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Y Cymmrodor

Embodying the

Transactions

of the Honourable

Society of Cymmrodorion

etc.

EDITED BY

THOMAS POWELL, M.A. (Oxon.)

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Y Cymmrodor.

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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

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JANUARY 1882.

ON

THE NECESSITY OF TEACHING ENGLISH, THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF WELSH, IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS IN WELSH-SPOKEN DISTRICTS.[1]

By the Rev. D. J. DAVIES, M.A., late Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

No question has been so much discussed during the last four years on the platform and in the press in Wales, as the means and methods of supplying the acknowledged deficiencies in her educational machinery. Yet, so far as I am aware, the deplorable fact that thousands of children, after seven or eight years' regular attendance at elementary schools, annually launch into the world practically ignorant of English, has been altogether overlooked, or, at all events, been regarded as an inevitable state of things, quite beyond the limits of legislative reform. Even the late Departmental Committee, appointed to inquire into the condition of education in Wales, while reporting the prevalence of the Welsh language to be a serious impediment to educational progress, offers no suggestion how it may be removed, but dismiss the subject with the remark "that there is every appearance that the Welsh language will long be cherished by the large majority of the Welsh people, and that its influence upon the progress of

[1] Read before the Hon. Soc. of Cymmrodorion at the Freemasons' Tavern, on January 25th, 1882.

their education, and upon their prospects in competing with English-born students, will be, for an indefinite time, little less in the future than it has been in the past." It is, I think, much to be regretted that this question should have received apparently so little consideration at the hands of that Committee, and that thus they should have let slip a golden opportunity of authoritatively recommending to the Government some plan by which the admittedly greatest difficulty Welsh youths have to contend with, might be lessened, if not totally annihilated. A knowledge of English is perfectly compatible with a knowledge of Welsh, and even with an intense affection for it; and it is a matter of common observation that, however much a Welshman may cherish his native tongue, he is careful to bring up his children in English when he can; and when he cannot, to send them to school, where, should it unfortunately be an elementary one, he vainly hopes they will acquire a knowledge of English. It is because elementary schools in Welsh spoken districts have not yet succeeded, and as at present carried on, cannot succeed in imparting to the great majority of their scholars a knowledge of English adequate for the practical purposes of life, and because I believe that the time has now arrived when this state of things need no longer continue, that I have taken upon me to prepare this paper.

The extent of the evil which arises from ignorance of English is clearly in proportion to the number of children who leave school without having obtained such a mastery of it as to be able to speak and understand it. With the aid of official documents which have recently been published, this number can be approximately ascertained. The report of the Committee above referred to, quoting Mr. Ravenstein's results, states that 1,006,100 persons in Wales and Monmouthshire habitually speak Welsh. If so, it means that there are 143,728 children between the ages of five and

thirteen who at home never hear any English. But, as I do not know what data Mr. Ravenstein had for his calculations, I must beg leave to state my impression that his estimate is too high. I prefer to adopt the results given in two of the Welsh Schools Inspectors' reports to the Council of Education, for last year, as the basis of my own estimate. Mr. Edwards, who has charge of the Merthyr Tydvil district, comprising the three Unions of Merthyr Tydvil, Pontypridd, and Crickhywel, with an aggregate population of 200,000, or one-eighth of that of the whole of Wales and Monmouthshire, states that he made a minute inquiry into the extent to which Welsh is spoken in his district, and found that 55 per cent. of the children above seven years were returned as speaking Welsh habitually at home. In the Rhondda valley, he adds, the proportion of purely Welsh children is much greater, viz., 72 per cent. This average of 55 per cent. would probably represent the number of such children in the whole of Glamorganshire and Monmouthshire, omitting the towns of Cardiff, Newport, and Swansea; while, for the rest of Wales, excepting Radnorshire, part of the counties of Brecon, Pembroke, and Flint, there would be a considerably higher percentage of purely Welsh-speaking children, as may be gathered from the report of Mr. Williams, Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools for the counties of Cardigan, Pembroke, and part of Carmarthen. He states that, except in the southern half of Pembrokeshire, most of the children in his district habitually speak Welsh at home. If the population of the excepted districts be deducted from the total population of Wales and Monmouthshire, there will remain not less than 1,200,000 persons, 55 per cent. at least of whose children are purely Welsh. Adopting the usual proportion of one in seven as the number of children of school age, and taking 55 per cent. of the result, it will be found that upwards of 94,000 children attend the daily elementary schools, who

never have any opportunity of learning English except during the brief time they are at school; which implies that 13,000 children, or an average of 1000 for each county, annually leave school without, as is on all hands acknowledged, any, except the most meagre, acquaintance with the English tongue. But the mere extent of this evil conveys no adequate conception of its seriousness, and is no proper measure of the importance of the question I would this evening commend to the consideration of your honourable Society.

To form some idea of the gravity of this misfortune, I will take three typical cases, and consider how ignorance of English in each case tends to frustrate the efforts of Welsh boys to rise in the world, or lowers their intelligence, and, consequently, diminishes their usefulness as citizens, as compared with three English lads of like social station. The first case I shall choose is that of the sharp talented boy, whose progress and successes at an elementary school encourage and justify his friends to make sacrifices to send him to a higher school, with a view of giving him a chance of raising himself by his learning and abilities to whatever position he can win in the field of intellectual contest. Such a case as this is by no means uncommon, either in Wales or in England. But the Welsh boy, when he enters a grammar school, say at thirteen or fourteen, is under disadvantages which can hardly be exaggerated, as compared with his English rival. The master teaches, of course, in English. Say the subject is Latin. The one boy may learn declensions and vocabularies as well as the other. But, when it comes to translation, the English boy has the difficulties of only one language to overcome, whereas the Welsh boy has the difficulties of two. He is, in fact, set to do the absurd task of turning sentences from one language to another, neither of which he knows. The rules in his English text-book, he very imperfectly understands, while the master's explanations—speaking being always more difficult to follow than written matter—are, at the commence-

ment of his studies, when he most needs assistance, altogether thrown away on the Welsh boy. This state of things continues long enough for the English boy to obtain a lead, which is never diminished during the whole period of their scholastic career. The consequence is obvious. As Scholarships and Fellowships are at present awarded, the best are necessarily won by the English boy; and who does not know that even the minute difference of attainments, or of skill in displaying them, which often decides whether of two candidates is to receive one of these academical prizes, secures to the one a comparative independence and a choice of careers, while it condemns the other to make it his first study how to get his daily bread? The circumstances and natural endowments of the two boys have throughout been assumed to be the same, with this only difference, that the one is, perforce, almost totally ignorant of English at the time of entering a school of higher grade, while the other is English-born. The testimony of head-masters of Welsh grammar schools, which may be found in the Blue-books issued by the Schools Inquiry Commission of 1868, and the Departmental Committee of 1881, shows that the above description applies to the English attainments of not a few meritorious lads who have been admitted to secondary schools in Wales.

The second case shall be that of two farmers' sons who, one Welsh-speaking, the other English-speaking, both have received their education in an elementary school. The boys, on leaving school, being supposed to be of similar tastes, adopt their fathers' calling. One can only add to his knowledge through the contracted channel of the Welsh language, for he is unable to read English with pleasure. The other, of course, reads English, and if he is desirous, as many are, of profiting by the experiments of scientific farmers, he can do so with much interest and advantage. But, let us follow the two into an agricultural meeting, board of guardians, or court of justice, where all the business is conducted in English.

The Englishman can understand, and take intelligent part in, the proceedings, and thus public business becomes to him a most valuable means of acquiring information and of mental development; while to the Welshman the whole thing is so much vanity and vexation of spirit, and if he takes any part in the business, it is as the tool of some one—scrupulous or unscrupulous as the case may be—who may desire to use him. The farcical character of Welsh juries' functions has long been proverbial.

But let us proceed to the third case which I propose to consider, viz., that of two labourers' sons. What are their respective prospects of bettering their condition in life? It has been said of the English labourer that his is the only vocation in this free country in which a man cannot raise himself by intelligence and thrifty and industrious habits. If that statement be true, it might, perhaps, be hastily inferred that it can matter very little what language a mere labourer speaks, as, whether it be Welsh or English, his life must be spent on the same dull level of hopelessness. But although a labourer, however thrifty and intelligent, may not be able to raise himself as a labourer, yet, if he is familiar with the language of commerce, he may, and often does, by changing his occupation, rise to a higher position than that in which he was born. But such a change of occupation is seldom possible for a Welsh-speaking labourer. He is doomed by his ignorance to life-long manual toil and poverty, whatever virtues or natural intelligence he may possess.

Mr. Robert Lingen has some appropriate remarks with regard to him which are as true now as when they were written thirty-five years ago. "In the works, the (purely Welsh-speaking) workman never finds his way into the office. He never becomes either clerk or agent. His language keeps him under the hatches, being one in which he can neither acquire nor communicate the necessary information, and

thus his social sphere becomes one of complete isolation from all influences save such as arise within his own order." An Essex agricultural labourer of good natural parts, but who can neither read nor write, was lately lamenting to me his hard lot, and said he considered his parents as much to blame in not sending him to school, as if they had sold him to slavery; for he added, "Because I am ignorant, I am no more free to choose what I shall do—whether I work with my head or with my hands—than if I had been a real slave." Without altogether accepting this harsh view of his case, I may observe that, by the compulsory enactments of recent Education Acts, the State has emancipated the rising generation of English labourers from such ignorance as he referred to; but the monoglot Welshman, though he may be able to write and read as well as a clerk, is still, materially, no better off than my illiterate Essex friend. And there is little doubt that ignorance of English, in spite of, or, rather, because of, the present system of elementary instruction, if not altered, will prevail for an indefinite period in Welsh-spoken districts, and continue to bar against thousands every avenue to intellectual progress and social advancement. It is unnecessary to describe what that system is, as all are sufficiently familiar with the working of an elementary school. In Anglesea and East Anglia, in town and country, the same inflexible method is practised. The school is everywhere conducted in English, with sublime disregard for the language which the scholars understand. There is no provision for explaining to children, who know no language but Welsh, the meaning of what is said or read. Words of command are certainly picked up, and isolated words and phrases, after being often heard, cannot fail to be remembered; but they are frequently ill-understood. I much doubt whether in eight years a child now learns as much English as he would in eight months under a rational method of

instruction. I do not blame the teachers, but the senseless system which imposes upon them the necessity of paying no attention to that which the children most require—the art of expressing themselves in English. Some idea may be formed of the vast energy that is daily wasted by teachers in Welsh schools, by a visit to an infant department in a Welsh-spoken district. Twenty or thirty little mites, who understand nothing but Welsh, sit up on raised seats in front of a mistress, who tries her very best to rivet their attention by a pretty little story told in English. Now, it is one of the rarest gifts to be able to instruct well a class of infants, even through the medium of the language they understand. It is futile to attempt it in any other; and I am not surprised to hear, that the tendency of Welsh teachers is more and more to limit their efforts to the merely mechanical repetition of English words. In Standards I, II, and III, things are no better. The reading-books in use may be in themselves excellent, full of matter which would be interesting and instructive to an English child, but no more interesting or instructive to the Welsh child than if he read the words in his book up and down, instead of across the page, while any remarks made by the teacher by way of explanation are equally unintelligible. Now, it may be asked how such a system came to be adopted. It does not owe its origin to the malevolence or indifference of the powers that be, or even to what has often been alleged to be the animating principle of their policy towards Wales in times past—the desire to bring about the extinction of the Welsh language. But it is mainly, if not entirely, due to the expressed wishes of Welshmen themselves a generation ago. Those who loved our nation saw *then*, no less clearly than we see *now*, that the thing that weighed down our countrymen was ignorance of English. But the question was—How was it to be removed? Competent teachers were scarcely anywhere to be found.

The schoolmaster of those days was in most cases a broken-down tradesman or mechanic, and his school-room was an appropriate emblem of his own condition—usually a dilapidated cottage, and, now and then, an abandoned outbuilding. His method of instruction was, as might be expected, very rudimentary. He laboured under grievous disadvantages. Next to the want of knowledge was the want of books and appliances; but he meant and aimed well. He made an honest attempt to teach his pupils what they most required, viz., English. One thing greatly hampered him. He was almost wholly ignorant of it himself. So it was seldom a success, and, as a rule, he confined himself to teaching the English equivalents of the more ordinary Welsh words. In these circumstances, and, as none who were masters of both languages were attracted to the profession in country places, on account of the miserable pittance to be got by it, it became a question with those in whose hands the appointment of a schoolmaster lay, which would teach the children most English —a Welshman who knew no English, or an Englishman who knew no Welsh. It was certainly a choice of evils, but when their choice fell on the latter, it seems to me that they chose the lesser evil of the two. This course was advocated by Welshmen at the first inquiry into the state of education in Wales in 1847; and that it should have been adopted by the Government of the day was only natural, as it both accorded with Welsh opinion, and did away with the necessity of making one scheme for England and another for Wales. Hence the present practice of conducting an elementary school in Wales, without any regard to the mother-tongue of the children to be taught. But the circumstances which originated—I may say necessitated—the existing system are past. There is now an abundant supply of competent and trained teachers who are familiar with both languages, and a staff of inspectors who can test the pro-

ficiency of the scholars both in Welsh and English. It only needs that Welshmen should make known their altered circumstances, and express their wishes with regard to this matter, and, I doubt not, that any reasonable reforms that may be proved to be required, will speedily be effected. Three or four generations ago, Wales received but scant justice at the hands of those in power; but that was at a time when her political representatives were mutes, or had no sympathy with their constituencies; when the words of the Hebrew prophet might have been fitly applied to her—"There was none to guide her among all the sons she had brought forth; neither was there any that took her by the hand of all the sons that she had brought up." We live in happier times. Wales now sends to the Imperial Parliament men who sympathise with and can give, when occasion serves, articulate expression to the wants and aspirations of her children. I make no reference to party politics, for patriotism is above party. There are many facts to point to that their efforts have not been fruitless, and Parliament has shewn a disposition to minimise as far as possible the natural disadvantages of Welshmen by just and wise laws. Except touching the matter of education, I doubt if, at the present time, the most ardent patriot could mention any grievance which his country has not in common with the rest of Great Britain; and steps have been taken to remedy that. I am only anxious that the whole of this educational grievance should be clearly laid before Parliament, that the remedy may be complete.

I have already stated that the greatest desideratum is an efficient method of teaching English, so that every child on leaving school may be able to read it with pleasure and speak it with fluency. As I have endeavoured to show what evils arise from anything short of this, I will conclude my paper with a brief sketch of what I consider should be done

to achieve such an eminently desirable result. To begin with the infants, viz., children from three to seven. In Welsh-speaking districts the mistress should be required to give her instruction chiefly in the Welsh language. In the impending education code there is reason to believe that great stress will be laid on what are called object lessons for infants; that is, I take it, teaching the names, properties, and uses, of common things. It will be found impossible to make such lessons profitable to Welsh infants, except through the medium of the language they use at home; if that is Welsh, the language of instruction should also be Welsh. The Welsh names of two or three objects having been taught, as well as their English equivalents, short sentences should be formed, first in Welsh, then in English, in which these names occur, and the children made to say them after the teacher until they know them. The same process should be repeated with new Welsh words and their English equivalents; but the learning of the letters of the alphabet and reading should, as now, be confined to English. As it would require considerable skill and invention to form easy and progressive sentences, it would be necessary that a series of graduated books, containing a collection of suitable exercises, should be placed in the hands of most teachers. The whole of a child's time until he is seven years old should be devoted to this kind of work. In Welsh schools it is clear something must be sacrificed, if English is to be mastered. I would, therefore, sacrifice arithmetic and needlework in the infants' school. In Standard I, one English lesson daily should be given, but of a more advanced character; and arithmetic and needlework might now be commenced. It would probably be found that the language of instruction need no longer be Welsh, provided that the teacher uses it for the purpose of explaining difficulties when occasion requires. The English lesson would consist of grammar and translation of given

Welsh sentences into English. There would be no necessity to teach the children to write Welsh, as the object is not to teach Welsh, but English. In the higher standards the English lesson would be continued, the exercises being made more difficult. In Standard IV, English letter writing should be taught, and a daily conversation lesson insisted upon; and here English might take the place of a specific subject, in the same sense as French or Latin is a specific subject. The requirements of the Education Code would, of course, have to be altered for such schools, and a separate schedule, which may be called the Welsh schedule, appended to it. As an inducement to teachers and school-managers to put forth their best energies to make their scholars proficient in English, the payment for passes in arithmetic and writing should be made conditional on a satisfactory conversational examination in English being passed, and the standard for a pass in arithmetic lowered. Besides, it might be desirable to make the capitation grant for English larger than that for the other subjects, in the lower standards. After undergoing such a process as I have described, it would be a dull child that would leave school at ten or eleven years of age without sufficient knowledge of English to converse freely, and read a simple book without a dictionary. It should, also, be made compulsory upon school managers to provide a lending library of such English books as would be interesting to the class of children who might borrow them; these libraries to be open to all boys and girls under fifteen, whether at school or at work. The perusal of these books besides adding greatly to a child's store of information, would perfect his knowledge of English acquired at school. No one doubts that the government of a country has the right to choose the language in which its public business shall be transacted; but it imposes upon it the duty of teaching that language to any portion of its citizens who may be ignorant of it. And it is only by some such scheme as I have sketched

that justice can be done to the Welsh speaking masses in Wales.

This question, though not falling directly under the head of intermediate education, is yet so inseparable from it that the present seems to be an appropriate time to endeavour to create a public opinion upon it. For it must be confessed that Wales hardly suspects the existence of a cause which, by enforced non-development of her mental faculties, from one generation to another, tends to weaken more and more the vigour of her intellectual vitality; and, like a patient who suffers no pain from a wasting malady, she feels not the want of a physician. This apathy, though easily accounted for, is not creditable to those who have her best interests at heart, and are in a position to help her. Those who suffer most from the evil results of the present imperfect, irrational system of State education occupy of necessity only the humblest spheres, and their grinding toil affords them little leisure for problems of social reform. But there is a large number of more fortunate Welshmen who, yet, have smarted under the bitter experience of struggles, which an imperfect knowledge of English at the first start in life entails. If, on looking back at their early school-days, they should be of opinion that some such plan as I have suggested would have smoothed their path, I ask them to unite and make their views known to the Government, and thus give a helping hand to Welsh lads of the future.

Your Society may fairly claim to have been instrumental in directing public attention to the unsatisfactory state of higher education in Wales, with a result that promises to be of the utmost benefit to your countrymen. I venture this evening to ask you to give another impulse to the cause, by organising a movement for eliciting the views of the various sections of the Welsh public on this important question, so that the foundation-stone of their temple of learning may be well and truly laid.

WHAT GOVERNMENT IS DOING FOR THE TEACHING OF IRISH.

BY THE EDITOR.

It was with great satisfaction I learnt some weeks since that Mr. Davies had undertaken to bring before the notice of the Society and the country the important question discussed in the preceding paper. I had for some time had it in mind to call attention to the matter in another connection; but I rejoice that it has been taken up by one so much better able to do justice to it, who has made the educational wants of the Principality a subject of careful study, and is able to speak with the authority that belongs to special knowledge. As closely bearing upon the present subject, it may, perhaps, not be inappropriate to describe briefly what has already been done under somewhat similar circumstances elsewhere.

The claim put forward by Mr. Davies that Welsh should be used as the *medium* for teaching English in the lower standards cannot be called an extravagant one. Yet the present system has so long prevailed unquestioned, that many may regard even this modest demand as wholly chimerical. Indeed, such is the blinding effect of long familiarity with an absurd system, that some, no doubt, will maintain that the best way to teach English to Welsh children is for the teacher himself carefully to abstain from the use of Welsh, and strictly to forbid its use to the pupils. It is true that, as a man cast among a foreign people, whose language he is compelled to use as he can, picks up a good deal of that language in time, so under the present system the Welsh-speaking children at our elementary schools learn perforce a certain

amount of English; but it is not true that they *are taught*, nor that they learn in the way that is easiest, quickest, and best calculated to train their intellect.

There may be some, however, who feel and deplore the evil, but regard it as the inevitable result of peculiar circumstances, which it is unreasonable or futile to expect Government to meet by any special provision. To such I would first point out what has already been demanded and readily conceded in Ireland, where the conditions are somewhat analogous to those which obtain in our own country. In 1877 a society was formed in Dublin, called "The Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language". It reckons among its leading members a number of the members of the Royal Irish Academy, together with other influential scholars and patriots. The Report of the Society for 1880 is now before me, and from that Report I find that the number of members during that year was 293, about the number of our own Society. Feeling how important it was, both in the interests of education, and also in furtherance of the special object of the Society—the preservation of Irish as a spoken language—that something should be done to encourage its study in the elementary and intermediate schools of the country, the Society decided to petition the Commissioners of National Education to have the language placed in the Government programme as a special subject. This petition appears to have been readily granted by the Commissioners, who fixed the substantial fee of ten shillings, as the Government grant for each pupil who passed a satisfactory examination in Irish. Thus, with but few of the powerful pleas that can be advanced to support a claim for the recognition of Welsh in the educational programme of the Principality, this Society has demanded and obtained from the Commissioners concessions far more important than any Mr. Davies has ventured to claim on behalf of the youth and teachers of Wales.

To show exactly what has been done in Ireland, and how it was done, I transcribe from the Report the following memorial:—

Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language,
19, Kildare Street, Dublin,
18*th June* 1878.

Sir,—I am directed by the Council of the "Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language" to forward to you the accompanying Memorial for presentation to the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland.

Attached to the Memorial are copies of the signatures of representative and influential persons who have supported the Memorial. The original signatures can be forwarded, if considered necessary. A large percentage are managers of National Schools.

There are also lists of the classes and associations which have been formed throughout the country, and of the National and other schools into which the teaching of Irish has been introduced.

As the Council believe it is only necessary to make a representation to the Board, they have deemed the signatures already sufficiently numerous, though their numbers might be multiplied indefinitely.

I have the honour to be, your obedient servant,
J. J. MACSWEENEY, *Secretary.*

W. H. Newell, Esq., LL.D.,
Secretary to the Board of National Education.

To the Right Honourable the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland.

My Lords and Gentlemen,—We have been directed by the Council of the "Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language", to submit for the consideration of the Commissioners some reasons for having the teaching of the Irish language placed on the Results Programme of the National Schools.

The Council have observed that Latin, Greek, and French, have been for some years past on the Results Programme of the Commissioners, and that Results fees have been paid their teachers for successful instruction in those subjects, as set forth in the Annual Reports of the Board. The Council regard this fact as a forcible reason for asking the Commissioners to place Irish on a somewhat similar footing.

In support of this appeal, the Council beg to quote the recorded opinion of the highly-esteemed Resident Commissioner, P. J. Keenan,

Esq., C.B., as printed in the Twenty-second Annual Report of the Commissioners, p. 75, when that gentleman was Head Inspector of National Schools. He says:—

"The Census Returns show that upwards of a million and a half, or 23.3 per cent. of the population, spoke Irish in the year 1851. The National System is every year diminishing this number; even in places where all social communication is carried on in Irish, and where, in short, few or none of the adult population know a word of English, the language of the National schools, the books, the teachings, etc., are entirely *English*. The children of parents who at present speak Irish only will, through the course of education pursued in the National schools, and the experience of home, speak English and Irish when they grow up; but their children will, in nine cases out of every ten, speak English only. In this way the Irish language will gradually fall into disuse, and be, perhaps, forgotten. Many good men would rejoice at this, but they seem to me to forget that the people might know both Irish and English, and they also forget that by continuing to speak Irish, *and learning English through its medium*, the latter language would be enriched by the imagery and vigour of the mother tongue, and the process of learning would be a mental exercise of so varied and powerful a character, that its disciplinal effect upon the mind would be equal in itself, and by itself, to a whole course of education of the ordinary kind. The shrewdest people in the world are those who are bilingual; borderers have always been remarkable in this respect. But the most stupid children I have ever met with are those who were learning English whilst endeavouring to forget Irish. It is hard to conceive any more difficult school exercise than to begin our *first* alphabet, and *first* syllabication, and *first* attempt at reading, in a language of which we know nothing, and all this without the means of reference to, or comparison with, a word of our mother tongue. Yet this is the ordeal Irish-speaking children have to pass through, and the natural result is that the English which they acquire is very imperfect. The real policy of the educationist would, in my opinion, be to teach Irish grammatically and soundly to the Irish-speaking people, and then to teach them English through the medium of their native language....... My experience last year of the schools of the county Donegal (see Leckonnel in the Appendix), a county in which 27.8 per cent. of the people speak Irish, led me to reflect very much on this important question. I have already stated in substance the conclusions at which I arrived, but for convenience sake I beg to repeat them. I am convinced—

"1st. That the Irish-speaking people ought to be *taught* the Irish language grammatically; and that school-books in Irish should be prepared for the purpose.

"2nd. That English should be taught to all Irish-speaking children through the *medium* of the Irish.

"3rd. That if this system be pursued, the people will be very soon better educated than they are now, or possibly can be for many generations upon the present system; and

"4th. That the English language will, in a short time, be more generally and purely spoken than it can be by the present system for many generations."

These thoughtful and conclusive arguments leave the Council very little to add upon the subject.

We may, however, be permitted to observe that any system of National Education must be regarded as incomplete that does not provide for the teaching of the nation's language; and therefore an opportunity should be afforded to all Irishmen of having their children taught their native tongue.

