THE LAND OF MY FATHER

A WELSH GIFT BOOK

Y DDRAIG GOCH
DDYRY CYCHWYN

ALL PROFITS ON SALE GIVEN
TO THE NATIONAL FUND FOR WELSH TROOP

THE LAND OF MY FATHERS

A WELSH GIFT BOOK

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National Fund for Welsh Troops

TO PROVIDE ADDITIONAL COMFORTS FOR
WELSH REGIMENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD

FOREWORD

THIS book is published on behalf of the National Fund for Welsh Troops, which provides additional comforts for Welsh Regiments at home and abroad, and the special thanks of the Committee are due to Professor Morris Jones and to Professor Lewis Jones, who have made such a generous contribution of their time and talents by the production of *Land of My Fathers*.

If any reader of these pages feels moved to send a separate contribution to the National Fund for Welsh Troops, I shall be delighted to receive it and acknowledge it if it is addressed to me, c/o Hodder & Stoughton, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

Margaret Lloyd George

Chairman of Committee.

I commend this book to every Welshman the world over.

D. Lloyd George

PREFACE

This anthology of prose and verse passages relating to Wales has been compiled at the request of Mrs. Lloyd George and the Committee of the National Fund for Welsh Troops, and is issued by the publishers in aid of the funds now being raised for equipping and supporting, in other than strictly military ways, the new "Welsh Army." A similar Welsh volume has been edited by my colleague, Professor J. Morris Jones, and the following pages are an attempt to supply an English equivalent to the Welsh book. Many of the passages included in the Welsh volume are here represented by translations, more or less known, which already existed, and these are printed all but *verbatim*, without any attempt at making them literally correct in their fidelity to the Welsh originals. One of the longest prose selections in the present volume is taken from George Borrow's version of Ellis Wynne's *Sleeping Bard*, which has long been out of print and is known only to a few curious readers and book-hunters. It is not a strictly accurate translation at all points, but it well deserves to be better known than it is, as a spirited and picturesque rendering of a Welsh classic by a master of English prose. Two passages from Thomas Love Peacock's *Misfortunes of Elphin* have been included, partly as pieces to balance certain Welsh selections which did not easily lend themselves to translation, and partly as giving, in a way unsurpassed by any other passages known to us in English, the essential Welsh atmosphere and *milieu* of the subjects of which they treat.

The translations in this volume, both prose and verse, bear the names of their authors, and of their originals. Some few pieces of English verse and prose here printed have been translated for

the Welsh volume by Professor Morris Jones. The matter which thus corresponds in the two editions forms about three-fourths of the whole; and the selections which are common to both volumes will be found on corresponding pages. For the choice of every piece included in the two volumes, both Professor Morris Jones and myself are jointly responsible; but I have to acknowledge my deep personal debt to my colleague for the trouble which he has taken in helping me to arrange the following pages for the press.

All the illustrations are by living Welsh artists; and to them our own and the publishers' thanks are especially due. We have also to record our obligations to Messrs. Novello & Co. for permission to print their arrangement of the two musical selections, and to Mrs. Mary Davies for her assistance in choosing and editing the music. For permission to use translations and other copyright matter we are indebted to the following: Mr. William Watson, Mr. Ernest Rhys, Mr. A. Percival Graves, Sir Francis Edwards, Bart., M.P., Mr. W. Llywelyn Williams, M.P., Mr. H. Idris Bell, Rev. E. O. Jones, Professor J. E. Lloyd, Mr. O. M. Edwards, Rev. R. Dewi Williams, Mr. T. J. Wise (for permission to reprint a verse translation from his Borrow MSS.), and Messrs. Hughes & Son of Wrexham (for the passages from their edition of Harris's translation of Daniel Owen's *Rhys Lewis*).

W. LEWIS JONES.

June 1915.

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BRITAIN

Britain, best of islands, lieth in the Western Ocean betwixt Gaul and Ireland, and containeth eight hundred miles in length and two hundred in breadth. Whatsoever is fitting for the use of mortal men the island doth afford in unfailing plenty. For she aboundeth in metals of every kind; fields hath she, stretching far and wide, and hillsides meet for tillage of the best, whereon, by reason of the fruitfulness of the soil, the divers crops in their season do yield their harvests. Forests also hath she filled with every manner of wild deer, in the glades whereof groweth grass that the cattle may find therein meet change of pasture, and flowers of many colours that do proffer their honey unto the bees that flit ever busily about them. Meadows hath she, set in pleasant places, green at the foot of misty mountains, wherein be sparkling well-springs clear and bright, flowing forth with a gentle whispering ripple in shining streams that sing sweet lullaby unto them that lie upon their banks. Watered is she, moreover, by lakes and rivers wherein is much fish, and, besides the narrow sea of the Southern coast whereby men make voyage unto Gaul, by three noble rivers, Thames, to wit, Severn and Humber, the which she stretcheth forth as it were three arms whereby she taketh in the traffic from oversea brought hither from every land in her fleets. By twice ten cities, moreover, and twice four, was she graced in days of old, whereof some with shattered walls in desolate places be now fallen into decay, whilst some, still whole, do contain churches of the saints with towers builded wondrous fair on high, wherein companies of religious, both men and women, do their service unto God after the traditions of the Christian faith. Lastly, it is inhabited of five peoples, Romans, to wit, Britons, Saxons, Picts and Scots. Of these the Britons did first settle them therein from sea to sea before the others, until, by reason of their pride, divine vengeance did overtake them, and they yielded them unto the Picts and Saxons.

GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH.
(*Trans. Sebastian Evans.*)

c. 1145.

WALES: A GREETING

In that wild land beyond Sabrina's wave;
In vales full of the voice of bards long mute,
From Gwent to far Demetia by the sea;
Or northward unto cloud-roof'd Gwynedd, where
The mountains sit together and talk with heaven,
While Mona pushing forth into the deep
Looks back for ever on their musing brows:
By silent mound and menhir, camp and cairn,
Leaf-hidden stream, and cataract's thunderous plunge:
In summer calms, or when the storming North
Whitens Eryri's crest and Siabod's cone,—
Have I not roamed and lingered, from my youth,
An alien and a stranger, but amidst
A people gravely kind as suavely proud?—
A people caring for old dreams and deeds,
Heroic story, and far descended song;
Honouring their poets, not in death alone,
But in life also, as is meet and well;
An ancient folk speaking an ancient speech,
And cherishing in their bosoms all their past,
Yet in whose fiery love of their own land
No hatred of another's finds a place.

Sons—daughters—of Wild Wales, whose kindred swayed
This island, ages ere an English word
Was breathed in Britain,—let an English voice
Hail and salute you here at England's heart.
On Europe, east and west, the dim clouds brood,
Disperse, and gather again; and none can tell
What birth they hold within them. But we know
That should they break in tempest on these shores,
You, that with differing blood, with differing spirit,
Yet link your life with ours, with ours your fate,
Will stand beside us in the hurricane,
Stedfast, whatever peril may befall:
Will feel no separate heartbeats from our own,

Nor aught but oneness with this mighty Power,
This Empire, that despite her faults and sins
Loves justice, and loves mercy, and loves truth,
When truly she beholds them; and who thus
Helps to speed on, through dark and difficult ways,
The ever climbing footsteps of the world.

WILLIAM WATSON.

1909.

MEDIÆVAL WALES

The Prince who wishes to subdue this people and to govern it peaceably must use this method. He must be determined to apply a diligent and constant attention to this purpose for one year at least, for a people who with a collected force will not openly attack the enemy in the field, nor wait to be besieged in castles, is not to be overcome at the first onset, but to be worn down by patience. Let him divide their strength, and by bribes and promises endeavour to stir up one against the other, knowing the spirit of hatred and envy which generally prevails amongst them; and in the autumn let not only the marches, but also the interior of the country, be strongly fortified with castles well provisioned and well garrisoned. In the meantime the purchase of corn, cloth, and salt, with which they are usually supplied from England, should be strictly forbidden, and well-manned ships placed as a guard on the coast to prevent their importation of these articles from Ireland or the Severn Sea, and to facilitate the supply to the invading army. Afterwards, when the severity of winter approaches—when the trees have lost all their leaves, and the mountains no longer afford pasturage; when they are deprived of any hopes of plunder, and harassed on every side by the repeated attacks of the enemy—let a body of light-armed infantry (the inhabitants of the marches of Wales, who are constantly at war with the Welsh and know their manners and customs, are the only men by whom their final conquest can be accomplished) penetrate into their woody and mountainous retreats, and let these troops be supported and relieved by others; thus by frequent charges, and by replacing those who are worn out or slain in battle, this nation may be ultimately subdued. It cannot be overcome except by the above method, nor can great danger and loss of men be avoided. Though many of the English hired troops

may perish in battle, money will procure as many or more on the morrow for the same service; but the Welsh, who have no mercenary soldiers, cannot repair their losses.

When this nation is subdued, its government must be directed with moderation. Let the care of it be entrusted to a man of firm and determined mind, who will maintain a strong and stable rule. Whenever their natural inconstancy induces them to revolt, let punishment instantly follow the offence; but when they have submitted themselves again and made proper amends for their faults, let their former transgression be overlooked, and let them enjoy security and respect as long as they continue faithful. By mild treatment they will be invited to obedience and the love of peace, and the thought of certain punishment will deter them from rash attempts. As that State is happy which thinks of war in the time of peace, let the Governor prepare against the inconveniences of war by constructing forts and widening passes through woods.

We have hitherto spoken in favour of the English, but being equally connected by birth with both nations, we must now turn our attention towards the Welsh, and instruct them in the art of resistance. If the Welsh depended more on steady fighting than on their agility, if their Princes were unanimous and inseparable in their defence, or, rather, if they had only one Prince and that a good one, this nation, situated in so strong and inaccessible a country, could hardly ever be completely overcome. If they were inseparable, they would become insuperable. They have a country well defended by nature; they are a people both contented and accustomed to live upon little, and not only the nobles but the common people are instructed in the use of arms.

The English fight for power, the Welsh fight for liberty; the one to procure gain, the other to avoid loss; the English hirelings for money, the Welsh patriots for their country. The English, I say, fight in order to expel the original inhabitants from the island, and secure to themselves the possession of the whole; but the Welsh maintain the conflict that they, who so long enjoyed the sovereignty of the whole kingdom, may at least find a hiding-place in the worst corner of it.

During the expedition which Henry II made in our days against South Wales, an old Welshman at Pencader, when asked whether he thought the Welsh would offer resistance and what would be the result of the war, replied: "This nation, O King, may often be weakened, and in great part destroyed, by the power of yourself

and of others, but many a time, as it deserves, it will rise triumphant. Never will it be totally destroyed by the wrath of man, unless the wrath of God be added. Nor do I think that any other nation than this of Wales, or any other tongue, whatever may hereafter come to pass, shall on the day of the great reckoning before the Most High Judge answer for this corner of the earth."

GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS.

c. 1194.

STRUGGLE OF THE BRITONS AGAINST THE BARBARIANS

Rise!—they have risen: of brave Aneirin ask
How they have scourged old foes, perfidious friends:
The Spirit of Caractacus descends
Upon the Patriots, animates their task:—
Amazement runs before the towering casque
Of Arthur, bearing through the stormy field
The virgin sculptured on his Christian shield:—
Stretched in the sunny light of victory bask
The Host that followed Urien as he strode
O'er heaps of slain:—from Cambrian wood and moss
Druids descend, auxiliars of the Cross;
Bards, nursed on blue Plinlimmon's still abode,
Rush on the fight, to harps preferring swords,
And everlasting deeds to burning words!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?

What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or laboured mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed posts,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.

No :—men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endue
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude,—
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain ;
These constitute a state :
And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend, Dissension, like a vapour sinks ;
And e'en the all-dazzling crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
Such was this heaven-loved isle,
Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore !
No more shall freedom smile ?
Shall Britons languish, and be men no more ?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

1772.

THE BARD

I

" Ruin seize thee, ruthless King !
Confusion on thy banners wait ;
Though fanned by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears ! "

Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance;
"To arms!" cried Mortimer, and couched his quivering lance.

On a rock whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood;
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air),
And with a master's hand and prophet's fire
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
"Hark how each giant oak and desert cave
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp or soft Llewelyn's lay.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hushed the stormy main:
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains! ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topped head.
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
Smeared with gore, and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail;
The famished eagle screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
No more I weep. They do not sleep.

On yonder cliffs a grisly band,
I see them sit, they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land :
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

II

" Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death, through Berkley's roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonising king !
She-wolf of France with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of heaven. What terrors round him wait !
Amazement in his van, with flight combined,
And sorrow's faded form, and solitude behind.

" Mighty victor, mighty lord !
Low on his funeral couch he lies !
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior fled ?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm that in thy noontide beam were born ?
Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes ;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm ;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

" Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare ;

Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast :
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse ?
Long years of havoc urge their destined course,
And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread :
The bristled boar in infant gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade,
Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III

" Edward, lo ! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
Half of thy heart we consecrate.
(The web is wove. The work is done.)
Stay, oh stay ! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unblessed, unpitied, here to mourn :
In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll ?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight !
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul !
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail :—
All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue hail !

" Girt with many a baron bold,
Sublime their starry fronts they rear :

And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
In bearded majesty, appear.
In the midst a form divine!
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton line;
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
Attempered sweet to virgin grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strains of vocal transport round her play?
Hear from the grave, great Taliesin, hear;
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and, soaring as she sings,
Waves in the eye of heaven her many-coloured wings.

"The verse adorn again
Fierce war, and faithful love,
And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest:
In buskined measures move
Pale grief, and pleasing pain,
With horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear;
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me; with joy I see
The different doom our fates assign.
Be thine despair, and sceptred care;
To triumph, and to die, are mine."
—He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

THOMAS GRAY.

1757.

CATTRAETH

[AFTER ANEIRIN]

To Cattraeth's vale in glitt'ring row
Thrice two hundred warriors go;
Every warrior's manly neck
Chains of regal honour deck,
Wreathed in many a golden link:
From the golden cup they drink
Nectar that the bees produce,
Or the grape's ecstatic juice.
Flushed with mirth and hope they burn,
But none from Cattraeth's vale return
Save Aeron brave and Cynan strong
(Bursting through the bloody throng)
And I, the meanest of them all,
That live to weep and sing their fall.

1768. THOMAS GRAY.

HARLECH CASTLE

THROUGH shattered galleries, 'mid roofless halls,
Wandering with timid footsteps oft betrayed,
The Stranger sighs, nor scruples to upbraid
Old Time, though he, gentlest among the thralls
Of Destiny, upon these wounds hath laid
His lenient touches, soft as light that falls,
From the wan Moon, upon the towers and walls,
Light deepening the profoundest sleep of shade.
Relic of Kings! Wreck of forgotten wars,
To winds abandoned and the prying stars,
Time *loves* Thee! at his call the Seasons twine
Luxuriant wreaths around thy forehead hoar;
And, though past pomp no changes can restore,
A soothing recompense, his gift, is thine!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE CUCKOO'S SONG IN MERION

THOUGH it has been my fate to see
Of gallant countries many a one;
Good ale, and those that drank it free,
And wine in streams that seemed to run;
The best of beer, the best of cheer,
Allotted are to Merion.

The swarthy ox will drag his chain,
At man's commandment that is done;
His furrow break through earth with pain,
Up hill and hillock toiling on;
Yet with more skill draw hearts at will
The maids of county Merion.

Merry the life, it must be owned,
Upon the hills of Merion;
Though chill and drear the prospect round,
Delight and joy are not unknown;
O who would e'er expect to hear
'Mid mountain bogs the cuckoo's tone?

O who display a mien full fair,
A wonder each to look upon?
And who in every household care
Defy compare below the sun?
And who make mad each sprightly lad?
The maids of county Merion.

O fair the salmon in the flood,
That over golden sands doth run;
And fair the thrush in his abode,
That spreads his wings in gladsome fun;
More beauteous look, if truth be spoke,
The maids of county Merion.

Dear to the little birdies wild
Their freedom in the forest lone;
Dear to the little sucking child
The nurse's breast it hangs upon;

Merioneth: A View from Tan-y-Grisiau

From a painting by Augustus John

Though long I wait, I ne'er can state
How dear to me is Merion.

Sweet in the house the Telyn's [1] strings
In love and joy where kindred wone;
While each in turn a stanza sings,
No sordid themes e'er touched upon;
Full sweet in sound the hearth around
The maidens' song of Merion.

And though my body here it be
Travelling the countries up and down;
Tasting delights of land and sea,
True pleasure seems my heart to shun;
Alas! there's need home, home to speed—
My soul it is in Merion.

c. 1745. LEWIS MORRIS.
(*Trans. George Borrow.*)

EPILOGUE TO "ALUN MABON" [2]

Stand the mighty mountains still,
Round them still the tempests roar;
Sing with dawn from hill to hill
Shepherds, as they sang of yore.
Round the foot of hill and scar
Daisies still their buds unfold;
Changed the shepherds only are
On those mighty mountains old.

Passing with the passing years
Ancient customs change and flow:
Fraught with doom of joy or tears,
Generations come and go.
Out of tears' and tempests' reach
Alun Mabon sleeps secure;—
Still lives on the ancient speech,
Still the ancient songs endure.

1862. CEIRIOG.
(*Trans. H. Idris Bell.*)

[1] The harp.

[2] "Alun Mabon" is a *bugeilgerdd* or pastoral poem, consisting of a series of dramatic lyrics. It is, on the whole, the author's masterpiece.

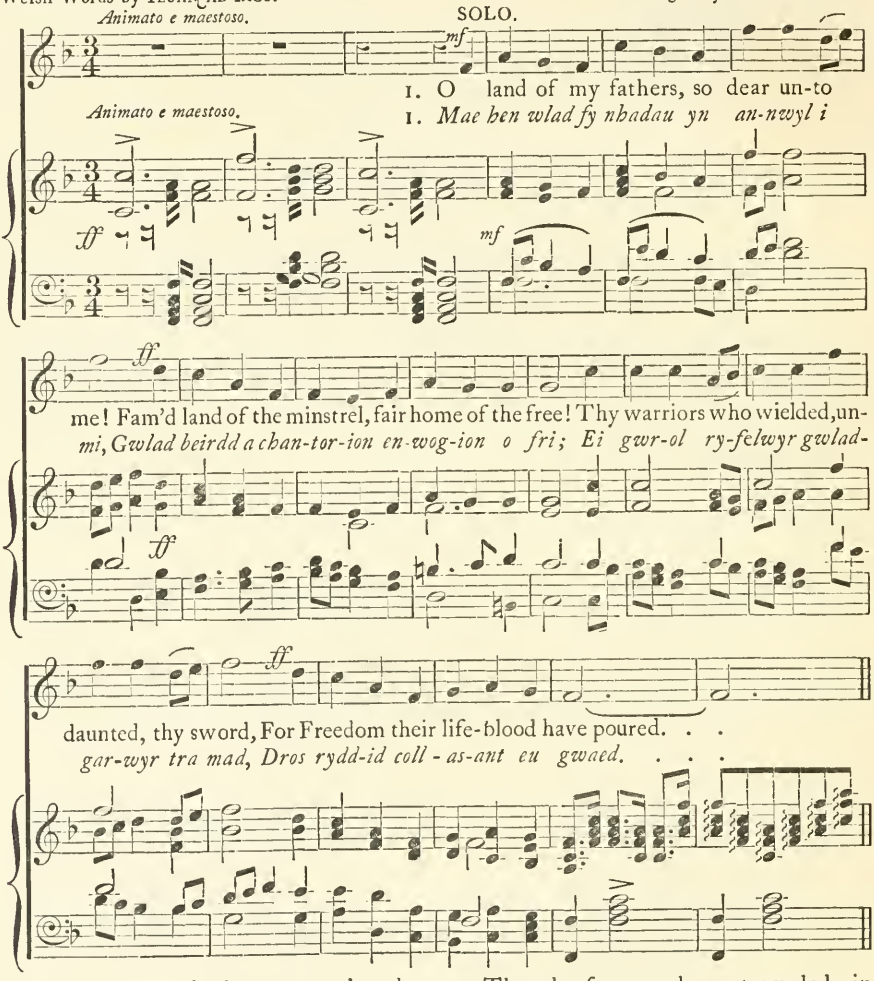
THE LAND OF MY FATHERS

(*HEN WLAD FY NHADAU*)

(By kind permission of Messrs. Novello & Co.)

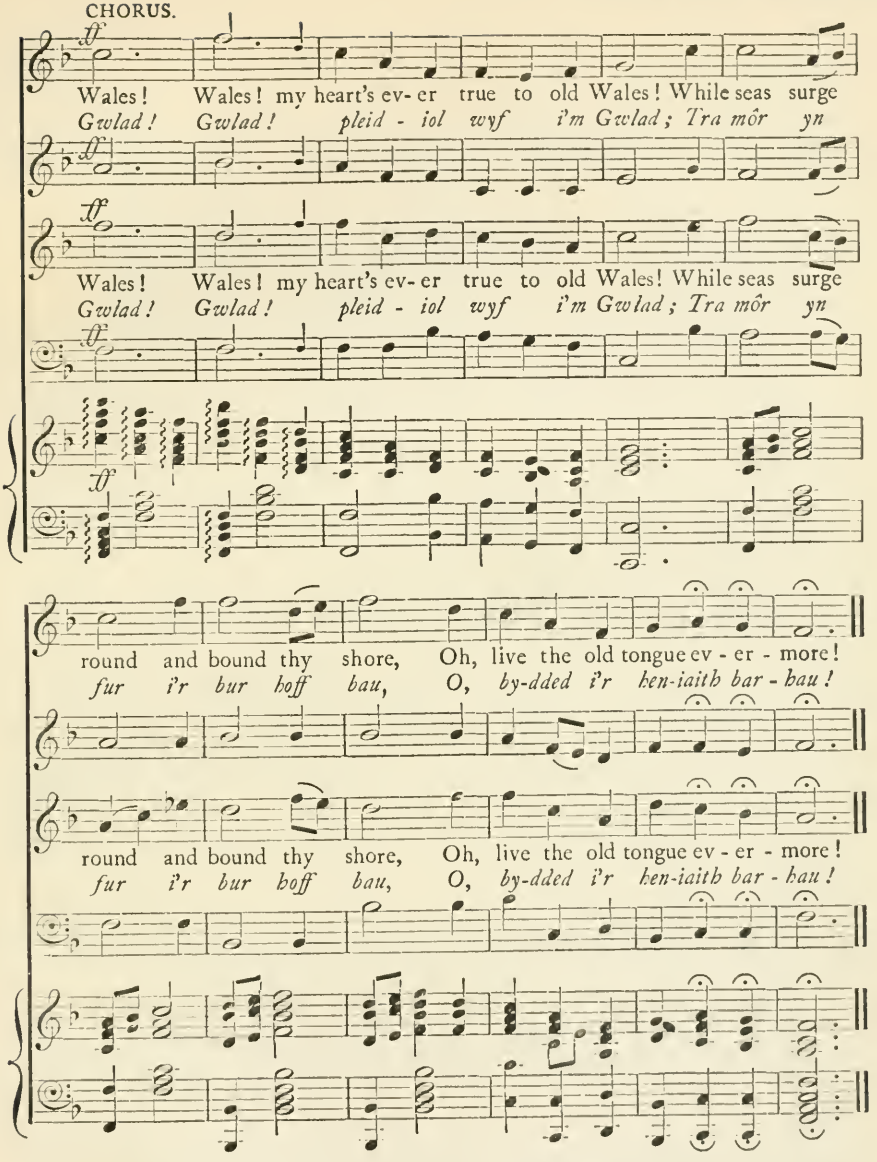
English Version by W. LEWIS JONES.
Welsh Words by IEUAN AB IAGO.

Melody by JAMES JAMES.
Arranged by HARRY EVANS.



2 Thy rocks and thy crags o'er thy valleys keep guard,
Thy mountains still shelter the haunts of the bard;
Thy rills and thy brooks sing their way to the sea
In music so moving to me.

3 Though foemen have trampled in triumph thy vales,
Yet failed they to silence the old tongue of Wales.
Thy harp-strings, unbroken by traitor's fell hand,
Still sing to me songs of my land



2 *Hen Gymru fynyddig, paradwys y bardd,*
Pob dyffryn, pob clogwyn i'm golwg sydd hardd;
Trwy deimlad gwladgarol mor swynol yw si
Ei nentydd afonydd i mi.

3 *Os treisiodd y gelyn fy ngwlaa dan ei droed,*
Mae heniaith y Cymry mor fyw ag erioed;
Ni luddiwyd yr awen gan erchyllaw brad,
Na thelyn berseiniol fy ngwlad.

THE HARP OF WALES

Harp of the mountain-land! sound forth again,
As when the foaming Hirlas horn was crowned,
And warrior hearts beat proudly to the strain,
And the bright mead at Owain's [1] feast went round:
Wake with the spirit and the power of yore;
Harp of the ancient hills, be heard once more!

Thy tones are not to cease! The Roman came
O'er the blue waters with his thousand oars:
Through Mona's oaks he sent the wasting flame;
The druid shrines lay prostrate on our shores:
All gave their ashes to the wind and sea—
Ring out, thou Harp! he could not silence thee.

Thy tones are not to cease! The Saxon passed,
His banner floated on Eryri's gales;
But thou wert heard above the trumpet's blast,
E'en when his towers rose loftiest o'er the vales.
Thine was the voice that cheered the brave and free;
They had their hills, their chainless hearts, and thee!

Those were dark years! They saw the valiant fall,
The rank weeds gathering round the chieftain's board,
The hearth left lonely in the ruined hall—
Yet power was thine—a gift in every chord.
Call back that spirit to the days of peace,
Thou noble harp! Thy tones are not to cease!

FELICIA HEMANS.

1824.

[1] Owain = Owain Cyfeiliog, Prince of Powys, died 1197.

BRANWEN THE DAUGHTER OF LLŶR

BENDIGEID VRAN,[1] the son of Llŷr, was the crowned king of this island, and he was exalted from[2] the crown of London. And one afternoon he was at Harlech in Ardudwy, at his Court, and he sat upon the rock of Harlech, looking over the sea. And with him were his brother Manawyddan the son of Llŷr, and his brothers by the mother's side, Nissyen and Evnissyen, and many nobles likewise, as was fitting to see around a king. His two brothers by the mother's side were the sons of Eurosswydd, by his mother, Penardun, the daughter of Beli son of Manogan. And one of these youths was a good youth and of gentle nature, and would make peace between his kindred, and cause his family to be friends when their wrath was at the highest; and this one was Nissyen; but the other would cause strife between his two brothers when they were most at peace. And as they sat thus, they beheld thirteen ships coming from the south of Ireland, and making towards them, and they came with a swift motion, the wind being behind them, and they neared them rapidly. "I see ships afar," said the king, "coming swiftly towards the land. Command the men of the Court that they equip themselves, and go and learn their intent." So the men equipped themselves and went down towards them. And when they saw the ships near, certain were they that they had never seen ships better furnished. Beautiful flags of satin were upon them. And behold one of the ships outstripped the others, and they saw a shield lifted up above the side of the ship, and the point of the shield was upwards, in token of peace. And the men drew near that they might hold converse. Then they put out boats and came towards the land. And they saluted the king. Now the king could hear them from the place where he was, upon the rock above their heads. "Heaven prosper you," said he, "and be ye welcome. To whom do these ships belong, and who is the chief amongst you?" "Lord," said they, "Matholwch, king of Ireland, is here, and these ships belong to him." "Wherefore comes he?" asked the king, "and will he come to the land?" "He is a suitor unto thee, lord," said they, "and he will not land unless he have his boon." "And what may that

[1] Bendigeidvran should properly be one word, but it is printed here in the double form found in the authorised editions of Lady C. Guest's translation.

Instead of "exalted from" read "exalted of," *i.e.* "honoured with."

be ?" inquired the king. "He desires to ally himself with thee, lord," said they, "and he comes to ask Branwen the daughter of Llŷr, that, if it seem well to thee, the Island of the Mighty may be leagued with Ireland, and both become more powerful." "Verily," said he, "let him come to land, and we will take counsel thereupon." And this answer was brought to Matholwch. "I will go willingly," said he. So he landed, and they received him joyfully ; and great was the throng in the palace that night, between his hosts and those of the Court ; and next day they took counsel, and they resolved to bestow Branwen upon Matholwch. Now she was one of the three chief ladies of this island, and she was the fairest damsel in the world.

And they fixed upon Aberffraw as the place where she should become his bride. And they went thence, and towards Aberffraw the hosts proceeded ; Matholwch and his host in their ships ; Bendigeid Vran and his host by land, until they came to Aberffraw. And at Aberffraw they began the feast and sat down. And thus sat they. The King of the Island of the Mighty and Manawyddan the son of Llŷr, on one side, and Matholwch on the other side, and Branwen the daughter of Llŷr beside him. And they were not within a house, but under tents. No house could ever contain Bendigeid Vran. And they began the banquet and caroused and discoursed. And when it was more pleasing to them to sleep than to carouse, they went to rest, and that night Branwen became Matholwch's bride.

And next day they arose, and all they of the Court, and the officers began to equip and to range the horses and the attendants, and they ranged them in order as far as the sea.

And behold one day, Evnissyen, the quarrelsome man of whom it is spoken above, came by chance into the place, where the horses of Matholwch were, and asked whose horses they might be. "They are the horses of Matholwch, king of Ireland, who is married to Branwen, thy sister ; his horses are they." "And is it thus they have done with a maiden such as she, and moreover my sister, bestowing her without my consent ? They could have offered no greater insult to me than this," said he. And thereupon he rushed under the horses and cut off their lips at the teeth, and their ears close to their heads, and their tails close to their backs, and wherever he could clutch their eyelids, he cut them to the very bone, and he disfigured the horses and rendered them useless.

