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*The impression of this work is very strictly limited to  
twenty-six copies, no additional perfect copy being preserved  
either in the waste or even in proof-sheets.*

*December, 1859.*

*Thomas D. Richards*





A Short Relation  
OF  
A JOURNEY THROUGH WALES,

MADE, IN THE YEAR 1652,

BY

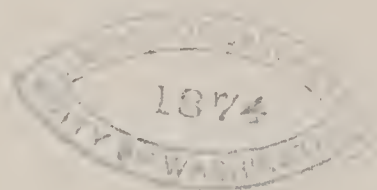
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JOHN TAYLOR, THE WATER-POET.

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1859.



## P R E F A C E.

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JOHN TAYLOR, generally known as the water-poet, was perhaps one of the most singular public characters of his day. He was born in the city of Gloucester, as he himself tells us in the following work, p. 25, “where, though I was born there, very few did know me.” The exact date of his birth has not been ascertained, but as he speaks of himself in 1652 as then being in the seventy-fourth year of his age, it must have been in 1578, or thereabouts. He received a very slight education, for, according to his own account, he scarcely knew the Latin accidence,—“I do confess I do want eloquence, and never yet did learn mine accidence”—a statement which would almost imply that he had never attended school. He was bound apprentice to a waterman in London, and was afterwards for many years a servant in the Tower. In

1612, he commenced his long series of doggerel poems with one called, "Greate Britaine all in Blacke for the incomparable loss of Henry, our late worthy prince"; and he continued writing incessantly from that period until within a few weeks, or perhaps days, of his death. He was a staunch royalist, and retired to Oxford at the commencement of the civil wars, but on the surrender of that city, he returned to London, and set up a tavern in Phoenix Alley, leading out of Long Acre. After the execution of King Charles, he raised the sign of the Mourning Crown, but this not being permitted to remain, he removed it, setting up that of the Poet's Head, his own portrait, with the following couplet underneath,—

There's many a King's Head hang'd up for a sign,  
And many a Saint's Head too. Then why not mine?

This sign continued to remain there, as appears from the title of the following tract. He died in Phoenix Alley in the latter part of the year 1653, as appears from a curious epitaph quoted by Mr. Collier, in his *Memoirs of the Principal Actors in the Plays of*

*Shakespeare*, 1846, p. 249, from *Sportive Wit, the Muses Merriment*, 1656,—“An Epitaph on John Taylor, who was born in the City of Gloucester, died in Phoenix Alley in the 75 yeare of his age : you may finde him, if the worms have not devoured him, in Covent Garden churchyard :—

“ Here lies John Taylor, without rime or reason,  
 For death struck his muse in so cold a season,  
 That Jack lost the use of his scullers to row ;  
 The chill pate rascal would not let his boat go.  
 Alas, poor Jack Taylor ! this 'tis to drink ale  
 With nutmegs and ginger, with a toste though stale :  
 It drencht thee in rimes. Hadst thou been of the pack  
 With Draiton and Johnson to quaff off thy sack,  
 They'd infus'd thee a genius should nere expire,  
 And have thawd thy muse with elemental fire.  
 Yet still, for the honour of thy sprightly wit,  
 Since some of thy fancies so handsomely hit,  
 The nymphs of the rivers, for thy relation,  
 Sirnamed thee the *water-poet* of the nation, etc.”

The following curious tract, which is well described by Mr. Collier as “one of the latest, scarcest, and most amusing of the water-poet's productions”, was published early in 1653, by a mode of subscription fre-

quently employed by this eccentric writer. He issued "bills" soliciting subscriptions for an account of an intended journey to be afterwards compiled, obtaining as many payments as he could in advance, to defray the expenses of his travels. The course of his journey on the present occasion was to Chester, and thence round the coast of Wales, with a diversion over the Menai Straits to Beaumaris. It is much to be regretted that he did not describe his tour more minutely, but what he has transmitted is exceedingly interesting, especially to those who have paid any attention to the topography of Wales, and are aware how unimportant are the best of the early English accounts of that country. Taylor's notices of Flint, Holywell, Bangor, Carnarvon, etc., although far too brief, convey information respecting their state soon after the civil wars that is well worth preserving.

*December, 1859.*

A Short Relation  
OF  
A LONG JOURNEY  
*MADE ROUND OR OVALL*

By Encompassing the Principalitie of Wales,  
from London, through and by the Counties of Middlesex and Buckingham, Berks, Oxonia, Warwick, Stafford, Chester, Flint, Denbigh, Anglesey, Carnarvon, Merioneth, Cardigan, Pembroke, Caermarden, Glamorgan, Monmouth, Gloucester, &c.

This painfull circuit began on Tuesday the 13 of July last, 1652. and was ended (or both ends brought together) on Tuesday the 7. of September following, being near 600. Miles.

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*WHEREUNTO IS ANNEXED AN EPITOME*  
OF THE  
FAMOUS HISTORY OF WALES

*Performed by the Riding, Going, Crawling, Running and Writing of JOHN TAYLOR, dwelling at the Sign of the Poets Head, in Phenix Alley, near the middle of Long Aker in Covent Garden.*

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(*March 26, 1653.*)

IN MANUSCRIPT.







*To all my honourable, worshipfull, and honest  
Friends, that have subscribed to this follow-  
ing Bill, I humbly desire them to read it  
again, and consider the contents of it, and  
content mee accordingly.*

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A TAYLORS BILL, WITH FEW OR NO ITEMS : BY OR  
FOR JOHN TAYLOR.

Now in the seventy fourth yeare of mine age,  
I take an English and Welsh pilgrimage :  
From London first I bend my course to Chester,  
And humbly I to all men am requester ;  
That when I have past over hills and dales,  
And compast with my travels famous Wales,  
That when to you that I a book do give,  
Relating how I did subsist and live,  
With all my passages both here and there,  
And of my entertainment every where,  
Write but your names and dwellings in this bill,  
I 'le finde you, for the book give what you will.  
Twelve voyages and journies I have past,  
And now my age sayes this may be my last.  
My travels story shall most pleasant be  
To you that read, though painfull unto me,

*In this bill I did promise to giue to my friends  
(subscribers) a true relation of my journey and enter-*

*tainment (which I have done), and I do give to them more then I promised, which is a briefe chronicle of Wales (which I did not) mention in my bill. I know there are foure or five sorts of adventurers with me in this weariesome journey, some of them have payd me already (before I went) and their paine is past; if all the rest do pay me (being near 3000) I am deceived; if none doe pay me I am miserably cousened; for those that have payd, or can and will pay, I thanke them; for such as would if they could, or will when they can, I wish them ability to performe their wills for their owne sakes, and mine both: but for those that are able to reward me and will not, I will not curse them, though I feare they are almost past praying for.*