The study of Celtic is every day becoming more important, in connection with ancient and modern literature, and already holds a very high place in the science of Philology. This being so, a grammatical knowledge of Irish—the most important branch of the Celtic—offers advantages not as yet sufficiently appreciated, as an educational instrument, being, at once, an ancient language cognate with the classical languages of antiquity, and a modern living language, equal to any in beauty, energy, copiousness, and every attribute which renders the best of the modern languages valuable.

Add to this that it is the language of Ireland, and the best suited to the natural genius of the countrymen of Scotus Erigena, the "perfervidum ingenium Scotorum", the best calculated to preserve the traditions and idiosyncrasies of the nation, being cast in that Celtic or intellectual mould which rendered the country so singularly famous in former times, and thus enabled her to become the leader of civilisation in western Europe.

It is well known that the Irish language is held in the highest possible esteem, and its value recognised by the most distinguished scholars in the department of comparative philology and linguistics in Germany, France, Italy, Denmark, and Switzerland. And Oxford, following the example of the Continental scholars and universities, has recently established a chair for the study of Celtic.

At the last meeting of the "Irish Society" (April 1877), testimony was borne to the extent to which Irish is still spoken, and the affection with which it is regarded by the people. At that meeting was also stated the remarkable fact that in two counties the speaking of Irish is on the increase. The number of Irish-speaking persons in the country is 817,875. In Munster and Connaught, with a population of 2,239,698,

there are 84,019 speaking Irish only, and 631,617 speaking both Irish and English, total 715,636, nearly 32 per cent.—very little short of one-third of the population of these two provinces. In the western part of Ulster, Irish is still largely used, there being over 29 per cent. of the people of County Donegal Irish speakers. These figures, shown by the last census returns, are by no means to be received as the total, as the Council are aware that the returns do not include the entire number of people who speak Irish, since it is well known that many persons, for want of education in the vernacular, and of due appreciation of its value, do not admit their knowledge of the language, and that many more who know it were never questioned on the subject at the census-taking. But even those returns, defective as they are, show that 200,000 persons under twenty years of age, and 334,000 between twenty and fifty, speak Irish. This number surely has a claim on the country as regards education.

Such being the facts regarding the present position of the Irish as a living language, we may also remark that the state of its literature, if not very flourishing, is at least sufficient to show that the number of persons reading the language and studying its books is much larger than it was at any time previous, and continues to increase. The numerous volumes of our ancient literature which have been printed and published within the past forty years for the first time, and the eagerness with which they are sought after and studied, will suffice to show that the Gaelic is not dead in Ireland, and that its literary prospects are more encouraging than might be supposed. The publications of the Royal Irish Academy (both printed works and facsimile reproductions of valuable manuscripts), the Irish Archæological, Celtic, and Ossianic Societies, the works edited by O'Donovan and O'Curry, such as the *Annals of the Four Masters*, etc., and the many important and valuable works in the language, published with the sanction and at the expense of the Government for the "Brehon Law Commission", etc., show the extent and value of our ancient literature.

The *modern* works actually produced in Irish, such as the poetical productions of the last century, the minstrelsy and remains of the Irish bards, sermons of eminent divines, many of which have only recently been printed, and put within the reach of Irish readers, are numerous and valuable. More recently still, we have the translation of the *Iliad* into Irish metre, and of the *Melodies* of Moore, by the Archbishop of Tuam, and several other works by eminent scholars, all of which have enriched the language, and are eagerly read and studied. The number of elementary books, and the lessons appearing from time to time in journals and newspapers, are further signs of progress and of the eagerness of the people to cultivate their language. All these recent publica-

tions, though few compared with those in other languages, are yet sufficient to show that the foundation of a living modern literature has been well laid. The Society have reason to know that many scholars in Ireland are prepared to add largely to Gaelic literature, and are solely prevented by want of encouragement.

The people are desirous of learning their native language, and we have been informed that over two thousand teachers connected with the National Board of Education are able and willing to teach them, provided it be placed on the Results Programme.

The Council have further much pleasure in stating that the National Teachers of Ireland, at their various congresses held in Dublin of late years, have repeatedly passed resolutions, asking that the Irish language should be placed on the Results Programme, with a view to have it taught where the teachers are qualified. They have also been much gratified by the fact that in several instances managers and teachers of National schools have, even in the absence of Results Fees, begun to establish Irish classes in connection with their schools, and with excellent effect.

Seeing that the Education Department has, within the past few weeks, agreed to recognise the teaching of Gaelic in the Highland schools, we trust that our application to have the Irish language placed on the Results Programme will receive a similar favourable recognition.

By placing the Irish language on the Results Programme of the Board of Education, the country will be spared a national loss, and science, civilisation, and literature, the extinction of another branch of the Indo-European family of languages—a loss we are sure the Commissioners would regret in common with the philologists and scholars of Europe.

As some of the Commissioners may be aware, the Council have prepared and published first and second books for the use of teachers and pupils anxious to promote the study of the Irish language. The *First Irish Book* has already reached the twentieth thousand, and the *Second Irish Book*, although published so recently as the 30th January last, has reached the eighth thousand. A copy-book for teaching young persons to write the Irish language has also been prepared in consequence of the many calls for such a publication.

We desire to call the attention of the Board to the comparatively few pupils that availed themselves of the opportunity of instruction in Latin, Greek, and French, in 1876, according to the Board's last report. Passed in French, 587; in Latin, 261; in Greek, 115. Total in the three languages, 963; while we appeal on behalf of about 200,000 children already *speaking* Irish, and who would probably supply in

many single parishes far more pupils to learn to read and write their vernacular than the whole annual total here set forth as having passed in Latin, Greek, and French.

We pray, then, that this request in the interest of education may be complied with, for we believe that twenty persons would learn Irish for one that would learn any of the other languages, and with this result, that the Irish people would become more intellectual and more devoted to literature and reading.

We beg to forward herewith for the information of the Commissioners a list of the classes already in practical operation in the country, and also a list of the Officers and Council of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language.

In conclusion, the Council beg to express a hope that the Commissioners of National Education will favourably entertain their request to place the Irish language on the programme of the National Schools, and thus to satisfy the earnest wishes of a large proportion of the Irish people.

We have the honour to be, my Lords and Gentlemen,

Your obedient Servants,

JOHN NOLAN, O.D.C., } *Secretaries.*
J. J. MACSWEENEY, R.I.A., }

No. 19, Kildare Street, Dublin, *June* 17*th*, 1878.

The Memorial was signed by the Council and Officers of the Society, and by the Catholic Archbishops of Armagh, Cashel, and Tuam; the Bishops of Limerick, Kilmore, Killala, Clogher, Down and Connor, Ross, Elphin, Cloyne, Achonry, Raphoe, Ossory, Ferns: the Protestant Bishop of Ossory (now of Cork); the Dean of Cashel (now Bishop of Ossory); the Deans of Armagh and Waterford; the Earl of Granard; the Lord Mayor of Dublin and many members of the Corporation; the Mayors and Councillors of several other cities; by more than forty members of Parliament; many Poor-Law Boards; P.L.G.s and T.C.s of various districts; by nearly 200 J.P.s of counties and boroughs; High Sheriffs; D.L.s, etc.; by fifty Protestant and Presbyterian clergymen; 120 Catholic Deans, Archdeacons, P.P.s, and Heads of Religious Houses, and over 150 C.C.s, the foregoing being nearly all managers of schools; by Inspectors of schools; by the Central Committee on behalf of the National teachers of Ireland; by over 100 members of the Royal Irish Academy, the Royal Historical and Archæological Associations of Ireland, and other learned societies; by ten Professors, and many Scholars and Students of Trinity College; by the Rector, Vice-Rector, Deans, and Professors of the Catholic University;

Professors of Maynooth College; the Queen's Colleges; the President and Professors of St. Patrick's College, Carlow; French College, Blackrock; Holycross College, Clonliffe; All Hallows College, Drumcondra; Magee College, Derry; St. Kieran's College, Kilkenny; St. John's College, Waterford; St. Peter's College, Wexford; St. Mel's College, Longford; St. Jarlath's College, Tuam; St. Ignatius' College, Galway; Seminaries, Navan, Waterford, Limerick, etc.; Royal and Grammar Schools of Raphoe, Banagher, Galway, etc.; and many other educational institutions. There were also appended representative signatures from the following, amongst other cities, towns, and districts, viz.: Dublin, Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Kilkenny, Clonmel, Sligo, Ennis, Cashel, Kilrush, Queenstown, Tuam, Skibbereen, Loughrea, Ballycastle, Carrick-on-Suir, Cahir, Tullamore, Gorey, Clifden, Dunfanaghy, Kanturk, Enniskillen, Ennistymon, Mullinavat, Achill, Faughanvale, Boherbee, Athleague, Cappoquin, Portmarnock, Cardonagh. In all about 1300 signatures of a very representative character were forwarded to the Society to be attached to their memorial. Had the Council's intention been made public, hundreds of thousands of signatures might have been obtained; but a representation was all that was desired, and an expression of opinion from those concerned in the education of the country, which was elicited in a very remarkable manner.

The reply of the Commissioners was prompt and generous. It is as follows:

"Office of National Education, *4th July*, 1878.

"Sir,—Having laid before the Commissioners of National Education the memorial from the 'Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language', which accompanied your letter of the 27th ult., I am directed to inform you that they have, after full consideration, passed the following resolution:

"'That the Commissioners are prepared to grant Results Fees for proficiency in the Irish language, on the same conditions as are applicable to Greek, Latin, and French.'

"I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

"JOHN E. SHERIDAN, *Secretary*.

"J. J. MacSweeney, Esq., *Secretary of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language*, 19, *Kildare Street*."

In accordance with the above resolution, the Commissioners soon afterwards issued the following—

PROGRAMME OF EXAMINATION

In the Irish Language for Pupils of 5th and 6th Classes in National Schools.

FIRST YEAR ...(*a*)—Grammar to the end of the regular verb, with the verbs *is* and *tá*.

(*b*)—Twenty pages of an Irish Phrase Book, or the phrases in the First and Second Irish Books published by the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language.

SECOND YEAR...(*a*)—Grammar to the end of Syntax.

(*b*)—Twenty additional pages of a Phrase Book, or an equivalent in prose or poetry to the Story of Oisin in Tír na n-óg.

(*c*)—Translation of the Second Book of Lessons into Irish.

THIRD YEAR ...(*a*)—A more critical knowledge of Grammar.

(*b*)—The Story of Déirdre (omitting the poetry), or the children of Lir; or some equivalent book.

(*c*)– Translation of the Third book of Lessons into Irish. A short letter or essay in Irish.

Pupils who have made the necessary 100 days' attendances, and who have been regularly enrolled in the 5th or 6th Class, may be examined for Results Fees in Irish. A fee of 10*s*. will be allowed for each pupil who passes in the foregoing programme, on the usual conditions laid down for examinations in extra subjects.

By Order,

WM. H. NEWELL,
JOHN E. SHERIDAN, } *Secs.*

Education Office, Dublin, *Oct.* 1878.

In the Report we find a list of elementary schools in which classes were formed for the teaching of Irish with a view to

examination under the above programme. Complaints have since been made that the standard fixed by the Commissioners is too high. It has also been pointed out that, in order to present pupils for examination in the higher classes, the teaching of Irish must be begun in the lower ones, and it is claimed that this teaching should be recognised by the authorities, and encouraged by a suitable grant.

In order to secure a staff of properly qualified instructors, the Commissioners decided to grant National Teachers a special certificate of competency to teach Irish. From the programme it will be seen that the standard of acquirements necessary to qualify for a certificate is not extravagantly high. During the years 1879 and 1880 twenty-four teachers passed the examination.

PROGRAMME OF EXAMINATION

For National Teachers seeking Certificates of Competency to teach Irish.

1. Grammar.
2. To translate into Irish a short passage selected from the Third or Fourth National School Reading Book.
3. *Toruigheacht Dhiarmuda agus Ghráinne*, Parts I and II (Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language).
4. Keating's *Forus Feasa air Eirinn*, Book I. (Gaelic Union). *Macghnimhartha Fhinn.* (Gaelic Union).

N.B.—Candidates will be expected to identify the places mentioned in the several texts, and to answer questions on the subject matter.

But it is not only in the primary schools that the study of Irish is carried on: Gaelic classes are also taught in a large number of diocesan and other colleges and schools. The Commissioners of Intermediate Education have also placed the language on their programme, which is here given. (The Report for 1881-2 states that "the number that passed were 151, as against 119 last year".)

INTERMEDIATE EXAMINATIONS.

PROGRAMME FOR 1881.

JUNIOR GRADE.

Maximum of Marks, 600.

1.	*Laoidh Oisin air Thir na n-óg* - - -	100	200
	Published for the Gaelic Union.		
	Toruigheacht Dhiarmuda agus Ghrainne - -	100	
	Part I published for the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language.		
2.	Grammar (Bourke or Joyce) - - - -		200
3.	A passage from an easy Celtic author, for translation at sight - - - - - - -		100
4.	Short English sentences for translation into Celtic, help being given by a vocabulary - - - -		100
	Total,		600

MIDDLE GRADE.

Maximum of Marks, 600.

1.	*Foras Feasa air Eirinn.* Part I of Dr. Keating's *History of Ireland*, edited by Joyce. Gaelic Union Publications -	100	200
	Toruigheacht Dhiarmuda agus Ghrainne - -	100	
	Part II published for the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language.		
2.	A passage from some other prose work, for translation at sight, some help being given by a vocabulary - -		150
3.	Grammar (Bourke's or Joyce's) - - - -		150
4.	Short English sentences and an easy passage for translation into Celtic, help being given by a vocabulary - -		100
	Total,		600

SENIOR GRADE.

Maximum of Marks, 600.

1.	*Mac-ghniomhartha Fhinn* - - - -	100	200
	Published for the Gaelic Union.		
	Fághail craoibhe Chormaic mic Airt - - -	100	
	(Ossianic Society's Transactions, 3rd vol.)		
2.	Grammar (O'Donovan's or Bourke's Grammar. Parts I, II, and III) - - - - - -		100
3.	A passage from a Celtic author for translation at sight -		120
4.	A passage of English for translation into Celtic - -		120
5.	Celtic Literature. (*O'Curry's Lectures on the MS. Materials of Ancient Irish History*, Lectures I, III, VII, and XI) -		60
	Total,		600

To the arguments brought forward in the above petition, I respectfully invite the most careful attention of our readers; and I submit that if those arguments are valid in the case of the Sister Island, they apply with tenfold force to Wales. Let the reader for a moment consider the present position of the two countries as far as regards their Celtic-speaking populations. First, the number of strictly Welsh-speaking people is very much greater than that of those who regularly speak Irish. Mr. Ravenstein's figures are based, I believe, on returns forwarded to him by the Registrars of the Principality. I am inclined to believe, with Mr. Davies, that his numbers are too high; but it is certain that the number of people who habitually speak Welsh is far greater than that of those to whom Irish is the sole or principal vehicle of thought.

But it is when we come to consider the amount of mental culture which can be attained solely by a knowledge of Welsh and of Irish respectively, that the immense difference between the two peoples most clearly appears. In the first place a large proportion (I am unable to give the figures, but it is a very high percentage) of the Irish-speaking peasantry are unable to read: a Welsh-speaking person unable to read is now happily, an exception. Then, the Welshman goes regularly to church or chapel, where he hears sermons which, even at their worst, are dressed in fairly grammatical language, and at their best often (to say the least) equal the finest specimens of pulpit oratory in other lands. Irish is to some extent used by the Roman Catholic clergy in their sermons, but I have it on the authority of some of the best modern Irish scholars that very few of them possess a grammatical knowledge of the language, or can use it either in the pulpit, or in conversation, with accuracy.

Again, a large proportion of the Welsh people are regular attendants at Sunday School, and there, every Sabbath, year

after year, are, through their Welsh Bible, brought into contact with the noblest productions of the human mind, clothed in language which, in its sustained elevation and vigour, is not unworthy of the sublime conceptions which it bodies forth and enshrines. The educational value to the thoughtful of this constant contact with noble thoughts can scarcely be overrated, and, even to the most thoughtless, is not inconsiderable. Indeed, it is only in the Welsh Sunday School that the Platonic ideal of an education that continues through life has hitherto been realised as regards an entire community. How valuable this Sunday School education is, any one who has had an opportunity to compare the intellectual state of the Welsh agricultural labourer with that of his English brother as he appears, say in Somerset or Berks, will be able very fully to comprehend. Now, in Irish-speaking Ireland, this valuable educational agency is almost entirely wanting; there, as far as I am aware, the Sunday School can scarcely be said to exist.

Further, our Welsh-speaking countrymen have at their service an abundance of periodical literature, which, whether good, bad, or indifferent as literature, is at least always pure. On the other hand, the periodical literature of modern Irish is represented by a single "Gaelic column" in a weekly newspaper called *The Tuam News*.[1]

Lastly, Ireland has no Eisteddfodau; and these again, whatever may be urged against them, certainly stimulate to much mental activity a class that in no other country is similarly or at all stimulated. If the literature which it

[1] Such was the case a few years ago. But from the Irish Society's recently issued Report for 1881-2, with which the Secretary has kindly favoured me, I learn that a new weekly journal has been started in America called *An Gaodhal*, devoted to the cultivation of the Irish language. This, we are told, "adds another to the list of American journals which devote their columns to the publishing of Irish literature in the Irish character".

calls forth is not of the very highest order, still, when it is remembered that the bulk of it emanates from working men, we have every reason to be proud of it; and however estimated, it represents an amount of mental training that cannot be too highly valued. And I venture to assert that the *Awdlau, Cywyddau,* and *Englynion* of the *Eisteddfod* infinitely surpass in literary merit most of the Greek and Latin (and, probably, one need not fear to add, the English) poetical effusions that win the laurel at our grammar schools and universities.

I have thus endeavoured to draw out the contrast between modern Irish and modern Welsh, in order to show that, if, notwithstanding the serious disadvantages described above, the former language has been deemed worthy of recognition by Government as an element in the educational machinery of the Sister country, infinitely more important is it to give Welsh a similar place in the future educational system of the Principality.

Assuming that the general principle is granted, the question may be asked, what place should be given to Welsh in the elementary school curriculum? Ought the Welsh people to put forward the same claims which have been advanced by the Irish Society? It will be observed that one demand of that Society is identical with that so convincingly advocated by Mr. Davies, viz., that English should be taught through the medium of the native language. The arguments in favour of this demand appear to me simply irresistible. The present system, as Mr. Davies has shown, stands self-condemned by its practical failure. Moreover, it is even worse than a failure: it is cruel and irrational to the last degree. For proof of its cruelty we need not go back to the good old times, familiar, doubtless, to many of our readers, when the "Welsh Note" circulated in the parish school, and, when using a word of Welsh, was "an heinous crime, yea, an

iniquity to be punished by the" schoolmaster, and to be expiated under the birch or the cane. How cruel it is, anyone who may have witnessed for half an hour the working of a class of young children in an elementary school in a Welsh-speaking district, has had clear indication in the oft painfully bewildered expression on the faces of the young victims. And the irrationality of a system which is a constant process of trying to teach one unknown thing through the medium of another equally unknown surely needs no proof.

What would be thought of an English schoolmaster who introduced into his school none but French text-books, conveyed all his instruction in French, and insisted upon his pupils using only that language? Time was, indeed, when just such a system did prevail in all the schools through the length and breadth of England, when that country lay crushed under the heel of the Norman. And we know what was then, and what is now thought of that tyrannical policy. A contemporary writer bewails the fact that "children in school, against the usage and manner of all other nations, be compelled for to leave their own language, and for to construe their lessons and their things into French, and so they have since Normans first came to England". *Mutatis nominibus de nobis fabula narratur.* The folly and tyranny of this enactment of the Norman Conquerors has often been dwelt upon; and English historians point with pride to the fact that, in spite of all, the people clung to their native language, and that it finally rose and triumphed. A system that was foolish, cruel, and tyrannical in Norman England cannot be wise and benevolent in modern Wales.

But the Irish Society has gone further, and has successfully urged the importance of directly teaching the native language in Government schools. Is it desirable that the same demand should be put forward on behalf of Welsh? To this, I answer without hesitation, Yes. And if this is not done, a

most valuable means of mental training lying ready to the hand of the Welsh teacher will continue to be sacrificed. The intellectual advantage of possessing an adequate knowledge and ready command of two languages is simply incalculable. And this great advantage can be secured for every Welsh child, wherever our native tongue is spoken, with very little trouble, if the conditions be properly met. If proper advantage were taken of the peculiar bilingual state of the country, the Elementary Schools of Wales might be placed at least on an equality, as far as regards the amount of real mental culture imparted, with the middle-class schools of England. These latter differ from the elementary schools mainly by the fact that a little French or Latin, or both, is included in their curriculum, in addition to the ordinary English subjects taught (and very often better taught) at the elementary schools. What does this differentiating element, this teaching of French and Latin, really amount to? Generally to this, that an average boy who leaves school for business, say at sixteen, is perhaps able to translate easy French narrative into English without the help of his dictionary, and to turn into French a number of sentences which he has met with in his exercise books; but, as for translating a piece of English prose, however easy, into French, it is generally beyond his powers. In Latin, if he has learnt any, his acquirements are, of course, still more moderate.

Now, let us inquire what are the circumstances of the Welsh child, and how they can be turned to his advantage. Welsh he acquires naturally, and without trouble, in conversation at home, and in the Sunday School and the services at church or chapel. If Mr. Davies's suggestions were adopted he would soon acquire a fair knowledge of English almost as easily and naturally. Very soon it would be possible to exercise him in translation from the one language to the other, both written and *vivâ voce*, an exercise acknowledged from

the days of Cicero to be of the very highest value as a means of mental training. From translation he should be led on to original composition in both languages. Concurrently with this, the grammar of the two languages should be taught, as it could be with comparatively little difficulty. Under the present system the teaching of grammar is far more difficult than it need be. The grammar of Welsh, the language that is fairly well understood, is, of course, ignored: and the teaching of English grammar is of necessity most difficult, as it is an attempt to deduce general principles from facts which are only very imperfectly known.

If some such course as I have described were adopted, the child who now leaves school, as Mr. Davies has said, "practically ignorant of English", would go forth into the world with the power of using two languages with equal ease, and possessing a fair grammatical knowledge of both. Need it be asked which is the more valuable mental acquisition, such a practical and intelligent knowledge, or a smattering of French, soon to be forgotten? That a system like the present, which, instead of using the naturally acquired knowledge of Welsh, as it might be, and ought to be used, as a most powerful intellectual lever, persists in treating it as so much lumber, thereby neglecting a quite exceptional means of mental training—that such an insane system should have prevailed at all would be incredible were it not painful before our eyes.

In this way the "bilingual difficulty", so much bewailed, might be turned into an invaluable boon. Even as it is the difficulty is not without some compensating advantages. I believe it has been shown (though I am not at present able to verify the statement) that the elementary schools in Wales earn, in "results fees", a larger proportion of their working expenses than do English schools. How is this to be accounted for? Is it not due to the fact that such know-

ledge of the two languages as a large proportion of the children possess, imperfect as it is, yet exercises a marked quickening influence on their mental faculties by the power of comparison that it gives them ?

But it may be objected that the teachers of our elementary schools cannot afford to take up Welsh in the manner suggested, as all their time is required for the necessary preparation of their pupils for examination in those subjects with which the Government grants are connected; and that knowledge of Welsh will be no recommendation in the eyes of Her Majesty's Inspector. Even so; still, I assert that, if Welsh were used first, as Mr. Davies has suggested, as the medium for acquiring an elementary knowledge of English, and subsequently as a means of perfecting that knowledge and of general mental training, such a course would be amply justified by the increased power developed by the pupils, who would thereby be enabled far more successfully to grapple with the special subjects to which results fees are attached. But I would ask further, Have we not every right to demand that Welsh, like Irish, should be made an extra subject, and a substantial grant made on account of every "pass" secured in it? Surely, the object of educational grants is to promote the real education of the people by any and every means; and if Welsh can be used as a most efficient educational instrument, why should not its use be encouraged in the ordinary way?

It may be objected, again, that in the case of those who proceed to higher schools, in order to prepare themselves for the University, to take up Welsh would involve a loss of time, which would seriously handicap them in the race for distinction. To this objection the same answer may be made, that the intellectual gain would more than compensate for the time taken up. And it should be remembered that what has to be done is not to acquire a new language, but simply to

utilise for mental discipline an instrument already in the pupil's possession. The time taken up would not be considerable, because the facts of the language would be already known, acquired without difficulty in Nature's way, not slowly and painfully from books. If the right method were pursued, Welsh and English would become to the children of the Principality almost as two vernacular languages: in both they would be able to think and to express their thoughts with equal ease. This would be an attainment of the highest value, in an educational point of view, as it would constitute a stimulus to mental activity that could not otherwise be supplied. For it is very rarely that such a knowledge of French or German is acquired at our grammar schools as enables the pupil to use either of these languages with any degree of facility, if at all. And until a language can be used freely as an exponent of thought, it does not serve its highest purpose as an instrument of culture.

As bearing out what has been urged about the importance of a grammatical knowledge of Welsh, I would state, as the result of my own experience and observation, both in the elementary school and in the grammar school, that the practical inconvenience arising from the habitual use of Welsh at home appeared to be in inverse proportion to the degree to which the language had been employed as a means of culture. Those who had been accustomed to speak the language merely, and no more, certainly were at least temporarily under a disadvantage; but those who had also been in the habit of reading Welsh, and had studied it grammatically, did not suffer at all in comparison with those who had always used English at home. Indeed, I have observed in numerous instances that those who had thus made Welsh an educational instrument, were able to use English with more force and freedom than any of their schoolfellows who habitually spoke that language.

