Stanley.

The town of Hope received its first charter from Edward the Black Prince, in the year 1351. By this charter it is directed that the constable of the castle for the time being should also be the mayor, and he was to choose annually from the burgessees two persons as bailiffs.—All the privileges which the inhabitants enjoyed from this charter were afterwards confirmed by Richard II.—Caergwrle and Hope, in conjunction with Flint, Caerwys, Rhyddlan, and Overton, send a member to parliament †.

MOLD

Is a small market town, consisting principally of one long and wide street.

The *church* is a neat building, ornamented all round the top of the outside walls with gothic carvings of animals. The body was erected in the reign of Henry VII., but the tower is of more modern date. The pillars in the interior are light and elegant, and its whole appearance was exceedingly neat. There is a good monument of Richard Davies, esq. of Llanerch, who died in the year 1728.

* Dugdale's Baronage, ii. 44.

† Pennant, i. 435.

He is represented in an upright attitude, but, unfortunately, the figure has lost its nose from an accidental stone thrown through the window.—The epitaph on Dr. William Wynne of Tower, some time fellow of All Souls college Oxford, who died in the year 1776, deserves a place here, not from its eccentricity, so much as its recording an example of an express direction against interment within the walls of the church, which ought to be generally followed:

In conformity to ancient usage;
from a proper regard to decency,
and a concern for the health of his
fellow-creatures, he was moved to give
particular directions for being buried
in the adjoining church-yard,
and not in the church.

And as he scorned flattering of others
while living, he has taken care to prevent
being flattered himself when dead,
by causing this small memorial to be
set up in his life time.

God be merciful to me a sinner.

There is also in this church an ancient cenotaph to the memory of Robert Warton, or Parfew, who was abbot of Bermondsey, but in 1536 was translated to the see of St. Asaph. He was interred at Hereford, but having been a considerable benefactor to the church of Mold, this cenotaph was erected as a grateful memorial of his beneficence.

MOLD CASTLE.

From the church-yard a lofty mount called the Bailey Hill, was pointed out to me as the site of the castle*. Of the building there are not now, I believe, the finallest remains. The hill was planted on its summit, and round the bottom, with larches, firs, and other evergreens.

The castle appears to have been founded during the reign of William Rufus, by Robert Montalt, the son of the high steward of Chester. From him the place received its name of Mont Alt, or De Monte Alto †.

In the year 1144 it was seized and demolished by Owen Gwynnedd, prince of Wales, and in little more than a century it appears to have several times changed owners. At length, in 1267, Griffith ap Gwenwynwyn wrested it from the hands of the English, and again destroyed it ‡. It was soon rebuilt, and restored to the barons of Montalt.—In 1327, the last baron having no issue, conveyed it to Isabel, the queen of Edward II., for life, with re-

* “At the north end of Byly strete, appere ditches and hilles, yn token of an auncient castel, or building there. It is now called Mont Brenebyly.” Leland’s Itin. v. 35.

† This was also applicable to the elevated situation of the castle, and was synonymous with the Welsh name *Tr Wyddgrûg*. See Dugdale’s Baronage, i. 527.

‡ Powel, 199. 326. Matt. Paris, 576. Matt. Westm. 190. Holinshed, ii. 236. Wynne, 279.

mainder to John of Eltham, a younger brother of Edward III. But on his death, without issue, it reverted with his possessions to the crown.

The lordship became some time afterwards the property of the Stanley family. The earls of Derby possessed it till the execution of James, after which it was purchased, along with the manor of Hope, by some persons whose names I have not been able to learn, who enjoyed them till the restoration. At the conclusion of the civil wars, the earl of Derby agreed to pay eleven thousand pounds for these manors; but afterwards retracting, the king ordered the former purchasers to be confirmed in their possession. The Derby family, however, by some means regained the manor of Hope, but that of Mold was lost to them for ever*.

MAES GARMON.

About a mile west of Mold, and not far from Rhual, the seat of the Griffiths, is a place which to this day retains the name of Maes Garmon, *The Field of Garmon or Germanus*. On this spot, in Easter week 448, was fought the celebrated battle between the joint forces of the Picts and Scots against the Britons, headed by the bishops Germanus and Lupus, who had about two years before been sent into this kingdom. Previously to the engagement, Germanus instructed the soldiers to attend

* Pennant, i. 426.

to the word given them by the priests on the field of battle, and to repeat it with energy through the whole army. When the forces were prepared for the critical onset, that was to decide the important fate of the day, Germanus pronounced aloud ALLELUIA! The priests repeated it thrice, and it was afterwards taken up by the voices of the whole army, till even the hills reverberated the sound. The enemy, confounded, affrighted, and trembling, fled on every side. The Britons pursued, and left few alive to relate the dismal story. Most of them fell by the sword, but many threw themselves into the adjoining river, and perished in the flood*. This victory has been called by all the historians *Victoria Alleluatica*.—A pyramidal stone column, erected on the spot in 1736 by Nathaniel Griffith, esq. of Rhual, commemorates the event in the following inscription :

Ad annum

ccccxx

Saxones Pictique bellum adversus
 Britones junctis viribus susceperunt
 In hac regione, hodieque MAES GARMON
 Appellata: cum in prælium descenditur,
 Apostolicis Britonum ducibus *Germano*
 Et *Lupo*, CHRISTUS militabat in castris;
 Alleluia tertio repetitum exclamabant,
 Hodie agmen terrore prostrernitur;

* The river is at present so very shallow, that it would scarcely drown a dog: this battle might have taken place during an overflowing of the water in consequence of heavy rains.

Triumphant
 Hostibus fufis fine fanguine;
 Palmâ fide non viribus obtentâ.

M P.

In victoriæ Alleluaticæ memoriam.

N. G.

MDCCXXXVI.

The date of this battle feems to have been mif-taken both by Mr. Griffith and Mr. Pennant, who each fix it in the year 420. Matthew of Westminster, from whose work the preceding account is extracted, fays exprefsly that it took place in 448, and that Germanus and Lupus did not arrive in this kingdom till about two years before this time*. He mentions nothing of the Saxons having any fhare in the bufinefs; nor indeed does it appear very probable that they fhould, fince their army was not introduced by Vortigern till the following year. What has been faid, that the Saxons here engaged might have been fuch as came over on fome predatory excursion, prior to the invitation of Vortigern, can have little validity when fuch evidence both direct and circumftantial is to be adduced to the contrary. The arrival of the Saxons prior to that period, feems however of much lefs importance in the proof than the arrival of the bifhops, for they evidently were not in the kingdom till twenty-fix years after the generally fupposed time of the event.

* Matt. West. 152—154. In Rymer, i. 443, it is faid to have taken place about the year 447.

C H A P. XVII.

MOLD TO RUTHIN.

Vale of Clwyd.—Llanrhaiadr.—Church.—Epitaph recording a Descent from one of the Welsh Princes.—The Well at Llanrhaiadr.—Ruthin.—Church.—Castle.—History of the Town and Castle.

FROM Mold I went again to Denbigh, in order to pursue a regular track through the remainder of North Wales to Shrewsbury, which was the place I had fixed as the termination of my pedestrian ramble, and from whence I intended to take coach immediately to London.

I was highly delighted with my walk along the vale of Clwyd, from Denbigh to Ruthin. The views all the way were of the elegant, rich, and here picturesque vale, bounded by the distant Clwydian hills. The day was peculiarly favourable to this kind of scenery; it was dark and hot, and the rolling clouds that hung heavily in the atmosphere, tinged the mountains with their sombre shade, which gave an indescribable richness to the scenes.

LLANRHAIADR.

I arrived at Llanrhaiadr, *The Village of the Cataract* *, which is situated on a small eminence in the midst of this fertile vale.

The *church* is a handsome structure, with a large and somewhat elegant east window, containing a representation of the genealogy of Christ from Jesse. The patriarch is painted as sprawling upon his back, with the genealogical tree growing from his stomach. —I was wandering carelessly about this building, when I cast my eyes on a tombstone containing the following inscription, which affords a memorable instance of the pride of ancestry which is inherent in the Welsh character :

Heare lyeth the body of
 John, ap Robert of Porth, ap
 David, ap Griffith, ap David
 Vaughan, ap Blethyn, ap
 Griffith, ap Meredith,
 ap Iorworth, ap Llewelyn,
 ap Ieroth, ap Heilin, ap
 Cowryd, ap Cadvan, ap
 Alawgwa, ap Cadell,
 the
 KING OF POWIS,
 who departed this life the
 xx day of March, in the
 year of our Lord God
 1643, and of
 his age xcv.

* This is the literal translation of the Welsh word: whence the name can have been derived I know not, as there is no cataract near the place.

About a quarter of a mile distant there is a celebrated spring called Ffynnon Dyfnog, *The Well of Dyfnog*. There was on this spot a bath, and formerly a chapel dedicated to this Welsh saint.

RUTHIN.

I proceeded on my journey, and found the scenery all the way to Ruthin, *The Red Fort*, extremely beautiful.—This place, like St. Asaph and Denbigh, is pleasantly situated on a considerable eminence nearly in the middle of the Vale of Clwyd. At a little distance behind the town, the mountains seem to close up the end of the vale. From different situations in the outskirts of the town I had several fine prospects of the adjacent country. The little river Clwyd runs through this place, and is here scarcely three yards across.—Ruthin is a large and tolerably populous town, having two markets in the week, one on Saturday for meat, and the other on Monday principally for corn. The county-gaol for Denbighshire is here: it is a neat and well-constructed building.

The *church* was originally conventual, belonging to a house of Bon-hommes, a species of Augustine monks. It was made collegiate in 1310 by John, the son of Reginald de Grey, lord of Dyffryn Clwyd, who endowed it with upwards of two hundred acres of land, granted to it many privileges, and established seven regular priests, one of whom was to serve the chapel of the garrison. In this state it probably
con-

continued till the dissolution, but neither Dugdale nor Speed have mentioned its valuation.—The apartments of the priests were joined to the church by a cloister, part of which is built up, and now serves as the mansion of the warden.—The tower is of a much later date than the rest of the building.

It is believed that there was formerly a *house of white friars* in this place: of this there is nothing left except the name.

RUTHIN CASTLE

Was situated on the north side of the town, and on no great elevation. Its present remains are a few foundations of the walls, and the fragments of a tower or two. Some parts of the building appear to have been of vast strength and thickness. The stone of which it was formed was of a brick red colour, whence the place had the name of Rhudd Ddin (or Dinas), *The Red Fort*. On the area of the castle there is at present a meadow, and in another part a five's court, and bowling-green. The walls afford a fine prospect of the vale.—The following is a description of this fortress during the sixteenth century, previously to its demolition:

This castle stands on rocke much like red bricke,
 The dykes are cut with tool through stony cragge,
 The towers are high, the walls are large and thicke,
 The worke itself would shake a subject's bagge,
 If he were bent to build the like againe.
 It rests on mount, and looks o'er wood and playne,

It hath great flore of chambers finely wrought
That tyme alone to great decay hath brought.

It shews within by double walls and wayes,
A deep device did first erect the same ;
It makes oure worlde to think on elder dayes
Because one worke was form'd in such a frame.
One tower or wauall the other answers right,
As though at call each thing should please the sight :
The rocke wrought round where every tower doth stand
Set forthe full fine by head, by heart, and hand.

The town and castle of Ruthin appear to have been founded by Reginald Grey, second son to lord Grey de Wilton, to whom Edward I. had given nearly the whole of the vale of Clwyd, as a reward for his active services against the Welsh. His posterity, who received the title of earls of Kent, resided here, till earl Richard, having dissipated his fortune by gambling, sold the whole property to king Henry VII.—From this time the castle, being unroofed, fell into decay, till, along with large revenues in the vale, it was bestowed by the bounty of queen Elizabeth, on Ambrose earl of Warwick. By him it was repaired, and again rendered tenable.

During a fair that was holden at Ruthin in the year 1400, the soldiers of Glyndwr suddenly entered the town. They set it on fire in various places, plundered the merchants, and again retired in safety to the mountains.

In the civil wars the castle was retained by the royalist party till February 1645-6: it was then attacked, and, after a siege of near two months, was surrendered to general Mytton. Colonel Mafon was made governor; but in the same year it was ordered by the parliament to be dismantled.

CHAP. XVIII.

RUTHIN TO LLANGOLLEN.

The Vale of Crucis.—The Pillar of Eliseg.—Valle Crucis Abbey. Singular Explanation of an Inscription.—Llangollen.—Llangollen Bridge and Church.—Plás Newydd, the Seat of Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby.—Castell Dinas Brán.—Craig Eglwyseg.—History of Castell Dinas Brán.—Myfanwy Vechan.—Excursion round the Vale of Llangollen.—Aqueduct near Pont y Cyffyllte.—Views.—The Inn at Llangollen.

I LEFT Ruthin early in the morning. The clouds began to collect, and a drizzly rain came on, which lasted without intermission till I arrived within four miles of Llangollen. I thus lost several probably fine views from the high mountains that form the eastern barrier of the vale of Clwyd, over which the road winds. During the greatest part of this journey I was so enveloped in clouds and mist, that I could not, literally, discern objects that were twenty yards distant from me.

VALE OF CRUCIS.

About ten miles from Ruthin I descended into this, one of the most charmingly secluded vales that our kingdom can boast, surrounded by high mountains,

tains, and abrupt rocks towering rudely into the sky. The bottoms of these were, in many places, clad with wood and verdure. In this vale are seated the venerable ruins of Llan Egwest, or Valle Crucis abbey; and from the road, at a little distance, the fine gothic west end, embowered in trees, and backed by the mountain, on whose summit stand the shattered remains of Castell Dinas Brân, form a scene finely picturesque. The adjacent precipices were enlivened by the browsing flocks, which were scattered along their sides, and by

Kites that swim sublime
In still-repeated circles, screaming loud,

whilst from below I was entertained with

The cheerful sound
Of woodland harmony, that always fills
The merry vale between.

The rugged and woody banks of the Dee, upon my proceeding onward, soon added a fresh interest to the scenery of this beautiful retreat.—The vale extends nearly to Llangollen; and at the distance of about a mile, the town, with its church and antique bridge, romantically embosomed in mountains, whose rugged summits pierced the clouds, became additional features in the landscape.

PILLAR OF ELISEG.

The vale of Crucis is indebted for its name to this cross, or pillar, which is to be found in a meadow

near the abbey; and just opposite to the second mile-stone from Llangollen *. This pillar is very ancient. It appears to have been erected upwards of a thousand years ago, in memory of Elifeg (the father of Brochwel Yscithroc, prince of Powis, who was slain at the battle of Chester in 607), by Concenn, or Congen, his great grandson. The inscription is not at present legible †. The shaft was once above twelve feet long, but having been thrown down and broken some time during the civil wars, its upper part, only about seven feet in length, was left. After these commotions it was suffered to lie neglected for more than a century. At length, in 1779, Mr. Lloyd of Trevor Hall, the owner of the property on which it now stands, caused this part of it to be raised from the rubbish with which it was covered, and placed once again on its pedestal.

VALLE CRUCIS ABBEY,

Or, as it is called by the Welsh, Llan Egwest abbey, is about a quarter of a mile from the pillar of Elifeg. It is a grand and majestic ruin, affording some elegant specimens of the ancient gothic architecture.

* Buck says the vale took its name from the circumstance of the abbey having possessed a piece of the true cross. This, we are informed, was given to Edward I., who, in return for so valuable a present, granted to the abbey several immunities. Buck's Antiquities. Matt. Westm. 371.

† Mr. Edward Lhwyd copied it when it was in a more perfect state. See Gough's Camden, ii. 582.

Mifs

Miss Seward has addressed this abbey in language finely poetical and descriptive :

Say ivy'd, Valle Crucis, time decay'd,
Dim on the brink of Deva's wandering flood,
Your riv'd arch glimmering thro' the tangled glade,
Your gay hills towering o'er your night of wood,
Deep in the vales's recesses as you stand,
And desolately great the rising sigh command.

There are still remaining of the church the east and west ends, and the south transept. In the west end there is an arched door-way, that has been highly and very beautifully ornamented : over this, in a round arch, there have been three lancet windows ; and above these a circular, or marigold one, with eight divisions. The east end, from its stile of architecture, appears of higher antiquity than the other ; and its three long, narrow, and pointed windows, give it a heavy appearance. The cloister on the south side, which a century ago was only a shell, is now converted into a dwelling-house, the residence of the person who farms the adjacent land. Three rows of groined arches, on single round pillars, support the dormitory, which is now a loft for containing corn, approached by steps from without. The floors are here so thick, from their being arched beneath, that when the doors are shut, and the threshers are at work, even in that part directly over the present kitchen, they cannot be heard below.—Part of a chimney in one of the bed-chambers is a relic of a sepulchral monument.—The ornaments

to the pillars and arches are of free-stone, and many of them are perfectly fresh and beautiful. The area of the church is overgrown with tall ash-trees, which hide from the sight some parts of the ruin, but contribute greatly to its picturesque beauty.

I doe love these auncient ruynes,
 We never tread upon them but we set
 Oure foote upon some reverend historic;
 And questionless here, in this open courte
 (Which now lies naked to the injuries
 Of stormy weather) some men lye interred
 Who lov'd the church so well and gave so largely to't,
 They thought it should have canopied their bones
 Till dombesday: but all things have their end;
 Churches and cities (which have diseases like to men)
 Must have like death that we have.

This sober shade
 Lets fall a serious gloom upon the mind
 That checks but not appals. Such are the haunts
 Religion loves, a meek and humble maid,
 Whose tender eye bears not the blaze of day.

Valle Crucis was a house of Cistercian monks, dedicated to the virgin mother. It was indebted for its foundation, about the year 1200, to Madoc ap Griffith, a prince of Powis, who, after various successes, and acquiring much booty by the reduction and ruin of English castles, dedicated a portion of his plunder to the service of religion! He was interred here. At the dissolution the revenues appear to have amounted to about two hundred pounds *per annum* *.

* Powel, 255.—293. Tanner. Yorke, 57.

I shall conclude my account with a singular passage from Mr. Grose's work on the Antiquities of Great Britain. It contains the explanation by Mr. Griffiths of the Navy Office, of an inscription found on the ruins, and is as good a specimen of antiquarian *ipse dixit* as I have ever met with:

“ Most of these houses were founded by an injunction from the popes, by way of penance, upon some great lords of those times, for what the holy church judged infringements on her prerogative; or for some crime which those fathers of the church knew full well how to avail themselves of.—Taking the matter in this light, and from the Welsh name of the place, the inscription upon the ruins will be intelligible. The characters are maso-gothic, and franco-theotiscan mixt.—MD H OO HR BMSPOF aē hə aPO u S ÷ PRO BHQV OES CM G RQO.—The first double letters I take to be MAD, or Madocus; H. hoc; OO. monasterium; HR. honori; B. beatæ; M. Mariæ; S. sanctæ; P. pœnitens; OE. Ædificavit; ac, et; h @. hoc; aP. appropriavit; Ou S. opus; PRO. pro; B. bono; HQV. hospitioque; OES. ejusdem; CM. centum marcas; GR. gratis; Q. quoque; O. ordinavit.—In English, *Madoc, a penitent, erected this monastery to the honour of the blessed and holy Virgin, and appropriated for this work, and for the better maintenance thereof, an hundred marks, which he freely settled on them!*”

LLANGOLLEN.

From these elegant and beautiful scenes I wandered into the dirty, ill built, and disagreeable town of Llangollen. The streets are narrow, and all the houses are built of the dark shaly stone so common in North Wales. The situation of this place is, however, truly delightful to the admirer of nature: it stands on rocks that overlook the Dee, and is surrounded by high and bold mountains.

The *bridge*, which consists of five narrow and pointed arches, was originally erected about the middle of the fourteenth century, by John Trevor, bishop of St. Asaph. It is built on the rock, and in a place where it would almost seem impossible to fix a foundation sufficiently firm to withstand the furious rapidity of the current, which has worn the shelving masses to a black and glossy polish. During late years it has undergone considerable repairs.

In the *church* I found nothing deserving of attention. The name of the patron saint, who has left behind him a legend worthy even of the Koran, is pretty enough, and of no great length! *Collen, ap Gwynawc, ap Clydawc, ap Cowrda, ap Caradawc Freichpas, ap Llyr Meirim, ap Einion Urth, ap Cunedda Wledig* *!—From the church-yard, the lofty mountains, on one of which stands Castell Dinas Brân, and the woody banks of the Dee, whose

* Bonnedd y Saint. Welsh Archeology, ii. 52.

rapid stream winds along the valley, form a scene by no means inelegant.

PLAS NEWYDD.

About a quarter of a mile south of Llangollen is Plâs Newydd, the charming retreat of lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, which, however, has of late years been probably too much intruded upon by the curiosity of the multitudes of tourists who every summer visit Llangollen. Lady Eleanor Butler was, I am informed, the youngest sister of the late, and is consequently aunt to the present earl of Ormond.—Miss Ponsonby is the grand-daughter of general Ponsonby, who was slain in the battle of Fontenoy. Her father, Mr. Chambre Ponsonby, married Miss Louisa Lyons, a most elegant and accomplished woman, the second daughter of captain John Lyons, clerk of the council in Dublin. This lady lived but a few years after her marriage, and left the present Miss Ponsonby, her only child.—These two females, delighted with the scenery around Llangollen, when it was little known to the rest of the world, sought here a philosophical retirement from the frivolities of fashionable life, erected a dwelling that commands a fine mountain prospect, and have resided here ever since.

CASTELL DINAS BRAN

Is situated on a high, and somewhat conical hill, about a mile from Llangollen. This hill is so very steep on all sides, towards the summit, as to render the walk to the castle not a little fatiguing.—The building has been about a hundred yards long, and fifty in breadth; and it formerly occupied the whole crown of the mountain. From its extremely elevated situation it must have been a place of vast strength. On the side which is least steep it was defended by trenches cut through the solid rock. The present remains consist of nothing more than a few shattered walls. The views from hence on every side are very grand. Towards the east I could look along the whole vale of Llangollen, through which the Dee was seen to foam over its bed of rocks; and, beyond the vale, I could see all the flat and highly cultivated country that extended for many miles. Just beneath me lay the town of Llangollen. Towards the west I overlooked the vale of Crucis, and the mountains beyond it were all exposed, their dark sides agreeably varied with wood and meadow. On the north-west I was much struck with the singular appearance of a vast rock called Craig Eglwyseg, *The Eagle's Rock*, from a tradition that formerly a pair of eagles had their nest, or aëry, here. Leland has mistaken this rock for that on which the castle stands, where he says, “there bredith every yere an egle. And the egle doth forely

forely assault hym that destroyeth the nest; going downe in one basket, and having another over his hedde, to defend the fore stripes of the egle." For upwards of a mile this rock lies stratum upon stratum, in such a direction as to form a kind of horizontal steps, denominated by naturalists *saxa sedilia*.—The inhabitants of Llangollen assert, that in one part of the rock there is an opening, whence a long arched passage leads to the foundation of the castle. The latter part of this assertion is evidently false from the situation of the building; and I could scarcely even credit the report of a cavern in the rock, for, though such is generally believed to exist, I was not able on frequent inquiry either to find any person who had himself seen it, nor could any one point out its situation to enable me to examine it.

HISTORY OF CASTELL DINAS BRAN.

This fortress, from the stile of its architecture, was evidently the work of the Britons. It is supposed by some writers to have been founded by Brennus, the Gaulic general, who is reputed to have come into this country to contend with his brother Belinus. The similarity of names seems, however, the only foundation for the conjecture, and the most accurate historians believe it to have originated at a much later period.—The mountain river Brân runs at the foot of the hill, but whether the fortress derived its name from the stream, or the stream from

from the fortrefs, would be no eafy matter to decide at the prefent day: Mr. Edward Lhwyd, a juftly celebrated antiquary, who lived upwards of a century ago, confiders the former to have been the cafe.

Castell Dinas Brân was the principal refidence of the lords of Yale, and probably was founded by one of them.—In the reign of Henry III., Grifith ap Madoc refided here. He had married the daughter of James lord Audley, by which his affections were alienated from his own country; and he took part with the Englifh againft the Welch prince. This induced a perfecution, which compelled him to feek for fecurity in this aërial retreat, and confine himfelf to the walls of his caftle. The Welch writers fay that grief and fhame, not long afterwards, put an end to his life*.—His fon poffeffed the property; and, after his death, the guardianship of his two children was given by Edward I. to John earl of Warren, and Roger Mortimer. In the account of Holt caftle, I have ftated that the iniquitous guardians caufed the boys to be murdered, and then feized the eftates to their own ufe. Castell Dinas Brân was part of Warren's fhare in the plunder†.

In the ninth year of Edward II., the grandfon of the earl of Warren having no iffue, furrendered this and other fortrefles to the king. Being, how-

* Powel, 194, Pennant, i. 216. 297.

† Gibson's Camden, 682.

ever, afterwards separated from his wife, he obtained a regrant of the estates to himself, and his mistress, Matilda de Nereford, for life, with remainder to their children. Matilda was the last survivor, and therefore on her death, in the thirty-third year of Edward III., they reverted to the crown.—Not long afterwards they were given to Edward Fitz Alan, earl of Arundel; and from him they seem to have followed the succession of the lords of Bromfield*.

In 1390, Castell Dinas Brân was the habitation of Myfanwy Vechan, a very beautiful and accomplished female, a descendant of the house of Tudor Trevor. She was beloved by Howel ap Einion Lygliw, a Welsh bard, who addressed to her an ode full of sweetness and beauty†:

'Mid the gay towers on steep Din's Branna's cone,
Her Hoel's breast the fair Myfanwy fires,
Oh! harp of Cambria, never hast thou known
Notes more mellifluent floating o'er the wires,
Than when thy bard this brighter Laura sung,
And with his ill-farr'd love Llangollen's echoes rung.

Thus consecrate to love in ages flown,
Long ages fled, Din's Branna's ruins shew,
Bleak as they stand upon their steepy cone,
The crown and contrast of the vale below,
That screen'd by mural rocks with pride displays
Beauty's romantic pomp in every sylvan maze.

At what period this castle was demolished, we have no information. Churchyard, who visited it

* See the account of Holt castle.

† Pennant, i. 298.

in the sixteenth century, calls it "an old and ruynous thing *."

VALE OF LLANGOLLEN.

In order that I might see the beauties of the vale of Llangollen to as great an advantage as possible, I determined to walk round it. This led me through a circuit of about eleven miles.—I crossed Llangollen bridge, and went along the road leading to Ruabon and Wrexham, on the north side of the river. The scenery in this direction was pretty, but from the lowness of the road it had nothing particularly interesting. The most beautiful prospects were those that I had by looking back towards the town. In these the castle, from its great elevation, formed a very conspicuous feature; and in many places the Dee added considerable beauty to the scene.—I passed Trevor Hall, the family seat of the Lloyds, seated on an eminence above the road.

I had proceeded somewhat more than four miles when I turned to the right, along a road which led over the Dee at Pont y Cyffyllte. Near this bridge I saw the columns of the famous *aqueduct* formed for conveying the water over the river Dee and the vale of Llangollen. At the time I was here there were eleven erected: they were of stone, and square, and the two that stood in the bed of the river were each about a hundred and twenty feet high. From a tablet on one of them I copied the following in-

* Worthines of Wales, 127.

scription, which will sufficiently explain the nature of the undertaking :

The Nobility and Gentry of
the adjacent counties
having united, their efforts with
the great commercial interest of this country,
in creating an intercourse and union, between
England and North Wales,
by a navigable communication of the three rivers,
Severn, Dee, and Mersey,
for the mutual benefit of agriculture and trade,
caused the first stone of this aqueduct of
Pont Cyfyllty,
to be laid, on the 25th day of July, MDCCXCV.
when Richard Middleton of Chirk, Esquire, M.P.
one of the original patrons of the
Ellesmere Canal,
was Lord of this manor,
and in the reign of our sovereign
GEORGE THE THIRD,
when the equity of the laws and
the security of property,
promoted the general welfare of the nation,
while the arts and sciences flourished
by his patronage, and
the conduct of civil life, was improved
by his example.

I returned to Llangollen by the Ofwestry road on the south side of the river. This is considerably elevated above the bottom of the vale, and from hence all the surrounding objects are seen to great advantage. From these steep banks the Dee's transparent stream is seen to wind in elegant curves, along

the wooded meadows beneath. The mountains on the opposite side of the vale are finely varied in shape and tints ; and Trevor Hall, seated on its eminence, embosomed in woods, lent its aid to decorate the scene. From hence Castell Dinas Brân, and its conical hill, seem to close up the end of the vale, and imperiously to hold in subjection all the surrounding country. This sylvan vale, justly celebrated for its numerous beauties, affords many picturesque and highly romantic scenes.

The Hand is the only tolerably good *inn* in Llangollen, but in summer I have more than once found it very unpleasant, from the crowd of travellers that are constantly passing on the great roads to and from Ireland, and from the number of Welsh tourists that visit Llangollen. I never yet heard any one say that he received either civility, or good accommodation, at this house : I have often heard, and I have experienced the contrary.

CHAP. XIX.

LLANGOLLEN TO CORWEN.

*The Vale of the Dee.—Llandysilio Hall.—Extensive Prospect.—
Memoranda of Owen Glyndwr. — Corwen.—Church.—Pictureque
Scene.—Cefyn Creini.—Excursion to Glynn Bridge.*

ALL the country betwixt Llangollen and Corwen is exceedingly beautiful. The road, for about a mile, extends along the picturesque vale of Crucis, which, through its whole length, is adorned with woods, and in many places enlivened by neat little cottages peeping from among the trees.—I had not passed this vale far before I entered *the valley of the Dee*, Glyn Dyfrdwy, celebrated as, some centuries ago, the property of the Welsh hero, Owen Glyndwr. The mountains are high, and their features bold and prominent. From the winding of the river, and the turnings of the vale, almost every step presented a new landscape.

I passed Llandysilio hall, the family seat of the Jones's, seated on a woody flat, near the opposite edge of the Dee. From its situation in the bosom of the mountains, it is secluded from the world, but there is so much elegance around it, that it appeared to me a charming retreat.—This Tyfilio, to whom
the

the parish church is dedicated, and from whom the hall takes its name, was a Welsh saint, and held in such veneration, that no fewer than six churches have been dedicated to him. He was the son of a prince of Powis, and the writer of the most ancient history of Britain now extant.

Looking back upon the country I had left, I saw Castell Dinas Brân, and its accompanying rock, Craig Eglwyseg, at the head of the vale. The latter forms from hence a very conspicuous object.

About half a mile beyond Llandyfilio, I clambered to the top of a lofty hill on the left of the road. I was considerably deceived in its height. I fancied that it extended no higher than the ridge visible from the road; but I had no sooner attained this, than I had another eminence before me: I persevered, and found two others equally high beyond this.

From the summit of this eminence I had a view of the whole vale and its various windings, with its still more serpentizing river, immediately beneath me. Castell Dinas Brân was very evidently lower than my present station. I could carry my eye along the entire vale of Llangollen, and over the flat country for many miles beyond, to the far distant mountains on the verge of the horizon.

I descended to the road, and continued my journey.—Beyond the fourth mile-stone, the vale began

to

to change its appearance. The road, instead of winding amongst mountains, now lay in a direct line.

About three miles farther on, an oak wood on the left, and a small clump of firs on an eminence on the right of the road, mark the place near which the palace of “the wild and irregular” Owen Glyndwr once stood. There are at present no other remains of it than a few scattered heaps of stones. Iolo Goch, Owen’s bard, about the year 1390, wrote a poem containing a description of this palace. He says it was surrounded by a moat filled with water, and that the entrance was by a costly gate over a bridge. The stile seems to have been of gothic architecture, for he compares one of the towers to a part of Westminster abbey. It was a Neapolitan building, containing eighteen apartments, “a fair *timber* structure, on the summit of a green hill.”

MEMORANDA OF OWEN GLYNDWR.

This celebrated hero, whose actions make so conspicuous a figure in the English history at the commencement of the fifteenth century, was the son of Griffith Vychan, a descendant of Meredith, prince of North Wales. He received a liberal education; and when of proper age, was admitted a student in one of our inns of court, and was afterwards regularly called to the bar. It is probable that he soon quitted the profession of the law, and adopted that of arms, which, as it afterwards proved, was much

more congenial with his disposition. He warmly espoused the cause of Richard II., to whom he was sincerely attached. He adhered to his royal master till the last, having been taken prisoner with him in Flint castle ; and when the king's household was dissolved, retired to his patrimony in Wales, with full resentment of his sovereign's wrongs. It appears that during the reign of Richard II. he had received the honour of knighthood, for in a legal process of that period, he is styled sir Owen de Glendore.

He married a daughter of sir David Hanmer, of Hanmer in Flintshire, one of the justices of the court of King's Bench ; and had by her several children.

In the beginning of the reign of Henry IV. Reginald lord Grey, of Ruthin, taking advantage of the deposal of Richard, and Glyndwr's attachment to his cause, wrested from him a considerable part of his possessions. Glyndwr applied to the parliament for redress, but in vain. His ambitious spirit, conspiring with a sense of his wrongs, and a detestation for the usurper Bolingbroke, determined him to throw off, if possible, the English yoke, and to obtain by force the government of Wales. He revolved in his mind his own genealogy, a descendant from the ancient British princes : his superstitious notions attached to himself many of the prophecies of Merlin, and other bards of former years. These, with the dreadful omens that he believed had taken place at his birth, confirmed him in the opinion that he was destined

to be the redeemer of his country from the tyranny and oppression of the English throne. Shakspeare puts a finely descriptive speech into the character of Glyndwr :

At my birth

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes ;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds,
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields :
These signs have marked me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my life do shew,
I am not in the roll of common men.

He first appeared in arms in the year 1400 ; and commenced his warlike career, by attacking his chief enemy, lord Grey. He was so far successful as to take this nobleman prisoner ; and he compelled him to marry one of his daughters. By this success his estates were recovered. Glyndwr now meditated, and soon afterwards performed more extensive exploits. Aided by the inaccessible mountains of Wales, and soldiers on whose valour he had the utmost reliance, he set at defiance the whole power of England. After a series of engagements which lasted more than twelve years, he proved himself so formidable an enemy to Henry IV. that at length the English monarch thought it politic to make him an offer of accommodation. Death, however, prevented him from accepting it. He died in September 1415, as it is supposed, at the house of one of his daughters at Monnington in Herefordshire ; and he probably was buried at that place, but there is

no memorial whatever of the spot where his body was deposited.

Superstition seems to have been a reigning folly with Glyndwr during the whole of his life. This, together with his own wonderful exploits, and the desire of infusing terror into the minds of his foes, seems to have been the cause of his declaring himself skilled in magic.

Where is he living—clipp'd in with the sea,
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,
Which calls me pupil, or has read to me?
And bring him out that is but woman's son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
Or hold me pace in deep experiments. —
I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

In his general character, Glyndwr appears to have been bold, spirited, and ambitious; but, from his strong and unaffected attachment to the unfortunate Richard, every one must esteem him as having been a faithful friend, who had dared to follow his master's fortunes to the last. His spirit of revenge led him too often to acts of cruelty towards his captured enemies, and even towards those of his countrymen who did not shew themselves active in his cause. His chief bard, Griffith Llwyd, speaks in high terms of his valour:

Loud fame has told thy gallant deeds,
In every word a Saxon bleeds,
'Terror and flight together came,
Obedient to thy mighty name:

Death

Death in the van with ample stride,
Hewed thee a passage deep and wide ;
Stubborn as steel thy nervous chest
A more than mortal's strength possess'd.

The monkish writers, all of whom were under the influence of his enemies, assert, that Glyndwr ended his days in the utmost misery : that, outcast from society, he wandered from place to place, disguised in the garb of a shepherd, and in a most low and abject condition : that he was forced to shelter himself even in caverns and desert places from the fury of his enemies. But it is evident that if his situation had been thus deplorable, the English monarch would never have condescended to propose terms to such a scourge as Glyndwr had proved himself to his kingdom.—The Welsh chieftain died unsubdued*.

For two miles before I arrived at Corwen the vale had completely changed its aspect. It was here destitute of wood, and the low and verdant mountains were cultivated nearly to their summits. The river Dee had assumed a placid form, and glided silently and smoothly within its flat and meadowy banks.

* Mr. Pennant, in his *Tour in North Wales*, p. 325—392, has given a very long and detailed account of the actions of this celebrated character. From this account, corroborated by the old historians, the preceding character has been principally drawn.

CORWEN,

The White Choir, is a disagreeable little town, with a white-washed church. Its situation is under a rock at the foot of the Berwyn mountains.—It is a place much resorted to by anglers, who come here for the advantage of fishing in the Dee, which abounds in salmon, trout, and various other species of esculent fish.

The church contains an ancient monument to the memory of Iorwerth Sulien, one of the vicars. In the church-yard there is an apparently very old square stone pillar, that has once had much carved work upon it, but from the effects of time and weather, this is now nearly obliterated.—There is also, joining upon the church-yard, an alms-house, founded in 1709 by William Eyton, esq. of Plâs Warren, in Shropshire, for the use of six clergy, men's widows of Merionethshire.

A mill on a stream at the back of the inn I found a picturesque object; and some of the cottages near it are rude, and singularly built. The young artist would find here a good study or two.

Corwen is celebrated as having been a place of rendezvous to the Welsh forces under their prince Owen Gwynedd; who from hence, in 1165, put an end to the invasion of Henry II. *

* Cam. Reg. i. 192.

CEFYN CREINI.

Near the summit of a hill on the opposite side of the river, called Cefyn Creini, *The Mountain of Worship*, there is a vast circle of loose stones, which bears the appearance of having once been a British fortification. This is called Caer Drewyn and Y Caer Wen, *The White Fort*. It is near half a mile in circumference, but the walls are at present in such a state, that at a distance they appear like huge heaps of stones piled round the circumference of a circle. Owen Gwynedd is believed to have occupied this post, whilst Henry II. had his men encamped among the Berwyn mountains, on the opposite side of the vale. It is also related that Owen Glyndwr made use of this place in his occasional retreats.—The whole circle is perfectly visible from the road leading to Llanrwst, at the distance of about two miles from the town.

GLYNN BRIDGE.

From Corwen I made an excursion of six miles to Pont y Glynn, *The Bridge of the Glen*, on the road leading to Llanrwst. The scenery along the whole walk had numerous beauties; but from one situation I had an uncommonly fine view along the beautiful vale of Edeirnion, bounded by the lofty Berwyn mountains, and adorned with the most pleasing cultivation.—The woody glen, at the head of which stands Pont

y Glynn, with its prominent rocks, nearly obscured by the surrounding foliage, after a while presented itself; and then, almost in a moment, on a sudden turn of the road, appeared the bridge, thrown over the chasm. Beneath it was the rugged and precipitous bed of the river, where, amongst immense masses and huge fragments of rock, the stream foamed with the most violent impetuosity. The transition to this romantic scene was so momentary, as to seem almost the effect of magic. The cataract is not very lofty, but from its being directly under the bridge, where the foam and spray was seen dashing among the dark opposing rocks, and having the addition of pendant foliage from each side, a scene was formed altogether finely picturesque and elegant. The bridge rests on two nearly perpendicular rocks, and appears to be at least fifty feet above the bed of the stream.—The view from thence down the hollow was grand and tremendous.

CHAP. XX.

CORWEN TO BALA.

The Vale of Edeirnion.—The Waterfall at Cynwyd.—Llanderfel.—Account of the Image of Derfel Gadarn, and the Superstitions of the Welsh People.—Execution of Friar Forest, and the singular Completion of a Prophecy.—Memoranda of the Welsh Bard Llywarch Hên.—Bala.—Bala Lake.—Account of a Fish called Gwyniadd found here.—Dreadful Overflowings.—Excursion round the Lake.—The Phenomenon called by the Welsh Dear-dor.—An Adventure of Two Gentlemen at Llanwchllyn.—Castell Corndochon.—Caer Gai.—The River Dee.

THE distance from Corwen to Bala, along the usual road, is about eleven miles ; but as there was another that for some miles accompanied the Dee, I was induced to prefer it. This road, as I had imagined from my map, extended along the *vale of Edeirnion*, which I had so much admired in my late ramble to Glynn Bridge. I found it so bad, as in some places to be nearly impassable. From its very low situation I had few opportunities of seeing the elegancies of the vale ; but whenever the road passed over an eminence, I found much to admire.

WATERFALL OF CYNWYD.

At the village of Cynwyd, *The Source of Mischief*, (probably so called in consequence of the courts which formerly were held there by the great men of the neighbourhood, to settle the boundaries of the adjacent commons, and to take cognizance of encroachments *,) I left the road about half a mile, and proceeded along a deep glen that led me to Rhaiadr Cynwyd, *The Waterfall of Cynwyd*. The water dashed from precipice to precipice, among the wood and rocks, in the wildest and most romantic manner imaginable. The scene was so varied from the confusion of the water foaming in every direction, and partly hidden by the shrubs and trees growing on the ledges of the rocks, that the pen cannot describe it with justice, and even the efforts of the pencil could only give a faint conception of its elegance. Many detached parts of it afford excellent studies to the admirers of picturesque beauty.

I resumed my journey, passed Llandrillo, *The Church of St. Trillo*; and afterwards crossing the river, arrived at *Llanderfel*, another small village, whose church is dedicated to a British saint, called

* Pennant, ii. 72.

DERFEL GADARN.