# A SHORT RELATION OF *A LONG JOURNY, &c.*

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A traveller that loves to see strange lands,  
May be a man or not a man of 's hands :  
But yet 'tis very requisite and meet,  
He should be furnish'd with good brains and feet ;  
For he that wants legs, feet, and brains, and wit,  
To be a traveller is most unfit :  
And such am I by age of strength bereft,  
With one right leg, and one lame left leg left.  
Beggars on their backs their brats do reare ;  
But I my issue in my leg do beare ;  
I dresse it often and impatiently,  
It lies and cries not, though it make me cry ;  
Yet I dare challenge Scottish Jock or Jackey,  
Or any light-heel'd nimble footed lackey,  
To travell such a jaunt as I have done,  
With th' right leg going, and the left leg run :  
Or if I please, the case I 'le alter so,  
To make the worst leg run, the best to goe.  
And sure my heart was stout, men may suppose,  
To venture travell with such legs as those.  
But there be some few that do understand,  
'Tis merry walking with a horse in hand.  
Such was my lot, I had a stately courser,  
None courser quality'd, and for a worsers,

There 's neither Halifax, or Hull, nor Hell,  
 That for good parts my horse can parallel.  
 He was a beast, had beated been and cheated ;  
 Too much hard over rid and under meated,  
 That he as gaunt as any greyhound was,  
 And for a horses skelliton might passe :  
 You might have told his ribs, he was so thin,  
 And seen his heart and guts, but for his skin ;  
 He was not pursie foggy, cloy'd with greace,  
 And, like his rider, lov'd rest, ease, and peace.  
 Dun was, and is the dumb beast, and was done,  
 E're I begun, or he with me begun.  
 He had a black list, from the maine to taile,  
 Which is a colour that doth seldome faile :  
 To change of paces he had been inur'd,  
 But yet not one t' endure, or be endur'd ;  
 His trot would fling a dagger out ot'h sheath,  
 Or jolt a man to death or out of breath.  
 His ambling was invisible to me,  
 From such smooth easie garbs his feet were free :  
 His common pace in sun-shine or in showre,  
 Was (as he pleas'd) about two mile an houre.  
 I never yet could put him in a sweat,  
 For he was never free, but at his meate.  
 Thus John upon Dun's back, were both Dun John.  
 And thus the tedious way we wandred on.  
 Now to proceed in order duly, truly,  
 I London left the thirteenth day of July :  
 The wayes as faire as man could well desire,  
 Cause I had none to draw Dun out o'th mire :  
 I fifteen miles (to Rislip) that day went,  
 Baited at Edgworth, to give Dun content ;

There my acquaintance, of good fame and worth,  
Did welcome me: the next day I set forth,  
With boots, sans spurs, with whip, and switch of burch,  
I got on twenty miles to Stoken church:  
The fifteenth day, S. Swithin, I and Dun,  
Did shuffle sixteen miles to Abington;  
There till the Tuesday following I abode,  
From thence I sixteen miles to great Ive rode,  
There at the Swan mine host was free and kind,  
He had but one eye, tother side was blinde;  
But surely he a right good-fellow was,  
And there one night my dun did eat good grass.  
On July's twenty one from Ive I went,  
And unto Warwick straight my course I bent;  
There did I find another signe o'th Swan,  
Mine hostesse kind, mine host a gentile man.  
And for your love to me, good Master Venner,  
With humble thanks I am your praises penner.  
My gratitude to Master Jacob Harmer,  
His draper's shop could never make me warmer,  
Then high and mighty Warwick's drink did there,  
It made my brains to caper and careere,  
It was of such invincible strong force,  
To knock me (in five miles) twice from my horse:  
And sure, I think, the drink was certainly  
Infused with the conqu'ring ghost of Guy.  
On July's two and twentieth day I came  
Vnto an ancient house call'd Hunningham,  
There were two ladies of good worth and fame,  
Whom for some reasons I forbear to name;  
Their son and grandson (John) I 'le not forget,  
He 's nobly minded as a baronet;

Foure dayes they kept me with exceeding cheere,  
 And gave me silver because travels deare.  
 From thence my journey 5 miles I pursue,  
 To Coventry, most famous for true blew ;  
 There the faire crosse, of ancient high renown,  
 Stands firme, though other crosses all are down.  
 'Tis a dry city, and dry let it be,  
 'Twas not made dryer one small drop for me :  
 Like a camelion, there I broke my fast,  
 And thence I twenty miles to Lichfield past ;  
 There at the George I took my lodging up,  
 I well was lodg'd, and well did sup and cup,  
 When there, by chance, I cast my wandring ey on  
 The ruin'd church, with griefe I thought on Sion :  
 I sigh'd to see that sad confusion,  
 Like th' Hebrews by the brook of Babylon.  
 On July's twenty seventh I rode alone  
 Full sixteen miles unto a town call'd Stone.  
 Next day to Nantwich, sixteen long miles more,  
 From thence to Chester, near the Cambrian shore :  
 There was my welcome in such noble fashion,  
 Of which in prose I 'le make some briefe relation.

My lodging at Chester was in the Watergate street,  
 at the signe of the Feathers ; I lay on a feather-bed,  
 and in the same house I met with two brothers of  
 mine acquaintance thirty years ; they brought me to  
 the chamber of a reverend Italian physition, named  
 Vincent Lancelles ; he was more then 80 yeares of  
 age, yet of a very able body, and vigorous constitution.  
 The yong mens names were Thomas Morrine and

Francis Morrine ; the people were pleased (out of their ignorance, or in small wit) to call the old gentleman a mountebank ; but I am sure he was deservedly well reputed and reported of, for many malladies and diseases which hee cured, whereof divers were judged incurable. He helped such as were grieved for three severall considerations.

First, hee cured the rich for as much as he could get.

Secondly, hee healed the meaner sort for what they could spare, or were willing to part withall.

Thirdly, hee cured the poor for Gods sake, and gave them money and other reliefe, as I my selfe (with thankfull experience) must ever acknowledge : for he looked upon my lame leg, and applyed such medicine, as did not only ease me, but I am in hope will cure me, the grieffe being nothing but a blast of lightning and thunder, or planet stroke, which I received nine years past at Oxford.

For a further courtesie, when I was taking my leave of Chester, I demanded what I had to pay for lodging, dyet, and horse-meat. Mine host say'd, that all was fully pay'd and satisfied by the good old physition. My humble thanks remembred to Captain Vincent Corbet, but more especially to Captain John Whitworth at Chester.

On Fryday the 30. of July, I rode (and footed it) ten miles to Flint (which is the shire town of Flint-

shire), and surely war hath made it miserable ; the sometimes famous castle there, in which Richard the Second of that name, king of England, was surprised by Henry of Bullinbrook, is now almost buried in its own ruins, and the town is so spoiled, that it may truly be said of it, that they never had any market (in the memory of man). They have no sadler, taylor, weaver, brewer, baker, botcher, or button maker ; they have not so much as a signe of an alehouse, so that I was doubtfull of a lodging, but (by good hap) I hapned into the house of one Mr. Edward Griffith, where I had good meat and lodging for me and my dumb Dun beast, for very reasonable consideration, and this (me thinks) is a pitifull discription of a shire town.