But the efforts of the Irish Society did not end with what has been above detailed. To crown the edifice, they felt that it was necessary to give Irish a place in the University education of the country. With this view, the Council presented to the Senate of the new Royal University of Ireland the following Memorial :—

To the Senate of the Royal University of Ireland.

The Memorial of the Council of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish language

Sheweth that the University of Dublin, and the Catholic University, and other universities, both of Great Britain and the Continent of Europe, have Chairs of Celtic Language and Literature.

That the Irish language is now taught in many of the colleges and schools of Ireland.

That it has a place on the programme of the National Board and of the Commissioners of Intermediate Education.

That, independent of the educational utility of the study of the Irish language, its scientific value has long been recognised by *savants* in various countries, to whose zeal in its cultivation the comparative philology of the Indo-European languages owes much of its present state of advancement.

That, further, few countries in Europe equal Ireland in the possession of such an abundant store of ancient literature, containing materials not only intrinsically interesting in themselves, but capable of contributing importantly to the new study of comparative mythology, and of illustrating the primitive modes of thought, and the common tradition of the Aryan family of mankind; and that a knowledge of the language in question is indispensable to the utilisation of those valuable materials.

That the consideration of the above-mentioned facts induces your memorialists to submit that, in placing the Irish language on the curriculum of the Royal University of Ireland, the Senate would be but according it a position corresponding to its acknowledged value, and suited to the dignity of an ancient and still living language.

The following letter was received from the Secretaries to the Senate :—

The Royal University of Ireland Offices,
The Castle, Dublin,
22nd February, 1881.

SIR,—Referring to our letter of the 28th October, we beg to inform you that the Memorial from the Council of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language, which was thereby acknowledged, has been carefully regarded by the Committee, and we trust that the curriculum, which is about to be laid before Her Majesty for approval, will be found, when published, to meet the wishes of your Society.

We are, Sir, yours obediently,
J. C. MEREDITH }
D. B. DUNNE } *Secretaries.*

J. G. MacSweeney, Esq.,
9, Kildare Street.

The nature of the curriculum referred to will be seen from the annexed programme.

ROYAL UNIVERSITY OF IRELAND.

Programme of Examinations for Celtic, 1881.

MATRICULATION EXAMINATION.

CELTIC[1]—*Pass.*

1. Irish Grammar.
2. Two short easy works, or portions of two works.

The books for the present are:

Annala rioghachta eireann, 1592 to 1598 inclusive.

Two short poems by Cucoigrich O'Clery, given in O'Curry's *MSS. Materials of Irish History*, pp. 562-569.

3. Translation of easy sentences into Irish.

———*Honours.*

In addition to the Pass Course:

Annala rioghachta eireann, 1598-1603 inclusive.

Oidhe Cloinne Lir.

2. More advanced questions in Grammar.
3. Longer passages for translation into Irish.

History of Ireland during the reign of Elizabeth.

FIRST UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION.

CELTIC—*Pass.*

1. Translation from two works.

The books for the present are:

[1] Candidates presenting Celtic must give notice to the Secretaries at least *three calendar months* before the date fixed for the examination.

Oidhe cloinne tuirend.

Teagasc Flatha by Tady MacBrodin.

2. Questions on Grammar and Idioms.
3. Translation of a piece of English prose into Irish.

——— *Honours.*

In addition to the Pass Course:

1. *Leabhar breathnech*, together with the *Duan Eireannach*, and *Duan Albanach.* (Irish Nennius). Dublin, 1848.
2. More advanced questions on Grammar and Idioms.
3. Early History of Ireland to commencement of the Incursions of Northmen.

SECOND UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION FOR CANDIDATES PROCEEDING TO THE B.A. DEGREE.

CELTIC—*Pass.*

1. Translation from two prescribed works.

The books for the present are:

Fled Duin na n-Gedh. (Battle of Magh Rath. Dublin, 1842).

Cath Mhuighe Leana. (Dublin, 1855).

2. Grammar and Idioms.
3. Translation of a piece of continuous English prose into Irish.

———*Honours.*

In addition to the Pass Course:

1. *Longes mac n-Usnig.*
   Cogadh Gaedhel re Gallaibh. (London, 1867).
2. Elementary Philology of the Irish Language.
3. History of Ireland from the commencement of the Incursions of the Northmen to the Norman Invasion.

B.A. DEGREE EXAMINATION.

CELTIC—*Pass.*

1. Translation from prescribed works.

The books for the present are:

Serglige Conculaind.

Scela na Esergi.

Comrac Firdiad.

2. Elementary Philology of the Irish Language.
3. History of Celtic (Irish) Literature.

———*Honours.*

In addition to the Pass Course:

1. *Cain Aigillne.*
2. Philology of the Irish Language. [Ebel's Zeuss].

EXAMINATION FOR M.A. DEGREE.

CELTIC.

1. *Breatha Comaithcesa.*

2. Transcript, with contractions fully set out, and translation from some selected MS.

The tract selected for the present is:

The History of Alexander the Great in the Leabher Brec.

3. Philology of the Celtic Languages.

N.B.—The Candidates will be expected to show a knowledge of the works of Zeuss, Ebel, Windisch, and other Celtic scholars.

Even this does not exhaust the list of concessions which the perseverance and energy of the Society have wrung from the authorities. When Irish was placed on the list of extra subjects for results-fees in the primary schools, the Board exacted from each pupil studying Irish a quarterly fee of two shillings. This fee, as might have been expected, acted very injuriously in preventing many pupils from joining the Irish classes. In consequence of complaints and protests made by teachers very generally against this fee, the Council of the Society petitioned the Board for its removal. This was at first refused. Thereupon the Council drew up a circular, which was sent to all the Irish Members of Parliament, requesting them to use their influence with the Government to have the obnoxious fee abolished; and, this was at last obtained. The efforts of the Council are now directed towards obtaining from Government direct encouragement to the teaching of Irish in the lower classes of elementary schools; and when this point has been gained, the Society will be able to boast that it has secured for the native language of Ireland—what would have been considered hopeless a few years ago—an important position in the Educational system of the country at every stage, from the lowest class in the primary school to the highest in the University.

I have thus set forth, at what some of my readers may regard extravagant length, what has been done for the native

language in Ireland, because I think the action of the Irish Society, and the success that has attended it, are in a special manner at once an example and an encouragement to the Principality. The place which has been given to Irish in the Educational programme of the country cannot, surely, be denied to Welsh, which occupies so much more important a place as a factor in popular culture. Seeing what it already does for the training and elevation of the masses, through the Pulpit and the Press, the Sunday School and the Eisteddfod, I maintain we have an unanswerable argument in support of a demand that it should be used directly as an Educational agent in our Elementary Schools, our Grammar Schools, and the University.

THE LATE SIR HUGH OWEN.

By LEWIS MORRIS, Esq., of Penbryn, Honorary Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford.

In the early autumn of last year, the friends of education in Wales were more sanguine and hopeful than they had been for years. The Committee so ably presided over by Lord Aberdare had reported, a friendly Government with a great majority was in full power, and the question seemed nearer a triumphant solution than ever before. There seemed to be little difference of opinion among earnest Welshmen, not blinded by party feeling, on the value and justice of the Report. Above all, Hugh Owen, the consistent friend and promoter of education in his native country, had just received at the hands of the Sovereign, wholly unsought by himself, the honour, too often lavished on accidental or undeserving recipients, but, in his case, by common consent due to the success which had attended his lifelong efforts for good; and was at his post energetic as ever. A slight failure of the usual clearness and perspicacity of his mind, which had troubled him for a short time, was passing away, after a short period of leisure, spent in acquiring new stores of knowledge on the subject which was nearest to his heart. Finally, as a measure of precaution, he was advised, early in November, to spend the more inclement months of winter in the beautiful climate of the Riviera. With the spring, it was hoped that he would be once more among us, to watch, in common with other friends of the old country, including the writer of this article, the passing through Parliament of the brief but important measure, which

the labours of the Departmental Committee on Welsh education had made possible.

"Man proposes, but God disposes." Sir Hugh Owen died within ten days of his leaving England, leaving his great work unfulfilled. The great measure for the education of Wales is still in the vague future. To-day it seems possible that the whole residue of the present Session may be taken up with fresh hopeless attempts at conciliation which does not conciliate, or of repression, baffled by the destruction of the moral sense, among a people wild with senseless hate, or paralysed by fear. Next Session is still far away, and many things may happen before then. Meantime, the youth of Wales must continue to grow up in ignorance, without any means of satisfying the desire for knowledge which is in them, and without enjoying any of the rewards of ability open to their young countrymen of the other portions of the kingdom. A measure for higher education in Scotland—a country for which enough has been already done—has been indeed brought in, and will doubtless be passed. If an additional sum, counted by hundreds of thousands, be asked for Ireland, it will be, doubtless, given. But for Wales and Welsh education, it is very unlikely that anything whatever will be done by Parliament, either now or soon, notwithstanding the strong personal interest which the greatest and most enlightened of English Prime Ministers is understood to take in the matter.

In these depressing circumstances, it is more than ever necessary for Welshmen to hold fast by the example of the great and patriotic Welshman whose name is at the head of this article; to imitate him in his unwearying and persistent efforts for his country; and to resolve that they shall not be lost. If he did not see the accomplishment of his work here, the more necessary is it that we should do what we can to make it complete.

Hugh Owen was born on the 14th of January 1804 at Voel, in the parish of Llangeinwen, in Anglesea. The son of a yeoman, Owen Owen, in that county, by Mary, his wife, daughter of Owen Jones of the Quirt, a large farm in Anglesea; it was in his case, as in that of many other distinguished men, to the teaching and example of his mother that he owed the strength of purpose and rectitude of character which distinguished him through life. Of the education which he was so anxious to provide for others, he himself enjoyed but little. From the age of eight to that of thirteen —a short seed-time for so full a harvest—was all the time which he spent in the attainment of such knowledge as can be gained from books. At thirteen, he left Carnarvon, where he had been at school, for his home in Anglesea. From that time until the year 1825, when he was a young man of twenty-one, he seems to have remained at his father's farm in Anglesea, assisting in the cultivation of the land. Then, like many another young Welshman in the past, and many others, no doubt, in the future, conscious of growing powers, he left Wales for London, where, for a time, he acted as clerk to Mr. Bulkeley Hughes, the late member for the Carnarvon Boroughs, who was then a practising barrister, with chambers in the Temple. Shortly afterwards, on the recommendation of that gentleman, he obtained a more lucrative situation in the office of a Welsh solicitor practising in Hatton Garden. With this gentleman he remained for eleven years, attaining a considerable knowledge of law, and it was his intention, as it was understood, to seek admission as a solicitor, when his views were suddenly changed by the establishment of the Poor Law Commission in 1836.

In February of that year, Mr. Owen applied for, and obtained, a clerkship in the Poor Law Office, Somerset House. His career in that office was marked throughout by the conscientious care and acute intelligence which were character-

istic of him, and which attracted to him the respect and confidence of his official superiors. Long exercising a practical superintendence over the affairs of the office, he was, finally, appointed Chief Clerk of the Poor Law Board. Six and thirty years elapsed from the time when he first joined the office to that of his retirement in 1872. During that long period, he was the representative of his department before all Parliamentary Committees connected with its work. The great Andover inquiry was conducted with his assistance and under his auspices. From both parties in the State he received the greatest consideration and honour; and the writer has seen minutes and letters bearing the names of eminent statesmen, Liberal and Conservative, all uniting in expressions of great regard for the useful public servant who commanded the confidence of all.

Space will not allow of more than the barest possible reference to the many and varied patriotic efforts and achievements of Sir Hugh Owen in the course of a long and well-spent life. A very full and ably-written notice, to which the present writer is greatly indebted, from the pen of Mr. Marchant Williams, appears in the current number of the *Red Dragon*, a new and ably-conducted national magazine, and many of the facts stated in this memoir have appeared in a short and imperfect notice of Sir Hugh's life contributed by the writer to the *University College of Wales Magazine* for December last. The British and Foreign School Society in its work in Wales, the Bangor Normal College, the Swansea Training College for Female Teachers, the Cambrian Association for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb, the National Eisteddfod Association, the North Wales Scholarships Association, the Welsh Schools at Ashford; as representing Welsh objects: the London School Board, the National Temperance League, the London Fever Hospital (of which he was for many years honorary secretary), the Sunday Mission to Cabmen, on

which he laboured with the most marked success, the British and Foreign School Society in its work in England, as representing general objects—such is the brilliant, but probably imperfect record of labours and achievements which for many years absorbed the scanty leisure of a hard-worked and most efficient public servant during the lengthened period of his active life. That he was the head and front of a greater undertaking than any which has yet been mentioned, in the establishment of the University College of Wales—that great and meritorious institution, which has held its own, in spite of prejudice, of misrepresentation, of much sectarian jealousy, and an eminently ill-chosen situation—is well known. To him was due the fact that higher education for Wales is to-day a thing in the mouths of all, and will, sooner or later, be represented on the Statute Book. He may almost be said to have created, or, at any rate, to have discovered, the thirst for education which now plays a great part in the present of Wales, and will play a greater part still in its future. To his initiative was due undoubtedly the appointment of the Departmental Committee, which will not, surely, be without fruit for Wales. As Treasurer and Honorary Secretary of the College, previous to the writer of this, at his request, undertaking, with Dr. Evans, the latter office, he was to the last indefatigable in the interests of the College. Over and over again has the writer seen him travelling through the length and breadth of Wales, at his own expense, both of money and of labour, soliciting subscriptions, which at first were difficult to obtain, for the great object which he had at heart—the establishment of a satisfactory educational system for Wales. Few know better than the writer how powerfully the Report of the Committee on Education was influenced by the firm grasp of facts and figures which he always showed in connection with the subject, and the extraordinary breadth, moderation, and equity of his views.

With a life so many sided as Sir Hugh's, it is absolutely necessary to pass lightly over many phases of activity if we are to do full justice to any one of the numerous objects of his unceasing devotion. For us of the Cymmrodorion Society, there is an especial interest in the part which he took in the successful revival of the Society, and in the establishment of the Cymmrodorion Section of the Eisteddfod. The re-establishment, in 1873, of the Society, originally founded, as the writer is proud to think, by the Morysiaid in the last century, was due to Sir Hugh, in conjunction with two admirable and patriotic Welshmen, now dead, Gohebydd, and the late Rev. Robert Jones of Rotherhithe, the late editor of this journal; with Mr. W. Jones (Gwrgant), Mr. Stephen Evans, the present Chairman of its Council, and others. Of the efforts of these distinguished men on behalf of Wales this is not the occasion to speak. Probably Sir Hugh Owen was less of a scholar and archæologist than most of them, being, indeed, like others of us, more deeply interested in the future of his country than in its past. To him it was chiefly a means of bringing together on common ground his countrymen, divided by far too many jealousies and distinctions of religion, of language, and of rank. He felt that if the Welsh nation was ever to be welded together into a whole, it must be by taking every opportunity of bringing Welshmen of all classes together on a common platform, as is, indeed, most successfully done at the meetings of the Society.

Sir Hugh had also, as the writer believes, a far-reaching scheme for making the beautiful medal of the Society, completed shortly before his death by another patriotic and gifted Welshman, since dead, Joseph Edwards, a means of educational progress for Welsh people, as well as a reward for learned research. It was his wish, as the writer knows, that it should be found in many a humble Welsh cottage, where genius, in whatever form, displayed itself among the young,

to act as an incentive to the cultivation of natural gifts. With great reluctance, the Medal Committee, of which the writer has been a member, has found it impossible to formulate any plan, within the means of the Society, by which so heavy a burden could be undertaken by it with safety. It may probably be found that the Society is unable to travel beyond its first obvious duty, as a learned society for the encouragement of research, or perhaps of mature and eminent achievement in the chief branches of intellectual activity. But the writer is confident that Sir Hugh's great powers would have been found equal to the occasion, if he had lived to devote to this subject the strength of a clear intellect and the very remarkable faculty of organisation which he was known to possess. Robert Jones, Gohebydd, and Hugh Owen, are all dead and gone, but their work survives them in the present flourishing condition of the Cymmrodorion Society, which has never been in so satisfactory a state as at present, and would seem to have found its way to the support of all classes of Welshmen, without distinction of opinion or of creed.

The establishment of the Cymmrodorion Section of the National Eisteddfod, an institution yet in its infancy, but which the writer believes will more and more tend to leaven the parent institution, and make it more powerful for good than at present, was also the work of Sir Hugh Owen. It was to him, indeed, that the establishment in 1861 of the Social Science Section of the National Eisteddfod was due. That Section had, after the dissolution, for various reasons, of the Eisteddfodic Council, for some time ceased to exist, when, in 1879, Sir Hugh revived it at Birkenhead, under the designation of the Cymmrodorion Section. Crowded meetings at Carnarvon in 1880, and Merthyr Tydfil last year, testify to the success of this movement, and to the general feeling that it supplies a great want. Nothing is more certain, in the opinion of the present writer, than that the discussion of social and economic

subjects is a great and pressing want for the Welsh people, and one which the Eisteddfod proper does not and cannot supply. There is no reason why this Section should not do for Wales very much what the Social Science Association has for many years done for England in ventilating grievances, which, perhaps, might otherwise have smouldered for years, until they flamed forth into passionate outcries, or were extinguished to appearance, but not in reality, leaving behind them, as in Ireland, a legacy of misunderstanding and hatred. There is, and may probably continue to exist, among the majority of the Welsh people, an extraordinary carelessness as to the quality of their Parliamentary representation. That is a matter which, in the minds of ordinary Welshmen, is of so little importance, that all question of personal fitness or political consistency, may be put aside as of no moment whatever, and postponed to the narrowest local considerations possible. Any institution, therefore, which shall make the people take an interest in general politics, cannot fail, as the writer believes, to do good in this direction, and may tend to a more intelligent appreciation of the duties of citizenship, and a more rational view at once of the value and of the natural limits of our Welsh nationality. If such a good result accrue from the Cymmrodorion Section, it will be due, almost entirely, to the initiative of Hugh Owen.

There are many men who do good and useful work in the world, who must be credited with a strong sense of duty and a high ideal, but who never attract to themselves, as Hugh Owen did, the affectionate admiration of everyone who comes into contact with them. To the writer, his almost daily intimacy with the subject of this Memoir, during the last years of his life, was an unfailing source of pleasure and profit. It lifted him out of the ignoble atmosphere and surroundings of ordinary life, to be associated with a man whose every thought was for the good of others, and with whom selfish considera-

tions had absolutely no conceivable weight. Hugh Owen was always full of some patriotic scheme, not the narrow and ill-advised patriotism which looks to the preservation of anything—an old language or an old institution—because it is old, but the wider patriotism which has for its sole object the greater development and the greater good of the greatest number. Old age, which narrows so many, only made him broader, more tolerant, and more eager for necessary change, because he knew that the time was short. How short, alas! none of his many friends had any idea. After the Report of the Departmental Committee was presented to Parliament last year, he became conscious, as has been said above, of a certain fatigue of the faculties, which called for rest, and which led him to decline being present as President of the National Eisteddfod at Merthyr last year. How great the disappointment was to his countrymen, only the present writer, who was suddenly called upon, at his request, to replace him, can fully know. The leisure which he was then compelled to give himself, he employed in the congenial task of inspecting and considering the plan of the new College at Nottingham. On the 11th of last November, he left, by the advice of his physician, to spend the winter on the beautiful Riviera of Genoa, probably passing on the road the present writer, who was returning from that favoured shore, and who little thought that he should never see his friend again. A letter, which he wrote to Mr. Stephen Evans, describing the beautiful country through which he passed, and all the novel life and scenery of the South, furnished a touching evidence of his strong religious faith, of his extreme appreciation of natural beauty, and of the thankfulness which, with all good and devout men, and with many, perhaps, who dare hardly claim such a high title, he felt for the great mercy and goodness of God, and for the hand which had sustained him from the distant cradle to the already opening grave. The facul-

ties had almost regained their former vigour, only a little attack of bronchitis, contracted in London, and not to be much feared or considered in such a climate, somewhat interfered with his full restoration to health. "A little pressure," said the old Greek poet, long ago, "sends the aged to their last sleep," and it was thus that, despite the hopeful assurances of his physician, he sank peacefully to rest at Mentone on Sunday, November 20th, surrounded by members of his devoted family in two generations.

He was eminently an example of the good which a man, possessed by a high ideal of duty, but with natural gifts not probably much in excess of those of many who do nothing either for others or for themselves, may do in a world in which so much is wrong. It will be long before Wales finds another son so devoted to her interests, so free from the weaknesses of the national character, so strong and unswerving in his persistence in whatever course he was convinced was right, so tolerant and yet so sure, so gentle and yet so determined, a man in whom great business shrewdness and sagacity were combined with the simplicity of the Saint. It has been determined, by a meeting of the most influential character, comprising many Welsh representatives of both Houses of Parliament, and many other Welshmen of eminence in every branch of life, to erect to him a statue as a fitting memorial of his great public services, and also, if possible, to found a scholarship to bear his name. While this notice is being written, an appeal is being widely made to his countrymen for these purposes. It will be surprising if that appeal does not meet with an adequate response, for Sir Hugh Owen was one of those men of whom a nation should indeed be proud; and, when a nation ceases to recognise its great men, it is no longer living, but dead.

WELSH FAIRY TALES.

BY PROFESSOR RHYS.

VI. BEDDGELERT, DRWS Y COED, ETC.

THE best living authority I have found on the folk-lore of Beddgelert, Drws y Coed, and the surrounding district, is Mr. William Jones, now of Llangollen. He has written a good deal on the subject in the *Brython*, and in competition essays for various literary meetings in Wales. I have one such essay of his, together with the *Brython*, before me, and I have, besides, had a number of letters from him, most of which contain some additional information. To meet the rule laid down by the editor of the *Cymmrodor*, I have asked Mr. Jones to give me a little of his own history. This he has been kind enough to do; and, as I have so far followed no particular order in these jottings, I shall now give the reader the substance of his letters in English, as I am anxious that no item should be lost or be inaccessible to English students of folk-lore. What is unintelligible to me may not be so to Max Müller or Andrew Lang.

"I was bred and born," says Mr. Jones, "in the parish of Beddgelert, one of the most rustic neighbourhoods and least subject to change in the whole country. Some of the old Welsh customs remained within my memory, in spite of the adverse influence of the Calvinistic Reformation, as it is termed, and I have myself witnessed several Knitting Nights and Nuptial Feasts (*Neithiorau*), which, be it noticed, are not to be confounded with weddings, as they were feasts which followed the weddings at a week's interval. At these gatherings, the song

and story formed an element of prime importance in the entertainment, at a time when the Reformation alluded to had already blown the blast of extinction on the Merry Nights (*Noswyliau Llawen*) and Saints' Fêtes[1] (*Gwyl Mabsantau*) before my time, though many of my aged acquaintances remembered them well, and retained a vivid recollection of scores of the amusing tales they used to relate for the best at the last-mentioned long-night meetings. I have heard not a few of them reproduced by men of that generation. As an example of the old-fashioned ways of the people of Beddgelert in my early days, I may mention the way in which wives and children used to be named. The custom was that the wife never took her husband's family name, but retained the one she had as a spinster. Thus my grandmother on my mother's side was called Ellen Hughes, daughter to Hugh Williams of Gwastad Anas. The name of her husband, my grandfather, was William Prichard [= W. ab Rhisiart, or Richard's son], son to Richard William of the Efail Newydd. The name of their eldest son, my uncle (brother to my mother), was Hugh Hughes, and the second son's name was Richard William. The mother had the privilege of naming her first-born after her own family in case it was a boy; but if it happened to be a girl, she took her name from the father's family, for which reason my mother's maiden name was Catherine Williams. This remained her name to the day of her death; and the old people at Beddgelert persisted in calling me, so long as I was at home, William Prichard, after my grandfather, as I was my mother's eldest child."

[1] These were held, so far as I can gather from the descriptions usually given of them, exactly as I have seen a *kermess* or *kirchmesse* celebrated at Heidelberg, or rather the village over the Neckar, opposite that town. It was in 1869, but I forget what saint it was, with whose name the *kermess* was supposed to be connected: the chief features of it were dancing and beer drinking.

"Most of the tales I have collected," says Mr. Jones, "relate to the parishes of Beddgelert and Dolwyddelen. My kindred have lived for generations in those two parishes, and they are very numerous; in fact, it used to be said that the people of Dolwyddelen and Beddgelert were all cousins. They were mostly small farmers, and jealous of all strangers, so that they married almost without exception from the one parish into the other. This intermixture helped to carry the tales of the one parish to the other, and to perpetuate them on the hearths of their homes from generation to generation, until they were swept away by another influence in this century. Many of my ancestors seem to have been very fond of stories, poetry, and singing, and I have been told that some of them were very skilled in these things. So also, in the case of my parents, the memory of the past had a great charm for them on both sides; and when the relatives from Dolwyddelen and Beddgelert met in either parish, there used to be no end to the recounting of pedigrees and the repeating of tales for the best. By listening to them, I had been filled with desire to become an adept in pedigrees and legends. My parents used to let me go every evening to the house of my grandfather, William ab Rhisiart, the clerk, to hear tales, and listen to edifying books being read. My grandfather was a reader 'without his rival', and 'he used to beat the parson hollow'. Many people used to meet at Pen y Bont in the evenings to converse together, and some of them were exceedingly eloquent at their stories now and then. Of course, I listened with eager ears and open mouth, in order, if I heard anything new, to be able to repeat it to my mother. She, not willing to let herself be beaten, would probably relate another like it, which she had heard from her mother, grandmother, or her old aunt of Gwastad Anas, who was a fairly good verse-wright of the homely kind. Then my father, if he did not happen to be busy with his

music-book, would also give us a tale he had heard from his grandmother or grandfather, the old John Jones of Ty'n Llan, Dolwyddelen, or by somebody else in the house. That is one source from which I got my knowledge of folk-lore; but this ceased when we moved from Beddgelert to Carnarvon in the year 1841. My grandfather died in 1844, aged seventy-eight.