And they came with these tidings unto Matholwch, saying

that the horses were disfigured, and injured so that not one of them could ever be of any use again. "Verily, lord," said one, "it was an insult unto thee, and as such was it meant." "Of a truth, it is a marvel to me, that if they desire to insult me, they should have given me a maiden of such high rank, and so much beloved of her kindred, as they have done." "Lord," said another, "thou seest that thus it is, and there is nothing for thee to do but to go to thy ships." And thereupon towards his ships he set out.

And tidings came to Bendigeid Vran that Matholwch was quitting the Court without asking leave, and messengers were sent to inquire of him wherefore he did so. And the messengers that went were Iddic the son of Anarawd, and Heveydd Hir. And these overtook him and asked of him what he designed to do, and wherefore he went forth. "Of a truth," said he, "if I had known I had not come hither. I have been altogether insulted, no one had ever worse treatment than I have had here. But one thing surprises me above all." "What is that?" asked they. "That Branwen the daughter of Llŷr, one of the three chief ladies of this island, and the daughter of the King of the Island of the Mighty, should have been given me as my bride, and that after that I should have been insulted; and I marvel that the insult was not done me before they had bestowed upon me a maiden so exalted as she." "Truly, lord, it was not the will of any that are of the Court," said they, "nor of any that are of the council, that thou shouldest have received this insult; and as thou hast been insulted, the dishonour is greater unto Bendigeid Vran than unto thee." "Verily," said he, "I think so. Nevertheless he cannot recall the insult." These men returned with that answer to the place where Bendigeid Vran was, and they told him what reply Matholwch had given them. "Truly," said he, "there are no means by which we may prevent his going away at enmity with us, that we will not take." "Well, lord," said they, "send after him another embassy." "I will do so," said he. "Arise, Manawyddan son of Llŷr, and Heveydd Hir, and Unic Glew Ysgwyd, and go after him, and tell him that he shall have a sound horse for every one that has been injured. And beside that, as an atonement for the insult, he shall have a staff of silver, as large and as tall as himself, and a plate of gold of the breadth of his face, and show unto him who it was that did this, and that it was done against my will; but that he who did it is my brother, by the mother's side, and therefore it would be hard for me to put him to death.

And let him come and meet me," said he, " and we will make peace in any way he may desire."

The embassy went after Matholwch, and told him all these sayings in a friendly manner, and he listened thereunto. " Men," said he, " I will take counsel." So to the council he went. And in the council they considered that if they should refuse this, they were likely to have more shame rather than to obtain so great an atonement. They resolved therefore to accept it, and they returned to the Court in peace.

Then the pavilions and the tents were set in order after the fashion of a hall; and they went to meat, and as they had sat at the beginning of the feast, so sat they there. And Matholwch and Bendigeid Vran began to discourse; and behold it seemed to Bendigeid Vran, while they talked, that Matholwch was not so cheerful as he had been before. And he thought that the chieftain might be sad, because of the smallness of the atonement which he had, for the wrong that had been done him. " Oh, man," said Bendigeid Vran, " thou dost not discourse to-night so cheerfully as thou wast wont. And if it be because of the smallness of the atonement, thou shalt add thereunto whatsoever thou mayest choose, and to-morrow I will pay thee the horses." " Lord," said he, " Heaven reward thee." " And I will enhance the atonement," said Bendigeid Vran, " for I will give unto thee a cauldron, the property of which is, that if one of thy men be slain to-day, and be cast therein, to-morrow he will be as well as ever he was at the best, except that he will not regain his speech." And thereupon he gave him great thanks, and very joyful was he for that cause.

And the next morning they paid Matholwch the horses as long as the trained horses lasted. And then they journeyed into another commot, where they paid him with colts until the whole had been paid, and from thenceforth that commot was called Talebolion.

And thus was the banquet carried on with joyousness; and when it was finished, Matholwch journeyed towards Ireland, and Branwen with him, and they went from Aber Menei with thirteen ships, and came to Ireland. And in Ireland was there great joy because of their coming. And not one great man or noble lady visited Branwen unto whom she gave not either a clasp, or a ring, or a royal jewel to keep, such as it was honourable to be seen departing with. And in these things she spent that year in much renown, and she passed her time pleasantly, enjoying honour and friend-

ship. And in the meanwhile it chanced that she became pregnant, and in due time a son was born unto her, and the name that they gave him was Gwern the son of Matholwch, and they put the boy out to be foster-nursed, in a place where were the best men of Ireland.

And behold in the second year a tumult arose in Ireland, on account of the insult which Matholwch had received in Cambria, and the payment made him for his horses. And his foster-brothers, and such as were nearest unto him, blamed him openly for that matter. And he might have no peace by reason of the tumult until they should revenge upon him this disgrace. And the vengeance which they took was to drive away Branwen from the same chamber with him, and to make her cook for the Court; and they caused the butcher after he had cut up the meat to come to her and give her every day a blow on the ear, and such they made her punishment.

"Verily, lord," said his men to Matholwch, "forbid now the ships and the ferry boats and the coracles, that they go not into Cambria, and such as come over from Cambria hither, imprison them that they go not back for this thing to be known there." And he did so; and it was thus for no less than three years.

And Branwen reared a starling in the cover of the kneading trough, and she taught it to speak, and she taught the bird what manner of man her brother was. And she wrote a letter of her woes, and the despite with which she was treated, and she bound the letter to the root of the bird's wing, and sent it towards Britain. And the bird came to this island, and one day it found Bendigeid Vran at Caer Seiont in Arvon, conferring there, and it alighted upon his shoulder, and ruffled its feathers, so that the letter was seen, and they knew that the bird had been reared in a domestic manner.

Then Bendigeid Vran took the letter and looked upon it. And when he had read the letter he grieved exceedingly at the tidings of Branwen's woes. And immediately he began sending messengers to summon the island together. And he caused sevenscore and four countries to come unto him, and he complained to them himself of the grief that his sister endured. So they took counsel. And in the council they resolved to go to Ireland, and to leave seven men as princes here, and Caradawc the son of Bran, as the chief of them, and their seven knights. In Edeyrnion were these men

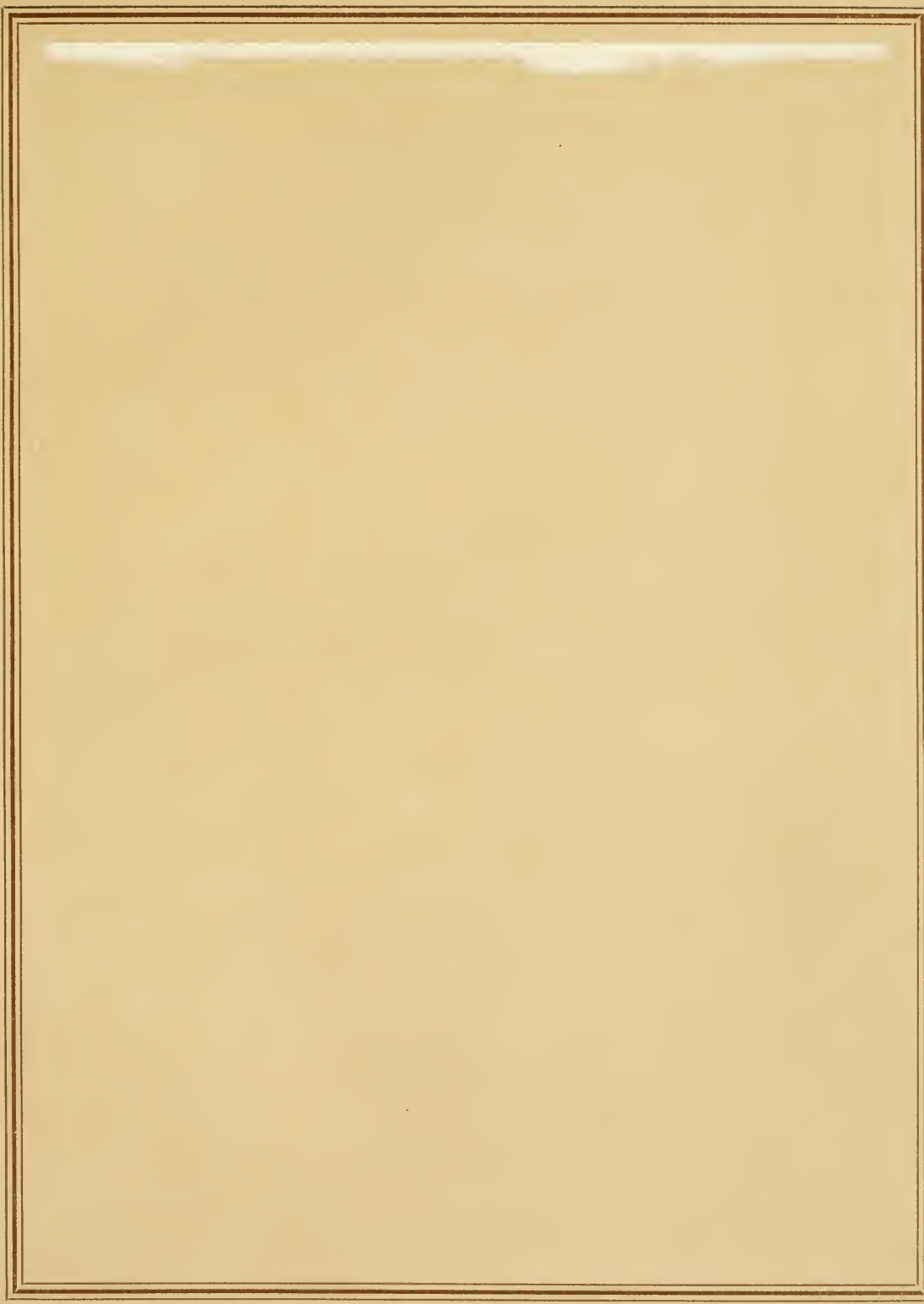
left. And for this reason were the seven knights placed in the town. Now the names of these seven were, Caradawc the son of Bran, and Heveydd Hir, and Unic Glew Ysgwyd, and Iddic the son of Anarawc Gwalltgrwn, and Fodor the son of Ervyll, and Gwlch Minascwrn, and Llassar the son of Llaesar Llaesgwyd, and Pendaran Dyved as a young page with them. And these abode as seven ministers to take charge of this island; and Caradawc the son of Bran was the chief amongst them.

Bendigeid Vran, with the host of which we spoke, sailed towards Ireland, and it was not far across the sea, and he came to shoal water. It was but by two rivers; the Lli and the Archan were they called; and the nations covered the sea. Then he proceeded with what provisions he had on his own back, and approached the shore of Ireland.

Now the swineherds of Matholwch were upon the sea-shore, and they came to Matholwch. "Lord," said they, "greeting be unto thee." "Heaven protect you," said he, "have you any news?" "Lord," said they, "we have marvellous news, a wood have we seen upon the sea, in a place where we never yet saw a single tree." "This is indeed a marvel," said he; "saw you aught else?" "We saw, lord," said they, "a vast mountain beside the wood, which moved, and there was a lofty ridge on the top of the mountain, and a lake on each side of the ridge. And the wood, and the mountain, and all these things moved." "Verily," said he, "there is none who can know aught concerning this, unless it be Branwen."

Messengers then went unto Branwen. "Lady," said they, "what thinkest thou that this is?" "The men of the Island of the Mighty, who have come hither on hearing of my ill treatment and my woes." "What is the forest that is seen upon the sea?" asked they. "The yards and the masts of ships," she answered. "Alas," said they, "what is the mountain that is seen by the side of the ships?" "Bendigeid Vran, my brother," she replied, "coming to shoal water; there is no ship that can contain him in it." "What is the lofty ridge with the lake on each side thereof?" "On looking towards this island he is wroth, and his two eyes, one on each side of his nose, are the two lakes beside the ridge."

The warriors and the chief men of Ireland were brought together in haste, and they took counsel. "Lord," said the nobles unto Matholwch, "there is no other counsel than to retreat over the



Branwen

From a water colour by Talbot Hughes, R.O.I.

Linon (a river which is in Ireland), and to keep the river between thee and him, and to break down the bridge that is across the river, for there is a loadstone at the bottom of the river that neither ship nor vessel can pass over." So they retreated across the river, and broke down the bridge.

Bendigeid Vran came to land, and the fleet with him by the bank of the river. "Lord," said the chieftains, "knowest thou the nature of this river, that nothing can go across it, and there is no bridge over it?" "What," said they, "is thy counsel concerning a bridge?" "There is none," said he, "except that he who will be chief, let him be a bridge. I will be so," said he. And then was that saying first uttered, and it is still used as a proverb. And when he had lain down across the river, hurdles were placed upon him, and the host passed over thereby.

And as he rose up, behold the messengers of Matholwch came to him, and saluted him, and gave him greeting in the name of Matholwch, his kinsman, and showed how that of his goodwill he had merited of him nothing but good. "For Matholwch has given the kingdom of Ireland to Gwern the son of Matholwch, thy nephew and thy sister's son. And this he places before thee, as a compensation for the wrong and despite that has been done unto Branwen. And Matholwch shall be maintained wheresoever thou wilt, either here or in the Island of the Mighty." Said Bendigeid Vran, "Shall not I myself have the kingdom? Then peradventure I may take counsel concerning your message. From this time until then no other answer will you get from me." "Verily," said they, "the best message that we receive for thee, we will convey it unto thee, and do thou await our message unto him." "I will wait," answered he, "and do you return quickly."

The messengers set forth and came to Matholwch. "Lord," said they, "prepare a better message for Bendigeid Vran. He would not listen at all to the message that we bore him." "My friends," said Matholwch, "what may be your counsel?" "Lord," said they, "there is no other counsel than this alone. He was never known to be within a house, make therefore a house that will contain him and the men of the Island of the Mighty on the one side, and thyself and thy host on the other; and give over thy kingdom to his will, and do him homage. So by reason of the honour thou doest him in making him a house, whereas he never before had a house to contain him, he will make peace with thee." So the messengers went back to Bendigeid Vran, bearing him this message.

And he took counsel, and in the council it was resolved that he should accept this, and this was all done by the advice of Branwen, and lest the country should be destroyed. And this peace was made, and the house was built both vast and strong. But the Irish planned a crafty device, and the craft was that they should put brackets on each side of the hundred pillars that were in the house, and should place a leathern bag on each bracket, and an armed man in every one of them. Then Evnissyen came in before the host of the Island of the Mighty, and scanned the house with fierce and savage looks, and descried the leathern bags which were around the pillars. "What is in this bag?" asked he of one of the Irish. "Meal, good soul," said he. And Evnissyen felt about it until he came to the man's head, and he squeezed the head until he felt his fingers meet together in the brain through the bone. And he left that one and put his hand upon another, and asked what was therein. "Meal," said the Irishman. So he did the like unto every one of them, until he had not left alive, of all the two hundred men, save one only; and when he came to him, he asked what was there. "Meal, good soul," said the Irishman. And he felt about until he felt the head, and he squeezed that head as he had done the others. And, albeit he found that the head of this one was armed, he left him not until he had killed him. And then he sang an Englyn :—

> "There is in this bag a different sort of meal,
> The ready combatant, when the assault is made
> By his fellow-warriors, prepared for battle."

Thereupon came the hosts unto the house. The men of the Island of Ireland entered the house on the one side, and the men of the Island of the Mighty on the other. And as soon as they had sat down there was concord between them; and the sovereignty was conferred upon the boy. When the peace was concluded, Bendigeid Vran called the boy unto him, and from Bendigeid Vran the boy went unto Manawyddan, and he was beloved by all that beheld him. And from Manawyddan the boy was called by Nissyen the son of Eurosswydd, and the boy went unto him lovingly. "Wherefore," said Evnissyen, "comes not my nephew the son of my sister unto me? Though he were not king of Ireland, yet willingly would I fondle the boy." "Cheerfully let him go to thee," said Bendigeid Vran, and the boy went unto him cheerfully. "By my confession to Heaven," said Evnissyen

in his heart, "unthought of by the household is the slaughter that I will this instant commit."

Then he arose and took up the boy by the feet, and before any one in the house could seize hold of him, he thrust the boy headlong into the blazing fire. And when Branwen saw her son burning in the fire, she strove to leap into the fire also, from the place where she sat between her two brothers. But Bendigeid Vran grasped her with one hand, and his shield with the other. Then they all hurried about the house, and never was there made so great a tumult by any host in one house as was made by them, as each man armed himself. Then said Morddwydtyllyon, "The gadflies of Morddwydtyllyon's Cow!"[1] And while they all sought their arms, Bendigeid Vran supported Branwen between his shield and his shoulder.

Then the Irish kindled a fire under the cauldron of renovation, and they cast the dead bodies into the cauldron until it was full, and the next day they came forth fighting-men as good as before, except that they were not able to speak. Then when Evnissyen saw the dead bodies of the men of the Island of the Mighty nowhere resuscitated, he said in his heart, "Alas! woe is me, that I should have been the cause of bringing the men of the Island of the Mighty into so great a strait. Evil betide me if I find not a deliverance therefrom." And he cast himself among the dead bodies of the Irish, and two unshod Irishmen came to him, and, taking him to be one of the Irish, flung him into the cauldron. And he stretched himself out in the cauldron, so that he rent the cauldron into four pieces, and burst his own heart also.

In consequence of that the men of the Island of the Mighty obtained such success as they had; but they were not victorious, for only seven men of them all escaped, and Bendigeid Vran himself was wounded in the foot with a poisoned dart. Now the seven men that escaped were Pryderi, Manawyddan, Gluneu Eil Taran, Taliesin, Ynawc, Grudyen the son of Muryel, and Heilyn the son of Gwynn Hen.

And Bendigeid Vran commanded them that they should cut off his head. "And take you my head," said he, "and bear it even unto the White Mount, in London, and bury it there, with the face towards France. And a long time will you be upon the road.

[1] The text is corrupt, but even so it is not clear how Lady C. Guest arrived at this extraordinary rendering. A suggested emendation yields the sense: "Gwern, fair and ruddy! Ah me, Morddwydtyllyon!" Gwern was the boy's name.

In Harlech you will be feasting seven years, the birds of Rhiannon singing unto you the while. And all that time the head will be to you as pleasant company as it ever was when on my body. And at Gwales in Penvro you will be fourscore years, and you may remain there, and the head with you uncorrupted, until you open the door that looks towards Aber Henvelen, and towards Cornwall. And after you have opened that door, there you may no longer tarry, set forth then to London to bury the head, and go straight forward."

So they cut off his head, and these seven went forward therewith. And Branwen was the eighth with them, and they came to land at Aber Alaw, in Talebolyon, and they sat down to rest. And Branwen looked towards Ireland and towards the Island of the Mighty, to see if she could descry them. "Alas," said she, "woe is me that I was ever born; two islands have been destroyed because of me!" Then she uttered a loud groan, and there broke her heart. And they made her a foursided grave, and buried her upon the banks of the Alaw.

Then they went on to Harlech, and there stopped to rest, and they provided meat and liquor, and sat down to eat and to drink. And there came three birds, and began singing unto them a certain song, and all the songs they had ever heard were unpleasant compared thereto; and the birds seemed to them to be at a great distance from them over the sea, yet they appeared as distinct as if they were close by, and at this repast they continued seven years.

And at the close of the seventh year they went forth to Gwales in Penvro. And there they found a fair and regal spot overlooking the ocean; and a spacious hall was therein. And they went into the hall, and two of its doors were open, but the third door was closed, that which looked towards Cornwall. "See, yonder," said Manawyddan, "is the door that we may not open." And that night they regaled themselves and were joyful. And of all they had seen of food laid before them, and of all they had heard of, they remembered nothing; neither of that, nor of any sorrow whatsoever. And there they remained fourscore years, unconscious of having ever spent a time more joyous and mirthful. And they were not more weary than when first they came, neither did they, any of them, know the time they had been there. And it was not more irksome to them having the head with them, than if Bendigeid Vran had been with them himself.

One day said Heilyn the son of Gywnn, "Evil betide me, if

I do not open the door to know if that is true which is said concerning it." So he opened the door and looked towards Cornwall and Aber Henvelen. And when they had looked, they were as conscious of all the evils they had ever sustained, and of all the friends and companions they had lost, and of all the misery that had befallen them, as if all had happened in that very spot; and especially of the fate of their lord. And because of their perturbation they could not rest, but journeyed forth with the head towards London. And they buried the head in the White Mount, and when it was buried, this was the third goodly concealment; and it was the third ill-fated disclosure when it was disinterred, inasmuch as no invasion from across the sea came to this island while the head was in that concealment. And thus is the story related of those who journeyed over from Ireland.

THE MABINOGION.
(*Trans. Lady Charlotte Guest.*)

THE SONG OF THE WIND

[AFTER TALIESIN]

DISCOVER thou,—Who
It was that first grew,
Out of nothing arrayed,
Created, not made,
A Creature strong,
Ere man was, long
Before the Flood?
Without flesh, without blood;
Without veins, without bone;
Without head or foot; grown
Nor more aged nor young
Than when first he forth-sprung
Into life, bold of breath.
Not for him, fear or death:
Not for him, want or care,
Can come near.
Great God! how the foam
Is whipt white if he come,
From out the Unknown,
Oh, most beautiful One!
In the wood and the mead,
How he fares in his speed!
And over the land,
Without foot, without hand,
Without fear of old age,
Or Destiny's rage:
Coeval in time
With the Centuries' prime,
And the Periods Five,—
He fared, strong and live,
Forthright in his pride.
And his wings are as wide
As the ends of the earth:
And none gave him birth:
And his face none has seen,
Though but now he has been
Both afar and at hand,
On the sea, on the land.
And there is no wall
That can bind him; no call
That can bring him from where
The four Regions are.

Unrestrained,—with the day,
He is forth on his way,
From o'er the high throne
Of the pale marble-stone.
Now loud and now dumb,
Discourteous, he is come;
Determined and bold;
O'er the field and the wold;
And blustering sweeps on
To the sea, and is gone.
His banner he flings
O'er the earth as he springs
On his way, but unseen
Are its folds; and his mien,
Rough or fair, is not shown,
And his face is unknown.
From the heat of the sun,
From the cold of the moon,
He drinks splendour and speed:
And the stars urge his steed.
Seven stars are in heaven,
Seven gifts were they given:
And the student of stars
Knows them—Mercury, Mars,
And their kin, and their might.
How the Moon fetches light
From the Sun, too, he knows,
And how freely it flows
But who tells us, or knows,
Whence came, swift and strong,
This Creature, made long
Ere man was;—and grown
Without flesh, without bone,
Without veins, without blood,
Without hands, without feet,
Strong, fearless, and fleet,—
Ere the flood?

ERNEST RHYS.

THE HALL OF CYNDDYLAN

[AFTER LLYWARCH HÊN]

THE Hall of Cynddylan's dark to-night:
The hearth is cold that burnt so bright:
My tears fall down in the ashes white.

The Hall of Cynddylan is dark to-night:
Without cheer of fire or candlelight;
None there, save God! Lord keep me aright!

Dark, dark to-night is Cynddylan's hall,
Where once the red fire light cheered the wall:
The silence creeps and spreads o'er all.

The door of Cynddylan swings wide to-night
In the wind, on Carreg Hetwyth's height:
Its guests are gone, in its dark despite.

The Hall of Cynddylan is bitter chill :
Where my harp had honour, the wind is shrill,
Where the guests once gathered on Hetwyth hill.

Ah, Hall of Cynddylan, it pierces me,
Where once was thy hearth's warm courtesy,
To-night thy sombre walls to see.

ERNEST RHYS.

THE DEATH OF SAINT DAVID

When David, on the last Tuesday in February, was listening to his scholars celebrating God's service, he heard an angel speaking unto him and addressing him in this wise : "David," said the angel, "that which thou hast long sought of the Lord thy God is now prepared for thee, and to be had at thy will." And straightway he lifted up his eyes with joy, and said, "Even now, Lord, take Thy servant unto Thy peace." And the scholars, who heard these several utterances, were overcome with awe, and fell on their faces as men that were dead. And straightway heard they a delectable voice ; and were aware of the sweetest perfumes filling the whole city. And David for the second time spake with a loud voice : "Lord Jesus Christ," said he, "receive my soul ! Let me no longer tarry amidst these evils." And then they heard once more the angel speaking unto David : "Saint David, get thee ready. On the first day of March shall come thy Lord, Jesus Christ, and with Him the nine orders of Heaven, and the tenth from the Earth, to receive thee ; and He will call to come with thee such as thou willest of the clergy and the laity, of the innocent and the sinful, young and old, male and female, husband and wife, buffoon or harlot, Jew or Saracen ; and they all shall come with thee." And the brethren, with one accord, when they heard this, weeping and lamenting, wailing and sighing, lifted up their voices and cried : "Lord Saint David, help thou our sorrow." Then spake David unto them for their solace and their comfort. "My brethren, be ye alway steadfast and of the same mind ; and whatsoever ye have seen in and heard from me, hold unto it, and strive for yet greater things." And from that day forth unto his death, David no more went out of the church to preach unto the people and to pray.

And the report of this was by the angel spread abroad within one day throughout the whole of this island and of Ireland. And thus the angel spake : " Know ye that within the week that is now coming, David the saint, your lord, shall depart from this present world unto his own Lord." Thereupon there were seen the saints of this island and the saints of Ireland hasting from every part to see Saint David. And oh ! where was he who could bear to hear the lamentation of the saints and the groans of the hermits and the priests ?—the cries of the scholars asking, " Who shall teach us ? " of the parsons asking, " Who shall assist us ? " of the kings calling out in their despair, " Who shall anoint us ? Who shall be a father so merciful unto us as David ? Who shall pray for us unto the Lord ? " The lament of the poor and the wailing of the sick ; the monks and the virgins and the matrons and the doers of penance, and the young men and maidens, sons and daughters, and those with new-born babes at their breasts, all shedding tears—what shall I say of all this but that on all sides arose the same cry of lamentation ? The kings bewailed the loss of a brother, the aged of a son, and the sons of a father.

On Sunday David sang mass, and preached unto the people ; and the like unto that preaching was never before heard, nor ever shall be heard hereafter. Eye hath not seen such a throng of people as were there gathered in one place. And when the sermon and the mass were come to an end, David pronounced his blessing upon all in common who were there ; and when he had given his blessing unto them all, he uttered these words : " Lords, brethren and sisters, rejoice, and hold fast your faith and belief ; and do the little things that you have heard from and seen in me. As for me, I shall go the way that our fathers have trod. And fare ye well ! And may ye have strength to live on in this world, for nevermore shall we meet again upon earth." Thereupon might be heard a universal cry of lamentation, and of wailing and weeping, and of people saying, " Oh that the earth would swallow us ! Oh that fire would come to burn us ! Oh that the sea would overflow the land ! Oh that the mountains would fall flat and cover us ! " And methought all who were there were going unto instant death. From the Sunday even unto the Wednesday following the death of David they tasted neither meat nor drink, but continued three days in prayer unto God. And on the morning of Tuesday, with the crowing of the cock, lo, a host of angels filled the city, and throughout every part of the city were heard all manner of delectable songs.

Vespers

From a painting by Tom Mostyn, A.R.C.A., R.W.A.

And on that morning hour, lo, the Lord Jesus Christ appeared, and with Him, as he had promised of His mighty power, the nine orders of Heaven: and the sun shone clear upon all the hosts.

And on Tuesday, the first day of the Kalends of March, Jesus Christ took unto Himself the soul of David the Saint with great pomp and joy and honour. Thus, after all his hunger and thirst, his fevers and his labours, his fastings and his charities, his afflictions and his sorrows and his trials, and his anxiety for the world, the angels took his soul and led it unto the place where there is light without end, and rest without toil, and joy without sorrow, and abundance of all good things, and beauty in all its brightness: the place where is sung the glory of the soldiers of Christ; where the wicked rich are passed by; where health is without pain, and youth without eld, and peace without discord, and glory without vanity, and songs without ceasing, and rewards without end: where Abel is with the martyrs, and Enoch with the living, and Noah with the sailors, and Abraham with the patriarchs, and Melchisedech with the priests, and Job with the long-suffering, and Moses with the princes, and Aaron with the bishops, and David with the kings, and Isaiah with the prophets, and Mary with the virgins, and Peter with the apostles, and Paul with the men of Greece, and Thomas with the men of India, and John with the men of Asia, and Matthew with the men of Judea, and Luke with the men of Achaia, and Mark with the men of Alexandria, and Andrew with the men of Scythia; and where the angels are and the archangels, and the cherubim and seraphim, and the King of Kings, for ever and ever. Amen.

THE BOOK OF THE ANCHORITE, 1346.
(*Trans. W. L. J.*)

THE MARSH OF RHUDDLAN

Over Eryri the setting sun flashes,
Night's curtain closes o'er moorland and lea,
Now not a breath stirs the shadowy ashes,
Far, far away falls the sigh of the sea.
Yet ev'ry patriot pulse in my body
Knocks at the door of my passionate heart,
While, Rhuddlan Marsh, in thy battlefield bloody,
Curs'd of the Cymry, again I take part.

Out of the gloom leap the loud crashing targes,
Through the spear forest the battle-axe breaks,
Arrows fly hissing—to thundering charges
E'en to its marges the red morass quakes!
O'er the wild tumult, the wail of the wounded,
Hark! the clear voice of Caradoc is rolled:
"Into yon breach! or betrayed and surrounded
On Rhuddlan Marsh let the moon find us cold."