The church once contained a vast wooden image of this, its patron saint, which was formerly held in such superstitious veneration, that people from very distant parts made pilgrimages to it, and on these occasions offered not only money, but sometimes even horses or cattle. The Welsh people believed that Derfel Gadarn had the power of once rescuing each of his votaries from the torments of hell. On the 5th of April 1537, the festival day of this saint, no fewer than betwixt five and six hundred persons, some of them from a great distance, came to Llanderfel to make the accustomed offerings.—The letter from Elis Price, commissary-general of the diocese of St. Asaph, to Cromwell the vicar-general, of which the following is a copy, was the first cause of this very lucrative antique being destroyed, to the great displeasure, no doubt, of the monks, who rioted in the produce of its coffers :

“ Right honorable, and my syngular good lorde and mayster, all circumstauncys and thankes sett aside pleasithe yt yowre good lordeshipe to be aduised that where I was constitute and made by yowre honorable desire and commaundmente comissarie generall of the dyocese of Saynte Asaph, I haue done my diligens and dutie for the expulsinge and takynge awaye of certen abusions supersticions and ipocryses usid withyn the saide dyocese of Saynte Asaph accordynge to the kynges honorable rules and injunctions therein made, that notwithstandinge, there ys an image of *Darvell Gadarn* withyn the saide dyocese in whom the people have so greate confidence hope and truste that they come daylye a pilgrimage

gramage unto hym some withe kyne, other withe oxen or horsis, and the reste withe money in so muche that there was fyve or fyxe hundrethe pillgrames to a mans estimacon that offered to the faide image the fifte daie of this presente monethe of Aprill; the innocente people hathe ben fore aluryd and entisid to worshipe the faide image in so muche that there is a comyn saynge as yet amongist them that who so ever will offer anie thinge to the faide image of Darvell Gadarn, he hathe power to fatche hym or them that so offers once oute of hell when they be dampned. Therefore for the reformacon and amendmente of the premis I wolde gladlie knowe by this berer youre honorable pleasure and will, as knowithe God; who euer preferue your lordeshipe longe in welth and honor.—Written in Northe Wales the vi. day of this presente Aprill (1537).—Your bedeman and dayelie orator by dutie.

“ELIS PRICE*.”

The Welsh people had extant a prophesy concerning this image, that it should “make a *forest* blaze,” and in the ensuing year an opportunity occurred not only of depriving them of the cause of their superstition, but even of completing the prophesy, in a manner, however, that they little expected. A friar observant, whose name was *Forest*, was condemned to the stake for having denied the supremacy of the king †. The name was thought by the heads of the church a fortunate occurrence, and it was advised that the image should be imme-

* Cotton MSS. in the British Museum; CLEOPATRA, E. IV. fol. 55.

† On his arraignment Forest replied to the court, in answer to the proof of perjury against him, in having before taken the oath: “I took the oath with my *outward* man, but my *inward* man never consented to it.” Holinshed, ii. 945.

diately

diately brought to London to consume this wretched friar. To the stake on which he suffered was affixed the following elegy :

David Darfel Gatheren,
As sayth the Wellshmen,
Fetched outlawes out of hell.
Now is he come, with spere and shield,
In harnes, to burne in Smithfield,
For in Wales he may not dwell.

And Forest the friar,
That obstinate lyar,
That wilfully shall be dead,
In his contumaciè,
The gospel dothe deny
And the king to be supreme head*.

At Llanfawr, *The Great Village*, two miles from Bala, is the supposed place of interment of

THE WELSH BARD, LLYWARCH HEN,

Who flourished in the seventh century. He was nearly allied to the Welsh princes, and to his bardic character united that of a warrior. His whole life was spent in a series of vicissitudes and misfortunes, and he died about the year 670, at the great age of a hundred and fifty years. Somewhat more than a century ago an inscription was found upon the wall, near which his remains were supposed to have been deposited: this wall is now covered with plaster.—Not far from hence there is a circle of stones

* Halle's Chronicle, ccxxxiii.

called

called Pabell Llywarch Hên, *The Tent of old Llywarch*, where it is probable he had a house, and spent the latter part of his days. He had been one of king Arthur's generals, and a member of his council. In his activity in opposing the encroachments of the Saxons and Irish, he was deprived of his whole patrimonial possessions, and lost every one of his four-and-twenty sons. Having now no friends, he retired to a hut at Aber Cuog (now Dôlguog, near Machynlleth,) to soothe with his harp the remembrance of misfortune, and to vent in elegiac numbers the sorrows of old age in distress. One of his poems, particularly, describes his misfortunes, and his deplorable situation, in the most simple and affecting language. It opens with the representation of an aged prince, who once ruled in magnificence, now robbed of his possessions, and wandering in a strange country, oppressed with wretchedness and poverty. Overcome with fatigue and hunger, he is supposed to rest his wearied limbs on the top of an eminence, and to contemplate there the varied and unhappy events of his life. This elegy has appeared in an English dress: what follows is a selection from it, as the whole would be too long for insertion here:

Hark! the cuckoo's plaintive note
Doth thro' the wild vale sadly float;
As, from the rav'nous hawk's pursuit,
In Clog rests her weary foot;
And there, with mournful sounds and low,
Echoes my harp's responsive woe.

Return-

Returning spring, like opening day,
 That makes all nature glad and gay,
 Prepare's Andate's fiery car,
 To rouse the brethren of the war;
 When as the youthful hero's breast
 Gloweth for the glorious test,
 Rushing down the rocky steep,
 See the Cambrian legions sweep,
 Like meteors on the boundless deep.

Old *Mona* smiles
 Monarch of an hundred isles.
 And *Snowdon* from his awful height,
 His hoar head waves propitious to the fight.

But I — no more in youthful pride,
 Can dare the steep rock's haughty side;
 For fell disease my sinews rends,
 My arm unnerves, my stout heart bends;
 And raven locks, now silver-grey,
 Keep me from the field away.

But see! — He comes, all drench'd in blood,
Gwên, the Great, and *Gwên*, the Good;
 Bravest, noblest, worthiest son,
 Rich with many a conquest won;
Gwên, in thine anger great,
 Strong thine arm, thy frown like fate;
 Where the mighty rivers end,
 And their course to ocean bend,
 There, with the eagle's rapid flight,
 How wouldst thou brave the thickest fight!
 Oh, fatal day! Oh, ruthless deed!
 When the sisters cut thy thread.
 Cease, ye waves, your troubled roar;
 Nor flow, ye mighty rivers more;
 For *Gwên*, the Great, and *Gwên*, the Good,
 Breathless lies, and drench'd in blood!

Four and twice ten sons were mine,
 Us'd in battle's front to shine;
 But——low in dust my sons are laid,
 Nor one remains his sire to aid.

Hold, oh hold, my brain, thy feat;
 How doth my bosom's monarch beat!
 Cease thy throbs, perturbed heart;
 Whither would thy stretch'd strings start!
 From frenzy dire, and wild affright,
 Keep my senses thro' this night*.

BALA,

The Outlet of the Lake, is a market town containing about two thousand inhabitants. It consists principally of one long and wide street, and is situated at the bottom of a pool, the largest in the country, called Llyn Tegid, *The Fair Pool*. It is principally noted for its manufacture of woollen stockings, and as the autumnal resort of grouse shooters. Lord Lyttleton asserts its celebrity for the beauty of its women, and that he saw some of the prettiest girls here that he ever beheld.

Near the town I passed a lofty artificial mount called Tommen y Bala, *The Tumulus of Bala*. This is supposed to have been of Roman origin, and to have been formed here, with a small castle on its summit, to secure the pass towards the sea, and to keep the mountaineers in subjection. The Welsh

* See the preface to Owen's translation of the *Elegies of Llywarch Hên*. Jones's *Welsh Bards*. Vaughan's *Merionethshire*. Camb. Reg. i. 192.

taking advantage of it, made it one of their chain of fortresses which extended through the country to the coast of Flintshire.—The history both of this place and of the town is little known. I only find that the mount was fortified in the year 1202 by Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, prince of North Wales.—On the eastern bank of the Dee, not far distant, there is another mount called Castell Gronw Befr o Benllyn, *The Castle of Gronw the Fair, of Penllyn*, a Welsh chieftain who lived in the sixth century*.

BALA LAKE,

Llyn Tegid, or Pimblemere, for this pool has these various names, is about a quarter of a mile south of the town of Bala. It is by much the largest of the Welsh lakes, being about four miles long, and in many parts near a mile in breadth. The scenery around it is mountainous, but not sufficiently rude to render it very picturesque. It reminded me of the low mountain-scenery surrounding Winandermere, in the north of England. From the bottom, however, the diversified shores present to the eye a pleasing scene. On the west are seen the summits of the lofty Arrenigs. Arran Benllyn, beyond the upper end of the pool, stretches his black and rocky front into the clouds; and in the extreme distance, in fainter colours, are seen the three summits of Cader Idris.

* Powel, 258. Pennant, ii. 77. 80. Cam. Reg. i. 191.

This pool is well stocked with fish of various kinds, but in particular with trout, eels, and a species found only in alpine lakes, called, from the whiteness of its scales, *Gwyniadd*. It is a gregarious fish, the *Salmo lavaretus* of Linnæus. Its greatest weight seldom exceeds three or four pounds. With respect to the taste, this fish is generally said to be insipid: the noble traveller quoted in a preceding page, asserts, however, that it is so delicate, that his friend would prefer the flavour of it to even the lips of the fair maids of Bala. The time of spawning is in the month of December. These fish usually keep at the bottom of the water, where they feed on small shells and aquatic plants.—It is generally believed by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, that although the Dee runs directly through this pool, the *gwyniadds* are never to be caught in the river; nor, on the contrary, are the salmon with which the river abounds, ever taken in the pool. Hence Churchyard;

A poole there is thro' which the Dee doth passe,
Where is a fish that some a whiting call :
Where never yet no salmon taken was,
Yet hath good store of other fishes all.
Above that poole, and so beneath that flood
Are salmons caught, and many a fish full good,
But in the same there will no salmon bee,
And neere that poole you shall no whiting see.

This is a singular circumstance, but there appears some truth in it. The honourable Daines Barrington,

ton, who made many inquiries respecting it, observes to the assertion, that they *never* encroach upon each other; that he had seen a salmon caught in the lake more than two hundred yards from the bridge, and that he had been authentically informed of several of the gwyniadds having been caught in the Dee near Llandrillo, eight miles from Bala *.—The fishery of Bala lake is the property of sir Watkin Williams Wynne.

The overflowings of this pool are at times very dreadful. These, however, seldom take place, except when the winds, rushing from the hollows of the mountains at the upper end, drive the waters suddenly along. In stormy weather great part of the vale of Edeirnion will sometimes be overflowed. By the united force of the winds and mountain torrents, the water towards the bottom of the pool has been known to rise six or eight feet in perpendicular height. On the contrary, in calm and settled weather, it is always very smooth. There have been some instances, in severe winters, of its being entirely frozen over; and when covered with snow, it has been mistaken by travellers for an extensive plain.

EXCURSION ROUND BALA LAKE.

In this excursion, of about ten miles, I crossed the bridge over the Dee, and proceeded along the

* Phil. Transf. for 1767.

eastern bank of the pool. From near the church of Llangower, a pleasing vale was seen to open on the opposite side, bounded by mountains, and closed at the end by one of the Arrenígs.

I had passed the head of the pool somewhat more than half a mile, when I found the narrow lane which leads to Llanwchllyn, *The Church above the Lake*. I left the road, and soon afterwards entered the *Vale of Twrch*. Nature is seen in all her majesty here; but as lord Lyttleton observed of the Berwyn mountains, “it is the majesty of a tyrant frowning over the ruins and desolation of a country.” There were no marks of habitations or culture; and heath, moss, lichens, and a few grasses, seemed the only vegetation. The surrounding mountains were as rude as description can paint: the most prominent of these was Arran Benllyn, which here presented only a series of naked crags and precipices.—From hence I crossed the river Twrch, *The Burrower* *.

PHENOMENON CALLED DAEAR-DOR.

My guide now pointed out a piece of land, of considerable extent, nearly covered with innumerable masses of broken rocks. These, he said, had all been conveyed thither in the summer of 1781, by what the inhabitants of the mountains call Daear-

* The Welsh word Twrch signifies a *hog*: this river, therefore, seems to derive its name from its sometimes impetuously tumbling along the stones or earth that oppose its progress.

Dor, a breaking of the earth. The daear-dor is a dislodgement, by means of water, of a vast quantity of the surface of the ground, or, as in the present instance, of a considerable part of some of the rocks among the higher mountains. An unusual volume of water descending suddenly from the clouds becomes lodged in some confined situation: by degrees it penetrates the earth, and this loosening, the whole mass is swept along before the torrent, till it meets with resistance in some of the vales below, where it is therefore deposited. The accident near Llanwchllyn happened after a violent storm of thunder. The banks of the Twrch were overflowed, and the torrent carried every thing before it that was not actually embedded in the rock. Seventeen cottages, ten cows, and a vast number of sheep, besides the soil of all the meadows and corn-fields along its course, were overwhelmed and destroyed. This meadow, in which the river deposited its chief contents, was rendered totally unfit to be any more cultivated. The dimensions of some of the pieces of rock borne here by the fury of the torrent, are almost inconceivable. Two of the stones came in contact, which were each near twenty feet long, eight broad, and six deep, and by the collision one of them was split. Eight other stones, about half this size, were carried near nine hundred yards beyond. Five bridges were swept away; and had not the inhabitants of Llanwchllyn, providentially, received timely alarm, every one of them would have

been destroyed. The only person missing was a poor old woman, who was confined to her bed by sickness*.

Whilst speaking of the neighbourhood of Llanwchllyn, I must digress a little from my subject to relate a whimsical adventure which happened to a gentleman of my acquaintance, Mr. D., an artist, and his friend, whilst at this village a few summers ago.—These gentlemen, in a pedestrian excursion round Bala lake, found themselves, on their arrival at Llanwchllyn, fatigued and hungry. As neither of them could speak a word of Welsh, they were compelled to have recourse to signs in order to make themselves understood. These so far answered their purpose, that a man whom they met in the village exclaimed in answer, “eze” (intended doubtless for “yes”), and pointed with his finger to a kind of hut, from the rafters of which two or three dirty candles, and a few bits of bacon were suspended. On entering they again made the signs of eating and drinking, and the woman, though beyond measure astonished at their manners and appearance, had sense enough to conduct them to what they conjectured to be the public-house. Here their attention was fixed upon some fragments of bacon, which had hung so long, that all the strings had nearly cut their way through. They explained by signs, as well as they were able, what it was they wanted, and the

* Pennant, ii. 87.

female of the house brought out *three* eggs. This was a slender supply for two hungry men. They both called out "*more*," the woman answered "eze," but brought out the frying-pan. They shook their heads, she fetched a sauce-pan. Here they found a difficulty that they knew not how to encounter. A bright thought suddenly came into the other gentleman's head:—"D., you can draw, *ask the woman for a piece of chalk, and draw an egg.*" The absurdity of the idea was such, that Mr. D. could not refrain from a loud and hearty laugh. It was, however, at last agreed, that the woman should be suffered to boil the three eggs, but that when she brought them to the table, D. was to snatch them from her, and pretend to eat them all himself. The plan succeeded; the woman laughed immoderately at the contest, and running out with a cry of "eze, eze, eze," soon afterwards brought in four eggs more. There was no difficulty in making the payment for this rude cheer: Mr. D. held out some silver in his hand, from which the honest Welshwoman took eighteen pence for the seven eggs, and a quart of ale!

On the summit of a high and craggy rock, at some distance from the road, and about a mile from Llanwchllyn, are the remains of *Castell Corndochon*, an ancient British fort. It was of a somewhat oval form, and has consisted of a square tower, and another oblong, but rounded at the extremity. I

have met with no historical data whatever respecting this fortress.

In my return I observed an eminence on the west side of the head of the pool, which the guide informed me was called *Caer Gai*. There was on this spot a fort that belonged to *Cai Hir ap Cynyr*, or, as Spencer has called him, *Timon*: he was the foster-father of king *Arthur*, who during his youth resided here. The Romans are supposed to have had a fortress on this spot; and many of their coins have been dug up in the neighbourhood*. This place of defence was doubtless constructed to guard the pass through the mountains. Of its history I am altogether ignorant.

THE RIVER, DEE.

The source of the *Dee* is under one side of *Ar-ran Benllyn*, the high mountain at the head of *Bala* pool.—Its name is thought to have been derived from the Welsh word *Dwy*, which signifies something *divine*. Some centuries ago it was held in superstitious veneration by the inhabitants of the country, from what were then believed the miraculous overflowing of its banks at times when there had been no preceding heavy rain: and from its being believed to have foretold some remarkable events by changing its channel†. History informs

* See Spencer's *Faerie Queene*, book i. canto ix., and *Camb. Reg.* i. 191.

† *Giraldus Cambrensis*, lib. ii. c. ii.

us, that when the Britons, drawn up in battle array on its banks, have been prepared to engage with their Saxon foes, it was their custom first to kiss the earth, and then for every soldier to drink a small quantity of the water*.—The name is certainly not derived, as many have supposed, from *Dû*, *black*; for, except when tinged by the torrents from the mountain morasses, its waters are perfectly bright and transparent. In Spencer's description of *Caer Gai*, the dwelling of old Timon, the foster-father of Arthur, the colour of the Dee is considered very different from black:

—Lowe in a valley green,
Under the foot of Rawran, mossie o'er,
From whence the river Dee, as *silver clene*,
His tumbling billows rolls with gentle roar.

That lover of the marvellous, Giraldus Cambrensis, informs us very gravely, that the river Dee runs through Bala lake, and is discharged at the bridge near the town, without their waters becoming mixed. He doubtless means to say that the river might be traced by its appearance from one end of the lake to the other. Giraldus believed every thing that the inhabitants chose to impose upon him.

* Gibson's Camden, 556.

C H A P. XXI.

BALA TO SHREWSBURY.

Cascade at Pont Cynwyd.—Rhiwedog.—Trûm y Sarn.—The Berwyn Mountains.—Llangynog.—Slate Quarries.—Hazardous Mode of conveying Slates from the Mountain into the Vale.—Lead Mines.—Llanrhaiadr.—The Cataract of Pistyll Rhaiadr.—The Vale of Langedwin.—Knockin.—Account of the singular Discovery of a Murderer.—Kynaston's Cave in Nefs Cliff.—Montford Bridge.—Shrewsbury.

LEAVING Bala, I turned my steps towards England, and occupied two days in the journey from hence to Shrewsbury. These, from severe rain that set in when I had got about ten miles from Bala, and lasted with little intermission till I arrived at Shrewsbury, were rendered two of the most unpleasant days I had spent in the country.—At my outset the morning was, however, very serene. The sun, in exhaling the dews, gave a delightful air of freshness to all the surrounding objects. The whole scene was enlivened by the music of the birds, whose various tones and elegant strains would have interested less ardent admirers of the works of nature than myself. Every thing seemed to partake of a general sprightliness. The thrilling tones of the sky-lark were heard on every side: the notes of the black-bird echoed from among the distant foliage,

Whilst

Whilst now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves plain, amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grass-hopper did keep.

These rural objects continued, however, for very few miles; for I then entered on a succession of dreary and open moors, which might have charms for the sportsman, but they had none for me.

About a mile and a half from Bala, I passed a bridge called *Pont Cynwyd*. The bed of the turbulent little stream is here crowded with huge masses of rock, deeply excavated into circular hollows by the furious eddying of the water. In one situation these rocks, with the stream rushing down amongst them, form a small but pleasing cascade.

A little beyond the bridge stands Rhiwedog, *The abrupt Ascent*. This was an ancient family seat; and a vale in its neighbourhood was the scene of that severe battle betwixt the British and Saxon forces, in which the aged Llywarch took an active part, and lost his only surviving son.

From the side of a steep, on the edge of the moors, I was presented with a distant view of the vale of Edeirnion, whose verdure and fertility formed a striking contrast with my bleak and dreary situation.—The road now led me over *Trûm y Sarn*, *The Causeway of the Ridge*, a place that has its name from being near a lofty heath-clad mountain, which I passed at a little distance towards the south. It is
one

one of that immense range of mountains which extend fifteen or sixteen miles, and are called *Berwyn Mountains*. The two most elevated summits are Cader Ferwyn, and Cader Fronwen.—I arrived at a noted bwllch, or pass, which divides the counties of Merioneth and Montgomery, called Milltir Gerig, *The Stony Mile*.

LLANGYNOG.

I had now a view into the curious and romantic vale of Llangynog, a hollow so completely inclosed on all sides by mountain barriers, as apparently to afford no outlet to the residents in its bosom. The mountains seemed in many places nearly perpendicular, and their cliffs too steep to be scaled by any other than those most active of all British animals, the sheep and goats. These I observed browsing along the sides with the utmost unconcern. The bottom was entirely in a state of cultivation, but principally as meadow land: it was interspersed with the houses of the farmers and their labourers.

A tolerably good road took me from the edge of this vale, by a descent, somewhat steep, first into the hollow, and then to the small and comfortless village of Llangynog, *The Church of St. Cunog*.

SLATE QUARRIES.

From a stupendous rock, which rises on the north side of the village, are obtained those slates for which
this

this neighbourhood is celebrated through all the adjacent counties *. The quarries are situated high up in the mountain. I observed that the mode of conveying them to the vale was different from that practised near Llanberis, which I have already described, but it appeared much more dangerous. The slates are loaded on small sledges, which are to be conveyed down the side of the mountain, along winding paths formed for the purpose. Each of these sledges has a rope by which it is fastened to the shoulders of a man who has the care of conveying it. He lays firm hold with his hands, and thus, with his face towards it, begins to descend. The velocity which the sledge acquires in its descent is counteracted by the man's striking forcibly against the prominences with his feet. This manœuvre, since he goes backward, and has at the same time some attention to pay to the sledge to keep it in the track, must be difficult to attain, and long practice alone can render it easy. The danger to an observer seems very great: on inquiry at the village, I was, however, informed that a serious accident had scarcely ever been known to occur from it.

* Betwixt November 1775 and November 1776, upwards of 904,000 slates were sent from hence at different rates of betwixt six shillings and twenty shillings per thousand. Pennant, ii. 347.

LEAD MINES.

At Craig y Mwyn, about two miles and a half from Llangynog, somewhat more than a century ago, a vein of lead ore was discovered, so valuable as to yield to the Powis family, for forty years, a clear revenue of at least twenty thousand pounds a year. It had been worked to the depth of about a hundred yards, when on a sudden the water broke in, and became so powerful, that the proprietor was compelled to abandon the undertaking *. Ever since that time the mines have continued nearly filled with water, but some gentlemen a few years ago determined to attempt their recovery, and for this purpose levels were to be driven in various parts of the mountain, if possible, to drain off the water. Whether they have proceeded in the attempt, or given it up, I have not the means of being informed. — Besides these there are some mines, but of less importance, near the village, which were worked when I was at Llangynog. The produce of these I was informed was very trifling.

On my leaving Llangynog, the clouds gathered round the summits and sides of the mountains, and the rain soon afterwards began to descend in torrents. This village appeared, however, so wretched a place for a wearied traveller, that I had no in-

* Pennant, ii. 347.

ducement to return for shelter. In the greatest misfortunes we are generally able to find some object on which we can rest with satisfaction: it soon occurred to me that the drenching of my clothes would be amply compensated by the increased volume of water at the cataract of *Pistyll Rhaiadr*, which I intended to visit in the morning. The idea of this gave me so much pleasure, that when I became fairly wet to the skin, I was altogether careless as to personal comfort; and now the faster and more heavily the rain descended, the better a great deal I was pleased with it.

LLANRHAIADR.

In this state it was that, after about two hours slippery walking, and my clothes dripping with wet, I arrived at Llanrhaiadr, *The Village of the Cataract*, situated, like Llangynog, in a deep hollow, surrounded on all sides by mountains, whose summits were now entirely obscured by clouds. This hollow is called Mochnant, *The Vale of the rapid Brook*. The houses, or rather cottages, of the village are irregular; but, as most of them were old and overgrown with vegetation, it had from many points of view an appearance highly picturesque.

I found very tolerable accommodations, even for the night, at the *Coach and Horses*, an inn, or rather public-house, whose exterior does not bespeak the good opinion of the traveller.

Dr.

Dr. William Morgan, who first translated the Bible into the Welsh language, was vicar of this place. He was afterwards rewarded with the bishopric of Llandaff, and in 1601 with that of St. Asaph.

PISTYLL RHAIDR,

The Spout of the Cataract, the most celebrated waterfall of this country, rushes down the front of an almost perpendicular rock, that terminates a vale at the distance of about four miles from the village. The vale is narrow and well wooded; it is watered by the little river Rhaiadr, which here constitutes the boundary line betwixt the counties of Denbigh and Montgomery, and it affords many pleasing and beautiful scenes. The upper part of the cataract, when the sun shines upon it, is visible to a great distance; and along this hollow its silvery and linear appearance give an air of singularity to many of the views.—Pistyll Rhaiadr is upwards of two hundred and ten feet high; and for near two thirds of this height, the water is thrown down the flat face of a bleak, naked, and barren rock; from thence it rages through a natural arch, and betwixt two prominent sides into the small basin at its foot. The whole scene is destitute of wood, but it has so much simple grandeur, that trees would injure, rather than heighten the general effect. When visited after very heavy rain, a singular occurrence is to be remarked. The water in its descent is obstructed by
the

the mass of rock, through which it seems by time to have forced a passage, and it is said to burst through it with a vast quantity of spray, appearing like smoke from the explosion of a cannon.—I was told that the late worthy vicar of Llanrhaiadr, Dr. Worthington, with a view of gratifying the curious, had a pair of flood-gates fixed on the stream, above the cataract, occasionally to obstruct the passage of the water: when a sufficient quantity had been collected behind them, they were suddenly thrown open, and the rushing down of the flood is said to have afforded one of the grandest spectacles imaginable.—This gentleman also erected a small building at the foot of the rock for the accommodation of visitors, which is found very convenient to those who bring refreshments along with them.

On my return from the cataract, I left Llanrhaiadr, and proceeded along the road which leads through part of the *vale of Llangedwen*. I passed Llangedwen hall, a handsome stone edifice, the property of sir Watkin Williams Wynne. This place was a favourite residence of the late baronet, but it is seldom visited by the present owner.

I now arrived once again at *Llanymynech*. Between this village and Shrewsbury I had so much rain, as to render the journey in every respect dreary and uncomfortable. Through the thickness of the mist I could but just discern the *Breiddin Hills*, at the distance of a few miles on the right: their summits were perfectly obscured in clouds.

KNOCHIN,

A village about five miles from Llanymynech, has once been a place of some celebrity. The hall was the residence of the family of L'Estrange, who built the town. They had on its site a castellated mansion so early as in the reign of Henry II. The last of the family was Joan, who married George Stanley, the eldest son of the first earl of Derby. The following occurrence is said to have taken place, some years ago, in the neighbourhood of Knochin :

A man of the name of Elkes was left guardian to his brother's son. This boy was very young, and the only obstacle to Elkes becoming possessed of considerable property. He had long revolved in his mind the manner in which he could rid himself of this incumbrance, and at length hit upon the following inhuman expedient : a poor child of the village was directed to take the boy to a distant corn-field to play and gather flowers. Elkes met them near the spot, and directed the other child to return immediately home. He then took his ward up in his arms, walked with him to the end of the field, where he knew there was a tub nearly full of water, and forcing his head into it, held him in that position till the child was suffocated. The neighbours soon observed that the boy was missing ; the *poor* boy who had accompanied him to the field told his simple story, and a party of them, on searching the place, discovered the body. Information

tion soon reached them that Elkes had fled towards London. Two horsemen were therefore immediately dispatched in pursuit of him. These men were riding along the road near South Mims in Hertfordshire, when they were surprized by the singular actions of two ravens, that were perched on a cock of hay in an adjoining field. The birds made an unusual noise, and furiously pulled about the hay with their beaks. Curiosity alone, the men said, induced them to alight, and see what could be the cause of such singular actions. They threw down the heap of hay, and were astonished to discover beneath it the man of whom they were in search. He asserted that these two birds had followed him incessantly, from the time that the murder had been committed. This unhappy victim of avarice was conveyed to Shrewsbury, tried, condemned, and afterwards hung in chains on Knochin heath*.

KYNASTON'S CAVE.

A few miles from Knochin I passed under a high rock of red free-stone, called Nefs Cliff. In the south-east side of this rock there is a cave, which has the name of Kynaston's Cave. This was a place of occasional retreat to Humphrey, the son of sir Roger Kynaston, constable of Harlech castle, and a party of his mad companions. He was outlawed in the sixth year of the reign of Henry VII., was

* Phillips's History of Shrewsbury. App. 233.

pardoned in the year following, and died in 1534. He is remembered by many strange pranks, and still continues the talk of the neighbouring peasantry.

Leaving this rock, I soon afterwards saw, by the road-side, a small building, from which several boys were coming. An inscription over the door arrested my steps for a moment :

God prosper long this public good,
A school erected, where a chapel stood.

In what this originated I did not learn.

I crossed the Severn at Montford bridge ; and in about an hour afterwards ended my pedestrian excursion at Shrewsbury. A description of this town will occupy the ensuing chapter.

C H A P. XXII.

SHREWSBURY.

Shrewsbury Castle.—Walls.—County Gaol.—Bridges.—Shrewsbury Abbey.—Ancient Oratory.—St. Giles's Church.—St. Alkmund's Church.—Daring Feats on the Point of the Spire.—A singular traditional Story.—St. Mary's Church.—Account of a Man killed in sliding down a Rope from the Spire, to a Field, across the River.—St. Julian's Church.—Old St. Chad's.—New St. Chad's.—The Quarry.—Account of the House of Industry.—The Ruins of the Three Friaries.—Public Buildings.—History of Shrewsbury.—List of remarkable Events.

SHREWSBURY is a town of considerable magnitude and importance, situated on a sloping ground, and nearly surrounded by the Severn. The streets are irregular, and many of the buildings very ancient.—This place once formed the capital of Powisland, and was for some years a seat of the Welsh princes.

CASTLE.

In my tour through the town and suburbs I first visited the castle. This is built of a red stone, and situated on an eminence above the river, just in that part of the town where the river leaves it undefended. Its foundation has been ascribed to Roger de Montgomery, the great earl of Shrewsbury, who

lived in the reign of William the Conqueror, but of the ancient structure there is not at this time much remaining. It is the property, and forms one of the residences of sir William Pulteney, in right of his lady, Henrietta, baroness of Bath. The owner, however, very seldom visits the place.—The *keep* stood on a large artificial mount, which seems to prove it of Saxon or British origin.

The castle continued in possession of the two sons of the founder till the reign of Henry I., when that monarch chose to take it into his own hands. After the restoration of Charles II. it was granted to Francis, lord Newport, afterwards earl of Bradford; and some time consequent to this grant it became the property of the Pulteney family.

WALLS.

Robert de Belesme, son to Roger de Montgomery, was the first who attempted to defend the town by walls. This he did, by building from the castle down each side of the river for a considerable distance; and thus he secured himself for a while from the attacks of his enemy, Henry I. The remaining part of the walls was erected in the reign of Henry III., at the request of the inhabitants, to fortify the place against the inroads of the Welsh. So great, however, was the want of money for the completion of the undertaking, that thirty-two years elapsed before they could be finished.—A very small portion of the walls is now left. From one situation near
them

them I had a good prospect of part of the suburbs of the town.

COUNTY GAOL.

At a little distance beyond the castle, and, like that building, on the elevated bank of the Dee, I saw the county gaol, a large and handsome structure. It is built of brick, and in a situation that cannot be surpassed for the purity, and consequent healthiness, of its atmosphere. In a niche over the entrance there is a bust of Howard. The outer walls were begun in the year 1789, and some of the apartments were ready for the reception of prisoners in 1796, but the building is scarcely yet finished.

I proceeded along a pleasant terrace walk to the end of the building, whence descending to the river, I found a foot-path which led me to the English bridge. From hence the castle, the river, and the town, partly hidden by trees, with the spires of St. Mary's and St. Alkmund's churches, formed a beautiful and picturesque scene.

THE STONE BRIDGE,

Called also the East bridge, the English bridge, and the New bridge, is an elegant structure, of seven arches, which was built about thirty years ago.—Near the middle of it are the water-works, from which the town receives its supply of that very essential article of life.—On the west side of the

town, in a direction nearly opposite to this, is the other, called the *Welsh bridge*. This is a late erection. The ancient bridge had a gate, and towers at each end, a necessary defence against the turbulent neighbours on that side of the water.

SHREWSBURY ABBEY

Is situated in the suburbs of the town, a little beyond the stone bridge. The present remains consist of only the west part, from the cross isle to the west tower. The choir, the cloister, and chapter-house, are entirely destroyed. Of the side isles, the arches are yet left, and the east end of the present church is a modern wall that has been run up betwixt two of the ancient columns. It is supposed to have been made parochial; and to have received this addition in the reign of queen Elizabeth. The great tower is still left, and contains a fine gothic window, over which is a statue, supposed to represent the founder, Roger de Montgomery. The whole building is of the same kind of red stone as the castle, and, except the west window, is in the Norman gothic stile of architecture, with plain arches, and massy columns.—On the south side of the altar there is a recumbent figure, in a coat of mail, and in the act of drawing a sword, which is believed to have been the monument of Montgomery. An inscription intimates that it was discovered among the ruins of the abbey, and that, in 1622, it had been

directed by the heralds at arms to be carefully preserved, in consequence of which it was placed in its present situation.

The history of the abbey is short. It was founded by Roger de Montgomery, and his countess Adelfissa, in the year 1083, and dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul. Its monks were of the Benedictine order, and first brought over from Seez, in Normandy; and the earl, by permission of his lady, became himself one of the religious of his own abbey. He endowed it largely, and encouraged all who were dependant on him to become benefactors. At his death, about nine years afterwards, he received here an honourable interment.—Robert, the fourth abbot, procured, though with much difficulty, the bones of St. Wenefred, and had them enshrined here.—The property of the abbey at the dissolution was valued by Speed at about five hundred pounds *per annum*.—On the church being made parochial by queen Elizabeth, it received the name of St. Crux, or the *Holy Cross*, in the abbey of Shrewsbury, which name it still retains.

In the garden of sir Charles Oakely, on the south side of the church, is a small, but elegant octagonal building, the remains of an *ancient oratory* belonging to the abbey, now called St. Wenefred's Pulpit.

CHURCHES.

The remaining churches in Shrewsbury are,

St. Giles's,	St. Julian's,
St. Alkmund's,	and
St. Mary's,	St. Chad's.

St. Giles's church is situated on the skirt of the suburbs, about a mile east of the abbey. It is an ancient, small, and inelegant, but somewhat picturesque building. It boasts a higher origin than the abbey, and in domesday book is called "the parish of the city." It is at present annexed to the church of Holy Cross, or the abbey. The bones of St. Wenefred, when they were removed from Denbighshire to Shrewsbury, are said to have been first, for a time, deposited in this church.—In the churchyard, but now almost obliterated, is an inscription to the memory of William White, a quarter-master of horse, in the reign of William III.:

In Irish wars I fought for England's glory;
 Let no man scoff at telling of this story.
 I saw great Schomberg fall, likewise the brave St. Ruth,
 And here I come to die, not there in my youth.
 Through dangers great I have pass'd many a storm,
 Die we all must, as sure as we are born.

St. Alkmund's church is remarkable for its handsome spire. It contains an east window of stained glass, the workmanship of Eginton of Birmingham. This was put up in the year 1795, and, as I was informed,

informed, cost about two hundred pounds. Its execution was infinitely superior to any thing that I had before seen in glass. A figure representing Faith is in the attitude of kneeling on a cross. Her arms are extended towards a crown, which appears from the clouds; and the countenance bears an interesting expression of mingled adoration and wisdom. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," is the motto. The lights appeared to me well disposed, and the drapery good. The colours are so managed as to prevent any glaring effect from the passage of light through a transparent medium; a fault too often observable in paintings on glass.

This church is said to have been founded by the heroine Elfreda, the daughter of king Alfred. The body of the building is modern, but the tower and spire appear of considerable antiquity.

In the year 1621, about four yards of the top of the spire were taken down, and rebuilt by a man of the name of Archer, who came from St. Alban's. His fool-hardy feats are yet in the mouths of the inhabitants. On Saturday, the 22d of February, he climbed up the outside of the spire to the top, and brought down the weather-cock, notwithstanding its size and weight were such that he could with difficulty hold it. On the 3d of March he climbed up again, and put the weather-cock in its former place, turning it about several times, standing upright on the iron cross, and shaking both his hands and legs. In the follow-

following week he climbed up, taking with him a drum, and a long bow and arrows. He stood upright on the cross, beat the drum, and shot an arrow from the bow. On the 13th of March he again went up, and turned the weather-cock round like a wheel: he shook about his hands and legs, and continued hallowing and shouting there for more than two hours. In every one of these daring exploits the man was in a state of intoxication.

If we may believe a manuscript written by the reverend Dr. Taylor, and deposited in the Free School library, the devil appeared in St. Alkmund's church in the year 1533, as the priest was at high mass. During a great tempest and darkness he passed through the church, mounted up the steeple, and, tearing away the wires of the clock, left the print of his claws on the fourth bell; and in his way out took off one of the pinnacles! This is a singular mode of accounting for a violent thunderstorm, and it will appear the more singular when the reader is informed, that the prince of darkness on this occasion appeared clad in the habit of a grey friar!

St. Mary's church bears the appearance of great antiquity. The south and west entrances are beneath arches of Norman architecture. This church was founded by King Edgar, and it formerly had a dean and seven prebendaries. Before the foundation of the abbey, it was esteemed the principal church in the town. It is a donative, and in the
nomi-

nomination of the mayor, and the head master of the Free School.

From the elevated situation of the building, and the great height of its spire, the latter has frequently suffered from high winds. In 1739, the weather-cock was blown on one side, when a person of the name of Cadman engaged to take it down, which he soon afterwards did, and then put it in its place again. This man was an adventurer on church steeples of a different description from the man I have just mentioned. He fixed a rope from the top of the spire to a tree in a field on the opposite side of the river, and to various other places; and for a few times slid from thence without injury: but on Candlemas day in the same year, after beating a drum, firing pistols, &c. he attempted to slide down the rope across the river, but it broke soon after he had trusted his weight upon it, and he was consequently dashed to pieces.—He was buried on the same day, the 2d of February 1739, at the foot of the steeple, and a plain slab was fixed to the wall over his grave, with this quaint inscription, now scarcely legible:

Let this small monument record the name
Of Cadman, and to future times proclaim
How by'n attempt to fly from this high spire,
Across the Sabrine stream, he did acquire
His fatal end. 'Twas not for want of skill,
Or courage to perform the task, he fell,
No, no, a faulty cord, being drawn too tight,
Hurried his soul on high to take her flight,
Which bid the body, here beneath, good night.

St.

St. Julian's church. The body of this building is of brick, and the tower of stone; the former is of modern erection. When or by whom the church was founded is not known: it was formerly stiled a Royal Chapel.

St. Chad's church has very lately been erected, at some distance from the ancient building of the same name. Of the latter, part of the chancel is yet standing, and is kept in repair as a chapel to the burying-ground. - This building (old St. Chad's) stood on the site of a palace of the princes of Powis, which was destroyed by fire during the Saxon wars. The church was probably erected not long afterwards. In the year 1393, the first structure was burnt down by the carelessness of one of the workmen who was mending the leads. The fellow observing the mischief he had done, and that the flames had become too powerful for him to extinguish them, ran home, put some money in his pocket, and attempted to escape, but was drowned in fording the river. On an inquisition before the coroners of the town of Shrewsbury, the jury found, "That John Plomer, working upon the leads of St. Chad's church, and perceiving the same in flames through his neglect, ran to his own house in the High street, put five marks, four shillings and six-pence in his pocket, and fled; and when he came to the ford at the Stone Gate, endeavouring to make his escape, he was drowned in the river Severn".—In order that this loss might be retrieved, king Richard II. granted to the bailiffs and commonalty of the town, for three years

years then following, a quittance from their fee-farm, and likewise from their arrears of taxes then lately granted by the parliament to the king. The fabric erected from this indulgence is that of which the ruins are still left.

The *New St. Chads* is built near the ground called the Quarry. It is highly ornamented. The principal entrance is through the west door, into a circular vestibule that contains the stairs leading to the galleries. The body of the church is circular, and in its appearance rather like a place of amusement, than a temple of God. The blue and white rails in front of the galleries, remind us too much of theatrical decoration. The supporting pillars both above and below are out of all proportion. The upper ones are in the Corinthian order, and though the intention may have been to give an appearance of lightness to the building, they are inexcusably too long for their diameter: one cannot always shut out an odd association of ideas, and these columns, the moment I entered the church, reminded me of a range of long mould candles. The columns that support the galleries are of a different order, and, I presume, by way of contrast, are as short and thick as the others are long and small. In addition, their bases are made level with the tops of the pews, giving an appearance of want of security and firmness to the galleries. These pillars correspond exceedingly ill with the other parts of the building. All circular churches must also rest under one very material

material inconvenience ; they are all, it is true, well calculated for *seeing*, but the articulation of the minister, which ought to be the principal object attended to, is, in buildings of this nature, generally destroyed by the reverberation of sound.—I shall add a simple memorandum, which I found in the journal of an artist, whose judgment even the architect of this church would scarcely choose to question: “ In Shrewsbury there are five churches, one of which, St. Chad’s, is new, and, if the expression may be used, is a *complete picture of deformity*.”

THE QUARRY.

From this building I descended immediately to the Quarry, a most delightful walk, along an avenue of limes, which led me to the Severn, and then a considerable distance each way along its bank. The trees are large and old, and even in the hottest days of summer afford a sheltered and pleasant retreat. The ground is the property of the corporation ; the part appropriated to pasturage is let to the inhabitants, and the profits are distributed among the burgessees.

THE HOUSE OF INDUSTRY

Is the fine brick building which is seen from hence on the opposite lofty bank of the Severn. I crossed the river by the ferry with one of the directors, and was shewn every thing within it that I was desirous of seeing.