"Besides those who used to come to my grandfather's house and to his workshop to relate stories, the blacksmith's shop, especially on a rainy day, used to be a capital place for a story, and many a time did I lurk there, instead of going to school, in order to hear old William Dafydd, the sawyer, who, peace be to his ashes! drank many a hornfull from the *Big Quart* without ever breaking down, and old Ifan Owen, the fisherman, tearing away for the best at their stories, sometimes a tissue of lies and sometimes truth. The former was mischievous, up to all kinds of tricks, and funny. He made everybody laugh, while the latter preserved the gravity of a saint, however lying a tale he might be relating. The latter's best stories were about the Water Spirit, or, as he called it, *Llamhigyn y Dwr*, or, the Water Leaper. He had not himself seen the *Llamhigyn*, but his father had seen it 'hundreds of times'. Many an evening he had prevented him from catching a single fish in Llyn Gwynan, and, when the fisherman got on this theme, then his eloquence was apt to become highly pollysyllabic in its adjectives. Once in particular, when he had been angling for hours towards the close of the day, without taking anything, he found that something took the fly clean off the hook each time he cast his line. After moving from one spot to another on the lake, he fished opposite the Benlan Wen, when something gave his line a frightful pluck, 'and, by the gallows, I gave another pluck', as the fisherman used to say, 'with all the force of my arm: out it came, and up it went off the hook, whilst I turned my head

to see, and it dashed against the cliff of Benlan, so that it blazed like lightning.' He used to add, 'If that was not the *Llamhigyn*, it must have been the very devil himself.' That cliff must be two hundred yards from the shore at least. As to his father, he had seen the Water Spirit many times, and he had also been fishing in the Llyn Glas (Ffynon Las) once upon a time, when he hooked a wonderful and fearful monster: it was not like a fish, but rather resembled a toad, but that it had a tail and wings instead of legs. He pulled it easily enough towards the shore, but, as its head was coming out of the water, it gave a terrible shriek that was enough to split the fisherman's bones to the marrow, and, had there not been a friend standing by, he would have fallen headlong into the lake, and been possibly dragged like a sheep into the deep; for there is a tradition that if a sheep got into the Llyn Glas, it could not be got out again, as something would at once drag it to the bottom. This used to be the belief of the shepherds of Cwm Dyli, within my memory, and they acted on it in never letting their dogs go at the sheep in the neighbourhood of this lake. These two funny fellows, William Dafydd and Ifan Owen, died long ago, without leaving any of their descendants blessed with as much as the faintest gossamer thread of the storyteller's mantle. The former, if he had been still living, would now be no less than 129 years of age, and the latter about 120."

We shall have to return, some other time, to the Water Spirit, as Mr. Jones has given me a good deal more about him. He proceeds to say that he had stories from sources besides those mentioned, namely, from Lowri Robat, wife of Rhisiart Edwart, the "Old Guide", from his old aunt of Gwastad Anas, from William Wmffra, husband to his grandmother's sister, from his grandmother, who was a native of Dolwyddelen, and had been brought up at Pwllgwernog Nanmor, from her sister, from Gruffudd Prisiart of Nanmor,

afterwards of Glan Colwyn, who gave him the legend of Owen Lawgoch (Edward Llwyd's "Gwr Blew"), and the story of the bogie of Penpwll Coch. "But the chief story-teller of his time at Beddgelert was Twm Ifan Siams, who was brother", Mr. Jones goes on to say, "I believe, to Dafydd Sion Siams of the Penrhyn, who was a bard and pedigree-man. He lived at Nanmor, but I know not what his vocation was; his relations, however, were small farmers, carpenters, and masons: it is not improbable that he also was an artizan, as he was conversant with numbers, magnitudes, and letters, and left behind him a volume forming a pedigree-book, known at Nanmor as the *Barcud Mawr* or *Great Kite*, as Gruffudd Prisiart told me. The latter had been reading it many a time in order to know the origin of somebody or other. All I can remember of this character is that he was very old—over 90—and that he went from house to house in his old age to relate tales and recount pedigrees; great was the welcome he had from everybody everywhere. I remember, also, that he was small of stature, nimble, witty, exceedingly amusing, and always ready with his say on every subject. He was in the habit of calling on my grandfather in his rambles, and very cordial was the reception which my parents always gave him on account of his tales and his knowledge of pedigrees. The story of the Afanc, as given in this collection, is from his mouth. You will observe how little difference there is between his version[1] and that known to Edward Llwyd in the year 1695. I had related this story to a friend of mine at Portmadoc, who was grandson or great-grandson to Dafydd Sion Siams of the Penrhyn, in 1858, when he called my attention to the same story in the *Cambrian Journal* from the correspondence of Edward Llwyd. I was surprised at the similarity between the two versions and I went to Beddgelert to Gruffudd Rhisiart, who was related to Twm Sion Siams. I read the story to him, and I

[1] I find that I cannot give that and similar ones this time.

found that he had heard it related by his uncle just as it was by me, and in the *Cambrian Journal*. Twm Ifan Siams had funny stories about the tricks of *Gwrach y Rhibyn*, the *Bodach Glas*, and the *Bwbach Llwyd*, which he localised in Nanmor and Llanfrothen; he had, also, a very eloquent tale about the courtship between a sailor from Moel y Gest, near Portmadoc, and a mermaid, of which I retain a fairly good recollection. I believe Twm died in the year 1835-6, aged about 95."

So far, I have freely translated Mr. Jones's account of himself and his authorities as given me in the letter I have already referred to as dated in June last year. I would now add the substance of his general remarks about the fairies, as he had heard them described, and as he has expressed himself in his Essay for the competition on folk-lore at the Carnarvon Eisteddfod in 1880: "The traditions respecting the *Tylwyth Teg* vary according to the situation of the districts with which they are connected, and many more such traditions continue to be remembered among the inhabitants of the mountains than by those of the more level country. In some places, the *Tylwyth Teg* are described as small folks of a thieving nature, who used to live in summer among the fern bushes in the mountains, and in winter in the heather and gorse. These were wont to frequent the fairs and to steal money from the farmers' pockets, where they placed in their stead their own fairy money, which looked like the coin of the realm, but, when they were paid for anything bought with them, they would vanish in the pockets of the seller. In other districts they were described as a little bigger and stronger folk; but these latter were also of a thieving disposition. They would lurk around people's houses, looking for an opportunity to steal butter and cheese from the dairies, and keep skulking about the cow-yards, in order to milk the cows and the goats, which they did so thoroughly that many a morning there was not a drop of

milk to be had. But the principal mischief these used to do was to carry away unbaptised infants, and place in their stead their own wretched and peevish offspring. They were said to live in hidden caves in the mountains, and I have heard one old man asserting that he was sure that it was beneath Moel Eilio, a mountain lying between Llanberis and Cwellyn, the Tylwyth Teg of Nant y Bettws lived, whom he had seen many a time when he was a lad; and that, if anyone came across the mouth of their cave, that he would find there a wonderful amount of wealth, 'for they were thieves without their like'. There is still another species of *Tylwyth Teg*, very unlike the foregoing ones in their nature and habits. Not only were they far more beautiful and comely than the others, but they were honest and kind towards mortals. Their whole nature was replete with joy and fun, nor were they hardly ever seen except engaged in some merry-making or other. They might be seen on bright moonlight nights at it, singing and caroling playfully on the fair meadows and the green slopes, at other times dancing lightly on the tops of the rushes in the valleys. They were also wont to be seen hunting in full force on the backs of their grey horses; for this kind were rich, and kept horses and servants. Though it used to be said that they were spiritual and immortal beings, still they ate and drank like human beings, as well as married and had children. They were also remarkable for their cleanliness and wont to reward neat maid-servants and hospitable wives. So the housewives used to exhort the girls to clean their houses thoroughly every night before going to bed, saying that if the *Tylwyth Teg* happened to come in, they would be sure to leave money for them somewhere, but that they were not to tell anyone in case they found some, lest the *Tylwyth* should be offended and come no more. The women, also, used to order a tinful of water to be placed at the foot of the stairs,

a clean cloth on the table, with bread and its accompaniments *(bara ac enllyn)* placed on it, so that, if the *Tylwyth* came in to eat, the maids should have their recompense on the hob as well as unstinted praise for keeping the house clean, or, as Mr. Jones has it in verse:—

> "'Eu rhent ar y pentan,
> A llwyr glod o bae llawr glan.'

"Thus, whether the fairies came or not to pay a visit to them during their sleep, the houses would be clean by the morning, and the table set for breakfast. It appears that the places most frequently resorted to by this species were rushy combes surrounded by smooth hills with round tops, also the banks of rivers and the borders of lakes; but they were seldom seen at any time near rocks or cliffs. So more tales about them are found in districts of the former description than anywhere else, and among them may be mentioned Penmachno, Dolwyddelen, the sides of Moel Siabod, Llandegai Mountain, and from there to Llanberis, to Nantlle Lakes, to Moel Tryfan and Nant y Bettws, the upper portion of the parish of Beddgelert from Drws y Coed to the Pennant, and the district beginning from there, and including the level part of Eifion to Celynnog Fawr. I have very little doubt that there are many traditions about them in the neighbourhood of the Eifl and in Lleyn, but I know but little about these last. This kind of fairies was said to live underground, and the way to their country lay under hollow banks that overhung the deepest parts of the lakes, or the deepest pools in the rivers, so that mortals could not follow them further than the water, should they try to go after them. They used to come out in broad daylight, two or three together, and now and then a shepherd, so the saying went, used to talk and chat with them. Sometimes, moreover, he fell over head and ears in love with their damsels, but they did not readily allow a mortal to touch them.

The time they were to be seen in their greatest glee was at night when the moon was full, when they celebrated their nocturnal merrymaking *(noswaith lawen).* That night, at twelve o'clock to the minute, they were to be seen rising out of the ground in every combe and valley; then, joining hands, they formed into circles, and began singing and dancing with might and main until the cock crew, when they vanished. Many used to go to look at them those nights, but it was dangerous to go too near them, lest they should lure one into their circle; for if they did that, they would throw a charm over him, which would make him invisible to his companions, and they would keep him with them as long as he lived. At times, some went too near them, and got snatched in; and at other times, a love-inspired youth, fascinated by the charms of one of their damsels, rushed in foolhardily to try to seize on one of them, and got instantly surrounded and covered from sight. But if he could be got out before the cock crew he would be no worse; but once they disappeared without his having been got out, he would never more be seen in the land of the living. The way such a one was got out was by means of a long stick of mountain ash *(pren criafol)*, which two or more strong men had to hold with its end in the middle of the circle, so that when he came round in his turn in the dance he might take hold of it, for he is there bodily though not visible, so that he cannot go past without coming across the stick. Then the others pull him out, for the fairies dare not touch the mountain ash any more than any other spirit."

We now proceed to give some of Mr. Jones's tales. The first is one which he published in the fourth volume of the *Brython*, page 70, whence the following free translation is made of it. I may premise that the editor of the *Brython*, in a note, mentions that this tale is not only like the Ystrad one, given in the *Cymmrodor*, vol. iv, pp. 188-194, but also to one

told of the son of the farmer of Braich y Dinas, in the parish of Llanfihangel y Pennant, which I have not seen:—

"In the north-west corner of the parish of Beddgelert there is a place which used to be called by the old inhabitants the Land of the Fairies, and it reaches from Cwm Hafod Ruffydd along the slope of the mountain of Drws y Coed as far as Llyn y Dywarchen. The old people of former times used to find much pleasure and amusement in this district in listening every moonlight night to the charming music of the Fair Family, and in looking at their dancing and their mirthful sports. Once on a time, a long while ago, there lived at the upper Drws y Coed a youth, who was joyous and active, brave and determined of heart. This young man amused himself every night by looking on and listening to them. One night they had come to a field near the house, near the shore of Llyn y Dywarchen, to pass a merry night. He went, as usual, to look at them, when his glances at once fell on one of the ladies, who possessed such beauty as he had never seen in a human being. Her appearance was like that of alabaster; her voice was as agreeable as the nightingale's, and as unruffled as the zephyr in a flower-garden at the noon of a long summer's day; and her gait was pretty and aristocratic; her feet moved in the dance as lightly on the grass as the rays of the sun had a few hours before on the lake hard by. He fell in love with her over head and ears, and in the strength of that passion—for what is stronger than love?—he rushed, when the bustle was at its height, into the midst of the fair crowd, and snatched the graceful damsel in his arms, and ran instantly with her to the house. When the Fair Family saw the violence effected by a mortal, they broke up the dance and ran after her towards the house; but, when they got there, the door had been bolted with iron, wherefore they could not get near her or touch her in any way; and the damsel had

been placed securely in a chamber. The youth, having her now under his roof, as is the saying, endeavoured, with all his talent, to win her affection and to induce her to wed. But she would on no account hear of it at first; on seeing his persistence, however, and that he would not let her free to return to her people, she consented to be his servant if he could find out her name; but she would not be married to him. As he thought that was not impossible, he half agreed to the condition; but, after bothering his head with all the names known in that neighbourhood, he found himself no nearer his point, though he was not willing to give up the search hurriedly. One night, as he was going home from Carnarvon market, he saw a number of the Fair Folks in a turbary not far from his path. They seemed to him to be engaged in an important deliberation, and it struck him that they were planning how to recover their abducted sister. He thought, moreover, that if he could secretly get within hearing, that he might possibly find her name out. On looking carefully around, he saw that a ditch ran through the turbary and passed near the spot where they stood. So he made his way round to the ditch, and crept, on all fours, along it until he was within hearing of the Family. After listening a little, he found that their deliberation was as to the fate of the lady he had carried away, and he heard one of them crying, piteously, 'O Penelop, O Penelop, my sister, why didst thou run away with a mortal!' 'Penelop,' said the young man to himself, 'that must be the name of my beloved; that is enough.' At once he began to creep back quietly, and he returned home safely without having been seen by the Fairies. When he got into the house, he called out to the girl, saying, 'Penelop, my beloved one, come here!' and she came forward and asked, in astonishment, 'O, mortal, who has betrayed my name to thee?' Then, lifting up her tiny folded hands, she exclaimed, 'Alas, my fate, my fate!' But she

grew contented with her fate, and took to her work in earnest. Everything in the house and on the farm prospered under her charge. There was no better or cleanlier housewife in the neighbourhood around, or one that was more provident than she. The young man, however, was not satisfied that she should be a servant to him, and, after he had long and persistently sought it, she consented to be married, on the one condition, that, if ever he should touch her with iron, she would be free to leave him and return to her family. He agreed to that condition, since he believed that such a thing would never happen at his hands. So they were married, and lived several years happily and comfortably together. Two children were born to them, a boy and a girl, the picture of their mother and the idols of their father. But one morning, when the husband wanted to go to the fair at Carnarvon, he went out to catch a filly that was grazing in the field by the house; but for the life of him he could not catch her, and he called to his wife to come to assist him. She came without delay, and they managed to drive the filly to a secure corner, as they thought; but, as the man approached to catch her, she rushed past him. In his excitement, he threw the bridle after her; but, who should be running in the direction of it, but his wife! The iron bit struck her on the cheek, and she vanished out of sight on the spot. Her husband never saw her any more; but one cold frosty night, a long time after this event, he was awakened from his sleep by somebody rubbing the glass of his window, and, after he had given an answer, he recognised the gentle and tender voice of his wife saying to him:—

"'Lest my son should find it cold,
Place on him his father's coat;
Lest the fair one find it cold,
Place on her my petticoat.'

It is said that the descendants of this family still continue in

these neighbourhoods, and that they are easily to be recognised by their light and fair complexion. A similar story is related of the son of the farmer of Braich y Dinas in Llanfihangel y Pennant, and it used to be said that most of the inhabitants of that neighbourhood were formerly of a light complexion. I have often heard old people saying that it was only necessary, within their memory, to point out, in the fair at Penmorfa, anyone as being of the breed of the *Tylwyth*, to have plenty of fighting for that day at least."

The reader may compare with this tale the following, for which I have to thank Mr. Samuel Rhys Williams, whose words I give, followed by a translation:—

"Yr oedd gwr ieuanc o gymmydogaeth Drws y Coed yn dychwelyd adref o Beddgelert ar noswaith loergan lleuad, pan ar gyfer Llyn y Gader gwelai nifer o'r boneddigesaü a elwir y Tylwyth Teg yn myned trwy eu chwareuon nosawl. Swynwyd y llanc yn y fan gan brydferthwch y rhianod hyn, ac yn neillduol un o honynt. Collodd y llywodraeth arno ei hunan i'r fath raddau fel y penderfynodd neidio i'r cylch a dwyn yn ysbail iddo yr hon oedd wedi myned a'i galon mor llwyr. Cyflawnodd ei fwriad a dygodd y foneddiges gydag ef adref. Bu yn wraig iddo, a ganwyd plant iddynt. Yn ddamweiniol, tra yn cyflawni rhyw orchwyl, digwyddodd iddo ei tharo a haiarn ac ar amrantiad diflanodd ei anwylyd o'i olwg ac nis gwelodd hi mwyach, ond ddarfod iddi ddyfod at ffenestr ei ystafell wely un noswaith ar ol hyn a'i annog i fod yn dirion wrth y plant a'i bod hi yn aros gerllaw y ty yn Llyn y Dywarchen. Y mae y traddodiad yn ein hysbysu hefyd ddarfod i'r gwr hwn symud i fyw o Drws y Coed i Ystrad Betws Garmon."

"A young man, from the neighbourhood of Drws y Coed, was returning home, one bright moonlight night, from Beddgelert; when he came opposite the lake called Llyn y Gader, he saw a number of the ladies known as the *Tylwyth Teg*,

going through their nightly frolics. The youth was charmed at once by the beauty of these ladies, and especially by one of them. He so far lost his control over himself, that he resolved to leap into the circle and carry away, as his spoil, the one who had so completely robbed him of his heart. He accomplished his intention, and carried the lady with him home. She became his wife, and children were born to them. Accidentally, while at some work or other, it happened to him to strike her with iron, and, in a twinkling of an eye, his beloved one disappeared from his sight. He saw her no more, except that she came to his bedroom window one night afterwards, and told him to be tender towards the children, and that she was staying near the house in the lake called Llyn y Dywarchen. The tradition also informs us that this man moved from Drws y Coed to live at Ystrad near Bettws Garmon."

The name Llyn y Dywarchen, I may add, means the Lake of the Sod, or of the Turf: it is the one with the floating island, described thus by Giraldus: "Alter enim insulam habet erraticam, vi ventorum impellentium ad oppositas plerumque lacus partes errabundam. Hic armenta pascentia nonnunquam pastores ad longinquas subito partes translata mirantur." Sheep are known to get on the floating islet, and it is still believed to float them away from the shore. Mr. S. Rhys Williams, it will be noticed, has given the substance of the legend rather than the story itself. I now proceed to translate the same tale as given in Welsh in *Cymru Fu* (pp. 474-7 of the edition of Messrs. Hughes and Son of Wrexham), in a very different dress—it is from Glasynys's pen, and, as might be expected, decked out with all the literary adornments he delighted in. The language he used was his own, but there is no reason to think he invented any of the incidents :—" The farmer of Drws y Coed's son was one misty day engaged as shepherd on the side of the mountain, a little below Cwm Marchnad, and, as he crossed a

rushy flat, he saw a wonderfully handsome little woman standing under a clump of rushes. Her yellow and curly hair hung down in ringed locks, and her eyes were as blue as the clear sky, while her forehead was as white as the wavy face of a snowdrift that had nestled on the side of Snowdon only a single night. Her two plump cheeks were each like a red rose, and her pretty-lipped mouth might make an angel eager to kiss her. The youth approached her, filled with love for her, and, with delicacy and affection, asked her if he might have a chat with her. She smiled kindly, and, reaching out her hand, said to him, 'Idol of my hopes, thou hast come at last!' They begin to associate secretly, and to meet one another daily here and there on the moors around the banks of Llyn y Gader; at last, their love had waxed so violent that the young man could not be at peace either day or night, as he was always thinking of her or humming to himself a verse of poetry about Bella's charms [a pretty verse of Glasynys's own composition, which I will not spoil by trying to translate]. The yellow-haired youth was now and then lost for a long while, and nobody could divine his history. His acquaintances believed that he had been fascinated; but at last the secret was found out. There were about Llyn y Dywarchen shady and concealing copses; it is there he was wont to go, and the she-elf would always be there awaiting him, and it is therefore the place where they used to meet got to be called Llwyn y Forwyn, or the Maiden's Grove. After fondly loving for a long time, it was resolved to wed; but it was needful to get the leave of the damsel's father. One moonlight night it was agreed to meet in the wood, and the appointment was duly kept by the young man, but there was no sign of the subterranean folks coming, until the moon disappeared behind the Garn. Then the two arrived, and the old man at once proceeded to say to the suitor: 'Thou shalt have my daughter on the condition that thou do not strike

her with iron. If thou ever touch her with that, she will no longer be thine, but shall return to her own.' The man consented readily, and great was his joy. They were betrothed, and seldom was a handsomer pair seen at the altar. It was rumoured that a huge sum of money as dowry had arrived with the pretty lady to Drws y Coed on the evening of her nuptials. Soon after, the mountain shepherd of Cwm Marchnad passed for a rich and very influential man. In the course of time they had children, and no happier people ever lived together than their parents. Everything went on regularly and prosperously for a number of years; they became exceedingly rich, but the sweet is not to be had without the bitter. One day they both went out on horseback, and they happened to go near Llyn y Gader, when the wife's horse got into a bog and sank to his belly in it. After the husband had got Bella off his back, he succeeded with much trouble in getting the horse out, and then he let him go. Then he lifted her on the back of his own, but, unfortunately, in trying quickly to place her foot in the stirrup, the iron part of the same slipped, and struck her—or, rather, it touched her at the knee-joint. Before they had made good half their way home, several of the diminutive family began to appear to them, and the sound of sweet singing was heard on the side of the hill. Before the husband reached Drws y Coed his wife had left him, and it is supposed that she fled to Llwyn y Forwyn, and thence to the world below to Faery. She left her dear little ones to the care of her beloved, and no more came near them. Some say, however, that she sometimes got to see her beloved one in the following manner. As the law of her country did not allow of her frequenting the earth with an earthly being, she and her mother invented a way of avoiding the one thing and of securing the other. A great piece of sod was set to float on the surface of the lake, and on that she used to be for long hours,

freely conversing in tenderness with her consort on shore; by means of that plan they managed to live together until he breathed his last. Their descendants owned Drws y Coed for many generations, and they intermarried and mixed with the people of the district. Moreover, many a fierce fight took place in later times at the Gwyl Mabsants of Dolbenmaen and Penmorfa, because the men of Eifionydd had a habit of annoying the people of Pennant by calling them Bellisians. In a note, Glasynys remarks that this tale is located in many districts without much variation, except in the names of the places; this, however, could not apply to the latter part, which suits Llyn y Dywarchen alone. Now I return to another tale sent me by Mr. Jones; unless I am mistaken it has not hitherto been published, so I give the Welsh as well as a free translation of it.