Quick to his call hero hearts are upleaping,
Fierce as their swords hero faces outflame;
Strong hero arms the red harvest are reaping,
Gap after gap to their glory they claim!
Then with one voice all our nation kneels praying:
"Great is our jeopardy, Lord God of Hosts,
Only in Thee our last hope we are staying,
None but Thine Arm can deliver our coasts!"

Honour and hope kept the vantage till sunset,
Then overpowered our battle gave way;
Vaunt not, proud foe, your victorious onset—
Numbers, not valour, have won you the day!
Oh! but yon crowd that with Heaven interceded—
Grey-headed grandsire, weak women and child—
Now from their knees, their petition unheeded,
Flock in white terror far into the wild!

Coom[1] after coom to Eryri's recesses
Echoes the cry of those desolate ones;
Whilst Mother Wales, as she tears her wild tresses,
Weeps o'er the urns of her mightiest sons!
Beauty's rose dies at Caradoc's disaster,
Terror and panic his battlements climb;
Whilst his arch-minstrel, lamenting his master,
Makes Morva Rhuddlan our dirge for all time.

IEUAN GLAN GEIRIONYDD
(*Trans. A. P. Graves.*)

[1] 'Coom' is the Welsh word *cwm*, 'valley.'

BOADICEA

When the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods.

Sage beneath the spreading oak
Sat the druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage and full of grief.

"Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

"Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt—
Perish hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

"Rome, for empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground,—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

"Other Romans shall arise
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

"Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

"Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,
  Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
  Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
  Felt them in her bosom glow;
Rushed to battle, fought and died,—
  Dying, hurled them at the foe.

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
  Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestowed,
  Shame and ruin wait for you.

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN

[AFTER GWALCHMAI]

OWEN's praise demands my song,
Owen swift and Owen strong;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
Gwyneth's shield and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.
Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;
This the force of Eirin hiding,
Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow long and gay
Lochlin ploughs the wat'ry way;
There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds, and join the war;
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
The Dragon-son of Mona stands;

In glitt'ring arms and glory drest,
High he rears his ruby crest.
There the thund'ring strokes begin,
There the press, and there the din;
Talymalfra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thousand banners round him burn;
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty rout is there,
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop, and shame to fly.
There Confusion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Despair and honourable Death.

1768. THOMAS GRAY.

THE FIELD OF CROGEN

The battle went on to its ending,
With the enemy routed outright;
And the day-star on Gwynedd descending
Looked down, as the dawn followed night:
There the young men that stood fast, together,
For Gwynedd, fell down, and so died,—
And many a wife and dear mother
Looked for husband and son side by side.

But the blackbird, he never left whistling
On the oak by the battle's long glade,
Where the trees and the thickets were rustling
Their branches above the pale dead;
Ah, there lay a young soldier, dying,
And watch'd a boy drop on the sward,
And, beyond him, the old father lying,—
And in his dead hand the live sword.

The women and children the dead there
Drew forth;—and their hands heavily

Dug the ditch ! Their dear ones they laid there ;
But the blackbird still sang on his tree.
Ah, bitter, Maes Crogen, thy sorrow ;
But, blesséd, the bird did not know
Of the weeping there was on that morrow,—
The live for the dead laid below.

c. 1860. CEIRIOG.
(*Trans. Ernest Rhys.*)

THE MEN OF HARLECH

Fierce the beacon light is flaming,
With its tongues of fire proclaiming,
" Chieftains, sundered to your shaming,
Strongly now unite ! "
At the call all Arfon rallies,
War-cries rend her hills and valleys,
Troop on troop, with headlong sallies,
Hurtle to the fight.
Chiefs lie dead and wounded ;
Yet, where first 'twas grounded,
Freedom's flag still holds the crag—
Her trumpet still is sounded.
O there we'll keep her banner flying,
While the pale lips of the dying
Echo to our shout defying,
" Harlech for the right ! "

Shall the alien army shake you,
Smite, pursue and overtake you ?
Men of Harlech, God shall make you
Victors, blow for blow !
As the rivers of Eryri
Sweep the vale, with flooded fury,
Gwalia from her mountain eyrie
Thunders on the foe !
Now, avenging Briton,
Smite as he has smitten !

The Drummer Boy

By Sir W. Goscombe John, R.A.

Let your rage on history's page
In foemen's blood be written!
Long his lance, but yours is longer,
Strong his sword, but yours is stronger!
One stroke more! and then your wronger
At your feet lies low!

c. 1860. CEIRIOG.
(*Trans. A. P. Graves.*)

PLAS GOGERDDAN

"WITHOUT thy Sire hast thou returned?"
In grief the Princess cried!
"Go back!—or from my sight be spurned—
To battle by his side.
I gave thee birth; but struck to earth
I'd sooner see thee lie,
Or on thy bier come carried here,
Than thus a craven fly!"

"Seek yonder hall, and pore on all
The portraits of thy race;
The courage high that fires each eye
Canst thou endure to face?"
"I'll bring no blame on thy fair name,
Or my forefathers slight!
But kiss and bless me, mother dear,
Ere I return to fight."

He fought and fell—his stricken corse
They bore to her abode:
"My son!" she shrieked, in wild remorse;
"Forgive me, oh! my God!"
Then from the wall old voices fall:
"Rejoice for such a son!
His deed and thine shall deathless shine,
Whilst Gwalia's waters run!"

CEIRIOG.
(*Trans. A. P. Graves.*)

THE WAR-SONG OF DINAS VAWR

The mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter;
We therefore deemed it meeter
To carry off the latter.
We made an expedition;
We met an host and quelled it;
We forced a strong position,
And killed the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley,
Where herds of kine were browsing,
We made a mighty sally,
To furnish our carousing.
Fierce warriors rushed to meet us;
We met them, and o'erthrew them:
They struggled hard to beat us;
But we conquered them, and slew them.

As we drove our prize at leisure,
The king marched forth to catch us:
His rage surpassed all measure,
But his people could not match us.
He fled to his hall-pillars;
And, ere our force we led off,
Some sacked his house and cellars,
While others cut his head off.

We there, in strife bewildering,
Spilt blood enough to swim in:
We orphaned many children,
And widowed many women.
The eagles and the ravens
We glutted with our foemen;
The heroes and the cravens,
The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle,
And much their land bemoaned them,
Two thousand head of cattle,
And the head of him who owned them:
Ednyfed, King of Dyfed,
His head was borne before us;
His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
And his overthrow, our chorus.

1829. THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

THE NORMAN HORSE-SHOE

[The Welsh in Norman times, possessing an inferior breed of horses, were often unable to withstand the shock of the Anglo-Norman cavalry. The following song celebrates a defeat by the Welsh of Clare, Earl of Striguil and Pembroke, and of Neville, Baron of Chepstow, Lords-Marchers of Monmouthshire.]

Red glows the forge in Striguil's bounds
And hammers din, and anvil sounds,
And armourers, with iron toil,
Barb many a steed for battle's broil.
Foul fall the hand which bends the steel
Around the courser's thundering heel,
That e'er shall dint a sable wound
On fair Glamorgan's velvet ground!

From Chepstow's towers, ere dawn of morn,
Was heard afar the bugle-horn;
And forth, in banded pomp and pride,
Stout Clare and fiery Neville ride.
They swore their banners broad should gleam
In crimson light on Rhymney's stream;
They vow'd Caerphilly's sod should feel
The Norman charger's spurning heel.

And sooth they swore—the sun arose,
And Rhymney's wave with crimson glows!
For Clare's red banner, floating wide,
Roll'd down the stream to Severn's side!

And sooth they vow'd—the trampled green
Show'd where hot Neville's charge had been;
In every sable hoof-tramp stood
A Norman horseman's curdling blood!

Old Chepstow's brides may curse the toil
That armed stout Clare for Cambrian broil;
Their orphans long the art may rue,
For Neville's war-horse forged the shoe.
No more the stamp of armèd steed
Shall dint Glamorgan's velvet mead;
Nor trace be there, in early spring,
Save of the fairies' emerald ring.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE PRINCE'S BOAST

A WHITE-TOPPED wave is washing ever
The Royal grave of Rhufawn Bevr;
There lies the Land I love and England loathes,
Right rich the growths her sickles sever.

I love her mead-cup's amber treasure,
When wintry seas storm beyond measure;
I love the Clans that in her coombs increase;
Their Prince hath in her peace his pleasure.

I love her steeps, her shores blue-brimming,
Her wood-side keeps, her glades dew-swimming,
Her meadows fountain-fed, her valleys bright,
Her sea-gulls white, her lovely women.

I love her warriors' hero-faces,
Their steeds and stately dwelling-places;
I love her fields, even to their small sweet clover,
And laud her, as a lover his lady's graces.

HYWEL AB OWAIN, PRINCE OF GWYNEDD.
1169. (*Trans. A. P. Graves.*)

THE DEATH OF LLYWELYN

THE LAST PRINCE OF WALES

Llywelyn died, not at the head of his army in a well-fought fray, but almost alone, in an unregarded corner of the field, as he was hastening from some private errand to rejoin the troops who were holding the north bank of the Irfon against a determined English attack. The man who struck him down with his lance, one Stephen Frankton, knew not what he had done, and it was only afterwards that the body was recognised. It is probable that the true story of that fateful 11th of December will never be rightly known, and, in particular, why Llywelyn, with dangers on every side, had thus allowed himself to be separated from his faithful troops. But, mysterious accident though it was, the prince's death was decisive for the struggle between the two races; without him, the Welsh could not continue the conflict, and, though Edward had still much to do to secure the fruits of victory, the turning point had been reached in the contest between Welsh independence and the English Crown. Only Llywelyn ap Gruffydd could give life to the cause which must eventually succumb to the centralising tendencies of English politics.

Upon recognition of the fallen hero, his head was cut off and sent to Edward, who exhibited it to the army in Anglesey and then dispatched it to London, so as to gratify the citizens with concrete evidence of his triumph. The body, when some ecclesiastical scruples had been satisfied, was buried in the Abbey of Cwm Hir, where, however, nothing remains to mark the site of the grave. Llywelyn's wife, Eleanor, had died in childbirth in June in the midst of the conflict and had been buried in the friary at Llanfaes. The little Gwenllian, their only child, soon fell into the hands of the king, and spent her days as a nun of Sempringham. No heir, therefore, carried on the traditions of the lost leader, and his followers felt there was nothing more to live for:

> O God! that the sea might engulf the land!
> Why are we left to long-drawn weariness?

was the lament of the desperate Gruffydd ab yr Ynad Coch, who read the tragedy of the hour in the beating of the wind and of the

rain, the sullen wash of the waves upon the grey beach, the roar of the wind-whipped oaks that miserable and more than wintry December. It was for a far distant generation to see that the last Prince had not lived in vain, but by his life-work had helped to build solidly the enduring fabric of Welsh nationality.

1911. J. E. LLOYD.

OWEN GLENDOWER

It is as difficult to get a definite idea of Owen's character from the bards who saw him and sat at his table as it is from the English chroniclers who associate him with storms and magic. It is easy to make a list of details—he was the people's golden sword, his gifts were coats of mail, he well understood the intricacies of alliterative song, stern was he towards those of alien tongue, but the defender of the oppressed men of South Wales. Iolo describes him while longing for his appearance to deliver Wales—for his tall form, for the three lions azure on his golden shield. But the personality of Owen remains far off and mysterious. His sons fought and fell in battle—he was at few battles, if at any. We see him in council, tall and majestic, but even there he is the personification of political dreams rather than a real man. It may be that he tried to surround himself with mystery; every disappearance as well as every appearance increased his influence. Had he the superstition which is the shadow of fatalism? He consulted a seer when at "Merlin's city, now called Carmarthen," and was told that he would be taken under a black flag. A soldier who helped to defend Calais, and who wrote a history of Wales in the turmoil of a busy soldier's life over a century later, came from the fringe of Owen's country. He gives the facts of Owen's life as they had been warped and confused by popular tradition, and the various popular beliefs about the causes of his disappearance—that he could not pay his mercenaries, that he really died, that he had lost faith in his mission. One early morning the abbot of Valle Crucis was walking along the hillside above the abbey, and praying. Owen Glendower appeared and said:

"Sir Abbot, you have risen too early." "No," answered the Abbot; "it is you who have risen too early—by a hundred years."

And Glendower knew that he was not the Owen that prophecy had spoken of, and he disappeared.

Owen Glendower

From a water colour by A. C. Michael

In England Owen Glendower was known only from the descriptions of those that hated and feared him. One proof of his greatness is that in English tradition the prejudices against him disappeared. In Shakespeare his belief in magic remains; his boasts of a poetic gift which enabled him to frame to the harp "many an English ditty lovely well," and of his power to summon spirits from the vasty deep, are contrasted to his disadvantage with the rough manners of hasty, swearing Hotspur. But the final contrast is between the arrogance of the English custodian of Welsh castles and the dreamy, mystical leader of Welsh rebellion. On the one side there are:

> "Harsh rage,
> Defect of manners, want of government,
> Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain,
> The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
> Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
> Upon the beauty of all parts besides."

On the other hand, many of the best qualities of a ruler are described in the final English verdict on Owen Glendower:

> "In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,
> Exceedingly well read, and profited
> In strange concealments, valiant as a lion,
> And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
> As mines of India."

1901. O. M. EDWARDS.

THE MOUNTAIN FIRES

Light the hills! till heaven is glowing
As with some red meteor's rays!
Winds of night, though rudely blowing,
Shall but fan the beacon-blaze.
Light the hills! till flames are streaming
From Yr Wyddfa's sovereign steep,
To the waves round Mona gleaming,
Where the Roman tracked the deep!

Be the mountain watch-fires heightened,
Pile them to the stormy sky!
Till each torrent-wave is brightened,
Kindling as it rushes by.

Now each rock, the mist's high dwelling,
Towers in reddening light sublime ;
Heap the flames ! around them telling
Tales of Cambria's elder time.

Thus our sires, the fearless-hearted,
Many a solemn vigil kept,
When in ages long departed,
O'er the noble dead they wept.
In the winds we hear their voices—
" Sons ! though yours a brighter lot,
When the mountain-land rejoices,
Be her mighty unforgot ! "

FELICIA HEMANS.

1832.

STAR OF PEACE

Star of peace, oh, when the wanderer
Sees thy light his heart is brave :
Do thou cheer the lonely sailor
Far on the wave.

Star of faith, when fears assail him,
When his heart doth succour crave,
May thy heavenly strength not fail him,
Far on the wave.

Star divine, oh, henceforth guide him
Home in joy, the wanderer save :
For the storms have fiercely tried him
Far on the wave.

Star of hope, oh, do thou greet him
This last night before the grave,
Until calm eternal meet him
Far on the wave !

ISLWYN.

(*Trans. Sir Francis Edwards.*)

THE LEGEND OF LLYN Y VAN

When the eventful struggle made by the Princes of South Wales to preserve the independence of their country was drawing to its close in the twelfth century, there lived at Blaensawdde near Llanddeusant, Carmarthenshire, a widowed woman, the relict of a farmer who had fallen in those disastrous troubles.

The widow had an only son to bring up, but Providence smiled upon her, and despite her forlorn condition, her live stock had so increased in course of time, that she could not well depasture them upon her farm, so she sent a portion of her cattle to graze on the adjoining Black Mountain, and their most favourite place was near the small lake called Llyn y Van Vach, on the north-western side of the Carmarthenshire Vans.

The son grew up to manhood, and was generally sent by his mother to look after the cattle on the mountain. One day, in his peregrinations along the margin of the lake, to his great astonishment, he beheld, sitting on the unruffled surface of the water, a lady; one of the most beautiful creatures that mortal eyes ever beheld, her hair flowed gracefully in ringlets over her shoulders, the tresses of which she arranged with a comb, whilst the glassy surface of her watery couch served for the purpose of a mirror, reflecting back her own image. Suddenly she beheld the young man standing on the brink of the lake, with his eyes riveted on her, and unconsciously offering to herself the provision of barley bread and cheese with which he had been provided when he left his home.

Bewildered by a feeling of love and admiration for the object before him, he continued to hold out his hand towards the lady, who imperceptibly glided near to him, but gently refused the offer of his provisions. He attempted to touch her, but she eluded his grasp, saying—

Cras dy fara;	Hard baked is thy bread!
Nid hawdd fy nala.	'Tis not easy to catch me;

and immediately dived under the water and disappeared, leaving the love-stricken youth to return home, a prey to disappointment and regret that he had been unable to make further acquaintance with one, in comparison with whom all maidens of Llanddeusant and Myddfai whom he had ever seen were as nothing.

On his return home the young man communicated to his mother the extraordinary vision he had beheld. She advised him to take some unbaked dough or "toes" the next time in his pocket, as there must have been some spell connected with the hard-baked bread, or "Bara cras," which prevented his catching the lady.

Next morning, before the sun had gilded with its rays the peaks of the Vans, the young man was at the lake, not for the purpose of looking after his mother's cattle, but seeking for the same enchanting vision he had witnessed the day before; but all in vain did he anxiously strain his eyeballs and glance over the surface of the lake, as only the ripples occasioned by a stiff breeze met his view, and a cloud hung heavily on the summit of the Van, which imparted an additional gloom to his already distracted mind.

Hours passed on, the wind was hushed, and the clouds which had enveloped the mountain had vanished into thin air before the powerful beams of the sun, when the youth was startled by seeing some of his mother's cattle on the precipitous side of the acclivity, nearly on the opposite side of the lake. His duty impelled him to attempt to rescue them from their perilous position, for which purpose he was hastening away, when, to his inexpressible delight, the object of his search again appeared to him as before, and seemed much more beautiful than when he first beheld her. His hand was again held out to her, full of unbaked bread, which he offered with an urgent proffer of his heart also, and vows of eternal attachment. All of which were refused by her, saying—

Llaith dy fara!	Unbaked is thy bread!
Ti ni fynna'.	I will not have thee.

But the smiles that played upon her features as the lady vanished beneath the waters raised within the young man a hope that forbade him to despair by her refusal of him, and the recollection of which cheered him on his way home. His aged parent was made acquainted with his ill-success, and she suggested that his bread should next time be but slightly baked, as most likely to please the mysterious being of whom he had become enamoured.

Impelled by an irresistible feeling, the youth left his mother's house early next morning, and with rapid steps he passed over the mountain. He was soon near the margin of the lake, and with all the impatience of an ardent lover did he wait with a feverish anxiety for the reappearance of the mysterious lady.

The Lady of the Van Lake

From a painting by Margaret Lindsay Williams

The sheep and goats browsed on the precipitous sides of the Fan ; the cattle strayed amongst the rocks and large stones, some of which were occasionally loosened from their beds and suddenly rolled down into the lake ; rain and sunshine alike came and passed away ; but all were unheeded by the youth, so wrapped up was he in looking for the appearance of the lady.

The freshness of the early morning had disappeared before the sultry rays of the noonday sun, which in its turn was fast verging towards the west as the evening was dying away and making room for the shades of night, and hope had well-nigh abated of beholding once more the Lady of the Lake. The young man cast a sad and last farewell look over the waters, and, to his astonishment, beheld several cows walking along its surface. The sight of these animals caused hope to revive that they would be followed by another object far more pleasing ; nor was he disappointed, for the maiden reappeared, and, to his enraptured sight, even lovelier than ever. She approached the land, and he rushed to meet her in the water. A smile encouraged him to seize her hand ; neither did she refuse the moderately baked bread he offered her ; and after some persuasion she consented to become his bride, on condition that they should only live together until she received from him three blows without a cause. And if he ever should happen to strike her three such blows she would leave him for ever. To such conditions he readily consented, and would have consented to any other stipulation, had it been proposed, as he was only intent on then securing such a lovely creature for his wife.

Thus the Lady of the Lake engaged to become the young man's wife, and having loosed her hand for a moment she darted away and dived into the lake. His chagrin and grief were such that he determined to cast himself headlong into the deepest water, so as to end his life in the element that had contained in its unfathomed depths the only one for whom he cared to live on earth. As he was on the point of committing this rash act, there emerged out of the lake *two* most beautiful ladies, accompanied by a hoary-headed man of noble mien and extraordinary stature, but having otherwise all the force and strength of youth. This man addressed the almost bewildered youth in accents calculated to soothe his troubled mind, saying that as he proposed to marry one of his daughters, he consented to the union, provided the young man could distinguish which of the two ladies before him was the object of his affections. This was no easy task, as the maidens were such

perfect counterparts of each other that it seemed quite impossible for him to choose his bride, and if perchance he fixed upon the wrong one all would be for ever lost.

Whilst the young man narrowly scanned the two ladies, he could not perceive the least difference betwixt the two, and was almost giving up the task in despair, when one of them thrust her foot a slight degree forward. The motion, simple as it was, did not escape the observation of the youth, and he discovered a trifling variation in the mode with which their sandals were tied. This at once put an end to the dilemma, for he, who had on previous occasions been so taken up with the general appearance of the Lady of the Lake, had also noticed the beauty of her feet and ankles, and on now recognising the peculiarity of her shoe-tie he boldly took hold of her hand.

"Thou hast chosen rightly," said her father; "be to her a kind and faithful husband, and I will give her, as a dowry, as many sheep, cattle, goats, and horses as she can count of each without drawing in her breath. But remember, that if you prove unkind to her at any time, and strike her three times without a cause, she shall return to me, and shall bring all her stock back with her."

Such was the verbal marriage settlement, to which the young man gladly assented, and his bride was desired to count the number of sheep she was to have. She immediately adopted the mode of counting by *fives*, thus :—One, two, three, four, five—One, two, three, four, five; as many times as possible in rapid succession, till her breath was exhausted. The same process of reckoning had to determine the number of goats, cattle, and horses respectively; and in an instant the full number of each came out of the lake when called upon by the father.

The young couple were then married, by what ceremony was not stated, and afterwards went to reside at a farm called Esgair Llaethdy, rather more than a mile from the village of Myddfai, where they lived in prosperity and happiness for several years, and became the parents of three sons, who were beautiful children.

Once upon a time there was a christening to take place in the neighbourhood, to which the parents were specially invited. When the day arrived the wife appeared very reluctant to attend the christening, alleging that the distance was too great for her to walk. Her husband told her to fetch one of the horses which were grazing in an adjoining field. "I will," said she, "if you will bring me my gloves which I left in our house." He went to the

house and returned with the gloves, and finding that she had not gone for the horse jocularly slapped her shoulder with one of them, saying, "Go! go!" (*dos, dos*), when she reminded him of the understanding upon which she consented to marry him :—That he was not to strike her without a cause; and warned him to be more cautious for the future.

On another occasion, when they were together at a wedding, in the midst of the mirth and hilarity of the assembled guests, who had gathered together from all the surrounding country, she burst into tears and sobbed most piteously. Her husband touched her on her shoulder and inquired the cause of her weeping: she said, "Now people are entering into trouble, and your troubles are likely to commence, as you have the *second* time stricken me without a cause."

Years passed on; and their children had grown up, and were particularly clever young men. In the midst of so many worldly blessings at home the husband almost forgot that there remained only *one* causeless blow to be given to destroy the whole of his prosperity. Still he was watchful lest any trivial occurrence should take place which his wife must regard as a breach of their marriage contract. She told him, as her affection for him was unabated, to be careful not to give, through some inadvertence, the last and only blow, which, by an unalterable destiny, over which she had no control, would separate them for ever.

It, however, so happened that one day they were together at a funeral, where, in the midst of the mourning and grief at the house of the deceased, she appeared in the highest and gayest spirits, and indulged in immoderate fits of laughter, which so shocked her husband that he touched her, saying, "Hush! hush! don't laugh." She said that she laughed "because people when they die go out of trouble," and, rising up, she went out of the house, saying, "The last blow has been struck, our marriage contract is broken, and at an end! Farewell!" Then she started off towards Esgair Llaethdy, where she called her cattle and other stock together, each by name. The cattle she called thus :—

Mu wlfrech, Moelfrech,	Brindled cow, white speckled,
Mu olfrech, Gwynfrech,	Spotted cow, bold freckled,
Pedair cae tonn-frech,	The four field sward mottled,
Yr hen wynebwen.	The old white-faced,
A'r las Geigen,	And the grey Geingen,
Gyda'r Tarw Gwyn	With the white Bull,
O lys y Brenin;	From the court of the King;

A'r llo du bach,	And the little black calf
Sydd ar y bach,	Tho' suspended on the hook,
Dere dilhau, yn iach adre!	Come thou also, quite well home !

They all immediately obeyed the summons of their mistress. The "little black calf," although it had been slaughtered, became alive again, and walked off with the rest of the stock at the command of the lady. This happened in the spring of the year, and there were four oxen ploughing in one of the fields ; to these she cried :—

Pedwar eidion glas	The four grey oxen,
Sydd ar y maes,	That are on the field,
Deuwch chwithau	Come you also
Yn iach adre !	Quite well home !

Away the whole of the live stock went with the Lady across Myddfai Mountain, towards the lake from whence they came, a distance of above six miles, where they disappeared beneath its waters, leaving no trace behind except a well-marked furrow, which was made by the plough the oxen drew after them into the lake, and which remains to this day as a testimony to the truth of this story.

What became of the affrighted ploughman — whether he was left on the field when the oxen set off, or whether he followed them to the lake, has not been handed down to tradition ; neither has the fate of the disconsolate and half-ruined husband been kept in remembrance. But of the sons it is stated that they often wandered about the lake and its vicinity, hoping that their mother might be permitted to visit the face of the earth once more, as they had been apprised of her mysterious origin, her first appearance to their father, and the untoward circumstances which so unhappily deprived them of her maternal care.

In one of their rambles, at a place near Dôl Howel, at the Mountain Gate, still called "Llidiad y Meddygon," The Physicians' Gate, the mother appeared suddenly, and accosted her eldest son, whose name was Rhiwallon, and told him that his mission on earth was to be a benefactor to mankind by relieving them from pain and misery, through healing all manner of their diseases ; for which purpose she furnished him with a bag full of medical prescriptions and instructions for the preservation of health ; that by strict attention thereto he and his family would become for many generations the most skilful physicians in the country. Then, promising to meet him when her counsel was most needed, she vanished. But on several occasions she met her sons near the banks of the lake, and once she even accompanied them on their

return home as far as a place still called "Pant-y-Meddygon," The dingle of the Physicians, where she pointed out to them the various plants and herbs which grew in the dingle, and revealed to them their medicinal qualities or virtues; and the knowledge she imparted to them, together with their unrivalled skill, soon caused them to attain such celebrity as none ever possessed before them. And in order that their knowledge should not be lost, they wisely committed the same to writing, for the benefit of mankind throughout all ages.

[*From the version of the story given, from oral sources, by Mr. Rees of Tonn in the Introduction to "The Physicians of Myddvai"* (*Welsh MSS. Society*, 1861.)]

THE LAMENT OF LLYWARCH HÊN IN HIS OLD AGE

[AFTER LLYWARCH HÊN]

Decrepit, wretched, broken, old;—
Are these the scathless limbs, grown cold,
Of which the men of Argoed told?

Old crutch, whose burden I am grown,
What of my youth, this long while flown,—
That marched with shouldered spear, alone?

Alas! is not the harvest here,
When the rush grows yellow, the bracken sere?
What I hated once,—the fall of the year!

Old crutch! Is that the winter's rain?
Or the merry men at the hearth again?
They forget the dark bedside of Llywarch Hên.

Old crutch! Is not the spring new-come?
When the cuckoo's brown, and bright the foam,
When the maidens sing the tired men home!

Old crutch! Is not the summer in?
The green blades curl; the blackbirds sing,
And the young to sharpen their beaks begin.

Alas,—I ask in my wretchedness
I know not what. The years may press,
But I cannot mark their more and less.

This leaf the wind drives down in the mould,—
(Woe, woe to the leaf, when the wind grows cold),
This year it was born, this year it is old.

The four things I hated the most, descend,
Fierce, hosted, upon me, who have not a friend:
Old age, coughing, sickness and grief without end.

Oh, wretched the lot decreed Llywarch Hên,
On the night he was born. Great sorrow and pain,
Long sorrow, and no deliverance from pain.

ERNEST RHYS.

THE COURT OF IVOR THE GENEROUS

THE KINSMAN AND PATRON OF DAFYDD AP GWILYM

Of Ivor's Court no wall or tower, they say,
Stands witness to its once so splendid day,
And round its prone and tempest-batter'd stones
Rank thorns and thistles flaunt their disarray.

No ready minstrel, learn'd in bardic lore,
Builds the high song the festive throng before;
No fretted gold from frieze or column gleams
On free and lordly largess any more.

And Dafydd, that sweet singer,—dark and deep
His grief, when mute in unawakening sleep
His bounteous kinsman lay. Now their lov'd haunts
And song-strewn pathways darkling owls do keep.

The pomp and pride of princes shall not stand,
Nor long evade Time's all-effacing hand;
Their strong-based palaces endure no more
Than children's wind-swept castles in the sand.

EVAN EVANS (IEUAN FARDD).

1778. (*Trans. W. L. J.*)

DAFYDD AP GWILYM

I WAS just, as I may say, entering upon life. I had adopted a profession, and, to keep up my character, simultaneously with that profession, the study of a new language. I speedily became a proficient in the one, but ever remained a novice in the other—a novice in the law, but a perfect master in the Welsh tongue.

Yes, very pleasant times were those, when within the womb of a lofty deal desk, behind which I sat for some eight hours every day, transcribing (when I imagined eyes were upon me) documents of every description in every possible hand, Blackstone kept company with Ab Gwilym, the polished English lawyer of the last century, who wrote long and prosy chapters on the rights of things, with a certain wild Welshman, who some four hundred years before that time indited immortal cowydds and odes—more particularly to a lady named Morfydd—generally terminating with the modest request for a little private parlance beneath the greenwood bough, with no other witness than the *eos* or nightingale—a request which, if the poet himself may be believed—rather a doubtful point—was seldom, very seldom denied. . . .