Saturday, the last of July, I left Flint, and went three miles to Holy-well, of which place I must speak somewhat materially. About the length of a furlong, down a very steep hill, is a well (full of wonder and admiration) ; it comes from a spring not far from Rudland castle ; it is and hath been many hundred yeares knowne by the name of Holy-well, but it is more commonly and of most antiquity called Saint Winifrids well, in memory of the pious and chaste virgin Winifrid, who was there beheaded for refusing to yield her chastity to the furious lust of a pagan prince : in that very place where her bloud was shed, this spring sprang up ; from it doth issue so forcible a



stream, that within a hundred yards of it, it drives certain mills, and some do say that nine corn mills and fulling mills are driven with the stream of that spring. It hath a fair chappell erected over it, called Saint Winifrids chappell, which is now much defaced by the injury of these late wars. The well is compassed about with a fine wall of free-stone; the wall hath eight angles or corners, and at every angle is a fair stone piller, whereon the west end of the chappell is supported. In two severall places of the wall there are neat stone staires to go into the water that comes from the well, for it is to be noted that the well it selfe doth continually work and bubble with extream violence, like a boiling cauldron or furnace, and within the wall, or into the well very few do enter. The water is christalline, sweet and medicinable; it is frequented daily by many people of rich and poore, of all diseases, amongst which great store of folkes are cured, divers are eased, but none made the worse. The hill descending is plentifully furnished (on both sides of the way) with beggers of all ages, sexes, conditions, sorts and sizes; many of them are impotent, but all are impudent, and richly embrodered all over with such hexameter poudred ernins (or vermin) as are called lice in England.

Monday, the second of August, when the day begun, I mounted my dun, having hired a little boy (to direct me in the way) that could speak no English, and for

lack of an interpreter, we travelled speechless eight miles, to Rudland, where is an old ruined winde and war-shaken castle ; from that town, after my horse and the boy, and my selfe had dined with hay, oats, and barrow causs, we hors't and footed it twelve miles further, to a fine strong walled towne, named Aberconwy ; there I lodged at the house of one Mr. Spencer (an English man) ; he is a post-master there, and there my entertainment was good, and my reckoning reasonable. There is a good defensive castle which I would have seen, but because there was a garrison, I was loath to give occasion of offence, or be much inquisitive.

The next day, when the clock strok two and foure,  
 I mounted Dun, Dun mounted Penmen Mawre ;  
 And if I do not take my aime amisse,  
 'That lofty mountain seems the skies to kisse :  
 But there are other hils accounted higher,  
 Whose lofty tops I had no mind t' aspire :  
 As Snowdon, and the tall Plinnillimon,  
 Which I no stomack had to tread upon.  
 Merioneth mountains, and shire Cardigan  
 To travell over, will tire horse and man :  
 I, to Bewmaris came that day and din'd,  
 Where I the good lord Buckley thought to find :  
 But he to speak with me had no intent,  
 Dry I came into 's house, dry out I went.  
 I left Bewmaris, and to Bangor trac'd it,  
 Ther 's a brave church, but time and war defac'd it :  
 For love and mony I was welcome thither,  
 'Tis merry meeting when they come together.

Thus having travelled from Aberconwy to Beu-morris and to Bangor, Tuesday 3. August, which in all they are pleased to call 14 miles, but most of the Welsh miles are large London measure, not any one of them but hath a hand bredth or small cantle at each end, by which means, what they want in broadness, they have it in length; besides the ascending and descending almost impassable mountains, and the break-neck stony ways, doth make such travellers as my selfe judge that they were no misers in measuring their miles; besides, the land is courser then it is in most parts about London, which makes them to afford the larger measure: for course broad-cloath is not at the rate of velvet or satten.

Wednesday the 4. of August, I rode 8 miles from Bangor to Carnarvon, where I thought to have seen a town and a castle, or a castle and a town; but I saw both to be one, and one to be both; for indeed a man can hardly divide them in judgement or apprehension; and I have seen many gallant fabricks and fortifications, but for compactness and compleatness of Caernarvon I never yet saw a parallel. And it is by art and nature so sited and seated, that it stands impregnable; and if it be well mand, victualled and ammuni-tioned, it is invincible, except fraud or famine do assault, or conspire against it.

I was 5. hours in Caernarvon, and when I thought that I had taken my leave for ever of it, then was I

meerly deceived ; for when I was a mile on my way, a trooper came galloping after me, and enforced me back to be examined by Colonell Thomas Mason (the governour there), who, after a few words, when hee heard my name and knew my occasions, he used me so respectively and bountifully, that (at his charge) I stayd all night, and by the means of him, and one Mr. Lloyd (a justice of peace there), I was furnished with a guide, and something else to beare charges for one weeks travaile ; for which curtesies, if I were not thankfull, I were worth the hanging for being ingratefull.

The 5. of August I went 12 miles to a place called Climenie, where the noble Sire John Owen did, with liberall welcome, entertain me.

The 6. day I rode to a town called Harleck, which stands on a high barren mountaine, very uneasie for the ascending into, by reason of the steep and uneeven stony way ; this town had neither hay, grass, oats, or any relief for a horse : there stands a strong castle, but the town is all spoild, and almost inhabitable by the late lamentable troubles.

So I left that towne (for fear of starving my horse) and came to a place called Bermoth (12. miles that day, as narrow as 20.) That place was so plentifully furnished with want of provision, that it was able to famish 100. men and horses : I procured a brace of boyes to goe two miles to cut grasse for my dun, for

which I gave them two groats ; for my selfe and guide, I purchased a hen boyld with bacon, as yellow as the cowslip, or gold noble. My course lodging there was at the homely house of one John Thomson, a Lancashire English man.

Saturday the 7. of August, I horst, footed (and crawling upon all 4.) 10. slender miles to Aberdovy, which was the last lodging that I had in Merionethshire, where was the best entertainment for men, but almost as bad as the worst for horses in all Merionethshire.

August 9. I gat into Cardiganshire, to a miserable market town called Aberistwith, where before the late troubles there stood a strong castle, which being blown up, fell down, and many fair houses (with a defensible thick wall about the town) are transformed into confused heaps of unnecessary rubbidge : within foure miles of this town are the silver mines, which were honourable and profitable, as long as my good friend Thomas Bushell, Esquire, had the managing of them, who was most industrious in the work, and withall by his noble demeanour and affable deportment deservedly gain'd the generall love and affection of all the countrey of all degrees of people : but since he hath left that important imployment, the mines are neglected.

From Aberistwith, I went to the house of Sir Richard Price, knight and baronet, where my entertainment was freely welcome, with some expression of

further curtesies at my departure, for which I humbly thank the noble knight, not forgetting my gratefull remembrance to Mr. Thomas Evans there : that whole dayes journey being 9. miles.

Tuesday the 10. of August, having hired a guide, for I that knew neither the intricate wayes, nor could speake any of the language, was necessitated to have guides from place to place, and it being harvest time, I was forced to pay exceeding deare for guiding ; so that some dayes I payd 2s., sometimes 3, besides bearing their charges of meat and drinke and lodging ; for it is to bee understood that those kind of labouring people had rather reap hard all the day for six pence, then to go ten or twelve miles easily on foot for two shillings. That day, after sixteen miles travell, I came to the house of an ancient worthy and hospitable gentleman, named sure Walter Lloyd ; he was noble in bountifull house-keeping, and in his generositie caused his horse to be saddled, and the next day hee rode three miles to Conway, and shewed me the way to Caermarden, which they do call 18 small miles, but I had rather ride 30 of such miles as are in many parts of England ; the way continually hilly, or mountainous and stony, insomuch that I was forced to alight and walke 30 times, and when the sun was near setting, I having foure long miles to go, and knew no part of the way, was resolved to take my lodging in a reeke of oats in the field ; to which purpose, as I rode out of the

stony way towards my field chamber, my horse and I found a softer bed, for we were both in a bog or quagmire, and at that time I had much ado to draw my selfe out of the dirt, or my poore weary Dun out of the mire.