"Yr oedd ystori am fab Braich y Dinas a adroddai y diweddar hybarch Elis Owen o Gefn y Meusydd yn lled debyg i chwedl mab yr Ystrad gan Glasynys, sef iddo hudo un o ferched y Tylwyth Teg i lawr o Foel Hebog a'i chipio i mewn i'r ty drwy orthrech; ac wedi hyny efe a'i perswadiodd i ymbriodi ag ef ar yr un telerau ag y gwnaeth mab yr Ystrad. Ond clywais hen foneddiges o'r enw Mrs. Roberts, un o ferched yr Isallt, a'r hon oedd lawer hyn na Mr. Owen, yn ei hadrodd yn wahanol. Yr oedd yr hen wreigan hon yn credu yn nilysrwydd y chwedl, oblegid yr oedd hi 'yn cofio rhai o'r teulu, waeth be' ddeudo neb.' Dirwynai ei hedau yn debyg i hyn:—Yn yr amser gynt—ond o ran hyny pan oedd hi yn ferch ifangc—yr oedd llawer iawn o Dylwyth Teg yn trigo mewn rhyw ogofau yn y Foel o Gwm Ystradllyn hyd i flaen y Pennant. Yr oedd y Tylwyth hwn yn llawer iawn harddach na dim a welid mewn un rhan arall o'r wlad. Yr oeddynt o ran maint yn fwy o lawer na'r rhai cyffredin, yn lan eu pryd tu hwnt i bawb, eu gwallt yn oleu fel llin, eu llygaid yn loyw leision. Yr oeddynt yn ymddangos mewn

rhyw le neu gilydd yn chwareu, canu ac ymddifyru bob nos deg a goleu; a byddai swn eu canu yn denu y llangciau a'r merched ifaingc i fyned i'w gweled; ac os byddent yn digwydd bod o bryd goleu hwy a ymgomient a hwynt, ond ni adawent i un person o liw tywyll ddod yn agos atynt, eithr cilient ymaith o ffordd y cyfryw un. Yrwan yr oedd mab Braich y Dinas yn llangc hardd, heini, bywiog ac o bryd glan, goleu a serchiadol. Yr oedd hwn yn hoff iawn o edrych ar y Tylwyth, a byddai yn cael ymgom a rhai o honynt yn aml, ond yn benaf ag un o'r merched yr hon oedd yn rhagori arnynt oll mewn glendid a synwyr; ac o fynych gyfarfod syrthiodd y ddau mewn cariad a'u gilydd, eithr ni fynai hi ymbriodi ag ef, ond addawodd fyned i'w wasanaeth, a chydunodd, i'w gyfarfod yn Mhant—nid wyf yn cofio yr enw i gyd—dran-oeth, oblegid nid oedd wiw iddi geisio myned gyd ag ef yn ngwydd y lleill. Felly tranoeth aeth i fynu i'r Foel, a chy-farfyddodd y rhian ef yn ol ei haddewid, ac aeth gydag ef adref, ac ymgymerodd a'r swydd o laethwraig, a buan y dech-reuodd pobpeth lwyddo o dan ei llaw: yr oedd yr ymenyn a'r caws yn cynyddu beunydd. Hir a thaer y bu y llangc yn ceisio ganddi briodi. A hi a addawodd, os medrai ef gael allan ei henw. Ni wyddai Mrs. Roberts drwy ba ystryw y llwyddodd i gael hwnw, ond hyny a fu, a daeth ef i'r ty un noswaith a galwodd ar 'Sibi', a phan glywodd hi ei henw, hi a aeth i lewygfa; ond pan ddaeth atti ei hun, hi a ymfodd-lonodd i briodi ar yr amod nad oedd ef i gyffwrdd a hi a haiarn ac nad oedd bollt haiarn i fod ar y drws na chlo ychwaith, a hyny a fu; priodwyd hwynt, a buont fyw yn gysurus am lawer o flynyddoedd, a ganwyd iddynt amryw blant. Y diwedd a fu fel hyn: yr oedd ef wedi myned un diwrnod i dori baich o frwyn at doi, a tharawodd y cryman yn y baich i fyned adref; fel yr oedd yn nesu at y gadlas, rhedodd Sibi i'w gyfarfod, a thaflodd ynteu y baich brwyn yn ddireidus tu ag atti, a rhag iddo ddyfod ar ei thraws ceisiodd

ei atal a'i llaw, yr hon a gyffyrddodd a'r cryman; a hi a ddiflanodd o'r golwg yn y fan yn nghysgod y baich brwyn: ni welwyd ac ni chlywyd dim oddiwrthi mwyach."

"There was a story respecting the son of the farmer of Braich y Dinas, which used to be related by the late Mr. Ellis Owen of Cefn y Meusydd, somewhat in the same way as that about the Ystrad youth, as told by Glasynys; that is to say, he enticed one of the damsels of the Fair Family to come down from Moel Hebog, and then he carried her by force into the house, and afterwards persuaded her to wed on the same conditions as the young man of Ystrad did. But I have heard an old lady called Mrs. Roberts, who had been brought up at Isallt, and who was older than Mr. Owen, relating it differently. This old woman believed in the truth of the story, as 'she remembered some of the family, whatever any body might say.' She used to spin her yarn somewhat as follows:—In old times—but, for the matter of that, when she was a young woman—there were a great many of the Fair Family living in certain caves in the Foel from Cwm Ystradllyn down to the upper part of Pennant. This family was much handsomer than any seen in any other part of the country. In point of stature they were much bigger than the ordinary ones, fair of complexion beyond everybody, with hair that was as light as flax, and eyes that were of a clear blue colour. They showed themselves in one spot or another, engaged in playing, singing, and jollifying every light night. The sound of their singing used to draw the lads and the young women to look at them; and, should they be of clear complexion, they would chat with them; but they would let no person of dark colour come near them, and they moved away from such a one. Now the young man of Braich y Dinas was a handsome, vigorous, and lively stripling, of fair, clear, and attractive complexion. He was very fond of looking at the Fair Family, and had a chat

with some of them often, but chiefly with one of the damsels, who surpassed all the rest in beauty and good sense. The result of frequently meeting was that they fell in love with one another, but she would not marry him. She promised, however, to go to service to him, and agreed to meet him at Pant y—I have forgotten the rest of the name—the day after, as it would not do for her to go with him while the others happened to be looking on. So he went up the next day to the Foel, and the damsel met him according to her promise, and went with him home, where she took to the duties of dairymaid. Soon everything began to prosper under her hand; the butter and the cheese were daily growing in quantity. Long and importunately did the youth try to get her to marry him. She promised to do so provided he could find out her name. Mrs. Roberts did not know by what manœuvre he succeeded in getting it, but it was done, and he came into the house one night and called to 'Sibi', and when she heard her name she fainted away. When, however, she recovered her consciousness, she consented to marry on the condition that he was not to touch her with iron, and that there was not to be a bolt of iron on the door, or a lock either. It was agreed, and they were married; they lived together comfortably many years, and had children born to them. The end came thus: he had gone one day to cut a bundle of rushes for thatching, and planted the reaping-hook in the bundle to go home. As he drew towards the haggart, Sibi ran out to meet him, and he mischievously threw the bundle of rushes towards her, when she, to prevent its hitting her, tried to stop it with her hand, which touched the reaping-hook. She vanished on the spot out of sight behind the bundle of rushes, and nothing more was seen or heard of her."

Mr. Ellis Owen, alluded to above, was a highly respected gentleman, well known in Wales, for his literary and anti-

quarian tastes. He was born in 1789 at Cefn y Meusydd, near Tremadoc, where he continued to live till the day of his death, which was the 27th of January 1868. His literary remains, preceded by a short biography, were published in 1877 by Mr. Robert Isaac Jones of Tremadoc; but it contains no fairy tales so far as I have been able to find. A tale which reminds one of that given me by Mr. D. E. Davies respecting the Corwrion midwife, referred to at page 210 of the previous volume, was published by Mr. W. Jones in the fourth volume of the *Brython*, page 251; freely rendered into English, it runs thus:—

"Once on a time, when a midwife from Nanhwynan had newly got to the Hafodydd Brithion to pursue her calling, a gentleman came to the door on a fine grey steed and bade her come with him at once. Such was the authority with which he spoke, that the poor midwife durst not refuse to go, however much it was her duty to stay where she was. So she mounted behind him, and off they went, like the flight of a swallow, through Cwmllan, over the Bwlch, down Nant yr Aran, and over the Gadair to Cwm Hafod Ruffydd before the poor woman had time even to say Oh! When they had got there, she saw before her a magnificent mansion, splendidly lit up with such lamps as she had never before seen. They entered the court, and a crowd of servants in expensive liveries came to meet them, and she was at once led through the great hall into a bed-chamber, the like of which she had never seen. There the mistress of the house, to whom she had been fetched, was awaiting her. She got through her duties successfully, and stayed there until the lady had completely recovered, nor had she spent any part of her life so merrily; there was there nought but festivity day and night: dancing, singing, and endless rejoicing reigned there. But merry as it was, she found she must go, and the nobleman gave her a large purse, with the order not

to open it until she had got into her own house; then he bade one of his servants escort her the same way she had come. When she reached home she opened the purse, and, to her great joy, it was full of money, and she lived happily on those earnings to the end of her life."

With regard to Mr. D. E. Davies's tale of the Corwrion midwife, and the reference wanting to Mr. Sikes's book, I may now mention in passing, that it should be to pp. 86-8, where Mr. Sikes gives a tale differing from both Davies's and Jones's, in that the Fairies are there made to appear as devils to the nurse, who had accidentally used a certain ointment which she was not to place near her own eyes. Instead of being rewarded for her services she was only too glad to be deposited anyhow near her home; "but", as the story goes on to relate, "very many years afterwards, being at a fair, she saw a man stealing something from a stall, and, with one corner of her eye, beheld her old master pushing the man's elbow. Unthinkingly she said, 'How are you, master? how are the children?' He said, 'How did you see me?' She answered, 'With the corner of my left eye.' From that moment she was blind of her left eye, and lived many years with only her right." Such is the end of the tale which Mr. Sikes quotes from a rare book called *Cambrian Superstitions*, published by W. Howells at Tipton in 1831.

"But the Fair Family did not", Mr. Jones goes on to say, "always give mortals the means of good living; sometimes they made a good deal of fun of them. Once on a time, the Drws y Coed man was going home, rather merry than sad, along the old road over the Gader, from Beddgelert fair, when he saw, on coming near the top of the Gader, a fine handsome house near the road, in which there was a rare merrymaking. He knew perfectly well that there was no such a building to be anywhere on his way, and that made him think that he

had lost his way and gone astray; so he resolved to turn into the house to ask for lodgings, which were given him. At once, when he entered, he took it to be a nuptial feast (*neithior*) by reason of the jollity, the singing, and the dancing; the house was full of young men, young women, and children, all merry and exerting themselves to the utmost. The company began to disappear one by one, and he asked if he might go to bed, when he was led to a splendid chamber, where there was a bed of the softest down with snow-white clothes on it. He stripped at once, went into it, and slept quietly enough till the morning. The first thing to come to his mind when he lay half asleep, half awake, was the jollity of the night before, and the fact of his sleeping in a splendid chamber in the strange house. He opened his eyes to survey it, but it was too wide; he was sleeping on the naked swamp, with a clump of rushes as his pillow, and the blue sky as his coverlet."

Mr. Jones mentions that, within his memory, there were still people in his neighbourhood who believed that the fairies stole unbaptized children and placed their own in their stead: he gives the following story about the farmer's wife of Dyffryn Mymbyr, near Capel Curig, and her infant:—

"Yr oedd y wraig hon wedi rhoddi genedigaeth i blentyn iach a heinif yn nechreu y cynhauaf ryw haf blin a thymhestlog: ac o herwydd fod y tyddyn getyn o ffordd oddiwrth lan na chapel, a'r hin mor hynod a wlawiog, esgeuluswyd bedyddio y plentyn yn yr amser arferol, sef cyn ei fod yn wyth niwrnod oed. Ryw ddiwrnod teg yn nghanol y cynhauaf blin aeth y wraig allan i'r maes gyda'r rhelyw o'r teulu i geisio achub y cynhauaf, a gadawodd y baban yn cysgu yn ei gryd o dan ofal ei nain, yr hon oedd hen a methiantus, ac yn analluog i fyned lawer o gwmpas. Syrthiodd yr hen wreigan i gysgu, a thra yr oedd hi felly, daeth y Tylwyth i fewn, a chymerasant y baban o'r cryd, a dodasant un arall yn ei le.

Yn mhen enyd dechreuodd hwn erain a chwyno nes deffro y nain, ac aeth at y cryd, lle y gwelodd gleiriach hen eiddil crebachlyd yn ymstwyrian yn flin. 'O'r wchw!' ebai hi, 'y mae yr hen Dylwyth wedi bod yma;' ac yn ddioed chwythodd yn y corn i alw y fam, yr hon a ddaeth yno yn ddiatreg; a phan glywodd y crio yn y cryd, rhedodd ato, a chododd y bychan i fynu heb sylwi arno, a hi a'i cofleidiodd, a'i suodd ac a'i swcrodd at eu bronnau, ond nid oedd dim yn tycio, parhau i nadu yn ddidor yr oedd nes bron a hollti ei chalon; ac ni wyddai pa beth i wneud i'w ddistewi. O'r diwedd hi a edrychodd arno, a gwelodd nad oedd yn debyg i'w mhebyn hi, ac aeth yn loes i'w chalon: edrychodd arno drachefn, ond po fwyaf yr edrychai arno, hyllaf yn y byd oedd hi yn ei weled; anfonodd am ei gwr o'r cae, a gyrodd ef i ymholi am wr cyfarwydd yn rhywle er mwyn cael ei gynghor; ac ar ol hir holi dywedodd rhywun wrtho fod person Trawsfynydd yn gyfarwydd yn nghyfrinion yr ysprydion; ac efe a aeth ato, ac archodd hwnw iddo gymeryd rhaw a'i gorchuddio a halen, a thori llun croes yn yr halen; yna ei chymeryd i'r ystafell lle yr oedd mab y Tylwyth, ac ar ol agor y ffenestr, ei rhoddi ar y tan hyd nes y llosgai yr halen; a hwy a wnaethant felly, a phan aeth yr halen yn eiriasboeth fe aeth yr erthyl croes ymaith yn anweledig iddynt hwy, ac ar drothwy y drws hwy a gawsant y baban arall yn iach a dianaf."

"This woman had given birth to a healthy and vigorous child at the beginning of the harvest, one wretched and inclement summer. As the homestead was a considerable distance from church or chapel, and the weather so very rainy, it was neglected to baptize the child at the usual[1] time, that is to say, before it was eight days old. One fine day, in the middle of this wretched harvest, the mother went to the field with the rest of the family to try to secure the harvest,

[1] So Mr. Jones puts it: I am not acquainted with any other part of the Principality where the children are baptized eight days old.

and left her baby sleeping in his cradle in his grandmother's charge, who was aged and so decrepit as to be unable to go much about. The old woman fell asleep, and, while she was in that state, the *Tylwyth Teg* came in and took away the baby, placing another in its stead. Very shortly the latter began to whine and groan, so that the grandmother woke up; she went to the cradle, where she saw a slender wizened old man moving restlessly and peevishly about. 'Alas! alas!' said she, 'the old *Tylwyth* have been here;' and she at once blew in the horn to call the mother home, who came without delay. As she heard the crying in the cradle, she ran towards it, and lifted the little one without looking at him; she hugged him, put him to her breast, and sang lullaby to him, but nothing was of any avail, as he continued, without stopping, to scream enough to break her heart; and she knew not what to do to calm him. At last she looked at him: she saw that he was not like her dear little boy, and her heart was pierced with agony. She looked at him again, and the more she examined him the uglier he seemed to her. She sent for her husband home from the field, and told him to search for a skilled man somewhere or other; and, after a long search, he was told by somebody that the parson of Trawsfynydd was skilled in the secrets of the spirits; so he went to him. The latter bade him take a shovel and cover it with salt, and make the figure of the cross in the salt; then to take it to the chamber where the fairy child was, and, after taking care to open the window, to place the shovel on the fire until the salt was burnt. This was done, and when the salt had got white hot, the peevish abortion went away, seen of no one, and they found the other baby whole and unscathed at the doorstep."

In answer to a question of mine with regard to gossamer, which is called in North Wales *edafedd gwawn* or *gwawn* yarn, Mr. Jones tells me in a letter, dated April 1881, that it

used to be called *Rhaffau 'r Tylwyth Teg*, that is to say, the Ropes of the Fair Family, which were associated with the diminutive, mischievous, and wanton kind of Fairies, that dwelt in marshy and rushy places, or among the fern and the heather. It used to be said that, if a man should lie down and fall asleep in any such a spot, the Fairies would come and bind him with their ropes so that he could not move, and that then they would cover him with a sheet made of their ropes, which would make him invisible. This was illustrated by him by the following tale he had heard from his mother:—

"Clywais fy mam yn adrodd chwedl am fab y Ffridd, yr hwn wrth ddychwelyd adref o ffair Beddgelert yn rhywle oddeutu Pen Cae'r Gors a welodd beth afrifed o'r Tylwyth Bach yn neidio a phrangcio ar benau y grug. Efe a eisteddodd i lawr i edrych arnynt, a daeth hun drosto: ymollyngodd i lawr a chysgodd yn drwm. A phan oedd felly, ymosododd yr holl lu arno a rhwymasant ef mor dyn fel na allasai symud: yna hwy a'i cuddiasant ef a'r tudded gwawn fel na allai neb ei weled os digwyddai iddo lefain am help. Yr oedd ei deulu yn ei ddisgwyl adref yn gynar y nos hono, ac wrth ei weled yn oedi yn hwyr, aethant yn anesmwyth am dano ac aethpwyd i'w gyfarfod, eithr ni welent ddim oddiwrtho, ac aed gan belled a'r pentref, lle eu hyspyswyd ei fod wedi myned tu ag adref yn gynar gyda gwr Hafod Ruffydd. Felly aed tua'r Hafod i edrych a oedd yno; ond dywedodd gwr yr Hafod eu bod wedi ymwahanu ar Bont Glan y Gors, pawb tua'i fan ei hun. Yna chwiliwyd yn fanwl bob ochr i'r ffordd oddiyno i'r Ffridd heb weled dim oddiwrtho. Buwyd yn chwilio yr holl ardal drwy y dydd dranoeth ond yn ofer. Fodd bynag oddeutu yr un amser nos dranoeth daeth y Tylwyth ac a'i rhyddhasant, ac yn fuan efe a ddeffrôdd wedi cysgu o hono drwy y nos a'r dydd blaenorol. Ar ol iddo ddeffro ni wyddai amcan daear yn mha le yr

oedd, a chrwydro y bu hyd ochrau y Gader a'r Gors Fawr hyd nes y canodd y ceiliog, pryd yr adnabu yn mha le yr oedd, sef o fewn llai na chwarter milltir i'w gartref."

"I have heard my mother relating a tale about the son of the farmer of Ffridd, who, while on his way home from Beddgelert Fair, somewhere near Pen Cae'r Gors, saw an endless number of the diminutive Family leaping and capering on the tops of the heather. He sat him down to look at them, and sleep came over him; he let himself down on the ground, and slept heavily. When he was so, the whole host attacked him, and they bound him so tightly that he could not have stirred ; then they covered him with the gossamer sheet, so that nobody could see him in case he called for help. His people expected him home early that evening, and, as they saw him delaying till late, they got uneasy about him. So one went to meet him, but no trace of him was seen, and they went so far as the village, where they were informed that he had started home in good time with the farmer of Hafod Ruffydd. So they went to the Hafod to see if he was there; but the farmer told them that they had parted on the Glan y Gors Bridge to go to their respective homes. A minute search was then made on both sides of the road from there to the Ffridd, but without seeing any trace of him. They kept searching the whole neighbourhood during the whole of the next day, but in vain. However, about the same time the following night, the Family came and liberated him, and he shortly woke up, after sleeping through the previous night and day. When he woke he had no idea where on earth he was; so he wandered about on the slopes of the Gader and near the Gors Fawr, until the cock crew, when he became aware where he was, namely, less than a quarter of a mile from his home."

The late Mr. Owen of Cefn Meusydd has already been alluded to. I have not been able to get at much of the folk-

lore with which he was familiar, but, in reply to some questions of mine, Mr. R. J. Jones of Tremadoc, his biographer, and the publisher of the *Brython*, so long as it existed, has kindly ransacked his memory. He writes to me in Welsh to the following effect:—

"I will tell you what I heard from Mr. Owen and my mother when I was a lad, about fifty-seven years ago. The former used to say that the people of Pennant in Eifionydd had a nickname, namely, that of Belsiaid y Pennant, or the Belsians of the Pennant; that, when he was a boy, if anybody called out Belsiaid y Pennant at the Penmorfa Fair, every man jack of them would come out, and fighting always ensued. The antiquary used to explain it thus. 'Some two or three hundred years ago, Sir Robert of the Nant, one of Sir Richard Bulkeley's ancestors, had a son and heir who was extravagant and wild. He married a gipsy, and they had children born to them; but, as the family regarded this marriage a disgrace to their ancient stem, it is said that the father, the next time the vagabonds came round, gave a large sum of money to the father of the girl for taking her away with him. This having been done, the rumour was spread abroad that it was one of the Fairies the youth had married, and that she had gone with him to catch a pony, when he threw the bridle at it to prevent it passing, and the iron of the bridle touched the wife; then that she at once disappeared, as the Fairies always do so when touched with iron. However, the two children were put out to nurse, and the one of them, who was a girl, was brought up at Plas y Pennant, and her name was Pelisha; her descendants remain to this day in the Nant, and are called Bellis, who are believed there, to this day, to be derived from the *Tylwyth Teg*. Nothing offends them more than to be reminded of this.'"

Mr. R. J. Jones goes on to relate another tale as follows:—

"Dywedir fod lle a elwir yr Hafod Rugog mewn cwm anial yn y mynydd lle y byddai y Tylwyth Teg yn arferol a mynychu; ac y byddent yn trwblio'r hen wraig am fenthyg rhywbeth neu gilydd. Dywedodd hithau: 'Cewch os caniatewch ddau beth cyntaf—i'r peth cyntaf y cyffyrddaf ag ef wrth y drws dori, a'r peth cyntaf y rhof fy llaw arno yn y ty estyn haner llath.' Yr oedd careg afael, fel ei gelwir, yn y mur wrth y drws ar ei ffordd, ac yr oedd ganddi ddefnydd syrcyn gwlanen yn rhy fyr o haner llath. Ond yn anffodus wrth ddod a'i chawellad mawn i'r ty bu agos iddi a syrthio: rhoes ei llaw ar ben ei chlun i ymarbed a thorodd hono, a chan faint y boen cyffyrddodd yny ty a'i thrwyn yr hwn a estynodd haner llath."

"It is said that there was a place called Hafod Rugog in a wild hollow among the mountains, where the Fair Family were in the habit of resorting, and that they used to trouble the old woman of Hafod for the loan of one thing or another. So she said, one day, 'You shall have it, if you will grant me first two things—that the first thing I touch at the door break, and that the first thing I put my hand on in the house be lengthened half a yard.' There was a binding stone, *carreg afael*, as it is called, in the wall near the door, which was in her way, and she had flannel for a jerkin which was half a yard too short. But, unfortunately, as she came, with her basket full of turf on her back to the house, she nearly fell down: she put her hand, in order to save herself, to her knee-joint, when that broke; and, owing to the pain, when she had got into the house, she touched her nose with her hand, when the former grew half a yard longer."

Mr. Jones goes on to notice how the old folks used to believe that the Fairies were wont to appear in the marshes near Cwellyn Lake, not far from Rhyd Ddu, to sing and dance, and that it was considered dangerous to approach them on those occasions lest one should be fascinated.

The next four stories are to be found in *Cymru Fu* at pages 175-9, whence I have taken the liberty of translating them into English. They were contributed by Glasynys, whose name has already occurred so often in connection with these Welsh legends, that the reader ought to know more about him; but I have been disappointed in my attempt to get a short account of his life to insert here. All I can say is, that I made his acquaintance in 1865 in Anglesey, where he had a curacy near Holyhead. His name was Owen Wyn Jones, he was in the prime of life, and an enthusiast for Welsh antiquities; he was born and bred, I believe, in the neighbourhood of Snowdon, and his death took place about ten years ago. He certainly deserves a biography, and the student of Welsh folk-lore must needs feel the want of it; so let us hope that the editor of the *Cymmrodor* may be able to procure one for publication ere long.

(1.) " When the people of the Gors Goch one evening had just gone to bed, lo! they heard a great row and disturbance around the house. One could not at all comprehend what it might be that made a noise that time of night. Both the husband and the wife had waked up, quite unable to make out what there might be there. The children also woke, but no one could utter a word; their tongues had all stuck to the roof of their mouths. The husband, however, at last managed to move, and to ask, 'Who is there? What do you want?' Then he was answered from without by a small silvery voice, 'It is room we want to dress our children.' The door was opened, a dozen small beings came in, and began to search for an earthen pitcher with water; there they remained for some hours, washing and titivating themselves. As the day was breaking, they went away, leaving behind them a fine present for the kindness they had received. Often afterwards did the Gors Goch folks have the

company of this Family. But once there happened to be there a fine roll of a pretty baby in his cradle. The Fair Family came, and, as the baby had not been baptized, they took the liberty of changing him for one of their own. They left behind in his stead an abominable creature that would do nothing but cry and scream every day of the week. The mother was nearly breaking her heart on account of the misfortune, and greatly afraid of telling anybody about it. But everybody got to see that there was something wrong at the Gors Goch, which was proved before long by the mother dying of longing for her child. The other children died broken-hearted after their mother, and the husband was left alone with the little elf without any one to comfort them. But shortly after, one began to resort again to the hearth of the Gors Goch to dress children, and the gift, which had formerly been silver money, became henceforth pure gold. In the course of a few years the elf became the heir of a large farm in North Wales, and that is why the old people used to say 'Shoe the elf with gold and he will grow' (*Fe ddaw gwiddon yn fawr ond ei bedoli ag aur*). That is the legend of the Gors Goch."

(2.) "Once, when William Ellis of the Gilwern was fishing on the bank of the Cwm Silin Lake, on a dark misty day, he had seen no living Christian from the time when he left Nantlle. But as he was in a happy mood, throwing his line, he beheld over against him in a clump of rushes a large crowd of people, or things in the shape of people about a foot in stature, and engaged in leaping and dancing. He looked on for hours, and he never heard, as he said, such music in his life before. But William went too near them, when they threw a kind of dust into his eyes, and, while he was wiping it away, the little Family took the opportunity of betaking themselves somewhere out of his sight, so that he neither saw nor heard anything more of them."

(3.) "There is a similar story respecting a place called Llyn y Ffynonau. There was no end of jollifying there, of dancing, harping, and fiddling, with the servant-man of Gelli Ffrydan and his two dogs in the midst of the crowd, leaping and capering as nimbly as anybody else. At it they were for three days and three nights, without stopping; and had it not been for a skilled man, who lived not far off, and got to know how things were going on, the poor fellow would, without doubt, have danced himself to death. But he was rescued that time."