The

The erection of this elegant structure was begun in the year 1760, for the purpose of receiving part of the foundlings from the great hospital in London. These were to be put out to nurse in the country; and when of proper age were to be brought into the house, and instructed in sewing, knitting, carding, spinning, &c. till they were old enough to be put out apprentices. The hospital in London discontinued sending children, and in consequence the building became useless as to its original purpose.—The expences of its erection amounted to more than twelve thousand pounds.—It was afterwards made a place of confinement for prisoners of war.

An act of parliament was obtained by the inhabitants of Shrewsbury to enable them to form a house of industry for the poor of their several parishes, and this building was purchased and opened for the reception of its objects in December 1783. The buildings, necessary alterations, furniture, &c. cost seven thousand pounds.

The inhabitants of these parishes that are rated and assessed, and possessed of property to the amount of thirty pounds *per annum*, or that are rated at fifteen pounds, are incorporated as *guardians* of the poor. From these there are chosen twelve *directors*, each of whom serves his office for three years; and to the board of directors the management of the whole business of the house is entrusted. They meet, in a room appropriated to their use, twice a week.

The number of men, women, and children in the house when I was there, amounted to about *four hundred*. Their employment consists principally in preparing their own clothing, which they do from the raw material to its finished state. The necessary machines and implements are arranged in different apartments; and persons versed in scribbling, carding, and spinning wool, are employed to instruct the paupers. Weavers were likewise engaged, and a shop was allotted for their accommodation. Working rooms are also set apart for shoemakers, taylors, &c. where the paupers who have been brought up in these occupations are employed, and where one division of the boys are taught to work. The largest apartments are allotted to the carding and spinning rooms. The girls are by rotation employed and instructed, as much as possible, in cooking, managing the affairs of the kitchen and laundry, and in washing, scouring, and such other work as may best qualify them for service.—The usual hours of working are from six o'clock in the morning to six in the evening, from the 1st of March to the middle of October; and from seven in the morning to such an hour at night as the directors choose to appoint during the remainder of the year. They are allowed half an hour at breakfast, and an hour at dinner. No work is done on Sundays; Saturday afternoons, from four o'clock; Good Friday; Christmas day, and the two following days; Monday and
Tuesday

Tuesday in Easter and Whitfun weeks; and on Shrewsbury-show day.

To encourage the exertions of the poor, the directors make them an allowance of a sixth part of their earnings, as a gratuity; and this measure has been crowned with the happiest success. Two-pence out of every shilling that they have earned during the week is paid to them at the end of it: this reward, whilst it has been found sufficient to stimulate their endeavours, has not been so abundant as to produce, however laid out, any bad effect. The working children have the same proportion of allowance from their labours as the adults: but the steward takes care of this little property, and keeps an account with each child, subject to the inspection of the directors; he allows them what he thinks prudent to expend, and the rest is suffered to accumulate. When it amounts to a sum sufficient for the purpose, the *girls* generally petition to have it expended in a Sunday's dress of a quality superior to the uniform of the house. The savings of the *boys* are usually reserved till they are bound apprentice, when these are laid out in whatever may be of use to them in their respective situations.

The punishments of the idle and refractory are inflicted in various ways. For smaller offences they are clothed in sackcloth, have a clog fastened to them, or are deprived of the above gratuity. For more flagrant misconduct they are confined to a cell where they are kept apart from all the rest, and

fed only with bread and water. If they are mutinous, and endeavour to excite a spirit of sedition among their companions, they undergo corporal punishment. The latter has, however, been very seldom found necessary; but, whenever it is inflicted, it is done in the presence of all the persons of the house, and, as might naturally be expected, has never failed to produce a very striking and useful effect.

During the summer months the paupers rise at half-past five, and in winter the prayers and breakfast are over before the break of day.—The fires and candles are extinguished in the evenings at nine o'clock from the 1st of May to the 1st of September, and at eight during the rest of the year.—There are stated hours for making the beds, cleaning the dormitories, washing and combing the children, &c. by which means a constant attention to that cleanliness is kept up which so greatly excites the attention of every stranger, and strongly recommends the excellence of the institution.—The whole family breakfast, dine, and sup together in the dining-hall: they are classed separately, the men, the women, the boys, and the girls at their respective tables.

A general bill of fare is appointed, so that the provision for each day is prepared without any perplexity or confusion:

BREAKFAST.		DINNER.	SUPPER.
Sunday.	Broth.	{ Butcher's meat, and garden-stuff. }	Broth.
Monday.	Milk-porridge.	{ Bread and cheefe. }	Mashed potatoes.
Tuesday.	Milk-porridge.	{ Stewed meat, with potatoes, or other garden-stuff. }	Pease soup.
Wednesday.	Milk-porridge.	{ Pease - pudding, and stewed pork. }	Broth.
Thursday.	Broth.	{ Butcher's meat, and garden-stuff. }	Broth.
Friday.	Milk-porridge.	{ Yeast dumpling, or hot cake, (a pound for an adult, children in proportion) and milk. }	Mashed potatoes.
Saturday.	Milk-porridge.	{ Stewed meat, with potatoes, or other garden-stuff. }	Broth.

The quantity allowed for *breakfast* is a pint either of broth or milk-porridge to each adult; and to the children in proportion.—For *dinner*, the grown up persons have nine ounces of meat, six ounces of bread, a trencher full of roots or greens, and a pint of beer. Working boys and girls have each five ounces of meat, four ounces of bread, with roots or greens, and half a pint of beer. The children drink water.—At *supper* the adults are allowed a pint of broth or soup, and nine ounces of bread; and the children in proportion. The other suppers consist of a trencher full of potatoes mashed with milk, and a pint of beer.—As it would create an endless trouble to weigh out every separate mess, when one has been weighed, the rest are ascertained by the bulk.

The persons who manage these and all the other immediate concerns of the house, are a steward and matron, who are answerable for their conduct to the board of directors.

At a little distance from the house there are two ranges of building that run parallel with each other. The one contains apartments to which the poor are sent, on their admission, to be stripped and washed; and, if found to have any cutaneous, or other infectious disorder, they remain there till they are cured: there are, of course, separate wards for the women and the men. Adjoining to this there is an apartment to which the dead are immediately conveyed, to remain till their interment. In the same range is another apartment, called the Fever Room. In the opposite range is the house infirmary, with separate wards for the men and women; where the sick and infirm are lodged under the care of nurses, and attended by the apothecary of the house. In surgical cases, the patients are generally sent to the county infirmary.

The chaplain reads morning and evening prayers in the chapel every day, when all the paupers, both men, women, and children, attend; and on Sunday afternoons he reads prayers and preaches.

The advantages of this institution became apparent in a very short time after it was commenced. Notwithstanding the heavy expences necessarily attending an establishment of this nature, the inhabitants of the different parishes found that even during
the

the *first* year, the sum required for the maintenance of the poor was near two thousand pounds less than the sum raised for that purpose in the preceding year: and they now derive a most important pecuniary advantage from this establishment. The aged and infirm are comfortably provided for, and the young are trained in habits of industry and virtue. A complete stop has been put to the great frauds and abuses that prevailed in the parochial expenditure; and even those poor who have laboured under temporary distress or disability, have been more liberally assisted and relieved *in their own dwellings*, than had before been found practicable. Thus, while the poor have derived these important benefits from the institution, the inhabitants have also been greatly relieved in their parochial taxes. The amount of the reduction in the term of twelve years was very near twenty thousand pounds.

But a still greater advantage is derived to society in general, and to the immediate objects in particular, by the seeds of virtue and happiness that are carefully sown in the minds of the younger branches of this little community. Children thrown upon the parish from their birth are put out to nurse, where they remain till they are of age sufficient to be admitted into the house. The nurses are occasionally required to bring them before the directors, that these may observe that care is taken of them, and that the children may be identified, and those frauds guarded against which have not unfrequently

been practised. When taken into the house, the children are put under the care of the house nurses, the boys in one nursery, and the girls in another. As soon as they are capable, they every morning and afternoon attend the school-room, where proper instructors are provided. Here they are taught to read. Soon after they are five years old they are taken into the factory, or spinning-room, and begin to spin yarn at the long wheel, under the tuition of a spinning mistress; and then they attend the evening school, after the working hours are over.—They amuse themselves after their meals, and at some other times, in a large piece of ground behind the house, and inclosed by a sunk fence. By habit their daily employment soon ceases to become irksome. They see their little companions around them, all engaged like themselves; and from their cheerful countenances and general vivacity, it is apparent that they are contented and happy.

Mr. Howard once went through the house; and not only the apartments, but the paupers themselves, particularly the children, underwent a very critical inspection. He obliged many of the latter to take off their shoes and stockings, and shew him the soles of their feet. He expressed much pleasure and satisfaction as to the mode in which the affairs of the house were managed.

The situation is one of the most healthy that could have been chosen, and at the same time uncommonly beautiful. The front of the building commands a
fine

fine view of the town and suburbs of Shrewsbury. The trees of the Quarry form the appearance of a wood in front of the houses, above which the churches of St. Mary, St. Alkmund, and St. Chad, are particularly conspicuous. Beyond these objects is seen the round hill of the Wrekin, and others of the Shropshire mountains.—At a little distance from this station, and in an opposite direction, the Breiddin hills are visible, and an extensive tract of country towards Wales*.

Crossing the Severn, from the House of Industry to the Quarry, by the ferry-boat, I was soon afterwards shewn a few ancient walls of the house of Austin, or *Augustine Friars*. This stood close to the river, at a short distance from the Quarry. It is supposed to have been founded by some one of the Stafford family.

The Grey, or *Franciscan Friary*, was situated a little to the south of the stone bridge. Its ruins now form part of a dwelling house. It is supposed to have been founded some time prior to 1353.

The Black, or *Dominican Friary*, stood near the river, between the castle and the stone bridge, at the bottom of St. Mary's Water Lane. Its foundation is ascribed to Maud, the wife of Jeffry, lord

* For a very minute and interesting account of the House of Industry at Shrewsbury, with many valuable observations on the subject, see the work of Mr. Wood, published by Longman and Rees, 8vo. price 3s. 6d.—1800.

Genevil, about the year 1265. The two sons of Edward IV., who are believed to have been murdered in the Tower by order of Richard duke of Gloucester, afterwards king Richard III., are said, with what truth I know not, to have been born in this friary.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

The Free School stands in a street leading to the castle. It is a large antique stone building, with a square tower, and contains, besides a very good school-room, a dwelling-house, chapel, and library. In the latter there is a valuable collection of books, and several natural and artificial curiosities. This school was founded in 1552 by king Edward VI.; and the original building was constructed of timber. The present edifice was erected about forty years afterwards.

The Infirmary stands near St. Mary's church-yard. It was opened in the year 1745. It is supported by voluntary benefactions, and its benefits extend not only to the town and county, but to all proper objects, without distinction of place. The average number of in-patients is about five hundred, and of out-patients seven hundred.

Millington's Hospital is situated on an eminence above Frankwell, a suburb beyond the Welsh bridge. It is a handsome brick building, and was founded in 1734, under the direction of the will of Mr. James Millington, formerly a draper of Shrewsbury. It
main-

maintains twelve decayed house-keepers (single persons), and a charity-school, for twenty boys and twenty girls, from the district of Frankwell, if such are to be found, and if not, from the nearest part of the parish of St. Chad. No dissenters of any denomination can have relief from this charity: it is confined to persons of the orthodox principles of the church of England.

St. Chad's Alms-houses, for decayed old men and women, were founded in 1409 by Bennet Tupton, a brewer of Shrewsbury. They are situated in old St. Chad's church-yard.

St. Mary's Alms-houses, in Ox-Lane, near St. Mary's church, were founded about the year 1460, by Digery Waters, a draper. He is said to have lived here among the poor people. They are confined principally to old persons, and those from St. Mary's parish only. The people have clothes, and a small salary allowed them.

The Charity-School in Back-Lane was founded in 1724, under the will of Mr. Alderman Bowdler. This is intended for poor children of the parish of St. Julian, and if such are not found, of the parish of Holy Cross.

The Subscription Charity-School, for instructing and clothing poor children, is situated by the road-side, leading to the abbey. It was begun in the year 1708. The boys are taught to read, and the girls to read, sew, and knit.

Besides

Besides these may be mentioned *the Town Hall*, in which the assizes are holden, and where the magistrates transact public business; and *the Market-House*, where the drapers hold their market for Welsh cloths and flannels.

HISTORY OF SHREWSBURY.

The town of Shrewsbury boasts a very remote origin, but the exact date of its foundation cannot at this day be ascertained. It is supposed to have been first built from the ruin of the Roman *Uricanium*, or the *Vreken Ceaster* of the Saxons, whose site has been discovered at Wroxeter, a village on the bank of the Severn, about four miles distant. The Welsh name for Shrewsbury was Pen Gwern, *The Head of the Alder-Groves*; and the Saxons called it Scrobbes Byrig, on account of the eminence on which it was situated being covered with wood. I have before related that it was once the capital of Powisland, and a seat of the Welsh princes.

In the reign of William III., Shrewsbury was granted to Roger de Montgomery, who shortly afterwards founded the castle and abbey. At this time it was called a city, and had two hundred and fifty-two citizens. Whenever the king passed through the place, twelve of the highest order of these were compelled, whether he was sleeping or waking, to attend on his person; and as many, with horses and arms, were also to attend him whenever he took
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the recreation of hunting in the neighbourhood. These services were imposed as a punishment; for, not many years before the conquest, Edric Streon, duke of Mercia, having, near this place, lain in wait for, and murdered prince Afhelm, as he was returning from the chace.

The burgesſes of Shrewſbury had many privileges even before the conquest; and Henry I. on the forfeiture of Robert de Belesme, ſon to Montgomery, ſeized the town into his own hands, and granted to the burgesſes their firſt charter. By various grants and charters in this and ſubſequent reigns, the burgesſes, amongſt others, were allowed the following privileges:—To hold all pleas except thoſe of the crown:—to receive toll and cuſtom from all the Welſh that traded in the town.—They were exempted from pontage, toll, and all exactions of burgesſes throughout the kingdom, except London.—Their goods could not be ſeized for any forfeiture made by their ſervants.—They could in no caſe be ſummoned to appear before any others than burgesſes, their peers.—No ſheriff, or other officer, could diſtrain within the liberties of the town;—and no burgeſs could be arreſted, nor have his goods ſeized. In the reign of Elizabeth the town was incorporated; and the charter of the incorporation was afterwards confirmed by Charles I. and James II. The corporation conſiſts of a mayor, twenty-four aldermen, forty-eight aſſiſtants, and inferior officers.—The town returns two members to parliament.

Several

Several parliaments have been holden in Shrewsbury. The first that was summoned formally by writ, met in September 1283. By this, David, the brother of Llewelyn, prince of Wales, was tried for high treason, and condemned: he was the first person who suffered the death of a traitor, in the form of the sentence now in use.—Another parliament was holden here in 1397, which, on account of the great number of people that were assembled in it, was called the Great Parliament. By a strange concession of this parliament, Richard II. obtained an unexampled stretch of power, that the whole government of a nation should devolve on the king, twelve peers, and six commoners. A bull from the pope was thought necessary to confirm so irregular a proceeding.

Of the military transactions relative to this place, the most important was the battle fought here in July 1403, best known by the name of *The Battle of Shrewsbury*, between king Henry IV., and the soldiers commanded by Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur. It had been the design of the insurgents from the north, to make themselves masters of this town and castle, and then to strengthen their forces by a junction with Owen Glyndwr and his countrymen. The activity of Henry prevented this junction, and saved his crown. Coming up with Percy's army at this town, the high spirit of that hero would not suffer him to wait the arrival of Glyndwr, who was encamped near Oswestry, but he hazarded a contest
even

even with his inferior force. The fight commenced early in the morning, and after a violent struggle of three hours, Percy's party was completely routed, and himself, and about five thousand of his men, were slain. The earls of Worcester and Douglas were taken prisoners, the former of whom was soon afterwards beheaded at Shrewsbury.—The scene of this contention was a place since called Battlefield, in the parish of Albrighton, about three miles distant.

One of the ordinances made by Alcock, bishop of Worcester, and Anthony, earl Rivers, in April 1478, for the government of Shrewsbury, was as follows :

“ First that the bayliffs for the time beinge iustly, truly and endifferently shall execute their offices, accordinge to their liberties and laudable customes, without any corruption favor or parcialitie. And that they see yf any person come into the towne there abydinge two days suspiciouly, without any lawfull errand or occupacion, that then he the third daye be putt in prison there to remayne till he have founde surety of his good abearing ; or els to auoyde the towne.” Any person so committed by the warden, and four men, was not to be declared out of ward by the bailiffs without consent of the same warden and four men. These injunctions were to be obeyed, under the penalty of a hundred pounds, half to be paid to the king, and the remainder to the town *.

* Cotton MSS. in the British Museum ; *Vittellius*, C. i.

In the year 1485, Henry earl of Richmond, afterwards king Henry VII., arrived at Milford Haven, from Bretagne, and he had so far paved the way for his reception in this country, as to meet with little opposition till he came to Shrewsbury. Here, however, the gates were shut against him. He sent messengers to demand that the gates be opened to admit the rightful sovereign of England. The head bailiff, whose name was Mytton, appeared at the gate, and answered, “ I acknowledge no sovereign but king Richard III., whose servants I and my townsmen are. *I solemnly swear, that before any other enter this town, he shall first make his way over my body.* By this expression he meant that he would suffer himself to be slain, rather than admit any but his acknowledged monarch. The messengers returned to Henry, and they were again sent on the following morning, to request that the earl of Richmond might be suffered to pass. They pledged themselves, for the earl, that no injury whatever should be done to the town, or its inhabitants, and that Mytton himself should also be saved from the guilt of perjury. The bailiff having in some measure changed his mind since his last interview with the messengers, did not object to these lenient terms. Henry entered the town *by stepping over the body of Mytton, who laid down for the purpose in the gateway.*—From hence he passed on to Bosworth-Field, where the decisive battle was fought in which Richard III. was slain.

It is affirmed of this entry of the army of Henry VII., that a malady unknown before was introduced into England, called the *sweating sickness*. It raged for upwards of sixty years in the kingdom, carrying off many thousand people, and at last ended in this town, in the year 1551. A short time before this period it was so violent here, as to take off no fewer than nine hundred and ninety persons in the course of a few days. The disease began with a violent perspiration, which continued till either the death or recovery of the patient. It seldom lasted more than twenty-four hours, so that those who happened to be taken ill in the day time, were put to bed with their clothes on to wait the event; and those who were seized in the night were ordered to remain in bed, but on no account to sleep. This singular and dreadful malady seems to have originated among the levies that Henry had raised on the continent, which had been raked out of hospitals and gaols, buried in filth, and, without any attention to their health or comfort, immediately crowded on board the transports.

In the civil wars, Shrewsbury was garrisoned for the king, and sir Michael Earnly was made governor. General Mytton made two unsuccessful attempts upon it, but in February 1644 the place was surrendered to him. Crowe, the lieutenant, was afterwards hanged for his treachery, or cowardice. The governor, and several persons of rank, were made prisoners; and the town was plundered. Mytton, soon after the

siege, was made governor, and he received the thanks of the House of Commons for his good services.

In a chronological list of remarkable events at Shrewsbury, are recorded the following singular occurrences :

1282. This year the sheriffs of Salop and Stafford were compelled to provide two hundred wood cutters, to cut down timber and other obstructions, in order to make way for the king's army to enter into Wales.
1427. A bye law was made against swine wandering about the town: the penalty was cutting off an ear for each of the two first offences, and forfeiture for the third.
1519. The brewers were ordered by the corporation not to use that *wicked and pernicious weed*, hops, in their brewings, under the penalty of 6s. 8d.
1547. This year Adam Mytton and Roger Pope, the bailiffs, ordered the picture of our lady to be taken out of St. Mary's church; and the pictures of St. Mary Magdalen, and St. Chad, out of St. Chad's church, and burned.
1552. The magistrates of Shrewsbury were restrained by act of parliament from licensing any more than three persons to sell wine within the town.
1585. On the 15th of May, lord Robert Devereux, earl of Essex, came through the town, before whom the free-school scholars made several orations, as he passed through the castle gates; they standing in battle array, with bows and arrows in their hands.
1618. It was in this year ordered by the corporation, that two persons should be constantly stationed in each street to search for vagrants.

CHURCHYARD, THE POET.

As I have so frequently had occasion to quote the writings of Churchyard, it is but proper that he should have a place at the end of this chapter. Very little is, however, known of his life. He was born at Shrewsbury, a descendant, as he says himself, "of right good race," and flourished in the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. His verses are neither elegant nor smooth, but they are generally supposed to abound in faithful description. His *Worthiness of Wales* was his principal work, but he also wrote in verse, "A Description and Discourse of Paper, and the Benefit it brings, with the setting forth of a Paper Mill near Dartford."—He died about the year 1570; and his epitaph, written by himself, is preserved in Camden's *Remains*:

Come Alecto, and lend me thy torch,
To find a Churchyard in a church porch;
Poverty and poetry his tomb do enclose,
Wherefore, good neighbours, be merry in prose.

CHAP. XXIII.

THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE WELSH.

Account of the Welsh Manners in the Twelfth Century.—Mode of Fighting.—Domestic Customs and Dress.—The Officers belonging to the Court in the Tenth Century.—The Officers of the Nobility.—Various singular Laws and Customs of this Period.—State of Society in the subsequent Centuries.—The Laws of the Chace.—The ancient Games.—Welsh and English Contests after the Insurrection of Glyndwr.—THE MANNERS OF THE MODERN WELSH.—Impositions sometimes practised on English Travellers.—Iraascibility.—The Welsh Cottages.—Women.—Curiosity.—Superstitions.—Account of a supposed Kind of ærial Beings called Knockers.—Witches.—Coelcerth.—Yr Eryr.—Canwyll Corph.—Offering of Enemies.—Wells of Saints.—Plygain.—Leeks on St. David's Day.—Terming.—Mode of Courtship called Bundling.—Customs at Weddings.—Funerals.—Offerings at Funerals.—Reason for not interring on the North Sides of Churches.—Planting the Graves.

IF accounts of the manners and habits of life of the inhabitants of distant nations be found interesting, the aborigines of our own island, and a people that now form part of our own commonwealth, must certainly be entitled to some attention. Compelled, as the Welsh people were, to seek for shelter in this obscure corner of Britain, near fourteen centuries ago, from the persecutions and treachery of their Saxon foes, their manners have had many singular
and

and interesting features, from the most remote periods of their history. Their own reserved dispositions, originating in a natural want of confidence in those from whom they had experienced only injuries and oppression; and the mountainous nature of their country, entirely secluded them from all commerce, and prevented them from settling any amicable connexions with their neighbours. They therefore retained their own institutions, and their own peculiar customs, for many succeeding centuries. An account of some of these have been transmitted to us by their bards, and of others by their historians.

Gerald Barry, (better known as Giraldus Cambrensis,) archdeacon, and afterwards bishop of St. David's, travelled through Wales, his native country, in 1187, with archbishop Baldwin, to preach the crusades, and convert the unenlightened Welsh*. He has left us, though mingled with much superstition, and with many incredible stories, a minute, and, as it is generally believed, an accurate detail of the character of this people.

He informs us that the pride of ancestry was carried amongst them to the greatest lengths; and that this spirit was so deeply rooted, that even the lowest of the peasantry could recite from memory the names

* Their discourses were entirely in *Latin*, notwithstanding which they made multitudes of proselytes! Baldwin and Giraldus have not inaptly been compared to Don Quixote and his squire Sancho Pança.

of their predecessors for many generations.—Their passions were violent, and their resentments keen. They were vindictive and bloody in their anger; and when occasion served, would sometimes revenge themselves for injuries committed at very remote periods.

They were a nation of soldiers, every man being obliged to bear arms in times of distress. The armour was light, consisting only of a small target to defend the breast; and their weapon was a javelin. Thus furnished, they prosecuted a war rather by incursions, and forced marches, and conquered their enemies rather by surprize, than by real strength or courage. In a pitched battle, they were no way equal to the English soldiers, who were clad in heavy armour, and were further defended by large helmets. Their principal manœuvre was to draw their enemies to engagement near the edge of some extensive morasses, over which their lightness and agility would allow them, in case of danger, to retreat in safety. They fought on foot, and made one furious onset: if this was resisted, they were immediately thrown into confusion, and could not be rallied till they arrived in security amongst the mountains or morasses, where they were confident their heavily armed foes would not dare to pursue them. Here they waited in security till another opportunity occurred of falling upon their enemies.

The greatest number of the ancient Welsh led solitary lives in the forests, on the borders of which
they

they formed their dwellings. The huts of the lowest class were constructed with little art or expence, their exterior being nothing more than a covering of interwoven oziers.

They despised trade and the mechanic arts; yet, though they had little money, they were altogether without beggars. The liberality of the superior orders was such, that all partook of their bounty. The hospitable entertainment both of friends and strangers was esteemed by them a virtue. As soon as a traveller entered the house of any of the great men, he delivered his arms to the guard; and some of the domestics immediately brought to him a vessel of water. If he intended to remain all night, he suffered them to wash his feet: if he merely wished for refreshment or repose, he rejected this service. This offering of water for ablution was their mode of giving invitation.

Almost every house was provided with a harper, and the strangers were entertained in the day time, (when they did not prefer the amusements of the chase,) with the conversation of young women, and the music of the harp. Giraldus is particular in his encomiums on the talents of the Welsh people in music. He says that most of them could play on the harp, and that in the wit and ingenuity of their songs, and in extemporaneous effusions of genius, they greatly excelled all the other western nations. —The strangers were all assembled in the evening to an entertainment that was provided for them in

the hall, according to their numbers and rank, and according to the ability of the host. They were placed by threes; and the dishes were put on fresh rushes. In these entertainments there was no profusion, nor were any incentives to excess introduced. I presume they placed the dishes on their knees, for Giraldus informs us they had no table. The host and hostess remained standing during the whole time, to see that every one was served with as much food as he wanted.—When the hour of rest approached, the domestics scattered a few rushes along the sides of the room, and covered these with a hard and rough cloth, the produce of the country, by way of a bed. On this they all laid down together, in the same dress they had worn during the day. The fire was kept burning all night in the middle of the room; and those who found themselves cold, or found the bed, from its hardness, uncomfortable, occasionally resorted to it.

The dress of the men at this period seems to have consisted principally of a kind of shirt, and a small cloak: they shaved away every part of their beards, except a whisker on the upper lip. Both sexes were very particular in preserving the whiteness and elegance of their teeth. They were almost continually to be seen in the act of rubbing them, sometimes with a piece of green hazel, and at other times with a bit of woollen cloth. Their invariable abstinence from hot food tended greatly to preserve their teeth.

In

In the tenth century, about two hundred and fifty years previous to the date of the account given by Giraldus Cambrensis, the royal mansion consisted only of a hall, parlour, and bed-rooms; butlery, stable, dog-kennel, granary, and bakehouse*.

At this period the dress of the king consisted of a mantle and tunic, shirt, breeches, shoes, stockings, and gloves, and a cap made of different kinds of skins. The queen's dress did not differ much from this.—No other fuel was used than wood. The bed was of straw: indeed, straw was continued in the royal bed-chambers of England, till even towards the conclusion of the thirteenth century.

There were twenty-four principal officers belonging to the court. Of these, the first in rank was the 'penteulu,' or *mayor of the palace*. This person was always a prince of the blood; and he had, with various perquisites, a salary of three pounds a year. One part of his duty was to entertain at his table such persons as had been turned out from the royal board for misbehaviour, and to intercede for their pardon. The *chaplain* was second in rank. Next to him succeeded the *steward* of the household. The latter provided the meat and liquor, was master of ceremonies, and the taster. Among his perquisites he was allowed as much "plain ale" from every cask that he brought in as he could reach with

* Leges Wallicæ, lib. i. c. 47 — From these laws, founded by Howel Dda, *Howel the Good*, about the year 950, much of the immediately ensuing account has been extracted.

his whole middle finger when immersed; as much “spiced ale” as he could reach with the second joint; and as much “mead” as with the first joint of the finger immersed. The fourth officer of the court was the *head falconer*. When this person gave any entertainment in his private apartments, he was entitled to three horns of the best liquor of the palace, and one dish. He was required to bring his cup in person to the hall at every repletion of it, lest he should drink too much, and neglect his birds. When he had been successful in his sport, the prince rose to meet him, and sometimes held his stirrup while he alighted from his horse. The court poet, or *barper*, filled the eighth place. It was his duty, when the king’s domestics went out on any plundering expedition against the English, to attend and play before them: and when the armies were about to engage, he sung to them the song called “The Monarchy of Britain.” The ‘*gofdegwr*,’ or *king’s sergeant*, was ninth in rank. One part of his duty was to prevent unbecoming noises in the hall by striking the columns with his wand. The *chief huntsman*, and the *president of the grooms*, ranked next each other. The former, at a certain time of the year, was allowed to hunt only for the king, but at other seasons he was at liberty to do this for himself. His horn was formed from that of an ox, and was valued at a pound. He was allowed every winter an ox’s hide, to form his leashes of, and in summer he had a cow’s hide to cut into spatter-dashes.

dashes. The twelfth place was given to the *physician*, or rather the surgeon. For slight wounds of the persons attendant on the court, he had as a fee that part of their garment which had been stained by their blood. He had, however, an allowance in money, of a hundred and eighty pence, for more serious injuries. The *porter* was reckoned among the officers of the court. This personage provided straw for all the beds, and kindled all the fires in the palace. He was obliged to know the face of every man who was entitled to admission into the royal hall. One of his perquisites was, of the swine that passed through the gate, any sow that with one hand he could lift up by the bristles, so that her feet should be as high as his knees. He was also entitled to every animal without a tail that passed through the gate:—and, at each of the three great festivals, he was allowed to drink three horns of an highly valued liquor, called “the Twelve Apostles.” Among the remaining officers I find the *master of the bounds*, the *butler*, the *cook*, the *lamplighter*, and the *chambermaid*.

In this establishment we observe the master of the hawks, the chief groom, the poet laureat, the lamplighter, and the cook, all ranked immediately among the great officers of state. Such a precedence was naturally given them in a court, generally devoted, as all originally were, and as in all illiterate ages ever will be, to the pleasures of the feast, and the diversions of the chase.

The

The different ranks in society were, the king, dukes, earls, lords, barons, esquires, yeomen, vassals, and slaves*.

The officers of the principal nobility were, a steward of the household, chamberlain, chaplain, almoner, usher of the hall, gentleman of the horse, butler, cook, baker, door-keeper of the chambers, porter, groom of the horse, and apparitor, with their assistants.—One part of the usher of the hall's duty was, every day after dinner, to deliver, in an audible voice, an account of the expences of the table for that day, and to admonish all the persons present to economy.

The king had the right of commanding every person within his dominions to join his army at all times when he thought it necessary, and once a year he had the power of sending them even beyond the limits of his country.—During the absence of the king, the authority of the court was vested in the chaplain, the steward, and the judge.

After these particulars relative to the Welsh court, and the high ranks of society, I shall recite some particulars from the old laws, and then proceed with the subsequent history of the manners of this people.

Little attention or respect seems to have been paid by this race of warriors to the fair sex. By one of their laws it is decreed, “that whosoever

* Brenin, Twysog, Jarll, Arglwydd, Barwn, Uchelwr, Gwr-
ëang, Alltud, and Caeth.

should

should strike the queen, or snatch any thing forcibly out of her hand, should forfeit the royal protection.” —Nothing can surely exceed the brutality and injustice of the following punishment for seduction. After complaint had been made by the female of the desertion of her lover, the judge ordered that the offender should provide a bull at some fixed time and place. As soon as it was brought to the spot, the tail was shaven, and well greased; and, thus prepared, was introduced through a wicker door. Here the female was to lay hold of it; two men were to goad the beast; and if, by dint of strength, she could retain the bull, she was to have it as a satisfaction for the injury she had sustained: if not, she got only the grease that remained in her hands.

The British fair were declared marriageable at the age of fourteen. The lover addressed himself in all cases to the father of the maid. If he agreed to their union, he introduced his daughter to her suitor. A few days concluded the whole business, for the father had an authority so absolute, that his daughter had not even the power of refusal. If she disliked the lover whom he had recommended, she had no other resource than either the tears of intreaty, or the dangers of flight*. If, however, after marriage, she continued to dislike her husband, she might, by the Welsh laws, be separated from him on very slight grounds; it was a sufficient cause if she disco-

* Whitaker's History of Manchester, ii. 136.

vered that he had an ill-scented breath. With respect to the husband, he was not allowed to divorce his wife, but for the most serious offences. If she called him opprobrious names, pulled him by the beard, or squandered away his goods, the injured spouse might give her three blows with a stick on any part of her body except the head. If, however, he beat her more severely, or for a less cause, he was liable to a heavy fine.

The compensation for the murder of a mayor or chancellor was a fine of a hundred and eighty-nine cows. For the murder of the chief of a family, the fine was thrice this number of cows; of a king's villein, it was sixty-three cows; and a pound and a half was reckoned full satisfaction for the murder of a sound-bodied slave.—The barbarous custom of exempting from capital punishment, even the most atrocious assassin, by payment of a fine, was retained much longer in this country than in any other part of Britain. It was practised by the lords marchers in the fifteenth century, and even in the year 1536 an instance occurred in Merionethshire of five pounds being received in compensation for the commission of a murder*.—For lesser offences this people had various atonements. A Welshman, for the loss of his finger, received from the offender one cow and twenty pence; for the loss of his nose he had six oxen, and a hundred and twenty pence; and for being pulled by the hair, a penny for every finger,

* Wynne, 407.

and

and two-pence for the thumb, the instruments of insult.

A Welshman, whole born, having no debased blood, was accounted a free native gentleman.

If a villein, with consent of a baron, took any one of the baron's sons to bring up, that child was made by the laws a participator in the property and inheritance of the villein, in the same manner as his own children.

The Welsh laws prescribed three sciences which no villein could teach his children without the consent of his lord; but if the lord suffered any of them to study one or more of the sciences for a certain time, such children were by that means rendered free, and could be no longer ranked among the villeins. These sciences were *scholarship*, *bardism*, and *smithcraft*. Of the latter, however, it should be remarked, that the term *smithcraft* had, doubtless, a much more comprehensive sense than we at present give to it. The professor of smithcraft must have been acquainted with different branches of knowledge which are now practised separately, such as the arts of raising the iron, and other kinds of ore, and converting them into metal.

The Welsh had among their laws two very singular ones. If any person killed the cat that was about the king's palace, she was to be hung up by the tail in such a manner that her head should touch the floor, and so much wheat was to be paid as a forfeit, as, being heaped around her, would

cover the tip of her tail.—If a dog was of so savage a disposition as to bite people who did nothing to offend him, and had done it thrice, and his master still neglected to kill him, he was to be tied to his master's foot, and not at a greater length than two spans, and in that situation to be killed. Three cows were also to be paid as a fine to the king.

The Welsh princes, and other lords of particular territories, were owners *in chief* of all the lands, and sovereign lords of all their subjects and bondsmen. To these they distributed the townships and hamlets, to be holden by particular tenures, and subject to such conditions as the owners thought fit to impose. These tenants were either free natives, or perfect slaves. The former had the liberty of going whither they pleased, had the uncontrolled power of buying and selling, with other immunities; but the others constituted even part of the property of their lords, who could dispose of them in whatever manner they pleased. They had the power of offering them to sale in the same manner they would their cattle. This inhuman custom prevailed in Wales for many years after the death of the last prince of Wales. There is yet extant a deed of sale, dated even so late as the year 1448, by which seven slaves and their families became transferred from one person to another, in the township of Porthaethwy in Anglesea.—All the tenants, both bond and free, were subject to several services which they were obliged to perform. They
were

were not only compellable to attend the king in his wars, but they were obliged to attend their respective lords when engaged in their petty contentions, some of them for a limited time, and only to particular places, but others indefinitely to any part of the country, and what was of still more essential consequence, at their own cost. Certain of them had to maintain the prince's steward, his horses, cattle, falconers, hawks, or some other part of his establishment. In the building of houses, or mills, some of them, from their tenures, were obliged to carry the stones, others timber, some to repair the roofs, and some the walls. Some had also to repair the wears, some to hedge the warrens, and some to attend the offices of the larder or kitchen.—Besides these tenures, there were certain lands that were holden, not under any lord or prince, but of saints, or the patrons of churches. The tenants of this property styled themselves abbots. Of these there were seven in the island of Anglesea, and a great number in the other parts of Wales*.

By the old Welsh laws, every man's inheritance was divided among his children, but the youngest son had the principal house. The lands, even till within a few centuries, were in no case suffered to devolve to a female; rather than this they escheated to the lord. The owner had, however, the power,

* Rowlands, 121, 122, 127, 129, 133.

which he frequently exercised, of mortgaging them, and sometimes by way of providing a marriage portion for the daughters. Thus Robin Vaughan of Henblas, charged his lands with a mortgage of *twelve pounds*, in part of his daughter's marriage-portion*.

The ancient Welsh followed the pleasures of the chase with great avidity, and various kinds of animals were the objects of their pursuit. Among these have been enumerated the stag, the boar, a swarm of bees, the salmon, the cock of the wood, the fox, the hare, the roe, and "climbing animals," such probably as martins, squirrels, and wild cats. Some of these do not accord with the present ideas of objects of amusement in the chase; they were, however, all comprehended in the code of laws relative to this diversion, formed by one of the Welsh princes in the twelfth century.—The mode of hunting those animals that could be pursued by dogs, was with hounds or greyhounds; these were held in leashes, and from thence let slip at the animals. No person was allowed to kill an animal of the chase on its form, or at rest, on pain of forfeiting his bow and arrows to his lord. When several hounds, the property of different persons, were let slip at an animal at the same time, the person whose dog was nearest the beast when it was last in sight, was entitled to

* Wynne, 396.

the skin. A bitch was excepted, unless it could be proved that she was pregnant by a dog that had before won a skin.

Every person who carried a horn, was to be so far acquainted with his pursuit, as to be able, whenever he was called upon, to give a scientific account of the nine preceding objects of the chase. All persons unable to do this, were considered only as pretenders to the science, and, consequently, whenever such were discovered, they forfeited their horns.

The king had the power of hunting wherever he pleased within his own dominions. If, however, an animal was pursued and killed on any gentleman's estate, and not followed and claimed by the huntsman the same night, the owner of the land might convert it to his own use; but he was under a strict injunction to take good care of the dogs, and to preserve the skin.

A stag at this period was esteemed equal in value to an ox; a hind to a well-grown cow; a roe to a goat; and a wild sow to a tame one. Wolves, foxes, and some other noxious animals, had no value, and any person was allowed to kill them. The hare had no value; and for this singular reason, because it was believed every other month to change its sex: the same was the case with the badger, because in some years it had a disease which the Welsh called the measles.

This people had anciently twenty-four *games*. The first and principal of these were what they denominated the *six feats of activity*: running, leaping, swimming, riding, and the display of strength in supporting and hurling heavy weights.—To these succeeded the *four exercises of weapons*: archery, throwing the javelin, hurling with a sling, and fencing with a sword and target, or a two-handed sword. The latter game included also playing with the quarterstaff.—Next came the *three rural sports*: hunting, fishing, and hawking:—then the *seven domestic and literary games*: poetry, playing on the harp, reading Welsh, singing a song with the harp and crwth, singing an ode in four parts with accentation, heraldry, and embassy:—and, lastly, the *four inferior games*: chess, draughts, or shuffleboard, back-gammon*, and tuning the harp.

In consequence of the dreadful contests that took place betwixt the Welsh and English during the rebellion of Owen Glyndwr, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, an act passed the English parliament in 1401, by which any whole-born Welshman was prevented from purchasing property, or being made a burghers in any of the English towns; nor were this people allowed to hold any civil offices whatever in England. Complaints were daily made

* Our game of *back-gammon* seems to have had its origin in this. The words *back* and *gammon* signify in the Welsh language, an inferior kind of battle or contest.

of their incursions, and of their stealing cattle, and other property, sometimes to a very great amount. It was in consequence enacted that, in any case where restitution was not made within seven days, it was lawful for the persons thus aggrieved, to arrest any Welshmen who came with cattle or goods for sale from the district where the offenders resided. These were to be detained till full satisfaction had been made.—From this time, for the space of three years, no Englishman was allowed to be convicted at the suit of any Welshman in Wales, but by English justices, or by the judgment of whole-born English burghesses.

By an act of parliament two years subsequent to the above, it was directed that no English burghesses who married a Welsh-woman should have franchises with the English burghesses; and all such persons were prevented from holding any office in Wales, or in the marches.—This statute declares that the Welsh harpers, who are here denominated “wasters, rymers, minstrels, and other vagabonds,” had moved sedition, provoked looseness among the Welsh, and greatly impoverished them; it was therefore ordained that they be no longer “sustained to make comor-thies, or gatherings on the people there.”—No Welshman was allowed to wear arms, or to bring any arms or victuals into any of the Welsh towns, without especial licence for the purpose. Nor could a Welshman have any house of defence; but all the Welsh castles and other fortresses were directed to

be garrisoned by Englishmen only, entire strangers to the Welsh, who should be sent from some distant parts of England.

The Welsh people appear in their turn to have entertained equal severity against the English. Prior to the reign of Henry V. they had a custom, called the *affach*, by which it was necessary to have the oaths of three hundred men, before an Englishman who had been accused of any crime, could be acquitted. Before its abolition by this monarch, an accused Englishman was liable to continue in gaol for life; as among his enemies, even a far smaller number of compurgators than this strange law required could not have been obtained. Henry ordained that every attempt to enforce this custom should be a penal offence, and the prosecutor was liable to two years' imprisonment, to pay treble costs, and a fine and ransom before he could be released.

It appears by an act passed in the reign of king Henry V., that many of the Welsh had entered the English counties, and hiding themselves in the woods during the day time, had frequently in the night carried off into their own country the king's liege subjects. There they had sometimes detained them amongst the mountains for six months and upwards, till they were ransomed by their friends. Persons thus offending were declared guilty of felony, and a mode is prescribed by this act for their seizure and punishment.