I being in this hard strait, having night (of Gods sending) owl-light to guide me, no tongue to aske a question, the way unknown, or uneven, I held it my best course to grope in the hard stony way againe, which having found (after a quarter of an houres melancholy paces), a horsman of Wales, that could speak English, overtook me and brought me to Caermarden, where I found good and free entertainment at the house of one Mistris Oakley.

Caermarden, the shire town Caermardenshire, is a good large town, with a defencible strong castle, and a reasonable haven for small barks and boats, which formerly was for the use of good ships, but now it is much impeded with shelvs, sands, and other annoyances ; it is said that Merlyn the prophet was born there ; it is one of the plentifullest townes that ever I set my foot in, for very fair eggs are cheaper then small pears ; for, as near as I can remember, I will set down at what rate victuals was there.

Butter, as good as the world affords, two pence halfe-penny, or three pence the pound.

A salmon, two foot and a halfe long, twelve pence.

Biefe, three half pence the pound.

Oysters, a penny the hundred.

Egs, twelve for a penny.

Peares, six for a penny.

And all manner of fish and flesh at such low prices, that a little money will buy much, for there is nothing scarce, dear, or hard to come by, but tobacco pipes.

My humble thanks to the governour there, to William Guinn of Talliaris, Esquire ; to Sure Henry Vaughan ; and to all the rest, with the good woman mine hostess.

Concerning Pembrookshire, the people do speak English in it almost generally, and therefore they call it little England beyond Wales, it being the furthest south and west county in the whole principality. The shire town, Pembrook, hath been in better estate, for as it is now, some houses down, some standing, and many without inhabitants ; the castle there hath been strong, large, stately, and impregnable, able to hold out any enemy, except hunger, it being founded upon a lofty rock, gives a brave prospect a far off. Tenby towne and castle being somewhat near, or eight miles from it, seems to be more usefull and considerable. My thanks to Mistris Powell at the Hart there.

Tenby hath a good castle and a haven, but in respect of Milford Haven, all the havens under the heavens are inconsiderable, for it is of such length, bredth, and depth, that 1000 ships may ride safely in it in all weathers, and by reason of the hills that do inclose it,



and the windings and turnings of the haven, from one poynt of land to another, it is conjectured that 1500 ships may ride there, and not scarce one of them can see another. The haven hath in it 16 creekes, 5 bayes, and 13 rodes, of large capacity, and all these are known by severall names.

The goodly church of St. Davids hath beene forced lately to put off the dull and heavy coat of peacefull lead, which was metamorphosed into warlike bullets. In that church lies interred Edmund earle of Richmond, father to King Henry the seventh, for whose sake his grandson (K. Henry the eight) did spare it from defacing, when hee spared not much that belonged to the church.

Thus having gone and riden many miles, with two many turning and winding mountains, stony turning waies, forward, backward, sidewaies, circular and semi-circular, upon the 17. of August I rode to the house of the right honourable Richard Vaughan, earle of Karbery, at a place called Golden Grove; and surely that house, with the faire fields, woods, walks, and pleasant scituation, may not onely be rightly called the Golden Grove, but it may without fiction be justly stiled the Cambrian Paradise, and Elizium of Wales; but that which grac'd it totally, was the nobleness, and affable presence and deportment of the earle, with his faire and vertuous new married countess, the beautiful lady Alice, or Alicia, daughter to the right honour-

able the late earle of Bridgwater, deceased : I humbly thank them both, for they were pleased to honour me so much, that I supp'd with them, at which time a gentleman came in, who being sate, did relate a strange discourse of a violent rain which fell on the mountains in part of Radnorshire and into Glamorganshire ; the story was, as near as I can remember, as followeth.

That on Saturday the 17. of July last, 1652, there fell a sudden showre of rain in the counties aforesaid, as if an ocean had flowed from the clouds to overwhelm and drown the mountains : it poured down with such violent impetuositie, that it tumbled down divers houses of stone that stood in the way of it ; it drowned many cattell and sheep, bore all before it as it ran, therefore a poore man with his son and daughter forsook their house, and the father and son climed up into a tree for their safety ; in the mean time the merciless waters took hold of the poore maid, and almost furiously bare her away down between two mountains, rolling and hurling her against many great stones, till at last it threw her near the side of the stream, and her hair and hair-lace being loose, it catched hold of a stump of an old thorn bush, by which means she was stayed, being almost dead ; but as she lay in this misery, she saw a sad and lamentable sight, for the water had fiercely unrooted the tree, and bore it down the stream, with her father and brother, who were both

unfortunately drowned : the maid, as I was certified, is like to live and recover.

My humble thanks to the good yong hopefull lord Vaughan, and to all the rest of the noble olive branches of that most worthy tree of honour, their father, not omitting or yet forgetting my gratitude to Mr. Steward there, with all the rest of the gentlemen and servants attendant, with my love to Mr. Thomas Ryve, unknown, and so Golden Grove farewell.

The 18. of August, I hired a guide who brought me to Swansey (sixteen well stretch'd Welch mountainous miles), where I was cordially welcome to an ancient worthy gentleman, Walter Thomas, esquire, for whose love and lebirality I am much obliged to him and the good gentlewoman his wife ; he staid me till the next day after diner, and then sent his man with me a mile to his sons house, named William Thomas, esquire : there, as soon as I had rewarded my guide he slip'd from me, leaving me to the mercy of the house, where I found neither mercy nor manners, for the good gentleman and his wife were both rode from home ; and though there were people old enough, and big enough, yet there was not one kind enough or good enough to do me the least kind of courtesie or friendship ; they did not so much as bid me come into the house, or offer me a cup of drink ; they all scornfully wondred at me, like so many buzzards and woodcocks about an owle : there was a shotten, thin scul'd, shallow brain'd,

simpleton fellow, that answered me, that he was a stranger there, but I believed him not, by reason of his familiarity with the rest of the folks ; there was also a single soa'd gentlewoman, of the last edition, who would vouchsafe me not one poor glance of her eye beams, to whom I said as followeth :—

Fair gentlewoman, I was sent hither by the father of the gentleman of this house, to whom I have a letter from a gentleman of his familiar acquaintance ; I am sure that the owner of this place is famed and reported to be a man endowed with all affability and courtesie to strangers, as is every way accomodating to a gentleman of worth and quality ; and that if I were but a meer stranger to him, yet his generosity would not suffer me to be harbourless, but by reason of his fathers sending his servant with, and a friends letter, I sayd that if Mr. Thomas had been at home I should be better entertained.