(4.) "The fourth story is one, which he says he heard from his mother; but he has elaborated it in his usual fashion, and the proper names are undoubtedly his own:—'Once on a time, a shepherd-boy had gone up the mountain. That day, like many a day before and after, was exceedingly misty. Now, though he was well acquainted with the place, he lost his way, and walked backwards and forwards for many a long hour. At last he got into a low rushy spot, where he saw before him many circular rings. He at once recalled the place, and began to fear the worst. He had heard, many hundreds of times, of the bitter experiences in those rings of many a shepherd who had happened to chance on the dancing-place or the circles of the Fair Family. He hastened away as fast as ever he could, lest he should be ruined like the rest; but, though he exerted himself to the point of perspiring and losing his breath, there he was, and there he continued to be, a long time. At last he was met by a little fat old man, with merry blue eyes, who asked him what he was doing. He answered that it was trying to find his way homewards he was. 'Oh,' said he, 'come after me, and do not utter a word until I bid thee.' This he did, following him on and on until they came to an oval stone; and the little old fat man lifted it, after tapping the middle of it three times with his walking-stick. There was there a narrow path with

stairs to be seen here and there; and a sort of whitish light, inclining to grey and blue, was to be seen radiating from the stones. 'Follow me fearlessly,' said the fat man; 'no harm will be done thee.' So on the poor youth went, as reluctantly as a dog to be hanged. But presently a fine, wooded, fertile country spread itself out before them, with well-arranged mansions dotting it over, while every kind of apparent magnificence met the eye and seemed to smile in its landscape; the bright waters of its rivers meandered in twisted streams, and its hills were covered with the luxuriant verdure of their grassy growth, and the mountains with a glossy fleece of smooth pasture. By the time they had reached the stout gentleman's mansion, the young man's senses had been bewildered by the sweet cadence of the music which the birds poured forth from the groves; then there was gold there to dazzle his eyes, and silver flashing on his sight. He saw there all kinds of musical instruments and all sorts of things for playing; but he could discern no inhabitant in the whole place; and, when he sat down to eat, the dishes on the table came to their places of themselves, and disappeared when one had done with them. This puzzled him beyond measure; moreover, he heard people talking together around him, but for the life of him he could see no one but his old friend. At length the fat man said to him: 'Thou canst now talk as much as it may please thee;' but, when he attempted to move his tongue it would no more stir than if it had been a lump of ice, which greatly frightened him. At this point, a fine old lady, with health and benevolence beaming in her face, came to them and slightly smiled at the shepherd; the mother was followed by her three daughters, who were remarkably beautiful. They gazed with somewhat playful looks at him, and at length began to talk to him; but his tongue would not wag. Then one of the girls came to him, and, playing with his yellow and curly locks, gave him

a smart kiss on his ruddy lips. This loosened the string that bound his tongue, and he began to talk freely and eloquently. There he was, under the charm of that kiss, in the bliss of happiness; and there he remained a year and a day without knowing that he had passed more than a day among them; for he had got into a country where there was no reckoning of time. But by and by he began to feel somewhat of a longing to visit his old home, and asked the stout man if he might go. 'Stay a little yet,' said he, 'and thou shalt go for a while.' That passed: he stayed on; but Olwen, for that was the name of the damsel that had kissed him, was very unwilling that he should depart. She looked sad every time he talked of going away; nor was he himself without feeling a sort of a cold thrill passing through him at the thought of leaving her. On condition, however, of returning, he obtained leave to go, provided with plenty of gold and silver, of trinkets and gems. When he reached home, nobody knew who he was; it had been the belief that he had been killed by another shepherd, who found it necessary to betake himself hastily far away to America, lest he should be hanged without delay. But here is Enion Las at home, and everybody wonders especially to see that the shepherd had got to look like a wealthy man: his manners, his dress, his language, and the treasure he had with him, all conspired to give him the air of a gentleman. He went back one Thursday night, the first of the moon that month, as suddenly as he had left the first time, and nobody knew whither. There was great joy in the country below when Einion returned thither, and nobody was more rejoiced at it than Olwen, his beloved. The two were right impatient to get married; but it was necessary to do that quietly, for the Family below hated nothing more than fuss and noise; so, in a sort of a half secret fashion, they were wedded. Einion was very desirous to go once more among his own people, accompanied, to be

sure, by his wife. After he had been long entreating the old man for leave, they set out on two white ponies, that were, in fact, more like snow than anything else in point of colour, So he arrived with his consort in his old home, and it was the opinion of all that Einion's wife was the handsomest person they had anywhere seen. Whilst at home, a son was born to them, to whom they gave the name of Taliesin. Einion was now in the enjoyment of high repute, and his wife received proper respect. Their wealth was immense, and soon they acquired a large estate; but it was not long till people began to inquire after the pedigree of Einion's wife—the country was of opinion that it was not the right thing to be without a pedigree. Einion was questioned about it, without his giving any satisfactory answer, and one came to the conclusion that she was one of the Fair Family (*Tylwyth Teg*). 'Certainly,' replied Einion, 'there can be no doubt that she comes from a very fair family; for she has two sisters who are as fair as she, and, if you saw them together, you would admit that name to be a capital one.' This, then, is the reason why the remarkable family in the land of Charm and Phantasy (*Hud a Lledrith*) are called the Fair Family."

The two next tales of Glasynys's appear in *Cymru Fu*, at pp. 478-9; the first of them is to be compared with one already related, while the other is unlike anything that I can now recall:—

(5.) "Cwmllan was the principal resort of the Fair Family, and the shepherds of Hafod Llan used to see them daily in the ages of faith gone by. Once, on a misty afternoon, one of them had been searching for sheep towards Nant y Bettws. When he had crossed Bwlch Cwmllan, and was hastening laboriously down, he saw an endless number of little folks singing and dancing in a lively and light-footed fashion, while the handsomest girls he had ever seen anywhere were at it preparing a banquet. He went to them and had a share

of their dainties, and it seemed to him that he had never in his life tasted anything approaching their dishes. When the twilight came, they spread their tents, and the man never before saw such beauty and ingenuity. They gave him a soft bed of yielding down, with sheets of the finest linen, and he went to rest as proud as if he had been a prince. But, alas! next morning, after all the jollity and sham-splendour, the poor man, when he opened his eyes, found that his bed was but a clump of bulrushes, and his pillow a lump of moss. Nevertheless, he found silver money in his shoes, and afterwards he continued for a long time to find, every week, a piece of coined money between two stones near the spot where he had slept. One day, however, he told a friend of his the secret respecting the money, and he never found any after that."

(6.) "Another of these shepherds was one day urging his dog at the sheep in Cwmllan, when he heard a kind of low noise in the cleft of a rock. He turned to look, when he found there some kind of a creature weeping plenteously. He approached, and drew out a wee lass; very shortly afterwards, behold! two middle-aged men came to him to thank him for his kindness, and, when about to part, one of them gave him a walking-stick, as a souvenir of his good deed. The year after this, every sheep in his possession had two ewe-lambs; and so his sheep continued to breed for some years. But one night he had stayed in the village until it was rather late, and there hardly ever was a more tempestuous night than that: the wind howled, and the clouds shed their contents in sheets of rain, while the darkness was such that next to nothing could be seen. As he was crossing the river that comes down from Cwmllan, when its flood was sweeping all before it in a terrible current, he somehow let go the walking-stick from his hand; and when one went next morning up the Cwm, one found that nearly all the sheep had been swept away by the flood, and that the farmer's wealth had gone almost as it came—with the walking-stick."

The shorter versions given by Glasynys are probably more nearly given as he heard them, than the longer ones, which may be suspected of having been a good deal spun out by him; but there is probably very little in any of them of his own invention, though the question may be difficult to answer whence he got his materials in each instance. In one this is quite clear, though he does not state it, namely, the story of the sojourn of Elfod the Shepherd in Fairyland, as given in *Cymru Fu*, page 477; it is no other than a second or third-hand reproduction of that recorded about the South Wales priest, Eliodorus, by Giraldus, in his *Itinerarium Kambriæ*, i, 8, where it should be consulted by any one who has doubts about the antiquity of tales of this kind. But the longest tale published by Glasynys is the one about the mermaid in *Cymru Fu*, pp. 434-444; where he got this from I have not been able to find out, but it has probably been pieced together from various sources. I feel sure that some of the materials at least were Welsh, besides the characters known in Welsh mythology as Nefydd Naf Neifion, Gwyn ab Nudd, Gwydion ab Dôn, Dylan and Ceridwen, who have been recklessly introduced into it. He locates it, apparently, somewhere on the coast of Carnarvonshire, the leading place being called Ogof Deio, or David's Cave, which so far as I know is not an actual name, but one suggested by "David Jones", as sailors' slang for the sea. In hopes that somebody will communicate to the Editor of the *Cymmrodor* any bits of this tale which may still be current on points of the coast of Wales, I here give an abstract of it.

"Once upon a time, a poor fisherman made the acquaintance of a mermaid in a cave on the sea-coast; at first she screeched wildly, but, when she got a little calmer, she told him to go off out of the way of her brother, and to return betimes the day after. In getting

away, he was tossed into the sea, and tossed out on the land with a rope, which had got wound about his waist, on pulling at this he got ashore a coffer full of treasure, which he occupied the night in carrying home. He was somewhat late in revisiting the cave the next day, and saw no mermaid come there to meet him according to her promise. But the following night he was roused out of his sleep by a visit from her to his home, when she told him to come in time next day. On his way thither, he learnt from some fishermen that they had been labouring in vain during the night, as a great big mermaid had opened their nets in order to pick the best fish, while she let the rest escape. When he reached the cave he found the mermaid there combing her hair; she surprised him by telling him that she had come to live among the inhabitants of the land, though she was, according to her own account, a king's daughter. She was no longer stark naked, but dressed like a lady; in one hand she held a diadem of pure gold, and in the other a cap of wonderful workmanship, the former of which she placed on her head while she handed the latter to Ifan Morgan, with the order that he should keep it. Then she related to him how she had noticed him when he was a ruddy boy, out fishing in his father's white boat, and heard him sing a song which made her love him, and how she had tried to repeat this song at her father's court, where everybody wanted to get it. Many a time, she said, she had been anxiously listening if she might hear it again, but all in vain. So she had obtained permission from her family to come with treasures and see if he would not teach it her; but she soon saw that she would not succeed without appearing in the form in which she now was. After saying that her name was Nefyn, daughter of Nefydd Naf Neifion, and niece to Gwyn son of Nudd, and Gwydion son of Dôn, she calmed his feelings on the subject of the humble cottage in which

he lived. Presently he asked her to be his wife, and she consented on the condition that he should always keep the cap she had given him out of her sight and teach her the song. They were married and lived happy together, and had children born them five times, a son and a daughter each time; they frequently went to the cave, and no one knew what treasures they had got there; but once on a time they went out in a boat pleasuring, as was their wont, with six or seven of the children accompanying them, and when they were far from the land a great storm arose; besides the usual accompaniments of a storm at sea, most unearthly screeches and noises were heard, which frightened the children and made their mother look uncomfortable; but presently she bent her head over the side of the boat, and whispered something they did not catch; to their surprise the sea was instantly calm. They got home comfortably, but the elder children were puzzled greatly by their mother's influence over the sea; it was not long after this till they so teased some ill-natured old women that they told them all about the uncanny origin of their mother. The eldest boy was vexed at this, and remembered how his mother had spoken to somebody near the boat at sea, and that he was never allowed to go with his parents to Ogof Deio; he recalled, also, his mother's account of the strange countries she had seen. Once there came also to Ifan Morgan's home, which was now a mansion, a visitor the children were not even allowed to see, and one night, when the young moon had sunk behind the western horizon, Ifan and his wife went quietly out of the house, telling a servant that they would not return for three weeks or a month, which was overheard by the eldest son. So he followed them very quietly until he saw them on the strand, where he beheld his mother casting a sort of leather mantle round herself and his father, and throwing themselves into

the hollow of a billow that came to fetch them. The son went home, broke his heart, and died in nine days at finding out that his mother was a mermaid; on seeing her brother dead his twin sister went and threw herself into the sea, but, instead of being drowned, she was taken up on his steed by a fine looking knight, who then galloped away over the waves as if they had been dry and level land. The servants were in doubt what to do, now that Nefydd Morgan was dead and Eilonwy had thrown herself into the sea; but Tegid, the second son, who feared nothing, said that Nefydd's body should be taken to the strand, as somebody was likely to come to fetch it for burial among his mother's family. At midnight a knight arrived, who said the funeral was to be at three that morning, and told them that their brother would come back to them, as Gwydion ab Dôn was going to give him a heart that no weight could break, that Eilonwy was soon to be wedded to one of the finest and bravest of the knights of Gwerddonau Llion, and that their parents were with Gwyn ab Nudd in the Gwaelodion. The body was accordingly taken to the beach, and, as soon as the wave touched it, out of his coffin leaped Nefydd like a porpoise. He was seen then to walk away arm-in-arm with Gwydion ab Dôn to a ship that was in waiting, and most enchanting music was heard by those on shore; but soon the ship sailed away, hardly touching the tops of the billows. After a year and a day had elapsed Ifan Morgan, the father, came home, looking much better and more gentlemanly than he had ever done before; he had never spoken of Nefyn, his wife, until Tegid one day asked him what about his mother; she had gone, he said, in search of Eilonwy, who had run away from her husband in Gwerddonau Llion, with Glanfryd ab Gloywfraint. She would be back soon, he thought, and describe to them all the wonders they had seen. Ifan Morgan went to bed that

night, and was found dead in it in the morning; it was thought that his death had been caused by a black knight, who had been seen haunting the place at midnight for some time, and always disappearing, when pursued, into a well that bubbled forth in a dark recess near at hand. The day of Ifan Morgan's funeral, Nefyn, his wife, returned, and bewailed him with many tears; she was never more seen on the dry land. Tegid had now the charge of the family, and he conducted himself in all things as behove a man and a gentleman of high principles and great generosity. He was very wealthy, but often grieved by the thought of his father's murder. One day, when he and two of his brothers were out in a boat fishing in the neighbouring bay, they were driven by the wind to the most wonderful place they had ever seen. The sea there was as smooth as glass, and as bright as the clearest light, while beneath it, and not far from them, they saw a most splendid country with fertile fields and dales covered with pastures; with flowery hedges, groves clad in their green foliage, and forests gently waving their leafy luxuriance, with rivers lazily contemplating their own tortuous courses, and with mansions here and there of the most beautiful and ingenious description; and presently they saw that the inhabitants amused themselves with all kinds of merriment and frolicking, and that here and there they had music and engaged in the most energetic dancing; in fact, the rippling waves seemed to have absorbed their full of the music, so that the faint echo of it, as gently given forth by the waves, never ceased to charm their ears until they reached the shore. That night the three brothers had the same dream, namely that the black Knight who had throttled their father was in hiding in a cave on the coast: so they made for the cave in the morning, but the black knight fled from them and galloped off on the waves as if he had been riding for amusement over a

meadow. That day their sisters on returning home from school had to cross a piece of sea, when a tempest arose and sunk the vessel, drowning all on board, and the brothers ascribed this to the Black Knight. About this time there was great consternation among the fishermen on account of a sea-serpent that twined itself about the rocks near the caves, and nothing would do but that Tegid and his brothers should go out to kill it; but when one day they came near the spot frequented by it, they heard a deep voice saying to them, 'Do not kill your sister,' so they wondered greatly and suddenly went home. But that night Tegid returned there alone, and called his sister by her name, and after waiting a long while she crept towards him in the shape of a sea-serpent, and said that she must remain some time in that form on account of her having run away with one who was not her husband; she went on to say that she had seen their sisters walking with their mother, and that their father would soon be in the cave. But all of a sudden there came the Black Knight, who unsheathes a sword that looked like a flame of fire and begins to cut her into a thousand bits, which however united as fast as he cut it, and became as whole as before. The end was that she twisted herself in a coil round his throat and bit him terribly in his breast. At this point a White Knight comes and runs him through with his spear, so that he fell instantly, while the White Knight went off hurriedly with the sea-serpent in a coil round his neck. Tegid ran away for his life, but not before some monster more terrible than anything he had ever seen had begun to attack him; it haunted him in all kinds of ways, sometimes it would be like a sea, but Tegid was able to swim; sometimes it would be a mountain of ice, but Tegid was able to climb it; and sometimes it was like a furnace of intense fire, but the heat had no effect on him; but it appeared mostly as a combination of the beast of prey and the venomous

reptile. Suddenly, however, a young man appeared, taking hold of Tegid's arm and encouraging him, when the monster fled away screeching, and a host of knights in splendid array and on proudly prancing horses came to him; among them he found his brothers, and he went with them to his mother's country. He was especially welcome there, and he found all happy and present save his father only, whom he thought of fetching from the world above, having in fact got leave to do so from his grandfather. His mother and his brothers came with him to search for his father's body, and with him came Gwydion ab Dôn and Gwyn ab Nudd, but he would not be wakened. So Tegid, who loved his father greatly, asked leave to remain on his father's grave, where he remains to this day. His mother is wont to come there to soothe him, and his brothers send him gifts, while he sends his gifts to Nefydd Naf Neifion, his grandfather; it is also said that his twin-sister, Ceridwen, has long since come to live near him, to make the glad gladder and the pretty prettier, and to maintain her dignity and honour in peace and tranquillity."

The latter part of this tale, the mention of Ceridwen, and of Tegid remaining on his father's grave, is evidently a reference to Llyn Tegid or Bala Lake, and to the legend of Taliesin; so the story has undoubtedly been pieced together, but it was not all invented, as is proved by the reference to the curious cap the husband was to keep out of the wedded mermaid's sight—in Irish legends this cap has particular importance attached to it, of which Glasynys cannot have been aware, for he knew of no use to make of it. The teaching of the song to the wife is also not mentioned after the marriage; but the introduction of it at all is remarkable; at any rate I have not noticed anything parallel to it in other tales. The incident of the tempest, when the mermaid spoke to somebody by the side of the boat, reminds one of Undine during the trip on the Danube. But it is, perhaps,

useless to go into details till one has ascertained how much of the story has been based on genuine Welsh folklore. But, while I am on this point, I venture to append here an Irish tale, which will serve to explain the meaning of the mermaid's cap, as necessary to her comfort in the water world. I am indebted for it to the kindness of Dr. Norman Moore, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, who tells me, in a letter dated March the 7th, 1882, that he and the Miss Raynells of Killynon, heard it from an old woman named Mrs. Dolan, who lives on the property of the late Mr. Cooke, of Cookesborough, in Westmeath; the following was her tale: "There was a man named Mahon had a farm on the edge of Loch Owel. He noticed that his corn was trampled, and he sat up all night to watch it. He saw horses, colts and fillies rather, come up out of the lake and trample it. He chased them, and they fled into the lake. The next night he saw them again, and among them a beautiful girl and a cap of salmon skin off her head, and it shone in the moonlight; and he caught her and embraced her, and carried her off to his house and married her, and she was a very good housewife, as all those lake people are, and kept his house beautifully; and one day in the harvest, when the men were in the fields, she went into the house and there she looked on the hurdle for some lard to make colcaunen [Dr. Moore explains this to be cabbages and potatoes, pounded and mixed with butter or lard] for the men, and she saw her old cap of fish skin, and she put it on her head and ran straight down into the lake and was never seen any more, and Mahon he was terribly grieved, and he died soon after of a decline. She had had three children, and I often saw them in the Mullingar market. They were farmers, too, on Loch Owel."

Before leaving Carnarvonshire, I may add a reference to Pennant's *Tours in Wales*: in the edition published in

London in 1810, we are told, volume ii, page 335, that Mr. Pennant learned "that, in fairy days, those diminutive gentry kept their revels" on the margins of the Snowdon lake, called Llyn Coch. There is no legend now extant, so far as I can ascertain, about the Llyn Coch Fairies.

Just as these sheets were about to be placed in the printer's hands, I was favoured by Mr. Howell Thomas, of the Local Government Board, with a legend written out by Mr. G. B. Gattie, to which I take the liberty of prefixing his letter to Mr. Thomas; it is dated Walham Grove, London, S.W., April 27th, 1882, and runs as follows:—

"I had quite forgotten the enclosed, which I had jotted down during my recent illness, and ought to have sent you long ago. Of course, the wording is very rough, as no care has been taken on that point.

"It is interesting, as being another version of a very pretty old legend which my mother used to repeat. She was descended from a very old north Welsh family; indeed, I believe my esteemed grandfather went so far as to trace his descent from the great patriot Owen Glendower himself!

"My mother delighted not only in the ancient folklore, legends, and fairy tales of the Principality, with which she was perfectly familiar, but especially in the lovely national melodies, all of which she knew by heart; and, being highly accomplished, would never tire of playing or singing them.

"You will see the legend is, in the main, much as related by Professor Rhys, though differing somewhat in the singular terms of the marriage contract."

"The scene of the legend, as related by my late mother was, of course, a lake, the Welsh name of which I have, unfortunately, forgotten, but it was somewhere, I think, near Llanberis, and the hero a stalwart young farmer. One hot day, riding by the lake, he took his horse into the water to drink, and, whilst looking straight down over

his horse's ears into the smooth surface, he became aware of a most lovely face, just beneath the tide, looking up archly at him. Quite bewildered, he earnestly beckoned, and by degrees the head and shoulders which belonged to the face emerged from the water. Overcome with emotion, and nearly maddened by the blaze of beauty so suddenly put before him, he leaped from his horse and rushed wildly into the lake to try to clasp the lovely vision to his heart. As this was a clear case of 'love at first sight', the poor young man was not, of course, answerable for his actions. But the vision had vanished beneath the waves, to instantly reappear, however, a yard or two off, with the most provoking of smiles, and holding out her beautiful white hands towards her admirer, but slipping off into deep water the moment he approached.

"For many days the young farmer frequented the lake, but without again seeing the beautiful Naiad, until one day he sat down by the margin hoping that she would appear, and yet dreading her appearance, for this latter to him simply meant loss of all peace. Yet he rushed on his fate, like the love-sick shepherd in the old Italian romance, who watched the sleeping beauty, yet dreaded her awakening :—'Io perderò la pace, quando si sveglierà !'

"The young man had brought the remains of his frugal dinner with him, and was quietly munching, by way of dessert, an apple of rare and delicious quality, from a tree which grew upon a neighbouring estate. Suddenly the lady appeared in all her rare beauty almost close to him, and begged him to 'throw' her one of his apples. This was altogether too much, and he replied by holding out the tempting morsel, exhibiting its beautiful red and green sides, saying that, if she really wanted it, she must fetch it herself. Upon this she came up quite close, and, as she took the apple from his left hand, he dexterously seized tight hold

of her with his right, and held her fast. She, however, nothing daunted, bawled lustily, at the top of her voice, for help, and made such an outrageous noise, that at length a most respectable looking old gentlemen appeared suddenly out of the midst of the lake. He had a superb white beard, and was simply and classically attired merely in a single wreath of beautiful water lilies wound round his loins, which was possibly his summer costume, the weather being hot. He politely requested to know what was the matter, and what the young farmer wanted with his daughter. The case was thereupon explained, but not without the usual amount of nervous trepidation which usually happens to love-sick swains when called into the awful presence of 'Papa' to 'explain their intentions'!

"After a long parley the lady, at length, agreed to become the young man's wife, on two conditions which he was to solemnly promise to keep. These conditions were that he was never to strike her with *steel* or *clay* (earth), conditions to which the young man very readily assented. As these were primitive days, when people were happy and honest, there were no lawyers to encumber the Holy Estate with lengthy settlements, and to fill their own pockets with heavy fees; matters were therefore soon settled, and the lady married to the young farmer on the spot by the very respectable old lake deity, her papa.

"The story goes on to say that the union was followed by two sons and two daughters. The eldest son became a great physician, and all his descendants after him were celebrated for their great proficiency in the noble healing art. The second son was a mighty craftsman in all works appertaining to the manufacture and use of iron and metals. Indeed it has been hinted that, his little corracle of bull's hide having become old and unsafe, he conceived the brilliant idea of making one of thin iron. This he actually accomplished,

and, to the intense amazement of the wondering populace, he constantly used it for fishing, or other purposes, on the lake, where he paddled about in perfect security. This important fact ought to be more generally known, as it gives him a fair claim to the introduction of iron ship-building (*pace* the shades of Beaufort and Brunel).

"Of the two daughters, one is said to have invented the small ten-stringed harp, and the other the spinning wheel. Thus were introduced the arts of medicine, manufactures, music and woollen work.

"As the old ballad says (applying the quotation to the father and mother):—

'They lived for more than forty year
Right long and happilie!'