These,

These, and other enormities, were found in the subsequent reign still to be practised, and an act of parliament was passed still further to restrain the Welsh in their outrages. This, however, seems to have had little effect, except for the moment, for they soon relapsed into their former habits.

Even in a statute of so late a period as the year 1536, it is declared that “the people of Wales, and the marches of the same, for long time past, have continued to commit divers thefts, murders, rebellions, burnings of houses, and other heinous misdemeanors, which seem deeply rooted in this people, as not likely to cease unless by severe correction and punishment.” In consequence of the difficulty of putting an end to these outrages by less powerful means, an act was passed in the following year, by which the principality of Wales was declared to be thenceforth “incorporated, united, and annexed to the realm of England:” that all the natives should enjoy the rights and privileges of Englishmen: and that the laws, ordinances, and statutes of England, and none other, should for ever afterwards be used as the laws, statutes, and ordinances of Wales.—By this act four new Welsh counties, and one new English county, were created, namely, Brecknockshire, Radnorshire, Montgomeryshire, Denbighshire, and Monmouthshire.

THE MANNERS OF THE MODERN WELSH.

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.

While quarrels rage did nourish ruine's wrack,
 And Owen Glyndore set bloodie broyles abroad;
 Full many a towne was spoyl'd and put to sack,
 And cleane consum'd, to countries foule reproach.
 Great castles rais'd, fayre buildings burnt to dust,
 Such revel reigned, that men did live by lust:—
 But since they came, and yielded unto lawe,
 Most meeke as lambe, within one yoke they drawe.

In those 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 seem there 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 the Welsh writers. Wherever the English have had uninterrupted communication, the money of which they have been so
 lavish

lavish has afforded, an irresistible temptation for the lower classes of the inhabitants to practise impositions: in such situations the people differ little from the like class amongst us. On all the great roads, they seem to pride themselves in being sufficiently expert to over-reach their *Saxon* neighbours in any of their little bargains. A Welsh gentleman of undoubted veracity informed me, (and in various instances I have myself experienced its truth,) that it is a common practice amongst his countrymen, to ask for any article they have to offer for sale nearly double the sum they will take; those persons who are acquainted with these practices never give them the full price for what they purchase. I have good authority for asserting that at some of the inferior inns, if an Englishman sits down at table with Welshmen, the charge for his eating will be at least one third more than that of each of the rest of the company. This is a provoking imposition.

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 fullness.—It is usual to say of them that they are very 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

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.

The lowest classes bear indications of extreme poverty, yet they seem to enjoy good health. Their dwellings are cottages, or rather huts, built of stones, whose interstices are closed with peat or mud. On a mere inspection, they would seem the habitations of wretchedness. They are in general so dark, that, on first entering, the glare of light down the chimney alone takes the attention. The following is a good picture by Mr. Hutton of one of the better kind of cottages made uncommonly neat for the celebration of a wedding dinner ;

Arriving, I crept through a hole in the door,
Some stones were laid down, and some not, on the floor.
The whole was one dark room, with three windows so small,
That the light down the chimney quite outstript them all.
But this great relief came to soften their cares,
Neither sober nor drunk could they tumble down stairs.
Two beds grac'd the mansion, which made it appear
That cleanliness, prudence, and order reigned there.
The tables and cupboards, which, opened to view,
Shew'd the hand of industry had polished their hue.
The shelves and their crockery, both china and delph,
Were clean, and were orderly rang'd on the shelf.
Dad, mam, and nine children, which fortune bestow'd,
In harmony liv'd in this darksome abode ;
Nor can we consent to call those people poor,
Where prudence steps in, and bars want from the door.

The

The usual food of the labouring Welsh is bread, cheese, and milk; and sometimes what they call *flummery*, a composition of oatmeal and milk. Animal food and ale are by no means among their usual fare.

The women of the mountainous parts of the country are generally of a middle size, though more frequently below than above it. Their features are often very pretty, but in point of figure they are in general uninteresting; and their long, and thickly matted hair, crowned with hats similar to those worn by the men, affords the unpleasant idea of a due want of cleanliness. They wear long blue cloaks that descend almost to their feet. These they are seldom to be seen without, even in the hottest weather; owing to the frequency of showers in a country surrounded with mountains. On their legs they have blue stockings without any feet to them: they keep them down by means of a loop fastened round one of the toes. In the more unfrequented parts the women seldom wear any shoes, except on a Sunday, or the market-day, and even on those days they often carry them in their hands as they go along the roads. I have sometimes seen six or eight of them, after their journies from the adjacent villages, seated on the bank of a rivulet, in the act of washing their feet previously to their entering the towns. During these journies they often employ their time in knitting, and a heavy shower of rain will not sometimes compel them to give up their work.

work. Their employment within doors, besides their family duties, is chiefly in spinning wool.

What has been repeatedly asserted of the Welsh people, that they are naturally inquisitive and curious respecting strangers is certainly true, but it is a circumstance by no means peculiar to this country. In all wild and unfrequented parts of the world it is the same, and it is in such parts of Wales that this disposition is chiefly observable. It is easily accounted for when we consider their manners of life, and general ignorance. Surprise on the appearance of strangers, where in their limited ideas there could seem no inducement to repay the trouble or expence of a journey, would naturally excite their wonder, and this as naturally leads to the questions “Where do you come from?”—“Why do you come here?”—and, “Where do you go to from hence?”—Unsatisfied with my answers, that I was an Englishman come to visit the mountains and waterfalls, I have often and often been asked with the utmost simplicity, “Are there then no rocks nor rivers in England?” In all accounts of travels through unfrequented countries we find this disposition to curiosity very common, and a slight acquaintance with the nature of the human mind is sufficient to allay any surprise that may be excited in discovering that it is prevalent in Wales.

They are much inclined to superstition, but in all countries we find that there are multitudes of weak
and

and foolish people. In England, most of the peasantry swallow with credulous avidity any ridiculous stories of ghosts, hobgoblins, and fairies. There is, however, in the Welsh, certainly a greater inclination to credulity than what at least an Englishman can discover among our own people. There are few, indeed, of the mountaineers of Wales, who have not by heart a string of legendary stories of those disembodied beings.—The cavern in Llanymynech hill, not far from Oswestry, has been long noted as the residence of a clan of fairies, of whom the neighbouring villagers relate many surprising and mischievous pranks. Whilst they have stopped to listen at the mouth of the cave, they have sometimes even heard the little elves in conversation, but this was always in such low whispers, that (with reverberation along the sides and roof of the cavern) the words were rendered indistinguishable. The stream that runs across a distant part of this cavern, is celebrated as the place where the fairy washerwomen and labourers have been heard frequently at work.

Considerably allied to the fairies is another species of supposed aerial beings, called by the Welsh *knockers*. These, the Welsh miners say, are heard underground, in or near mines, and by their noises generally point out to the workmen a rich vein of ore. The following are extracts from two letters on this extraordinary subject, written by Mr. Lewis Morris, a man eminent for his learning and good sense.

Being

Being myself unable to add any comment, I shall transcribe them verbatim *.

“ People who know very little of arts or sciences, or the powers of nature, (which, in other words, are the powers of the author of nature,) will laugh at us Cardiganshire miners, who maintain the existence of *knockers* in mines, a kind of good-natured impalpable people, not to be seen, but heard, and who seem to us to work in the mines; that is to say, they are the types, or forerunners of working in mines, as dreams are of some accidents which happen to us. The barometer falls before rain or storms. If we did not know the construction of it, we should call it a kind of dream, that foretells rain; but we know it is natural, and produced by natural means, comprehended by us. Now how are we sure, or any body sure, but that our dreams are produced by the same natural means? There is some faint resemblance of this in the sense of hearing; the bird is killed before we hear the report of the gun. However this is, I must speak well of the *knockers*, for they have actually stood my very good friends, whether they are aerial beings called spirits, or whether they are a people made of matter, not to be felt by our gross bodies, as air and fire, and the like.

* They were written to his brother, Mr. William Morris, comptroller to the Customs at Holyhead. The first is dated the 14th of October, and the other the 4th of December, 1754.

“ Before

“ Before the discovery of *Esgair y Mwyn* mine, these little people, as we call them here, worked hard there day and night; and there are abundance of honest, sober people, who have heard them, and some persons who have no notion of them or of mines either; but after the discovery of the great ore they were heard no more.

“ When I began to work at *Llwyn Llwyd*, they worked so fresh there for a considerable time, that they frightened some young workmen out of the work. This was when we were driving levels, and before we had got any ore; but when we came to the ore, they then gave over, and I heard no more talk of them.

“ Our old miners are no more concerned at hearing them *blasting*, boring holes, landing *deads*, &c. than if they were some of their own people; and a single miner will stay in the work, in the dead of the night, without any man near him, and never think of any fear, or of any harm they will do him. The miners have a notion that the *knockers* are of their own tribe and profession, and are a harmless people who mean well. Three or four miners together shall hear them sometimes, but if the miners stop to take notice of them, the knockers will also stop; but, let the miners go on at their own work, suppose it is *boring*, the *knockers* will at the same time go on as brisk as can be in landing, *blasting*, or beating down the *loose*; and they are always heard a little distance from them before they come to the ore.

“ These

“ These are odd assertions, but they are certainly facts, though we cannot, and do not pretend to account for them.—We have now very good ore at *Llwyn Llwyd*, where the *knockers* were heard to work, but have now yielded up the place, and are no more heard.—Let who will laugh, we have the greatest reason to rejoice, and thank the *knockers*, or rather God, who sends us these notices.”

The second letter is as follows :

“ I have no time to answer your objection against *knockers* ; I have a large treatise collected on that head, and what Mr. Derham says is nothing to the purpose. If sounds of voices, whispers, blasts, working, or pumping, can be carried on a mile underground, they should always be heard in the same place, and under the same advantages, and not once in a month, a year, or two years. Just before the discovery of ore last week, three men together, in our work of *Llwyn Llwyd*, were ear-witnesses of *knockers* pumping, driving a wheel-barrow, &c. ; but there is no pump in the work, nor any mine within less than a mile of it, in which there are pumps constantly going. If they were these pumps that they heard, why were they never heard but that once in the space of a year ? And why are they not now heard ? But the pumps make so little noise, that they cannot be heard in the other end of *Esgair y Mwyn* mine when they are at work.

“ We have a dumb and deaf taylor in this neighbourhood, who has a particular language of his own,

by

by signs; and by practice I can understand him, and make him understand me pretty well; and I am sure I could make him learn to write, and be understood by letters very soon, for he can distinguish men already by the letters of their names. Now letters are marks to convey ideas, just after the same manner as the motions of fingers, hands, eyes, &c. If this man had really seen ore in the bottom of a sink of water in a mine, and wanted to tell me how to come at it, he would take two flicks like a pump, and would make the motions of a pumper at the very sink where he knew the ore was; and would make the motions of driving a wheel-barrow. And what I should infer from thence would be, that I ought to take out the water, and sink, or drive in the place, and wheel the stuff out. By parity of reasoning, the language of the *knockers*, by imitating the sound of pumping, wheeling, &c. signifies that we should take out the water, and drive there. This is the opinion of all old miners, who pretend to understand the language of the *knockers*. Our agent and manager, upon the strength of this notice, goes on and expects great things. You, and every body that is not convinced of the being of *knockers*, will laugh at these things, for they sound like dreams; so does every dark science. Can you make any illiterate man believe that it is possible to know the distance of two places by looking at them? Human knowledge is but of small extent, its bounds are within our view, we see nothing beyond these; the

great universal creation contains powers, &c. that we cannot so much 'as guess at. May there not exist beings, and vast powers, infinitely smaller than the particles of air, to whom air is as hard a body as a diamond is to us? Why not? There is neither great nor small, but by comparison. Our *knockers* are some of these powers, the guardians of mines.

“ You remember the story in Selden’s Table-Talk, of sir Robert Cotton and others disputing about Moses’s shoe. Lady Cotton came in, and asked, “ Gentlemen, are you sure it *is* a shoe?” So the first thing is to convince mankind that there is a set of creatures, a degree or so finer than we are, to whom we have given the name of *knockers*, from the sounds we hear in our mines. This is to be done by a collection of their actions well attested; and that is what I have begun to do, and then let every one judge for himself.”

These letters are curious, though the reasoning is far from conclusive. When I was in the country, I was very desirous of seeing a copy of the remarks on these supposed ærial sprites, that Mr. Morris refers to in the second letter, but was not able to meet with such.—In endeavouring to account for the noises, for we must believe that such noises have taken place, it has been remarked that they might perhaps have proceeded from the echo of the miners at work, or from the dropping of water in some hollow places in or near the mine. These conjectures are, however, very insufficient, if we are to credit Mr.

Morris’s

Morris's assertion, (and he was a man not likely to make an assertion without being convinced of its truth,) that whilst the miners are engaged in one kind of work, the *knockers*, as they are called, are carrying on another : while for instance, as he says, the *miners* are *boring*, the *knockers* are *blasting*, the former conjecture must fall to the ground ; and the droppings of water could in no case produce an effect that might be mistaken for blasting. I am acquainted with the subject only from report, but I can assure my readers that I found few people in Wales that did not give full credence to it. The elucidation of these extraordinary facts must be left to those persons who have better opportunities of inquiring into them than I have. I may be permitted to express a hope that the subject will not be neglected, and that those who reside in any neighbourhood where the noises are heard, will carefully investigate their cause, and, if possible, give to the world a more accurate account of them than the present.—In the year 1799, they were heard in some mines in the parish of Llanvihangel Yfgeiviog, in Anglesea, where they continued, at intervals, for some weeks.

The lower class of the Welsh yet continue to believe in the existence of witches. Many old women, therefore, only because they happen to be old, and perhaps deformed, have to bear the odium of preventing the cows from yielding milk, and butter

from forming in the churn. They are also believed to possess the power of inflicting disorders both on men and cattle, and that they seldom neglect to do it when they have been offended. This will well account for the notion of witches having been strenuously maintained some centuries ago even by the most enlightened persons of the age. Old women, on whom the generally odious epithet of witch has been once fixed by the popular voice, have found it their interest, and in Wales to this day find it their interest, to deny nothing that is alleged to them. They become thus held in superstitious fear by the people, and in many instances obtain an easy livelihood from their supposed extent of power. Wherever they ask alms, it would be (say the common people) the death of a cow or horse, or perhaps even of one of the family, to refuse them; and the neighbouring peasantry, much as they hold them in detestation, believe it their own interest to keep them always in good humour. The old women thus live, in some measure, in affluence, with little other trouble than feeding and training up three or four cats, and attending minutely to the concerns of their neighbours.

On the eve of All Saints, the Welsh people, as soon as it is dark, kindle great fires near their houses, which they call *coelcerth*, or bonfires. This custom has been supposed, though probably without any foundation, to have originated with the druids, and to have been intended by them as an offering

offering of thanksgiving for the fruits of the harvest. Sometimes fifty or a hundred of these fires may be seen at once, and round each the people dance, hand in hand, at the same time singing and shouting in the most riotous and frantic manner imaginable. In many places a custom is retained of each person throwing a few nuts into the flame, by which they pretend to foretell the good or ill fortune that will attend them during the ensuing year. If, by the expansion of air within them, the nuts burst, they immediately conclude that they are doomed to die within twelve months.—On the day after All Saints the poor children go about the towns and villages to beg bread and cheese.

On the eve of St. John the Baptist, they place little bundles of the plant called St. John's wort over their doors, or windows. These they believe will purify their houses, and drive away all fiends and evil spirits. The druids had a custom similar to this, in which they used sprigs of vervain.

The young people have many pretended modes of declaring their future lovers. Most of these are, however, common to the peasantry of our own country, which renders it needless to repeat them here.

I have been informed that a disorder somewhat resembling St. Anthony's fire, which the Welsh people call *Yr Eryr*, the eagle, is supposed to be at

any time cured by the following kind of charm. A person, whose grandfather, or great grandfather, has eaten the flesh of an eagle, is to spit on the part affected, and rub it for a little while with his fingers. This is esteemed an infallible remedy. A maid-servant of a gentleman of my acquaintance who resides in Caernarvonshire, declared, in my hearing, that she had been cured of this complaint by an old man whose grandfather had eaten of an eagle. She said that he at the same time used some words, to aid the charm, which she could not comprehend.

It is an opinion very prevalent within the diocese of St. David's in Pembrokeshire, that a short time previous to the death of a person, a light is sometimes seen to proceed from the house, and even from the bed, and to pursue its way to the church where the body is to be interred, precisely in the same track that the funeral will afterwards follow. This light is called *canwyll corph*, or "the corpse candle."

A strange custom prevails in some obscure parts of North Wales, which, however, the clergy have now almost abolished. This is termed the "offering of an enemy." When a person supposes himself highly injured by any one, he repairs to some church dedicated to a celebrated saint, or one who is believed to have great power over the affairs of men; here kneeling on his bare knees before the altar, and offering a piece of money to the saint, he utters the

the most virulent and dreadful imprecations, calling down curses and misfortunes on the offender and his family even for generations to come. Sometimes the offended persons repair for the same purpose to some sacred well, dedicated to a saint. Mr. Pennant was threatened by a man, who fancied he had been injured by him, “with the vengeance of St. Elian, and a journey to his well, to curse him with effect*.”

Some of these wells are held in great repute for the cure of diseases; and the fairs are also occasionally applied to for the recovery of stolen goods.—In the parish of Abergeley, in Caernarvonshire, there was formerly a well dedicated to St. George, who was the Welsh tutelary saint of horses. All these animals that were distempered were brought to the well, sprinkled with water, and received this blessing: *Rhad Duw a Saint Siors arnat*, “the blessing of God and St. George be on thee.” It was the custom for those who kept a great number of horses, at certain times to make an offering of one of them to the saint, in order to secure his blessing on all the rest.—If a well of any saint was near the church, the water for baptism was always fetched from thence; and, after the ceremony, the old women would frequently wash their eyes in the water of the font.

* Tour in Wales, ii. 337.

Some years ago it was a custom in the churches of North Wales, whenever the name of the Devil occurred, for every one of the congregation to spit upon the floor. This was done to shew their contempt of the evil spirit. Whenever the name of Judas was mentioned, they expressed their abhorrence of him by striking their breasts.

On the morning of Christmas day, about three o'clock, the inhabitants used formerly to assemble in the churches; and, after the prayers and sermon were concluded, they continued there singing psalms and hymns with great devotion till daylight. Those who through age or infirmity were disabled from attending the church, invariably read the prayers in their own houses, and sang the appropriate hymns. This act of devotion was called *plygain*, "the crowing of the cock *." It has been a general belief among the superstitious, that instantly

At his warning,
Whether in sea, or fire, in earth, or air,
'Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine.

But, during this holy season, the cock was supposed to exert his power throughout the night:

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our SAVIOUR'S birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit walks abroad;

* Pennant, ii. 340.

The nights are wholefome ; then no planets strike ;
No fairy takes ; no witch hath power to charm :
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

The Welsh yet retain the custom of wearing leeks in their hats on St. David's day. On the first of March 640, the Welsh forces under command of king Cadwallo obtained a signal victory over the Saxons. The battle happened near a large piece of ground in which this vegetable was cultivated, and the soldiers put leeks into their hats in order to distinguish themselves. Since this period the leek has been retained as a badge of honour. " The Welshmen (says Fluelin to Henry V.) did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps ; which, your majesty knows, to this hour is an honorable padge of the service *."

The middle and lower classes of the people were formerly much addicted to *terming*, that is, brewing a barrel of ale at some favourite ale-house, and staying there till it was all drunk out. They never went to bed, though the *term* should even last a whole week. They slept in their chairs, or on the floor, as it happened, and the moment they awoke they renewed their jollity. At length, when the barrel was exhausted, they reeled away home. The hero of this Bacchanalian rout always carried off the spiggot in triumph.

* Shakspeare's Henry V., act iv.

The peasantry of part of Caernarvonshire, Anglesea, and Merionethshire, adopt a mode of *courtship*, which till within the last few years was scarcely even heard of in England. It is the same that is common in many parts of America, and termed by the inhabitants of that continent *bundling*. The lover steals, under the shadow of the night, to the bed of his fair one, into which (retaining an essential part of his dress) he is admitted without any shyness or reserve. Saturday or Sunday nights are the principal times when this courtship takes place, and on these nights the men sometimes walk from a distance of ten miles or more to visit their favourite damsels.—This strange custom seems to have originated in the scarcity of fuel, and in the consequent unpleasantness of sitting together, in the colder parts of the year, without a fire. Much has been said of the innocence with which these meetings are conducted. This may be the case in some instances, but it is a very common thing for the consequence of the intercourse to make its appearance in the world within two or three months after the marriage ceremony has taken place. The subject excites no particular attention among the neighbours, provided the marriage be made good before the living witness is brought to light.—Since this custom is entirely confined to the labouring classes of the community, it is not so pregnant with danger as on a first supposition it might seem. Both parties are so poor, that they are necessarily constrained to render their
issue

issue legitimate, in order to secure their reputation, and with it a mode of obtaining a livelihood.

Their *weddings* are usually attended by all the neighbours, sometimes to the number of thirty or upwards. After the ceremony, the day is dedicated to festivity, and is chiefly spent in drinking and singing. At a wedding in the little village of Llanberis, I observed in the church as many as twenty or five-and-twenty attendants. A collection is made on their return to the house to defray the expences of the occasion, to which of course every one contributes. A good idea of the rest of the business may be collected from a pleasant account of a wedding-feast in Cwm y Clo, near Llanberis:

A fire of square peat, and sufficiently dried,
Was spread on the hearth, and at least four feet wide;
Over which took their station six kettles or more,
Which promised a feast, when they opened their store;
And round this flat furnace, to keep them quite hot,
Were plac'd twelve more vessels, which held—God knows what.
Four cooks, in short bed-gowns, attend by desire,
Like the witches in Macbeth, to stir up the fire.

Forty trenchers, with dull knives, and forks made no brighter,
Were spread on some napkins, which once had been whiter,
Supported by planks, forty feet long, or more,
Completely were rais'd on the grass out of door.
But here we are bound the word *table* to offer,
That our verses' great dignity never may suffer.
The table prepar'd, and the cooking completed,
'Twas perfectly needful the guests should be seated.
Loose boards were erected on stones with great art;
But proving too hard for a certain broad part,

A num.

A number of cushions were instantly made,
But not with a needle—no ; formed with a spade.
The finest of ling, root and branch, from the common,
Par'd off, prov'd a cushion for man and for woman.

Now folks, male and female, came in by whole dozens,
Of neighbours, acquaintance, of friends, and of cousins.
It excited surprize, from a region of rocks,
That orderly people should issue by flocks.
Black stockings, blue cloaks, and men's hats, all admire,
Which appear'd to be every female's attire.

While many a longing eye glanc'd at the board,
The word *dinner* sounded—acceptable word !
Five butts of boil'd beef of a gigantic size,
On the board took their station, with joy and surprize ;
On these close attended, as guards rang'd for pleasure,
As many mash'd peas as would heap a strike measure ;
With cabbage a pyramid, much like a steeple :
All these were furrounded with—thirty-eight people.

The moment arriving when dinner was o'er,
The places were taken by thirty-eight more ;—
And then a third set, nearly equal to these,
Sat down to the cabbage, the beef, and the peas ;
Besides about fifty remaining behind,
Who stuck to the tankard, for none of them din'd.

And now an old dish open'd wide at each finner,
As if it would say—" Pay a shilling for dinner."

Eight strike of brown malt, which Caernarvon had seen,
And cost the bride's father two pounds and fourteen,
Was brew'd into drink, that would make one man mad,
But given a second would make his heart glad.
Each quart brought back sixpence, and that pretty soon,
His cot was a public-house that afternoon.

The glafs going round—no—the mug I would fay,
 The lads and the lasses began to look gay,
 To fmile on each other, to toy and to joke;
 I *was* an obferver, but not a word fpoke.

The *bard*, in a rapture, his harp handled soon,
 And twang'd with his fingers, to try if in tune;
 The people felected and pairing began,
 Each lass was indulg'd with the choice of her man;
 Than *Amazons* more than like fairies were feen,
 Full thirty gay couple to dance on the green.
 Joy held his firm ftation till morning was come;
 When each fwain had the pleafure to lead his nymph home.

In South Wales, previous to the weddings of the peafantry, a herald with a crook or wand, adorned with ribands, fometimes makes the circuit of the neighbourhood, and proclaims his *bidding*, or invitation, in a prefcribed form; but the knight-errant cavalcade on horfeback,—the carrying off the bride,—the refcue,—the wordy war in rhyme between the parties, which once formed a fingular fpectacle of mock conteft at the celebration of nuptials, is now almoft, if not altogether laid afide, throughout every part of the principality*.

The *funerals* are attended by greater crowds of people than even their weddings. In the funeral that I attended at Llanberis, which has been defcribed in the preceding volume†, there were at leaft a hundred attendants.—A custom prevails in

* Cam. Reg. vol. ii.

† See page 241.

this country of each individual of the congregation making some *offering* in money on these occasions, which, if done in the church, is paid as a mark of respect to the clergyman. This custom, which is at present confined to North Wales, has doubtless been retained from the Romish religion, where the money was intended as a recompence to the priests for their trouble in singing mass for the soul of the deceased. In some cases, where the clergyman is not respected by his parishioners, the *offerings* are made on the coffin at the door of the house where the deceased resided, and are distributed amongst the poor relatives. When, however, the offerings are made in the church, and the other mode very rarely occurs. The whole of the morning or evening prayers for the day, and the usual part of the burial service in the church, are first read: the next of kin to the deceased then comes forward to the altar table, and if it is a poor person, puts down sixpence or a shilling, but if he is sufficiently opulent, half a crown or a crown, and sometimes even so much as a guinea. This example is followed by the other relatives, and afterwards by the rest of the congregation whose situation in life will afford it, who advance in turns, and offer. When the offering of silver is ended, a short pause ensues, after which, those who cannot spare any larger sum, come forward, and put down each a penny (a half-penny not being admitted). Collections on these occasions have been known to amount to ten or fifteen pounds, but where the relatives

latives are indigent, they do not often exceed three or four shillings. In cases where families are left in distress, this money is usually given by the clergyman to them. When the collection is entirely finished, the body is taken to the grave, the remainder of the burial-service is read, and the awful ceremony is there closed.—The offerings at Llanpublic, the parish church of Caernarvon, sometimes amount to fifty or sixty pounds a year.

It is usual in several parts of North Wales, for the nearest female relation to the deceased, be she widow, mother, sister, or daughter, to pay some poor person, of the same sex, and nearly of the same age with the deceased, for procuring slips of yew, box, and other evergreens, to strew over and ornament the grave for some weeks after interment; and in some instances for weeding and adorning it, on the eves of Easter, Whitsuntide, and the other great festivals, for a year or two afterwards. This gift is called *Diodlys*, and it is made on a plate at the door of the house, where at the same time the body is standing on a bier. It had its name from the custom, which is now discontinued, of the female relative giving to the person a piece of cheese with the money stuck in it, some white bread, and afterwards a cup of ale.—When this previous ceremony is over, the clergyman, or, in his absence, the parish clerk, repeats the Lord's prayer; after which they proceed with the body to the church. Four of the next of kin take the bier upon their shoulders; a custom which

which is considered as expressive of the highest mark that even filial piety can pay to the deceased. If the distance from the house to the church be considerable, they are relieved by some of the congregation; but they always take it again before they arrive at the church.—I have been informed that in some parts of the country it is usual to set the bier down at every cross-way, and again when they enter the church-yard, and at each of these places to repeat the Lord's prayer.

In some parts of Wales it was formerly customary for the friends of the dead to kneel on the grave, and there to say the Lord's prayer for several Sundays subsequent to the interment, and then to dress the grave with flowers.—It was also reckoned fortunate for the deceased if a shower of rain came on while they were carrying the body to church, that his coffin might be moistened with the tears of heaven.

I have observed that in most parts of North Wales, the same practice prevails which is common in England, of crowding all the bodies into that part of the church-yard which is south of the church. The only reason that I have heard the Welsh people give for this custom is, that the north is the *wrong side*. The true reason, however, is, that formerly it was customary for persons, on entering a church-yard, and seeing the grave of a friend or acquaintance, to put up to heaven a prayer for the peace of their soul; and since the entrances to churches were

usually either on the west or south side, those persons who were interred on the north escaped the common notice of their friends, and thereby lost the benefit of their prayers. Thus the north side becoming a kind of refuse spot, only paupers, still-born infants, or persons guilty of some crime, were buried there*.

In Mr. Pratt's *Gleanings through Wales* I observe a charmingly animated description of the neatness and elegance of the Welsh church-yards, and of the attention that is bestowed by the surviving relatives, to the graves of their kindred: but I am sorry to say, if this gentleman has stated facts, that the custom is not general, as he has asserted; it must be completely local. During the seven months that I spent in visiting and examining North Wales, I never saw, nor could I ever hear, of an instance of the graves being weeded every Saturday; "of their being every week planted with the choicest flowers of the season," or that, if a nettle or weed were seen on the Sunday morning, the living party to whom the grave belonged, "would be hooted, after divine service, by the whole congregation."

* Grose's *Olio*, 222.

CHAP. XXIV.

ESSAY ON THE ORIGIN AND CHARACTER OF
THE WELSH LANGUAGE *.

*The Character of the Language.—Of the Poetry.—Other Languages
Dialects of the Welsh.—Analogy betwixt the Hebrew and Welsh.
Betwixt the Greek and Welsh.—The Welsh Letters, and their
Force.—List and Explanation of several of the primitive Words.
—List of Welsh Words in common Use.—The Saxon Alphabet
most probably belonging to the Welsh.—Present State of the Welsh
Language.*

THE Welsh is a rich and copious language, which (however harsh and unpleasant it may sound to foreign ears) has numerous elegancies, and many beautiful forms of expression. Its copiousness is without rival, principally arising from the various combina-

* For the principal part of this essay, (which is intended only for the instruction of the English traveller,) I am indebted to the following works:—*Commentarioli Britanniae descriptionis fragmentum*, auctore Humfredo Lhwyd;—*Powel's History of Wales*;—*Edward Lhwyd's Notes in Gibson's Camden*;—*Rowland's Mona Antiqua restaurata*;—*Owen's Translation of the Elegies of Llywarch Hên*;—*Owen's Welsh Dictionary*;—*Jones's Relics of the Welsh Bards*;—the *Monthly Magazine*;—and the *Cambrian Register*, vols. i. and ii. I have also to acknowledge, in addition to the above authorities, the correspondence and corrections of my valuable friend, the reverend Peter Williams of Llanrûg, in Caernarvonshire.

tions

tions of its verbs. Each of these has about twenty modifications, by means of qualifying prefixes; and in every form they can each be conjugated, either by inflexions like the Latin, or by auxiliaries, as in the English language. The author of Letters from Snowdon has justly remarked, that the Welsh language, at the same time that it boasts “the softness and harmony of the Italian, has all the majesty and expression of the Greek.” Of this I shall transcribe two singular instances: the one in an *englyn*, or kind of epigram, on the Silk-Worm, composed entirely of vowels; and the other in a distich on Thunder, the grandeur of which is scarcely surpassed in any language:

O’i wiw ŵy i weu ê â, a’i weuau
 O’i ŵyau y weua;
 E’ weua ei ŵe aia’,
 A’i, weuau yw iëuau iâ.

I perish by my art;
 Dig my own grave:
 I spin my thread of life;
 My death I weave.

Tân a dŵr yn ymwriaw,
 Yw’r taranau dreigiau draw.

The roaring thunder, dreadful in its ire,
 Its water warring with ærial fire*.

The metre of the poetry is very artificial and alliterative. The language abounds with consonants

* Jones’s Welsh Bards.

and monosyllables, which, as they are incompatible with quantity, the bards were not able to reduce into concord by any other means than by placing its harsher consonants at such intervals, so intermixing them with the vowels, and so adapting, repeating, and dividing the several sounds, as to produce an agreeable effect from their structure. To the ears of the natives the Welsh metre is extremely pleasing; and it does not subject the bard to more restraint than the different sorts of feet occasioned to the Greek and Roman poets. The laws of alliteration were prescribed and observed with such scrupulous exactness, that for many centuries a line, not perfectly alliterative, was condemned as much by the Welsh grammarians, as a false quantity was by the Greeks or Romans.

The Welsh, the Cornish, and the Armoric * languages, agree in their grammar, structure, and nomenclature; and the Irish, and Erse or Gaelic, are fundamentally the same with the Welsh, though they differ much, in consequence of the long separation of the inhabitants, in dialect and pronunciation. They all proceeded from one common source, the ancient Celtic, or British tongue.

* Armorica, or Bretagne, in France, was colonized by the Britons about the year 384. Its name is properly *Ar y-môr-ucha*, "On the upper Sea." The natives of Cornwall began to lose their ancient language in the reign of queen Elizabeth. I believe the latter is now extinct.

There is also a very striking analogy betwixt the Hebrew and the Welsh languages. The primitive and derivative words have, in many instances (allowing for the different modes of pronunciation) so exact a resemblance, that it is evident several of the Welsh words must have had their origin in this, the most ancient language of mankind. Even the Welsh now spoken has more sounds agreeing with the Hebrew, than with all the other languages together. The following are instances of their agreement in single words :

<i>Hebrew.</i>	<i>Welsh.</i>	<i>English.</i>
Bagad	Bagad	A great many.
Bareh	Bara	Meat or victuals.
Cir	Caer	A fortified place.
Cis	Cist *	A chest.
Denah	Dyna	This or that.
Gad	Câd	An army.
Gadah	Gadaw	To pass by.
Gavel	Gafael †	Tenure, or lands bounded.
Geven	Cefyn	A ridge, or back.
Hanes	Hanes	To signify, or account.
Jissal	Ifel, or Ifelu	To throw down.
Mah?	Mae?	What? where? how?
Maguur	Magwyr	A habitation, or dwelling.
Malas	Melys	Sweet, or to sweeten.
Mar	Maer	A lord.
Me-ab	Mâb	A son.
Mohal	Moel	A hill.

* The word *kist* for chest, used in many parts of Yorkshire, may have had its origin in this British word.

† Hence the peculiar tenure called *Gavelkind*.

<i>Hebrew.</i>	<i>Welsh.</i>	<i>English.</i>
Nadu	Nadu	They moan, or lament.
Nafe	Nef	Joyful.
Path	Peth	A part, or portion.
Reith	Rhith	Appearance.
Sac	Sâch	A sack.
Sethar	Sathru	To throw under the feet.

But it is not in single words merely that the Welsh and Hebrew languages agree: they are likewise so nearly allied in their grammatical forms, that it would be difficult to adduce even a single article from the Hebrew which is not also to be found in the Welsh grammar: and there are many whole sentences to be found in both languages which in the words are exactly alike:

Hebrew. Byllang adonai-eth eal nêoth Jangeob.

Welsh. By-llwng adon-ydh holl neuodh Jago.

English. The lord has swallowed up all the tabernacles of Jacob.

Hebrew. Derech bethah iitsengad,

Welsh. Dyrac buth-hi ai-i-fengyd.

1. The road of her house he would tread.

2. The avenue of her dwelling he would go to tread.

Hebrew. Me huaze malec hacâvodh Jehovah tsebâoth hua malec hacâvodh. Selah!

Welsh. Py yw-o fy maeloc y-cavad I-a-ywoo fawwyod yw-o maeloc y-cavad. Sela!

1. Who is the king of Glory? The Lord of Hosts, he is the king of Glory. Selah?

2. Who is he that is possessor of attainment? "I that am he of hosts," he is possessor of attainment? Behold*.

* Literal translation.

Hebrew.

Hebrew. Mageni ngal elöim.

Welsh. Meigen-i hwyl elyv.

1. My shield is from God.
2. My protection is from the Intelligences.

Besides this singular conformity in the Hebrew and Welsh languages, the latter has also in many respects a near resemblance to the Greek. Many of the words that have the same signification, have the same, or nearly the same, sound in each. Their articles, pronouns, prepositions, and affixes, are frequently alike. The verbs generally agree in the form of their inflexions, and often in the identity of sound. It is conjectured that with more than half the words contained in Parkhurst's Lexicon, there are words in the Welsh language that have the same sound and signification. The following are a few of the instances :

<i>Greek.</i>	<i>Welsh.</i>	<i>English.</i>
Αρω	Aru	To plow.
Δακρυ	Dagyr, deigyr	A tear.
Δακρυω	Dagru, deigro, and deigraw	To shed tears.
Δασκω	Dyscu, from dysc, learning	To teach.
Διδασκω	Dyddscu	To teach, to instruct.
Δυω	Deuo	To come.
Δη	De	Truly, in truth.
Δευρω	Dyre	Hither.
Ελεω	Aelu, aclëu, eulïu	To pity.
Εμε	Imi	To me.
Εχω	Echw, uchw	Out, without.
Ενα	Yna	That, to the end that
Κατα	Kyd, kyda	{ Against, along, by reason of.

<i>Greek.</i>	<i>Welsh.</i>	<i>English.</i>
Λιός;	Lios, Liaws	{ A people, a number of men, a multitude.
Μετασιν	Merwino	
Μη	Mo	'To cause to decay.
Νύξ	Nês	Left, that not, not
Νεῖ, νῶ	Ni, nyini	Night.
Νεῖν, νῶν	Nyein, nyn	We, us two.
Οἶω	Oio	Of us two.
Ράκω	'Raca	'To think, or bear in mind.
		A rake.

If the Welsh language had its origin in the Hebrew, of which, all circumstances considered, there can be little doubt, this analogy betwixt the Welsh and Greek is only what might be expected.

The ancient Welsh manuscripts contain as many as thirty-eight different letters, or characters. These, since the invention of printing, and the consequent introduction of the Roman letters, have necessarily been reduced in number. Two, and even three letters, are now, in some instances, adopted to express what had before a single appropriate character. —The uncompound letters are A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, L, M, N, O, P, R, S; T, U, W, and Y: the compounds are, Ch, Dd, Ff, Ng, Ll, Ph, and Th. The vowels are sometimes lengthened by an accent, marked thus, â, ê, î, ô, û, w*.

* V is sometimes used instead of F: B and P, C and G, U and Y, are also occasionally used for each other; as were also formerly V and M.

The

The following is an account of those letters that, in their powers, differ from similar ones in the English language :

A has only the sound of our open *a* in the word *bard* : as *castell*, a castle.

C, invariably, is hard, as the English *k* : thus *cader*, a fort, is pronounced *kader*. C joined with *w*, and having a vowel succeeding, supplies the place of our *Qu*.

Ch (marked *ç* in Mr. Owen's Welsh Dictionary) is a guttural, of the same power as the Greek *χ*.

Dd, or, as it is sometimes written, *dh*, is an aspirated *d*. It has nearly the sound of *th* in the word *this* : *dda*, good, is pronounced *tha*.

F has the sound of our *v* : thus *felen*, yellow, is pronounced *velen*.

Ff supplies the place of our single *f*.

G is invariably hard, as the *g* in *gain*.

I has the same sound as it has in the Italian language, of *ee*, as in our word *seen* : thus *cil*, a retreat, is pronounced *keel*.

Ll is an aspirated *l*, having much the sound of *thl* : thus *llan*, a church or village, is pronounced much like *thlan*.

R, when it begins a word, is always aspirated.

U has the sound of *i* in the word *fin* : thus *pump*, five, is pronounced *pimp*.

W is a vowel, and has the power of our *oo* in *soon* : thus *rhio*, an ascent, is pronounced *rhioo*.

Y, in some words, has the sound of the English *i* in *fin* : thus *ffynnon*, a well, is pronounced *finnon*. It has also sometimes the sound of *o* in the word *honey*; and sometimes of *u* in *mud*.

*Primitive Words that frequently occur in the Names
of Places, &c.*

Aber, a confluence ; the fall of a lesser water into a greater, as of a brook into a river, or a river into the sea : thus *Aberdovey* signifies the place where the Dovey joins the sea.

Avon, what flows ; and thence a stream or river. The river *Mawddach*, near Barmouth, is usually called *Avon vawr*, ‘the great river.’

Allt, a cliff, the steep of a hill. *Penallt*, ‘the head of the steep,’ near Machynlleth.

Ar, upon, bordering or joining upon. *Harlech*, ‘on the cliff,’ in Merionethshire.

Bach, and *bychan*, little : the feminine genders are *vach* and *vychan*, or *vechan*. *Glyder bach*, ‘the little Glyder,’ a mountain near Llanberis.

Bôd, a dwelling or station. *Bôdeiniol*, ‘the dwelling of Daniel.’

Bron, the breast : feminine *fron*. *Cader Fronwen*, ‘the mountain of Fronwen,’ or ‘the white breast,’ is one of the Berwyn mountains.

Bryn, a hill. *Bryn y Croes*, ‘the hill of the crosses.’

Bwlh, a gap or pass betwixt rocks or mountains.

Cader, a fortress, or strong hold ; sometimes a seat, or place, of observation.

Cacr, a fortified place, usually constructed with stones and mortar ; thus distinguished from *Dinas*, which generally implied a rampart of loose stones and earth.

Castell, a castle. *Castell Dolbadarn*, ‘Dolbadarn castle.’

Cefyn, the back ; a ridge. *Cefyn Creini*, ‘the rock, or mountain of worship,’ near Corwen.

Carnedd, a heap of stones, a huge rock. *Carnedd Llewelyn*, ‘Llewelyn’s mountain.’

Cil, a retreat. *Llan y Cil*, ‘the church in the retreat near Bala.’

Clawd, a dike; sometimes a fence, wall, or ridge. *Clawd Offa*, 'Offa's dike,' and *Clawd coch*, 'the red ridge,' a part of Snowdon.

Clogwyn, a precipice. *Clogwyn du'r Arddu*, 'the black precipice,' part of Snowdon.