To which Mrs. Fumpkins, looking scornfully ascue over her shoulders, answered me with, It may be so. Then, most uncourteous mistress, quoth I, I doubt I must bee necessitated to take up my lodging in the field : to which the said ungentle gentlewoman (with her posteriors, or butt end, towards me) gave me a finall answer, that I might if I would.

Whereupon I was enraged, and mounted my dun ; and in a friendly maner I tooke my leave, saying, that I would wander further and try my fortune, and that

if my stay at that house, that night, would save either Mr. Shallow-pate or Mrs. Jullock from hanging, that I would rather lie, and venture all hazards that are incident to hors, man, or traveller, then to be beholding to such unmanerly mungrils.

Thus desperately I shook them off, that would not take me on ; and riding I knew not whither, with a wide wild heath under me, and a wider firmament above me, I roade at adventure, betwixt light and darkness, about a mile, when luckily a gentleman overtook mee, and after a little talk of my distresse and travail, he bad me be of good chear, for he would bring me to a lodging and entertainment ; in which promise he was better than his word, for he brought me to a pretty market town called Neath, where he spent his money upon me ; for which kindness I thank him. But one doctour (as they call him) Rioc Jones (or doctor Merriman) came and supt with mee, and very kindly payd all the reckoning. That dayes journey being but six miles sterling.

The 19. of August I hired a guide for 3s. (16 miles) to a place called Penline, where sometime stood a strong castle, which is now ruined ; adjoining to it, or in the place of it, is a fair house, belonging to Anthony Tuberville, esquire, where, although the gentleman was from home, the good gentlewoman his wife did with hospitable and noble kindnesse bid me welcome.

Fryday, the 20. of August, I rode a mile to an ancient town, named Coobridge, from whence I scrambled two miles further to Llanstrithyott, where the noble gentleman Sure John Awbrey, with his vertuous lady, kept me three dayes ; in the mean space I rode two miles to the house of the ancient and honorable knight Sir Thomas Lewis, at Penmark, to whom and his good lady I humbly dedicate my gratitude. The same day, after dinner, I returned back to Llanstrithyott, which was to me a second Golden Grove, or Welch paradise, for building, scituation, wholsome ayre, pleasure, and plenty : for my free entertainment there, with the noble expression of the gentlemans bounty at my departure, I heartily do wish to him and his, with all the rest of my honorable and noble, worshipfull and friendly benefactors, true peace and happinesse, internall, externall, and eternall.

Monday, the 23. of August, I rode eight miles to the good town of Cardiffe, where I was welcome to Mr. Aaron Price, the town clark there, with whom I dined, at his cost and my perrill : after dinner he directed me two miles further, to a place called Llanrumney, where a right true bred generous gentleman, Thomas Morgan, esquire, gave me such loving and liberall entertainment, for which I cannot be so thankful as the merit of it requires.

Tuesday, being both Saint Bartholomews day, my birthday, the 24. of the month, and the very next day

before Wednesday, I arose betimes, and travelled to a town called Newport, and from thence to Carbean, and lastly to Vske, in all 15 well measur'd Welsh Monmouthshire miles: at Uske I lodg'd at an inn, the house of one Master Powell.

The 25. of August I rode but 12 miles; by an unlook'd for accident, I found Bartholomew Fair at Monmouth, a hundred miles from Smithfield; there I stayed two nights upon the large reckoning of nothing to pay, for which I humbly thank my hospitable host and hostess, Master Reignald Rowse and his good wife.

Monmouth, the shire town of Monmouthshire, was the last Welsh ground that I left behind me. August 27. I came to Gloucester, where, though I was born there, very few did know me; I was almost as ignorant as he that knew no body; my lodging there was at the signe of the George, at the house of my namesake, Master John Taylor, from whence on Saturday the 28. I rode 16 miles to Barnsley.

Of all the places in England and Wales, that I have travelled to, this village of Barnsley doth most strictly observe the Lords day, or Sunday, for little children are not suffered to walke or play: and two women who had beene at church both before and after noone, did but walke into the fields for their recreation, and they were put to their choice, either to pay sixpence apiece (for prophane walking) or to be laid one houre in the stocks; and the pievish willfull women (though

they were able enough to pay), to save their money and jest out the matter, lay both by the heeles merrily one houre.

There is no such zeale in many places and parishes in Wales ; for they have neither service, prayer, sermon, minister, or preacher, nor any church door opened at all, so that people do exercise and edifie in the church yard, at the lawfull and laudable games of trap, catt, stool-ball, racket, etc., on Sundayes.

From Barnsley, on Monday the 30. of August, I rode 30 miles to Abington ; from thence, etc., to London, where I brought both ends together on Tuesday the 7. of September.

Those that are desirous to know more of Wales, let them either travell for it as I have done, or read Mr. Camdens *Britania*, or Mr. Speeds laborious *History*, and the geographicall maps and descriptions will give them more ample or contenting satisfaction.

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One Humphrey Lloyd, esquire, did exactly collect the Brittish or Welsh history, from the originall till the yeare 1510, after which it was continued by doctor David Powell, till the yeare 1584 ; printed then and dedicated to sir Phillip Sidney, knight. Those who are desirous to read more largely, let them make use of their larger book : but for such as love brevity or cheapnesse, let them read this which followeth.





# CAMBRIA BRITANNIA :

OR

*A short Abbreviation of the History and Chronicles of*

**W A L E S.**

By JOHN TAYLOR.

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CARADOC of Lancarvan (a studious antiquary, and a learned diligent collector of the successions and acts of the Brittish princes) did write the *History of Wales*, from the time and raigne of Cadwallador, who lived in the year of our redemption 685, and continued the said chronology near 500 years, till the raigne of Henry the Second, king of England. It hath alwayes before those times, and ever since, that writers for feare or flattery, or profit, have used shamefull (or shameless) partiality, in publishing the fames of their owne princes and country above measure, and beyond truth; but in their detracting and traducing others they have been too liberall; and in relating their valour, vertues, or injuries of such they fancied not, they have been too sparing, or wilfully negligent.

But to make bold and speak the truth, it is worth good consideration, to know what reason the English had to make warr against the Welsh. Wales had ever

been a free country, not subject to any prince, except their own : they owed no homage or allegiance neither to England or to any other Crowne or State ; their language, lawes, and customs, were of their owne institutions, to which lawes both prince and people were subject ; they lived quietly upon their owne, and they never went forthe of their owne bounds to rob the English, or to spoile and invade England, or any other nation. Then the question is with much ease proposed and answered, What cause did the Welsh give to the English to make warre upon them, to invade, plunder, spoile, and kill ? The answer is, or may be, Because the English were ambitious and covetous, and also stronger than their neighbours, and being able and willing to do injury and oppress the Welsh, they many times attempted to subject and conquer them ; and they (on the other side) did manfully resist and oppose their English invaders, as this brief relation will truly declare and manifest.