"One day it happened that the wife expressed a great wish for some of those same delicious apples of which she was so fond, and of which their neighbour often sent them a supply. Off went the farmer, like a good husband that he was, and brought back, not only some apples, but a beautiful young sapling, seven or eight feet high, bearing the same apple, as a present from their friend. This they at once proceeded to set, he digging and she holding; but the hole not being quite deep enough he again set to work, with increased energy, with his spade, and stooping very low threw out the *last* shovel-full over his shoulder—alas! without looking—full into the breast of his wife. She dropped the sapling and solemnly warned him that one of the two conditions of their marriage contract had been broken. Accident was pleaded, but in vain, there was the unfortunate fact—*he had struck her with clay!* Looking upon the sapling as the cause of this great trouble he determined to return it forthwith to his kind neighbour. Taking a bridle in his hand he proceeded to the field to catch his horse, his wife kindly helping him. They both

ran up, one on each side, but, as the unruly steed showed no signs of stopping, the husband attempted to throw the bridle over his head. Not having visited Mexico in his travels, and thereby learned the use of the lassò, he missed his horse's head and—misfortune of misfortunes—struck his wife in the face with the iron bit, thus breaking the second condition! *He had struck her with steel!* She no sooner received the blow than—like Esau—she "cried with a great and exceeding bitter cry," and bidding her husband a last farewell, fled down the hill with lightning speed, dashed into the lake and disappeared beneath the smooth and glassy waters! Thus, it may be said that, if an apple—indirectly—occasioned the beginning of her married life, so an apple brought about its sad termination."

VII. MERIONETH.

The parish of Llanfachraith and its traditions have been the subject of some contributions to the first volume of the *Taliesin* (Clarke, Ruthin: 1859-60), pages 132-7, by a writer who calls himself Cofiadur. It was Glasynys, I believe, for the style seems to be his: he pretends to copy from an old manuscript of Hugh Bifan's—both the MS. and its owner were fictions of Glasynys's, I am told. These jottings contain two or three items about the fairies which seem to be genuine:—

"The bottom of Llyn Cynnwch is level with the hearthstone of the house of Dol y Clochydd. Its depth was found out owing to the sweetheart of one of Siwsi's girls having lost his way to her from Nannau, where he was a servant. The poor man had fallen into the lake, and gone down and down, when he found it becoming clearer the lower he got, until at last he alighted on a level spot where everybody and everything looked much as he had observed on the dry land. When he had reached the bottom of the lake, a short

fat old gentleman came to him and asked his business; he told him how it happened that he had come. He met with great welcome, and he stayed there a month without knowing that he had been there three days, and when he was going to leave, he was led out to his beloved by the inhabitants of the lake bottom. He asserted that the whole way was level except in one place, where they descended about a fathom into the ground, but, he added, it was necessary to ascend about as much to reach the hearthstone of Dol y Clochydd; but the most wonderful thing was that the stone lifted itself as he came up from the subterranean road towards it. It was thus the sweetheart arrived there one evening, when the girl was by the fire weeping for him. Siwsi had been out some days before, and she knew all about it though she said nothing to anybody. This, then, was the way the depth of Llyn Cynnwch got to be known."

Then he has a few sentences about an old house called Ceimarch:—"Ceimarch was an old mansion of considerable name, and in old times it was considered next, in the whole district, to Nannau in point of importance. There was a deep ditch round it, which was always kept full of water, with the view of keeping off vagabonds and thieves, as well as other lawless folks, that they might not take the inmates by surprise. But, in distant ages, this place was very noted for being visited frequently by the Fair Family. They used to come to the ditch to wash themselves, and to cross the water in boats made of the bark of the rowan tree, or else birch, and they came into the house to pay their rent for trampling the ground around the place. They always placed a piece of money under a pitcher, and the result was that the family living there became remarkably rich. But somehow, after the lapse of many years, the owner of the place offended them, by showing disrespect for their Diminutive Family: soon the world began to go against him, and it was not

long before he got low in life. Everything turned against him, and everybody formerly believed that all this came to his share, because he had incurred the displeasure of the Fair Family."

In the fifth volume of the *Brython*, p. 456, in the course of an Essay on the history of the Lordship of Mawddwy in Merioneth, considered the best in a competition at an Eisteddfod, held at Dinas Mawddwy, August 2nd, 1855, Glasynys gives the following bit about the Fairies of that neighbourhood: "The side of the Aran Fawddwy is a great place for the Fair Family; they are ever at it playing their games on the hillsides about this spot. It is said that they are numberless likewise about Bwlch y Groes. Once a boy crossed over near the approach of night, one summer eve, from the Gadfa to Mawddwy, and on his return he saw near Aber Rhiwlech a swarm of the Little Family at it dancing at full pelt. The boy began to run, with two of the maidens in pursuit of him, entreating him to stay; but Robin, for that was his name, kept running, and the two elves failed altogether in catching him, otherwise he would have been taken a prisoner of love. There are plenty of their dancing-rings to be seen on the hillsides between Aber Rhiwlech and Bwlch y Groes."

Here I would introduce two short tales, which I have only just now received, namely, from Mr. E. S. Roberts, Master of the Llantysilio School, near Llangollen. He has learnt them from one Abel Evans, who lives at present in the parish of Llantysilio; he is a native of the parish of Llandrillo on the slopes of the Berwyn, and of a glen in the same, known as Cwm Pennant, so called from its being drained by the Pennant, on its way to join the Dee. Now, Cwm Pennant was the resort of Fairies, or of a certain family of them, and the occurrence, related in the following tale, must have taken place no less than seventy years ago: it was well known to the late Mrs. Ellen Edwards of Llandrillo :—

"Ryw ddiwrnod aeth dau gyfaill i hela dwfrgwn ar hyd lannau afon Pennant, a thra yn cyfeirio eu camrau tuagat yr afon gwelsant ryw greadur bychan lliwgoch yn rhedeg yn gyflym iawn ar draws un o'r dolydd yn nghyfeiriad yr afon. Ymaeth a nhw ar ei ol. Gwelsant ei fod wedi myned odditan wraidd coeden yn ochr yr afon i ymguddio. Yr oedd y ddau ddyn yn meddwl mae dwfrgi ydoedd, ond ar yr un pryd yn methu a deall paham yr ymddanghosai i'w llygaid yn lliwgoch. Yr oeddynt yn dymuno eu ddal yn fyw, ac ymaith yr aeth un o honynt i ffarmdy gerllaw i cfyn am sach, yr hon a gafwyd, er mwyn rhoi y creadur ynddi. Yr oedd yno ddau dwll o tan wraidd y pren, a thra daliai un y sach yn agored ar un twll yr oedd y llall yn hwthio ffon i'r twll arall, ac yn y man aeth y creadur i'r sach. Yr oedd y ddau ddyn yn meddwl ei bod wedi dal dwfrgi, yr hyn a ystyrient yn orchest nid bychan. Cychwynasant gartref yn llawen ond cyn eu myned hyd lled cae, llefarodd llettywr y sach mewn ton drist gan ddywedyd—'Y mae fy mam yn galw am danaf, O, mae fy mam yn galw am danaf,' yr hyn a roddodd fraw mawr i'r ddau heliwr, ac yn y man taflasant y sach i lawr, a mawr oedd eu rhyfeddod a'u dychryn pan welsant ddyn bach mewn gwisg goch yn rhedeg o'r sach tuagat yr afon. Fe a ddiflanodd o'i golwg yn mysg y drysni ar fin yr afon. Yr oedd y ddau wedi eu brawychu yn ddirfawr ac yn teimlo mae doethach oedd myned gartref yn hytrach nag ymyraeth yn mhellach a Thylwyth Teg."

"One day, two friends went to hunt otters on the banks of the Pennant, and when they were directing their steps towards the river, they beheld some small creature of a red colour running fast across the meadows in the direction of the river. Off they ran after it, and saw that it went beneath the roots of a tree on the brink of the river to hide itself. The two men thought it was an otter, but, at the same time, they could not understand why it seemed to them to be of a

red colour. They wished to take it alive, and off one of them went to a farm-house that was not far away to ask for a sack, which he got, to put the creature into it. Now, there were two holes under the roots of the tree, and while one held the sack with its mouth open over one of them, the other pushed his stick into the other hole, and presently the creature went into the sack. The two men thought they had caught an otter, which they looked upon as no small feat. They set out for home, but before they had proceeded the width of one field, the inmate of the sack spoke to them in a sad voice, and said, 'My mother is calling for me; oh, my mother is calling for me!' This gave the two hunters a great fright, so that they at once threw down the sack; and great was their surprise to see a little man in a red dress running out of the sack towards the river. He disappeared from their sight in the bushes by the river. The two men were terrified greatly, and felt that it was more prudent to go home than meddle any further with the Fair Family."

The other story, which I now reproduce, was obtained by Mr. Roberts from the same Abel Evans. He learnt it from Mrs. Ellen Edwards, and it refers to a point in her lifetime, which Abel Evans fixes at ninety years ago. Mr. Roberts has not succeeded in recovering the name of the cottager of whom it speaks; but he lived on the side of the Berwyn, above Cwm Pennant, where till lately a cottage used to stand, near which the Fairies had one of their resorts:—

"Yr oedd perchen y bwthyn wedi amaethu rhyw ran fychan o'r mynydd ger llaw y ty er mwyn plannu pytatws ynddo. Felly y gwnaeth. Mewn coeden yn agos i'r fan canfyddodd nyth bran. Fe feddyliodd mae doeth fuasai iddo ddryllio y nyth cyn amlhau o'r brain. Fe a esgynodd y goeden ac a ddrylliodd y nyth, ac wedi disgyn i lawr canfyddodd gylch glas (fairy ring) oddiamgylch y pren, ac ar y gylch fe welodd hanner coron er ei fawr lawenydd. Wrth

fyned heibio yr un fan y boreu canlynol fe gafodd hanner coron yn yr un man ag y cafodd y dydd o'r blaen. Hyna fu am amryw ddyddiau. Un diwrnod dywedodd wrth gyfaill am eu hap dda ac a ddangosodd y fan a'r lle y cawsai yr hanner coron bob boreu. Wel y boreu canlynol nid oedd yno na hanner coron na dim arall iddo; oherwydd yr oedd wedi torri rheolau y Tylwythion trwy wneud eu haelioni yn hysbys. Y mae y Tylwythion o'r farn na ddylai y llaw aswy wybod yr hyn a wna y llaw ddehau."

"The occupier of the cottage had tilled a small portion of the mountain side near his home in order to plant potatoes, which he did. He observed that there was a rook's nest on a tree which was not far from this spot, and it struck him that it would be prudent to break the nest before the rooks multiplied. So he climbed the tree and broke the nest, and after coming down, he noticed a green circle (a fairy ring) round the tree, and on this ring he espied, to his great joy, half-a-crown. As he went by the same spot the following morning, he had another half-a-crown in the same place as before. So it happened for several days; but one day he told a friend of his good luck, and showed him the spot where he had half-a-crown every morning. Now, the next morning there was no half-a-crown there for him, nor anything else, because he had broken the rule of the Fair Folks, by making their liberality known, they being of opinion that the left hand should not know what the right hand does." So runs this short tale, which the old lady, Mrs. Edwards, and the people of the neighbourhood explained as an instance of the gratitude of the Fairies to a man who had rendered them a service, which in this case was supposed to have consisted in ridding them of the rooks that disturbed their merry-makings in the green ring beneath the branches of the tree.

It would be unpardonable to pass away from Merioneth

without alluding to the Stray Cow of Llyn Barfog. The story appears in Welsh in the *Brython* for 1860, pp. 183-4, but the contributor, who closely imitated Glasynys's style, says that he got his materials from a paper by the late Dr. Pughe of Aberdovey, by which he seems to have meant an article contributed by the latter to the *Archæologia Cambrensis*, and published in the volume for 1853, pp. 201-5. Dr. Pughe dwells in that article a good deal on the scenery of the corner of Merioneth in the rear of Aberdovey; but the chief thing in his paper is the legend connected with Llyn Barfog, which he rendered into English as the Bearded Lake. It is, however, just possible that it was originally Llyn y Barfog, or the Lake of the Bearded One. It is described as a mountain lake in a secluded spot in the upland country behind Aberdovey; but I shall let Dr. Pughe speak for himself:—

"The lovers of Cambrian lore are aware that the *Triads*, in their record of the Deluge, affirm that it was occasioned by a mystic Afanc y Llyn, crocodile of the lake, breaking the banks of Llyn Llion, the lake of waters; and the recurrence of that catastrophe was prevented only by Hu Gadarn, the bold man of power, dragging away the Afanc by aid of his Ychain Banawg, or large-horned oxen. Many a lakelet in our land has put forward its claim to the location of Llyn Llion; amongst the rest, this lake. Be that as it may, King Arthur and his war-horse have the credit amongst the mountaineers here of ridding them of the monster, in place of Hu the Mighty, in proof of which is shown an impression on a neighbouring rock, bearing a resemblance to those made by the shoe or hoof of a horse, as having been left there by his charger when our British Hercules was engaged in this redoubtable act of prowess; and this impression has been given the name of Carn March Arthur, the hoof of Arthur's horse, which it retains to this day. It is believed to be very perilous to let the waters out of the lake, and re-

cently an aged inhabitant of the district informed the writer that she recollected this being done during a period of long drought, in order to procure motive power for Llyn Pair Mill, and that long continued heavy rains followed. No wonder our bold but superstitious progenitors, awe-struck by the solitude of the spot—the dark sepial tint of its waters, unrelieved by the flitting apparition of a single fish, and seldom visited by the tenants of the air—should have established it as a canon in their creed of terror, that the lake formed one of the many communications between this outward world of ours and the inner or lower one of Annwn—the unknown world[1]—the dominion of Gwyn ap Nudd, the mythic king of the fabled realm, peopled by those children of mystery, Plant Annwn; and the belief is still current amongst the inhabitants of our mountains in the occasional visitations of the Gwragedd Annwn, or dames of Elfin land, to this upper world of ours. A shrewd old hill farmer (Thomas Abergraes by name) well skilled in the folk-lore of the district, informed me that, in years gone by, though when exactly, he was too young to remember, those dames were wont to make their appearance, arrayed in green, in the neighbourhood of Llyn Barfog, chiefly at eventide, accompanied by their kine and hounds, and that, on quiet summer nights in particular, these ban-hounds were often to be heard in full cry, pursuing their prey—the souls of doomed men dying without baptism and penance—along the upland township of Cefnrhosucha. Many a farmer had a sight of their comely milk-white kine; many a swain had his soul turned to romance and poesy by a sudden vision of themselves in the guise of damsels arrayed in green, and radiant in beauty and grace; and many a sportsman had his

[1] I should not like to vouch for the accuracy of Dr. Pughe's rendering of this and the other Welsh names he has introduced: that involves difficult questions.

path crossed by their white hounds of supernatural fleetness and comeliness, the Cwn Annwn; but never had any one been favoured with more than a passing view of either, till an old farmer residing at Dyssyrnant, in the adjoining valley of Dyffryn Gwyn, became at last the lucky captor of one of their milk-white kine. The acquaintance which the Gwartheg y Llyn, the kine of the lake, had formed with the former's cattle, like the loves of the angels for the daughters of men, became the means of capture; and the farmer was thereby enabled to add the mystic cow to his own herd, an event in all cases believed to be most conducive to the worldly prosperity of him who should make so fortunate an acquisition. Never was there such a cow, never such calves, never such milk and butter, or cheese, and the fame of the Fuwch Gyfeiliorn, the stray cow, was soon spread abroad through that central part of Wales known as the district of Rhwng y ddwy Afon, from the banks of the Mawddach to those of the Dofwy[1]—from Aberdiswnwy[2] to Abercorris. The farmer, from a small beginning, rapidly became, like Job, a man of substance, possessed of thriving herds of cattle—a very patriarch among the mountains. But, alas! wanting Job's restraining grace, his wealth made him proud, his pride made him forget his obligation to the Elfin cow, and fearing she might soon become too old to be profitable, he fattened her for the butcher, and then even she did not fail to distinguish herself, for a more monstrously fat beast was never seen. At last the day of slaughter came—an eventful day in the annals of a mountain farm—the killing of a fat cow, and such a monster of obesity! No wonder all the neighbours were gathered together to see the sight. The old farmer looked upon the

[1] The doctor meant the river known as Dyfi or Dovey; but he would seem to have had an etymology in his mind.

[2] This involves the name of the river called Disynwy.

preparations in self-pleased importance; the butcher felt he was about no common feat of his craft, and, baring his arm, he struck the blow—not now fatal, for before even an hair had been injured, his arm was paralysed—the knife dropped from his hand, and the whole company was electrified by a piercing cry, that awakened echo in a dozen hills, and made the welkin ring again; and lo and behold! the whole assemblage saw a female figure clad in green, with uplifted arms, standing on one of the craigs overhanging Llŷn Barfog, and heard her calling with a voice loud as thunder:—

'Dere di velen Einion,
Cyrn Cyveiliorn—braith y Llyn,
A'r voel Dodin,
Codwch, dewch adre.'

'Come yellow Anvil, stray horns,
Speckled one of the lake, and of the hornless Dodin,
Arise, Come home."[1]

And no sooner were these words of power uttered, than the original lake cow, and all her progeny to the third and fourth generations, were in full flight towards the heights of Llyn Barfog, as if pursued by the evil one. Self-interest quickly roused the farmer, who followed in pursuit, till breathless and panting, he gained an eminence overlooking the lake, but with no better success than to behold the green-attired dame leisurely descending mid-lake, accompanied by the fugitive cows, and her calves formed in a circle around her, they tossing their tails, she waving her hands in a scorn, as much as to say, 'You may catch us, my friend, if you can', as they

[1] It would, I think, be a little nearer the mark as follows:—

"Come Einion's Yellow one,
The Stray Horns, the Particoloured one of the Lake,
And the Hornless Dodin
Arise, come home."

However, one would like to know first whether *Dodin* was not rather *Dodyn*, to rhyme with *Llyn*.

disappeared beneath the dark waters of the lake, leaving only the yellow water-lily to mark the spot where they vanished, and to perpetuate the memory of this strange event. Meanwhile, the farmer looked with rueful countenance upon the spot where the elfin herd disappeared, and had ample leisure to deplore the effects of his greediness, as with them also departed the prosperity which had hitherto attended him, and he became impoverished to a degree below his original circumstances; and, in his altered circumstances, few felt pity for one who, in the noontide flow of prosperity, had shown himself so far forgetful of favours received, as to purpose slaying his benefactor."

Dr. Pughe did a very good thing in saving this legend from oblivion, but it would be very interesting to know how much of it is still current among the inhabitants of the retired district around Llyn Barfog. But to flit from the latter to the neighbouring watering-place, the question suggests itself to me as to the Bells of Aberdovey, with their melodious *un, dau, tri, pédwar, pump, chwech*, whether they were not Fairy bells—is there anything historical about them? The readers of Mr. Sikes's book need not be told that Welsh music connects itself in various ways with the belief in Fairies.

VIII. DYFED.

There is one kind of Fairy tale of which I think I have hitherto not given the reader a specimen: a good one is given in the third volume of the *Brython*, at p. 459, by a contributor who calls himself Idnerth ab Gwgan, who, I learn from Mr. Silvan Evans, the Editor, was no other than the Rev. Benjamin Williams, best known to Welsh antiquarians by his bardic name of Gwynionydd. The preface to the tale is also interesting, so I am tempted to render the whole into English as follows:—

"The Fair Family were wonderful creatures in the ima-

ginary world: they encamped, they walked, and they capered a great deal in former ages in our country, according to what we learn from some of our old people. It may be supposed that they were very little folks like the children of Rhys Ddwfn; for the old people used to imagine that they were wont to visit their hearths in great numbers in ages gone by. The girls at the farm-houses used to make the hearths clean after supper, and to place a cauldron full of water near the fire; and so they thought that the Fair Family came there to play at night, bringing sweethearts for the young women, and leaving pieces of money on the hob for them in the morning. Sometimes they might be seen as splendid hosts exercising themselves on our hills. They were very fond of the mountains of Dyfed; travellers between Lampeter and Cardigan used to see them on the hill of Llanwenog, but, by the time they had reached there, the fairies would be far away on the hills of Llandyssul, and when one had got where one expected to see the Family together in tidy array, they would be seen very busily engaged on the tops of Crug y Balog; when one got there they would be on Blaen Pant ar Fi, moving on and on to Bryn Bwa, and, finally, to some place or other in the lower part of Dyfed. Like the soldiers of our earthly world, they were possessed of terribly fascinating music; and in the autumnal season they had their rings, still named from them, in which they sang and danced. The young man of Llech y Derwydd[1] was his father's only son, as well as heir to the farm: so he was very dear to his father and his mother, nay, he was the light of their eyes. Now, the head servant and the son were bosom friends: they were like brothers together, or rather twin brothers. As the son and the servant were such friends, the farmer's wife used to get exactly the same kind of clothes prepared for the servant as for her son. The two

[1] Or, *Llech y Deri*, as Mr. Williams tells me in a letter, where he adds that he does not know the place, but that he took it to be in the Hundred of Cemmes.

fell in love with two handsome young women of very good reputation in the neighbourhood. The two couples were soon joined in honest wedlock, and great was the merry-making on the occasion. The servant had a suitable place to live on the farm of Llech y Derwydd; but about half a year after the son's marriage, he and his friend went out for sport, when the servant withdrew to a wild and retired corner to look for game. He returned presently for his friend, but when he got there he could not see him anywhere: he kept looking around for some time for him, shouting and whistling, but there was no sign of his friend. By and by, he went home to Llech y Derwydd expecting to see him, but no one knew anything about him. Great was the sorrow of his family through the night; but next day the anxiety was still greater. They went to see the place where his friend had seen him last: it was hard to tell whether his mother or his wife wept the more bitterly; but the father was a little better, though he also looked as if he were half mad with grief. The spot was examined, and, to their surprise, they saw a Fairy ring close by, and the servant recollected that he had heard the sound of very fascinating music somewhere or other about the time in question. It was at once agreed that the man had been unfortunate enough to have got into the ring of the Family, and to have been carried away by them, nobody knew whither. Weeks and months passed away, and a son was born to the heir of Llech y Derwydd, but the young father was not there to see his child, which the old people thought very hard. However, the little one grew up the very picture of his father, and great was his influence over his grandfather and grandmother; in fact he was everything with them. He grew up to be a man, and he married a good-looking girl in that neighbourhood; but her family did not enjoy the reputation of being kind-hearted people. The old folks

died, and their daughter-in-law also. One windy afternoon, in the month of October, the family of Llech y Derwydd beheld a tall thin old man, with his beard and hair white as snow, coming towards the house, and they thought he was a Jew. The servant maids stared at him, and their mistress laughed at the 'old Jew', at the same time that she lifted the children up to see him one after another. He came to the door and entered boldly enough, asking about his parents. The mistress answered him in an unusually surly and contemptuous tone, wondering why the 'drunken old Jew had come there', because they thought he had been drinking, and that he would otherwise not have spoken so. The old man cast wondering and anxious looks around on everything in the house, feeling as he did greatly surprised; but it was the little children about the floor that drew his attention most: his looks were full of disappointment and sorrow. He related the whole of his account, saying that he had been out the day before and that he was now returning. The mistress of the house told him that she had heard a tale about her husband's father, that he had been lost years before her birth while out sporting, whilst her father maintained that it was not true, but that he had been killed. She became angry, and quite lost her temper at seeing 'the old Jew' not going away. The old man was roused, saying that he was the owner of the house, and that he must have his rights. He then went out to see his possessions, and presently went to the house of the servant, where, to his surprise, things had greatly changed; after conversing with an aged man, who sat by the fire, the one began to scrutinize the other more and more. The aged man by the fire told him what had been the fate of his old friend the heir of Llech y Derwydd. They talked deliberately of the events of their youth, but it all seemed like a dream; in short, the old man in the corner concluded that his visitor was his old friend

the heir of Llech y Derwydd returning from the land of the Fair Family, after spending half a hundred years there. The other old man, with the snow-white beard, believed in his history, and much did they talk together and question one another for many hours. The old man by the fire said that the master of Llech y Derwydd was away from home that day, and he induced his aged visitor to eat some food, but, to the horror of all, the eater fell down dead on the spot. There is no record that an inquest was held over him, but the tale relates that the cause of it was that he ate food after having been so long in the world of the Fair Family. His old friend insisted on seeing him buried by the side of his ancestors; but the rudeness of the mistress of Llech y Derwydd to her father-in-law brought a curse on the family that clung to it to distant generations, and until the place had been sold nine times."

A tale like this is to be found related of Idwal of Nantclwyd in *Cymru Fu*, p. 85. I said a tale like this, but, on reconsidering the matter, I should say it is the very same tale passed through the hands of Glasynys, or some one of his imitators. Another of this kind will be found in the *Brython*, ii, p. 170, and several similar ones also in Sikes's book, chap. vi, either given at length, or referred to, as in the case of that of Llwyn y Nef, or Heaven's Grove, a place near Celynnog Fawr, in the county of Carnarvon. This last version is remarkable as substituting the music and felicity of Heaven for the merry dancing and fiddling of the Fairies, and the man charmed is no longer a farmer or shepherd, but a pious monk of Celynnog. The tale is given by Glasynys in *Cymru Fu*, pp. 183-4, where it was copied from the third volume of the *Brython*, p. 111, in which he had previously published it. Several versions of it in rhyme come down from the eighteenth century, and the Rev. D. Silvan Evans has brought together twenty-six of these stanzas in *St. David's*

College Magazine for 1881, pp. 191-200, where he has put into a few paragraphs all that is known about the song of the *Hen Wr o'r Coed*, or the Old Man of the Wood, in his usually clear and critical style.

