

# A GREAT CASE AT CARMARTHEN.

A Galaxy of Counsellors.

[By One of Them.]”

Deputations from Aberdare, Abergavenny, Aberystyth, and Barry sought the National Eisteddfod of 1913. The award was in favour of Abergavenny.

Dear people of my country hear,  
I call not one to shed a tear,  
Though passing sad it seem to me,  
Until with mirth I felt thumped free.

Sir Marchant seated, oh! spells awe,  
And the Archdruid sad as law,  
Armed with a stick makes one feel sad,  
A smile would make a sinner glad.

'Twas thus in quaint old Merddin Town,  
They faced a host—men of renown,  
And deputations stately four  
That message of grave import bore.

*Eifionydd*

The Spirit of the Gorsedd there,  
Of flesh and bones, you know, quite bare,  
Moved like a phantom in the night,  
Swift as a hart, with tread as light.

*Sir Vincent*

The other Scribe's avoirdupois,  
Told of less sorrows and more joys;  
He weightily impressed us all,  
As the Recorder of the Hall.  
"Hush," the Archdruid! hails the host,  
Most sad, and slow, with mind en-  
grossed;

"Four chosen men, I grant each one  
Five precious minutes each will run.

Then I'll knock down with this each  
man;

Be brief, concise, as wise men can,  
And after we shall judgment give,  
If through this ordeal you can live."

*Mr Frank  
Hodges*

Upsteps a cheerful little man,  
'Tween words the place be fain would  
scan;

*High Constable*

The "intro." was so plain and brief,  
That in sweet slumber was the chief.

*Miskin  
Higgin*

Sir Marchant smiled, looked for the fon  
The speaker had outdone the Don;  
Now, Dr. Green, with pleasant face,  
Went through his part with ease and  
grace.

*Dr Green*

"The monks of old, indeed," said he,  
"Did sometimes keep a fine m  le;,  
Still did they keep the sacred light,  
From age to age there burning bright."

*Nicar  
87  
Aberdare*

In later days good Griffith Jones,  
That saintly soul full-well atones  
For all shortcomings fore his day,  
Came there to straightly lead the way.

And now the chief his stick did thump,  
And nimble did the Doctor jump;  
And Ogwen as a lamb appears,  
And moves the host with words to tears.

*Draig Goch  
Society*

He fears that if the Draig Goch live,  
The stately oak will fail to give,  
And worthy bards that love the chair,  
A little stool 'tween three must share.

The bards like one weeped tears of woe,  
'Midst copious show'rs they oft sighed  
"Oh!"

The chief again the stick did thump  
And Ogwen nimbly did jump.

Up came a man so thin and tall,  
With show'rs of facts amazed them all;  
Keen as a Shylock, and intent  
To prove a "div." of cent. per cent.

*Mr H. H. Evans  
Bwllfa*

On all the lines a host would rush,  
The bards amazed, dire with the hush!  
The chief woke up and gave a thump,  
Down did the Bwllfa hero jump.

In Saxon strain as one of yore,  
The portly Mayor, rich in folk-lore,  
Some strangers to his town had brought,  
More versed than he in good Welsh  
thought.

The Druid Chief eyed him to boot,  
Lest he were come there bent to loot,  
With firmer grip the stick he thumped,  
And down the portly Mayor jumped.

Before the host there now appears  
A goodly man not worn with years.  
With coat and hair of raven hue,  
His speech was fresh as morning dew.

*Rev E Price  
Ebbw Vale*

"Divine I am as you can see,  
Divine I must it seems to me,  
The Fenni is an old 'have been',  
And in the past it must be seen."

*Lady Llanover*  
 Most truly do we all lament,  
 And mourn for the busy "Bee of  
 Gwent,"  
 I left with joy a smoky vale.  
 To tell for Fenni this fine tale.

The Prysiad pur in "hwyl" was strong,  
 Alas! he was not "hwyliog" long;  
 For Dyfed with a vigorous thump  
 Caused him to take a downward jump.

*Mr. D. Bowen*  
*ABERCARN*  
 Then, as from out a canon shot,  
 A little man like a bullet hot  
 Was all agog, truth 'tis to tell,  
 Truth ne'er within his reach did dwell.

And sweet and holy were, said he,  
 The boys and girls that used to be,  
 The fame of Monnow's fruitful soil,  
 Its hills are sugar, and rivers oil.

*Allusion to*  
*Aberdare peoples*  
*"Sneec Bardar"*  
 No creeping snake mars one fine mount,  
 A holy and inspiring fount;  
 And honey was another hill.  
 "Come bards," says he, "and have  
 your fill."