There was one part of the day when I generally found myself quite alone—I mean at the hour when the rest went home to their principal meal. I, being the youngest, was left to take care of the premises, to answer the bell, and so forth, till relieved, which was seldom before the expiration of an hour and a half, when I myself went home. This period, however, was anything but disagreeable to me, for it was then that I did what best pleased me, and, leaving off copying the documents, I sometimes indulged in a fit of musing, my chin resting on both my hands, and my elbows planted on the desk; or, opening the desk aforesaid, I would take out one of the books contained within it, and the book which I took out was almost invariably, not Blackstone, but Ab Gwilym.

Ah, that Ab Gwilym! I am much indebted to him, and it were ungrateful on my part not to devote a few lines to him and his songs in this my history. . . . I have no hesitation in saying that he makes one of the some half-dozen really great poets whose verses, in whatever language they wrote, exist at the present day, and are more or less known. . . . A strange songster was that who, pretending to be captivated by every woman he saw, was in reality in love

with Nature alone—wild, beautiful, solitary Nature, her mountains and cascades, her forests and streams, her birds, fishes, and wild animals. Go to, Ab Gwilym, with thy pseudo-amatory odes, to Morfydd, or this or that other lady, fair or ugly. Little didst thou care for any of them ; Dame Nature was thy love, however thou mayest seek to disguise the truth. Yes, yes, send thy love message to Morfydd, the fair wanton. By whom dost thou send it, I would know ? By the salmon, forsooth, which haunts the rushing stream—the glorious salmon which bounds and gambols in the flashing water, and whose ways and circumstances thou so well describest ! See ! there he hurries upward through the flashing water ! Halloo ! what a glimpse of glory ! But where is Morfydd the while ? What, another message to the wife of Bwa Bach ! Ay, truly, and by whom ? The wind, the swift wind, the rider of the world, whose course is not to be stayed, who gallops o'er the mountain, and when he comes to the broadest river asks neither for boat nor ferry. Who has described the wind so well—his speed and power ? But where is Morfydd ? And now thou art awaiting Morfydd—thou art awaiting her beneath the tall tree, amidst the underwood ; but she comes not—no Morfydd is there. Quite right, Ab Gwilym. What wantest thou with Morfydd ? But another form is nigh at hand, that of red Reynard, who, seated upon his chine at the mouth of his cave, looks very composedly at thee. Thou startest, bendest thy bow—thy crossbow, intending to hit Reynard with the bolt just above the jaw ; but the bow breaks, Reynard barks and disappears into his cave, which by thine own account reaches hell. And then thou ravest at the misfortune of thy bow and the non-appearance of Morfydd, and abusest Reynard. Go to ! thou carest neither for thy bow nor for Morfydd ; thou merely seekest an opportunity to speak of Reynard. And who has described him like thee ?—the brute with the sharp, shrill cry, the black reverse of melody, whose face sometimes wears a smile like the devil's in the evangile. But now thou art actually with Morfydd ; yes, she has stolen from her dwelling, and has met thee beneath those rocks—she is actually with thee, Ab Gwilym. But she is not long with thee, for a storm comes on, and thunder shatters the rocks. Morfydd flees ! Quite right, Ab Gwilym ; thou hadst no need of her. A better theme for song is the voice of the Lord, the rock shatterer. Go to, Ab Gwilym ; thou wast a wiser and a better man than thou wouldst fain have had people believe.

But enough of thee and thy songs ! Those times passed rapidly.

On the River Llugwy, below Capel Curig

With Ab Gwilym in my hand I was in the midst of enchanted ground, in which I experienced sensations akin to those I had felt of yore whilst spelling my way through the wonderful book, the delight of my childhood. I say akin, for, perhaps, only once in our lives do we experience unmixed wonder and delight, and these I had already known.

1851. GEORGE BORROW.

THE SALMON

Thou Salmon from the ocean, messenger mine! What grace and what rare gifts God hath favoured thee withal! Fairest creature art thou, be holy Mary my witness, of all that dwell in the sea.

Sure, thou prince of the wave, the prayer of Curig the Saint shall keep thee secure on the sea-weed from every snare of the shore,—from weir-keeper's close-meshed net, or the thrust and fell heart-blow of the spear of the river spoiler.

Thou fleet rider of the deep, best of messengers!—thou burrower of the brine, thou flashing coil of the ocean—hie thee swiftly, I pray thee, cleave the water and tarry not; let no fish discover thee, nor any man beware of thee, until thou comest unto the place where dwells the lady, lovely of hue as the swallow athwart the sea-spume.

A second Llŷr art thou, whom neither rocks nor coracle-keepers can let from her retreat. And when thou art come, peerless prince of the dappled tribe, above the rippling ford that skirts the hill —while the glassy wave is clear, glide softly on and look around thee!

There shalt thou see mansions fair, groves and orchards, with here and there a lake or two. Beware, however, of a certain fly-catcher when thou callest there his bedfellow from her bower!

Should'st thou then mark a maid with eyebrows black against a forehead white as snow; with twin roses on her cheeks of the true blood-red hue; with shapely hand of spotless white, bedecked —alas that I live to tell it!—with rings; with arm long and slender like the firmament above the sun; with bosom glowing as the sun's self and breasts white as pure snow, more dazzling than the seagull's sheen: go thou nigh unto her, and greeting give her from me!

Should she, fair Luned's image, come with her headdress of gold to the water's edge, creep close unto my sweet bird and take a leap at her fair bosom! Greet her as thou would'st thine own sweetheart of the seas and tell her that I am dying of her love!

Frame for my snow-white darling, from thy hiding-place in the lake, some story like Medrod of old! Use wise words, as thy memory prompts thee, to let her know how longing sore afflicts me—how sick at heart and anguished I am, bereft of all sight of my dear one.

But what boots it? How false she is! The divine creature is so chaste that of the many lovers that have courted her none has found her kind. Ready with her promises hath the precious one ever been,—promises that she hath never made good. Of my praises she would have none, nor puts she trust in the word of any man, be he strong or weak.

Yet once more, O Salmon, king of thy kind, go unto my Gwen,—ask her whether it was just of her, fairest of women, to steal my soul. Let her do one thing or the other, peerless among beauties from Dover to Menevia, either steal my soul beyond redemption, or decide to leave her spouse.

DAFYDD AP GWILYM.
(*Trans. W. L. J.*)

THE BURIAL OF THE BARD

WHO DIED OF LOVE

Maid of glorious form art thou, with thy forehead like a lily under a web of gold! I have loved thee long and passionately: by Mary fair, shall I have no release?

All thy reward unto me—so great is thy dread of them—is to plead thy kindred's dignity. Sorry recompense for me, left in my pain only to heave cruel sighs for love of thee!

If thou should'st slay me, heedless of thy beauty's might, guilty shalt thou be found of my murder, by the holy relics! Beware, therefore, lest thou bring my death to pass!

And as for me, when I am dead—I shall be laid in my grave amid the leaves in the lush woodland, under sappy boughs of beech and ash. My spotless shroud shall be of the bright clover-flowers of summer, my coffin of the glorious leaves, my pall of the blossoms of the greenwood, my bier of eight rods of the forest timber.

And the white gulls of the main shall come in their thousands to follow my hearse, and the fair trees of the forest—the wood-mice will swear to it!—shall be there in crowds to attend me.

Below the summer-clad hill, dearest, shall my church be, and two nightingales shall be there—choose thou which—to serve as idols of the sanctuary; and there, at the edge of the wheatfield, altars of green branches and a tesselated floor of flowers shalt thou find.

And the door unto the choir shall not be shut, for the Jealous One shall know nothing of what is doing. Grey-hooded priests shall follow me, skilled in Latin lore, who have learnt their grammar and their song-craft in the green books of the forest; and from the hayfields around shall the organ peal, and bells without number ring.

And there in a meadow of Gwynedd my grave shall be duly laid out, in a fair green spot fit to be a nightingale's shrine and a sanctuary for the Muses.

And for my soul the cuckoo among the trees shall, like an organ, sing paternosters and orisons, and chant psalms with altered note; and all the summer month, Love's trysting-time, masses and tuneful prayers shall be offered for me. And may God, to keep His tryst, take unto Paradise His bard.

DAFYDD AP GWILYM.
(*Trans. W. L. J.*)

TO MORFUDD

Her faithful bard I'll ever be,
To Morfudd I'll be true,
With her hair of gold, and lightsome step
That scorns to brush the dew.

E'er since I was a careless youth,
Oh maid with lovely face!
This mad sweet love, alas! has driven
My soul from hopes of grace.

Ofttimes when night has spread her cloak
Through woods and dells I roam
In search of Morfudd, whose white skin
Would shame the white sea foam.

To Morfudd

Ofttimes my Morfudd I've adored
'Neath shady trees in May,
My Morfudd's nimble step I'd know
Though thousands passed that way.

The shadow of her peerless form
I'd know in moon's pale light,
Or her sweet breath when wafted on
The perfumed air of night.

The nightingale of mellow song
Will warble on the tree
A mellower lay when Morfudd fair
Is waiting there for me.

Alas ! when Morfudd is away
My Muse is also coy,
I cannot sing inspiréd lay,
My life has lost its joy,
Nor mind nor soul uplifts this clay,
I'm but a witless boy !

But with my Gwen all soul am I,
Possessed, inspired, divine !
My genius throbs through every vein
And maddens me like wine !

Spontaneous flows my glorious verse,
Immortal is my task !
But joy I never feel unless
In Gwen's sweet smiles I bask.

Attributed to D. AP GWILYM.
(*Trans. W. Llewelyn Williams.*)

HUW LLWYD OF CYNFAEL

Huw Llwyd, or Hugh Lloyd, of Cynfael in Merionethshire, was one of the most notable Welshmen of the Elizabethan age, and belonged to a notable family. His father, Dafydd Llwyd, was a gentleman and a bard who was rich enough to "meditate the thankless Muse" as a pastime; and the well-known Puritan reformer, Morgan Llwyd, was probably one of his descendants. Huw Llwyd himself was also a bard, and spent the early years of his life, probably as a soldier of fortune, in warfare on the Continent. There is good reason for supposing that he was a member of the Welsh brigade of soldiers that fought, under Sir Roger Williams and Thomas Morgan, for the freedom of Holland against the tyranny of the Spaniards. He spent the later years of his life in the peace of his country home in Merioneth, and, according to the testimony of one of his bardic contemporaries, was one of the most gifted and versatile men of his time. Another bard said of him, after his death, that "never will be, nor ever was, buried the like of Hugh Llwyd." His memory is still preserved in the name "Huw Llwyd's Pulpit," given to a rock which rises out of the river that passes his birthplace; and tradition has it that he used to resort to this rock by night to meditate and declaim his verse.

GORONWY OWEN

Goronwy Owen is pronounced by George Borrow in *Wild Wales* to be "the last of the great poets of Cambria, and, with the exception of Ap Gwilym, the greatest which she has produced." However much one may hesitate to endorse this superlative estimate of the bard's genius, one cannot help admiring the enthusiasm which led Borrow to make a special pilgrimage to the ends of Anglesey to visit the place of his birth. The remoteness of that place from the ordinary tracks of travellers in Wales may be gathered in part from its name—Llanfair Mathafarn Eithaf, a lonely parish on the east coast of the island, not far from Moelfre, or the "Talymalfra" celebrated in Gray's "Triumphs of Owen." Here, in December 1722, Goronwy Owen was born. Some few miles away is the birthplace of Lewis Morris, another of "the great men of Mona," whose number—as Goronwy, the one inspired panegyrist of his mother-isle,

sings—is " countless as the sands of Llifon." It was Lewis Morris, who was the first to discover Goronwy's poetical gifts, and, in Borrow's words, to " tell his countrymen that there was a youth of Anglesey whose genius, if properly encouraged, promised fair to rival that of Milton." Lewis Morris himself appears to have done much to encourage that genius in the poet's early youth, but recent investigation has had the result of dimming somewhat the reputation which Morris so long enjoyed as the generous and disinterested patron of the poet throughout his lifetime. There seems, at any rate, to be some ground for believing that Lewis Morris made use of Goronwy's talent for verse, so readily turned to purposes of personal compliment and entreaty, to further his own schemes of worldly advancement. Be that as it may, Goronwy's career in the Church is a record of disappointments and failures which is not to be altogether explained by his own admitted weaknesses of character and lapses in conduct. It was, however, through the efforts of Lewis Morris and his family that the poet, whose parents were very poor, was put in the way of getting what was, for his day and for one of his station, a remarkably sound and liberal education. He was first sent to the grammar schools of Botwnnog and Bangor, and in 1742 entered Jesus College, Oxford. He was ordained a deacon in 1745, and was a curate, successively, at Oswestry, at Donnington in Cheshire, at Walton near Liverpool, and at Northolt near London. He emigrated to America in 1757, and was appointed head teacher of a school at Williamsburg, New Brunswick, in April 1758. He resigned this post in 1760, and became rector of the church of St. Andrew, Williamsburg. He died in July 1769, and was buried at Williamsburg. Partly through his own failings, and partly through the gross neglect and indifference of the dispensers of Church patronage at that time, Goronwy's days were mostly spent in exile and in dire poverty. His one wish was to be allowed to return to and to live in peace and plenty in his native Anglesey, and some of the most eloquent and touching passages in his poems are those which record his longing for and love of the " peerless island " of his birth. " Here," he sings, when settled in his sorry curacy at Walton, " a forlorn stranger I fare, an exile from the land of my fathers, and, —how bitter the thought !—from Mona, my dear mother-isle. Men who know me not tread the paths where I played of yore—scarce one would remember me where once a hundred would run to greet me. An alien and unregarded man am I—a stranger to Mona's land, a stranger to my old and noble tongue, a stranger to my

Hugh Llwyd's Pulpit

From a drawing by J. Kelt Edwards

country's mirthful Muse." The poem which, according to Borrow, "is generally considered by the Welsh as the brightest ornament of their ancient language"—an ode on "The Day of Judgment"—was composed at Donnington, where "Goronwy toiled as schoolmaster and curate under Douglas the Scot, for a stipend of three and twenty pounds a year." This ode is undoubtedly a fine example of the sublimity of style which Goronwy Owen succeeded, above all other Welsh poets, in achieving in the *cywydd*; and it is on the strength of this dignity and sustained grandeur of style which some of his poems evince that Goronwy is called the Milton of Welsh poetry. Another notable poem of his is his elegy on Lewis Morris. Whatever the truth may be as to his relations with Morris, the bard had at any rate a sufficiently grateful recollection of them to sing of him in this elegy, as Borrow again records—"As long as Bardic lore shall last, science and learning be cherished, the language and blood of the Britons undefiled, song be heard on Parnassus, heaven and earth be in existence, foam be on the surge, and water in the river, the name of Lewis of Môn shall be held in grateful remembrance."

W. L. J.

A VISION OF DEATH IN HIS PALACE BELOW

In one of the long, black, chilly nights of winter, when it was much warmer in a kitchen of Glyn-cywarch, than on the summit of Cadair Idris, and much more pleasant to be in a snug chamber, with a warm bed-fellow, than in a shroud in the churchyard, I was musing upon some discourses which had passed between me and a neighbour, upon *the shortness of human life*, and how certain every one is of dying, and how uncertain as to the time. Whilst thus engaged, having but newly laid my head down upon the pillow, and being about half awake, I felt a great weight coming stealthily upon me, from the crown of my head to my heel, so that I could not stir a finger, nor anything except my tongue, and beheld a lad upon my breast, and a lass mounted upon his back. On looking sharply, I guessed, from the warm smell which came from him, his clammy locks, and his gummy eyes, that the lad must be *master Sleep*. "Pray, sir," said I, squealing, "what have I done to you, that you bring that witch here to suffocate me?" "Hush," said he, "it is only my sister *Nightmare*; we are both going to visit our brother *Death*, and have need of a third, and lest you should resist,

we have come upon you without warning, as he himself will sometime; therefore you must come, whether you will or not." "Alas!" said I, "must I die?" "O no," said *Nightmare*; "we will spare you this time." "But with your favour," said I, "your brother Death never spared any one yet who was brought within reach of his dart; the fellow even ventured to fling a fall with the Lord of Life himself, though it is true he gained very little by his daring." At these words *Nightmare* arose full of wrath and departed. "Hey," said *Sleep*, "come away, and you shall have no cause to repent of your journey." "Well," said I, "may there never be night to *saint Sleep*, and may *Nightmare* never obtain any other place to crouch upon than the top of an awl, unless you return me to where you found me." Then away he went with me, over woods and precipices, over oceans and valleys, over castles and towers, rivers and crags; and where did we descend, but by one of the gates of the daughters of Belial, on the posterior side of the *city of Perdition*, and I could there perceive, that the three gates of Perdition contracted into one on the hinder side, and opened into the same place—a place foggy, cold, and pestilential, replete with an unwholesome vapour, and clouds lowering and terrible. "Pray, sir," said I, "what dungeon of a place is this?" "*The chambers of Death*," said *Sleep*. I had scarcely time to enquire, before I heard some people crying, some screaming, some groaning, some talking deliriously, some uttering blasphemies in a feeble tone; others in great agony, as if about to give up the ghost. Here and there one, after a mighty shout would become silent, and then forthwith I could hear a key revolving in a lock; I turned at the sound to look for the door, and by dint of long gazing I could see tens of thousands of doors, apparently far off, though close by my side notwithstanding. "Please to inform me, master Sleep," said I, "to what place these doors open?" "They open," he replied, "into the *land of Oblivion*, a vast country under the rule of my brother Death; and the great wall here, is the limit of the immense eternity." As I looked I could see a little death at each door, all with different arms, and different names, though evidently they were all subjects of the same king. Notwithstanding which, there was much contention between them concerning the sick; for the one wished to snatch the sick through his door, and the other would fain have him through his own. On drawing near, we could see above every door, the name of the death written, who kept it; and likewise by every door, hundreds of various things

left scattered about, denoting the haste of those who went through. Over one door I could see *Famine*, though purses and full bags were lying on the ground beside it, and boxes nailed up, standing near. "That," said he, "is the gate of the *misers*." "To whom," said I, "do these rags belong?" "Principally to misers," he replied; "but there are some there belonging to lazy idlers, and to ballad singers, and to others, poor in everything, but spirit, who preferred starvation to begging." In the next door was the death of the *Ruling Passion*, and parallel with it I could hear many voices, as of men in the extremity of cold. By this door were many books, some pots and flaggons, here and there a staff and a walking stick, some compasses and charts, and shipping tackle. "This is the road by which scholars go," said I. "Some scholars go by it," said he, "solitary, helpless wretches, whose relations have stripped them of their last article of raiment; but people of various other descriptions go by it also. Those," said he, (speaking of the pots,) "are the relics of jolly companions, whose feet are freezing under benches, whilst their heads are boiling with drink and uproar; and the things yonder belong to travellers of snowy mountains and to traffickers in the North sea."

Next at hand was a meagre skeleton of a figure, called the *death of Fear*. Through his exterior you might see that he did not possess any heart; and by his door there were bags, and chests also, and locks, and castles. By this gate went usurers, bad governors and tyrants, and some of the murderers, but the plurality of the latter were driven past to the next gate, where there was a death called *Gallows*, with his cord ready for their necks.

Next was to be seen the *death of Love*, and by his feet were hundreds of instruments, and books of music, and verses, and love letters, and also ointments and colours to beautify the countenance, and a thousand other embellishing wares, and also some swords. "With some of those swords," said my companion, "bandits have been slain whilst fighting for women, and with others, love-lorn creatures have stabbed themselves." I could perceive that this death was purblind.

At the next door, was a death who had the most repulsive figure of all; his entire liver was consumed. He was called the *death of Envy*. "This one," said Sleep, "assaults losing gamesters, slanderers, and many a female rider, who repineth at the law which rendered the wife subject to her husband." "Pray sir," said I, "what is the meaning of female rider?" "Female rider,"

said he, "is the term used here, for the woman who would ride her husband, her neighbours, and her country too, if possible, and the end of her long riding will be, that she will ride the Devil, from that door, down to hell."

Next stood the door of the *death of Ambition*, and of those who lift their nostrils on high, and break their shins for want of looking beneath their feet. Beside this door were crowns, sceptres, banners, all sorts of patents and commissions, and all kinds of heraldic and warlike arms.

But before I could look on any more of these countless doors, I heard a voice commanding me by my name to prepare. At this word, I could feel myself beginning to melt, like a snowball in the heat of the sun; whereupon my master gave me some soporific drink, so that I fell asleep, but by the time I awoke, he had conveyed me to a considerable distance, on the other side of the wall. I found myself in a valley of pitchy darkness, and as it seemed to me, limitless. At the end of a little time, I could see by a dim light, like that of a dying candle, innumerable human shades—some on foot, and some on horseback, running through one another like the wind, silently and with wonderful solemnity.

It was a desert, bare, and blasted country, without grass, or vegetation, or woods, and without animals, with the exception of deadly monsters, and venomous reptiles of every kind; serpents, snakes, lice, toads, maw-worms, locusts, earwigs, and the like, which all exist on human corruption. Through myriads of shades, and creeping things, graves, sepulchres, and cemeteries, we proceeded without interruption, to observe the country. At last I perceived some of the shades turning and looking upon me; and suddenly, notwithstanding the great silence that had prevailed before, there was a whispering from one to the other that there was a *living man* at hand. "A living man," said one; "a living man," said the other; and they came thronging about me like caterpillars from every corner. "How did you come hither, sirrah?" said a little morkin of a death who was there. "Truly, sir," said I, "I know no more than yourself." "What do they call you?" he demanded. "Call me what you please, here in your own country," I replied, "but at home I am called *the Sleeping Bard*."

At that word I beheld a crooked old man, with a double head like to a rough-barked thorn tree, raising himself erect, and looking upon me worse than the black devil himself; and lo! without saying a word, he hurled a large human skull at my head—many thanks

to a tombstone which shielded me. "Pray be quiet, sir," said I, "I am but a stranger, who was never here before, and you may be sure I will never return, if I can once reach home again." "I will give you cause to remember having been here," said he; and attacked me with a thigh-bone, like a very devil, whilst I avoided his blows as well as I could. "By heavens," said I, "this is a most inhospitable country to strangers. Is there a justice of the peace here?" "Peace!" said he, "what peace do you deserve, who will not let people rest in their graves?" "Pray, sir," said I, "may I be allowed to know your name, because I am not aware of ever having disturbed any one in this country." "Sirrah," said he, "know that not you are the Sleeping Bard, but that I am that person[1]; and I have been allowed to rest here for nine hundred years, by every one but yourself." And he attacked me again.

"Forbear, my brother," said Merddyn, who was near at hand, "be not too hot; rather be thankful to him for keeping an honourable remembrance of your name upon earth." "Great honour, forsooth," said he, "I shall receive from such a blockhead as this. Sirrah! can you sing in the four-and-twenty measures? Can you carry the pedigree of Gog and Magog and the genealogy of Brutus ap Sylfius, up to a millennium previous to the fall of Troy? Can you narrate when, and what will be the end of the combats betwixt the lion and the eagle, and betwixt the dragon and the red deer?" "Hey, hey! let me ask him a question," said another, who was seated beside a large cauldron which was boiling, and going, bubble, bubble, over a fire. "Come nearer," said he, "what is the meaning of this?"

"I till the judgment day
Upon the earth shall stray;
None knows for certainty
Whether fish or flesh I be."

"I will request the favour of your name, sir," said I, "that I may answer you in a suitable manner." "I," said he, "am Taliesin,[2]

[1] "The Sleeping Bard" was the bardic name given to the supposed author of several prophecies written in the fifteenth century, but purporting to be of a much remoter antiquity.

[2] Taliesin lived in the sixth century; he was a foundling, discovered in his infancy lying in a coracle, on a salmon-weir, in the domain of Elphin, a prince of North Wales, who became his patron. During his life he arrogated to himself a supernatural descent and understanding, and for at least a thousand years after his death he was regarded by the descendants of the Ancient Britons, as a prophet or something more. The poems which he produced procured for him the title of "Bardic King"; they display much that is vigorous and original, but are disfigured by mysticism and extravagant metaphor.

the prince of the Bards of the West, and that is a piece of my composition." "I know not," said I, "what could be your meaning, unless it was, that the yellow plague [1] which destroyed Maelgwn of Gwynedd, put an end to you on the seashore, and that your body was divided amongst the crows and the fishes." "Peace, fool!" said he, "I was alluding to my two callings, of man of the law and poet. Please to tell me, has a lawyer more similitude to a raven, than a poet to a whale? How many a one doth a single lawyer divest of his flesh, to swell out his own craw; and with what indifference does he extract the blood, and leave a man half alive! And as for the poet, where is the fish which is able to swallow like him? he is drinking oceans of liquor at all times, but the briny sea itself would not slack his thirst. And provided a man be a poet and a lawyer, how is it possible to know whether he be fish or flesh, especially if he be a courtier to boot, as I was, and obliged to vary his taste to every one's palate. But tell me," said he, "whether there are at present, any of those fellows upon the earth?" "There's plenty of them," said I; "if one can patch together any nonsensical derry, he is styled a graduate bard. But as for the others; there is such a plague of lawyers, petty attornies, and scribes, that the locusts of Egypt bore light upon the country, in comparison with them. In your time, sir, there were but bargains of tofts and crofts, and a hand's breadth of writing for a farm of a hundred pounds, and a raising of cairns and crosses, as memorials of the purchase and boundaries. There is no longer any such security, but there is far more craft and deceit, and a tombstone's breadth of written parchment to secure the bargain; and for all that, it is a wonder if a flaw be not in it, or said to be at least." "Well then," said Taliesin, "I should not be worth a straw in the world at present, I am better where I am. Truth will never be had where there are many poets, nor fair dealing where there are many lawyers; no, nor health where there are many physicians."

* * * * *

At this moment there came a little death, one of the secretaries of the king, desiring to know my name, and commanding master Sleep, to carry me instantly before the king. I was compelled to go, though utterly against my will, by the power, which, like a

[1] A dreadful pestilence, which ravaged Gwynedd or North Wales in 560. Amongst its victims was the king of the country, the celebrated Maelgwn, son of Caswallon Law Hir.

whirlwind carried me away, betwixt high and low, thousands of miles back to the left hand, until we came again in sight of the boundary wall, and reached a narrow corner. Here we perceived an immense, frowning, ruinous palace, open at the top, reaching to the wall where were the innumerable doors, all of which led to this huge, terrific court. The walls were constructed with the skulls of men, which grinned horribly with their teeth. The clay was black, and was prepared with tears and sweat; and the mortar on the outside was variegated with phlegm and pus, and on the inside with black-red blood. On the top of each turret, you might see a little death, with a smoking heart stuck on the point of his dart.

Around the palace was a wood, consisting of a few poisonous yews and deadly cypresses, and in these, owls, blood crows, vultures and the like were nestling, and croaking continually for flesh, though the whole place was nothing but a stinking shamble. We entered the gate. All the pillars of the hall were made of human thigh bones; the pillars of the parlour were of shank bones; and the floors were one continued layer of every species of offal. It was not long before I came in sight of a vast and frightful altar, where I beheld the king of Terrors swallowing human flesh and blood, and a thousand petty deaths, from every hole, feeding him with fresh, warm flesh. "Behold," said the death who brought me there, addressing himself to the king, "a spark, whom I found in the midst of the land of Oblivion; he came so light footed, that your majesty never tasted a morsel of him." "How can that be?" said the king, and opened his jaws as wide as an earthquake to swallow me. Whereupon I turned all trembling to Sleep. "It was I," said Sleep, "who brought him here." "Well," said the meagre, grizzly king, turning to me, "for my brother Sleep's sake, you shall be permitted to return this time, but beware of me the next." After having employed himself for a considerable time in casting carcasses into his insatiable paunch, he caused his subjects to be called together, and moved from the altar to a terrific throne of exceeding height, to pronounce judgment on the prisoners newly arrived. In an instant came innumerable multitudes of the dead making their obeisance to their king, and taking their stations in remarkable order. And lo! king Death was in his regal vest of flaming scarlet, covered all over with figures of women and children weeping, and men uttering groans; about his head was a black-red three-cornered cap, (which his friend Lucifer had sent as a present to him,) and upon its corners were written *misery, wailing,*

and *woe*. Above his head were thousands of representations of battles on sea and land, towns burning, the earth opening, and the great water of the deluge; and beneath his feet nothing was to be seen but the crowns and sceptres of the kings whom he had overcome from the beginning. On his right hand *Fate* was sitting, seemingly engaged in reading, with a murky look, a huge volume which was before him; and on his left was an old man called *Time*, licking innumerable threads of gold, and silver, and copper, and very many of iron. Some few of the threads were growing better towards their end, and thousands growing worse. Along the threads were hours, days, and years; and Fate, according as his volume directed him, was continually breaking the threads of life, and opening the doors of the boundary wall, betwixt the two worlds.

We had not looked around us long, before we heard four fiddlers, newly dead, summoned to the bar. "How comes it," said the king of Terrors, "that loving merriment as ye do, ye kept not on the other side of the gulf, for there has never been any merriment on this side?" "We have never done," said one of the musicians, "harm to anybody, but have rendered people joyous, and have taken quietly what they gave us for our pains." Said Death, "Did you never keep any one from his work, and cause him to lose his time; or did you never keep people from church? ha!" "O no!" said another, "perhaps now and then on a Sunday, after service, we may have kept some in the public-house till the next morning, or during summer tide, may have kept them dancing in the ring on the green all night; for sure enough, we were more liked, and more lucky in obtaining a congregation than the parson." "Away, away with these fellows to the country of Despair!" said the terrific king, "bind the four back to back and cast them to their customers, to dance bare-footed on floors of glowing heat, and to amble to all eternity without either praise or music."