Coed, a wood. *Coed Euloe*, 'Euloe wood,' near Hawarden, in Flintshire.

Cors, a marsh, or bog: the word, in its usual acceptation, signifies 'reeds.' *Cors y Gaffeg*, 'the mare's bog,' in Denbighshire.

Craig, a rock. *Craig Eglwysseg*, 'the eagle's rock,' near Llangollen. From this word the English *crag*, of the same signification, is derived.

Cwm, a great hollow, or glen. *Cwm Idwel*, 'the hollow of Idwel,' near Llanberis.

Dinas, a fort, or fortified place, constructed in general with a rampart of loose stones and earth, without any cement.

Dôl, a meadow, or dale, in the bend of a river.

Draws, a door, pass, or opening. *Draws Ardudwy*, 'the pass of Ardudwy,' near Harlech, Merionethshire.

Dû, black. *Cefyn dû*, 'the black ridge,' betwixt Caernarvon and Snowdon.

Dyffryn, a wide cultivated valley. *Dyffryn Clwyd*, 'the vale of Clwyd.'

Ffynnon, though generally signifying a spring or well, is sometimes used for the small lakes on the highest parts of the mountains; as *Ffynnon frech*, 'the spotted pool,' *Ffynnon felen*, 'the yellow pool,' &c. near Llanberis.

Garth, a mountain that bends round, or that incloses.

Glan, a bank, or shore: in composition *lan*, as *Rhyddlan*, 'the red shore,' Flintshire.

Glyn, a deep vale, through which a river runs; a glen. *Pont y Glyn*, 'the bridge of the glen,' near Corwen.

Gwern, a watery meadow. *Gwern Einion*, 'Einion's meadow,' a farm not far from Harlech.

Gwydd, a wood, woody, or wild.

Gwyn,

Gwyn, white: feminine *gwen*.

Goch, or *coch*, red. *Clawdd coch*, 'the red ridge,' a part of Snowdon.

Llan, a smooth plot, a place of meeting, the church-place or village, and, figuratively, the church.

Llech, a flat stone, or crag, a smooth cliff. *Harlech*, 'upon the cliff,' in Merionethshire.

Llwyn, a grove, or copse. *Llwyn on*, 'the ash grove.'

Llyn, a pool, pond, or mere: plural *Llyniau*.

Maen, a stone. *Maentwrog*, 'the stone of Twrog,' a church in the vale of Ffestiniog.

Maes, an open field. *Maes Porth*, 'the field of the port,' in Anglesea, nearly opposite to Caernarvon.

Mawr, great: feminine *vawr*. *Mynydd mawr*, 'the great mountain,' betwixt Caernarvon and Beddgelert.

Morfa, a marsh. *Morfa Rhyddlan*, 'Rhyddlan marsh,' Flintshire.

Mynydd, a mountain. *Mynydd mawr*, 'the great mountain.'

Nant, a narrow hollow, or ravine. *Nant Francon*, 'the beaver's hollow,' near Bangor.

Pen, a head, top, or end. *Penrhyn*, 'the head of the promontory,' near Bangor.

Pistyll, a narrow stream, or spout of water. *Pistyll y Cain*, 'the spout of the Cain,' near Dolgelle.

Plâs, a hall, or mansion. *Plâs Newydd*, 'the new mansion,' in Anglesea, near Moel y Don ferry.

Pont, a bridge. *Pont Seiont*, 'the bridge over the Seiont,' near Caernarvon.

Porth, a port, or harbour. *Porth yn Llŷn*, 'the harbour in the promontory of Llŷn.'

Rhaiadr, a cataract. *Rhaiadr mawr*, 'the great cataract,' near Aber, Caernarvonshire.

Rhiw, an ascent. *Rhiwedog*, 'the abrupt ascent,' near Bala.

Rhôs, a moist plain, or meadow. *Penrhôs*, 'the head of the plain,' a village in Anglesea.

Rbyn,

Rbyn, a nose, generally used with the word *Pen*, and then signifying a promontory.

Rhyd, a ford, *Rhyd Elen*, ‘Helen’s ford.’

Sarn, a causeway. *Trum y Sarn*, ‘the causeway of the ridge,’ not far from Bala.

Tal, the front, head, or end. *Tal y Llyn*, ‘the head of the pool,’ near Cader Idris, Merionethshire.

Traeth, a sand on the sea-shore. *Traeth mawr*, near Beddgelert; Caernarvonshire.

Tref, or *Tre*, a town or township. *Trefdraeth*, ‘the town on the sand,’ near Newborough, Anglesea.

Ty, a house. *Ty du*, ‘the black house,’ a farm betwixt Caernarvon and Idanberis.

Ynys, an island. *Ynys Seiriol*, ‘Seiriol’s island,’ or Priestholme island, off the coast of Anglesea.

Welsh Words in common Use.

Air,	Awel.	Body,	Corph.
Ale,	Cwrw.	Boot,	Botas, <i>plural</i> ,
Ale house,	Tafarn.		botau.
Apple,	Afal, <i>plural</i> a-	Brass,	Pres.
	falau.	Bread,	Bara.
Arm,	Braich.	——, oaten,	Bara ceirch.
As,	Afyn.	——, wheaten,	Bara gwenith.
Axe,	Bwyell.	Bridge,	Pont.
		Bull,	Tarw.
Bacon,	Bacwn.	Butter,	Menin.
Barber,	Barfwr.		
Bard,	Bardd.	Candle,	Canwyll.
Bed,	Gwely.	Cat,	Cath.
Beef,	Cig eidion.	Cataract,	Rhaiadr.
Bell,	Cloch, <i>plural</i> ,	Chair,	Cadair.
	clych.	Chapel,	Capel.
Blacksmith,	Gof-dû.	Cheese,	Caws.
Blue,	Glâs.	Child,	Plentyn.
			Church,

Church,	Llan, eglwys.	Goose,	Gwydd.
Coal,	Glo.	Grave,	Bedd.
Coast,	Glan, y-môr.	Gun,	Gwn.
Cook,	Cog.	Guide,	Fforddwr.
Cow,	Buwch, <i>plural</i> , gwartheg.	Hand,	Llaw.
Cream,	Hufen.	Harp,	Telyn.
Croes,	Croes.	Harper,	Telynwyr.
Crow,	Brân.	Hat,	Het.
Cup,	Cwpan.	Head,	Pen.
		Heath	Grûg.
Dinner,	Ciniaw *.	Hedge,	Cae.
Dish.	Disgyl.	Hill,	Bryn.
Doctor,	Meddyg.	Hog,	Mochyn.
Dog,	Ci, <i>pl.</i> cwn.	Horse,	Ceffyl.
Door,	Drws.	House,	Ty, <i>pl.</i> tai.
Drink,	Diawd.		
		Inn,	Tafarn.
Earth,	Daiar.	Iron,	Haiarn.
East,	Dwyrain.	Island,	Ynys.
Egg,	Wy.		
Eye,	Llygad.	King,	Brenin.
		Knife,	Cylllell.
Father,	Tad.		
Feet,	Traed.	Lake,	Llyn, <i>pl.</i> Llyn- iau.
Finger,	Bys, <i>pl.</i> byfedd.	Land,	Dacar.
Fire,	Tân.	Leather,	Lledr.
Fish,	Pysg.	Leg,	Coes.
Flesh,	Cig.	Loaf,	Torth.
Foot,	Troed, <i>pl.</i> traed.		
Fork,	Fforch.	Man,	Dyn, <i>pl.</i> dynion, or gwyr,
Goat,	Gafr.		

* This word signifies properly a meal, and is occasionally used for breakfast as well as dinner.

Mare,

Mare,	Cafeg.	Priest,	Offeiriad.
Marsh,	Morfa,		
Meat,	Bwyd.	Quill,	Afgell.
Milk,	Llaeth.		
Mill,	Melyn.	Razor,	Ellyn.
Money,	Arian.	River,	Afon.
Moon,	Lleuad.	Road,	Ffordd.
Mother,	Mam.	Room,	Ystafell, lle.
Mountain,	Mynydd.		
Mutton,	Cig llwdn da- fad.	Saddle,	Cyfrwy.
		Salt,	Halen.
		Sand,	Tyfod.
Net,	Rhwyd.	School,	Ysgol.
Night,	Nôs.	Sea,	Môr.
Noise,	Troost.	Seaman,	Morwr.
Nose,	Trwyn.	Sheet,	Llen, <i>pl.</i> lleni.
		Shilling,	Swllt.
Oak,	Derwen, <i>plural</i> , derw.	Ship,	Llong.
Oats,	Ceirch.	Shirt,	Crys.
Ostler,	Marchwas.	Shoe,	Esgid.
Oven,	Ffwrn.	Shoemaker,	Crydd.
Ox,	Eidion, <i>plural</i> , ychen.	Silver,	Arian.
		Sky,	Awyr.
		Sleep,	Cwsg.
		Smith,	Gôf.
Paper,	Papur.	Smoke,	Mwg.
Pasture,	Porfa.	Soap,	Sebon.
Path,	Llw y br.	Son,	Mab.
Pie,	Pastai.	Stocking,	Hofan, <i>pl.</i> hofa- nau.
Pig,	Mochyn.		
Pigeon,	Colomen.	Stone,	Carreg, maen.
Pin,	Pin.	Straw,	Gwellt.
Post office,	Llythyrdy.	Street,	Heol.
Pot,	Crochan.	Sugar,	Siwgr.
Potatoe.	Cloronon, <i>pl.</i> cloron.	Summer,	Haf.
		Sun,	Haul.

Table,

Table,	Bwrdd, llech.	Vaie,	Dyffryn.
Tailor,	Taeliwr.	Veal,	Cig llo.
Teeth,	Daint.	Wall,	Mur.
Thread,	Edau, edef	Washerwoman,	Golchyddes.
Towel,	Llaw-liain.	Water,	Dwr.
Town,	Tre.	Well,	Ffynnon.
Tree,	Pren.	Wheat,	Gwenith.
Trout,	Brithyl.	Wine,	Gwin.

The present Welsh letters are the same that are used in England, but there appears sufficient proof that the alphabet, now called the Saxon alphabet, really belonged to the Britons, and was used in their writings many centuries previous to the Saxon invasion. When the Britons were driven out of Mercia, a few of the most learned were suffered to remain, and from these, it has been conjectured, the Saxons were first instructed in the use of letters. It is deserving of remark that Asserus and Scotus, the instructors of Alfred, were both Welshmen.

When the Saxons first came into Britain, about the middle of the fifth century, they appear, says Dr. Johnson, who examined every record extant on the subject, “to have been a people without learning, and very probably *without an alphabet.*”

It has been justly remarked by the learned and indefatigable Rowlands, that if they had brought the use of letters with them from Saxony, or wherever they came from, there would have been *some* remains either of inscriptions or manuscripts in that country, unless they had all come over, to a man, and brought

brought with them all their books, and their tombstones also. In no part of Germany is there such a character as the Saxon to be found.—That they invented the letters after their arrival in Britain, is altogether improbable; for, at all events, there was at that time the Roman character ready to their hands, and in common use.—The Irish historians say that they borrowed them from that country. It is probable that the Irish had the letters, as well as their language, in common with the Britons; but there was little necessity for the Saxons to go over into Ireland to borrow what they would find in their own island and neighbourhood.

That the Britons used this alphabet in the most remote periods, seems also extremely probable, even from an expression of Cæsar, in his description of the Druids, "*Græcis literis utuntur*," 'they use the Greek letters:—several of those, now called the Saxon characters, have a great resemblance to the letters of the old Greek alphabet.—Many of the ancient British manuscripts are also written in the Saxon character, as part of the *Liber Landavenfis*, and several deposited in the libraries in North Wales.—In one of the prefaces to Lhwyd's *Archæologia*, there are three stanzas of the ancient Pictish poetry, which the author discovered in the Highlands of Scotland. They were written on vellum, in this old character, or in one very nearly resembling it, and he believed them to be above a thousand years old.—There is yet to be seen on a stone over the south door of the

church of Llangadwaladr, in Anglesea, this inscription, in the old character: “*Catamanus rex sapientissimus, opinatissimus omnium regum.*” Catamanus, or Cadvan, died in the beginning of the seventh century. The church was founded by his grandson.—About the reign of Charles II., the sexton of Llanbabo, in Anglesea, was digging a grave, when he by chance discovered, at the depth of several feet, an ancient tombstone. It was taken out and deposited in the chancel, where it is yet to be seen. It has on it the figure of a man, in long robes, with a coronet on his head, and a sceptre in his hand. Round the edge there is a Latin inscription in these old characters, mixed with the Roman. It was designed to commemorate Pabo post Prydain, *Pabo, the support of Britain*, who lived about the period when the Saxons first entered Britain. He has been celebrated for his valour in the contentions, with the Britons, against the Picts and Scots:—he was the founder of the church of Llanbabo.—There are many other monumental inscriptions in North Wales in this ancient character.

Another evidence that the Britons had an alphabet previously to the arrival of the Saxons, is adduced from inscriptions on British coins struck some centuries before. In Dr. Stukeley’s impressions from the coins of the ancient Welsh kings, there is one from a coin of Bleiddyd, or Bladud, king of Britain, about nine hundred years before Christ. This is now lodged in the Cotton museum. There are others

others of Manogan, about a hundred and thirty years before Christ; of Cynvelyn, or Cunobelin, king of the Cassivellauni, at the commencement of the Christian æra, &c.

In the reign of Henry VIII., a table of metal, apparently of lead and tin mixed, was discovered at Ambresbury in Wiltshire, inscribed with many letters, but in a character so uncommon, that neither sir Thomas Eliot, nor Mr. Lily, the master of St. Paul's school, were able to understand them. It was in consequence neglected; it might otherwise have led to some important discovery.

Previously to the arrival of the Romans into these islands, the Welsh, then the British language, was the only language in use. From the Romans some new words were added to its dictionary. After the expulsion of the inhabitants by the Saxons, it fled with them to the mountains, receiving, however, a few additions from this people. In the Highlands of Scotland, Wales, Ireland, and Cornwall, it continued to be used for many centuries, in exclusion of every other language. In many parts of North Wales it continues yet to be spoken in its original purity. The English have, indeed, for a few centuries, been so much encroaching upon this country, as to have rendered their own the fashionable language, and in general the only language spoken by the higher orders of the people. Attempts have

also been made to introduce the English tongue into general use among the lower classes, but hitherto with no great success. English charity-schools have for many years been instituted in various parts of the principality, but these seem to threaten nothing serious against the language of the country. The little that the children learn from instructors who themselves know but little, is soon afterwards lost in the natural preference they have to their own tongue, and the little occasion that they have to speak any other. To say that the majority of the Welsh are entirely ignorant of the English language would be wrong, for in those parts of Flintshire, Denbighshire, and Montgomeryshire, adjacent to the English counties, they speak it very fluently. It is in Anglesea, and the mountains of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, where the greatest ignorance of it is to be observed; but here, in the great roads, I had commonly English answers to my questions; and even in more obscure situations, by a little perseverance, or by the exhibition of money, I have obtained the answers I sought for.

A late Welsh writer has remarked that "some advocates for the abolition of the Welsh tongue are vain enough to prognosticate a near approaching day, when it will be numbered with the dead languages. They see some few families on the borders, and about a dozen innkeepers upon the post-roads, who speak English only; but there are thousands,
and

and tens of thousands in the wilds of Wales, who have learned the language of their parents, and of their country, as naturally and as innocently as they sucked their mother's breasts, or breathed the common air: these have neither opportunity nor inclination to learn any other tongue. This is the impregnable fortress of the Welsh language, where *a rivetted, cordial antipathy against the English tongue, caused by the cruelties of Edward I., and of the Lancastrian family,* dwells as commander in chief. Storm this garrison, and overturn Snowdon from its base*!''

* Of the truth of the *cruelties* said to have been inflicted by Edward I. on the bards, further than proscribing the profession of bardism, there seems great doubt. Allowing, however, all that have been alleged to him, in their fullest extent, to be true, these cruelties cannot surely be adduced as just cause for observations so illiberal as the above against the present English, living five hundred years after the supposed date of these events. In the lower orders of the Welsh, such prejudices might be overlooked, from their ignorance, and the want of knowing better: but from an intelligent writer, and a *clergyman*, these, and remarks like the following, though too illiberal to wound our feelings, are certainly inexcusable:—"This mode of burlesquing the Welsh (for the wrong pronunciation of some English words) originated in the ridicule with which the Saxon victors treated their conquered vassals; and which is still carried on, in spite of reason and liberality, by the *folly and ignorance of the descendants of our once insulting foes.*"

The "boorishness" of the English peasantry "has no rival, and of their ignorance a clergyman of their own gives us SATISFACTION, who, a few years ago, on coming to his parish,

within twenty miles of the metropolis, could get no answer from several of his parishioners, to a very plain question, viz. ‘Who was Christ?’ Can we find such ignorance in Wales,—the wilds of Ireland,—or the Highlands of Scotland?”—See a statistical account of the parish of Llanymynech, in Montgomeryshire, by the reverend Walter Davies of Meivod, inserted in the Cambrian Register, i 280.

CHAP. XXV.

SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF THE WELSH BARDS
AND MUSIC *.

Account of the Druids, their Functions, Manners, and Customs.—Their Extermination by the Romans.—The subsequent State of Poetry and Music.—The Reformation effected by Griffith ap Cynan, in the Twelfth Century.—The Classes of the Bards.—The Eisteddfod, or Triennial Assembly.—The Degrees in Poetry and Music.—The Privileges and Revenues of the Bards.—Their supposed Massacre by Order of Edward I.—Their History continued from thence to the present Time.—Account of the Welsh Musical Instruments.—The Harp.—The Cawth.—The Pibcorn.—Observations on the Welsh Music.—Objections to the Laws of Counterpoint being known among the ancient Bards; and the generally supposed Antiquity of the present national Tunes.—Character of the present Welsh Music.

FROM all the authentic memorials extant respecting the ancient British bards, it appears that in the early periods they constituted that order of men denominated by the Latin writers *Druids*. They were divided into three principal classes of *druid*, *bard*, and *ovate* †.

They

* This subject will be found more extensively illustrated in Mr. Jones's two works, "The Musical and Poetical Relics of the Welsh Bards," and "The Bardic Museum."

† Denominated in Welsh *derwydd*, *bardd*, and *ovydd*.—*Derwydd* signifies the body of the oak, and, figuratively, the

They had one chief, or arch-druid, to whom the whole order paid implicit obedience; and under whose directions their most important affairs were conducted *. He held an annual tribunal, to which the people were regularly assembled, and in all causes submitted to his judgment, his determination was conclusive, and from it the parties could have no appeal. After the death of the arch-druid, the next in dignity and reputation, decided by a majority of votes of the inferior orders, succeeded to his high office †.

The employment in which the *druids* were chiefly occupied, was the exercise of religious functions, for it was their sole prerogative to preside over the various rites and mysteries of their worship.—It was considered the office of the *bards* to sing their religious precepts to the people: to sing to the harp at nuptials, obsequies, games, and other solemnities; and at the head of the armies to chant the praises of those persons who had signalized themselves by virtuous or heroic actions. To the *ovate* the conduct of the most trivial duties appertaining to their

man of the oak, from *derw* an oak, and *ydd*, a Welsh termination of nouns.—*Bardd* signifies the branching, or what springs from, derived from *bâr*, a branch, or top.—*Ovydd* implies a disciple, from *ôv*, raw, and *ydd*, the termination above explained. Jones's Bards, p. 2.

* His omnibus Druidibus præest unus, qui summam inter eos habet auctoritatem. Cæsar, lib. vi. f. 13.

† Ibid.

religion

religion devolved. The persons who filled this class were in a kind of noviciate to the higher and more important offices of bard and druid. They had the care of the sacrifices, and principally occupied their time in the study of natural philosophy.—In the tragedy of Caractacus all these orders are recognized: Vellinus, having spoken of the arch-druid, says,

His brotherhood
Possess the neighbouring cliffs.

On the left
Reside the sages skilled in nature's lore :
The changeful universe, its numbers, powers,
Studious they measure, save when meditation
Gives place to holy rites: then in the grove
Each has his rank and function.—Yonder grotts
Are tenanted by bards, who nightly thence,
Robed in their flowing vests of innocent white,
Descend, with harps that glitter to the moon,
Hymning immortal strains.

The druids and the bards were the divines, the legislators, and the physicians of the ancient inhabitants of this country. They composed hymns for their sacred temples, and these they accompanied with their harps. In later periods, when the druidical orders had suffered from the encroachments of the Roman power, they were employed in recording the descent of families, in emblazoning their arms, and composing songs on the valiant actions of illustrious warriors, which they chanted to the music of their harps. Thus, consequently,

frequently, they became the national historians. On important occasions, the bards were made ambassadors between contending chiefs; but at all times their persons were held sacred. " Cairbar (says Ossian) feared to stretch his sword to the bards, though his soul was dark. Loofe (said the noble Cathmor) the bards. They are the sons of other times. Their voice shall be heard in other years, when the kings of Temora have failed." They were exempted from all military services, even in times of the greatest danger; and whenever they attended their patrons into the field of battle, to sing their heroic actions, a guard was assigned for their protection.

The druids certainly worshipped either a multiplicity of deities, or one God under several different appellations*. To them they offered human victims: thieves, robbers, and other malefactors, were preferred; but if these were not to be had, they sacrificed innocent persons. Diodorus Siculus asserts that condemned criminals were reserved, and at the end of every five years were all sacrificed at once. Captives of war were also immolated in the same manner†.

I have been informed that one relic of druidical sacrifice is yet observed in some parts of North

* Among these were Teutates, or Mercury, and Apollo, Mars, Jupiter, and Minerva, under different British names. Cæsar, lib. vi. f. 17.

† Strabo, vi. 198. v. 32. Cæsar, vi. 16.

Wales. When any contagious disease breaks out amongst the horned cattle, the neighbouring farmers each contribute towards the purchase of a bullock, which is led to the verge of some precipice, and cast headlong down. This act they call *bwrw caeth i gythraul*, “casting a captive to the devil.”

It has been said that the druids taught the Pythagorean doctrine of the transmigration of souls; Lucan and Marcellinus, however, each represent them as teaching, that after death the soul retired into some higher orb, where it enjoyed a state of perfect happiness*.—They performed all their acts of worship in the open air; and in places appropriated to the purpose, surrounded with groves of oak†. In these they had their mounts and hillocks, which were denominated *gorfeddau*, from their sitting aloft upon them when they pronounced their decrees and sentences, and made their solemn orations to the people; and in these they erected those single upright stones to which some writers think they yielded divine honours, as the memorials of their deified warriors.

The druids placed a very high mystery in the mistletoe that grew on the oak. At the close of their year they marched in solemn procession to gather this plant, in order to present it to their Gods. They invited all to assist in this ceremony, by proclaiming to the world—“*The NEW YEAR is at hand,*

* Lucan, i. 455. Marcell. xv. 9.

† Hist. Nat. lib. xvi. c. 44.

gather the mistletoe." As soon as all the sacrifices were ready, the priest ascended the tree, and with a golden hook cut off the mistletoe, which was received on white linen spread on the ground for that purpose. Two white bulls, that had never been yoked, were now brought out and offered in sacrifice, and prayers were made for the prosperity of those on whom so precious a boon had been bestowed. The mistletoe thus gathered was deemed a certain antidote to all kinds of poison; and it was used as a specific in various diseases.

The sixth day of the moon commenced the druid's month, and on this day it was that their most sacred solemnities were performed. It appears probable that, with the generality of mankind, they set apart also one day in seven for religious worship. They had other festivals and solemnities, but at present we know not what they were.

In all the orders of druidism the hair was worn very short, and the beards extremely long. All wore long habits; and the druids, when performing their religious rites, were clad in robes of white, emblems (they taught) of their truth and piety. The bards on these occasions wore azure garments, with cowls to them, as symbols of heaven, peace, and fidelity. The garments of the ovates were green, emblems of learning and truth.

The candidates for the rank of druid underwent a noviciate of twenty years. During this time they had to learn those almost innumerable verses in
which

which the principles of their religious and civil polity had been preserved by uninterrupted tradition through many centuries. They were, indeed, acquainted with the use of letters, but they did not deem it lawful to commit these verses to writing, in order that their intellectual faculties might be strengthened, and also that their mysteries should be withheld from the contemplation of the vulgar.— The metre in which these oracular instructions were communicated to the people, was a kind of triplet stanza. The English reader will have a tolerable idea of their construction from the following translation of five of them, inserted (with several others) in Jones's Relics of the Welsh Bards. These have the same number of lines and feet as the originals; and the sense is preserved as nearly as the limits of the metre would allow. The two first lines do not seem to have much connexion with the last; there, appears, however, to have been no small degree of art employed in their composition. In the first lines the druid describes either actions that are familiar to every one, or the appearance of visible objects. He then concludes with a moral precept, or a proverbial sentence; and by annexing to it *undoubted fact*, artfully implies that the truth of the maxim is as clear and well established as the identity of material objects:

In the oak's high towering grove,
Dwells the liberty I love.—
Babblers from your trust remove.

Liberty

Liberty I seek and have,
Where the green birchen branches wave.—
Keep a secret from a knave.

Snow a robe o'er hamlets flings;
In the wood the raven sings.—
Too much sleep no profit brings.

When the mountain snow is spread,
Stags love sunny vales to tread.—
Vain is sorrow for the dead.

Fair the moon's resplendent bow,
Shining on the mountain snow.—
Peace the wicked never know.

The immense power that the druids had acquired, drew on their heads the vengeance of the Romans, who in other instances were not often intolerant. The pretext for first attacking them was the cruelties committed in consequence of the horrid rites of their religion: the true reason appears, however, to have been the great influence that they had obtained over the minds of the people. In Gaul they are said to have been entirely destroyed under the reign of the emperor Claudius, before the year 45: and, in Britain, Suetonius Paulinus, the governor of the country under Nero, having taken the island of Anglesea, not only cut down the sacred groves of the druids, and overturned their altars, but also consumed many of the druids in their own fires *. All who escaped this massacre fled immediately from the country, and sought for refuge in Ireland, the islands of Man and Bardsey, where the Roman sword had not then reached.

* Tacit. Ann. xiv. 30.

From the destruction of the druids by the Romans to the commencement of the sixth century, we have but few accounts (and these very obscure and imperfect) of the actions of the bards; but at this period they began to resume the harp with an energy that for many centuries had been unexampled, to animate their country to resist the Saxon yoke. From the ninth to the eleventh century, if we are to judge from the few pieces said to have been composed during that time, their muse seems again to have received a check.

The hiatus continues till the time of Griffith ap Cynan, who reigned in Wales in the beginning of the twelfth century. This prince effected a very essential reformation in the disorders which had prevailed among the bards. He had been educated in Ireland: and either from having imbibed a partiality for the music of that country, or from the superior excellence of the Irish to the Welsh musicians, he invited several of the most eminent of them into Wales, under promises of great reward; and with their concurrence and advice formed a complete body of institutes for the amendment of their manners, and the correction of their art and practice*.

To effect this reformation it was first necessary to divide them into classes, and to assign to each class a distinct profession and employment. The qualifications necessary for a bard were declared to be

* Powel.

learning and genius, a skill in pedigrees, an acquaintance with the laws and metres of poetry, a *knowledge of harmony*, a fine voice, and ability to play on an instrument. It was made their office to applaud the living, and to record the memorable actions of the dead. They were divided into three grand orders of *poets*, *heralds*, and *musicians*; and each of these again branched into subordinate distinctions.

Of the *poets*, the first and principal class consisted of historical or antiquarian bards, who occasionally pretended to inspiration, and the consequent powers of prophecy. They were critics and teachers, and to them belonged the praise of virtue and the censure of vice. From their great practice and superior qualifications, their poetry, and the powers of their genius, were considered supereminent.—The second class was formed of the domestic bards. These resided in the mansions of the great, to celebrate their warlike actions, and their amiable qualities. They sang the praises of generosity, contentment, domestic happiness, and all the social virtues; and thus contributed to enliven the leisure of their patrons.

The *herald bards* were considered as the national chroniclers. They were well versed in pedigrees, and the blazonry of arms; and in the works of the primary bards. They could trace back the pedigrees of their princes and nobles not only as far as the Trojan refugees, but even to the *creation of the world*. Their poetry was of a more humble kind than that of the first order of bards: it was usually

con-

confined to subjects of jocularity, mimickry, invective or reproach.

Of the *musical bards*, the first class was appropriated to performers on the harp. The second contained performers on the six-stringed *crwth*. The third consisted of singers, whose employment it was to sing to the harps of others the compositions of the poetical bards: but in all these a variety of other qualifications was expected.

A triennial meeting of the bards, called the *cisteddfod*, was also appointed by Grifflith ap Cynan for the regulation of poetry and music. By this assembly the honorary degrees were conferred. Its president was the bard, who, after a musical and poetical contest, was declared superior to all the rest. It was usually held at Aberffraw, in Anglesea, the royal seat of the ancient princes of North Wales; but sometimes at Dine Vawr, in Caermarthenshire, the residence of the princes of South Wales; and sometimes at Mathraval, in Montgomeryshire, the palace of the princes of Powys.

It was necessary for every person who wished to be enrolled in the *cisteddfod*, in order to proceed to degrees in poetry, first to obtain permission of the prince, or lord, within whose jurisdiction he resided*. On his presentation at the ensuing assembly he was required to explain the five Welsh metres of song; and to sing them in such a manner, that one of the

* The reason for this was, that a vassal, on his admission into the practice of poetry and music, acquired the privileges of a freeman, and an honourable rank in society.

principal bards would declare upon his conscience, that the person was competent to be admitted. He then became a pupil to some one of the principal bards, whom he annually attended in Lent, and without whose approbation he could make no composition public. During three years, till the next *eisteddfod*, he remained an under-graduate, or “probationary student of poetry*.”—At this *eisteddfod* he was examined for the degree of “bachelor of the art of poetry.”—After another like interval, he took the degree of “master of the art of poetry.” For the latter it was required that he should understand the rules of grammar and rhetoric; that he should analyse and explain the alliterative concatenations of the language, and sing melodiously, in parts, twenty-one of the metres.—To the *pencerdd*, or “professor of poetry,” who attained his degree at the next ensuing *eisteddfod*, belonged the whole mystery of the art. It was necessary that his qualifications should be much superior to those of all the persons who were admitted to the other degrees; and it was declared particularly requisite that he should have a facility in composing, in praise of the great, what would be heard with most delight, and longest retained in memory.

The degrees in music appear to have been very similar in their nature to those in poetry. The highest was *pencerdd athraw*, or “doctor of music.”

* The Welsh appellation was *disgybl yspas cerdd dawod*: for the first degree, or that of bachelor, it was *disgybl disg y blaidd*; and for the next *disgybl penceirddiaidd*.

The eisteddfod was a rigid school. The poetical, or musical disciple, who, at the expiration of his triennial term, was not able to attain a higher degree, was always condemned to lose that which had been previously conferred upon him.—The laws of the eisteddfod also ordained, that if a disciple was seen in taverns, or other places, playing at any game for money, any person present should be authorized to take from him all the money he had in his purse. For mockery and derision, or the invention or propagation of falsehood, the disciples were punished by fine and imprisonment: the laws say that the bards shall be peaceful in their manners, friendly in their dispositions, and humble in their services to the prince and all his adherents.

The bards were at all times held in the highest repute, not only by the nobles, but even by the princes of Wales. The court bard was, in rank, the eighth officer of the king's household, and was very often of his council. Whoever committed only a slight injury to his person was fined six cows, and a hundred and twenty pence. The murderer of a bard was subject to the penalty of a hundred and twenty-six cows. He attended the prince's army to battle, and, in case of conquest, was rewarded with the most valuable beast that remained after the prince's share in the spoils had been taken away. Nothing can display more forcibly the estimation and influence which the bards enjoyed in the early periods, than their remarkable prerogative of petitioning

tioning for presents by occasional poems. This custom they carried to such lengths, and such respect was constantly paid to their requests, that at the remodeling of their laws by prince Griffith ap Cynan, it became necessary to lay this privilege under some restraint. From this period they could not ask for the prince's horses, hawks, or greyhounds, nor any other possession beyond a certain value; nor for any thing that the owner particularly esteemed, or which could not be replaced.

Their revenues arose from presents that they received at nuptial solemnities, and from the fees that were paid to them during their circuits at Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, and in their triennial *clera*, or grand circuit. On these occasions they were received into the houses of the great, and remained there as long as any feasting lasted. They were also allowed a certain sum out of every plough-land within their district. Their payments were proportioned to their degrees.

Besides the regular, or graduated bards, there were four classes of inferior and *unlicensed bards*. These were a meaner and more unskilful sort of musicians and poets. They were pipers, players on the three-stringed crwth, taborers, and buffoons. They had no connexion whatever with the *eisteddfod*; and their estimation and emoluments were equally inconsiderable.

The period that intervened betwixt the beginning of the twelfth, and the end of the thirteenth centuries,

tures, or betwixt the reign of Griffith ap Cynan, and that of the last prince Llewelyn, is the brightest for talent in the bards that the Welsh annals can boast. During this interval some of the noblest monuments of their genius were produced. Unfortunately, however, at the present day little else is extant than the names of the bards.

By the cruel policy of Edward I., who, although he had conquered the country, did not think himself secure in his triumph, whilst the warm and energetic songs of a race of men, deemed almost inspired, were permitted to overawe the vulgar, was effected, if we are to believe the assertion of sir John Wynne, a *total massacre* of the Welsh bards. Whether Edward proceeded to this inhuman extremity or not, is at present a matter of little importance, it appears certain that he adopted modes of preventing the bards from exercising their function. By this means they were reduced thenceforth to employ their sacred art in obscurity and sorrow.

In the insurrection under Owen Glyndwr, at the beginning of the reign of Henry IV., the martial spirit of the British muse was once more revived to celebrate the enterprizes of the Welsh hero. Like himself, the bards of his time were "irregular and wild;" and as the taper, glimmering in its socket, gives a sudden blaze before it is extinguished, so did they make one great effort of their original and daring genius, which soon afterwards was buried, with their hero, in the grave.

Under the patronage of king Henry VII., the Cambro-british muse was once again restored. This monarch re-established the eisteddfods, which for many years had been discontinued; and the first employment given to the bards was that of making out from their authentic records the pedigree of the king.

A long interval of anarchy ensued, which was in some measure closed by queen Elizabeth, who appointed commissioners to assemble an eisteddfod at Caerwys in the year 1568. The persons thus empowered by her had instructions to advance, at this meeting, the ingenious and skilful to the accustomed degrees, and to restore to the graduates their ancient exclusive privilege of exercising their profession. The rest were by this commission commanded to employ themselves in some other labour, to which they were equal, on pain of being apprehended and punished as vagabonds.

Soon after this time the bardic meetings again dwindled, till at length they almost ceased to exist. A society instituted in London, called the *grŷyneddigion*, or North Wales men, have within these few years attempted to raise the art once more from oblivion. To this end they convened annual meetings in some village or town in North Wales, and assigned subjects for candidates to write upon, with honorary medals to such as were successful. One of the first of these meetings was held about eight years ago at Corwen, in Merionethshire. In an
eistedd-

isteddfod assembled at Caerwys, in May 1798, there were present twenty bards, eighteen vocal performers, and twelve harpers.

In the early periods of the British history, the bards were considered as the national historians. During their triennial perambulation they collected and recorded all the memorable transactions respecting the country that came to their knowledge. They were allowed for this labour a regular stipend, and the bardic laws rendered them liable to imprisonment, loss of place, and great disgrace, if they either set down falsities, or wilfully misrepresented facts. No man was allowed to describe a battle, unless he had himself been on the scene of action. Some of the chief bards were the marshals: they sat in council in the field, and were the informers of the prince or generals of the state of the combat. Those men could not be ignorant of any circumstances of importance that were there transacted.

THE WELSH MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

The musical instruments known to the ancient Welsh were only three in number, namely, the *harp*, the *crwth*, and the *pibcorn*, or, as it is sometimes called, hornpipe.

The *harp* was in such estimation in Wales, that to play upon it with some degree of skill, was, in the early centuries, considered an accomplishment indispensibly requisite for every gentleman. It was

also on this instrument that the harpers were accustomed to play in the mansions of the Welsh princes and nobility.—For many centuries it had only a single row of strings, and it was so small as to be much confined in the compass of its notes. In this state it was necessary to tune it entirely afresh whenever the performer wished to change the key he was playing in. When, however, an accidental sharp or flat was requisite in the middle of a tune, the performer was able to produce this by running up his hand close to the uppermost bar, and stopping the string with his thumb, whilst at the same time he dexterously played the note with his finger. This piece of dexterity is now entirely lost.—By the bardic laws, the under-graduates were only allowed to use harps strung with horses hair, curiously plaited, and not with cat-gut, like the harps of the present day. The bodies of some of these were covered with leather, over the wood, which was sewed at the back extremely tight. The pegs with which the strings were screwed were made of bone or ivory. It appears that some of these instruments were remaining even so lately as in the beginning of the fifteenth century; for a minstrel of this period thus describes himself and his harp:

If I have my harp, I care for no more,
 It is my treasure, I keep it in store;
 For my harp is made of a good mare's skin,
 'The strings be of horsehair, it maketh good din.
 My song, and my voice, and my harp do agree,
 Much like the buzzing of an humble bee;

Yet

Yet in my country I do make pastime,
In telling of prophesy which be not in rhyme.

With respect to strings of cat-gut to the harps, as at present universally adopted, they were anciently much disliked by the bards. Dafydd ap Gwilym, who died about the year 1398, thus speaks of them: "David had not one string from dead sheep. The minstrels of the serious prophet David, with all the cunning of their divination, never formed one harp exquisitely pleasing, but of shining hair. Wise is the easy and sprightly description of the harp strung with black glossy hair.—There is none who would wish for life amongst us, should he be skilled in music; for there is nothing but the din of this leathern harp; (fie on the office!) prosperous it shall not be, played on with a horny nail of unpleasant form*; only the graceless bears it.—I love not its guts founding eventful disgust,—its trunk, and its hoarse sound, were but formed for an age-worn Saxon.—Let every musical professor, from the English marches as far as Mona's isle, learn to play on a fair harp, with jetty hair; and to impart instructions as was usual in the time of our old forefathers; as for the other giftless twanging one, let no disciple bear it in the face of day!"—Some time elapsed before the double harp, or harp with two rows of

* Galileo, in his dialogue on ancient and modern music, says that the performer on the harp suffered his nails to grow to a considerable length, trimming them with great care, and forming them somewhat like the quills on the jacks of a harpsicord.

strings was invented. This supplied the deficiency, and in some degree obviated that difficulty of playing the flats and sharps, which in all the preceding instruments had for some centuries been found almost insurmountable.—The next improvement was in the invention of the triple harp. This, which is the harp now in common use in Wales, had its origin about the fourteenth century. Its compass extends to five octaves and one note, namely, from A in alt, to double B in the bass. The three rows contain in the whole ninety-eight strings. The two outer rows are diatonics, and both tuned in unison; and the middle row constitutes the sharps and flats.—The latest improvement that the harp has undergone, is in the invention of pedals for producing the semitones. For this we are indebted to a person of the name of Simon, who resided in Brussels somewhat more than forty years ago. To this instrument there are but thirty-three strings, which are merely the natural notes of the diatonic scale, the rest being made by the feet. It is an ingenious and useful contrivance, and has thus not only rendered the instrument capable of infinitely greater expression than it ever had before, but any passage can be executed on it that can be played on the harpsichord.

The *craeth*, which is another of the Welsh instruments, is now so nearly out of use, that even its name is scarcely known to some of the present harp-

ers.—In its construction it is nearly allied to the violin, having six strings, and being played by means of a bow. Its length is near two feet, its breadth at the bottom ten inches, and thickness an inch and a half. Its sides are continued in a straight line through the whole length, and, as well as the finger-board, are joined at the top to a cross-bar on which the tuning pegs are fixed; the upper part by this means forms a kind of frame round the hand.

Four of the strings are conducted down the finger-board, and the remaining two leave it about an inch to the right. The former only are played with the bow; the latter are struck with the thumb, and form a kind of accompaniment to the others. These are all supported by a bridge flat at the top, (and not, as in the violin, convex,) by which it follows that in drawing the bow across them the strings must all be struck at once, and thus produce, with proper fingering, not a succession of notes merely, but of concords. The bridge also is not placed at right angles to the sides of the instrument, but in an oblique direction, one end entering the sound hole and resting on the back (serving by that means the purpose of a sound-post), and the other end placed on the belly just above the other hole. It is tuned by pegs with a key or wrest, in a manner similar to the guittar. The following are the notes of each of the strings.

I discovered by chance an old man at Caernarvon, who had a *crwth*, and was able to play a few of the old tunes upon it. The tone was far from agreeable, being altogether exceedingly harsh. In the present case this might however be in a great measure owing to the want of talent in the performer, and to an instrument in itself ill constructed. This old man was perhaps the only person in the principality, then living, who retained any practical knowledge of the instrument.—We have no authentic information respecting the *crwth* of more ancient date than the fifteenth century. There was however the figure of an instrument very much resembling it, among the outside ornaments of the abbey of Melros, in Scotland, built about the time of Edward II. The *crwth* is supposed by some writers to have been the original or prototype of the whole fidicinal species of musical instruments. It seems to be mentioned as such in *Hudibras* :

His fiddle is your proper purchase
 Won in the service of the churches ;
 And by your doom must be allow'd
 To be, or be no more a *crwth*.

It seems, from a passage in *Spencer*, to have been, at least sometimes, played in concert with other musical instruments :

Hark

Hark how the minstrels 'gin to shrill aloud,
 Their merry music that resounds from 'far;
 The pipe, the tabor, and the 'trembling croud,
 That well agree, withouten breach or jar.