Thus force resisted force, the Saxons, Danes, English, Irish, and Flemings, all severally, and sometimes joined together, to conquer, and make prey and purchase of poor Wales, they all striving to have the goods and lands that belonged not to them ; and the Welsh men (with their best endeavours) justly and valiantly holding their own. They had kept their country and language 2700 years, and the historians, antiquaries, and gentry of that nation did record their laws, pedigrees,

and geneologies, with as much, or more exact truth than many, or any other nations. They had lived under their own governours (from the time of Heli the high priest of the Jews) 1800 years before Cadwallador, who went to Rome, and died there; from which time the chief rulers of Wales were sometimes stiled kings, sometimes princes; these were many times under one king or prince, of North Wales; sometimes they had three princes or kings, as North-Wales, South-Wales, and Powis Land. These three princes, although they had many and mighty enemies, did often make warre upon each other, spoiling and harrasing their country, to the advantage of their enemies and ruine of themselves. But to proceed to the history.

In the yeare 688, Ivor (a kinsman of Cadwalador) was prince some small time; and hee also went to Rome, and there ended his daies.

The next Ivor Roderick Molwinnoc, the second prince of North-Wales, rained 30 years; he was grand-child to Cadwallador, a valiant man; he died anno 755.

The third was Canon Tindaethwy, a gallant prince; he warr'd with good success against Offa, king of Mercia, who would have invaded North-Wales; but Canon did defend himselfe so stoutly, that Offa with much loss retired: the English at that time had not one foot of ground in Wales.

Anno 800. Mervin was the fourth king of North-Wales; he married Esylht, daughter to Canon. In his

time Egbert, king of the West Saxons, invaded and spoyled Anglesey ; and Kenulph, king of Mercia, did much mischief in Powis Land, whereby Mervin being overpowred, was slaine, valiantly fighting against the king of Mercia.

Anno 843. Roderick the Second (called the Great) was the 5. king of North-Wales ; he had much war with the English Mercians, with various success, but for the most part fortunate. In his raigne, the Danes came and spoiled Anglesey, against whom prince Roderick manfully fighting was unfortunately slaine. But some do write, that he did beat the Danes out of Anglesey, and slain afterwards in a battell against the Englishmen, anno 876, when he had raigned with much love and honour 39 years.

The 6. king or prince was Anarawd, the son of Roderick ; and about that time of anno 877. the Normans, with their duke Rollo, invaded a great province in France, which from the name of Normans (or northern men), is to this day called Normandy.

In the year of grace 878, the Danes and Englishmen came with great powers against Wales, between whom and the Welsh was there a bloody battell, near the water of Conwy, where the Welsh had a mighty victory, which they called the revenge for the death of Roderick. Prince Anarawd died after much trouble, in anno 913, having rained 34. years.

Seventhly, or the 7. prince was Edwal Voel. The

Danes spoyled Anglesey, and the English burnt and spoiled Brecknock. Athelstane king of England, enforced the Welsh to pay him a yearly tribute of 20 pounds in gold, 300 pounds in silver, and 200 biefes, or cattell. Afterwards Edwal Voel had raigned 25 years, he and his brother Else were both slaine fighting with the Danes, anno 938.

The 8. prince was Howell Dha, he was a kinsman to Edwal Voel, he was a prince of South-Wales, but he afterwards had all Wales; the English vexed him often, and did much hurt; but still Howel galantly resisted them, and died much lamented in the year of Christ 948.

The 9. were Jevan and Jago, or James, both brethren, and sons to Edwal Voel. They had cruell wars with Owen and his brethren (the sons of Howell Dha), in which bickerings Owen (with his brothers) were slaine. About this time the Danes spoiled Anglesey, and burnt Holyhead. And also Wales was much troubled by Edgar king of England; but it was agreed at last, that the tribute of gold, and silver, and cattell, which was laid on the Welsh nation in Edwal Voels time, after it had been paid near 13 years should be remitted, and in lieu thereof the princes of Wales were enjoined to pay a certaine number of woolves heads (for at that time four-leg'd woolves did as much mischief amongst beasts, sheep, and cattell, as two leg'd woolves have done in these latter times amongst men), and by the

means of the yearly payment of the aforesaid woolves heads, there was not one of those ravenous beasts in three years payment to be found in all Wales, or the marches of England.

The brethren the princes fell out (for lordship and love can brook no rivalls or fellowship); James imprisoned Jervas a long time, at which time the Danes entred Anglesey, and did much spoile. Howell, the son of Jervas, made sharpe war against his unkle Jago, or James, and beat him, and releast his father, after which he took his eldest unkle Meric, and put his eyes out; but never restored his father to his former estate, but kept the principality to himselfe. This was about the yeare of our Lord 974.

The 10. king or prince of North-Wales (or almost all Wales) was Howell ap Jervas, or the son of Jervas. Anno 975, there was great wars and much bloudshed betwixt South and North-Wales; but Howell took his unkle James, which had imprisoned his father Jervas, and then possest all Wales in peace for a short while, for the Danes brake in and spoiled many towns and places in North-Wales, and did much mischief to the cathedrall of S. Davids. And in 982 a great army from England wasted and spoiled Brecknock, and a great part of South-Wales; but prince Howell made war against them, slew many, and made the rest flee. The second yeare after, Howell entred England with an army, in which war he was slaine valiantly fighting, in the yeare 984, to whom succeeded his brother.

Cadwallen, the 11. prince, he first warred against Jonavall the son of Meric, whose eyes Howell had caused to be put out, who by right was right lord of all Wales. In the end Jonavall was slain by Cadwallhon, and the next year after Cadwallhon himselfe was kill'd by Meredith, the son of Owen, prince of South-Wales, anno 985.

The 12. king or prince was Meredith ap Owen, or the son of Owen, which Owen was son to Howell Dha, before mentioned ; he began in the yeare 986, and had a most troublesome government ; for the Danes again wasted Anglesey. They took prisoner Lhywach, brother to prince Meredith, and put his eyes out, and the Danes tooke 2000 prisoners, and either carried them away, or put them to ransome ; and in the yeare 98. the Danes came againe and spoyled St. Davids, Lhandydoch, Lhanhadarno, Llanristed, and all religious places of devotion that their heathenish power could master.

In these troubles, prince Meredith was forced to give those miscreant Danes a penny a head for every man that was then alive in all his dominions ; which payment was called the Black Armies Tribute. About this time all South-Wales was over ran by the English, and (to fill the measure of the affliction in Wales) Meredith made mighty havock in Glamorgan-shire ; so that there was not any place in Wales free from the fury of fire and sword. But to make the measure of misery heap

and run over, the Danes came once more, and made a prey of the Isle of Anglesey; with which continuall troubles, Meredith being overladen and wearied, resigned his princely authority to Edward ap Meric ap Meredith, or his own grandchild. Meredith died 998.

Edwal, the 13. prince of North-Wales, was scarce warm in his seat, but Meredith fought and fought for repossession, and after much bloudshed, lost his labour. Then the Danes came again and spoiled much in North-Wales; and the prince valiantly fighting was slain, and the same Danes came again to S. Davids, ransack'd it, and spoiled all the country.

The 14. king was Aedan ap Belgored; he fought for the principality with Cenan the son of Howell, and slew him in the year 1003. About this time the Danes spoiled many places in West-Wales; and in this princes raigne all the Danes in England were slaine in one night: and anno 1015. prince Aedon was slain by his successor.