The next that came to the bar was a certain king, who had lived very near to Rome. "Hold up your hand, prisoner," said one of the officers. "I hope," said he, "that you have some better manners and favour to show to a king." "Sirrah," said Death, "why did you not keep on the other side of the gulf where all are kings? On this side there is none but myself, and another down below, and you will soon see, that neither he nor I will rate you according to the degree of your majesty, but according to the degree of your wickedness, in order to adapt your punishment to your crimes; therefore answer to the interrogation." "Sir," he replied,

The Loom *and* The Dancers

By Professor J. Havard Thomas, R.W.A.

" I would have you know, that you have no authority to detain me, nor to interrogate me, as I have a pardon for all my sins under the Pope's own hand. On account of my faithful services, he has given me a warrant to go straight to Paradise, without tarrying one moment in Purgatory." At these words the king and all the haggard train gave a ghastly grin, to escape from laughing outright; but the other, full of wrath at their ridicule, commanded them aloud to show him the way. " Peace, thou lost fool ! " cried Death, Purgatory lies behind you, on the other side of the wall, for you ought to purify yourself during your life; and on the right hand, on the other side of that gulf is Paradise. But there is no road by which it is possible for you to escape, either through the gulf to Paradise, or through the boundary wall back to the world; and if you were to give your kingdom, (supposing you could give it,) you would not obtain permission from the keepers of those doors, to take one peep through the keyhole. It is called the irrepassable wall, for when once you have come through you may abandon all hope of returning." . . . Immediately thereupon, four little deaths raised the poor king up, who was by this time shivering like the leaf of an aspen, and snatched him out of sight like lightning. Next after him came a young fellow and woman. He had been a jolly companion and she a lady of pleasure, or one free of her person; but they were called here by their naked names, drunkard and harlot. . . . " Hey, hey ! " said Death, " all this was done for your own accursed passions' sake and not to feed me. Bind the two face to face, as they are old acquaintances, and cast them into the land of Darkness." . . . Next to these there came seven recorders. Having been commanded to raise their hands to the bar, they would by no means obey, as the rails were greasy. One began to wrangle boisterously: " We ought to obtain a fair citation to prepare our answer," said he, " instead of being rushed upon unawares."

" But are we bound to give you that same specific citation," answered Death, " since you obtain in every place, and at every period of your life, warning of my coming? How many sermons have you not heard upon the mortality of man? How many books have you not seen? How many graves, how many skulls, how many diseases, how many messages and signs have you not had? What is your Sleep, but my own brother? What are skulls, but my visage? What does your daily food consist of but dead creatures? Seek not to cast your neglect upon me. Speak not of summons, when you have obtained it a hundred times." " Pray,"

said one red recorder, "what have you to advance against us?" "What?" said Death. "Drinking the sweat and blood of the poor, and levying double your wages." "Here is an honest man," replied the recorder, pointing to a pettifogger behind him, "who knows that we have never done anything but what was fair; and it is not fair of you to detain us here, without a specific crime to prove against us." "Hey, hey!" said Death, "you shall prove against yourselves. Place these people," said he, "on the verge of the *precipice* before the tribunal of *Justice*, they shall obtain equity there though they never practised it."

There were still seven other prisoners remaining, and these kept up a prodigious bustle and noise. Some were flattering, others quarrelling, some blustering, some counselling, etc. Scarcely had they been called to the bar, when lo! the entire palace became seven times more horribly dark than before, and there was a shivering and a great agitation about the throne, and Death became paler than ever. Upon enquiring what was the matter, one of the messengers of Lucifer stepped forward with a letter for Death, concerning these seven prisoners, and Fate presently caused the letter to be read publicly, and these were the words, as far as I can remember:

"*Lucifer, King of the kings of the world, prince of Hell, and chief ruler of the Deep, to our natural son, the most mighty and terrible king Death, greeting, pre-eminence, and eternal spoil.*

"For as much as we have been informed by some of our nimble messengers, who are constantly abroad to obtain information, that seven prisoners, of the seven most villainous and dangerous species in the world, have arrived lately at your royal palace, and that it is your intention to hurl them over the cliff into my kingdom, I hereby counsel you to try every possible means, to let them loose back again upon the world; they will do you there more service in sending you food, and sending me better company, for I would rather want than have them; we have had but too much plague with their companions for a long time, and my dominion is still disturbed by them. Therefore turn them back, or keep them with you. For, by the infernal crown, if you send them here, I will undermine the foundations of your kingdom, until it falls down into my own immense dominion.

"*From the burning hall of assembly, at our royal palace in the pit of Hell, in the year of our reign*, 5425."

King Death, hereupon, stood for some time with his visage green and pale, in great perplexity of mind. But whilst he was meditating, behold *Fate* turned upon him such an iron-black scowl, as made him tremble. "Sirrah," said he, "look to what you do. It is not in my power to send any one back, through the boundary of eternity, the irrepassable wall, nor in yours to harbour them here; therefore forward them to their destruction, in spite of the Arch Fiend. He has been able hitherto in a minute to allot his proper place to every individual, in a drove of a thousand, nay, even of ten thousand captured souls; and what difficulty can he have with seven, however dangerous they may be? But though these seven should turn the infernal government topsy-turvy, do you drive them thither instantly, for fear I should receive commands to annihilate you before your time. As for *his* threats, they are only lies; for although thy end, and that of the old man yonder, (looking at Time,) are nigh at hand, being written only a few pages further on, in my unerring volume, yet you have no cause to be afraid of sinking to Lucifer; though every one in the abyss would be glad to obtain thee, yet they never, never shall. For the rocks of steel and eternal adamant, which form the roof of Hell, are too strong for anything to crumble them." Whereupon, Death, considerably startled, called to one of his train, to write for him the following answer:

"*Death, the king of Terror and Conqueror of conquerors, to his revered friend and neighbour Lucifer, king of Eternal Night, sovereign of the Bottomless Pool, sends greeting.*

"After due reflection on your regal desire, it has appeared to us more advantageous, not only to our own dominion, but likewise to your own extensive kingdom, to send these prisoners as far as possible from the doors of the irrepassable wall, lest their putrid odour should terrify the whole city of Destruction, so that no man should come to all eternity, to my side of the gate; and neither I obtain anything to cool my sting, nor you a concourse of customers from earth to hell. Therefore I will leave to you to judge them, and to hurl them into such cells as you may deem the most proper and secure for them.

"*From my nether palace in the great gate of Perdition, over Destruction. In the year, from the renewal of my kingdom,* 1670."

* * * * *

By this time, I beheld the legions of Death, formed in order and armed, with their eyes fixed upon the king, awaiting the word. "There," said the king, standing erect upon his regal throne, "my terrible and invincible hosts, spare neither care nor diligence in removing these prisoners from out of my boundaries, lest they prove the ruin of my country; cast them bound, over the precipice of Despair, with their heads downward. But for the seventh, this Courts Comprised, who threatens me, leave him free over the chasm, beneath the court of *Justice*, and let him try whether he can make his complaint good against me." Then Death reseated himself. And lo! all the deadly legions, after surrounding the prisoners and binding them, led them away to their couch. I also went out, and peeped after them. "Come away," said Sleep, and snatched me up to the top of the highest turret of the palace. Thence I could see the prisoners proceeding to their eternal perdition. Presently a whirlwind arose, and dispersed the pitch-black cloud, which was spread universally over the face of the land of Oblivion, and by the light of a thousand candles, which were burning with a blue flame, at a particular place, I obtained a far distant view of the verge of the *Bottomless Gulf*, a sight exceedingly horrible; and also of a spectacle above, still more appalling, namely *Justice* upon his *supreme seat*, holding the keys of Hell, at a separate and distinct tribunal over the chasm, to pronounce judgment upon the damned as they came. I could see the prisoners cast headlong down the gulf, and Pettifogger rushing to fling himself over the terrific brink, rather than look once on the court of *Justice*. For oh! there was there a spectacle too severe for a guilty countenance. I merely gazed from *afar*, but I beheld more terrific horror, than I can at present relate, or I could at that time support, for my spirit struggled and fluttered at the awful sight, and wrestled so strenuously, that it burst all the bands of Sleep, and my soul returned to its accustomed functions. And exceedingly overjoyed I was to see myself still amongst the living. I instantly determined upon reforming myself, as a hundred years of affliction in the paths of righteousness would be less harrowing to me than another glance on the horrors of this night.

ELLIS WYNNE.

1703. (*Trans. George Borrow.*)

ODE TO AUTUMN

One hour, before thou tread'st the deathward track,
Before thy last faint echo dies away,
Before night comes with all her cloudy wrack,
One little hour, O Autumn, with me stay.
Lovely thou wast when all the hills aflame
Burnt red with sunlit heather,
And through the dreamy weather
Thy sweet bells' laughter o'er Hiraethog came.
And thou—thou didst not hide from me of yore,
Thou didst with glamour even the grave invest;
Ah! grant me from thy lips to hear once more
Thy gentle words, thy words that breathe of rest.

Thou heardest Nature in her anguished mood
Call on thee, and thou camest to her call;
Reddened beneath thee every hill and wood,
Thy golden raiment swept the hedgerows all.
Thou saw'st the ancient earth in frenzy throw
On June in wasteful measure
Her rich and hoarded treasure,
But knew'st beneath the smile the secret woe.
Thou saw'st her heedless children's wanton play,
And, as the season changed, their wonder deep;
Thou knew'st the grief that in the mother lay,
And stretching forth thine hand thou gav'st her sleep.

Thou gav'st her sleep, with weary labour spent,
To every wound thine unguents brought relief;
Thou gav'st the wine of thy high sacrament,
Sweet with forgetfulness of every grief,
The reapers vanished from the bare hill-side,
But thou with mists of morning
The naked trees adorning
Didst all the dead year's waste and ruin hide.
Queen of Compassion, hear me, how I weep
The barren greyness of my weary ways;
O grant me, Autumn, long forgetful sleep,
And waking sweet to Spring and fairer days.

W. J. GRUFFYDD.
(*Trans. H. Idris Bell.*)

LOVE-SONG

I AM a boy both young and fond,
And Fancy—I o'erleap it;
'Tis mine the ripening wheat to tend,
Another 'tis will reap it;
Why comest thou not, my dearest dear,
Some day ere summer's going,
Since I behold thee every day
Fairer and fairer growing?

Fairer and ever fairer thou,
Or I more fond, more tender;
O for His sake who made thee fair
At last some pity render!
Turn but thy head, give me thine eyes,
Thy hand, one moment only;
In thy sweet bosom lies the key
That locks my heart up lonely.

I rose this morning with the dawn
In haste thy feet to follow
And kiss the faint track they have left
In yonder woodland hollow.
Life up my head from its long grief,
Give me some gentle greeting;
More to me than the whole world's wealth
Were one smile from my sweeting.

While seas are salt, while my hair grows,
Or heart beats in my bosom,
I will be faithful, dear, to thee,
Earth's fairest, sweetest blossom.
Tell me the truth without constraint,
As under seal of Heaven,
Say is it mine, the boon I crave,
Or to another given?

c. 1725.

WIL HOPCIN.
(*Trans. C. C. Bell.*)

Fisher Folk : Brittany

THE SPLENDOUR OF CAER LLEON

The three principal cities of the isle of Britain: Caer Llion upon Wysg in Cymru; Caer Llundain in Lloegr; and Caer Evrawg in Deifr and Brynaich.[1]—*Triads of the isle of Britain.*

The sunset of a bright December day was glittering on the waves of the Usk, and on the innumerable roofs, which, being composed chiefly of the glazed tiles of the Romans, reflected the light almost as vividly as the river; when Taliesin descended one of the hills that border the beautiful valley in which then stood Caer Lleon, the metropolis of Britain, and in which now stands, on a small portion of the selfsame space, a little insignificant town, possessing nothing of its ancient glory but the unaltered name of Caer Lleon.

The rapid Usk flowed then, as now, under the walls: the high wooden bridge, with its slender piles, was then much the same as it is at this day: it seems to have been never regularly rebuilt, but to have been repaired, from time to time, on the original Roman model. The same green and fertile meadows, the same gently-sloping wood-covered hills, that now meet the eye of the tourist, then met the eye of Taliesin; except that the woods on one side of the valley were then only the skirts of an extensive forest, which the nobility and beauty of Caer Lleon made frequently re-echo to the clamours of the chase.

The city, which had been so long the centre of the Roman supremacy, which was now the seat of the most illustrious sovereign that had yet held the sceptre of Britain, could not be approached by the youthful bard, whose genius was destined to eclipse that of all his countrymen, without feelings and reflections of deep interest. The sentimental tourist (who, perching himself on an old wall, works himself up into a soliloquy of philosophical pathos, on the vicissitudes of empire and the mutability of all sublunary things, interrupted only by an occasional peep at his watch, to ensure his not over-staying the minute at which his fowl, comfortably roasting at the nearest inn, has been promised to be ready), has, no doubt, many fine thoughts, well worth recording in a dapper volume; but Taliesin had an interest in the objects before him too deep to have a thought to spare, even for his dinner. The monuments of Roman magnificence, and of Roman domination, still existing in comparative

[1] Caer Lleon upon Usk in Cambria: London in Loegria: and York in Deïra and Bernicia.

freshness; the arduous struggle, in which his countrymen were then engaged with the Saxons, and which, notwithstanding the actual triumphs of Arthur, Taliesin's prophetic spirit told him would end in their being dispossessed of all the land of Britain except the wild region of Wales (a result which political sagacity might have apprehended from their disunion, but which, as he told it to his countrymen in that memorable prophecy which every child of the Cymry knows, has established for him, among them, the fame of a prophet); the importance to himself and his benefactors of the objects of his visit to the city, on the result of which depended the liberation of Elphin, and the success of his love for Melanghel; the degree in which these objects might be promoted by the construction he had put on Seithenyn's imperfect communication respecting the lady in Dinas Vawr; furnished, altogether, more materials for absorbing thought, than the most zealous peregrinator, even if he be at once poet, antiquary, and philosopher, is likely to have at once in his mind, on the top of the finest old wall on the face of the earth.

Taliesin passed, in deep musing, through the gates of Caer Lleon; but his attention was speedily drawn to the objects around him. From the wild solitudes in which he had passed his earlier years, the transition to the castles and cities he had already visited, furnished much food to curiosity: but the ideas of them sunk into comparative nothingness before the magnificence of Caer Lleon.

He did not stop in the gateway to consider the knotty question, which has since puzzled so many antiquaries, whether the name of Caer Lleon signifies the City of Streams, the City of Legions, or the City of King Lleon? He saw a river filled with ships, flowing through fine meadows, bordered by hills and forests; walls of brick, as well as of stone; a castle, of impregnable strength; stately houses, of the most admirable architecture; palaces, with gilded roofs; Roman temples, and Christian churches; a theatre and an amphitheatre. The public and private buildings of the departed Romans were in excellent preservation; though the buildings, and especially the temples, were no longer appropriated to their original purposes. The king's butler, Bedwyr, had taken possession of the Temple of Diana, as a cool place of deposit for wine: he had recently effected a stowage of vast quantities therein, and had made a most luminous arrangement of the several kinds; under the judicious and experienced superintendence of Dyvrig, the Ex-Archbishop of Caer Lleon; who had just then nothing else to do,

having recently resigned his see in favour of King Arthur's uncle, David, who is, to this day, illustrious as the St. David in whose honour the Welshmen annually adorn their hats with a leek. This David was a very respectable character in his way; he was a man of great sanctity and simplicity; and, in order to eschew the vanities of the world, which were continually present to him in Caer Lleon, he removed the metropolitan see, from Caer Lleon, to the rocky, barren, woodless, streamless, meadowless, tempest-beaten point of Mynyw, which was afterwards called St. David's. He was the mirror and pattern of a godly life; teaching by example as by precept; admirable in words, and excellent in deeds; tall in stature, handsome in aspect, noble in deportment, affable in address, eloquent and learned, a model to his followers, the life of the poor, the protector of widows, and the father of orphans. This makes altogether a very respectable saint; and it cannot be said, that the honourable leek is unworthily consecrated. A long series of his Catholic successors maintained, in great magnificence, a cathedral, a college, and a palace; keeping them all in repair, and feeding the poor into the bargain, from the archiepiscopal, or, when the primacy of Caer Lleon had merged in that of Canterbury, from the episcopal, revenues: but these things were reformed altogether by one of the first Protestant bishops, who, having a lady that longed for the gay world, and wanting more than all the revenues for himself and his family, first raised the wind by selling off the lead from the roof of his palace, and then obtained permission to remove from it, on the plea that it was not water-tight. The immediate successors of this bishop, whose name was Barlow, were in every way worthy of him; the palace and college have, consequently, fallen into incurable dilapidation, and the cathedral has fallen partially into ruins, and, most impartially, into neglect and defacement.

To return to Taliesin, in the streets of Caer Lleon. Plautus and Terence were not heard in the theatre, nor to be heard of in its neighbourhood; but it was thought an excellent place for an Eisteddfod, or Bardic Congress, and was made the principal place of assembly of the bards of the island of Britain. This is what Ross of Warwick means, when he says there was a noble university of students in Caer Lleon.

The mild precepts of the new religion had banished the ferocious sports to which the Romans had dedicated the amphitheatre, and, as Taliesin passed, it was pouring forth an improved and humanised

multitude, who had been enjoying the pure British pleasure of baiting a bear.

The hot baths and aqueducts, the stoves of "wonderful artifice," as Giraldus has it, which diffused hot air through narrow spiracles, and many other wonders of the place, did not all present themselves to a first observation. The streets were thronged with people, especially of the fighting order, of whom a greater number flocked about Arthur than he always found it convenient to pay. Horsemen, with hawks and hounds, were returning from the neighbouring forest, accompanied by beautiful huntresses in scarlet and gold.

Taliesin, having perlustrated the city, proceeded to the palace of Arthur. At the gates he was challenged by a formidable guard, but passed by his bardic privilege. It was now very near Christmas, and when Taliesin entered the great hall it was blazing with artificial light, and glowing with the heat of the Roman stoves.

Arthur had returned victorious from the great battle of Badon Hill, in which he had slain with his own hand four hundred and forty Saxons; and was feasting as merrily as an honest man can be supposed to do while his wife is away. Kings, princes, and soldiers of fortune, bards and prelates, ladies superbly apparelled and many of them surpassingly beautiful; and a most gallant array of handsome young cupbearers, marshalled and well drilled by the king's butler, Bedwyr, who was himself a petty king, were the chief components of the illustrious assembly. Amongst the ladies were the beautiful Tegau Eurvron; Dywir, the Golden-haired; Enid, the daughter of Yniwl; Garwen, the daughter of Henyn; Gwyl, the daughter of Enddaud; and Indeg, the daughter of Avarwy Hir, of Maelienydd. Of these, Tegau Eurvron, or Tegau of the Golden Bosom, was the wife of Caradoc, and one of the Three Chaste Wives of the island of Britain. She is the heroine who, as the lady of Sir Cradock, is distinguished above all the ladies of Arthur's court in the ballad of the Boy and the Mantle.

Amongst the bards were Prince Llywarch, then in his youth, afterwards called Llywarch Hên, or Llywarch the Aged; Aneurin, the British Homer, who sang the fatal battle of Cattraëth, which laid the foundation of the Saxon ascendancy, in heroic numbers, which the gods have preserved to us, and who was called the Monarch of the Bards, before the days of the glory of Taliesin; and Merddin Gwillt, or Merlin the Wild, who was so deep in the secrets of nature, that he obtained the fame of a magician, to which he had at least as good a title as either Friar Bacon or Cornelius Agrippa.

Amongst the petty kings, princes, and soldiers of fortune, were twenty-four marchawg, or cavaliers, who were the counsellors and champions of Arthur's court. This was the heroic band, illustrious, in the songs of chivalry, as the Knights of the Round Table. Their names and pedigrees would make a very instructive and entertaining chapter; and would include the interesting characters of Gwalchmai ap Gwyar the Courteous, the nephew of Arthur; Caradoc, "Colofn Cymry," the Pillar of Cambria, whose lady, as above noticed, was the mirror of chastity; and Trystan ap Tallwch, the lover of the beautiful Essyllt, the daughter, or, according to some, the wife of his uncle March ap Meirchion; persons known to all the world, as Sir Gawain, Sir Cradock, and Sir Tristram.

On the right of King Arthur sate the beautiful Indeg, and on his left the lovely Garwen. Taliesin advanced, along the tesselated floor, towards the upper end of the hall, and, kneeling before King Arthur, said, "What boon will King Arthur grant to him who brings tidings of his wife?"

"Any boon," said Arthur, "that a king can give."

"Queen Gwenyvar," said Taliesin, "is the prisoner of King Melvas, in the castle of Dinas Vawr."

The mien and countenance of his informant satisfied the king that he knew what he was saying; therefore, without further parlance, he broke up the banquet, to make preparations for assailing Dinas Vawr.

But, before he began his march, King Melvas had shifted his quarters, and passed beyond the Severn to the isle of Avallon, where the marshes and winter floods assured him some months of tranquillity and impunity.

King Arthur was highly exasperated on receiving the intelligence of Melvas's movement; but he had no remedy, and was reduced to the alternative of making the best of his Christmas with the ladies, princes, and bards who crowded his court.

The period of the winter solstice had been always a great festival with the northern nations, the commencement of the lengthening of the days being, indeed, of all points in the circle of the year, that in which the inhabitants of cold countries have most cause to rejoice. This great festival was anciently called Yule; whether derived from the Gothic *Iola*, to make merry; or from the Celtic *Hiaul*, the sun; or from the Danish and Swedish *Hiul*, signifying wheel or revolution, December being *Hiul-month*, or the month of

return; or from the Cimbric word *Ol*, which has the important signification of ALE, is too knotty a controversy to be settled here; but Yule had been long a great festival, with both Celts and Saxons; and, with the change of religion, became the great festival of Christmas, retaining most of its ancient characteristics while England was Merry England; a phrase which must be a mirifical puzzle to any one who looks for the first time on its present most lugubrious inhabitants.

The mistletoe of the oak was gathered by the Druids with great ceremonies, as a symbol of the season. The mistletoe continued to be so gathered, and to be suspended in halls and kitchens, if not in temples, implying an unlimited privilege of kissing; which circumstance, probably, led a learned antiquary to opine that it was the forbidden fruit.

The Druids, at this festival, made, in a capacious cauldron, a mystical brewage of carefully selected ingredients, full of occult virtues, which they kept from the profane, and which was typical of the new year and of the transmigration of the soul. The profane, in humble imitation, brewed a bowl of spiced ale, or wine, throwing therein roasted crabs; the hissing of which, as they plunged, piping hot, into the liquor, was heard with much unction at midwinter, as typical of the conjunct benignant influences of fire and strong drink. The Saxons called this the Wassail-bowl, and the brewage of it is reported to have been one of the charms with which Rowena fascinated Vortigern.

King Arthur kept his Christmas so merrily, that the memory of it passed into a proverb: "As merry as Christmas in Caer Lleon."

Caer Lleon was the merriest of places, and was commonly known by the name of Merry Caer Lleon; which the English ballad-makers, for the sake of the smoother sound, and confounding Cambria with Cumbria, most ignorantly or audaciously turned into Merry Carlisle; thereby emboldening a northern antiquary to set about proving that King Arthur was a Scotchman; according to the old principles of harry and foray, which gave Scotchmen a right to whatever they could find on the English border; though the English never admitted their title to anything there, excepting a halter in Carlisle.

The chase, in the neighbouring forest; tilting in the amphitheatre; trials of skill in archery, in throwing the lance and riding at the quintain, and similar amusements of the morning, created

A Moorish Prison

From a painting by Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A., R.E., P.R.B.A.

good appetites for the evening feasts; in which Prince Cei, who is well known as Sir Kay, the seneschal, superintended the viands, as King Bedwyr did the liquor; having each a thousand men at command, for their provision, arrangement, and distribution; and music worthy of the banquet was provided and superintended by the King's chief harper, Geraint, of whom a contemporary poet observes, that, when he died, the gates of heaven were thrown wide open, to welcome the ingress of so divine a musician.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

1829.

THE CIRCLE OF THE BARDS

The three dignities of poetry: the union of the true and the wonderful; the union of the beautiful and the wise; and the union of art and nature.—*Triads of Poetry.*

Amongst the Christmas amusements of Caer Lleon, a grand Bardic Congress was held in the Roman theatre, when the principal bards of Britain contended for the pre-eminence in the art of poetry, and in its appropriate moral and mystical knowledge. The meeting was held by daylight. King Arthur presided, being himself an irregular bard, and admitted, on this public occasion, to all the efficient honours of a Bard of Presidency.

To preside in the Bardic Congress was long a peculiar privilege of the kings of Britain. It was exercised in the seventh century by King Cadwallader. King Arthur was assisted by twelve umpires, chosen by the bards, and confirmed by the king.

The Court, of course, occupied the stations of honour, and every other part of the theatre was crowded with a candid and liberal audience.

The bards sate in a circle on that part of the theatre corresponding with the portion which we call the stage.

Silence was proclaimed by the herald; and after a grand symphony, which was led off in fine style by the king's harper, Geraint, Prince Cei came forward, and made a brief oration, to the effect that any of the profane who should be irregular and tumultuous, would be forcibly removed from the theatre, to be dealt with at the discretion of the officer of the guard. Silence was then a second time proclaimed by the herald.

Each bard, as he stood forward, was subjected to a number

of interrogatories, metrical and mystical, which need not be here reported. Many bards sang many songs. Amongst them, Prince Llywarch sang—

GORWYNION Y GAUAV

THE BRILLIANCES OF WINTER

Last of flowers, in tufts around
Shines the gorse's golden bloom :
Milk-white lichens clothe the ground
'Mid the flowerless heath and broom :
Bright are holly-berries, seen
Red, through leaves of glossy green.

Brightly, as on rocks they leap,
Shine the sea-waves white with spray ;
Brightly, in the dingles deep,
Gleams the river's foaming way ;
Brightly through the distance show
Mountain summits clothed in snow.

Brightly where the torrents bound,
Shines the frozen colonnade,
Which the black rocks, dripping round,
And the flying spray have made :
Bright the ice-drops on the ash
Leaning o'er the cataract's dash.

Bright the hearth, where feast and song
Crown the warrior's hour of peace,
While the snow-storm drives along,
Bidding war's worse tempest cease ;
Bright the hearth-flame flashing clear
On the up-hung shield and spear.

Bright the torch-light of the hall
When the wintry night-winds blow ;
Brightest when its splendours fall
On the mead-cup's sparkling flow :
While the maiden's smile of light
Makes the brightness trebly bright.

Close the portals ; pile the hearth ;
Strike the harp ; the feast pursue ;
Brim the horns : fire, music, mirth,
Mead and love are winter's due.
Spring to purple conflict calls
Swords that shine on Winter's walls.

Llywarch's song was applauded, as presenting a series of images with which all present were familiar, and which were all of them agreeable.

Merlin sang some verses of the poem which is called—

AVALLENNAU MYRDDIN

MERLIN'S APPLE-TREES

Fair the gift to Merlin given,
Apple-trees seven score and seven;
Equal all in age and size;
On a green hill-slope that lies
Basking in the southern sun,
Where bright waters murmuring run.

Just beneath, the pure stream flows;
High above, the forest grows;
Not again on earth is found
Such a slope of orchard ground:
Song of birds, and hum of bees,
Ever haunt the apple-trees. . . .

War has raged on vale and hill:
That fair grove was peaceful still.
There have chiefs and princes sought
Solitude and tranquil thought:
There have kings, from courts and throngs,
Turned to Merlin's wild-wood songs.

Now from echoing woods I hear
Hostile axes sounding near:
On the sunny slope reclined,
Feverish grief disturbs my mind,
Lest the wasting edge consume
My fair spot of fruit and bloom.

Lovely trees, that long alone
In the sylvan vale have grown,
Bare, your sacred plot around,
Grows the once wood-waving ground:
Fervent valour guards ye still;
Yet my soul presages ill.

Well I know, when years have flown,
Briars shall grow where ye have grown:
Them in turn shall power uproot;
Then again shall flowers and fruit
Flourish in the sunny breeze,
On my new-born apple-trees.

This song was heard with much pleasure, especially by those of the audience who could see, in the imagery of the apple-trees, a mystical type of the doctrines and fortunes of Druidism, to which Merlin was suspected of being secretly attached, even under the very nose of St. David.

Then Taliesin appeared in the Circle of Bards. King Arthur welcomed him with great joy, and sweet smiles were showered upon him from all the beauties of the court.

Taliesin answered the metrical and mystical questions to the astonishment of the most proficient; and, advancing, in his turn, to the front of the circle, he sang a portion of a poem which is now called HANES TALIESIN, The History of Taliesin; but which shall be here entitled

THE CAULDRON OF CERIDWEN

The sage Ceridwen was the wife
Of Tegid Voël, of Pemble Mere:
Two children blest their wedded life,
Morvran and Creirwy, fair and dear:
Morvran, a son of peerless worth,
And Creirwy, loveliest nymph of earth:
But one more son Ceridwen bare,
As foul as they before were fair.

She strove to make Avagddu wise;
She knew he never could be fair:
And, studying magic mysteries,
She gathered plants of virtue rare:
She placed the gifted plants to steep
Within the magic cauldron deep,
Where they a year and day must boil,
Till three drops crown the matron's toil.

Nine damsels raised the mystic flame;
Gwion the Little near it stood:
The while for simples roved the dame
Through tangled dell and pathless wood
And, when the year and day had past,
The dame within the cauldron cast
The consummating chaplet wild,
While Gwion held the hideous child.