A player on the *crwth* was denominated a *crwthwr* or *crowther*, and hence originated not only Butler's name of *Crowdero*, in *Hudibras*, but the surname, common in many parts of England, of *Crowther**.

The *Pibcorn* or Hornpipe was another instrument anciently used in Wales, and in some parts of Cornwall. It received its name from both the extremities being made of horn, the one to collect the wind blown into it, and the other to carry off the sounds. Its length was about nineteen inches and in blowing, the air sounded the tongue of a reed concealed within. In front there were six holes for six of the fingers, and there was one behind for the thumb. The tone is said in some measure to have resembled that of an oboe. It was a rural pipe, and used by the ancient shepherds for amusement while tending their flocks. It is now very seldom to be met with, nor was I, in either of my journeys, able to hear of any person who possessed one of them. This instrument very probably gave name to that kind of dance now called *horn-pipe*.

* The Welsh had another instrument of this kind with only three strings, it was in consequence denominated *crwth trithant*. The performers on this were held in very low estimation by the bards on account of its want of harmony, and the small degree of skill requisite to the playing of it.

In

In the conclusion of this chapter, it may be proper to say something respecting the generally supposed antiquity of the present national tunes of the Welsh. Those writers who wish it to be understood that the *laws of counterpoint* were known amongst the bards, rest a considerable portion of their argument on the account given by Giraldus Cambrensis, of the singing of the Britons, about the year 1188. “ The Britons do not sing in unison like the inhabitants of other countries ; but in many different *parts* : so that when a company of singers among the common people meet to sing, as is usual in this country, as many different parts are heard as there are performers, who all at length unite in consonance with *organic sweetness*. In the northern parts of Britain, beyond the Humber, on the borders of Yorkshire, the inhabitants use the same kind of symphonious harmony, except that they only sing in two parts, the one murmuring in the bass, and the other warbling in the acute or treble. Nor do these two nations practice this kind of singing so much by art as *by habit*, which has rendered it so natural to them, that neither in Wales, where they sing in many parts, nor in the North of England where they sing only in two parts, is a simple melody ever well sung. And what is still more wonderful, their children as soon as they attempt using their voices sing in the same manner *.”

* Cambridge description.

The glaring improbabilities in this account, as applying to the present laws of music, tend to prove that Giraldus could know very little of the subject of which he treats. Any one acquainted with the first difficulties attending the practice of singing in parts, can have no very exalted idea of the harmony of an *untaught crowd*, or suppose it little better than the dissonant pæans of a good humoured mob; in which the parts would be as various as the pitch of voices of which their chorus was composed. How all these could however have united at last in the consonance of *organic sweetness* can never be explained without supposing their taste for music of a more barbarous cast than ours. As to children naturally singing in harmony as soon as they were out of the cradle, the idea is too ridiculous to require a moment's hesitation in pronouncing it altogether absurd. If however, incredulity can be vanquished with respect to this account of the early perfection of Welsh music, it would be by a manuscript lodged in the library of the Welsh school, near London, that was formerly the property of Mr. Lewis Morris. It contains several pieces for the harp, that are in full harmony or counterpoint: they are written in a peculiar notation, and supposed to be as old as the year 1100; at least such is the known antiquity of many of the songs here mentioned. But whether the tunes, and their notation are coeval with the words, cannot easily be proved. The title is

MUSICA NEU BERORIÆTH."

"The following manuscript is the music of the Britains, as settled by a congress or meeting of the masters of music by order of Gryffydd ap Cynan, prince of Wales, about A. D. 1100, with some of the most ancient pieces of the Britains, supposed to have been handed to us from the British Druids.

"In two parts (that is, bass and treble) for the harp.

"This manuscript was wrote by Robert ap Haw of Bodwigan, in Anglesey, in Charles the First's time.

"Some part of it copied then out of Wm. Penllyn's book."

If the Welsh people expect to prove the antiquity of those sweet melodies so well known in the present day, from this book of acknowledged authority, they will be greatly disappointed. These rude lessons are such in their *melody* as might be expected in ages when not music only, but when all the arts, in our countries, were in a state of infancy. Having had the perusal of this manuscript, I found the music expressed by letters of the alphabet, with certain other marks which cannot perhaps at this day be explained. Double ff appears to be the lowest note, after which the first series seems to be gi, ai, bi, ci, di, ei, fi, and the next f̄, ḡ, ā, b̄, c̄, d̄, ē, written in characters similar to the following fac-similes. It is impossible to say that these letters stand for the same sounds as the like letters in the modern music: this is however of little consequence in the proof that I would institute. If they do, we find some of the chords that are admitted into our harmony, but others occur that are mere jargon. The melodies whether these represent our sounds or not, are extremely uncouth

couth and barbarous. In proof of this I shall select a few of those that appear most simple, and easy of comprehension, first giving a fac-simile of the original, and afterwards what appears to me an illustration of it, in our notes.

Caniadd y Gwyn Bibydd, from p. 36.

Var. I.

The same in modern notes.

Var. I.

The piece I have here selected is an air, with one of its variations. In the treble of the former we observe a constant recurrence of two notes (be those what they may) precisely in the same order throughout. The variation is produced merely by the single note $\bar{f}$ being inserted alternately, in the place of a rest. The oblique mark $\backslash$ above the letters implies that the notes must come in succession, the upper one first, as this mark $/$ signifies a contrary succession.

I shall

I shall next quote a subject, and its first variation, from page 28 of this manuscript :

Var. I.

The same in modern notes.

Var. I.

Here we have a recurrence of notes (for whatever the characters may signify, they are evidently the same) nearly as frequent as in the last, and if the explanation may be allowed, we observe an abominable jargon in the harmony. The dot • after some of the upper notes I cannot explain.—In all the other music of this manuscript, which I have examined with considerable care, there seems a great sameness, and a constant recurrence of notes, totally unlike the varied and beautiful melodies of the present day.—We must not refuse assent to the explanations, *because* the music would not be suited to modern ears. We are in every respect creatures of habit, and as our music from custom is at length
become

become familiar to us, so might these Welsh melodies be agreeable to the ears of the Welsh people of the early periods, and so is the uncouth music of savage tribes to their own people at the present day. As singular an instance as can perhaps be adduced in proof of this, is related in Kepler's celebrated work "*Harmonices Mundi*." He says, that whilst he was at the house of the Turkish ambassador at Prague, he one day attended the prayers. One of the priests sang some part of the solemnity in the following notes, which, when he retired, Kepler wrote down :

This kind of melody, Kepler says, appeared by no means fortuitous, but was evidently derived from a depraved system.

Dr. Burney doubts the antiquity of the counterpoint of this Welsh manuscript. He says further ; " That the ancient inhabitants of Wales were great encouragers of poetry and music, cannot be disputed, as many specimens of Cambro-British versification of undoubted antiquity still subsist ; and that these

poems, as well as of those of ancient Greece and Rome, were originally *sung* and accompanied with instruments, is very natural and reasonable to believe; but that a rude and uncivilized people, driven into a mountainous and barren country, without commerce, or communication with the rest of Europe, should *invent counterpoint*, and cultivate harmony, at a period when it was unknown to the most polished and refined inhabitants of the earth, still remains a problem difficult of solution."

With the foregoing specimens and remarks, it is no very easy task to reconcile the accounts which the Welsh writers give of their own music, and of their present melodies, many of which are referred to a period considerably anterior to that of the above manuscript. We must either suppose that the accounts which the bards have left us of their own proceedings, are much enveloped in fiction, or that this manuscript contains music composed many centuries previous to its date, and when the science was yet in its infancy. In this case we are surprized at the counterpoint: by the former supposition we shall be led to conjecture, that most of the music at present in use, is that of modern times, of which, indeed, its regularity, and the artfulness of its texture, seem to afford sufficient proof.

The present Welsh music, in its characteristic wildness and irregularity, bears a considerable resemblance to that of Ireland, but in the sweetness of

its modulation it approaches, though it is much inferior to, the Scotch music. The airs that bear marks of greatest antiquity are grave and solemn: the plaintive airs are striking and pathetic; whilst the dances and jigs, on the contrary, are extremely lively and cheerful.

Sixteen Admired

WELSH AIRS.

The first of August. Y Dydd Cyntaf o Aust.

Moderato

(To face page 344 vol. 2)

The Blossoms of the Thorn . Blodau y Drain .

Peggy's Daughter .

Merch Megan .

The Queen's Farewell . Ymadawiad y Vrenines .

The Crystal Ground .

Grisial Ground .

Moderato

This musical score is for a piece in 3/4 time, marked 'Moderato'. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The first system contains four measures. The second system contains four measures, with a repeat sign at the end of the first measure and a double bar line at the end of the fourth measure. The third system contains four measures. The fourth system contains four measures, with a triplet of eighth notes in the third measure of the treble staff. The fifth system contains four measures, ending with a double bar line.

The Amusement of the Men of Dovey.

Dyryrwech
Gwyr Dyvi .

Allegro

This musical score is for a piece in 6/8 time, marked 'Allegro'. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature has one sharp (F-sharp). The first system contains four measures. The second system contains four measures, ending with a double bar line.

Lady Owen's delight. Dyrwch Arlwyddes Owain.

The Marsh of Rhyddlan . Morfa Rhyddlan .

Slow *p*

f

p

Cres.

This musical score is for 'The Marsh of Rhyddlan' in 3/4 time. It consists of five systems of two staves each. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb). The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system features a forte (*f*) dynamic in the right hand and a piano (*p*) dynamic in the left hand. The third system continues with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The fourth system includes a crescendo (*Cres.*) marking. The piece concludes with a double bar line at the end of the fifth system.

The Welsh Lullaby . Hai Lwli .

Slow .

This musical score is for 'The Welsh Lullaby' in common time (C). It consists of two systems of two staves each. The tempo is marked 'Slow'. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb). The piece concludes with a double bar line at the end of the second system.

The Ash Grove.

Llwyn On

Allegretto

The break of Day .

Torïad y Dydd .

All Night long.

Ar hŷd y Nôs .

New Years Gift .

Nôs Galan .

Andantino

Peggy hast lost her garter. Megen a golles ei gardas.

Allegretto

The musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of five systems of two staves each. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto'. The first system includes a treble and bass staff with a brace on the left. The second system also has a brace. The third system has a brace. The fourth system has a brace. The fifth system has a brace. The music features a variety of note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. There are repeat signs in the second system. The piece concludes with a double bar line in the fifth system.

The rising of the Lark. Codiad yr Hedydd.

Allegretto

Allegretto

This musical score is for a piano accompaniment in 6/8 time, marked 'Allegretto'. It consists of six systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The first system includes a tempo marking 'Allegretto'. The music features a variety of rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots at the end of the sixth system.

GUIDE

THROUGH

NORTH WALES

IN THE ROUTE OF THE PRECEDING TOUR.

* * At the inns marked with an asterisk *, post-chaises and horses are kept.

THE DISTANCE FROM CHESTER TO CAERNARVON, ALONG THE USUAL ROAD, (NOT GOING BY FLINT,) IS ABOUT 72 MILES.

AT Chester the tourist may find it worth his while to visit and examine the castle and walls, with the courts of justice, the cathedral, St. John's church, and the rows. If he is an antiquarian, he will derive entertainment from examining the remains of the hypocaust, near the Feather's inn; and some other relics of antiquity in the neighbourhood.

FROM CHESTER TO FLINT, THE DISTANCE IS
15 MILES.

About 2 miles from Chester crosses the Ellesmere canal, and soon afterwards enter the county of Flint.—At $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles passes the little village of Bretton.—The mountain on the left is called Warren mountain.—At $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles, passes Hawarden castle, by the road side, and then enter Hawarden,

den, a village containing a neat church, but little else deserving of notice.—2 miles beyond Hawarden, crosses New Inn bridge. In a copse about a quarter of a mile to the right of this bridge, are the poor remains of Euloe castle, not visible from the road.—10½ miles from Chester, crosses Pentre bridge; and 12 miles, enter the village of Northop. In Northop church there are two or three ancient monuments.—At this place the tourist who is desirous of visiting Flint, must leave the great Irish road, and proceed along a road in a direction nearly north, for about three miles †.

At Flint there is little worth seeing besides the remains of its castle, the county gaol, and a large smelting-house for the lead ore obtained in the neighbourhood. The inn is the Royal Oak, by no means good. No post-horses are kept here.

FROM FLINT TO HOLYWELL, 5½ MILES.

Two miles from Flint is Bagillt;—3½, Wallwine turnpike;—and 5½, Holywell. This is a very unpleasant road, notwithstanding its lying along the bank of the river Dee, here almost three miles across.

At Holywell the tourist will of course visit St. Wenefred's well; from which the place derives its name. In several mills on the stream that proceeds from this well, he may see the different processes in the preparation and manufacture of lead, calamine, copper, brass, and cotton. About a mile and a quarter north of the town, are the ruins of Basingwerk abbey.—The principal inn at Holywell is the White Horse: * this is a good, but very extravagant

† On the regular road, the following are the distances:—12 miles from Chester, pass the hamlet of Halkin;—and 18½, enter the town of Holywell.

house. Post-chaifes and horfes may be had here, as this town is made the first stage-town from Chester.

FROM HOLYWELL TO ST. ASAPH, 10 MILES.

About a mile beyond Holywell, on an extensive common, are the lead mines.—At $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles see on an eminence, at a distance towards the right, a high circular tower, somewhat like an old windmill; this is supposed to have been a Roman pharos.—About 7, or $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles, descend into the *vale of Clwyd*. From the side of the hill there is a very extensive and beautiful prospect;—Denbigh, at a distance on the left, St. Asaph in front, and Rhyddlan castle on the right, with all the varied scenery of the vale.—10 miles, St. Asaph.

At St. Asaph are a cathedral, bishop's palace, and deanry.—The tower of the cathedral commands an extensive view along the vale. The inn is the *White Lion* *, a good house.

If the tourist wishes it, he may make the two following excursions from this place; in the latter, however, he will have but little amusement.

1. *Excursion from St. Asaph to Denbigh, 6 Miles.*—The road lies entirely along the vale of Clwyd, but it is so low, as to afford few good prospects.—At three miles pass a woody dell that presents a picturesque scene on the right of the road.—6 miles, Denbigh.

See the castle, a fine ruin.—The antiquarian would visit *Whitchurch*, the parish church, about a mile distant, to see the monuments of *Humphrey Llwyd*, the antiquary, and some of other celebrated personages.—There are two principal inns at Denbigh, the *Crown* and the *Black Bull* *. The latter is by much the most comfortable house of the two.

2. *Ex-*

2. *Excursion from St. Asaph to Rhyddlan, 3 Miles.*—This road lies also along the vale of Clwyd, and, about a mile from St. Asaph, affords a good view of the little city.

At Rhyddlan there is the shell of a castle. No accommodations are to be had at this place, but what a very paltry public-house can afford.

FROM ST. ASAPH TO CONWAY, $18\frac{1}{2}$ MILES.

Four miles from St. Asaph, on the right of the road, is Kinmael, the seat of the reverend Edward Hughes, one of the proprietors of the Anglesea copper mines.—At $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles pass the village of Llan St. Siôr, or St. George's; and $6\frac{1}{2}$, Abergeley. At Abergeley there is a tolerably good inn, at which post-horses are kept.—At $9\frac{1}{4}$ miles pass Llandulas; and at 18 miles arrive at Conwy ferry-house*. The river is somewhat more than half a mile across, and must be passed in a boat.

At Conwy the tourist may examine the castle, ~~an~~ an ancient mansion, called Plas Mawr,—the poor remains of the abbey,—and the church. The most comfortable ~~room~~ is the Harp*.

From Conwy the two following very pleasant excursions may be made.

1. *Excursion from Conwy round the Creiddin, in the whole about 18 Miles.*—This excursion cannot be performed any way so well as on foot. Cross the ferry, and proceed to Teganwy, the seat of Mrs. Williams, near which are the poor remains of Diganwy castle, about a mile and half north of the ferry-house.—Continue the route along the west side of the promontory to Gogarth, a ruined palace of the bishops of Bangor, about 6 miles from the ferry.—Examine the high rocks that form the northern extremity of the Great Ormes Head,—and return by Gloddaeth and

Bodf-

Bodscallon, two elegant seats belonging to sir Thomas Mostyn, bart.

2. *Excursion along the Vale of Conway to Caer Rhûn, and the Waterfall, about 8 Miles.*—A mile from Conwy pass the village of Kyffin.—At $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles is Caer Rhûn, where there are considerable remains of the *Conovium* of the Romans. In a mountain west of the road, and visible from thence, 13 miles beyond Caer Rhûn, is the grandest cataract perhaps in Great Britain. It is near a bridge called Pont Dolgarrog, under which its waters flow, and it is called by the country people Rhaiadr Mawr.

FROM CONWAY TO BANGOR FERRY, $16\frac{1}{2}$ MILES.

About 3 miles from Conwy, descend along the tremendous hollow of Sychuan; and about 5 miles, pass the mountain Penmaen Mawr.—At 7 miles is the village of Llanfair Vechan; and 9 miles, that of Aber. Near the bridge at Aber there is a mound on which once stood a house belonging to the princes of Wales; and, at the distance of about two miles, at the extremity of a highly romantic vale, is a cataract well worth visiting. At Aber there is a small, but comfortable inn.—13 miles from Conwy is the village of Llandygai. The church contains a monument to the memory of archbishop Williams.— $13\frac{1}{2}$ miles is Penrhyn castle, the seat of lord Penrhyn.—15 miles is the city of Bangor;—and $16\frac{1}{2}$, Bangor Ferry.

At Bangor the cathedral is worth visiting.

The inn at Bangor Ferry * is a very good one.

From Bangor Ferry a very pleasant *excursion may be made to lord Penrhyn's slate quarries*; the romantic vale called Nant Frangon; the waterfalls of Benglog; Llyn Ogwen, and Llyn Idwel. The whole route would be about 26 or 28 miles, but the greatest part of it may be performed in carriages,

carriages, or on horseback.—There is through Nant Francon a carriage road through the village of Capel Curig to Llanrwst.

FROM BANGOR TO CAERNARVON, 9 MILES.

The road affords some fine views of the straits of Menai, and the surrounding country.

At Caernarvon the tourist will of course visit the castle.—From the rock behind the hotel, and from the Eagle tower of the castle, are very extensive views.—Half a mile south of Caernarvon is Llanbublick, the parish church, near which are to be seen some remains of the Roman *Segontium*.—The Hotel † at Caernarvon is, without any exception, the best and most comfortable inn in North Wales.

From Caernarvon, as a centre, various excursions may be made.

1. *To the village and lakes of Llanberis*, about 10 miles distant *. Here is one of the most romantic vales in the kingdom; and about three miles beyond it, one of the rudest mountain passes that imagination can paint. Near Llanberis are the old tower of Dolbadarn castle, and a fine cataract called Caunant Mawr; and, on the bank of the upper lake, a copper mine. On the left of the village are the mountains Glyder Vawr and Glyder Bach, in whose vicinity nearly all the Welsh alpine plants are found. On the right of the vale (and the summit about $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles

† This excursion cannot be performed in carriages further than Cwm y Clo, the foot of the lower lake, whence a boat may be had to take the tourist up the lakes. This boat should be ordered the preceding day.—A pedestrian may perform the journey without the aid of a boat, as may also a person on horseback.

distant

distant from Dolbadarn castle), is Snowdon. From hence the ascent is so gradual, that a person, mounted on a strong Welsh poney, may ride very nearly to the summit.

From Llanberis the excursion may be varied by going through the above romantic pass called Cwm Glâs, into the beautiful vale of Nant Hwynan, and thence to Beddgelert; but, as this excursion would occupy in the whole near 30 miles, it could not conveniently be performed in one day on foot; on horseback, however, there would be little difficulty. This excursion, in its series of grand and romantic scenery, is scarcely exceeded in any other parts of Great Britain.

From Llanberis there is a horsepath to Capel Curig, whence the tourist will find a tolerably good carriage-road to Llanrwst.

2. *From Caernarvon to the Summit of Snowdon*, by Dolbadarn castle, the distance is about 12 miles. The chief part of this excursion may be performed on horseback.—There is another track somewhat nearer by Llyn Cwellyn, in the road to Beddgelert.

3. *From Caernarvon to Llanrwst, returning by the Vale of Efstiniog, Tanybwlech, and Beddgelert; the Distance in the whole about 70 Miles.* This excursion cannot be conveniently performed except on horseback. The tourist may go either by Llanberis, or the vale called Nant Frangon, to Capel Curig, where he will find another beautiful vale, and two lakes. The inn at this place affords excellent accommodation, considering that it is situated in the interior of the mountains. Many persons remain here a few days to enjoy the fine scenery of the neighbourhood, and to amuse themselves in angling for trout, with which the lakes and all the streams of the vallies abound. In his journey from Capel Curig to Llanrwst, the antiquarian would
probably

probably choose to visit Dolwyddelan castle, a British ruin, three miles on the left of the road.—About 5 miles from Llanrwlst is the celebrated cataract of the Llugwy, *Rhaiadr y Wenol*. A mile beyond this is the picturesque bridge called *Pont y Pair*, near the village of Bettws y Coed.

Near Llanrwlst is the ancient mansion of Gwydir, once the family seat of the Wynnes, and now the property of the right honourable lord Gwydir.—Llanrwlst is chiefly celebrated for its fine bridge, built under the superintendence of Inigo Jones. The church, or rather the chapel adjoining to the church, is well worth a visit from the tourist. The inn is the Eagles *, a good house.

In his return to Caernarvon, on the prescribed route, the tourist, at $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles from Llanrwlst, will repass the village of Bettws, from whence leaving the former road, for that leading to Penmachno, he will at 5 and 6 miles pass two cataracts of the river Conwy, the former, however, not a very considerable one: the latter, which is called *Rhaiadr y Craig Llwyd*, is a little to the left of the road, near a small fulling mill, *Pandy*, in Welsh.—8 miles from Llanrwlst he will pass through the village of Penmachno, and 8 miles farther, after a very uninteresting ride over mountainous moors, will enter the village of Ffestiniog. Here there is a very uncomfortable public house. Near Ffestiniog are the cataracts of the Cynfael. A mile from the village he will enter the vale of Ffestiniog, and pass along it nearly to Tanybwllch, which is about 20 miles from Llanrwlst. From Tanybwllch to Caernarvon, the distance is 22 miles farther. The inn at Tanybwllch * is a very comfortable house.—8 miles, cross Pont Aberglâslllyn:—10 miles, enter Beddgelert:—14, pass Llyn Cwellyn:—17, Bettws Garmon: and 22, enter Caernarvon.

4. *An excursion* may be made on foot or on horseback, about 23 miles, from *Caernarvon* to the Pools called *Llyniau Nantlle*, and the slate quarries near *Llanllyfni*. This part of the country is very fine.

5. Or from *Caernarvon* to *Pwllheli*, distant 20 miles, returning by *Criccieth* and *Beddgelert*, in the whole about 58 miles. This, however, may not be interesting to many tourists; and very few would think their trouble repaid in visiting the extreme parts of the promontory.

6. *Excursions on the water* may be made, with a fair wind, to any of the adjacent parts of *Anglesea*. The sail up the straits of *Menai*, to *Priestholme* island, is extremely pleasant in fine weather. A small decked cutter, capable of accommodating ten or twelve persons, may be had of the innkeeper of the hotel. The charge, with two persons to manage it, is a guinea a day,

7. *Excursion from Caernarvon to Holyhead, the copper mines, and Beaumaris, in the whole about 90 Miles.*—Cross the *Menai* at *Moel y Don* ferry, 5 miles from *Caernarvon*.—About a mile from the ferry-house, on the *Anglesea* side, is *Plás Newydd*, the beautiful seat of the earl of *Uxbridge*. Near the house are two cromlechs, and an ancient tumulus.—At 8 miles from *Caernarvon* pass the village of *Llandaniel*;—11, *Llanvihangel*;—14½, *Llangefni*; and 20, arrive at *Gwyndy* *. Here there is a good inn, the end of the first stage from *Bangor* to *Holyhead*.—From *Gwyndy* it is 3¾ miles to *Bodedern*;—5 to *Llanygiedd*;—8½ to the *Holyhead* island;—and 12 to *Holyhead*.

There is little remarkable in *Holyhead*, except the situation of the church and church-yard.

The distance from *Holyhead* to *Amlwch* is about 20 miles. The copper mines are about a mile from *Amlwch*.

There is no good inn at this place. Ty mawr, appeared the best, but the accommodations were only tolerable.—Two miles east of Amlwch is the singular church of Llanellian.

From Amlwch to Beaumaris the distance is about 20 miles. Six miles from Amlwch pass the extremity of Dulas bay.—At 12 miles pass Red Wharf bay.—And 13, the village of Pentraeth. The church of this village Mr. Grose thought so picturesque as to deserve a place in his work on the Antiquities of Britain. Near Pentraeth is Plás Gwynn, the residence of Paul Panton, esq. but chiefly known for its excellent library of Welsh MSS.

The only object worth notice in Beaumaris, is the castle. Three quarters of a mile westward is Baron hill, the seat of the right hon. lord Bulkeley.—About a mile north is Friars, the seat of sir Robert Williams bart.; and near it a barn built from the ruins of Llanvaes abbey.—Three miles beyond Friars, are the remains of Penmon priory; and just off this corner of Anglesea, is the island of Priestholme, celebrated as the resort of various species of sea fowl.—The principal inn at Beaumaris is the Bull's Head, a comfortable house.

In his return to Caernarvon, the tourist may either cross from Beaumaris immediately over to the village of Aber, in Caernarvonshire, or he may cross the Menai at Bangor ferry. The latter is preferable.

FROM CAERNARVON TO BEDDGELERT, THE DISTANCE IS 12 MILES.

Half a mile from Caernarvon, pass the remains of Segontium, and Llanbublich church.—Three miles on the left the woods of Glangwnna, the house of T. Lloyd esq. Five miles the village of Bettws.—Six and a quarter
on

on the left Plâs y Nant, a house belonging to sir Robert Williams, bart.; and on the right a small cascade at Nant mill. The high mountain on the right is called Mynydd Mawr, and that on the left, Moel Aelir.—Seven miles, Llyn Cwellyn. See Snowdon on the left; its summit may be ascended from hence. The tourist who wishes to visit Llyn y Dywarchen, the pool containing a small floating island, must ascend to the mountain hollow on the right, soon after he has passed Llyn Cwellyn.

At Beddgelert there has been lately erected a very comfortable inn called the Beddgelert Hotel. The distance from Beddgelert to Pont Aberglâslyn (the devil's bridge) is about a mile and a half. — From Beddgelert the tourist may ascend to the summit of Snowdon: the distance about 6 miles. He should by all means visit the vale called *Nant Hwynan*, one of the most beautiful in Wales. In this vale, one mile and a half on the left, is Dinas Emrys, the place from whence the prophecies of Merlin are supposed to have been delivered. Two miles, Llyn y Dinas. — Four and a half Llyn Gwynant: in a mouptain on the left of the path a little beyond this pool, is a cataract called *Rhaiadr y Cwm Dyli*. There is a horse-path through this vale to Capel Curig, and Llanrwt.

FROM BEDDGELERT TO TANYBWLCH, 10 MILES.

One mile and a half, Pont Aberglâslyn.—The new road from hence is exceedingly good, and affords many very beautiful prospects.

The inn * at Tanybwllch, is a small but comfortable house, standing on an eminence that overlooks the vale of Ffestiniog.—Not far from the inn is Tanybwllch hall, the seat of — Oakley, esq.—The village of Ffestiniog is about 3 miles distant, near which are the cataracts of the Cynfael: the road to the village lies along the vale.

FROM TANYBWILCH TO HARLECH, 10 MILES.

Cross the vale of Ffestinog.—One mile the village of Maentwrog.—One mile and a half, having crossed a small bridge, there is, about a mile and a half on the left of the road, a cataract called *Rhaiadr dŷ*.—4 miles Llyn Tecwyn ucha.—5 miles Llantecwyn.—5½ Llyn Tecwyn isfa.—7, Pont y Crudd;—and 10 Harlech.

At Harlech are the remains of a castle. The public house is very small. It is kept by a civil man called Anwyl.

From Harlech a guide (John Richards) may be had to the romantic hollow, 4 miles distant, called Cwm Bychan; and from thence round the still more romantic Bwlch Tyddiad, and Drws Ardudwy, in the whole about 18 miles.

FROM HARLECH TO BARMOUTH, 10 MILES.

One mile and a half, the village of Llanfair.—2½ miles Llanbedir. In a field on the right, near this village there are two upright stones, probably what the Welsh of former times erected in memory of some celebrated warriors. 5¾ Llanddwye.—8¼ miles, Llanaber, the parish church of Barmouth;—and 10 miles, Barmouth.

There is a charming walk along the beach of the river near Barmouth. This place is singular on account of many of its houses being built up the side of a lofty rock. The Corfygedol arms* is an excellent inn.

FROM BARMOUTH TO DOLGELLE, 10 MILES.

The 2 first miles are along the beach, one of the most beautiful rides in Great Britain.—8 miles, Llanellid turnpike.—10 miles, Dolgelle.

The

The Golden Lion* at Dolgelle, is a tolerably good inn. From Dolgelle a guide may be had to ascend Cader Idris, whose summit is about 6 miles distant.—2 miles north of Dolgelle, are the remains of y Vaner or Kemmer abbey; and 4 miles beyond, on the left of the road leading to Tanybwllch, is Dolmelynllyn, the seat of W. A. Madocks esq. and near it the cataract of the same name.—3 miles beyond Dolmelynllyn, are the cataracts, *Pistyll y Cain*, and *Rhaiadr y Mawddach*. It will be necessary to take a guide in order to find the latter cataracts.

FROM DOLGELLE TO MACHYNLLETH, 15 MILES.

Five miles, Llyn Trigrainwyn, 'the pool of three pebbles,' celebrated for a singular tradition respecting it.—7 miles, a small public house, the Blue Lion, from whence a guide may be had to the summit of Cader Idris, 4 miles distant. The pool visible from the house is Llyn Mwyngil. 14 miles crosses the river Dovey.

At Machynlleth, there is an old building, in which Owen Glyndwr, is said to have assembled a parliament. The Eagles* is the best inn.

FROM MACHYNLLETH TO LLANYDLOES, 19 MILES.

About half way betwixt these towns, and near one mile and a half on the right, there is a cataract called *Frawd y Pennant*.—Plinlimmon is visible at a distance on the right. 19 miles, crosses the Severn and enter Llanydloes.

The new inn* here is a very comfortable house.

FROM LLANYDLOES TO NEWTOWN, 13 MILES.

6³ miles Llandinam.—13, Newtown.

The Bear* is the principal inn.—Dolforwyn castle is about 4 miles north-east of Newtown.—1½ mile from Newtown,

near the road leading to Builth, is a cataract, but not worth visiting.

FROM NEWTOWN TO MONTGOMERY, 9 MILES.

At Montgomery the tourist will probably visit the castle and the church. — The Dragon * is a good inn.

FROM MONTGOMERY TO WELSH POOL, 9 MILES.

7½ miles pass on the left Powys Castle.

The Oak * is the principal inn at Welsh Pool.

FROM WELSH POOL TO OSWESTRY, 15 MILES.

6 miles, pass the Breiddin hills, on the right. — 9 miles, cross the river Virnwy in a boat. — 9½ enter the village of Llanymynech. The Cross keys, a small inn in this village, is kept by Mr. Robert Baugh, a very ingenious man, the engraver of both the copies of Mr. Evans's map of North Wales. — 13½ miles, a house of Industry.

At Oswestry the tourist may visit the church, St. Oswald's Well, and the mount on which the castle stood. The principal inn is the Cross keys *.

FROM OSWESTRY TO WREXHAM, 15½ MILES.

5½ miles the village of Chirk. The tourist may visit the church, containing some tolerably good monuments in memory of the Middleton family; the aqueduct over the vale of Ceirog; and 2 miles distant, Chirk castle. — 8 miles, New Bridge, near which the scene is remarkably picturesque. — 10 miles the village of Ruabon. Near this place is Wynnstay, the seat of Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, bart. (5½ miles east of Ruabon, is the village of Overton, and 9 miles Bangor Iscoed, where there was formerly the largest monastery

monastery in Britain) $13\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Oswestry, on the right of the road to Wrexham; is Erddig, the seat of Philip Yorke, esq.

See the church at Wrexham; and in it a most beautiful monument, in memory of Mrs. Mary Middleton.— $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles N. E. of Wrexham is Holt, where are the poor remains of a castle.—There are two good inns at Wrexham, the Eagles * and the Red Lion, * the former however is usually thought the best house.

FROM WREXHAM TO MOLD, $12\frac{1}{2}$ MILES.

$4\frac{1}{2}$ miles Cegidog bridge.— $5\frac{1}{2}$ the village of Caergwile, near which are the remains of a castle.—6, Hope.—12, Mold.

The tourist may visit Bayley hill, on which the castle stood, and the church.— $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile, north-west of Mold, is Rhual, the seat of the Griffith family, near which is *Maes Garmon*, where in 448, the famous ALLELUIA victory was obtained by the Britons over the Picts and Scots.—The inn at Mold is the Dragon, a bad and extravagant house.

FROM MOLD TO RUTHIN, $8\frac{1}{2}$ MILES.

At Ruthin are the remains of a castle.—I forget the sign of the inn *.

FROM RUTHIN TO LLANGOLLEN, $13\frac{1}{2}$ MILES.

About $10\frac{1}{2}$ miles enter the vale of Crucis.— $11\frac{1}{2}$ pass the pillar of Elifeg, in a meadow on the left of the road; and $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile beyond it, on the same side, the remains of Valle Crucis abbey. Castell Dinas Brân is visible on an eminence behind the abbey.

The principal objects worth visiting about Llangollen, are, Valle Crucis abbey, and the pillar of Elifeg, Castell

Dinas Brân; and the vale of Llangollen. It is a pleasant morning's ride of about 10 miles, round the vale. Near Pont y Cysyllte, 4 miles from the town (at the end of this ride), the tourist will see an immense aqueduct for the Ellesmere canal, over the vale, and the river Dee.—The principal inn at Llangollen is the Hand *, where persons in general complain of bad fare and attendance.

FROM LLANGOLLEN TO CORWEN, 10 MILES.

About the third mile-stone, see, on the opposite bank of the river, Llandysilio hall.—7 miles, the site of Owen Glyndwr's palace.

5½ miles west of Corwen, on the road leading to Llanrwst, is Pont y Glyn, with a fine cataract beneath it;—and 2½ miles south, near one of the roads to Bala, and behind the village of Cynwyd, is a cataract called *Rhaiadr Cynwyd*.—On the hill opposite to the town, there is a great circle of stones, called *Y Caer Wen*.—The New Inn *, the sign of Owen Glyndwr, is the only one in the place.

FROM CORWEN TO BALA, THE DISTANCE IS 12 MILES.

Near Bala, the principal curiosities are the lake, and two mounts on different sides of the town, on which there have been British forts.—It is a pleasant excursion of about 13 miles, on foot or horseback, to go round the lake. Cross the bridge at the north-east corner, and proceed along the eastern bank.—4 miles, the village of Llangower.—6½ miles, cross the river Twrch, and see the immense stones carried by the stream in a thunderstorm, in June 1781.—7¼ the village of Llanwchllyn. A mile beyond this place there was an ancient British fort called Castell Corndechoen.—8 miles on the left see Caer Gai.—12, Llanycil,

Llanycil, the parish church to Bala.—The Bull* is by much the most comfortable, though not, perhaps, the head inn in this town.

FROM BALA TO THE VILLAGE OF LLANRHAIDR, IN MONTGOMERYSHIRE, 15 MILES.

1½ miles, cross Pont Cynwyd.—2 miles, Rhiwedog.—7, a pass over the mountains, called Millter Gerrig;—10½ miles, the village and vale of Llangynog;—15 miles, Llanrhaiadr.

The celebrated cataraet called *Piſſyll Rhaiadr* is about 4½ miles north-west of the village.—At Llanrhaiadr there is a small public house, the Coach and Horses, where one bed may be had, and perhaps no more.

FROM LLANRHAIDR TO SHREWSBURY, 26 MILES.

About 3¼ miles from Llanrhaiadr are the village of Llangedwin, and Llangedwin hall, the latter one of the seats of Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, bart.;—8 miles, Llanyblodwel;—10, Llanymynech;—14 miles, Knochin;—18 miles, Nesscliffe;—22, cross Montford bridge.

At Shrewsbury the tourist will find amusement in visiting the castle; the remains of the walls; the gaol; the abbey; the churches, particularly St. Alkmunds, in which there is a beautiful painting on glass, the performance of Eginton of Birmingham; the Quarry; the house of industry; the remains of the three houses of Augustine, Franciscan, and Dominican friars; the free school, and some other public buildings.

FLORA CAMBRICA.

A

SYSTEMATICAL CATALOGUE

OF THE

MORE UNCOMMON WELSH PLANTS,

WITH

THEIR PLACES OF GROWTH,

AND

TIMES OF FLOWERING.

* * Where the places in the ensuing Catalogue are not fully described, reference may be made to the Index, and thence to some other part of the work.

Explanation of the References.

Smith. Flora Britannica, auctore, Jacobo Edwardo Smith, M.D. 8vo. vol. 1. and 2. 1800.—*Eng. Bot.* English Botany, by Dr. Smith, and Mr. Sowerby, vol. 1—12.—*With.* Arrangement of British Plants, by William Withering, M.D. 4 vol. 8vo. 1796.—*Hudf.* Gulielmi Hudfoni, Flora Anglica, 8vo. 1798.

CLASS I.

MONANDRIA.—MONOGYNIA.

SALICORNIA HERBACEA. *Marsh Samphire.*—Smith, 3.—*S. annua.* Eng. Bot. 415.—*S. europæa.* Hudf. 1.—A or B. August, September.

On sea-shores, generally in a muddy soil, overflowed by the high tides, common.

HIP-

HIPPURIS VULGARIS. *Mare's Tail.*—Smith, 4.—Eng. Bot. 763.—P. May.

In several ditches in the isle of Anglesea; and in a ditch about a hundred yards north-west of Rhyd marsh, near Prestatyn, on the sea-coast of Flintshire.

CHARA FLEXILIS. *Smooth Chara.*—Smith, 6.—A. July, August.

In a pool called Llyn Aled, in the parish of Llanfannan, Denbighshire.

ZOSTERA MARINA. *Grass-wrack.*—Smith, 7.—Eng. Bot. 467.—P. Aug.—Sept.

Salt water ditches, not uncommon.

CLASS II.

DIANDRIA.—MONOGYNIA.

LIGUSTRUM VULGARE. *Privet.*—Smith, 12.—Eng. Bot. 764.—S. June, July.

Hedges in various parts of Anglesea, and about Orme's Head.

VERONICA SPICATA. *Spiked Speedwell.*—Smith, 15.—Eng. Bot. 2.—P. June, July.

Gloddaeth, near Conwy;—the hill of Diferth castle in Flintshire;—and on Penmaen Mawr.

VERONICA HYBRIDA. *Welsh Speedwell.* Smith, 16.—Eng. Bot. 673.—P. July.

On Craig Breiddin, (or as it is sometimes written, Craig Wreiddin,) a mountain about eight miles north-east of Welsh Pool.

VERONICA OFFICINALIS. *Common Speedwell*.—Smith, 16.
Eng. Bot. 765.—P. May—Aug.

Sides of roads, and in dry sterile ground, common.

VERONICA SCUTELLATA. *Narrow-leaved Marsh Speedwell*.
Smith, 21.—Eng. Bot. 782.—P. July, August.

Marshy ground in Anglesea, not uncommon.

VERONICA MONTANA. *Mountain Speedwell*.—Smith, 21.
—Eng. Bot. 766.—P. May, June.

In the upper wood at Tower, near Mold, Flintshire;—
and near the rivulet in Garn Dingle, three miles north-
west of Denbigh.

PINGUICULA VULGARIS. *Common Butterwort, or Rot-grass*.
—Smith, 27.—Eng. Bot. 70.—P. May, June.

In bogs on all the moors.

UTRICULARIA VULGARIS. *Hooded Milfoil*.—Smith, 28.—
Eng. Bot. 253.—P. July.

In ditches and standing waters in Anglesea, not uncommon.

SALVIA PRATENSIS. *Meadow Clary*.—Smith, 30.—Eng.
Bot. 153.—P. July.

In dry meadows near Llanidan, in Anglesea.

SALVIA VERBENACA. *Wild English Clary*.—Smith, 31.—
Eng. Bot. 154.—P. June—October.

In Rhyddlan church-yard, Flintshire;—and in various
places about the Great Ormes Head.

CLASS III.

TRIANDRIA.—MONOGYNIA.

VALERIANA RUBRA. *Red Valerian*.—Smith, 37.—P. June
—September.

Near Llanidan church, Anglesea.

IRIS FOETIDISSIMA. *Stinking Iris.*—Smith, 42.—Eng. Bot. 596.—P. June.

Near the building on Priestholme island, in plenty.

SCHOENUS COMPRESSUS. *Compressed Bog-rush.*—Smith, 44.—Eng. Bot. 791.—P. July.

In a marsh about a mile west of Prestatyn, on the sea coast of Flintshire.

SCHOENUS ALBUS. *White-headed Bog-rush.*—Smith, 46.—P. August.

In a bog west of Dolbadarn castle, near Llanberis.

SCIRPUS CÆSPITOSUS. *Scaly-stalked Club-rush.*—Smith, 49.—P. July.

Peat-bogs in Cwm Brwynnog, near Llanberis.

SCIRPUS MARITIMUS. *Salt-marsh Club-rush.*—Smith, 56.—Eng. Bot. 542.—P. July, August.

In Saltney marsh, and Rhyd marsh, Flintshire.

ERIOPHORUM VAGINATUM. *Single-headed Cotton-grass.*—Smith, 58.—P. March, April.