Lhewelyn ap Sitsylht, after he had kill'd Aedan, was the 15 prince; he had a peacefull and plentiful beginning, till a low born Scot, whose name was Runne, faigned himselfe to be the sonne of Meredith ap Owen before named: but Lhewelyn met him and fought with him, and in the end made Runne run, till at last he killed him. And after that, this prince was slaine by Howell and Meredith, the sons of Edwal, 1026.

The 16. prince was Jago (or James) the son of



Edwal ; he reigned over North-Wales, and Rytherch of Jestin swayed in South-Wales, 1031. But by continuall contention betwixt the grandchildren of Howell Dha, Rytherch (prince of South-Wales) was slain by the English ; and then arose new wars in North-Wales, for Griffith ap Llewelyn ap Sytylth war'd against Jago, slew him, and possest the principality, anno 1037.

Griffith ap Llewelyn was the 17. prince of North-Wales ; he overcame both the English and the Danes, when they would have invaded his land, in anno 1038. He had much trouble with prince Howell of South-Wales ; but in the end he overcame him and possest his principality : after this Griffith was treacherously taken, by Conan the son of Jago, and as Conan was carrying him away towards some Irish ships, the country arose up speedily and happily, and (after a sharpe fight) redeemed their prince Griffith, and Conan was forced to flie for his life. After that the prince had another great fight with Howell ap Edwin, which Howell was joyned with the Danes and English, and in a bloody battle the English and Danes were overthrown, that very few escaped : Howell was slain, and prince Griffith victorious ; but peace lasted not three months, but Ritherich and Rees, two of Jestins sons, made war upon Griffith, and after a cruel fight all day, the darke night parted them, that both armies returned with great losse to their homes.

About this time there rained in Scotland a bloody

usurping tyrant, named Macbeth : hee caused a lord, one Bancho, to be murdered, whose son, named Fleance, escaped and fled into Wales, and was courteously entertained, with love and welcome to prince Griffith. Griffith had a bountifull daughter, with whom Fleance grew to be so familiar, that he got her with child ; for which the offended prince caused the head of Fleance to be strooke off, and in rage cast off his daughter, who was in short time delivered of a male child, named Walter. This Walter grew to be a tall goodly gentleman, to whom few or scarce one was comparable for strength, feature, valour, agillity, and affability : and when one in derision called him bastard he killed him, and fled into Scotland, in the yeare 1052, and in the raigin of Robert Bruise, king of Scots ; then with which king the said Walter won such favour for some gallant services which he had done, that with love and honour he was made lord Stuart, or Steward, of Scotland, and receiver of the kings whole revenue ; and from that office did come the name of Steward, now called Stuart, of which sirname many kings, princes, lords, and gentlemen, have been and are descended.

Griffith ap Ritherch ap Jestin made hot war against Griffith ap Lhewelyn, but Lhewelyn overcame and slew him, 1054 ; then he made an inrode into England, and with the ayd of Algar earle of Chester, hee spoyled all Herefordshire, and burnt the city of Hereford to ashes, and returned with much spoyle.

But in the conclusion the Danes were ayded by Harrold king of England, and assisted by some perfidious Welsh lords, they entred Wales with great forces, at which time this noble prince Griffith ap Llewelyn was treacherously murdered by his own men, and his head presented to Harrold king of England. Thus this gallant Griffith liv'd beloved, and dy'd lamented, when hee had governed 34 years.

Blethyn and Rywalhon were the sonnes of Conum, and brothers by the mothers side to Griffith ap Llewelyn : in the raign of these two, William, surnamed the Conquerour, came into England, anno 1066, and in 1068, two sons of Griffith ap Llewelyn did raise war against Blethyn and Rywalhon ; their names were Meredith and Ithell ; in these wars fortune play'd a game at crosse ruffe, for Ithell was slain on the one side, and Rywalhon on the other ; Meredith fled, and Blethin was master of all Wales. Shortly after, the Normans spoyled Cardigan and a great part of West-Wales, and in the year 1073, Blethin was traiterously murdered by Rees ap Owen ap Edwin. This Blethin was the 18. prince, who left foure sons ; but for all that, Traherne his kinsman got the principalities of North-Wales, and was the 19. prince, at which time Rees ap Owen, with Ritherch ap Caradoc, had equall all South-Wales, but Ritherch was quickly murdered treacherously, and Rees then had all South-Wales, but Rees and another brother of his were both slain in hot

fight by Caradoc ap Griffith, and in anno 1087, Traherne was slaine by his cousins, of the line and race of Howell Dha.

The 20. prince of North-Wales was Griffith, the son of Conan, and Rees ap Theodor had South-Wales, but Rees was mightily troubled in wars with some kinsmen of his, who in the end were all slain ; then was St. Davids spoyled and burnt by rovers, and Rees was murdered at Brecknock by his own servants, ayded by some Normans : at that time, Robert Fitzharmaco, knight, and one of the gentlemen of the privy chamber to William Rufus, king of England, surprised the lordship of Glamorgan, which the English do hold yet ; also, 12 commanders with him did likewise take portions of lands there : their names were :

1. William de Londres, or London.
2. Richard Granavilla, or Greenevelle, or Greenefield.
3. Paganus de Tuberville.
4. Robert de St. Quintin.
5. Richard Sywarde.
6. Gilbertus Humfrevell.
7. Reginold de Beckrolls.
8. Reinoldus de Swilly.
9. Peter le Sorre.
10. Johanes de Flemming.
11. Oliverus St. John.
12. John William de Esterling, now Stradling.

After much trouble, many cruel fights, with great slaughters of and against Normans, English, Irish, Scots, and continuall war with South-Wales, and divers places more in Wales, this victorious prince dyed, much beloved and lamented for, when he had nobly ruled 50. years, anno 1137.

The 21 king was Owen Gwynneth, who was son to the last famous prince Griffith; he began with wars against South Wales, where the English had taken possession, with Flemmings, Normans, and others; he chased them away, burnt and spoyled Caermarden, and returned victoriously to North-Wales, 1142. In the year 1143, seven great lords, all of them of princely blood and pedigree, were slain in Wales. Also at this time the Irish did much spoyle, and in conclusion were spoyled by prince Owen; and near this time, Howell and Conan, Owens sons, gave the Normans and Flemmings a bloody discomfeture at Abertyvie, and returned to their father with spoyle and honour; yet these wars continued still; but the Flemmings and Normans were beaten twice more at the castles of Carmarden and Lhanstephan. From the yeare of Christ, 1138 to 1160 (being 32 years), Wales had not so much as six moneths peace and quietness.

And then, before one yeare was expired, the princes of South-Wales quarrelled with prince Owen, and after some dangerous bickerings, Owen had the victory. In anno 1163, Henry the Second, king of England, made

a great preparations for war ; hee entred South Wales as far as Brecknock, and returnd without any cause of triumphing. And in the year 1165, the said king Henry the Second came in person again, having in his army the stoutest of Englishmen, Normans, Gascoigners, Flemmings, Guiencys, and some fugitive Welch ; but prince Owen, joynd with South-Wales and others, after much fighting and losse on both sides, king Henry returned without conquest, and fewer men then he brought forth. Also, the next year, 1167, the same king made a greater inrode into Wales, to as much purpose as he had done twice before. Also, presently in the nick of these troubles, another army of Flemmings and Normans came to West-Wales, did much harm, and in the end returned with much loss.