But from the cauldron rose a smoke
That filled with darkness all the air:
When through its folds the torchlight broke,
Nor Gwion, nor the boy, was there.
The fire was dead, the cauldron cold,
And in it lay, in sleep unrolled,
Fair as the morning-star, a child,
That woke, and stretched its arms, and smiled.

What chanced her labours to destroy,
She never knew; and sought in vain
If 'twere her own misshapen boy,
Or little Gwion, born again:

And, vext with doubt, the babe she rolled
In cloth of purple and of gold,
And in a coracle consigned
Its fortunes to the sea and wind.

The summer night was still and bright,
The summer moon was large and clear,
The frail bark, on the springtide's height,
Was floated into Elphin's weir.
The baby in his arms he raised:
His lovely spouse stood by, and gazed,
And, blessing it with gentle vow,
Cried "TALIESIN!" "Radiant brow!"

And I am he: and well I know
Ceridwen's power protects me still;
And hence o'er hill and vale I go,
And sing, unharmed, whate'er I will.
She has for me Time's veil withdrawn:
The images of things long gone,
The shadows of the coming days,
Are present to my visioned gaze.

The audience shouted with delight at the song of Taliesin, and King Arthur, as President of the Bardic Congress, conferred on him, at once, the highest honours of the sitting.

Where Taliesin picked up the story which he told of himself, why he told it, and what he meant by it, are questions not easily answered. Certain it is, that he told this story to his contemporaries, and that none of them contradicted it. It may, therefore, be presumed that they believed it; as any one who pleases is most heartily welcome to do now.

Besides the single songs, there were songs in dialogue, approaching very nearly to the character of dramatic poetry; and pennillion, or unconnected stanzas, sung in series by different singers, the stanzas being complete in themselves, simple as Greek epigrams, and presenting in succession moral precepts, pictures of natural scenery, images of war or of festival, the lamentations of absence or captivity, and the complaints or triumphs of love. This pennillion-singing long survived among the Welsh peasantry almost every other vestige of bardic customs, and may still be heard among them on the few occasions on which rack-renting, tax-collecting, common-enclosing, Methodist-preaching, and similar developments of the light of the age, have left them either the means or inclination of making merry.

1829. THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

ERYRI WEN

Theirs was no dream, O monarch hill,
With heaven's own azure crowned!
Who called thee—what thou shalt be still,
White Snowdon!—holy ground.

They fabled not, thy sons who told
Of the dread power enshrined
Within thy cloudy mantle's fold,
And on thy rushing wind.

It shadowed o'er thy silent height,
It filled thy chainless air,
Deep thoughts of majesty and might
For ever breathing there.

Nor hath it fled! the awful spell
Yet holds unbroken sway,
As when on that wild rock it fell
Where Myrddin Emrys lay!

Though from their stormy haunts of yore
Thine eagles long have flown,
As proud a flight the soul shall soar
Yet from thy mountain-throne!

Pierce then the heavens thou hill of streams!
And make the snows thy crest!
The sunlight of immortal dreams
Around thee still shall rest.

Eryri! temple of the bard!
And fortress of the free!
'Midst rocks which heroes died to guard,
Their spirit dwells with thee!

FELICIA HEMANS.

The Source

From a painting by Edgar Thomas

In the collection of the Earl of Plymouth

RHYS LEWIS'S SCHOOLDAYS

When I was a boy there were only two day schools in the town of my birth. One was kept by a gentleman of the name of Smith, whom I remember very well. Mr. Smith was the great oracle of the town. He was looked up to by some people with an admiration bordering almost upon worship. He was believed to be proficient in at least seven languages, and he was said to utter words which no one else could understand. I heard my mother declare that Mr. Smith and Dic Aberdaron were the two greatest scholars the world had ever seen. Whatever my opinion may, by this time, be of the accuracy of my mother's judgment, I know that I implicitly believed in it then. I would pull up in the street when Mr. Smith passed by, and look after him with an indescribable awe. He was a tall, thin, grey-headed man, wearing black clothes and spectacles. I think he was the only one in the town at that time who allowed his moustache to grow. Mr. Smith's was looked upon as a very superior sort of institution, and none ever thought of sending their children there save the gentry and the well-to-do. I remember associating some great mystery with the green bags in which his scholars used to carry their books.

I have reason to believe that mother would never have thought of sending me to school to Mr. Smith, even had her circumstances permitted it, because she considered him irreligious. She had a variety of reasons for forming this opinion of him. For one thing, he went to the Llan on the Sunday instead of "professing religion;" or, in other words, he frequented the Church of England instead of going to chapel. The "English Church" and "Religion" were two words very far removed from each other in my mother's vocabulary. Then again there was his habit of taking a stroll on Sunday afternoons instead of remaining at home pondering over the Word and the Doctrine. Moreover, she had heard from an old maid-servant of Mr. Smith's that he had in his house a "Devil-raising Book," which he was constantly reading "after dark." There could be no doubt of the correctness of this story, because one night Mr. Smith left the book open upon the table, where the girl saw it next morning. Thoughtlessly she drew near and tried to read it, but not one syllable could she make out beyond the single word "Satan," and before she had visited the room a second time the book had disappeared. It happened that the girl did not know a word of

English. As additional proof, mother recollected very well that Mr. Smith was in Parson Brown's company when the latter visited Ty'nllidiart to lay the spirit there, and shut it down in his tobacco box. Hereupon my mother came to this conclusion :—that if Mr. Smith, who was not a parson, was able to help Mr. Brown, who was a parson, in the work of laying spirits, he could not be any stranger to the work of raising them either. But mother's principal reason for believing Mr. Smith to be irreligious was, unquestionably, the fact of his wearing a moustache. Nobody could persuade her, she declared, that the man who had proved the great things of religion could possibly allow the hair to grow upon his upper lip. She had never seen any one deserving the name of Christian who wore a moustache. What would Mr. Elias and Mr. Rees [1] have taken for wearing moustachios ? A short whisker near the ear was a different thing entirely. As I have said, these considerations, even could my mother have afforded to send me, proved an unsurmountable obstacle to my going to school to Mr. Smith. And besides, my mother did not believe in higher education. I heard her say, more than once, that she never knew good to come of over-educating children, and that too much of this sort of thing had led many a man to the gallows. " As to the children of the poor," she would remark, " if they are able to read their Bible, and know the way of the Life eternal, that is quite enough for them."

The other school was kept by one Robert Davies, or, as he was commonly called, " Robin the Soldier,"—a well-set, fleshy man, but somewhat advanced in years, who had spent the prime of life in the British Army, where he distinguished himself as a brave, intrepid warrior. He returned to his native village minus his right leg, which he had left behind him in Belgium, a pledge of his zeal and fidelity in his country's cause, whilst campaigning against " Bony." Robert supplied this deficiency by means of a wooden leg, of foreign growth but his own shaping, and tipped with an iron ferrule. Upon his departure from the army the Government then in power deemed it incumbent upon them to endow him with a pension of sixpence a day for the rest of his life, in recognition of his valuable services as a soldier, and as a substantial recompense for the loss of his limb ; for which reasons Robert used to address his wooden leg as " Old Sixpenny." For some weeks after his return from the army, he used to be regularly asked out by old friends to supper for the sake of hearing him give an account of his battles,

[1] Two famous preachers.

and all he had seen and heard abroad. Robert, however, speedily got to the end of his tether, and his stories gradually grew to be a good deal staler than his appetite, so that at last the only place they were tolerated was the taproom of the Cross Foxes, to which Robert became a constant visitor.

The income from the wooden leg being barely sufficient to meet the weekly calls of the Cross Foxes, our old Soldier speedily found himself in straitened circumstances. But relief was not long in coming. Providence found him an opening as toll-gate keeper, in which situation, for a season, he fared sumptuously every day. He grew sleek-looking, and self-satisfied, and doubtless would have continued to do so, had not the turnpike authorities happened to discover that it was not Robert who kept the gate, but that it was the gate which kept him. In solemn conclave they came to the conclusion that this was not the original intention of the trust, some of them happening to be self-willed and hard-hearted, going the length even of insisting that the tolls should be restored to their intended use; and Robert was obliged to leave in consequence.

Parson Brown was wondrously kind and charitable towards all his parishioners, especially the orthodox. And inasmuch as the old soldier was one of the "dearly beloved brethren," and a devout man—that is to say, one who went to church every Sunday morning, to bed every Sunday afternoon, and to the Cross Foxes every Sunday night—Mr. Brown took an especial interest in his welfare, and was the very first to suggest to him the advisability of setting up school.

"Robbit," said Parson Brown to him in broken Welsh—so I heard mother tell the story—"Robbit, you scholar, you able to read and write and say catechism—you start school in old empty office there—me help you—many children without learning hereabouts, Robbit; you charge penny week, make lot coin, live comfortable, I do my best to you. You, Robbit, have been fight for the country, me fight for you now."

Fairplay for Mr. Brown, he had a warm heart, and he never rested until he had set Robert on his feet, or rather on his foot, in this matter of starting a day school.

Soldier Robin's school was an old-established institution before I got of age to be able to go to it. How my mother came to send me there my memory is not sufficiently alert to furnish the details. Sure I am that no burning desire of mine towards education gave

the inducement. I am pretty positive also that it was not because mother was satisfied of Robert's religiosity. The likeliest reason I can think of at the moment is that Mr. Brown had used his influence with mother in the matter. Although believing Mr. Brown had never proved "the great things," she entertained, I know, a very high opinion of him as a philanthropist and neighbour. The only thing which reconciled me to the notion of going to school was the fact that Will Bryan was already a member of that valued institution.

. . . . . .

I wish to give a detailed account, concealing nothing, of the day I first went to school.

It was a Monday and winter. Will Bryan called for me betimes, and was particularly enjoined by my mother to take care of me. Will hinted on the way that it was not at all unlikely I should have to fight one or two of my school-fellows. It was not a pleasant thing to do, he knew, but such was the custom always with a new scholar. He, however, would take care to be at my back to see I got fairplay. The hint was anything but a consoling one, chiefly because I was conscious that my talents did not lie in that direction, and also because I perceived the possibility of the occurrence, did it take place, coming to my mother's ears at home, and to those of Abel Hughes at the Children's Society. I was ashamed to admit as much to Will Bryan, and so I told him I should act according to his instructions; indeed I would not for anything have crossed him, he stood so high in my estimation.

The "Office" in which the old soldier kept school was a long, narrow structure, round which ran a rough and crooked bench connected with a desk which leaned against the wall. I noticed, among one of the first things, that of this desk there was hardly a square inch on which the knife had not carved some kind of pictorial design, figure, or name. At the other end, close to the fire, stood the master's desk, through the base of which there was a good-sized hole, made (I afterwards found) for the convenience of the master's wooden leg, which he thrust through whenever he sat down. Upon my entrance, I saw what to me was a new and wondrous sight. Some of the boys were mounted on the desk, some on other boys' backs, "playing horses," and galloping about the room, while others were heaped on the floor, wriggling about like eels in the mud. One lad, who was lame and carried a crutch, was mimicking the master, at whose desk he sat with the crutch thrust through the

hole in imitation of the wooden leg, and yelling, all to no purpose, for silence. The scene changed every minute; everybody shouted at the top of his voice with the exception of one boy, who, standing on the desk near the window, divided his attention between the play and the direction from which they expected the appearance of the master. A curious feeling came over me. I thought I had come amongst a lot of very wicked children, and if mother had known the sort of beings they were, I should never be sent there again. On the other hand, I fancied this was the best place for fun I had ever seen. The dominant feeling, however, was one of strangeness and a painful shyness, now that Will had left me to myself and eagerly joined in the play. While thus affected, I saw the lad who was on the look-out place two fingers to his mouth, and give a clearly sounded whistle. In a twinkling every boy, panting and blowing, was in his proper place. I knew very well I must be looking foolish enough, standing like a statue all alone near the door when the Soldier came in. He passed me by without taking upon him that he had seen me. He seemed agitated, and looked fiercely about him. I understood directly that the sentinel had not been quick enough in giving the signal, and that the master had heard the deafening disturbance. He walked up to his desk, and drew forth a long stout cane. Each lad shrugged a preparatory shoulder while the old Soldier went the round of the school, caning all, cruelly and indiscriminately. I was the only one who escaped even a taste, and I was the only one who burst out crying, the chastisement having terrified me. The other boys appeared too well used to the proceeding to mind it. The last of them having received his allowance, the master returned to his desk, put up his hands and said, "Let us pray," after which he slowly repeated his Paternoster, the boys following. I subsequently learned that some of the wicked ones, in the midst of the general clatter, had uttered words very different from any to be found in the Prayer, thereby eliciting the low laughter of those who were within hearing.

Prayer ended, the old Soldier in a voice of command cried, "Rivets, my boys," a synonym used every Monday morning for "Pass up with your pence." The lad who had come away without the customary copper had to hold out his hand and receive thereon the tingling imprint of the cane, which sent him dancing back to his seat, squeezing his fingers between his knees, or under his armpit, or shoving them into his mouth, or shaking them as if he had but just drawn them out of the fire. This was the general result

which a slap with the cane produced, but more especially if there had been no opportunity for spitting upon the palm, and placing two hairs crosswise thereon. In passing, I may mention that the boys had an unswerving belief in the spittle and crossed hairs as a charm against the smart. My own opinion, after many trials, is that there is not much good in the practice. It was not often a lad cried after one slap on the hand; but if he got two slaps or three he was entitled, by common consent, to set up a howl without danger of being considered a coward. I invariably cried after one slap. I was a noted crier, and could not help it.

But to return; after Will Bryan had taken me to the master, and the latter had entered my name in the book, and received my penny—which I remember well to have been quite hot from the tight clutch I had kept, lest I should lose it—I was requested to go to my seat, where I should be told directly what my task would be. I had the privilege of sitting between Will Bryan and a boy named Jack Beck.

The latter, without any beating about the bush, asked me had I a ha'penny.

I replied I hadn't.

Could I tell when I should get one? He knew a shop where there were heaps of things to be had for a ha'penny. He knew the shopwife, and I would get almost as much again for my money if he were with me.

Will Bryan told him to shut up, or he would repent it, adding a broad hint that if he didn't I would be sure to give him a thrashing. Little did I think at the time that Will was such a cunning young rascal.

Beck observed that to thrash him was something more than I could do.

Will asked me if I was afraid of Beck?

Although feeling quite otherwise, I replied boldly that I was not.

"Very well," rejoined Will, and before five minutes were over, the news had been whispered into every ear in the school that a fight was to come off between Rhys Lewis and John Beck.

My conscience, a tender one, grew troubled at the mere thought of such an occurrence, but it would never have done to tell that to Will, who kept pouring into my ear a number of directions proper to be observed by way of preparation for so important an occasion. I had been taught by my mother at home, and by Abel Hughes

at the Children's Society, that fighting was a great sin; and my conscience was afire at the notion of doing battle with a boy who had never said a scurvy word to me, and towards whom I had no sort of enmity. I tried to comfort myself with the reflection that if the affair came to mother's ears, she might look upon it a little more leniently from the fact that my opponent was a Churchman, for I knew she entertained no very high opinion of Church people. I trusted, therefore, she would consider the thing as a sort of accidental collision between Church and Chapel.

For about an hour it did not appear to me that there was any work going on in the school. The old Soldier, during the greater part of the time, had his head down, occupied either in reading or in writing, while the boys, although their books were open before them, kept up an incessant murmur. I knew perfectly well it was I and John Beck who were the subjects of conversation. Did the talk become a little loud, the master, at the top of his voice, would shout "Silence!" and for a few minutes silence would ensue. At a quarter to eleven o'clock, the word was given us to go to play, whereupon all jumped to their feet and rushed out like a drove of sheep through a gap. My heart beat fast at the thought of what was about to take place. I hardly knew where I was before I found myself in the yard standing up to John Beck. I did my best under the circumstances, although I did not know how I got on, my eyes being most of the time closed, not from my antagonist's blows, but from fear. For all that the combat did not last long, and I rejoiced greatly when I found that everything was over and that I was the victor. I believe to this day that I was helped by Will Bryan. I don't know whether I felt the prouder that the fight was over, or that I had come out a conqueror and whole-skinned, when the authoritative voice of the Soldier, calling us into school, struck terror to my heart. It was clear that he had seen the whole transaction. I heard several of the boys muttering in concert that it was the son of the woman who cleaned the Church, nicknamed the "Skulk," who had carried the news to master, and the threats were legion that were launched at his head. On the return to school Rhys Lewis and John Beck were called up to the desk to give an account of their stewardship. It was a fearful moment, but Will Bryan rose equal to the occasion. He came up to the desk, unasked, to give testimony, and declared unflinchingly that it was Beck who had challenged me and struck me first. This was emphatically denied by Beck. Another witness was called who, happening to

be an enemy of Beck's, confirmed Will's evidence, whereupon the old Soldier, saying that inasmuch as this was the first day I had been at school, he would let me off unpunished, but as for Beck, he should receive three strokes with the cane, one for fighting without reasonable cause, one for taking a beating from his opponent, and one for denying the accusation which had been brought against him.

I sympathised sincerely with Beck. He was hoisted, poor chap, on the back of the stoutest lad in school, denuded of his clothing at a particular part of the body which I did not then care to see and do not now care to name, and had inflicted upon him the punishment prescribed.

The old Soldier prefaced each stroke as follows :—" This is for fighting without a reasonable cause " (whack !), " This is for coming vanquished out of the fight " (whack !), " And this is for denying the truth of the accusation brought against him " (whack !).

In subsequent days I heard the same formula repeatedly gone through, which is why I remember it so well. It was a sermon of exceptionally direct applicability and influence, this one of the old Soldier's, which was doubtless why he delivered it so often. In his turn I saw every boy but one of the whole school dancing and shouting from its effects, although not for joy. That boy was Will Bryan. Be the old Soldier's humour what it might, he could never get a cry out of Will, who thus became a hero in our eyes. and the very embodiment of bravery. It seemed to me that the lads, as a whole, enjoyed immensely the flogging of poor Beck, which I considered very cruel of them, seeing none knew but that he himself might be the next to come in for similar treatment.

A heavy load of guilt was laid upon my conscience on account of Beck's punishment, and I was in great haste to go to bed, so that, as I had been brought up to do, I might ask forgiveness for the day's transgression. Fortunately the affair never came to mother's ears, and for all I know Abel Hughes never heard of it, either. Nothing particular happened that afternoon. I am positive I got no more than one lesson—and that was one in spelling—the day I first went to school ; and don't much fancy the other boys got any more. Speaking generally, I can certify they all got more canings than lessons. One thing happened that day which eased my conscience very considerably, and which is a source of great comfort to me, even at this moment. When I went home to dinner a relative of mine gave me a half-penny for my pluck in going to

school. I lost no time in informing Jack Beck of the happy occurrence, and in making a covenant of peace with him. He, on his part, accompanied me to the shop where the prodigious ha'porth was to be had, and got the greater share of the purchase, so that the sun did not go down upon our wrath. In my innocence I fancied that, things having ended so happily, there was no necessity for me to pray for forgiveness before retiring to rest. And I did not. As far as I can remember them, the occurrences of my first day in the school of Soldier Robin were such as they are here narrated.

1881. DANIEL OWEN.

WILL BRYAN'S CHARGE

"But, honour bright now, is it a fact that you've been born again?"

"Will," replied I, "don't you think it time we should both turn over a new leaf? I am not able to tell clearly whether I have been born again or not; but I'll say this much—my mind has undergone a wonderful change of late. I have got to look upon everything in a different light, and I'm certain I can never again find any enjoyment in the old ways. Hell, another world, and the things of religion have been constantly in my mind for months past, and I couldn't drive them out though I tried. I wanted to tell you I had resolved to become a good boy, if I shall have help to do so. And there is nothing on earth I would like better than for you to take the same resolution. You have always been a great friend of mine, and if our mode of life differs so much that we are obliged to part, it will be a most painful thing to me. You know as well as I, and better, that it won't do to go on as we have done: it is sure to end badly. Do you not think of that, sometimes, Will?"

"Go on with your sermon. Say: 'We will observe, secondly,'" returned Will.

"No sermon at all, Will," said I. "Only a friendly conversation."

"Well, if it isn't a sermon, I've heard many worse," he remarked. "But to be serious. I had for some time seen that you had gone on that line, and I said so, didn't I? To tell the truth, I didn't much wonder at it, because religion comes natural to your family, barring your father—no offence, mind. If I'd been brought up like you, p'r'aps there'd be a touch of religion about me too; but you never saw less of that sort of thing anywhere than yonder,

except the bit we get on Sunday. Though not quite a pattern of morality myself, still I think I know what religion is. If I hadn't been acquainted with your mother, old Abel, 'Old Waterworks,' and some half a dozen others, I should have thought, for certain, they were hypocrites, the whole bag of tricks."

"It isn't proper in you, Will, to speak lightly of your parents," I observed.

"I don't speak lightly of them," he rejoined. "It's of their religion I'm talking; and man and his religion are two different things entirely. As a man of business, clever at a bargain, as a money-maker, and one who takes care to find plenty of grub for a chap, the gaffer is A 1. But I'll take my oath he can't repeat two verses of Scripture correctly, any more than myself. He never looks at the Bible except for a couple of minutes before going to school on the Sunday. It is as good as new now—the Bible he had presented him on his marriage; not like your mother's, all to smithereens. I believe, though, that if his day-book and ledger caught fire to-night, the old man would be able to copy them out pretty correctly next morning. It's a fact, Sir. Do you think I don't know what religion is? He puts down four shillings a month for mother, four shillings for himself, and a shilling for me, regularly, on the Society book. But do you s'pose credit is given for that in the ledger up above? It's all my eye, lad. I know how things should be done, right enough, even if I don't do them myself. If the gaffer fancies he can shut his conscience up in that way, I'm wide awake enough to know we can't cheat the Almighty. I'm as certain as anybody that it is necessary to *live* religiously three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and not fifty-two. Father and mother would make proper honorary members of a Church if there were any. But there are none, I know, and so it'll be no go with them in the end."

"Your responsibility is so much the greater, Will; knowing what you ought to do and not doing it," said I.

"Do you think you're telling me anything new?" he asked. "I learnt all that when I was a kid. I am only speaking of the kind of rearing I've had, and what I have seen at home. 'It is enough for the disciple that he be as his father.' There's a verse of that sort, isn't there?"

"'As his master,'" said I.

"Quite so," quoth Will. "It's very odd I can never repeat a verse without making some mistake, although I know hundreds

The Mill

From a painting by H. Hughes Stanton, A.R.A.

of comic songs, right off the reel. But, with reference to religion, father and master, it's all the same; and perhaps it may be father in the original, as they say. But to the point at issue. I know what a professor should be, both on Sunday and on Monday; but I've seen so much humbug, fudge, and hypocrisy carried on that it's made my heart quite hard, and filled my pockets with wild oats, which I am bound to go and sow, I fancy. Do you know what? I am quite ashamed to stay in the Society. Everybody must be aware I'm not fit to be there, and the Great King knows that my father who compels me to belong to it is just as fit to be there as myself. As a family, there is no more religion in us than in a milestone; nor as much, for that does answer the purpose for which it was made. You know I'm not a bad sort, by nature. I myself have often wondered how I'm so good. I've sometimes thought if I'd been son to some one like Abel Hughes, I should—well, how do you know what I'd have been? But 'to be or not to be, that is the question,' says Shakespeare; 'what is, is, and there's an end of it,' say I."

"You're in error, Will," I remarked. "You know you can and ought to be something different to what you are. You have brilliant talents, and it is a pity you should use them in the service of the devil."

"You may just as well stop it there," said Will. "You can't tell me anything I don't know already. 'Twould be sheer hypocrisy for me to say I'm turnip-headed. But, with religion, look you, brains without grace are good for nothing; and grace, you know, is not a thing you can buy in a shop, like a pound of sugar. It must either come straight from the head office or not at all."

"Why don't you go to the 'head office' to fetch it, then?" I asked.

"I knew you'd say that," he replied; "but easier said than done. Something keeps telling me—I will not say it's Satan, because William the Coal has laid quite enough blame on him already—something tells me I've not had my innings. Old Abel, or someone, has bowled you out, and I'm very glad it is so. But up to now I'm at the wicket; although, perhaps, I shall be 'well caught' or 'spread-eagled' some day. I hope so, because I shouldn't care to carry my bat out, you know. I too would like to find religion, only it must be one of the right sort. 'Beware of imitations' is a motto for every man. P'r'aps you think Will is more hardened than he really is. Hold on a bit! I'm not quite like Spanish iron

yet. You never saw me cry, did you ? But many a night, when I have failed to sleep, and something within me kept telling me I was a wicked boy, I've had a right good cry. But by the morning I hardened again, and something would tell me I had let private apartments in my heart to some little devil who had become my master. I never got the least help from father and mother to turn him out. I much think it was to him your mother used to allude ; only she called him the ' old man.' The Bible speaks, doesn't it, of some bad sorts of them who won't go out without fasting and prayer ? Well, I can't for the life of me pray—you can't possibly get them in the humour for that, over yonder—and I can't sham. Talk of fasting, why, I give my devil a dozen meals a day sometimes. I'll take oath he's as fat as mud by now. But to tell you the truth, I'd like to put him on one meal and starve him. I have studied a little of human nature, and I knew you felt shy of meeting me. You thought I meant to make fun of you. Far from it. I'm real glad you've been converted. You want to become a preacher, don't you ? You needn't shake your head, it's a preacher you will be. I knew it since you were a kid. That's what your mother wanted you to be, and if she has asked it of the Almighty, He is bound to oblige her. P'r'aps you won't believe me, but I'll take oath I've often felt uncomfortable at the thought that I have done you harm. However, since you've had a turn, you'll make a better preacher than if you'd always kept on the straight line. You know no one can play whist unless he is able to tell how many cards of any particular suit are out. I never saw any of these milk-and-water fellows—those who have never done wrong—making much of a mark at preaching. They don't know the ins and outs, you see. They preach well, but nothing extra. Mark what I tell you : if you hear a man preaching extra good, and take the trouble to look up his history, you're bound to find he has been, some time or another, off the rails. Did Peter never go off the rails ? Yes ; and what is more, his engine went to smash as well. But he made a stunning preacher afterwards. Boss of the lot, wasn't he ? Well, if you're for becoming a preacher—you needn't shake your head, I tell you again, you're bound to be—I'll give you a word of advice. P'r'aps this'll be the last chance I shall have, because if there isn't a change of policy over yonder very shortly, this chap will be heard saying, ' Adieu ! my native land, adieu ! ' You're cleverer than I am in Scripture, but p'r'aps I've noticed some things that you haven't, and I may be able to give you a bit of advice which you

won't get in the Monthly Meeting. Well, remember to be true to nature. After you've begun preaching don't change your face and your voice and your coat, all within the fortnight. If you do I shall be bound to chaff you. It's God's work, I know, your change of heart; but if your throat and voice change, that'll be your work. And there's no necessity for it—they'll do very well as they are. Don't try to be somebody else, or you'll be nobody at all. D'ye know what? Some preachers are like ventriloquists. In the house each remains himself, but directly he gets into the pulpit, you might swear he was some other man, that other man being the poorer of the two, because he is not true to nature. Don't go droning your reasons to the congregation, like one who isn't in his senses; for the fact that you are in the pulpit doesn't give you a licence to be sillier than you are anywhere else. If you were to carry on a sing-song argument with a man in the street, or in the house, or before the magistrates, they'd cart you off to the asylum, right away. To hear a preacher tuning it, for all the world as if he were at a concert, one minute, and the next breaking off, sharp, and talking like anybody else, makes me think it's all a dodge, and turns my heart to stone. When praying, don't open your eyes. I'll never believe any one to be religious who looks up to see what o'clock it is, in the middle of prayer. I've seen men do that, and it has spoiled the pudding for me. When you are a preacher—as you are bound to be, so you needn't shake your head—don't take on you to be holier than you really are, or else you'll make the children all afraid of you. D'ye know what? We had a preacher lodging at our house last Monthly Meeting, of whom I was afraid in my heart. He was in good health, and ate heartily, but kept on groaning at meals as if he had an everlasting toothache. It was just as if he wore a coffin plate upon his breast; I felt like being at a funeral, as long as he stayed there. I'd have been bolder, I swear, with the Apostle Paul, or Christ Himself, had they visited us. It wasn't true to nature, you know. If you want to give yourself airs of that sort, just you keep them till you get back to the house whose rent you pay. Be honourable, always. Don't forget to give the girl at your lodgings sixpence, even if you haven't another in your pocket; for she'll never believe a word of your sermon if you don't. If you smoke—and all great preachers smoke—remember it is your own tobacco you use, or there'll be grumbling after you've gone. You know I'm fond of a bit of nonsense; but, if you preach seriously, don't tell funny stories after getting back to the house, or some one

is sure to think you a humbug. I like the preacher who is true to nature, both in the pulpit and at home; but to hear one who has *almost* made me cry in chapel, afterwards *quite* make me laugh in the house, spoils the sermon for me. When preaching, don't beat too long about the bush; come to the point, hit the nail upon the head and have done with it. Don't talk too much about the law and things like that, for what do I and my sort know about the law; come to the point—Jesus Christ. If you can't make every one in chapel listen to you, give it up as a bad job and take to selling calico. If you go to college—and I know you will—don't be like the rest of them. They tell me the students are as much alike as postage stamps. Try and be an exception to the rule. Don't let the deacons announce you as 'a young man from Bala.' Preach till it be sufficient to say, 'Rhys Lewis,' without mentioning where you come from. When in college, whatever else you learn, be sure you study nature, literature, and English, for those will pay you for their keep, some day. If you get on well—and you're bound to —don't swallow the poker and forget old chums. Don't wear specs to try and make people believe you've ruined your sight by study, and to give yourself an excuse for not remembering old friends, because everybody'll know it's all fudge. If you are ordained, don't begin to wear a white neckerchief on the very next Sunday. If you never wore one it wouldn't matter, for I shan't believe Paul and his companions did—they had no time to wait to get them starched. Never break an engagement for the sake of better pay, or you'll make far more infidels than Christians. Whatever you do, don't become stingy, or christen yourself a saving man. Honour bright! I hope I shall never hear that about you; I'd rather hear of your going on the spree than that you had become a miser. I've never known a miser change, but I've seen scores of drunken men turning sober. It is stranger than fiction to me, but if you went on the spree only once they'd stop you from preaching; although if you were the biggest miser in the country you'd be allowed to go on just the same. Old fellow! don't you think this is pretty good advice, considering who I am? Monthly Meeting will tell you all you want to know with respect to prayer and so on; but it hasn't the courage to give you the counsels I have given. Give us your paw and wire in, old boy!"