In peat-bogs near Llyn Idwel, in Caernarvonshire, and Llyn Aled, Denbighshire.

ERIOPHORUM POLYSTACHION. *Broad-leaved Cotton grass.*—Smith, 59.—Eng. Bot. 563.—P. April, May.

In the same places as the last species, but not so frequently.

ERIOPHORUM ANGUSTIFOLIUM. *Common Cotton-grass.*—Smith, 59.—Eng. Bot. 564.—P. April, May.

In peat-bogs among the mountains, sufficiently common.

TRIANDRIA.—DIGYNIA.

PHALARIS ARENARIA. *Sea Canary-grass.*—Smith, 62.—
Eng. Bot. 222.—A. June.

Among the sea-sand near Newborough, Anglesea.

PHLEUM PRATENSE. *Common Cat's-tail-grass.*—Smith, 68.
P. June—October.

A variety of this grass is found in Anglesea, with viviparous florets.

MILIUM LENDIGERUM. *Panick Millet-grass.*—Smith, 76.—
Alopec. ventricosus, Hudf. ed. 2. 28.—A. August.

In the pastures east of Merllin farm-house, in the parish of Llanyfydd, Denbighshire.

AGROSTIS MINIMA. *Smallest Bent-grass.*—Smith, 82.—A.
March, April.

In sandy pastures on the south-west coast of Anglesea, not uncommon.

AIRA CRISTATA. *Crested Hair-grass.*—Smith, 83.—*Poa cristata*. With. 145.—P. July, August.

Barren pastures near Henllan, Denbighshire.

AIRA FLEXUOSA. *Waved Mountain Hair-grass.*—Smith, 85.—P. July.

On Crib y Ddyscil, a high rock near Llanberis.

AIRA PRÆCOX. *Early Hair-grass.*—Smith, 87.—A. May, June.

Pastures on the lime-rocks near Henllan, three miles north-west of Denbigh.

MELICA NUTANS. *Mountain Melis-grass.*—Smith, 92.—
M. montana. Hudf. 37.—P. June, July.

In Garn Dingle, near Denbigh.

MELICA

MELICA CÆRULEA. *Purple Melic-grass.*—Smith, 93.—
Eng. Bot. 750.—*Aira carulea*, Hudf. 33.—P. July,
August.

In peat-bogs near Llyn Idwel, Caernarvonshire;—and on
the Paris mountain in Anglesea.

MELICA UNIFLORA. *Wood Melic grass.*—Smith, 91.—P.
May, June.

Not uncommon in woods and shady hedges.

POA RIGIDA. *Hard Meadow grass.*—Smith, 99.—A. June,
July.

Among the lime-rocks near Henllan, Denbighshire.

POA ALPINA. *Alpine Meadow-grass.*—Smith, 100.—P.
July.

This plant, and also a variety of it, with viviparous florets,
is found on the higher parts of Snowdon.

POA CÆSIA? *Sea-green Meadow-grass.*—Smith, 103.—
P. glauca. With. 148.—P. June, July.

High mountains about Llyn Idwel and Llanberis;—and
on Clogwyn y Garnedd, Snowdon.

POA MARITIMA. *Creeping Sea Meadow-grass.*—Smith, 97.
—P. July.

On part of the salt-marsh, a mile west of Prestatyn, Flint-
shire.

FESTUCA VIVIPARA. *Viviparous Fescue-grass.*—Smith, 114.
F. ovina, var. 4. With. 152.—P. June, July.

On the high mountains of Caernarvonshire, common.

FESTUCA RUBRA β. *Welsh Fescue-grass.*—Smith, 116.—
F. cambrica. With. 156.—P. July, August.

On the ledges of Clogwyn y Garnedd;—and among the
highest mountains about Llanberis.

FESTUCA

FESTUCA BROMOIDES. *Barren Fescue-grass*.—Smith, 117.—

A. June.

About Denbigh castle.

AVENA PUBESCENS. *Downy Oat-grass*.—Smith, 140.—P.

June.

Very common in the hedges about Garn, near Denbigh.

ARUNDO COLORATA. *Canary Reed-grass*.—Smith, 147.—

Calam. variegata, With. 124.—P. July.

On the bank of the rivulet that runs by Dolbadarn castle, into the upper Llanberis lake.

ARUNDO ARENARIA. *Sea Mat-weed*.—Smith, 148.—*Calam.*

arenaria. With. 123.—P. June, July.

On the sand-banks on the sea-shore, about Rhil marsh, near Rhyddlan; near Orme's Head; and near Towyn, in Merionethshire.

ROTBOLLIA INCURVATA. *Sea Hard-grass*.—Smith, 151.—

P. July, August.

In Rhil marsh near Rhyddlan; but seldom observable on account of the sheep eating it quite close to the ground: it may, however, be readily detected on the turf banks in front of the cottages near the Stone house, which are formed of fods that have been taken from the marsh.

ELYMUS ARENARIUS. *Upright Sea Lyne-grass*.—Smith,

152.—P. July.

Among the sand on the sea-coast near the Orme's Head.

TRIANDRIA.—TRIGYNIA.

MONTIA FONTANA. *Water Chickweed*.—Smith, 161.—A.

April—July.

In swampy ground, not uncommon.

CLASS IV.

TETRANDIA.—MONOGYNIA.

DIPSACUS PILOSUS. *Small Teasel.*—Smith, 169.—P. Aug.

On the left of the road leading from Newtown to Montgomery, about three miles and a half from the former place;—and near the forge, betwixt Welsh Pool and Ofwestry.

GALIUM BOREALE. *Cross-leaved Bed-straw.*—Smith, 180.—Eng. Bot. 105.—P. July.

On the ledges of the rocks near Tull Dû, above Llyn Idwel;—and about half a mile from Llanberis, among the gravel by the side of the second rivulet, in the way to Llanrwst.

RUBIA PEREGRINA. *Wild Madder.*—Smith, 181.—Eng. Bot. 851.—*R. tinctorum.* With. 193.—P. June, July.

In the hedges at Gloddaeth, near Conwy.

PLANTAGO MARITIMA. *Sea Plantain.*—Smith, 184.—Eng. Bot. 175.—P. June, July.

In abundance on the sea-coasts.—Near Caergwrle castle, Flintshire;—amongst the rocks near Tull Dû, above Llyn Idwel;—and by the road-side from Bangor to Holyhead, about two miles from Gwynndy.

PLANTAGO CORONOPUS. *Buck's-horn Plantain.*—Smith, 185.—A. May—November.

On all the sea-coasts, generally in a sandy soil.

CENTUNCULUS MINIMUS. *Small Chaff-weed.*—Smith, 186.—Eng. Bot. 531.—A. June, July.

In a piece of moist ground about a mile from Llanrwst, and within three or four yards of the turnpike-road leading from thence to Conwy.

ALCHE-

ALCHEMILLA ALPINA. *Alpine Lady's-mantle*.—Smith, 190.
Eng. Bot. 244.—P. July.

This beautiful plant is said to grow on some of the mountains of North Wales, but I have sought for it in vain.

TETRANDRIA.—TETRAGYNIA.

POTAMOGETON GRAMINEUM. *Grassy Pond-weed*.—Smith, 196.—P. July.

In the ditches of Rhyl marsh, near Rhyddlan.

RUPPIA MARITIMA. *Tassel Pond-weed*.—Smith, 199.—
Eng. Bot. 136.—P. July, August.

In the salt-water ditches near Llanddwyn, in Anglesea;—
and in those betwixt Traeth Mawr and Pont Aberglâs-
llyn, near Beddgelert.

CLASS. V.

PENTRANDRIA.—MONOGYNIA.

LITHOSPERMUM PURPURO-COERULEUM. *Creeping Grom-
well*.—Smith, 214.—Eng. Bot. 117.—P. May.

On the top of a bushy hill on the north-side of the town
of Denbigh. *Ray*.

ANCHUSA SEMPERVIRENS. *Evergreen Alkanet*.—Smith, 215.
Eng. Bot. 45.—P. May—July.

Among the ruins of Basingwerk or Maes Glas abbey,
Holywell. This plant appears to have been mistaken
by Mr. Waring, in With. 228, for *Pulmonaria angustifolia*.
Dr. Smith is of opinion that a leaf of it sent
to him was that of *Symphytum tuberosum*.

PULMONARIA MARITIMA. *Sea Lungwort*.—Smith, 218.—
Eng. Bot. 368.—P. July.

Among the sand on the sea-coast at Orme's Head ;—near Trefarthen, in Anglesea, about half-way betwixt the ferry from Caernarvon and Moel y Don ;—by the river Llyfni, that runs from Llyniau Nantlle into the sea, about half-way betwixt Llandwrog and Clynog, in Caernarvonshire.

SYMPHYTUM OFFICINALE. *Common Comfrey.*—Smith, 218.

Eng. Bot. 817.—P. May, June.

On the banks of the Alyn, betwixt Wrexham and Chester, and about half a mile east of the road.

BORAGO OFFICINALIS. *Common Borage.*—Smith, 219.—

Eng. Bot. 36. P. June, July.

Amongst the rubbish at Diganwy castle ; and on the summit of the rock at Llandudno, both near Conwy ;—amongst the rubbish on Harlech marsh, just below the castle.

HOTTONIA PALUSTRIS. *Featherfoil.*—Smith, 226.—Eng.

Bot. 364.—P. June, July.

In the ditches by the road-side betwixt Pool quay, and the turnpike leading to Welsh Pool.

LYSIMACHIA VULGARIS. *Yellow Loofstrife.*—Smith, 227.

—Eng. Bot. 761.—P. July.

About the sides of ponds in Caernarvonshire and Anglesea, not very uncommon.

LYSIMACHIA THYRSIFLORA. *Tufted Loofstrife.*—Smith,

228.—Eng. Bot. 136.—P. June, July.

This plant is said to have been found at Llyn Llechylched, but the reverend H. Davies informs me that he has sought for it there in vain.

ANAGALLIS TENELLA. *Bog Pimpernel.*—Smith, 230.—

Eng. Bot. 530.—P. July, August.

In swampy meadows near Caernarvon, not uncommon.

CONVOLVULUS SOLDANELLA. *Sea Bindweed.*—Smith, 233.
English Bot. 314 —P. July.

Among the sand on the sea coast near Orme's Head;—and on the south-west of Caernarvonshire and Anglesea.

CAMPANULA ROTUNDIFOLIA. *Round leaved Bell flower.*—Smith, 235.—P. July—September.

A single-flowered variety of this plant is very common on the higher parts of all the mountains about Llanberis and Snowdon.

CAMPANULA LATIFOLIA. *Giant Bell-flower.*—Smith, 236.
Eng. Bot. 302 —P. August.

Hedges near Holywell.

CAMPANULA TRACHELIUM. *Nettle-leaved Bell-flower.*—Smith, 238.—Eng. Bot. 12.—P. July.

Among the bushes near Basingwerk abbey;—and in the hedges of a wood near the road leading from St. Asaph, to Denbigh.

CAMPANULA GLOMERATA. *Clustered Bell flower.*—Smith, 239.—Eng. Bot. 90.—P. July, August.

In the calcareous pastures near Rhyd y Cilgwyn, betwixt Denbigh and Ruthin, about two miles from Ruthin.

CAMPANULA HEDERACEA. *Ivy-leaved Bell-flower.*—Smith, 239.—Eng. Bot. 73.—P. June—Aug.

In swampy places in the meadows of the vale of Llanberis, about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile beyond the village;—by the road sides near Llanrwt;—and near the cataract, Rhaiadr y Wenol, five miles from Llanrwt.

LOBELIA DORTMANNA. *Water Lobelia.*—Smith, 242.—Eng. Bot. 140.—P. July, August.

Plentifully in the river Seiont, betwixt the lower pool of Llanberis and Cwm y Clo;—In Llyn y Cwn;—Llyn Idwel; and Ffynnon Frech, all near Llanberis.

IMPATIENS NOLI ME TANGERE. *Yellow Balfam.*—Smith 243.—A. August.

On the banks of the river Camlet at Marrington, in the parish of Chirbury, about five miles from Montgomery.

VIOLA PALUSTRIS. *Marsh violet.*—Smith, 246.—Eng. Bot. 444.—P. April, May.

Mossy bogs near Llyn Aled, in Denbighshire.

VIOLA LUTEA. *Yellow violet.*—Smith 248.—Eng. Bot. 721.—*V. Grandiflora.*—Hudf. 380.—P. May—September.

By the road side leading from Llanrwst to Ffestiniog, near the bridge about a mile from Penmachno;—and on the road from Machynlleth to Llanydloes, from the tenth mile-stone nearly all the way to Llanydloes.

VERBASCUM LYCHNITIS. *White Mullein.*—Smith, 250. Eng. Bot. 58.—B. July, August.

Betwixt Gresford and little Acton in Denbighshire, about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile from the latter place, abundantly.

ATROPA BELLADONNA. *Deadly Nightshade.*—Smith, 255. Eng. Bot. 592.—P. June, July.

In rough places about Valle Crucis abbey, near Llangollen; and by the road side, betwixt Hawarden and Chester.

SAMOLUS VALERANDI. *Brookweed.*—Smith, 259.—Eng. Bot. 703.—P. June, July.

In the marsh near Caernarvon castle.

RHAMNUS CATHARTICUS. *Buckthorn.*—Smith, 261.—S. May, June.

Garreg wen rocks, near Garn, Denbighshire.

EUONYMUS EUROPEUS. *Spindle tree*.—Smith 262.—Eng. Bot. 362. S. May.

In the copse by Euloe castle, near Hawarden, Flintshire.

RIBES GROSSULARIA. *Rough Gooseberry*.—Smith, 286. S. April.

Rough places about Denbigh castle.

RIBES UVA-CRISPA. *Smooth Gooseberry*.—Smith, 266.—S. April.

About Denbigh castle, along with *R. Grossularia*—and in the hedges by the road side leading from Caernarvon to Bangor.

GLAUX MARITIMA. *Black Salt-wort*.—Smith, 268.—Eng. Bot. 13.—P. June, July.

Salt marshes near Conwy;—Dulas bay;—betwixt Amlwch and Beaumaris, Anglesea;—and in other marshy ground on the sea coasts.

VINCA MINOR. *Lesser Periwinkle*.—Smith, 270.—P. May.

In the hedges by the road sides near Pig y Frân, in the parish of St. Asaph.

PENTANDRIA.—DIGYNIA.

CHENOPODIUM MARITIMUM. *Sea Goose-foot*.—Smith, 278. Eng. Bot. 633. A. July, August.

On the sea-coast near Llanfaglan church, about two miles south-west of Caernarvon.

BETA MARITIMA. *Sea Beet*.—Smith, 279.—Eng. Bot. 285.—P. August, September.

In muddy places on the south west coast of Anglesea.

SALSOLA KALI. *Prickly Salt-wort*.—Smith 280.—Eng. Bot. 634.—A. July.

Amongst the sand on the coast of Anglesea, betwixt the ferry from Caernarvon and Moely don.

GENTIANA PNEUMONANTHE. *Marsh Gentian.*—Smith, 285.
Eng. Bot. 20.—P. August, September.

In moist and uncultivated grounds in Anglesea, but not common.

GENTIANA AMARELLA. *Autumnal Gentian.*—Smith, 287.
Eng. Bot. 236.—A. August.

In calcareous ground betwixt Holywell and Rhyddlan: sides of banks near Denbigh.

GENTIANA CAMPESTRIS. *Field Gentian.*—Smith, 288.
Eng. Bot. 237.—A. August, September.

By the road side leading from Holywell to Rhyddlan, about three miles from Holywell, along with the last species:—near Llanberis.

Umbellate Plants.

ERYNGIUM MARITIMUM. *Sea Eryngo.*—Smith, 288.—
Eng. Bot. 718—P. July, August.

Among the sand on the sea-coast near Gogarth, under the Llandudao rocks;—and near Harlech in Merionethshire.

HYDROCOTYLE INUNDATUM. *Floating White-rot.*—Smith, 390.—*Sifon inundatum.* Eng. Bot. 227.—With. 301.—B? May, June.

In rivulets in Anglesea, very common.

CRITHMUM MARITIMUM. *Rock Samphire.*—Smith, 306.
Eng. Bot. 819.—P. August.

Rocks above the sea near Llandudno, Caernarvonshire;—betwixt Clynog and Nevin;—and on the coast of Anglesea.

MIUM ATHAMANTA. *Common spignel or Men.*—Smith, 308.—*Æthusa meum.* With. 303.—P. May.

In mountainous pastures near Dolgelle.

SIUM

Sium angustifolium. *Narrow-leaved water parsnep.*—Smith, 313.—Eng. Bot. 139.—P. July, August.

In rivulets in Anglesea, not uncommon.

Œnanthe pimpinelloides. *Parsley Water-Dropwort.*—Smith, 318.—Eng. Bot. 347.—P. July.

In the salt marsh near Aber, Caernarvonshire.

Œnanthe crocata. *Hemlock Water-Dropwort.*—Smith, 319.—P. July.

In watery places, in the neighbourhood of Garn, near Denbigh, too common.

Scandix odorata. *Sweet Cicely.*—Smith, 323.—Eng. Bot. 697.

Among the trees in the ruins of Valle Crucis abbey, near Llangollen.

Smyrnum olusatrum. *Alexanders*—Smith, 328.—Eng. Bot. 230.—B. May.

On Priestholme island near Beaumaris, in plenty.

Anethum foeniculum. *Common Fennel*—Smith, 330. B. July, August.

Near the ruins of Diganwy castle, and on the Great Orme's Head.—In Rhyddlan church-yard.

Apium graveolens. *Wild Celery.*—Smith, 333.—B. August.

Sides of ditches in Anglesea.

PENTANDRIA.—TRIGYNIA.

Sambucus ebulus. *Dwarf Elder.*—Smith, 336.—Eng. Bot. 475.—P. July.

In a hedge on the coast of Anglesea, near the Moel y Don ferry house :—near Llanfaelog, five miles north west of Aberffraw, Anglesea :—In a hedge near Harlech castle.

PEN-

PENTANDRIA.—TETRAGYNIA.

PARNASSIA PALUSTRIS. *Grass of Parnassus*.—Smith, 340.

Eng. Bot. 82.—P. Aug.—October.

In moist places among the rocks about Tull Dû, above Llyn Idwel.

PENTANDRIA.—PENTAGYNIA.

STATICE ARMERIA. *Thrift*.—Smith, 340.—Eng. Bot. 226.

—P. June—August.

In the Salt-marsh near Caernarvon castle;—sea coast at Dulas bay, Anglesea.—On the rocks near Tull Dû, and those of Snowdon.

STATICE LIMONIUM. *Sea Lavender*.—Smith, 341—Eng.

Bot. 102.—P. July, August.

In the Salt-marsh at Dulas bay, Anglesea.

LINUM USITATISSIMUM. *Common Flax*.—Smith, 242.—

A. July, August.

About a mile and a half from Montgomery, on the right of the road leading from thence to Newtown.

PENTANDRIA.—HEXAGYNIA.

DROSER A ROTUNDIFOLIA. *Round-leaved Sun-dew*.—Smith, 346.—July, August.

In almost all the bogs on the moors and mountains of Caernarvonshire.

DROSER A LONGIFOLIA. *Long-leaved Sun-dew*.—Smith, 347,

Eng. Bot. 868.—P. July, August.

In peaty bogs near Beddgelert, Caernarvonshire.

CLASS. VI.

HEXANDRIA. — MONOGYNIA.

ORNITHOGALUM UMBELLATUM. *Common Star of Betlehem.*—Smith, 364.—Eng. Bot. 130.—P. April—May.

In a wood at Maes y Porth, near Newborough, Anglesea.

SCILLA VERNA. *Vernal Squill.*—Smith, 364.—Eng. Bot. 23.—P. April—June.

Meadows about Gloddaeth, near Conwy;—and on the sand banks by the Llanddwyn rocks, in Anglesea.

ANTHERICUM SEROTINUM. *Mountain Spider-wort.*——
Smith, 367.—Eng. Bot. 793.—P. June.

On the ledges of the high rock called Clogwyn du'r Arddu, betwixt Llanberis and Snowdon;—and on the inaccessible rocks near Tull Dû, above Llyn Idwel, in abundance.

NARTHECIUM OSSIFRAGUM. *Lancashire Asphodel.*—Smith, 368.—P. July—August.

In all the peat bogs betwixt Caernarvon and Llanberis.

ASPARAGUS OFFICINALIS. — *Common Asparagus.*—Smith, 369.—Eng. Bot. 339.—P. August.

Sandy banks by the sea side betwixt Llangwyfen and Llanfaelog, near Aberffraw, Anglesea;—and near the pool at Llanfaelog.

CONVALLARIA MAJALIS. *Lily of the Valley.*—Smith, 390.
P. May.

In shady places on the north-west side of Garreg-wen rocks, near Garn, Denbighshire.

JUNCUS

JUNCUS ACUTUS. *Great sharp Sea-rush.*—Smith, 374.—P. July.

On the sandy coast near Harlech, and in various other parts of the coast of Merionethshire, plentifully.

JUNCUS TRIGLUMIS. *Three-flowered Rush.*—Smith, 382.—P. July.

In the ascent from Llanberis to Glyder, but only in one small spot that lies between a small eminence called Bryn Brâs, and a rivulet called Avon Lâs.

HEXANDRIA.—TRIGYNIA.

RUMEX MARITIMUS. *Golden Dock.*—Smith, 393.—Eng. Bot. 725.—P. July, August.

On Rhyd marsh, near Prestatyn, Flintshire, in abundance.

RUMEX DIGYNUS. *Mountain Sorrel.*—Smith, 395.—P. June, July.

In the cleft of Tull Dû, above Llyn Idwel;—and on the higher rocks of Clogwyn y Garnedd.

TRIGLOCHIN MARITIMUM. *Sea Arrow-grass.*—Smith, 399.—Eng. Bot. 255.—P. May—August.

In the salt-marsh near Caernarvon castle.

HEXANDRIA.—POLYGYNA.

ALISMA NATANS. *Floating Water Plantain.*—Smith, 402.—Eng. Bot. 375.—P. July, August.

In the lake below Dolbadarn castle; and in the rivulet that runs past the castle into the lake:—in the south end of Bala lake, Merionethshire.

ALISMA RANUNCULOIDES. *Small Water Plantain.*—Smith, 402.—Eng. Bot. 326.—P. July, August.

In Rhyd marsh, near Prestatyn, Flintshire.

CLASS VIII.

OCTANDRIA—MONOGYNIA.

EPILOBIUM ANGUSTIFOLIUM. *Rose-bay, Willow-herb.*—Smith, 409.—P. June—August.

Among the bushes in several of the meadows in Cwm y Clo, at the bottom of the lower Llanberis lake.

CHLORA PERFOLIATA. *Yellow Centaury.*—Smith, 413.—Eng. Bot. 60.—A. June—September.

On the side of the hill by the road-side leading from Wenefred's well at Holywell, to the sea-coast.

VACCINIUM MYRTILLUS. *Bilberry.*—Smith, 414.—Eng. Bot. 456.—S. May.

In plenty on nearly all the Welsh moors and mountains.

VACCINIUM ULIGINOSUM. *Great Bilberry.*—Smith, 415.—Eng. Bot. 531.—S. April, May.

In the moist high woods about Gwydir, near Llanrwst.

VACCINIUM VITIS IDÆA. *Cow-berry.*—Smith, 415.—Eng. Bot. 598.—S. May, June.

On the mountains of Caernarvonshire; and on Cader Idris, in Merionethshire.

VACCINIUM OXYCOCCUS. *Cranberry.*—Smith, 416.—Eng. Bot. 319.—P. May, June.

In the peat-bogs in various parts of the mountains of Caernarvonshire.

ERICA TETRALIX. *Cross-leaved Heath.*—Smith, 418.—S. July, August.

On all the moors, in abundance.—Near Dulas bay, in Anglesea, I found a very beautiful white variety of this plant.

ERICA

ERICA CINEREA. *Fine-leaved Heath.*—Smith, 418.—S.
July, August.

On all the moors.

DAPHNE LAUREOLA. *Spurge Laurel.*—Smith, 421.—Eng.
Bot. 119.—S. March.

Woods and hedges. In Park Pierce; and in the Creit,
near Denbigh.

OCTANDRIA.—TRIGYNIA.

POLYGONUM BISTORTA. *Great Snakeweed.*—Smith, 427.
—Eng. Bot. 509.—P. June.

In the moist meadow in front of Plâs On, in the parish of
Mold.

POLYGONUM VIVIPARUM. *Alpine Bistort.*—Smith, 428.—
Eng. Bot. 669.—P. June, July.

On Crib Coch, above Ffynnon Frech, near Llanberis.

POLYGONUM FAGOPYRUM. *Buck-wheat.*—Smith, 430.—
A. July, August.

By the side of the road that leads from Ruthin to Llan-
gollen, though probably from seed scattered in its way
from some adjacent fields in which this plant was culti-
vated.

OCTANDRIA.—TETRAGYNIA.

PARIS QUADRIFOLIA. *Herb Paris.*—Smith, 431.—Eng.
Bot. 7.—P. May.

Among the thickets on the north side of Garreg Wen
rocks, and on the opposite side of the rivulet.

ADOXA MOSCHATELLINA. *Tuberous Moschatell.*—Smith,
432.—Eng. Bot. 453.—P. April, May.

In the hedges about Garn, near Denbigh, common ;—and under large fragments of the rocks above Llyn Idwel, half a mile above the pool, in great luxuriance.

CLASS IX.

ENNEANDRIA.—HEXAGYNIA.

BUTOMUS UMBELLATUS. *Flowering Rush.*—Smith, 435.
—Eng. Bot. 651.—P. June, July.

In several of the rivulets in the island of Anglesea.

CLASS X.

DECANDRIA.—MONOGYNIA.

ANDROMEDA POLIFOLIA. *Marsh Andromeda.*—Smith, 441.
—Eng. Bot. 713.—S. June.

In a morassy flat, about a mile north-east of Llyn Aled, called Gors y Caffeg, or Mare's Bog ;—and in another place about the same distance west of the pool.

DECANDRIA.—DIGYNIA.

CHRYOSPLENIUM OPPOSITIFOLIUM. *Opposite-leaved Golden Saxifrage.*—Smith, 448.—Eng. Bot. 490.—P. May.

About the sides of rivulets among the higher mountains very common.

CHRYOSPLENIUM ALTERNIFOLIUM. *Alternate-leaved Golden Saxifrage.*—Smith, 447.—Eng. Bot. 54. P. May.

In moist places in the upper wood at Tower, near Mold.

SAXIFRAGA STELLARIS. *Hairy Saxifrage.*—Smith, 448.—Eng. Bot. 167.—P. June, July.

Among

Among the rocks near the foot of the waterfall at Aber, in Caernarvonshire;—and in similar situations about the waterfall, Caunant Mawr, near Dolbadarn castle.—In almost all the wet alpine situations in Caernarvonshire.—On Cader Idris, in Merionethshire.

SAXIFRAGA NIVALIS. *Cluſtered Alpine Saxifrage.*—Smith, 449.—Eng. Bot. 440.—P. May—September.

On the rocks about Tull Dû, above Llyn Idwel, and particularly about the upper parts of the chafm;—near the fummit of Glyder Vawr;—on the higher parts of Clogwyn y Garnedd; and on Clogwyn du'r Arddu.

SAXIFRAGA OPPOSITIFOLIA. *Purple Saxifrage.*—Smith, 450.—Eng. Bot. 9.—P. April, May.

Among the rocks about Tull Dû and Glyder;—on Clogwyn y Garnedd;—Clogwyn du'r Arddu;—and Craig y Cae, Cader Idris.

SAXIFRAGA GRANULATA. *White Saxifrage.*—Smith, 453.—Eng. Bot. 500.—P. May.

In dry places in Garn Dingle, by the rivulet at the bottom of the glade.

SAXIFRAGA TRIDACTYLITES. *Rue-leaved Saxifrage.*—Smith, 454.—Eng. Bot. 501.—A. May.

On the walls of the church-yard of Conwy.

SAXIFRAGA CÆSPITOSA. *Tufted Alpine Saxifrage.*—Smith, 455.—Eng. Bot. 794.—P. June.

Very ſparingly on the rocks above Cwm Idwel.

SAXIFRAGA PALMATA. *Palmate Saxifrage.*—Smith, 456.—Eng. Bot. 455.—*S. petræa.* With. 890.—P. May, June.

On the rocks near the foot of Tull Dû, above Llyn Idwel.

SAXIFRAGA

SAXIFRAGA HYPNOIDES. *Mossy Saxifrage.*—Smith, 457.—
Eng. Bot. 454.—P. May, June.

On alpine rocks in Caernarvonshire, sufficiently common.

SCELERANTHUS PERENNIS. *Perennial Knarvel.*—Smith,
458.—Eng. Bot. 352.—P. Aug. Sept.

In sandy places by the road-side, betwixt Corwen and Bala,
that passes through Llandrillo.

SAPONARIA OFFICINALIS. *Soapwort.*—Smith, 459.—P.
August, September.

Amongst the ruins and rubbish of Basingwerk abbey, near
Holywell;—and in the hedges of the lane that leads
from Llanrhaidr to the cataract of Pistyll Rhaiadr, in
Montgomeryshire.

DECANDRIA.—TRIGYNIA.

CUCUBALUS BACCIFER. *Berry-bearing Chickweed.*—Smith,
464.—*C. bacciferus.* With. 411.—P. June, July.

This plant was found in a hedge near Llanidan, in Angle-
sea, in the summer of 1798, by the reverend Evan Lloyd,
of Amlwch; but he afterwards sought for it in the
same place in vain.

SILENE ANGLICA. *English Catchfly.*—Smith, 465.—A.
July.

In a corn-field near the coast, not far from Llanfaglan
church, three miles from Caernarvon.

SILENE NUTANS. *Nottingham Catchfly.*—Smith, 466.—
Eng. Bot. 465.—P. June, July.

Among the ruins of Diganwy castle; and near Gloddaeth,
Caernarvonshire.—On the rocks above the mine works
at Dalea Gôch, Flintshire.

SILENE MARITIMA. *Sea Catchfly.*—Smith, 468.—P. June—September.

Among the pebbles on the coast by the Great Orme's Head;—on the sea-coast near Llanfaglan church;—near the Llanddwyn rocks, Anglesea;—along the fide of Llyn Cwellyn, betwixt Caernarvon and Beddgelert, in plenty;—and among the high rocks of Clogwyn du'r Arddu, betwixt Llanberis and Snowdon.

× *SILENE ACAULIS.* *Moss Campion.*—Smith, 472.—P. May, June.

On the highest rocks of Caernarvonshire, not uncommon.

STELLARIA NEMORUM. *Wood Stitchwort.*—Smith, 473.—Eng. Bot. 92.—P. May, June.

In a hedge close to the river, about 100 yards above the ford at Rhyd y Ddae Dwfr, betwixt St. Afaph and Rhyddlan, and on the Rhyddlan fide of the river.

STELLARIA ULIGINOSA. *Bog Stitchwort.*—Smith, 476.—A. June.

In a piece of moist ground about a mile from Llanrwst, and within three or four yards of the turnpike road leading from thence to Conwy.

ARENARIA PEPLOIDES. *Sea Sandwort.*—Smith, 477.—Eng. Bot. 189.—P. June, July.

Among the sand on the sea-coast near the Great Orme's Head; Caernarvonshire;—and near the Llanddwyn rocks, Anglesea.

ARENARIA MARINA. *Sea Spurrey.*—Smith, 480.—A. June—August.

In the salt-marsh near Caernarvon castle;—and near Dulas bay, Anglesea.

ARENARIA

ARENARIA TENUIFOLIA. *Fine-leaved Sandwort.*—Smith, 481.—Eng. Bot. 219.—A. June.

Among the sand on an island in Llanddwyn, Anglesea.

ARENARIA VERNA. *Vernal Sandwort.*—Smith, 481.—Eng. Bot. 512.—P. May—August.

Near the side of the road leading from Holywell to St. Asaph, common;—and in various mountainous situations about Llanberis and Snowdon.

Variety β . Smith, 482.—*A. juniperina.* With. 424.

Amongst the rocks near Tull Dû, above Llyn Idwel;—and on Clogwyn y Garnedd.

Variety γ . Smith, 482.—*A. laricifolia.* With. 424.

Near Tull Dû, growing along with the last variety.

DECANDRIA.—PENTAGYNIA.

COTYLEDON UMBILICUS. *Navelwort.*—Smith, 484.—Eng. Bot. 325.—P. June—August.

On old walls and moist rocks in Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, very common.

SEDUM TELEPHIUM. *Orpine.*—Smith, 485.—P. August.

In hedges near the coast about Caernarvon;—and among the bushes of the rock called Tuthill, behind the hotel at Caernarvon.

SEDUM ANGLICUM. *English Stonecrop.*—Smith, 486.—Eng. Bot. 171.—P. June, July.

On the rocks of Caernarvonshire, every where.

SEDUM SEXANGULARE. *Insipid Stonecrop.*—Smith, 488.—*S. acre* β . Hudf. 196.—P. June, July.

In the sand near Rhuddgaer warren, Anglesea, nearly opposite to the town of Caernarvon.

SEDUM RUPESTRE. *Rock Stonccrop.*—Smith, 490.—Eng. Bot. 170.—P. July.

On the north side of Penmaen Mawr, amongst the loose stones above the turnpike road, very near the inaccessible rocks:—amongst the rocks near Tull Dù, called Creigiau Hysfa Bengam;—and on a wall south of Gwydir chapel, near Llanrwst.

LYCHNIS VISCARIA. *Red German Catchfly.*—Smith, 494.—Eng. Bot. 738.—P. May, June.

On the rocks of Craig Breiddin (or Craig Wreiddin), a mountain about eight miles north-east of Welsh Pool.

CERASTIUM ALPINUM. *Alpine Chickweed.*—Smith, 500.—Eng. Bot. 472.—P. June, July.

Among the rocks of Clogwyn y Garnedd; and on the north side of Yr Wyddfa, the summit of Snowdon;—and on the ledges of Clogwyn du'r Arddu.

CERASTIUM LATIFOLIUM. *Broad-leaved rough Chickweed.*—Smith, 501.—Eng. Bot. 473.—P. June.

On Clogwyn y Garnedd, growing along with the last species.

SPERGULA NODOSA. *Knotted Spurrey.*—Smith, 403.—Eng. Bot. 694.—P. July, August.

In swampy ground in the neighbourhood of Caernarvon, not uncommon.

SPERGULA SUBULATA. *Ciliated Awl-shaped Spurrey.*—Smith, 505.—*S. laricina.* Hudf. 203.—P. July, August.

In dry pastures about Deûnant, betwixt Llanfannan and Denbigh;—and on the first common on the ascent of the hill from Nant Glyn, towards Henllan, near Denbigh.

CLASS XI.

DODECANDRIA.—TRIGYNIA.

RESEDA LUTEOLA. *Dyer's-weed*, or *Weld*.—Smith, 512.
Eng. Bot. 320.—A. July.

On the banks of the coast of Anglesea, betwixt the ferry-house from the town of Caernarvon, and that at Moel y Don; - among the ruins of Castell Dolforwyn, near Newtown.

EUPHORBIA PORTLANDICA. *Portland Spurge*.—Smith, 515.—Eng. Bot. 441.—A. July, August.

Amongst the sand on the coast near Caernarvon; - near the ruins of Llanddwyn abbey, Anglesea.

EUPHORBIA AMYGDALOIDES. *Wood Spurge*.—Smith, 520.
Eng. Bot. 256.—P. April, May.

In the wood betwixt Trap Bridge and Dol Beledr, in the parish of Henllan, Denbighshire, close to a dangerous path called Llwybr y Gorth Goed.

CLASS XII.

ICOSANDRIA.—MONOGYNIA.

PRUNUS PADUS. *Bird Cherry*.—Smith, 526.—T. May.

In woods and hedges in the neighbourhood of Mold, very common.

ICOSANDRIA.—PENTAGYNIA.

PYRUS TORMINALIS. *Wild Service Pear-tree*.—Smith, 532.
—*Cratag. torminalis*. Eng. Bot. 298.—With. 458.—T.
April, May.

On the west side of Garreg Wen rocks, near Garn, Denbighshire, in abundance.

PYRUS AUCUPARIA. *Mountain Ash*.—Smith, 533.—*Sorbus aucuparia*. Eng. Bot. 537.—With. 460.—T. May.

In woods and hedges throughout North Wales, very common.

PYRUS HYBRIDA. *Bastard Mountain Ash*.—Smith, 534.—*Sorbus hybrida*. With. 461.—T. May.

On the north wall of Castell Dinas Brân, near Llangollen.

PYRUS ARIA. *White Beam-tree*.—Smith, 534.—*Crataegaria*. With. 458.—T. May.

In the fissures of rocks of Craig Breiddin, Montgomeryshire;—the north end of the Great Orme's Head;—and of the rocks of Penmaen Mawr, immediately above the turnpike road. This is undoubtedly the shrub that the Welsh call *Prên Lemwn*, or "Lemon tree." In the summer of 1801, I examined the very plant on Penmaen Mawr, from which all the cuttings are taken for planting in gardens. It derives this name from the fancied resemblance of its fruit to an extremely diminutive lemon.

SPIRÆA FILIPENDULA. *Dropwort*.—Smith, 534.—Eng. Bot. 284.—P. June, July.

On the dry and elevated land, in a calcareous soil, of Llandudno, near Conwy.

ICOSANDRIA.—POLYGYNIA.

ROSA SPINOSISSIMA. *Burnet Rose*.—Smith, 537.—Eng. Bot. 187.—S. July.

In dry places about the foot of Penmaen Mawr;—near Llandudno;—in the hedges betwixt Bangor and Caernarvon, and in various other places.

ROSA VILLOSA. *Apple Rose*.—Smith, 538.—Eng. Bot. 583. S. June.

In the hedges of the road from Llanydloes to Newtown.

ROSA

ROSA TORMENTOSA. *Downy-leaved Dog-rose.*—Smith, 539.
R. villosa, var. 2.—With. 466.—S. June—July.

Found in the same situations as the last species.

RUBUS IDÆUS. *Rasp-berry.*—Smith, 541.—S. May—June.

In thickets amongst the mountains betwixt Caernarvon and Llanberis;—and in various other parts of North Wales.

RUBUS SAXATILIS. *Stone bramble.*—Smith, 544.—P. June—July.

Amongst loose stones about the Great Ormes Head;—and near Llyn y Cwn above Llanberis.

RUBUS CHAMÆMORUS. *Cloud-berry.*—Smith, 545.—Eng. Bot. 716.—P. May—June.

In the peat bogs of the mountains of Carnarvonshire and Merionethshire, not uncommon.

POTENTILLA RUPESTRIS. *Strawberry-flowered Cinquefoil.*
 Smith, 548.—P. June—July.

On the rocks of Craig Breiddin, Montgomeryshire.

POTENTILLA ARGENTEA. *Hoary Cinquefoil.*—Smith, 549.
 Eng. Bot. 89.—P. June—August.

At the foot of one of the towers of Montgomery castle.

POTENTILLA VERNA. *Spring Cinquefoil.*—Smith, 550.
 Eng. Bot. 37.—P. April—May.

Dry places about Gloddaeth near Conwy.

TORMENTILLA REPTANS. *Trailing Tormentil.*—Smith 553.—Eng. Bot. 864.—P. June—July.

On banks and about hedges in a sandy and barren soil, sufficiently common.

GEUM RIVALE. *Water Aven.*—Smith, 554.—Eng. Bot. 106.—P. June—July.

Among the rocks of the waterfall called Rhaiadr Mawr, betwixt Conwy and Llanrwst;—and also on the rocks very near the summit of Snowdon.

COMARUM PALUSTRE. *Marsh Cinquefoil.*—Smith, 556. Eng. Bot. 172.—P. June—July.

In ditches near the river Seiont not far from the bottom of the Llanberis pools;—and in muddy and putrid marshes in various parts of Anglesea.

CLASS XIII.

POLYANDRIA.—MONOGYNIA.

GLAUCIUM LUTEUM. *Yellow horned Poppy.*—Smith, 563. *Chelid. glaucium.*—Eng. Bot. 8.—With. 584.—A. July—August.

On the sea coast about the Great Ormes Head;—and betwixt Caernarvon and Llanfaglan church.

PAPAVER CAMBRICUM.—*Yellow Poppy.*—Smith, 568.—Eng. Bot. 66.—P. June—July.

Near a wall by the road leading to Llanrwst, a little beyond the village of Llanberis;—on Craig Breiddin, in Montgomeryshire.

NYMPHÆA LUTEA. *Yellow Water lily.*—Smith, 569.—Eng. Bot. 159.—P. July—August.

In rivers and stagnant waters, not uncommon.

NYMPHÆA ALBA. *White Water-lily.*—Smith, 570.—Eng. Bot. 160.—P. July.

In the river Seiont near Cwm y Clo, at the bottom of the Llanberis pools;—In Llyn Tecwyn Ifa, a pool near the road

road betwixt Tanybwlech and Harlech ;—and in Llyn Mwyngil, betwixt Dolgelle and Machynlleth.

CISTUS MARIFOLIUS. *Hoary dwarf Cistus.*—Smith, 572.
Eng. Bot. 396—*C. anglicus.* With. 490.—*C. hirsutus,*
Hudf. 232.—S. May, June.

On the hill of Diferth castle near Rhyddlan, Flintshire, plentifully ;—Gloddaeth ;—Llandudno ;—and on the west side of Burdd Arthur, near Llandonna, about five miles from Beaumaris, Anglesea.

CISTUS GUTTATUS. *Spotted-flowered Cistus.*—Smith, 573.
Eng. Bot. 544.—A. June, July.

Sandy pasture ground on the mountain near Holyhead, called Llech Ddu.

CISTUS HELIANTHEMUM. *Dwarf Cistus.*—Smith, 575.
S. June—August.