Then presently, to make the misery of Wales compleat, the Welsh lords fell together by the ears one with another ; and after a weary and troublesome reign of 32. yeares, the magnanimous prince Owen Guineth dyed, anno 1169.

His son David succeeded the 22. prince, who was fain to fight for it, and kill his brother Howell, before he could attain the principedom. Then did Henry the 2. king of England enter South-Wales, took the town of Caerleon from the Lo Jorwath, and quite destroyed it : and in 1172, after a tedeous molestation, prince David ap Owen was expulst from his rule : and

Lhewelyn ap Jorwath, being lawfull prince, took the

government, 1194, Richard the first of that name being then king of England. This prince had a quiet beginning in North-Wales, but South-Wales was much vexed; for k. John of England, with David ap Owen, before named, who was deposed or expelled, came with an army against prince Llewelyn, who fought and beat k. John, and took David prisoner, and kept him fast; and the same yeare there was another bloody battell fought between the English and the lords of South-Wales, and many men slain by the treachery of some Welsh lords, for private interests.

For 12 yeares prince Llewelyn had not one months quietness, yet he was still victorious.

1211. K. John came into Wales with a mighty army, with a purpose to destroy all that had life; but he returned with great loss; and the next year he came again, when (by reason that the English king had many Welsh lords to take his part) prince Llewelyn ap Jorwath came to an agreement with k. John, and gave him 20000*l.* and 40 horses: but covenants not being kept by occasion of the harsh dealing of the English nobles and their officers, made to the prince to raise an army, and take some castles and countries, for which k. John caused the gentlemen (which he had for pledges) to be all hang'd; and with another great army he came into Wales again, to no purpose; for k. John had his hands and head full of troubles at home, with the pope and the French, that he was

forced to leave Wales and return, to his great grief and loss.

In the yeare of grace 1314, there was great wars between the lords of South-Wales and Powis, Welsh against Welsh, and much mischief done on both sides : and anno 1215, prince Llewelyn made an inrode into England, then hee wonne Shrewsbury, sack'd it, and returned into South-Wales ; he took Caermarden from the English, raised the castle, and took 12. castles more, and returned home triumphant ; shortly after, he subdued all Powis Land to his obedience, and in anno 1217, he brought all Wales to his subjection. He had not a weekes rest from the yeare 1218 to 1221, but either Welsh, English, Flemmings, or other troubles, kept him from idleness, and still it was his happiness to be victor.

King John of England, being reconciled to the pope, the French expulst from thence, and the kingdome in quiet, the king (having little to do at home) would have the tother bout with Wales, which he attempted with much charge and bad success, and shortly after died ; to whom his son Henry the 3. succeeded, who mad a speedy expedition against Llewelyn, and returned home with much detriment, and peace was made for a small time ; for in anno 1231, k. Henry made another great preparation against the prince, to the effect aforesaid.

In 1232, Llewelyn made an expedition into Eng-



land, and returned with much riches and honour. In 1233, South-Wales raised new wars; but the prince went in person and beat them into some quietness, overthrew their castles and strong holds, and returned renowned.

And the same year, k. Henry the 3. came into Wales with a greater army than ever, compact of divers nations, with an intent to destroy all he could, but he was deceived in his purpose, and went home a loser: then k. Henry sent the arch bishop of Canterbury, with the bishops of Rochester and Chester, to make a peace with Llewelyn, but it could not be effected.

Then this peerless prince died, beloved and lamented, and was buried at Conwy. He married Jone, the daughter of k. John, by whom he had two sons, David and Griffith; this David kept his brother Griffith in prison all his raigne. The noble prince Llewelyn ap Iorwath raigned 56 years,

To whom David ap Llewelyn succeeded, being the 24. prince, anno 1240. This prince was cursed by the pope, and hated by the people for imprisoning his brother Griffith; for which the k. of England came against him with an army, but a peace was made, and Griffith not releas'd, who striving to break prison and escape, by tying of lines and sheets, with such other stuff which he had, and as he gat out of a high window, he putting all his weight to the lines, they brake, and

he being fat and heavy, fell with his head downwards, where he lay a most pittifull dead spectacle, for his head and neck were beaten forcibly into his body.

Then k. Henry the 3. (as his predecessors had often done) strived to have Wales under his obedience, to which purpose he in 1245. raised a mighty army, and was more mightily met and foyled by prince David; soone after David died, when he had ruled 5 years, 1246.

Lhewelyn ap Griffith, or the son of Griffith that dyed with a fall, was the 25. prince, for his unkle, prince David, had no issue; this man was valiant, but unfortunate, for his two brethren, Owen and David, made war upon him, but he vanquisht them, and was master of all Wales; he strived much to shake off the yoke of England, and perforce hee chased all the English out of Wales with great slaughter, 1256. King Henry the third with two great armies entred Wales in severall places, did much spoile, received much loss, and returned angry.

In 1258, James, lord Audley, with Germane horsemen, did much spoile, and killed many in Wales, but in the end, the Welshmen gave them such welcome, that few of the Germanes return'd. In these times in all places in Wales was continuall strife, spoile and bloudshed; for the English would have, and the Welsh would hold. In 1267, Lhewelyn entred England, spoyled and destroyed Chester, and much of that

county ; but after that, the Welsh had a great overthrow at a place called Chun, and in 1268, Henry of England with an army entred Wales again ; but by the means of cardinall Ortobonus (the popes legate) a peace was made, and the prince paid to the k. of England 30000 marks. In anno 1272, king Henry the 3. died, and his son Edward the 1. went to Chester, from whence he sent a summons to command prince Lhewelyn to come to him and doe homage : but the prince refused, and would not come to the king. Then two English armies entred South-Wales, and North-Wales, and West-Wales, at once ; but (upon hard conditions) a peace was concluded, which lasted not long ; for anno 1281, they fell to it cruelly again. The prince said, that it was a hard thing to live in war alwayes ; but it was harder to live in continuall slavery : soon after, prince Lhewelyn was slaine valiantly fighting, and all Wales fell to the crowne of England, after it had continued from Brute and Camber 2418 years, to the year of Christ 1282.

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*Kings Sons and Daughters of England, that have been  
Princes of Wales since 1282.*

- 1 Edward of Carnarvon, son to K. Ed. 1. 1289.
- 2 Edward of Winsor, son to Edw. 2.
- 3 Edw. of Woodstock, son to Edw. 3. or the Black Prince.

- 4 Richard of Burdeaux, son to the Black.
- 5 Henry of Monmouth, son to Henry 4.
- 6 Edw. of Westm. son to Henry 6.
- 7 Edw. of Westm. son to Edw. 4.
- 8 Edw. son to K. Ric. 3. at 10 year old instal'd P.
- 9 Arthur, son to K. Henry 7.
- 10 Henry D. of York, 2. son to H. 7. E. 6. son to H. 8.
- 11 Mary, Princess of Wales, daughter, &c.
- 12 Eliz. Princess.
- 13 Henry.
- 14 Charls, son to King James.

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