And Will left me before I could put in a word.

1881. DANIEL OWEN. (*Trans. James Harris.*)

MOUNTAIN RILL

Mountain rill, that darkling, sparkling,
  Winds and wanders down the hill,
'Mid the rushes, whispering, murmuring,
  Oh that I were like the rill!

Mountain ling, whose flower and fragrance,
  Sorest longing to me bring
To be ever on the mountains—
  Oh that I were like the ling!

Mountain bird, whose joyous singing
  On the wholesome breeze is heard,
Flitting hither, flitting thither—
  Oh that I were like the bird!

Mountain child am I, and lonely
  Far from home my song I sing;
But my heart is on the mountain
  With the birds amid the ling.

CEIRIOG. (*Trans. E. O. Jones.*)

THE PLAINT OF THE WIND

Sleep to-night woos not my eyelids—
  Tears forestall him there!
By my window moans the West Wind
  In his lone despair.

Louder now his cry! His tears
  In gusts of anguish flow:
On the panes he hurls them, storming
  In his wildest woe.

Why, O Wind, dost thou come weeping
  To my window here?
Tell me, art thou too bewailing
  One who loved thee dear?

J. MORRIS JONES. (*Trans. W. L. J.*)

THE BOUNDARY FENCE

ACCORDING to the best geographical authorities, ancient and modern, the parish of Llangernyw, in the county of Denbigh, lies well within the confines of the temperate zone; but, sixty years ago, two adjoining farms in the very centre of the parish might well have passed as a slice of the tropics,—and that on account of the abnormal and unneighbourly heat locally generated by the mutual antipathy of the two farmers. The farms were known as Bodrach and Frwynos; and following a custom of that part of the country, their neighbours familiarly called each farmer by the bare name of his farm. In the one case farm and farmer alike were called Frwynos, and in the other, Bodrach; but the farmers' actual names were Peter Hughes and Thomas Bevan.

For a period of thirty years there blew over the boundary fence between these two farms a constant tempestuous simoom; and a cool lull only came when notices had been served on both farmers by the only landowner in the parish—and the only owner of land all the world over, according to one old book—that they would have to move shortly, in accordance with the provisions of an ancient Allotments Act, into very small holdings under a yew tree's sombre but impartial stewardship in the parish churchyard.

On account of the preternatural heat already mentioned, the two farmers may be said to have lived in a little torrid zone of their own, in which the equator followed the zigzag line of the boundary fence; for it was in the immediate vicinity of the fence, on either side, that the rays were hottest. This equator was by no means an imaginary line, though the ease with which Peter's sheep crossed over it favoured the view that it was a fence in theory and not in thorns. And that apparently must have been the view held by many woolly philosophers in Peter's flock; for their idealism, as practically applied to the problem of the boundary fence, made Thomas Bevan's life on the other side of the fence scarcely worth living.

The boundary fence was a massive old earthwork, of a width that was reminiscent of defensive fortifications in the battles of long ago. In form it was zigzag, and, as seen from the other side of the glen, it resembled a giant snake wriggling its way down to the river below. But though its earthwork was wide and massive, it was ill-provided with anything in the shape of a regular

and efficient hedge on top; and in that respect it fell far short of the ideal boundary fence. It was overrun with brambles in profusion; but these were no defence against the undesirable aliens of Peter's flock. Their only service was to act as a set of Custom House officers on the frontier, who did their utmost to delay the progress of the trespassers, and collected as much wool as they could conveniently carry; but they were not equal to the task of holding up the invaders indefinitely.

The boundary fence belonged to Bodrach, and nothing more was expected of Peter Hughes than that he should dwell in peace on the other side; and that was the last thing any one who knew Peter would expect him to do. As the fence belonged to Thomas Bevan it was his duty to repair it; and this he conscientiously tried to do many a time, but every attempt failed. To his great chagrin, Peter's flock were expert critics of anything in the shape of a hedge, and they found great delight in putting Thomas Bevan's repairs to the test under his very nose. They followed after him affectionately, and made fresh gaps within a few yards of where he sweated and swore at his bootless task.

In his desire to improve and strengthen the fence he planted thorns at regular intervals along its whole length; but to no purpose, for they all withered away and died—with the exception of some half a dozen; and in his heart Thomas had more respect for the memory of the many that died than for the few that survived to reproach him with his failure. After this experience he would have nothing more to do with hedge-planting, but put his faith in engineering. He set up a wire fence—a row of wooden posts with a number of wires drawn tightly across them at regular intervals, like the strings of a harp. But this fence had only a short life, and that not a particularly merry one. Peter's sheep became such enthusiastic harpists that after a few weeks none of the wires was left save a few that happened to be out of their reach. After one or two seasons the posts grew tired of standing upright: they thought they had supported the wires long enough, and that it was time the wires should support them. Many of them began to lean lazily upon the remaining wires, and when these also gave way, the whole company bowed into a ludicrous variety of attitudes: some became apologetic, others sullen, some became maudlin and sentimental, while an occasional couple here and there bowed to each other as though engrossed in a perpetual palaver. Some even lay prostrate on the ground, and the rest at

every variety of angle conceivable. The only ones that still stood erect were the two head posts, one at either end of the fence. In a very short time these two officers alone remained of Tom Bevan's standing army. Ned, the servant lad, took upon himself to drag the common soldiers, one by one, to be cremated under the bricked cauldron where the pigs' daily rations of potatoes were cooked.

Whilst thorns and fencing posts thus failed and rotted on the fence outside, there were entrenched in its bowels a colony of rabbits that multiplied and throve wonderfully, despite the systematic persecution to which they were subjected. The old fence had been riddled by them; and an approximately correct estimate of the extent of their excavations would constitute a problem in the higher mathematics. The best authority on this aspect of the boundary fence, undoubtedly, was Don, Peter Hughes's mongrel sheep-dog. Don had a very respectable and useful general knowledge of all earths and runs within a two-mile radius of Frwynos—knowledge which he had gathered in his young days, when he was not yet two years old; but being convinced later that he was a fool to keep his eyes always in the ends of the earth, he settled down, and devoted himself to a special study of the boundary fence; and few specialists were ever so richly rewarded for their labours. He nearly always returned victorious, and often with unmistakable symptoms of having taken more booty than was consistent with his own comfort. Yet with all his knowledge of the boundary fence, he never made the mistake of fancying that he knew everything about it. A new earth was an almost daily feature, and Don was hard put to it to keep up with all the new developments and extensions. And when he became too old and decrepit to earn a living by hunting in it as before, he still continued to visit it daily, partly through force of habit, and partly because it amused him to do a little innocent research work amongst the old runs, as many another don loves to do under somewhat similar circumstances.

This little rabbit community—the Church of the Cony Connexion, which made the bowels of the boundary fence its sanctuary, and preserved a remarkable unity of spirit amidst a bewildering network of underground passages—was a most interesting body. The history of the "cause" from its start, faithfully and sympathetically told, would have made excellent reading, and would have been a very welcome addition to that particular branch of historical literature. It would have been interesting to learn who the pioneers

were, in what year the cause was first established, and the exact date on which every earth was opened. But the conies themselves set little store by their early history, and all such details have in consequence passed beyond recall.

It is pretty evident that it was from the first an established church, or at least a church that never depended, even for a day, on the voluntary principle. It was against their will, if not against the voice of their conscience, that Peter Hughes and Thomas Bevan contributed to its support. The rabbits tithed the crops of both—not always to the same extent, but always with a show of fairness. They invariably sought their food on the better side of the hedge. If the best clover was to be found on the Frwynos side, they went there; if on the Bodrach side, it was there they went. Consulting their own interests, they billeted themselves on the best crops; and in so doing, they became unconscious ministers of justice, by redressing the balance. Possibly Providence found pleasure in scattering clover and other green crops somewhat haphazardly on either side, and had appointed the inhabitants of the boundary fence throughout all their generations as a Court of Equity to administer justice by adjusting inequalities. This they did in truly orthodox fashion by leisurely eating up the difference; which is the one fundamental principle of judicial process that is universally recognised.

Peter Hughes was a childless widower, and his niece, a clean and tidy woman, kept house for him. Thomas Bevan was a bachelor, and his housekeeping was one of a plurality of analogous offices held by Ned—the other places kept by him being the cow-house and the pigsty; and never did pig or bullock have just cause to suspect that the house was receiving any preferential treatment. In fact, every pig reared in the place, whenever it saw the door of the house open, had a neighbourly and familiar way of walking in to judge for itself; and it always came out with a grunt of satisfaction, which was also a public acknowledgment that Ned's character for impartiality was still untarnished. These three tenements which constituted Ned's charge stood in a row, arm in arm, with the dwelling-house in the middle; and the servant lad, with the full concurrence of his master, took care that nothing but liberty, equality, and fraternity should enter into his united kingdom.

Peter Hughes had received a little schooling. He could read fluently, and had a keen relish for his weekly newspaper. Thomas

Bevan, on the other hand, was hopelessly illiterate and ignorant. He had little conception of anything outside the farm; and as for religion, it was to him sealed with seven seals. Peter was a mischief-maker, cool and calculating; while the other was a coarse, half-savage churl.

For many a long year such friendly intercourse as became next-door neighbours had been completely broken off, and that chiefly on account of the boundary fence. It was the crops on Thomas Bevan's side that suffered most, as the land on Peter's side of the fence was higher, and the descent, therefore, to Bodrach much easier than the climb to Frwynos. But though Thomas Bevan was the greater sufferer of the two, he had no chance in a court of law of binding Peter's sheep to keep the peace, for the fence was his own, and it was his duty to make it efficient. Occasionally he would yield to a sudden impulse and start repairing it; but he never kept at it long. Whenever he appeared upon the fence, a ragged knight with a billhook for his sword and a pair of bepatched hedging-gloves for his buckler, Peter Hughes, interpreting it as a challenge, would sally forth with his servant and take up the best position available for the purpose of harassing the enemy. They pretended to be engaged upon some work of their own, but their real object was to hinder and exasperate Thomas Bevan by their presence and talk. Master and servant found no difficulty in getting the repairer's range with their ridicule, though at a safe distance themselves. Sometimes, when the wind happened to be favourable, they could waft him a few phrases of mock approval whose effects were instantaneous and well worth watching from the distance. Under these shafts, as his tormentors were beyond the reach of his cold steel, he relied on the only effective field gun he possessed; and of its type—not quite obsolete yet—Thomas Bevan's quick-firer could not have been matched for miles around. He cursed Peter Hughes so volubly and fervently that his oaths, as they exploded against the Frwynos rock, roused the "old man" in every other crag throughout the whole neighbourhood. He would then stride home in a rage, to the familiar accompaniment of his own oaths as they reverberated profanely through the glen and fell at last dumb and dead on some distant crag.

After years of this mortifying experience, Thomas Bevan became more and more sensible of his own desperate condition—not as a miserable sinner, but as Peter's thoroughly miserable neighbour, who had no hope of redress in the civil law of the land. In

The Boundary Fence

"Master and servant found no difficulty in getting the [illegible] with their ridicule, though at a safe distance themselves."

By J. M. Staniforth

despair he turned at last to the only untried quarter, and began to think in earnest of the comfort of religion, as that commodity was daily expounded to him by Ned. The latter assured his master that if he only became a member of the "seiat"—as the select society of church members at the chapel was usually called—he could easily get Peter's neck wrung, so to speak, on the cheap by the chapel authorities: that members of the "seiat" could drag each other before their betters with little trouble and no expense. Charmed with the glorious hope which Ned's notion of religious benefits held out, Thomas Bevan resolved to offer himself at the chapel without delay.

Peter Hughes was a member of the church at Zoar Chapel, and thither, one Wednesday night, Thomas Bevan directed his steps. Peter noticed, as he sauntered leisurely towards Zoar, that Thomas Bevan was walking some hundred yards in front of him, but he little suspected that his neighbour also was going there. When Thomas turned into the court and coolly entered the chapel, Peter Hughes was so surprised that he unconsciously stopped. Staring blankly at the open door, he momentarily felt for something to lean against, as though about to fall in a fit. Luckily it turned out to be a fit of laughter, and he had to loiter long in the court outside before he could control himself and regain his composure sufficiently to enter after him.

When the introductory part of the service was over, Hugh Jones, the presiding deacon, got up and said:

"We are all glad to see Thomas Bevan of Bodrach present. William Davies will go and have a word or two with him."

William Davies, another deacon, with the weight of fourscore years upon him, rose with difficulty in the "big pew," and, clinging familiarly to the chapel fixtures for support, worked his way gradually to where Thomas Bevan sat. He first spoke a few words to him in whispers, just a few friendly and unofficial words of welcome; then he pitched his voice in the correct official key for the public examination of a candidate, and for the benefit of the whole fraternity.

"Well, Thomas, thou knowest what thou'rt about, I hope."

"I do," said Thomas.

"Thou'rt come to the seiat, mind, to the seiat; and if thou would'st bide here and be counted with us, thou'lt have to mend thy ways, and mind the old landmarks. The seiat is a sort o' farm won from the world, and thou'lt have to do thy share to keep the boundary fence in repair."

The figure of the "boundary fence" tickled Peter Hughes beyond human endurance, and brought upon him a violent fit of coughing.

"What boundary fence?" asked Thomas Bevan, warmly.

"The one between the Church and the world," said the old deacon.

"Oh," grunted Thomas, in a somewhat mollified tone.

"Thou and the rest of us must always be on the watch or thou'lt find the hedge thinned out into nothing but gaps and stumps in no time. Where the hedge shows any sign of weakening, thrust a few prickly shrubs of Scripture into it—the hawthorn of the promises is very useful; and so, for that matter, is the blackthorn of its warnings as well. The Bible usually grows the two sorts in a tangle, and they should be used together."

At this point, Thomas Bevan's untutored mind began to jib, and absolutely refused to pull William Davies's loaded allegory a step further until he had emptied it of every shred of spiritual meaning. When he had thus lightened his load—it all took him but an instant—Thomas Bevan asked with lively interest:

"Who farms on the other side of the fence?"

"Oh, Satan, Thomas, Satan; he farms the whole world beyond," said William Davies.

"Isn't he also to do his bit of watching and mending?" asked Thomas again, rapidly developing a taste for cross-examining the examiner.

"He'll watch well enough; but take my word for it, he'll never mend," said the deacon; "and what is more, thou'lt neither watch nor mend if he can help it."

Thomas Bevan fumbled under the seat for his hat, and prepared to go out.

"Why!" he said rising, "I've been in a seiat in Bodrach for twenty years without knowing it. Had I known that you also had a Peter over the boundary fence, I'd never have come near you. Good-night, all of you," and with that he started.

William Davies, instantly realising that the figure he had used was a most unfortunate one, said:

"Wait a bit, Thomas; I fear I've not made myself clear."

Thomas, hat in hand, came to a halt in the passage just outside the pew he had vacated.

"Didst thou come here to offer thyself as a member?" asked William Davies. "That I did," said Thomas.

"What brought thee in?"

"That man Peter," pointing to a figure discreetly huddled together, the better to screen the rare enjoyment the whole affair afforded him.

"Oh! very good," said the old man. "I'm glad to hear of something to Peter's credit."

"Credit, indeed!" said Thomas, "wait till I've finished. That man Peter is the plague of my life, and I was told that had I been one of you, you'd help me to settle him."

"I see," said William Davies: "thou wert driven in here by the sins of Peter, and not by a sense of thine own."

"Yes," said Thomas.

"Well," said the deacon, "I fear thou'lt not find much welcome on those terms. We are very sorry if Peter of Frwynos worries thee; but, before we'll have thee, thou must feel the claws of the other Peter about thy heart."

Before William Davies had concluded, Thomas Bevan was halfway to the door, tossing his head significantly to express a general dissatisfaction with everybody and everything. As he went, he held up his right hand, with his hat in it, at an angle that betokened a resolve to get even with his tormentor, sooner or later; and happening to pass behind Peter's pew on his way, it suddenly occurred to him to pay the first instalment, and fetched him a good, thumping clout on the head with his hat. He was the more tempted to take the ecclesiastical law into his own hands in this fashion because Ned's faith in the seiat as a source of comfort in a quarrel was so unbounded that Thomas Bevan was loath to face him again with nothing comforting to report.

Thomas Bevan's unsuccessful bid for church membership did not result in improved relations with his neighbour; on the contrary it made things worse than before. The boundary fence became the arena of more violent conflicts than ever, with the only difference that after this incident Peter Hughes won such a succession of victories that they became monotonous even to himself. He was clearly in the ascendent, and he owed his ascendency to his discovery of a new weapon. However badly Peter might now fare in the earlier stages of an engagement, he could rely on having always the last word, and the decisive one. In all their encounters the final and silencing salvo came from Peter: it was a pressing invitation, sweetly and smilingly tendered to Thomas Bevan, to pay another visit soon to the seiat at Zoar.

With the passing of the years, however, and whilst there was as yet no prospect of peace on the boundary fence, both farmers made, each for himself, a new enemy ; and the new enemy of both was one and the same—consumption. It seized first upon Thomas Bevan, who was immediately interned in his own kitchen. He very soon became too weak to curse Peter Hughes without leaning his elbow on the hob for support. Shortly afterwards Peter Hughes contracted it, and in a more virulent form. He tarried very little in his corner by the fire, but took to bed.

It was lambing season when both were thus laid low, and ewes and lambs were left in consequence to fight the good fight of life and death by themselves. Many of them, mothers and young, succumbed for want of a little help and oversight ; but the majority throve wonderfully, despite the neglect. The couples of Frwynos and Bodrach were left now to mix together and to fraternise in peace. Some fourscore lambs, whose recognised "leaders" and "elders" were not above a month old, banded themselves together enthusiastically to convert the old boundary fence, partly into a gymnasium, and partly into an overhead racing track. Along this they raced feverishly, and jostled each other merrily into the dry ditch below. A fine, warm day was one long round of romps and gambols, of racing, jumping, and butting ; and the whole scene testified that this innocent and strenuous young life on the boundary fence was supremely sweet, and from a lambkin's point of view well worth living.

One day, however, as two of the lambs—one belonging to Frwynos and the other to Bodrach—were playing together on the fence, and pursuing each other up and down in innocent ecstasies, they rushed suddenly side by side through a gap in the brambles, and into a big net which some poacher had left unlifted. The net closed tightly around them, and their merriment came to an end, for there was none to release them. The two mothers were soon there, watching over them with much perplexity and more concern. Each nosed them to identify her own little darling, and then proclaimed the identification by means of a half-suppressed bleat. They next jumped up to the top of the fence, there to bleat plaintively ; down again, bleating, to try and call somebody's attention. But no help came. In the net the lambs remained, fighting valiantly for freedom as long as their little stock of strength held out, and then wasting away with exhaustion and want. Their strength soon gave out, and at last both were relieved—by death.

The lambs had long been quite cold when the first man arrived on the spot; and he was an idiot. Simple Billy, as he was called, had a divine right of way wherever he chose to walk. He could take any path, and could even assume a path where there was none. Notices to trespassers were plentiful in the land, but none of them were meant to apply to the idiot lad. If his Creator had denied him the one supremely precious boon, He gave him the next best as his birthright: the full freedom and the unstinted sympathy of the whole little world in which he lived. He could cross fields and fences to his heart's content, and meet never a scowl on any farmer's face. It was he who in his peregrinations came upon the dead lambs in the net. When the novelty of the sight had set him scratching his head with some show of reflection for a little while, he suddenly lifted the lambs up in the net as they were, and marched off with them to Frwynos. He knocked at the door, and a voice from the bedchamber bade him come in, whoever he was; and Billy entered with his burden. Peter Hughes was just then sitting up in bed. Billy put the lambs down on the floor of the chamber and looked at them and at Peter alternately.

"Where didst thou find those?" asked the invalid.

"Lambs," said Billy, as though he feared that Peter's thirst for further information might make him oblivious of that fundamental fact. "Lambs," he said again.

"Yes, I see; but where are they from?" asked Peter Hughes again.

"Field," said Billy.

Just then the servant's voice could be heard, setting the dog after some sheep in the yard; and the next minute he came into the house and into the bedchamber. He looked at the lambs and understood it all immediately.

"Some poachers must have left a net spread out on the boundary fence," he said, "and the lambs tumbled into it in their play. The two mothers, one of our sheep and one of Bodrach, are in the yard now, having followed Billy up."

"That's very strange!" said Peter Hughes, and he looked down at the lambs thoughtfully and long; then he lay back in bed with his hand resting upon his forehead. Once more he sat up to have another look at them; and after a while, lifting his eyes to the idiot lad, he said:

"Billy, my lad, I'm just thinking thou'rt among the prophets to-day."

"Lambs," said Billy, pointing to them with his finger as though to call Peter back to the subject.

"Yes, Billy, lambs," replied the sick man, "one of Tom Bevan's and one of my own, found dead in a net on the boundary fence;" and it was with much difficulty that he proceeded, for his lips had become disobedient and rebellious: "Little thou knowest, Billy, but 'tis a parable thou hast pitched here on the floor before my face: the two lambs are Tom Bevan and myself." He then lay back again in bed and burst into tears.

After a time he turned to Billy and said: "Thou must take them to Bodrach to show Tom Bevan. Go with him, Bob," he added, addressing the servant. The latter tried hard to find excuses, for he knew by experience that his presence was not particularly acceptable to Thomas Bevan; but he had to go. "And Bob," said Peter Hughes as they started, "tell Tom Bevan from me that I hope he'll forgive me."

The two set out, Billy lifting the lambs upon his shoulder as gently as though they were sleeping and he afraid of disturbing them. Bob let him walk on in front while he brought up the rear; not that he was too proud to walk by the idiot's side, but because he set too high a value on the success of Billy's mission, as well as upon his own skin, to risk both by rushing recklessly into Tom Bevan's presence. Bob resolved to send Billy in by himself with his burden, in the hope that when the introductory part of the service was over, he might venture in, and, if called upon, take some part. And so it was done. Billy entered without even the formality of a knock at the door. Thomas Bevan sat in the corner by the fire all by himself. The kitchen was very imperfectly lighted, and the occupant was perfectly still; and were it not that he chanced to cough he might have been taken for an antediluvian, drowned placidly in his chair. But a cursory glance around the room discovered abundant and conclusive proofs that there had never been that much water in the house; and the man's clothes and face certainly showed little signs of his having perished under water.

Billy set down his load here, as he had done at Frwynos, with as much ceremony as though laying a foundation stone. Thomas Bevan turned round and stared, first at the lambs in the net, and then at Billy. He knew the idiot lad well, but he was now suddenly possessed with the idea that he and his burden were an apparition. Billy stood before him like a statue, as still as the dead lambs them-

selves. Thomas Bevan sat like another statue, save that his eyes, and his eyes only, wandered mechanically from Billy to the lambs, and from the lambs to Billy. The latter, however, realising before long that in a staring engagement of this nature the first and most important point of strategy was to sit down, shifted the lambs more to the hearth, and made for the chair opposite Thomas Bevan on the other side of the fire. It took him some time to get comfortably seated, for his intrusion in that quarter was keenly resented by a nomad tribe of cinders and ashes which had been allowed to become permanent settlers under Ned's tolerant management. To gain the seat, Billy invaded their territory and showed them no mercy. Some he heedlessly crushed under his heels, others he unconsciously kicked into a permanent exile under the dresser and into remote regions whence—as the broom was not one of Ned's ministers of state—there could be no hope of a joyful and universal restoration. When he got finally settled:

"Lambs," he said, again pointing to them with his finger.

"By ——," but Thomas Bevan failed to finish what he had never left unfinished before. He fell back in his chair in a half swoon. Upon that Bob came in.

"What is the matter, Thomas Bevan?" asked Bob. At the sound of a strange voice he rallied a little and turned in its direction.

"Thank Heaven for the sight of a face with a bit of sense in it. One minute more of this and I'd have been a dead man. Bob, chuck out this fool and his pack after him."

"Don't you know the story of these lambs, Thomas Bevan?" asked Bob.

"No, I don't, and I don't want to," answered Thomas tartly.

"The story is a rare one," said Bob; and then, ignoring Thomas's embargo upon it, he went on relating the story, and won his ear immediately. He told him where the lambs were found, and how Billy took them to Peter Hughes; he dwelt also on how Peter Hughes had been affected by the sight of them, and had called them a parable; and by degrees he led to his master's appeal for forgiveness.

During Bob's extempore discourse, Billy assumed the rôle of the helpful hearer who in a religious service instals himself as rhetorical lubricator, and helps the preacher along by dropping "Amen" with more or less regularity upon the most important bearings, more particularly upon the endless chain of the sermon. But Billy, being an idiot, and guided therefore by his own instincts and not by religious precedents, strayed from the orthodox way,

and hit upon a more excellent one of his own. From every sentence Bob spoke he chose some one word and repeated it with emphasis after him. Bob spoke about the lambs, "Lambs," said Billy; about the field where they were found, "Field," echoed the idiot; about the net which had been their undoing, "Net," repeated Billy; and so through a long list of words: and when Bob said that his master asked Thomas Bevan to forgive him, "Forgive," said Billy. But, strange to say, whilst Bob went on speaking, the idiot lad stuck to the word "forgive," and would use no other for his responses. No matter what Bob said, Billy punctuated every sentence with the word "forgive." It seemed as though Heaven had touched a repeating-stop in the idiot's soul. And even when Bob had stopped speaking, Billy, whose feet were appropriately half-buried in ashes, went on mechanically to punctuate Thomas Bevan's repentant reflections: "Forgive,"—"forgive,"—"forgive."

Bob got up to go, and Billy also rose to accompany him. When the latter had shouldered his burden, the two went out in silence and the door was shut.

Once again Thomas Bevan sat all alone in his kitchen, peering into the fire. He could not get the lambs out of his mind, nor had he any chance of forgetting Simple Billy's gospel of forgiveness, for in the silence that followed the visitors' departure, the old grandfather clock, suddenly, and without even the formality of offering himself as a candidate for the ministry, started preaching Billy's sermon. There it stood in a dark corner exhorting ceaselessly—"For-give," "for-give"—and that with such orthodox monotony that Thomas felt at last that this evangelist was getting on his nerves. And as he had lost the chance, owing to his having never attended church in his life, and chapel only once, of cultivating the infinite patience of the regular worshipper, he actually got up, and, opening the pulpit door, stopped the preacher's tongue with his finger. But it was not through any lack of sympathy with the message that Thomas Bevan silenced the preacher. The fact was, solitude and silence were supremely precious to him just then. Why need the truth be withheld? Thomas Bevan's heart was beginning to soften, and, as had not happened for many a long day, its softer side was turned towards Frwynos. He soon became anxious to get strong enough to pay Peter Hughes a visit.

His wish was granted. He summoned all his strength to go to Frwynos just once, leaning on Ned's arm, to bid his neighbour farewell before his final departure. Many a time did Ned in after

The Departure: "Hope"

By Sir W. Goscombe John, R.A.

years, with dry eyes and nonchalant air, start treating his chums to a full account of that farewell; but the story always ended abruptly somewhere in the middle. When he reached the point where his old master knelt by Peter Hughes's bedside, and where the two greeted and gripped each other with the right hand of fellowship and of forgiveness, the lad's recital always came to an untimely end, his broken voice and his unfinished story finally vanishing away together under cover of the mist. Under ordinary circumstances and with other stories, he could entertain his friends by the hour, for he was naturally fluent; but as the narrator of that reconciliation, though he was the sole authority upon it, his fluency invariably gave way to the eloquence of a premature full-stop.

Peter Hughes hurried his departure, and the end soon came. He was buried in the parish churchyard. Three weeks later Thomas Bevan died, and a grave was opened for him by the side of his old neighbour. The day of the burial, when the bier with the coffin upon it was being put down alongside the open grave, one side, the side next to Peter Hughes's grave, fell in and half filled the new one. "'Pon my word," said Ned, who stood close by as one of the chief mourners, "here's the boundary fence trouble starting again;" and he cast an apprehensive look at the pall over the coffin, and marvelled that there was no sign underneath it that the challenge was about to be accepted. But the lasting peace of the boundary fence had been honourably concluded between them while both were alive, and none knew that better than Ned, and none appreciated it more.

When the time came to think of suitable tombstones, the relatives of both agreed to commemorate their final reconciliation by laying out the two graves together to receive one substantial stone. This was done, and upon the stone was inscribed:

IN MEMORY OF
PETER HUGHES OF FRWYNOS
WHO DIED MAY 2 1856
IN HIS 63RD YEAR.
ALSO
THOMAS BEVAN OF BODRACH
WHO DIED MAY 24 1856
IN HIS 65TH YEAR.