On Diferth castle hill ;—Calcareous pastures about Llandudno, near Conwy ;—and on Llanymynech hill in Montgomeryshire.

POLYANDRIA.—PENTAGYNIA.

AQUILEGIA VULGARIS. *Common Columbine.*—Smith, 578.
Eng. Bot. 297.—P. July,

Thickets near Bangor, Caernarvonshire.

POLYANDRIA.—POLYGYNIA.

THALICTRUM ALPINUM. *Alpine Meadow-rue.*—Smith, 584.—Eng. Bot. 262.—P. June.

On the rocks about Llyn y Cwn, above Llanberis, and Tall Dû ;—and on Clogwyn y Garnedd,

THALICTRUM MINUS. *Lesser Meadow-rue.*—Smith, 584.
Eng. Bot. 11.—P. June—August.

On

On Diferth castle hill;—near Diganwy castle;—among the rocks about Tull Dû, and Snowdon;—and on Cader Idris, near Dolgelle.

RANUNCULUS LINGUA. *Great Spearwort.*—Smith, 588.
Eng. Bot. 100.—P. July.

In wet pastures about Caernarvon, common.

RANUNCULUS GRAMINEUS. *Grassy Crowfoot.*—Smith, 588.
P. April—June.

This plant grows in very dry meadows,—and is said to have been found in the neighbourhood of Llanrwst; late botanists have however sought for it in vain.

RANUNCULUS PARVIFLORUS. *Small flowered Crowfoot.*—Smith, 594.—Eng. Bot. 120.—A. May, June.

In a gravelly soil near Holyhead, not uncommon.

TROLLIUS EUROPEUS. *Globe Flower.*—Smith, 597.—Eng. Bot. 28.—P. May, June.

In the hollow immediately below the cataract of Caunant Mawr near Dolbadarn castle;—in the vale of Llanberis; and in the meadows near Llyn Cowlid,—a lake in the mountains above and nearly north of Capel Curig.

HELLEBORUS VIRIDIS. *Green Hellebore.*—Smith, 598.—Eng. Bot. 200.—P. April.

In the wood at Plâs Newydd, near Denbigh, the seat of Robert Watkin Wynne, esq.

HELLEBORUS FOETIDUS. *Stinking Hellebore.*—Smith, 598.
Eng. Bot. 613.—P. March, April.

In Park Pierce, and the Crest near Denbigh.

CLASS XIV.

DIDYNAMIA.—GYMNOSPERMIA.

AJUGA ALPINA. *Alpine Bugle.*—Smith, 604.—Eng. Bot. 477.—P. June, July.

Near the summit of Carnedd Llewelyn, in Caernarvonshire.

TEUCRIUM CHAMÆDRYS. *Wall Germander.*—Smith, 607.—Eng. Bot. 680.—P. July.

In the north-west hedge of the bowling-green on Ruthin castle; where it has grown for many years.

NEPETA CATARIA. *Cat-mint.*—Smith, 608.—Eng. Bot. 137.—P. July.

In the hedges of the road leading from Bangor to Caernarvon.

VERBENA OFFICINALIS. *Common Vervain.*—Smith, 608.—Eng. Bot. 767.—P. July, August.

In waste places near Caernarvon castle, in abundance.

MENTHA ODORATA. *Bergamot Mint.*—Smith, 615.—P. July, August.

This uncommon species is found in a small brook or ditch near Capel Curig in Caernarvonshire.

MENTHA GENTILIS. *Busby red Mint.*—Smith, 621.—P. August.

In pools and brooks betwixt Mold and Llanwrth.

GALEOPSIS VILLOSA. *Downy Hemp-nettle.*—Smith, 629.—*G. grandiflora.* With. 529.—A. July, August.

In sandy fields about Bangor.

GALEOP-

- GALEOPSIS VERSICOLOR.** *Large-flowered Hemp-nettle.*—Smith, 630.—Eng. Bot. 667.—*G. cannabina.* With, 529.—*G. tetrahit.* var. δ . Hudf. 259.—A. July, August.

In cornfields about Chirk in Denbighshire; and in many small inclosures by the road side leading from Chirk to Llangollen,

- GALEOBDOLOM LUTEUM.** *Yellow Dead-nettle.*—Smith, 631. Eng. Bot. 787.—P. May, June.

In the hedge on the left of the road that leads from Llangollen to Valle Crucis abbey.

- LEONURUS CARDIACA.** *Motherwort.*—Smith, 637.—Eng. Bot. 286.—P. July, August.

In the hedge on the right of the road leading from Hawarden to Holywell, about two miles and a half from Hawarden.

- ORIGANUM VULGARE.** *Common Marjorum.*—Smith, 639. P. July, August.

Amongst the ruins of Conwy castle;—and in the hedges about Llanrwst.

- THYMUS ACINOS.** *Basil Thyme.*—Smith, 641.—Eng. Bot. 411.—A. July, August.

In a dry field betwixt Ty Newydd and Eriwiatt, in the parish of Henllan, Denbighshire.

- SCUTELLARIA MINOR.** *Lesser Scull-cap.*—Smith, 646.—Eng. Bot. 524.—P. July, August.

In swampy meadows and pastures about Caernarvon and Llanberis.

DIDYNAMIA—ANGIOSPERMIA.

- LATHRÆA SQUAMARIA.** *Greater Toothwort.*—Smith, 654. Eng. Bot. 50.—P. April, May.

In

In shady places close to the rivulet, on the west side of Garreg Wen rocks, near Garn.

ANTIRRHINUM CYMBALARIA. *Ivy-leaved Snapdragon.*—Smith, 656.—Eng. Bot. 502.—P. May—Nov.

On an old wall before the door of a gentleman's house, called the Hermitage, near Beaumaris, Anglesea;—and on an old wall, near Mold.

ANTIRRHINUM ELATINE. *Sharp-pointed Fleuellin.*—Smith, 658.—A. July—September.

On hedge banks about Ty Newydd, in Rhil, in the parish of Rhyddlan, Flintshire;—in the first field from the house of Plâs Meifod, on the road leading from Plâs Newydd to Henllan, Denbighshire.

ANTIRRHINUM MINUS. *Least Snapdragon.*—Smith, 660. A. June—August.

Sandy cornfields, betwixt the village of Abergeley, in Denbighshire, and the sea.

ANTIRRHINUM MAJUS. *Great Snapdragon.*—Smith, 661. Eng. Bot. 129.—P. July, August.

On the ruins of Basingwerk abbey near Holywell, Flintshire;—on the town walls of Caernarvon, near one of the doors of the English church;—and on old walls about Ruthin, Denbighshire.

ANTIRRHINUM ORONTIUM. *Lesser Snapdragon.*—Smith, 662.—A. July, August.

In sandy corn fields, along the sea coast betwixt Abergeley and Conwy ferry.

SCHROPHULARIA VERNALIS. *Yellow Figwort.*—Smith, 664.—Eng. Bot. 567.—B. April, May.

In watry places and hedges. Near Gloddaeth, Caernarvonshire;—and about Llanforda, in Merionethshire, the seat of Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, bart.

LIMOSELLA AQUATICA. *Mudwort*.—Smith, 668.—Eng. Bot. 357.—A. July, August.

In Rhyd marsh, near Prestatyn, Flintshire.

OROBANCHE MAJOR. *Greater Broom-rape*.—Smith, 669.—Eng. Bot. 441.—P. June, July.

In a sandy soil on the cliffs betwixt Caernarvon castle and Pont Seiont;—and in similar situations on the coast of Anglesea, betwixt the ferry-house from Caernarvon and Moel y Don ferry.

OROBANCHE MINOR. *Lesser Broom-rape*.—Smith, 670.—Eng. Bot. 422.—A. June—August.

Among the ruins of Diganwy castle, near Conwy;—and in two or three places among those of Conwy castle.

CLASS XV.

TETRADYNAMIA.—SILICULOSA.

SUBULARIA AQUATICA. *Awl-wort*.—Smith, 676.—Eng. Bot. 732.—A. July.

In an alpine pool, not far from the village of Llanberis, called Ffynnon Frech, plentifully;—and in Llyn y Cwn.

DRABA INCANA. *Twisted-petalled Whitlow-grass*.—Smith, 678.—Eng. Bot. 388.—B. May, June.

On the high rocks east of Tull Dû, above Llyn Idwel, called Creigiau Hysfa Bengam.

LEPIDIUM LATIFOLIUM. *Broad-leaved Pepper-wort*.—Smith, 682.—Eng. Bot. 182.—P. July.

On hedge banks near the stone house, betwixt the village of Rhyddlan and the sea;—on a small common in Denbigh castle, above the high gate.

THLASPI

THLASPI CAMPESTRE. *Cow-cress.*—Smith, 684.—A. June, July.

In dry lanes near Caernarvon, not uncommon.

THLASPI ALPESTRE. *Alpine Shepherd's - purse.*—Smith, 686.—Eng. Bot. 81.—P. June, July.

By the side of a rivulet in a dingle called Nant Bwlch yr Hiarn, about a mile from Llanrwlst bridge, and not more than twenty yards from the turnpike-road leading to Conwy.

COCHLEARIA OFFICINALIS. *Common Scurvy-grass.*—Smith, 688.—Eng. Bot. 551.—A. May.

On the sea-coast, near the Great Orme's Head;—and near Barmouth:—on the rocks of Clogwyn y Garnedd.

Var. γ . Smith, 688.—*C. groenlandica.* With. 573.

This variety is found in great plenty among the moist rocks of all the high mountains of Llanberis and Snowdon.

COCHLEARIA ANGLICA. *English Scurvy-grass.*—Smith, 688.—Eng. Bot. 552.—A. May.

Sea shores, in a muddy soil, on the north-east coast of Anglesea.

COCHLEARIA DANICA. *Danish Scurvy-grass.*—Smith, 689.—Eng. Bot. 696.—A. May, June.

On a wall on the side of the hill betwixt Caernarvon and Pont Seiont;—on the sea-coast near Llanbadric church, the extreme north point of Anglesea.

IBERIS NUDICAULIS. *Naked-stalked Candy-tuft.*—Smith, 692.—Eng. Bot. 327.—A. May, June.

On the side of the hill, by the road leading from Corwen to Llangollen, about half a mile from Corwen;—on the banks of the road about midway betwixt Cerrig y Druidion and Denbigh.

BUNIAS CAKILE. *Sea Rocket*.—Smith, 694.—Eng. Bot. 231.—A. June—September.

On the coast of Anglesea, near Abermenai ferry.

CRAMBE MARITIMA. *Sea Kale*.—Smith, 695.—P. May, June.

On the sandy sea-coast betwixt Rhuddgaer and Llanddwyn, Anglesea:—on the coast in various parts of the promontory of Llŷn, Caernarvonshire.

TETRADYNAMIA.—SILIKUOSA.

SISYMBRIUM TENUIFOLIUM. *Wall Rocket*.—Smith, 703.—Eng. Bot. 525.—*Brassica muralis*, With. 592.—Huds. 290.—P. June—October.

On the walls of Harlech castle, Merionethshire.

SISYMBRIUM MONENSE. *Dwarf Sea Rocket*.—Smith, 704.—*Brassica monensis*, With. 593.—P. June, July.

In the sand of the sea-coast near the Great Orme's Head; and near the Abermenai ferry, Anglesea.

ERYSIMUM CHEIRANTHOIDES. *Treacle Hedge-mustard*.—Smith, 708.—A. July.

In turnip and cornfields near Tan y Llan, in the parish of Llanyfydd, about five miles north-west of Denbigh.

CHEIRANTHUS SINUATUS. *Sea Stock*.—Smith, 710.—Eng. Bot. 462.—B. July, August.

Newborough sands, Anglesea;—and on the sea-coast near Penmorfa, Caernarvonshire.

ARABIS HISPIDA. *Alpine Rock-crests*.—Smith, 713.—*Cardamine petraea*, With. 577.—Huds. 293.—*Cardamine hirsutula*, Eng. Bot. 469.—P. June, July.

On the high rock betwixt Llanberis and Snowdon, called Clogwyn du'r Arddu, plentifully.

ARABIS

ARABIS THALIANA. *Common Wall-crefs.*—Smith, 712.—

A. April, May.

In the neighbourhood of Henllan, Denbighshire, in abundance.

TURRITIS HIRSUTA. *Hairy Tower-mustard.*—Smith, 716.

—Eng. Bot. 587.—P. May, June.

On Garreg Wen rocks near Garn, Denbighshire.

BRASSICA OLERACEA. *Sea Cabbage.*—Smith, 720.—Eng.

Bot. 637.—B. May, June.

On the perpendicular rocks at the extremity of the Great Ormes Head; near Aberdaron, in the promontory of Llyn;—and near Harlech castle, Merionethshire.

CLASS XVI.

MONADELPHIA.—PENTANDRIA.

ERODIUM MARITIMUM. *Sea Stork's-bill.*—Smith, 728.

—Eng. Bot. 646.—*Ger. maritimum.* With. 606.—Hudf. 301.—P. May—September.

On the sea-coast near the Great Orme's Head;—on walls betwixt the town of Bangor, and the Penrhyn Arms;—betwixt Caernarvon, and Harry Parry's bridge, on the road leading to Llanberis;—and on walls on the sea-coast near Llanfaglan church, Caernarvonshire.

GERANIUM PHÆUM. *Dusky Crane's-bill.*—Smith, 729.—

Eng. Bot. 322.—P. May, June.

In the wood above Mr. Pennant's garden at Downing, near Holywell, Flintshire.

GERANIUM LUCIDUM. *Shining Crane's-bill.*—Smith, 733.

—Eng. Bot. 75.—A. May, August.

In shady places about Gwydir chapel, near Llanrwt;—
and under the bridge wall at Rûg, near Corwen.

GERANIUM ROTUNDIFOLIUM. *Round-leaved Crane's-bill.*—
Smith, 736.—Eng. Bot. 157.—A. June, July.

In rough places and sterile pastures in the neighbourhood
of Garn, near Denbigh.

GERANIUM COLUMBINUM. *Long-stalked Crane's-bill.*—
Smith, 737.—Eng. Bot. 259.—A. June, July.

In corn-fields near the Great Orme's Head;—and near
Caernarvon:—in the hedge near the second mile stone,
on the road from Caernarvon to Bangor.

GERANIUM SANGUINEUM. *Bloody Crane's-bill.*—Smith,
738.—Eng. Bot. 272.—P. July—September.

Near Diferth castle, Flintshire;—the Great Orme's Head;
—and on the sandy cliffs of the coast of Anglesea, be-
twixt the ferry-house from Caernarvon, and that at Moel
y Don.

MONADELPHIA.—POLYANDRIA.

LAVATERA ARBOREA. *Sea Tree-mallow.*—Smith, 742.—
Eng. Bot. 754.—B. July—October.

On the sea-coast of Anglesea.

CLASS XVII.

DIADELPHIA.—HEXANDRIA.

FUMARIA CLAVICULATA. *White Climbing Fumitory.*—
Smith, 752.—Eng. Bot. 103.—A. June, August.

Under the walls near a farm-house in Gwynant, about
three miles and a half from Beddgelert, at the entrance
into Cwm Llan; amongst the ruins of Caergwrle castle,
Flint-

Flintshire;—under Glynn bridge, near Corwen;—in a hedge in the lane at the north end of Bala pool; and in the lane leading from Llanrhaiadr to the cataract of Piftyll Rhaiadr.

DIADELPHIA.—DECANDRIA.

GENISTA PILOSA. *Hairy Green-weed*.—Smith, 755.—
Eng. Bot. 208.—S. May, June.

Betwixt Dolgelle and Llyn Arran, at the foot of Cader Idris, about half a mile from the pool.

GENISTA ANGLICA. *Needle Green-weed*.—Smith, 756.—
Eng. Bot. 132.—S. May, June.

In uncultivated ground in Caernarvonshire and Anglesea, frequent.

OROBUS TUBEROSUS. *Heath Pea*.—Smith, 761.—P. May, June.

In Garn Dingle, near Denbigh, and in the woods of that neighbourhood, very common.

OROBUS SYLVATICUS. *Bitter Vetch*.—Smith, 762.—Eng. Bot. 518.—P. May, June.

In pastures betwixt the inn at Ffestiniog, and the bridge over the Cynfael, near the waterfalls;—in meadows on the bank of the river Conwy, about seven miles above Llanrwst;—near the cataract at Dolmelynlyn, six miles south of Dolgelle; and near Cerrig y Druidion, and Y Spytty Evan, in Denbighshire.

LATHYRUS SYLVESTRIS. *Narrow-leaved Everlasting Pea*.—Smith, 765.—Eng. Bot. 805.—P. July, August.

Woods and hedges near Conwy.

LATHYRUS LATIFOLIUS. *Broad-leaved Everlasting Pea*.—Smith, 766.—P. July, August.

Near Gyffin mill, about half a mile from Conwy.

LATHYRUS PALUSTRIS. *Marsh Everlasting Pea.*—Smith, 767.—Eng. Bot. 169.—P. July, August.

In moist pastures near Beddgelert, Caernarvonshire.

VICIA SYLVATICA. *Wood Vetch.*—Smith, 768.—Eng. Bot. 79.—P. July, August.

On the south-west side of Garreg Wen rocks, close to the wall that divides the Gairn demesne, from that of Gallt-faynan;—in the wood below Pont yr Allt Gôch, near St. Afaph;—and in the woods at Baron Hill, near Beaumaris, Anglesea.

ORNITHOPUS PERPUSILLUS. *Common Bird's-foot.*—Smith, 777.—Eng. Bot. 369.—A. May—August.

In dry sandy places betwixt Pont y Gwyddel and Bettws Abergele, Denbighshire;—on the south-east end of Moel y Gaer, and the rocks above Llanyfydd, Denbighshire;—on the rock called Tuthill, behind the hotel at Caernarvon.

ASTRAGALUS GLYCYPHYLLOS. *Sweet Milk-vetch.*—Smith, 779.—Eng. Bot. 203.—P. June, July.

On the hills about Y Spytty, Denbighshire.

TRIFOLIUM GLOMERATUM. *Round-headed Trefoil.*—Smith, 789.—A. May, June.

“ On the hill in the front of Garn house; and on Henllan Hill, Denbighshire.

TRIFOLIUM FRAGIFERUM. *Strawberry-headed Trefoil.*—Smith, 791.—P. July, August.

In most of the pastures on the sea-coast about Ty Newydd and Prestatyn, near Rhyddlan, Flintshire.

CLASS XVIII.

POLYADELPHIA.—POLYANDRIA.

HYPERICUM ANDROSÆMUM. *Tutsan.*—Smith, 800.—P. July, August.

In a hedge near the Menai, betwixt Caernarvon and Llanfair Ifcaer;—in the woods at Glangwnna, near Caernarvon;—and amongst the rocks at the cataract called Rhaiadr Dû, near Maentwrog, Merionethshire.

HYPERICUM DUBIUM. *Imperforate St. John's Wort.*—Smith, 802.—Eng. Bot. 296.—P. July, August.

In the hedges about Beddgelert, Caernarvonshire.

HYPERICUM HUMIFUSUM. *Trailing St. John's Wort.*—Smith, 802.—P. July.

On the sides of dry banks about Caernarvon, not uncommon.

HYPERICUM MONTANUM. *Mountain St. John's Wort.*—Smith, 803.—Eng. Bot. 371.—P. July.

In thickets in mountainous situations, as near Penmaen Mawr;—on Burdd Arthur, above Llandonna, near Beaumaris, Anglesea.

HYPERICUM HIRSUTUM. *Hairy St. John's Wort.*—Smith, 804.—P. June, July.

In a wood below Garn coppice, near Denbigh; and in several other places in that neighbourhood.

HYPERICUM PULCHRUM. *Small upright St. John's Wort.*—Smith, 804.—P. June, July.

On heaths, and in thickets in exposed situations betwixt Caernarvon and Llanberis, not uncommon.

HYPERICUM ELODES. *Marsh St. John's Wort.*—Smith, 805.—Eng. Bot. 109.—P. July, August.

In bogs on the mountains betwixt Caernarvon and Llanberis;—and in swampy places in Anglesea.

CLASS XIX.

SYNGENESIA.—**POLYGAMIA EQUALIS.**

TRAGOPOGON PORRIFOLIUS. *Purple Goat's-beard.*—Smith, 813.—Eng. Bot. 638.—*T. porrifolium.* With. 672.—B. May, June.

In moist meadows in the parish of Whitford, near Holywell, Flintshire.

HEDYPNOIS TARAXICI. *Alpine Hedypnois.*—Smith, 825.—*Hieracium taraxici.* With. 684.—P. July, August.

In moist situations near Llyn y Cwn, above Llanberis.

Mr. Griffith of Garn, whose judgment on botanical subjects is of great weight, informs me that he believes this plant to be nothing more than a variety of *Leontodon autumnale* of With. 680. (*Hedypnois autumnalis*, Smith, 826). He compared his specimens taken from the bank of Llyn y Cwn, with those of Dr. Withering, that had been sent from abroad, and they exactly agreed. Mr. G. had, however, the precaution to take one of the roots; and the plant, on cultivation, became much changed. The stalk, which had hitherto been simple, became much branched, and the calyx lost nearly all its woolliness, whilst the leaves remained unaltered.—Under these circumstances he cannot suppose them distinct species.

HIERACIUM ALPINUM. *Alpine single-flowered Hawk-weed.* Smith, 827.—P. July.

On

On the rocks near Llyn y Cwn ; - on Glyder ; - and on the Trigfylchau rocks, near Tull dŷ, above Llyn Idwel.

HIERACIUM MURORUM. *Wall Hawkweed.*—Smith, 830.
—P. July,

On rocks in Caernarvonshire, not uncommon ; and on the walls of Castell Dinas Brân, near Llangollen.

HIERACIUM SYLVATICUM. *Wood Hawkweed.*—Smith, 831.
H. murorum B. Hudf. 345.—P. August.

Near the banks of Llyn y Cwn.

CICHORIUM INTYBUS. *Wild Succory.*—Smith, 843.—Eng. Bot. 539.—P. July, August.

In dry pastures near Llandudno, and the Great Orme's Head.

SERRATULA TINCTORIA. *Common Saw-wort.*—Smith, 845.—Eng. Bot. 58.—P. July, August.

In moist meadows near Beddgelert, common.

SERRATULA ALPINA. *Alpine Saw-wort.*—Smith, 846.—Eng. Bot. 599.—P. July, August.

On the highest rocks of Clogwyn y Garnedd, very near the summit of Snowdon, in plenty, but generally in inaccessible situations.

CARDUUS TENUIFLORUS. *Slender-flowered Thistle.*—Smith, 849.—Eng. Bot. 412.—A. June, July.

On the dry bank sides near Caernarvon castle.

CARDUUS MARIANUS. *Milk Thistle.*—Smith, 851.—A. August.

About Diferth castle, near Rhyddlan ; - and Caergwrle castle near Mold, Flintshire,

CARDUUS HETEROPHYLLUS. *Melancholy Thistle.*—Smith, 853.—Eng. Bot. 675.—*C. Helensides.* With. 702.—Huds. 352.—P. July, August.

In the ascent from Llanberis to Glyder.

SANTOLINA MARITIMA. *Sea Cotton-weed*—Smith, 860.——Eng. Bot. 141.—P. August, September.

On the sandy sea shore near Abermenai ferry, Anglesea, in plenty.

SYNGENESIA —POLYGAMIA SUPERFLUA.

ARTEMISIA MARITIMA. *Sea Wormwood.*—Smith, 864. P. August.

On the south west coast of Anglesea.

GNAPHALIUM DIOICUM. *Mountain Cudweed.*—Smith, 869.—Eng. Bot. 267.—P. May July.

On the rocks in the upper part of the cleft of Tull Dâ, above Llyn Idwell.

GNAPHALIUM SYLVATICUM. *Highland Cudweed.*—Smith, 869.—P. August.

On Cader Idris?

GNAPHALIUM RECTUM. *Upright wood Cudweed.*—Smith, 870.—Eng. Bot. 124.—P. August.

On Windy Bank Hill, near Denbigh.

CONYZA SQUARROSA. *Plowman's Spikenard.*—Smith, 875. B. July, August.

Near the ruins of Basingwerk abbey ; —on Diferth castle hill ; —sides of the road betwixt Caernarvon and Pont Seiont ; and near the houses at Moel y Don ferry, Anglesea.

ERIGE-

ERIGERON ACRE. *Blue Flea-bane*.—Smith, 877.—B. July—September.

On the ruins of Denbigh castle;—sandy ground betwixt Rhuddgaer and Llanddwyn, Anglesea;—and on the Meadow in Ruthin castle.

SENECIO VISCO US. *Stinking Groundsel*.—Smith, 882.—Eng. Bot. 32.—A. July—October.

On the banks of Bala lake, Merionethshire.

SENECIO SYLVATICUS. *Mountain Groundsel*.—Smith, 883.—Eng. Bot. 748.—A. July.

On bank sides near Pont Aberglâslyn.

SENECIO TENUIFOLIUS. *Hoary Ragwort*.—Smith, 884.—Eng. Bot. 574.—*S. erucifolius*. Hudf. 366.—P. July, August.

In the wood below Garn coppice, near Denbigh;—By the road side midway betwixt Llanerch and Dymeirchion, near St. Asaph.

ASTER TRIPOLIUM. *Sea Star-wort*.—Smith, 888.—Eng. Bot. 87.—P. August, September.

In a salt-water ditch near Rhyddlan, by the road side leading from thence to St. Asaph;—on the marshy coast near Dulas bay, Anglesea.

SOLIDAGO VIRGA-AUREA. *Common Golden-rod*.—Smith, 889.—P. July.

A Variety of this plant, the *S. Cambrica* of With. 7.8, and Hudf. 367. and generally called *Welsh Go'den rod*, is found in great plenty on all the mountains around the village of Llanberis.

INULA HELENIUM. *Elecampane*.—Smith, 891.—P. July, August.

In moist meadows and pastures betwixt Denbigh and St. Afaph.

INULA CRITHMOIDES. *Samphire-leaved Flea-bane.*—Smith, 893.—Eng. Bot. 68.—P. August.

Salt marshes near Llanddwyn, Anglesea.

CINERARIA INTEGRIFLORA. *Mountain Flea-wort.*—Smith, 895.—Eng. Bot. 152.—*C. Alpina*, Hudf.

On the cliffs near Holyhead.

ANTHEMIS NOBILIS. *Common Chamomile.*—Smith, 902. P. August, September.

In a field near Trefriw house, not far from Llanfaelog, Anglesea ;—and on Harlech marsh, plentifully.

CLASS XX.

GYNANDRIA. — DIANDRIA.

ORCHIS BIFOLIA. *Butterfly Orchis.*—With. 21.—Eng. Bot. 22.—P. June.

In moist meadows in various parts of Carnarvonshire ;—and near Bala lake, Merionethshire.

ORCHIS PYRAMIDALIS. *Pyramidal Orchis.*—With. 23.—Eng. Bot. 110.—P. June, July.

In Gloddaceth wood, near Conwy.

ORCHIS CONOPSEA. *Sweet Orchis.*—With. 28.—Eng. Bot. 10.—P. June.

In a small bog south of Mr. Lloyd's new garden at Wýg-fair, near St. Afaph ;—and in the meadows of Creiddin, below the rocks of Llandudno.

SATYRIUM VIRIDE. *Frog Satyrion or Orchis.*—With. 30.—Eng. Bot. 94.—P. July, August.

In

In meadows between the house of Frôn, and the upper wood, in the parish of Mold, Flintshire.

SATYRIUM ALBIDUM. *White Satyrion.*—With. 31.—Eng. Bot. 505.—P. June, July.

In moist meadows near Lord Penrhyn's slate quarries, in Nant Frangon;—in Glyn meadow betwixt Cwm y Clo, and Dolbadarn castle, in plenty;—and near Llyn Cowlid, in the mountains north-west of Capel Curig.

OPHRYS OVATA. *Common Tway blade.*—With. 34.—P. May, June.

In the wood at Maes y Porth, near Newborough, Anglesea.

OPHRYS SPIRALIS. *Ladies Traces.*—With. 33.—Eng. Bot. 541.—P. July—September.

In old pastures of Caernarvonshire, and Anglesea.

SERAPIAS LATIFOLIA. *Common Helleborine.*—With. 40. Eng. Bot. 269.—P. July, August.

By the road side leading from Henllan to Llanfannan, Denbighshire, about two miles from the former place.

SERAPIAS PALUSTRIS. *Marsh Helleborine.*—Eng. Bot. 270. *S. Longifolia.*—With. 41.—P. July, August.

In marshy meadows in Caernarvonshire, and Anglesea.

CLASS XXI.

MONÆCIA.—MONANDRIA.

ZANNICHELLIA PALUSTRIS. *Horned Pond-weed.*—With. 6.—A. July.

In many of the ditches and stagnant waters of Carnarvonshire and Anglesea.

MONÆ-

MONŒCIA.—DIANDRIA.

LEMNA GIBBA. *Least Duck's meat*.—With. 44.—A. July, August.

In ditches on the north-west side of Rhyd marsh, near Rhyddlan Flintshire.

MONŒCIA.—TRIANDRIA.

SPARGANIUM NATANS. *Floating Burr-reed*.—With. 112.—Eng. Bot. 273.—*S. Simplex* β .—Huds. 401.—P. July.

In the pools of Llanberis;—and in Llyn Ogwen, betwixt Bangor and Capel Curig.

CAREX DIOICA. *Small Seg.*—With. 86.—Eng. Bot. 543.—P. June, July.

In a bog at the upper end of Llyn Idwel.

CAREX PULICARIS. *Flea Seg.*—With. 86.—P. June.

At the bottom of a field called Gerddi, opposite to Garreg Wen rocks, near Garn, Denbighshire.

CAREX ARENARIA. *Sea Seg.*—With. 90. f. 20.—P. June.

On the sandy beach near Prestatyn, Flintshire;—and in Conwy marsh, Caernarvonshire.

CAREX INTERMEDIA. *Soft Seg.*—With. 91.—*C. disticha*. Huds.—P. May, June.

In moist meadows in the parish of Rhyddlan, betwixt Pwll y Gorfog and the sea.

CAREX PENDULA. *Pendulous Seg.*—With. 96.—P. May, June.

Near the rivulet on the west side of Garreg Wen rocks, in the parish of Henllan, Denbighshire.

CAREX

CAREX STRIGOSA. With. 96.—P. April, May.

In Garn Dingle, in a wet place near the bottom of the glade.

CAREX FLAVA. *Yellow Seg.*, var. 2.—With. 99.—P. June, July.

On the borders of Llyn Idwel.

CAREX DISTANS. *Loose Seg.*—With. 100.—P. May, June.

On Llanyfydd mountain, Denbighshire;—and Buckley mountain, Flintshire.

CAREX ATRATA. *Black Seg.*—With. 105.—P. June—August.

On the mountains about Llanberis, plentifully.

CAREX PILULIFERA. *Pill-bearing Seg.*—With. 105.—P. April—June.

On a dry bank opposite to the village of Llanberis, in the ascent from thence towards Llyn y Cwn.

CAREX RIGIDA. *Hard Seg.*—With. 106.—P. April, May.

On Crib y Ddefcil, near Llanberis.

CAREX AMPULLACEA. *Beaked Seg.*—With. 110.—*C. vesicaria.* Hudf. 413.—P. May—July.

In the bogs near Llyn Idwel.

MONÆCIA.—TETRANDRIA.

LITTORELLA LACUSTRIS. *Plantain Shore-weed.*—With. 194.—Eng. Bot. 468.—P. June—August.

On the bank of the south end of Bala lake.

MONŒCIA—POLYANDRIA.

POTERIUM SANGUISORBA. *Upland Burnet*.—With. 493.
—Eng. Bot. 860.—P. April, May.

On the road sides near Beaumaris, Anglesea,—and on
Diferth castle hill, Flintshire.

CLASS XXII.

DICECIA.—DIANDRIA.

SALIX HERBACEA. *Herbaceous Willow*.—With. 48.—S.
July.

On the highest rocks of Snowdon.

DICECIA.—TRIANDRIA.

EMPETRUM NIGRUM. *Black-berried Heath*.—With. 176.
—Eng. Bot. 526.—S. April, May.

On all the mountainous moors of Caernarvonshire and
Merionethshire, in plenty.

DICECIA.—TETRANDRIA.

VISCUM ALBUM. *Mistletoe*.—With. 203.—S. May.

On apple-trees in various places betwixt Chirk and Llan-
gollen;—in the village of Broughton, Flintshire.

DICECIA.—OCTANDRIA.

RHODIOLA ROSEA. *Yellow Rose-wort*.—With. 389.—Eng.
Bot. 508.—P. June, July.

On the rocks about Tull Dû, above Llyn Idwel;—on
Clogwyn y Garnedd;—and on Craig y Cae, Cader
Idris.

DICECIA,

DICECIA.—MONADELPHIA.

JUNIPERUS COMMUNIS. *Common Juniper Tree.*—With. 599.—S. May.

On the rocks of the Great Ormes Head.

Variety. *Alpine dwarf Juniper.*—With. 599.

On the rocks near Lyn y Cwn, above Llanberis.

CLASS XXIII.

POLYGAMIA.—MONOECIA.

ATRIPLEX PORTULACOIDES. *Sea Purslane.*—With. 274.—Eng. Bot. 261.—S. July, August.

On sea-rocks on the south-west coast of Anglesea.

ATRIPLEX LACINIATA. *Frosted Orache.*—With. 274.—Eng. Bot. 165.—A. July, August.

On the south-west coast of Anglesea.

ATRIPLEX LITTORALIS. *Grass Orache.*—With. 275.—Eng. Bot. 708.—A. August.

On the south-west coast of Anglesea.

CLASS XXIV.

CRYPTOGAMIA.—MISCELLANÆ.

LYCOPodium CLAVATUM. *Common Club-moss.*—With. 756.—Eng. Bot. 224.—P. July, August.

In dry ground on the mountains of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, not uncommon.

LYCO-

LYCOPODIUM SELAGINOIDES. *Prickly Club-moss*.—With. 757.—P. June—September.

On the higher parts of the mountains about Llanberis, common.

LYCOPODIUM INUNDATUM. *Marsh Club-rush*.—With. 758.—Eng. Bot. 233.—P. June—September.

On moist heaths, and turf bogs, near Capel Curig, Caernarvonshire.

LYCOPODIUM SELAGO. *Fir-leaved Club-moss*.—With. 758. Eng. Bot. 233.—P. April—October.

In moist places on nearly all the mountains about Llanberis;—on Snowdon;—and on Cader Idris.

LYCOPODIUM ANNOTINUM. *Wet Club moss*.—With. 759.—P. June—September.

Mr. Griffith of Garn, near Denbigh, found this plant in great abundance about ten years ago, near Llyn y Cwn, growing along with *Juniperus communis*: but, although he has often sought for it since, he has never been able to find it.

LYCOPODIUM ALPINUM. *Alpine Club-moss*.—With. 759.—Eng. Bot. 234.—P. July—October.

On all the mountains of Caernarvonshire, common.

PILULARIA GLOBULIFERA. *Pill-wort*.—With. 759.—Eng. Bot. 521.—P. June—September.

In wet places about two miles from Mold, on the north side of the road leading from thence to Chester, near Watt's Dyke.

ISOETES LACUSTRIS. *Quill-wort*.—With. 760.—P. May—September.

In Ffynnon Frech, a small pool in the mountains betwixt Llanberis and Snowdon, plentifully; and in Llyn y Cwn.

CRYPTOGAMIA.—FILICES.

OPHIOGLOSSUM VULGATUM. *Adder's Tongue*.—With. 761.

Eng. Bot. 108.—P. May, June.

In moist places in Maes y Porth wood, near Newborough, Anglesea.

OSMUNDA LUNARIA. *Moonwort*.—With. 762.—Eng. Bot.

318.—P. May—July.

In old pastures in various parts of Anglesea.

OSMUNDA REGALIS. *Flowering Fern*.—With. 763.—Eng.

Bot. 209.—P. June—August.

In watery places about Pont Aberglâsllyn;—and on the sides of ponds in Anglesea.

ACROSTICHUM SEPTENTRIONALE. *Forked Maiden Hair*.

—With. 764.—P. July.

In fissures of the rocks near the summit of Carnedd Llewelyn.

PTERIS CRISPA. *Stone Fern*.—With. 764.—*Osmunda crispa*.

Huds. 450.—P. August—September.

On the rocks of almost all the high mountains of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire.

BLECHNUM SPICANT. *Rough Spleenwort*.—With. 765.—

Osmunda spicant. Huds. 450.—P. July—September.

On the heaths betwixt Caernarvon and Llanberis.

ASPLENIUM SCOLOPENDRIUM. *Hart's Tongue*.—With. 766.

—P. August, September.

In shady places about Conwy castle;—under the rocks, among the bushes, by the side of the river, betwixt Caernarvon castle and Pont Sciont.

Variety. With the leaves jagged at the edge, and curled
Near a petrifying spring by the side of a rivulet, at the
bottom of Garn Dingle, three miles from Denbigh.

ASPLENIUM CETERACH. *Common Spleenwort*.—With. 767.
—P. May—October.

On moist rocks on the north-west coasts of Caernarvonshire
and Anglesea.

ASPLENIUM TRICHOMANES. *Common Maiden Hair*.—With.
768.—Eng. Bot. 576.—P. May—October.

On old walls and rocks, common.

ASPLENIUM VIRIDE. *Green-ribbed Maiden Hair*.—With.
768.—P. June—September.

On the moist rocks in the cleft of Tull Dû, above Llyn
Idwel;—on Clogwyn du'r Arddu;—and on Clogwyn y
Garnedd.

ASPLENIUM MARINUM. *Sea Spleenwort*.—With. 769.—
Eng. Bot. 392.—P. June—September.

On the Llanddwyn rocks, Anglesea;—and on the rocks
of Priestholme island.

ASPLENIUM RUTA MURARIA. *Wall Rue*.—With. 769.—
Eng. Bot. 150.—P. June—September.

On old walls throughout North Wales.

ASPLENIUM ADIANTUM NIGRUM. *Black Maiden Hair*.—
With. 770.—P. April—October.

On walls and shady places about Caernarvon and Bangor,
very luxuriantly.

POLYPODIUM VULGARE.—Var. CAMBRIGUM. *Welsh Poly-*
podium.—With. 773.—P. June—October.

Near Gloddaeth, Caernarvonshire.

POLY-

POLYPODIUM LONCHITIS. *Spleenwort Polypody.*—With. 773.—Eng. Bot. 797.—P. May—September.

In clefts of rocks on the higher parts of Clogwyn y Garnedd.

POLYPODIUM ILVENSE. With. 774.—P. July—September.
Among the highest rocks of Clogwyn y Garnedd.

POLYPODIUM ARVONICUM.—With. 774.—*Acrostichum ilvense.*—Huds. 451.—P. July—September.

The habitat of this uncommon plant is thus described in Ray's Synopsis:—"It grows on a moist black rock, almost at the top of Clogwyn y Garnedd, facing the north-west, directly above the lower lake."—I sought for it several times, but in vain. W. B.

POLYPODIUM PHEGopteris. *Wood Polypody.*—With. 775.
P. June—October.

In the clefts of moist rocks, near Tull Dû.

POLYPODIUM OREopteris. *Heath Polypody*—With. 775.
—*P. thelypteris.* Huds. 457.—P. July—October.

On the heaths betwixt Caernarvon and Llanberis, common.

POLYPODIUM THELYpteris. *Marsh Polypody.*—With. 776.—P. July—October.

In a moist dell near the village of Llanberis.

POLYPODIUM ACULEATUM. *Prickly Polypody.*—With. 777.
—P. June—October.

Amongst the bushes by the river side betwixt Caernarvon castle and Pont Seiont.

POLYPODIUM FILIX FEMINA. *Female Polypody.*—With. 778.—P. June—September.

In shady hedges, not uncommon.

POLYPODIUM CRISTATUM. *Crested Polypody.*—With. 778.
P. June—September.

In shady places, and on old walls, not uncommon.

POLYPODIUM RHÆTICUM. *Stone Polypody.*—With. 780.—
P. June—September.

On rocks near Ffynnon Velen, above Llanberis;—and
near the summit of Glyder Bach.

CYATHEA FRAGILE. *Cup Fern.*—*Polypodium fragile.*—
With. 779.—Hudf. 459.—P. June—September.

In clefts of the rocks of the highest mountains of Caernarvonshire, common.

CYATHEA INCISA. *Lacinated Cup Fern.*—Eng. Bot. 163.
P. trifidum. With. 779.

On the rocks about Tull Dû.

HYMENOPHYLLUM TUNBRIDGENSE. *Tunbridge Goldilocks.*
—Eng. Bot. 162.—*Trich. tunbridgense.* With. 781.—
Hudf. 461.—P. May—October.

In a shady dell in the vale of Llanberis.

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- 24. for *than* read *is*
- 103. 14. put out *who*
- 109. 14. after *form*, insert *he*
- 116. 8. for *gentleman* read *gentlemen*
- 159. 21. after *intimate* insert *that*
- 170. 20. for *his* read *this*
- 214. 17. for *lays* read *lay*
- 235. 13. put out *again*
- 298. 13. for *or* read *nor*
- 299. 8. after *in* insert *these*
- 330. 28. for *or* read *nor*
- 338. 7. for *standing as it does* read *being as it is*
- 353. 1. after *them* for , insert :
- 378. 23. put out *Emrys, or Ambrosius*
- 382. 10. for *and* read *who*
- 391. 12. for *tolerable* read *tolerably*
- 415. 26. for *only* read *almost*
- 416. 5. for *the* read *a*
- 445. 17. insert the) after *seen* instead of *castle*.

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- 45. 16. after *another* insert *cascade*
- 57. 1. for *Avange* read *Avange*
- 111. 4. after *have* insert *had*.

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