Obedient to the ardent eall,  
 In haste to gather the bards all;  
 The Druid Chief did at once thump,  
 And the little man just made his jump.

*Cardiganshire*  
 The Sheriff of the "County Cheese"  
 Chained came a herald bold to please;  
 The Mayor in straits he left behind,  
 The Council was so much to mind.

"Multum in parvo, I am," said he,  
 For brass a marvel he must be;  
 His bird was in a distant bush,  
 And his command was Cardie's push.

Elated with his going on,  
 The time was going, going, gone,  
 The Druid Chief with vigour thumped,  
 The Sheriff, too, with vigour jumped.

*Mr. D. Jenkins*  
*Mus Bac*  
 A little man of music fame,  
 With smiles delightful then up came,  
 Like Jonathan he had things great,  
 And more, the King was there of late.

Forsooth, 'tis true he has things great,  
 Like Ike he keeps some Cynon's plate.  
 Some day we'll stand 'neath the "Three  
 Balls,"

To claim our own, then will be squalls.  
 Plate—Cor Mawr Cup—

The Chief again the weapon gripped,  
 And down the son'rous speaker slipped;  
 And now a beardless tutor came  
 A brother of O.M. of fame.

A Cymro Glan from hat to boot  
 That knew full well how shaft to shoot  
 "In Paradiso," list," said he  
 On our fine shores the bards will be.

The healthy breeze from o'er the brine  
 Will modify old Sol's keen shine  
 And in our tent at ease you'll feel  
 To think of Cymru's future weal.

The 'Steddfod there will be a treat,  
 The students all will have a seat;  
 The Council members shall not share,  
 They ill deserve such sumptuous fare.

Come we have cheese, 'twill last for aye,  
 And bread of barley and of rye;  
 Low diet, and high thinking will  
 Keep Cymry climbing up the hill.

The Chief though 'mused again did  
 thump;  
 And down the Cymro Glan did jump;  
 Now Barry, yet, not barred to fame,  
 Shewed how it yearned to carve a name.

A stalwart townsman, active man,  
 Did well his part, as these men can;  
 And modern, too, was Barry's first,  
 For woman's rights he had a thirst.

When down he stepped a lady came,  
 Intent on carving Barry's fame.  
 With faultless language, mien correct,  
 She wished the moulding to perfect.

The 'Steddfod there would give a tone,  
 As the dear thing can do alone.  
 Of all inventors set to test  
 To raise the people, 'twas the best.

She viewed art, poetry, and song,  
 As hope of culture for the young;  
 To blood and colour Cymry would—  
 Stand foremost first to strive for good.

Now truth to tell the Chief was lax,  
 And grudgingly this maid he'd tax;  
 Some minutes grace—the stick came  
 down,

Now with a blush, this he must own.

Shewst with Depulation

Barry Depulation

A sturdy Cymro takes her place,  
 He was a Cymro in the face;  
 His blood was red, his tongue was free,  
 No "Shandygaugh" at all was he.

His claims were strong, his spirit  
 bright,  
 Sincere and brave he came to fight;  
 The Chief in trembling gave a thump,  
 And off the Cymro pur did jump.

Last, but not least, the parson came,  
 His zeal and power were burning flame,  
 The Keltic races o'er the seas  
 Could land at Barry with great ease.

And why to Fenni, paltry place,  
 Take the Eisteddfod to disgrace?  
 Five minutes and a single half,  
 To cross a county! he must laugh.

The Doctor, o'er two score and six,  
 Thought "Sweet 'Berdar" was in a  
 fix;  
 The Bards would scarcely know the  
 place,  
 If there they would not haste the pace.

List, now, kind friends, lend me your  
 ears,  
 Sad 'tis but true, two thousand years!  
 So long ago, just like this day,  
 The 'Steddfod was in Barry Bay.

Faint not, dear Chief, truth I now tell,  
 You're right amazed 'tis a long spell;  
 The Chief bewildered sought the stick,  
 For he had clean forgot the tick.

Now still as death, awe filled the hall,  
 Until the Chief's faint accents fall;  
 Be patient, and I will declare,  
 How in the balance each will share.

Peace, thrice I say, in the light of day,  
 The Fenni did most handsome pay,  
 Nineteen-thirteen this year of Grace  
 The Fenni is the sacred place.

Nineteen-fifteen, you Cardie's brave,  
 Will have it by the healthy wave,  
 Two gloom you two in shame must pass,  
 Until in hand you bring the brass."

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