"PEACE, PERFECT PEACE."

R. DEWI WILLIAMS.
(*Trans. from the Welsh by the Author.*)

1911.

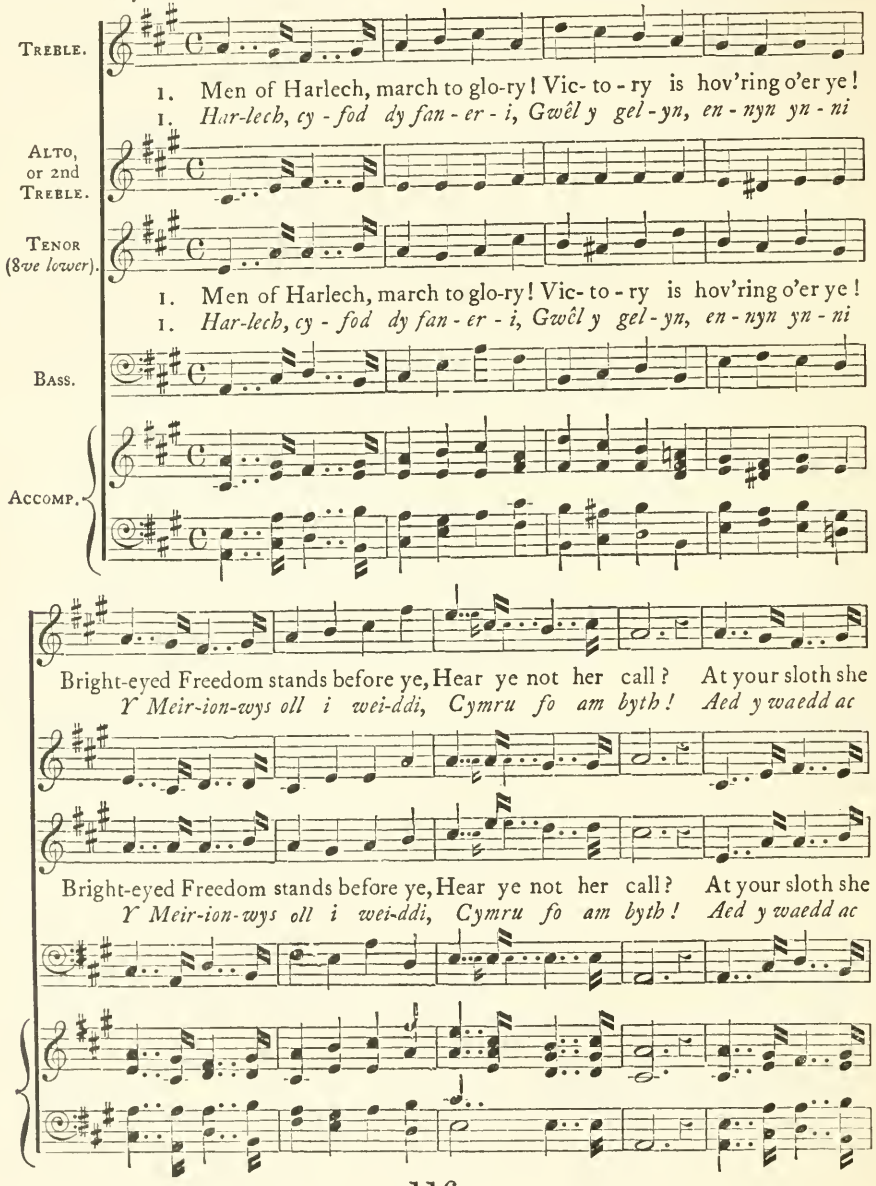
MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH

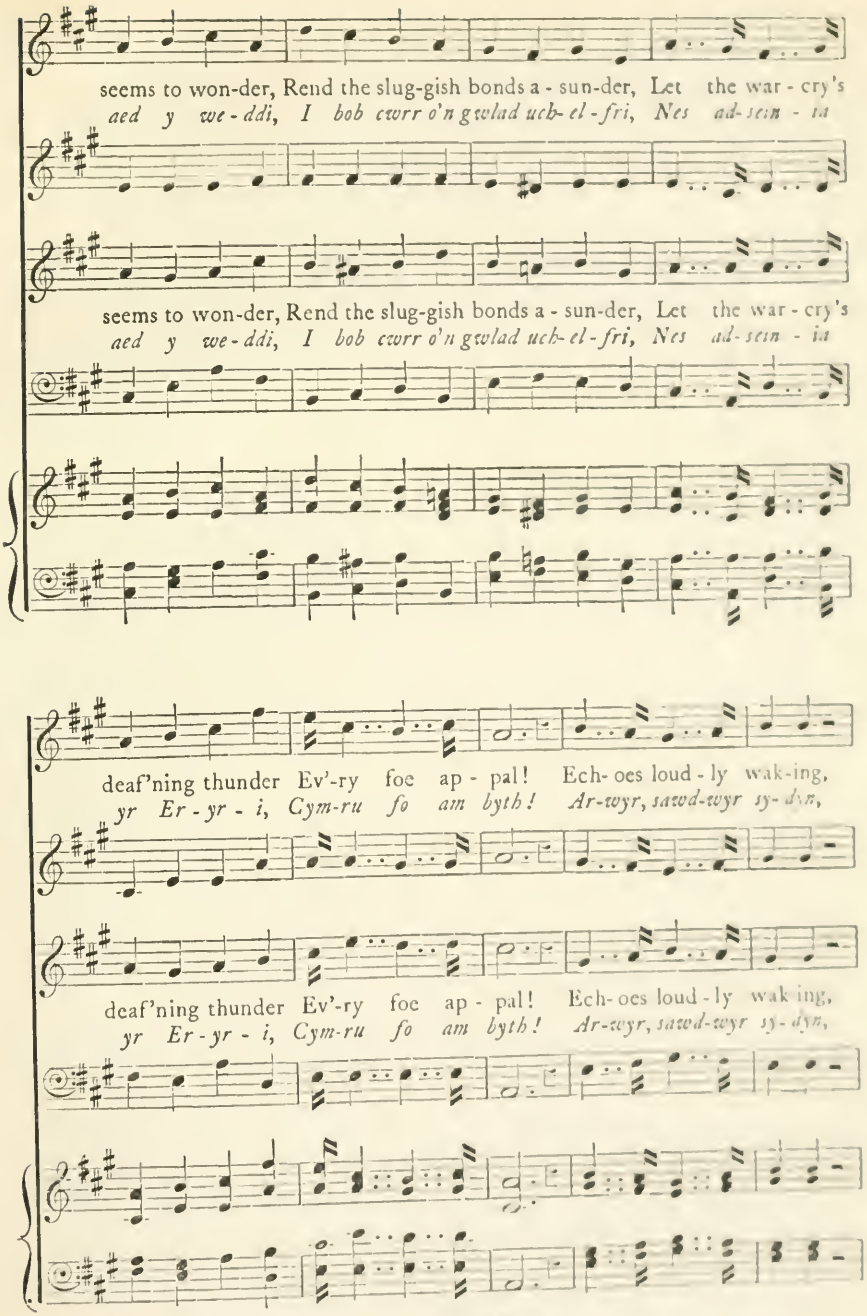
(*RHYFELGYRCH GWŶR HARLECH*)

(By kind permission of Messrs. Novello & Co.)

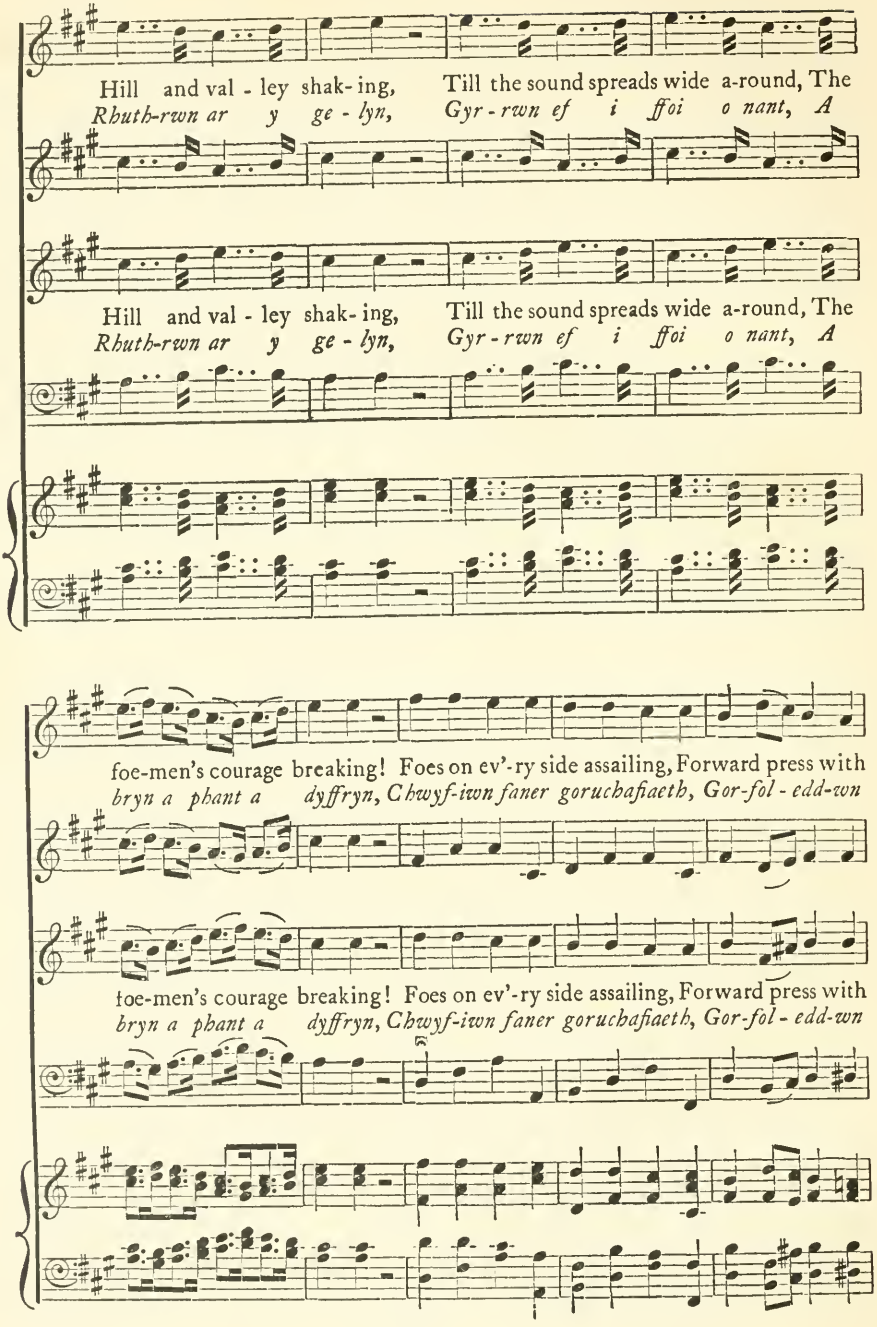
English Words by JOHN OXENFORD.
Welsh Words by TALHAIARN.

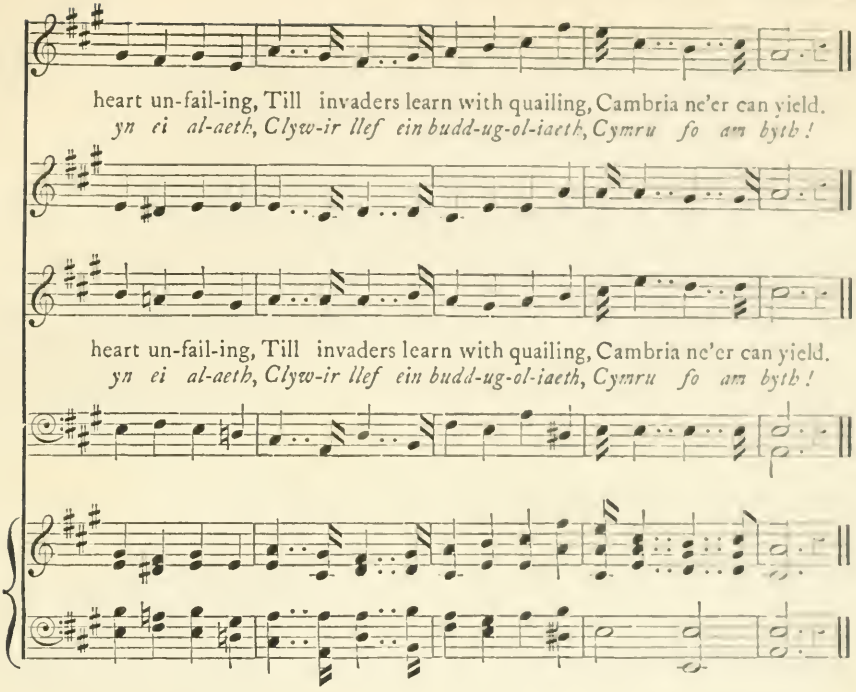
Harmonised by JOSEPH BARNBY.




seems to won-der, Rend the slug-gish bonds a - sun-der, Let the war - cry's
aed y we - ddi, I bob cwrr o'n gwlad uch- el - fri, Nes ad- sein - ia
seems to won-der, Rend the slug-gish bonds a - sun-der, Let the war - cry's
aed y we - ddi, I bob cwrr o'n gwlad uch- el - fri, Nes ad- sein - ia
deaf'ning thunder Ev'-ry foe ap - pal! Ech- oes loud - ly wak-ing,
yr Er - yr - i, Cym-ru fo am byth! Ar-wyr, sawd-wyr sy- dyn,
deaf'ning thunder Ev'-ry foe ap - pal! Ech- oes loud - ly wak ing,
yr Er - yr - i, Cym-ru fo am byth! Ar-wyr, sawd-wyr sy- dyn,

March of the Men of Harlech





2 Thou who noble Cambria wrongest,
Know that freedom's cause is strongest,
Freedom's courage lasts the longest,
Ending but with death!
Freedom countless hosts can scatter,
Freedom stoutest mail can shatter,
Freedom thickest walls can batter,
Fate is in her breath.
See, they now are flying;
Dead are heap'd with dying;
Over might hath triumph'd right,
Our land to foes denying.
On their soil we never sought them,
Love of conquest hither brought them,
But this lesson we have taught them,
Cambria ne'er can yield!

2 *Gwaed sy'n gwrido y cleddyfau,*
Tyrfu mawr a thincian arfau,
Uwch na'r twrw ceir boullefau,
Cymru fo am byth!
Saethau a phicellau wibiant,
Cyrn utganant—meirch weryrant,
Milwyr ruthrant—rhengau floeddiant,
Cymru fo am byth!
Tanbaid yw calonnau,
Grymus ydyw breichiau
Gwŷr yn ymladd dros eu gwlad,
Orenwog wlad eu tadau.
Gwyllt a ffyrnig yw'r ymladdfa,
Gwancus yw y cledd werth weledd,
Duwies buddugoliaeth floeddia,
Cymru fo am byth!

THE INFLUENCE OF THE CELT IN THE MAKING OF BRITAIN

Britain owes much of its greatness, of its value and interest to the world, to the Celtic elements within its borders. Britain has been made by the blending of the Germanic, the Celtic, and the Norman races and temperaments. I shall take the estimate of Mr. Matthew Arnold of the genius of these three races :

"The Germanic genius has steadiness as its main basis with commonness and humdrum for its defect, fidelity to nature for its excellence.

"The Celtic genius, sentiment for its main basis, with love of beauty, charm, and spirituality for its excellence, ineffectualness and self-will for its defect.

"The Norman genius, talent for affairs as its main basis, with strenuousness and clear rapidity for its excellence, hardness and insolence for its defect."

The author of this estimate makes sad havoc of cherished religious, political, and national convictions of mine, and in common with the majority of his readers, I often rebel against his estimates and conclusions. But there is a marvellous penetration and sureness in them, and I cannot but think that his estimate of the genius of these three races is near, very near the mark. How each hits off the genius of the different races, and how truly Britain in the wholeness of its character and history comprehends all. We know the German nature, its flat commonness, its infinite capacity for platitude, its phlegmatic dullness, its earthiness. Germans like Goethe and Heine have pointed this out with effect. But still, what an immensity it has done for the world ! This plodding doggedness underlies the achievements of Germany, and the commerce and order of Britain. History attests the truth of his estimate of the Normans, their splendid capacity for government, their magnificent daring, and the rapid mastery of men and things which for a time laid Europe from Ireland to the Ural Mountains largely under then sway : which, in the ruling classes of Britain, has helped to conquer and rule teeming millions of men, and which has centralised the government of the United Kingdom. But what student of history or of the social condition of this kingdom does not know their hardness, their insolence, their cruelty, their relentless graspingness ?

And then the Celts, with their Titanic struggles, their outbursts, their self-will, their many lapses in business and in government. Every literary and political whipster can wax feebly eloquent on their foibles. But shall we not acknowledge also their nobler qualities, their boundless hospitality, their instinct of brotherhood, their inextinguishable love of home and fatherland; their capacity for abounding joy and deepest sorrow, their intellectual quickness, their love of beauty in nature, in man, in song, in art, their spirituality, their turn for emotional religion, their inbred love for all that is sentimental, spiritual, poetic? Is it not this very Celticism which gives to Britain that special power and genius, that distinctive gift which differentiates Britain from Germany, and which gives it the pre-eminence? Is it not this which makes the religion of Britain more emotional, devout, and ardent than that of Germany, which makes British oratory more passionate, stirring, and effective than German, which makes Britain's language more strenuous, supple, limpid, and rapid than that of Germany, and which has helped to make Britain's contribution to the abiding wealth of the world weightier than that of Germany?

THOMAS E. ELLIS.

c. 1890.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF WALES

THE development of Wales has been twofold—in national intensity and in the expansion of imperial sympathy.

From Cressy and Agincourt to Albuera and Inkerman, its levies and regiments have done their duty; from David Gam and Roger Williams to Picton and Nott, its sons have been where the surge of the advancing British wave has beaten fiercest. To the cause of capital it has given a Lord Overstone, to the cause of labour a Robert Owen. If its best and strongest thought has been given to Welsh literature, it has given to England thoughts that have not been entirely forgotten, from George Herbert to Henry Vaughan, and from John Dyer to William Morris. In the development of British art it is represented by Richard Wilson, John Gibson, and Burne-Jones.

The life of Wales, in the intense conservatism of its unbroken continuity, has not been selfish. The desire to give has been as strong as the desire to retain. No colonist throws himself more readily into the life of his adopted country, but the new country

will have an Eisteddfod and a Sunday school. His conservative desire for independence is strong enough to send him to almost superhuman toil in inhospitable Patagonia, and to maintain Welsh newspapers and magazines, full of old-world poetry and half-legendary history, among the modern and practical organs of the opinion of the United States.

But the reminiscences of the old life are but a recreation of mind. In the struggle for American independence, in the developing patriotism of the British Colonies, the Welshman has been among the foremost in devotion and energy. The first period of Welsh history ends with the poet's lament for its fallen princes ; the second ends with the poet's vision of a future of more self-conscious life and of greater service. The motto of Wales is to be that of its Prince—" Ich dien."

O. M. EDWARDS.

1901.

THE LAW OF A NATION'S LIFE

The first principle which is revealed by examining the history of any living thing, be it plant, or animal, or human being, or social community, is that the ultimate determining element is to be found within itself, and not in its surroundings. Of course, the environment is an indispensable condition, which limits at every stage the growth of a living subject ; but it *is* a condition and not a cause, and it conditions only indirectly. It can contribute to growth or decay only by being subjected to a master element which transmutes it into the form in which it can affect the organism. This master-element, which in our ignorance we can only name, can out of the same environment evolve the most different products. It is not merely something that adapts itself to its surroundings—the passive dead thing may almost be said to do that ; it is better defined as a power that continuously adapts its environment to itself.

Now, this mastery of life over its circumstances, which modern Biology is progressively emphasising, becomes more and more complete as we ascend from the lower to the higher forms of life—as we move from the merely nutritive and sensitive stages of life to the intellectual and moral. Man, as an intelligent and moral being, has in him the power of a secret alchemy that can transmute good to evil and evil to good. The character of the environment gives hardly any clue to that of the life that he leads within it.

The Investiture of the Prince of Wales

From a section of a painting by Christopher Williams, R.B.A.

There may be misery in the palace, and the affluence of contentment in the hut; for the mind is its own home.

This truth, at once so common-place and so important, which man is always forgetting and history always re-inscribing, receives its clearest and fullest utterance in the life of nations. In this sphere, the mastery over external environment is most complete; and there it is most clearly seen that it is the *spirit* which slays and makes to live. Judea, Greece, Rome flourished best amidst circumstances which, taken by themselves, must be regarded as adverse. They became great while struggling for existence against heavy odds. It was after Rome had won its battles, and when it sat enthroned above the powers of the earth, defended by its armies and supported in magnificence by the contributions of subjected kingdoms, that decay set in. England itself never rose to a greater height than when the Catholic powers threatened it with extinction, and never assumed such dignity in the eyes of Europe as when, standing amidst the wrecks of civil war, it protected the Piedmontese. On both these occasions it was made mighty by its high purposes; its strength sprung from its inner worth.

From this there follows one evident and fairly certain conclusion with reference to the fate of Future Wales. Its future destiny lies hidden not in its circumstances, but in something more inward, which we can indicate, but not describe, by the word Life. We are a very little people, living under the shadow of a great nation; but if our country remains without a name and without a place amongst the nations of Europe, we can lay that to the account neither of its own insignificance nor of its political dependence. It was to the pettiest peoples of the ancient world, and to them only, that the permanent conquest of the world was given. It is Judea first, and then Greece, which rules the destiny of Europe even to-day; for from them we have derived respectively the great moral and political ideas on which our social institutions rest. Their influence, entering into the secret places of human character, and mingled with the very disposition of the modern mind, moulds the circumstances of the modern world, kindles its aspirations, arms it with spiritual strength, and guides it on its course along the ascending cycles of civilisation. To each of these nations there was entrusted the care of a sacred fire, and the greatness of their trust made them great. They teach us once for all that there is something mightier, even in this workaday world, than armed strength, or wide domains, or teeming populations; it is the power of goodness.

This is the moral which the most penetrating and picturesque of modern historians (with all his vehemence England's greatest political seer) was never weary of enforcing. It is also the one lesson always taught in the Chronicles of the Jewish nation—the sure death of the morally corrupt and the native immortality of that which is good. The Universe is in league against the ultimate success of evil; "morality is the essence of things." Badness carries within itself the forces that will destroy it; it ultimately becomes impossible, kindles by spontaneous combustion, and destroys itself as well as the outer body in which it is sustained. The conflagration over, there remains the remnant of good that was in it, imperishable amidst the ashes, as a contribution to the new era that is to follow.

1889. SIR HENRY JONES.

THE WORLD'S DEBT TO LITTLE NATIONS

The world owes much to little nations. The greatest art of the world was the work of little nations. The most enduring literature of the world came from little nations. The greatest literature of England came from her when she was a nation of the size of Belgium, fighting a great empire. The heroic deeds that thrill humanity through generations were the deeds of little nations fighting for their freedom. Ah, yes, and the salvation of mankind came through a little nation. God has chosen little nations as the vessels by which He carries the choicest wines to the lips of humanity, to rejoice their hearts, to exalt their vision, to stimulate and to strengthen their faith; and if we had stood by when two little nations were being crushed and broken by the brutal hands of barbarism our shame would have rung down the everlasting ages.

Wales must continue doing her duty. I should like to see a Welsh army in the field. I should like to see the race who faced the Normans for hundreds of years in their struggle for freedom, the race that helped to win the battle of Crecy, the race that fought for a generation under Glendower against the greatest captain in Europe—I should like to see that race give a good taste of its quality in this struggle in Europe, and they are going to do it.

I envy you young people your youth. They have put up the age limit for the Army, but I march, I am sorry to say, a good many years even beyond that. But still our turn will come. It

is a great opportunity. It only comes once in many centuries to the children of men. For most generations, sacrifice comes in drab weariness of spirit to men. It has come to-day to you, it has come to-day to us all, in the form of the glow and thrill of a great movement for liberty, that impels millions throughout Europe to the same end.

It is a great war for the emancipation of Europe from the thraldom of a military caste which has cast its shadow upon two generations of men, and which has now plunged the world into a welter of bloodshed. Some have already given their lives. There are some who have given more than their own lives. They have given the lives of those who are dear to them. I honour their courage, and may God be their comfort and their strength.

But their reward is at hand. Those who have fallen have consecrated death. They have taken their part in the making of a new Europe, a new world. I can see signs of it coming in the glare of the battlefield. The people will gain more by this struggle in all lands than they comprehend at the present moment. It is true they will be rid of the menace to their freedom. But that is not all. There is something infinitely greater and more enduring which is emerging already out of this great conflict—a new patriotism, richer, nobler, more exalted than the old.

I see a new recognition amongst all classes, high and low, shedding themselves of selfishness, a new recognition that the honour of a country does not depend merely on the maintenance of its glory in the stricken field, but in protecting its homes from distress as well. It is a new patriotism. It is bringing a new outlook for all classes. A great flood of luxury and of sloth which had submerged the land is receding, and a new Britain is appearing. We can see for the first time the fundamental things that matter in life and that have been obscured from our vision by the tropical growth of prosperity.

May I tell you, in a simple parable, what I think this war is doing for us? I know a valley in North Wales, between the mountains and the sea, a beautiful valley, snug, comfortable, sheltered by the mountains from all the bitter blasts. It was very enervating, and I remember how the boys were in the habit of climbing the hills above the village to have a glimpse of the great mountains in the distance and to be stimulated and freshened by the breezes which came from the hill-tops and by the great spectacle of that great valley. We have been living in a sheltered valley for generations. We have been too comfortable, too indulgent, many per-

haps too selfish. And the stern hand of fate has scourged us to an elevation where we can see the great everlasting things that matter for a nation, the great peaks of honour we had forgotten, duty and patriotism, and, clad in glittering white, the great pinnacle of sacrifice pointing like a rugged finger to Heaven. We shall descend into the valleys again, but as long as the men and women of this generation last they will carry in their hearts the image of these great mountain peaks whose foundations are unshaken though Europe rock and sway in the convulsions of a great war.

D. LLOYD GEORGE.

1914.

THE GREAT WAR

[A BARD'S PROPHECY]

I. BEFORE THE WAR: SPEECH OF THE CHIEF OF GOG'S HOSTS

"YE renowned and victorious hosts drawn from the utmost bounds of Gog's dominions! Ye chieftains proud from every princedom! This day are ye called to come and occupy broad and fertile lands, and to take your station in the sun and in the bright light of day. The gods and the stars invite us, and promise give of their favour, and show by clear signs that our year of grace has come. Victory lies before us, and we shall surely batter down the forts of the foolish and careless hypocrites who dwell at ease rejoicing in their feasts and in domains so wide and so rich in golden fruit. There betimes shall we, all of us—for right it is so to do—restore the pure religion of nature, and render unto our gods their due meed of glory and praise. Exulting in our strength, mounted in shining armour on our impatient steeds, we shall march on in numbers countless as the snow, in masses thicker than the sand that sets its bounds to the sea. The brave multitudes of every land shall groan and grieve because of the number and the might of our armies. We—by our life we swear—we are the masters of all the ends of the earth!"

He spake, and millions of flaming swords, flashing in the sun, out-flew from their scabbards, and the universal host up-sent a fierce shout. Full of the savage lust of their leader, his behests they make haste to perform. As ravens greedy for their prey—for well know they where their carrion lies—follow the tracks of slaughter, even so, the devils, foul and fearsome hordes, follow Gog in furious flight, their hatred in full flame. Visions of hellish lust,

A War Poster

from a drawing by Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A., R.E., P.R.B.A.

born of his own fell heart, float before the eyes of Gog's hosts. In dreams they see some fair metropolitan city laid waste by fire, and her walls levelled to the dust and trampled by armed routs of riotous men. Innocent women they see in their desire, and wine flowing free in endless floods, and every delight and joy under the sun spread out before them. And in their ecstasy they praise and magnify all the gods that brought such great and glorious victory.

II. After the War: Michael's Speech

High Michael's self now advanced, bright shape of glorious light, and smiled, and spake unto them gentle words of comfort. "O comrades so true and tender, have no more fear, for unto you this day a lasting peace is proclaimed. The hosts of Hell are bound for ever, and are banished unto another world—their accursed armies have been sent back unto their own Pit of terror and hate. And here shall there be no more madness, nor bloodshed, nor secret treason. Ye have fought a clean fight—hard indeed was the task—unto the end. Inheritors of the glorious heavenly blessing, your faith hath fairly won the day."

DAFYDD IONAWR.
(*Trans. W. L. J.*)

1799.

TO A SON OF WALES

[owen pritchard, esq., m.d.]

Since first I saw your mountains long ago,
Dark behind Conway's or Carnarvon's hold,
I have watched the Alps put on their evening gold,
And morning kindle peaks of Afric snow;
Have crossed Niagara's flood and Delaware's flow,
And loitered 'midst Italian vinelands old,
And visited isles which the far deeps enfold
Where Spain is ashes and a sunset glow.
But lovely as in youth are yet to me
Mona's bleak fields and Glaslyn's torrent wave;
And dearer now than ever their wild charm,
When hardy Wales pours forth her children free,
Hungering to aid her ancient Conqueror's arm
Lest Freedom's self reel to a blood-red grave.

WILLIAM WATSON.

Oct. 1914.

Say not the Struggle Naught Availeth

Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But, westward, look, the land is bright.

A. H. CLOUGH.

1849.

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