A tale from the other end of the district, once occupied by Celts of the same branch as the Kymry, makes the man, and not the Fairies, supply the music. I owe it to the kindness of Mr. A. Clark, Fellow of Lincoln College, who heard it from the late sexton of the parish of Dollar, in Clackmannanshire. The latter died some twelve years ago, aged seventy: he had learnt the tale from his father. The following are Mr. Clark's words:—

"Glendevon is a parish and village in the Ochils in County Perth, about five miles from Dollar as you come up Glen Queich and down by Gloomhill. Glen Queich is a narrowish glen between two grassy hills—at the top of the glen is a round hill of no great height, but very neat shape, the grass of which is always short and trim, and the ferns on the shoulder of a very marked green. This, as you come up the glen, seems entirely to block the way. It is called the 'Maiden Castle'. Only when you come quite close, do you see the path winding round the foot of it. A little further on is a fine spring, bordered with flat stones, in the middle of a neat, turfy spot, called the 'Maiden's Well'.

"This road, till the new toll-road was made on the other side of the hills, was the thoroughfare between Dollar and Glendevon.

"*The Legend, as told by the 'Bethrel'.*

"A piper, carrying his pipes, was coming from Glendevon to Dollar in the grey of the evening. He crossed the Garchel (a little stream running into the Queich burn), and looked at the 'Maiden Castle', and saw only the grey hillside and heard only the wind soughing through the bent. He

had got beyond it when he heard a burst of lively music; he turned round and instead of the dark knoll saw a great castle, with lights blazing from the windows, and heard the noise of dancing issuing from the open door. He went back incautiously, and a procession issuing forth at that moment, he was caught and taken in to a great hall ablaze with lights, and people dancing on the floor. He had to pipe to them for a day or two, but he got anxious, because he knew his people would be wondering why he didn't come back in the morning as he had promised. The fairies seemed to sympathise with his anxiety, and promised to let him go if he played a favorite tune of his, which they seemed fond of, to their satisfaction. He played his very best, the dance went fast and furious, and at its close he was greeted with loud applause. On his release he found himself alone, in the grey of the evening, beside the dark hillock, and no sound was heard save the purr of the burn and the soughing of the wind through the bent. Instead of completing his journey to Dollar, he walked hastily back to Glendevon to relieve his folks' anxiety. He entered his father's house and found no kent face there. On his protesting that he had gone only a day or two ago, and waxing loud in his bewildered talk, a grey old man was roused from a doze behind the fire; and told how he had heard when a boy from his father that a piper had gone away to Dollar in a quiet evening, and had never been heard or seen since, nor any trace of him found. He had been in the 'castle' for a hundred years."

The term, *Plant Rhys Ddwfn*, or the children of Rhys the Deep, has already been brought before the reader, and the following account of them is given by Gwynionydd in the first volume of the *Brython*, p. 130, which deserves being cited at length:—"There is a tale current in Dyfed, that there is or rather that there has been, a country between Cemmaes, the northern Hundred of Pembrokeshire, and

Aberdaron in Lleyn. The chief patriarch of the inhabitants was Rhys Ddwfn, and his descendants used to be called after him the Children of Rhys Ddwfn. They were, it is said, a sufficiently handsome race, but remarkably small in size. It is stated that certain herbs of a strange nature grew in their land, so that they were able to keep their country from being seen by even the most sharpsighted of invaders. There is no account that these remarkable herbs grew in any part of the world excepting in a small spot about a square yard in area, in a certain part of Cemmaes. If it chanced that a man stood alone on it, he beheld the whole of the territory of *Plant Rhys Ddwfn;* but the moment he moved he would lose sight of it altogether, and it would have been utterly vain for him to look for his footprints. The Rhysians had not much land; they lived in towns. So they were wont in former times to come to market to Cardigan, and to raise the prices of things terribly. They were seen of no one coming or going, but only seen there in the market. When prices happened to be high, and the corn all sold, however much there might have been there in the morning, the poor used to say to one another on the way home, 'Oh! *they* were there to-day', meaning *Plant Rhys Ddwfn.* So they were dear friends in the estimation of Sion Phil Hywel the farmer; but not so high in the opinion of Dafydd the labourer. It is said, however, that they were very honest and resolute men. A certain Gruffydd ab Einon was wont to sell them more corn than anybody else, and so he was a great friend of theirs. He was honoured by them beyond all his contemporaries in being led on a visit to their home. As they were great traders like the Phœnicians of old, they had treasures from all countries under the sun. Gruffydd, after feasting his eyes to satiety on their wonders, was led back by them loaded with presents. But before taking leave of them, he

asked them how they succeeded in keeping themselves safe from invaders, as one of their number might become unfaithful, and go beyond the virtue of the herbs that formed their safety. 'O!' replied the little old man of shrewd looks, 'just as Ireland has been blessed with a soil on which venomous reptiles cannot live, so with our land, no traitor can live here. Look at the sand on the seashore, perfect unity prevails there, and so among us. Rhys, the father of our race, bade us, even to the most distant descendant, honour our parents and ancestors; love our own wives without looking at those of our neighbours; and do our best for our children and grandchildren. And he said that if they did so, no one of them would ever prove unfaithful to another or become what you call a traitor. The latter is a wholly imaginary character among us; strange pictures are drawn of him with his feet like those of an ass, with a nest of snakes in his bosom, with a head like the devil's, with hands somewhat like a man's, while one of them holds a large knife, and the family lies dead around the figure. Good bye!' When Gruffydd looked about him he lost sight of the country of *Plant Rhys*, and found himself near his home. He became very wealthy after this, and continued a great friend of *Plant Rhys* so long as he lived. After Gruffydd's death they came to market again, but such was the greed of the farmers, like Gruffydd before them, for riches, and so unreasonable were the prices they asked for their corn, that the Rhysians took offence and came no more to Cardigan to market. The old people used to think that they now went to Fishguard market, as very strange people were wont to be seen there."

With this should be compared, pages 9 and 10 of Sikes' book, where mention is made of sailors on the coast of Pembrokeshire and Carmarthenshire, "who still talk of the green meadows of enchantment lying in the Irish Channel to the

west of Pembrokeshire", and of men who had landed on them, or seen them suddenly vanishing. The author then goes on without giving any clue to the source on which he drew, in the following strain :—" The fairies inhabiting these islands are said to have regularly attended the markets at Milford Haven and Laugharne. They made their purchases without speaking, laid down their money and departed, always leaving the exact sum required, which they seemed to know, without asking the price of anything. Sometimes they were invisible; but they were often seen by sharp-eyed persons. There was always one special butcher at Milford Haven upon whom the fairies bestowed their patronage, instead of distributing their favours indiscriminately. The Milford Haven folk could see the green Fairy Islands distinctly, lying out a short distance from land; and the general belief was that they were densely peopled with fairies. It was also said that the latter went to and fro between the islands and the shore, through a subterranean gallery under the bottom of the sea."

Another tale given in the *Brython*, vol. ii, p. 20, by a writer who gives his name as B. Davies, will serve to show, short though it be, that the term *Plant Rhys Ddwfn* was not confined to those honestly dealing Fairies, but was used in a sense wholly synonymous with that of *Tylwyth Teg*, as understood in other parts of Wales. It is as follows :—" One hot calm day, when the sun of heaven was brilliantly shining, and the hay in the dales was being busily made by lads and lasses, and by grown-up people of both sexes, a woman in the neighbourhood of Emlyn placed her one-year old infant in the *gadair* or chair, as the cradle is called in these parts, and out she went to the field for a while, intending to return, when her neighbour, an old woman, overtaken by the decrepitude of eighty summers, should call to her that her darling was crying. It was not long before she heard the

old woman calling to her; she ran hurriedly, and as soon as she set foot on the kitchen floor she took her little one in her arms as usual, saying to him, 'O my little one! thy mother's delight art thou! I would not take the world for thee, etc.' But to her surprise he had a very old look about him, and the more the tender-hearted mother gazed at his face, the stranger it seemed to her, so that at last she placed him in the cradle and told her trouble and sorrow to her relations and acquaintances. And after this one and the other had given his opinion, it was agreed at last that it was one of *Rhys Ddwfn's* children that was in the cradle, and not her dearly loved baby. In this distress there was nothing to do but to fetch a sorcerer, as fast as the fastest horse could gallop. He said, when he saw the child, that he had seen his like before, and that it would be a hard job to get rid of him, though not such a very hard job this time. The shovel was made red hot in the fire by one of the Cefnarth[1] boys, and held before the child's face; and in an instant the short little old man took to his heels, and neither he nor his like was seen afterwards, from Abercuch to Aberbargoed at any rate. The mother, it is said, found her darling unscathed the next moment. I remember also hearing that the strange son was as old as the grandfather of the one that had been lost."[2]

As I see no reason to make any great distinction between lake-maidens and sea-maidens, I now give Gwynionydd's account of the mermaid, who was found by a fisherman from St. Dogmel's, near Cardigan, *Brython*, i, p. 82:—

[1] This is more usually written and pronounced Cenarth, the name of a parish on the Teivi, where the three counties of Cardigan, Pembroke, and Carmarthen meet.

[2] B. Davies, that is, Benjamin Davies, who gives this tale, was, as I learn from Gwynionydd, a native of Cenarth. He was a schoolmaster for about twelve years, and died in October 1859 at Merthyr, near Carmarthen; he describes him as a good and intelligent man.

"One fine afternoon in summer, in the beginning of the last century, a fisherman, whose name was Pergrin,[1] went to a recess in the rock, near Pen Cemmaes, where he found a sea-maiden doing her hair, and he took the water-lady prisoner to his boat. . . . We know not what language is used by sea-maidens . . . . but this one, this time at any rate, talked, it is said, very good Welsh; for when she was in despair in Pergrin's custody, weeping copiously, and with her tresses all dishevelled, she called out: 'Pergrin, if thou wilt let me go, I will give thee three shouts in thy time of greatest need.' So, in wonder and fear, he let her go to walk the streets of the deep, and visit her sweethearts there. Days and weeks passed without Pergrin seeing her after this; but one hot afternoon, when the sea was pretty calm, and the fisherman had no thought of danger, behold his old acquaintance showing her head and locks, and shouting out, in a loud voice: 'Pergrin! Pergrin! Pergrin! take up thy nets, take up the nets, take up the nets!' Pergrin and his companion instantly obeyed the message, and drew in their nets with great haste. In they went, past the bar, and by the time they had reached the Pwll Cam, the most terrible storm had overspread the sea, while Pergrin and his companion were safe on land. Twice nine others had gone out with them, but they were all drowned without having the chance of obeying the warning of the water-lady."

A writer in the fourth volume of the *Brython*, p. 194, states that the people of Nefyn in Lleyn claim the story of Pergrin and the Mermaid as belonging to them, which proves that a similar legend has been current there; add to this the fact mentioned in the *Brython*, iii, p. 336, that a red mermaid, with yellow hair, on a white field, figures in the coat of arms

[1] This name which may have come from Little England below Wales, was once not uncommon in South Cardiganshire, as Mr. Williams informs me, but it is now changed as a surname into Davies and Jones!

of one branch of a family derived from Glasfryn, in the parish of Llangybi, in Eifionydd—perhaps it would not be too much to expect some member of this family to give our readers the history of this device. We have already suggested that Glasynys's story was made up, to a certain extent, of materials found on the coasts of Carnarvonshire. A small batch of stories about South Wales Mermaids, is given by a writer, who calls himself Ab Nadol,[1] in the *Brython*, iv, p. 310, as follows:—

"A few rockmen are said to have been working, about eighty years ago, in a quarry near Porth y Rhaw, when the day was calm and clear, with nature, as it were, feasting, the flowers shedding sweet scent around, and the hot sunshine beaming into the jagged rocks. Though an occasional wave rose to strike the romantic cliffs, the sea was like a placid lake, with its light coverlet of blue attractive enough to entice one of the ladies of *Rhys Ddwfn* forth from the town, seen by Daniel Huws off Trefin, as he was journeying between Fishguard and St. Davids, in the year 1858, to make her way to the top of a stone and to sit on it to disentangle her flowing silvery hair. Whilst she was cleaning herself, the rockmen went down, and when they got near her they perceived that, from her waist upwards, she was like the lasses of Wales, but that, from her waist downwards, she had the body of a fish. And, when they began to talk to her, they found she spoke Welsh, though she only uttered the following few words to them: 'Reaping in Pembrokeshire and weeding in Carmarthenshire.' Off she then went to walk in the depth of the sea towards her home. Another tale is repeated about a mermaid, said to have been caught by men below the land of Llanwnda, near the spot, if not on the spot, where the French made their landing afterwards, and three miles to the west of Fishguard. It then goes on to say that they carried

[1] Perhaps some one of the Cymmrodorion will tell us who he was.

her to their home, and kept her in a secure place for some time; before long, she begged to be allowed to return to the Brine Land, and gave the people of the house three bits of advice; "but I only remember one of them", he writes, "and this is it: 'Skim the surface of the pottage before adding sweet milk to it: it will be whiter and sweeter, and less of it will do.' I was told that this family follow the three advices to this day."

After putting the foregoing bits together, I was favoured by Mr. Benjamin Williams, though he was at the time in the bitterness of domestic bereavement, with notes on the tales and the persons from whom he heard them. Mr. Williams is better known to Welsh antiquaries by his bardic name of Gwynionydd, and his communications form the contents of two or three letters, mostly answers to queries of mine. The following is the substance of them:—Mr. Williams is a native of the valley of Troed yr Aur in the Cardiganshire parish of Penbryn or Llanfihangel Penbryn, where I had once the pleasure of examining the ancient monument of Corbalengi. He spent a part of his youth at Verwig, in the parish of that name, in the angle between the northern bank of the Teivi and the Cardigan Bay. He heard of Rhys Ddwfn's Children first from a distant relative of his father's, a Catherine Thomas, who came to visit her daughter, who lived not far from his father's house: that would now be from forty-eight to fifty years ago. He was very young at the time, and formed a wonderful idea of those creatures, which was partly due also to the talk of one James Davies or Siams Mocyn, who was very well up in folk-lore, and was one of his father's next-door neighbours. He was an old man, and nephew to the musician, David Jenkin Morgan. The only spot near Mr. Williams's home, that used to be frequented by the Fairies, was Cefn y Ceirw, or the Stags' Ridge, a large farm, so called from having been kept as a park for their deer by

the Lewises of Abernant Bychan. He adds that the late Mr. Philipps of Aberglasney was very fond of talking of things in his native neighbourhood, and of mentioning the Fairies at Cefn y Ceirw. It was after moving to Verwig that Mr. Williams began to put the tales he heard on paper: then he came in contact with three brothers, whose names were John, Owen, and Thomas Evans. They were well to do and respectable bachelors, living together on the large farm of Hafod Ruffydd. Thomas was a man of very strong common sense, and worth consulting on any subject: he was a good arithmetician, and a constant reader of *Seren Gomer* from its first appearance. He thoroughly understood the bardic metres, and had a fair knowledge of music. He was well versed in Scripture, and filled the office of deacon at the Baptist Chapel. His death took place in the year 1864. Now, the eldest of the three brothers, the one named John, or Siôn, was then about seventy-five years of age, and he thoroughly believed in the tales about the Fairies, as will be seen from the following short dialogue:—

Siôn: "Williams bach, ma'n rhaid i bod nhw'i gâl: yr w i'n cofio yn amser Bone fod marchnad Aberteifi yn llawn o lafir yn y bore—digon yno am fis—ond cin pen hanner awr yr ôdd y cwbwl wedi darfod. Nid ôdd possib i gweld nhwi: mâ gida nhwi faint a fynnon nhwi o arian."

Williams: "Siwt na fyse dynion yn i gweld nhwi ynte, Siôn?"

Siôn: "O mâ gida nhwi ddynion fel ninne yn pryni drostyn nhwi; ag y mâ nhwi fel yr hen siowmin yna yn gelli gneid pob tric."

Siôn: "My dear Williams, it must be that they exist: I remember Cardigan market, in the time of Bonaparte, full of corn in the morning—enough for a month—but in less than half an hour it was all gone. It was impossible to see them: they have as much money as they like."

Williams: "How is it, then, that men did not see them, Siôn?"

Siôn: "O, they have men like us to do the buying for them; and they can, like those old showmen, do every kind of trick."

At this kind of display of simplicity on the part of his brother, Thomas used to smile and say: "My brother Siôn believes such things as those"; for he had no belief in them himself. Still it is from his mouth that Mr. Williams published the tales in the *Brython*, which have been reproduced here, that of "Pergrin and the Mermaid", and all that of the "Heir of Llech y Derwydd", not to mention the ethical element in the account of Rhys Ddwfn's country and its people, probably the product of his mind. Thomas Evans, or as he was really called, Tommos Ifan, was given rather to grappling with the question of the origin of such beliefs; so one day he called Mr. Williams out, and led him to a spot, about four hundred yards from Bol y Fron, where the latter then lived: he pointed to the setting sun, and asked Mr. Williams what he thought of the glorious sunset before them. "It is all produced", he then observed, "by the reflection of the sun's rays on the mist: one might think", he went on to say, "that there was there a paradise of a country full of fields, forests, and everything that is desirable." And before they had moved away the grand scene had disappeared, when Tommos suggested that the idea of the existence of the country of Rhys Ddwfn's Children arose from the contemplation of that phenomenon. I have many a time viewed the same sort of scene, and never without its suggesting to my mind the same idea, that of a resplendent paradise in the west. It is the waking dream of a Celt no doubt, but it forms a key to a good deal of Celtic legend, which I cannot now stay to make use of. Suffice it to say that Tommos Ifan was probably far ahead of all the Welsh

historians who try to extract history from the story of *Cantre 'r Gwaelod*, or the Bottom Hundred, beneath the waves of the Cardigan Bay. Lastly, besides Mr. Williams' contributions to the *Brython*, and a small volume of poetry, entitled *Briallen glan Ceri*, some tales of his were published by Llallawg in *Bygones* some years ago, and he had the prize at the Cardigan Eisteddfod of 1866 for the best collection in Welsh of the folklore of Dyfed: he thinks that it contained in all thirty-six tales of all kinds, but since the manuscript, as the property of the Committee of that Eisteddfod, was sold, he cannot now consult it: in fact he is not certain as to who the owner of it may now be, though he has an idea that it is either the Rev. Rees Williams, Vicar of Whitchurch, Solva, Pembrokeshire; or R. D. Jenkins, Esq., of Cilbronau, Cardiganshire. Whoever the owner may be, he would probably be only too glad to have it published, and I mention this merely to call the attention of the Cymmrodorion and our Editor to it. The Eisteddfod is to be praised for encouraging local research, and sometimes also for burying the results in obscurity, but not always.

IX. Glamorgan.

Mr. Craigfryn Hughes, the author of a Welsh novellette,[1] with its scene laid in Glamorgan, having induced me to take a copy, I read it and found it full of local colouring. Then I ventured to sound the author on the question of Fairy Tales, and the reader of the *Cymmrodor* will be able to judge how hearty the response has been. Before reproducing the tale which Mr. Hughes has sent me, I will briefly put into English his account of himself and his authorities. Mr. Hughes lives at the Quakers' Yard, in the neighbourhood of Pontypridd, in Glamorgan. His father was not a believer

[1] *Y Ferch o Gefn Ydfa*, by Isaac Craigfryn Hughes, and published by Messrs. Daniel, Owen, Howell and Co., Cardiff. 1881.

in tales about Fairies or the like, and he learned all he knows of the traditions about them, in his father's absence, from his grandmother and other old people. This old lady's name was Rachel Hughes. She was born at Pandy Pont y Cymmer, near Pontypool, in the year 1773; but she came to live in the parish of Llanfabon, near the Quakers' Yard, when she was only twelve years of age. There she continued to live to the day of her death, which took place in 1864, so that she was about 91 years of age at the time. Mr. Hughes adds that he remembers many of the old inhabitants besides his grandmother, who were perfectly familiar with the story he has put on record; but only two of them are still alive, and those are both over 90 years old, with their minds overtaken by the childishness of old age, though it is only a short time since the death of another, who was, as he says, a walking library of tales about Corpse Candles, Ghosts, and *Bendith y Mamau*, or The Mothers' Blessing, as the Fairies are usually called in Glamorgan. Mr. Hughes's father tried to prevent his children being taught any tales about ghosts, corpse candles, or Fairies; but the grandmother found opportunities of telling them plenty, and Mr. Hughes vividly describes the effect on his mind when he was a boy; how frightened he used to feel; how he pulled the clothes over his head in bed; and how he half suffocated himself thereby under the effects of the fear the tales used to fill him with. Then, as to the locality, he makes the following remarks:—"There are few people who have not heard something or other about the old graveyard of the Quakers, which was made by Lydia Phil, a lady who lived at a neighbouring farmhouse, called Cefn y Fforest. This old graveyard lies in the eastern corner of the parish of Merthyr Tydfil, on land called Pantannas, as to the meaning of which there is much controversy. Some will have it that it is properly Pant yr Aros, or the Hollow of

the Staying, because travellers were sometimes stopped there over night by the swelling of the neighbouring river; others treat it as Pant yr Hanes, the Hollow of the Legend, in allusion to the following story. But before the graveyard was made, the spot was called Rhyd y Grug, or the Ford of the Heather, which grows thereabouts in abundance. In front of the old graveyard towards the south the rivers Taff and Bargoed, which some would make into Byrgoed or Short-Wood, meet with each other, and thence rush in one over terrible cliffs of the rock, in the recesses of which lie huge *cerwyni* or cauldron-like pools, called respectively the Gerwyn Fach, the Gerwyn Fawr, and the Gerwyn Ganol, where many a drowning has taken place. As one walks up over Tarren y Crynwyr or the Quakers' Rift, until Pantannas is reached, and proceeds northwards for about a mile and a half, one arrives at a farmhouse called Pen Craig Dâf[1], which means the top of the Taff Rock. The path between the two houses leads through fertile fields, in which may be seen, if one has eyes to observe, small rings which are greener than the rest of the ground. They are, in fact, green even as compared with the greenness around them—these are the

[1] On Pen Craig Dâf Mr. Hughes gives the following note:—It was the residence of Dafydd Morgan or "Counsellor Morgan", who, he says, was executed on Kensington Common for taking the side of the Pretender. He had retreated to Pen y Graig, where his abode was, in order to conceal himself; but he was discovered and carried away at night. Here follows a verse from an old ballad about him:—

"Dafydd Morgan ffel a ffol,
Fe aeth yn ol ei hyder:
Fe neidodd naid at *rebel* haid,
Pan drodd o blaid Pretender."

Taffy Morgan, shrewd and daft,
He did his bent go after—
He leaps a leap to rebel swarms,
And arms for the Pretender.

rings in which *Bendith y Mamau* used to meet to sing and dance all night. If a man happened to get inside one of these circles when the Fairies were there, he could not be got out in a hurry, as they would charm him and lead him into some of their caves, where they would keep him for ages, unawares to him, listening to their music. The rings vary greatly in size, but in point of form they are all either round or oval. I have heard my grandmother", says Mr. Hughes, "reciting and singing several of the songs the Fairies sang in these rings. One of them began thus:—

"'Canu, canu, drwy y nos,
Dawnsio, dawnsio, ar waen y rhos
Yn ngoleuni 'r lleuad dlos:
Hapus ydym ni!

"'Pawb ohonom sydd yn llon
Heb un gofid dan ei fron:
Canu, dawnsio, ar y ton[1]—
Dedwydd ydym ni!'

Singing, singing through the night,
Dancing, dancing with our might,
Where the moon the moor doth light,
Happy ever we!

One and all of merry mien,
Without sorrow are we seen,
Singing, dancing on the green:
Gladsome ever we!

Here follows the story of *Bendith y Mamau's* revenge in Mr. Hughes's own Welsh:—

"Yn un o'r canrifoedd a aethant heibio, preswyliai amaethwr yn nhyddyn Pantannas, a'r amser hwnw yr oedd bendith y mamau yn ymwelwyr aml ag amryw gaeau perthynol iddo ef,

[1] A *ton* is any green field that is used for grazing, and not meant to be mown, land which has, as it were, its skin of grassy turf unbroken for years by the plough.

a theimlai yntau gryn gasineb yn ei fynwes at yr 'atras fwstrog, lleisiog, a chynllwynig,' fel y galwai hwynt, a mynych yr hiraethai am allu dyfod o hyd i ryw lwybr er cael eu gwared oddiyno. O'r diwedd hysbyswyd ef gan hen reibwraig, fod y ffordd i gael eu gwared yn ddigon hawdd, ac ond iddo ef roddi godro un hwyr a boreu iddi hi, yr hysbysai y ffordd iddo gyrhaedd yr hyn a fawr ddymunai. Boddlonodd i'w thelerau, a derbyniodd yntau y cyfarwyddyd, yr hyn ydoedd fel y canlyn:—Ei fod i aredig yr holl gaeau i ba rai yr oedd eu hoff ymgyrchfan, ac ond iddynt hwy unwaith golli y ton glas, y digient, ac na ddeuent byth mwy i'w boeni drwy eu hymweliadau a'r lle.

"Dilynodd yr amaethwr ei chyfarwyddyd i'r llythyren, a choronwyd ei waith a llwyddiant. Nid oedd yr un o honynt i'w weled oddeutu y caeau yn awr; ac yn lle sain eu caniadau soniarus, a glywid bob amser yn dyrchu o Waen y Rhos, nid oedd dim ond y dystawrwydd trylwyraf yn teyrnasu o gylch eu hen a'u hoff ymgyrchfan.

"Hauodd yr amaethwr wenith, &c. yn y caeau, ac yr oedd y gwanwyn gwyrddlas wedi gwthio y gauaf oddiar ei sedd, ac ymddangosai y maesydd yn ardderchog, yn eu llifrai gwyrddleision a gwanwynol.

"Ond un prydnawn, ar ol i'r haul ymgilio i ystafelloedd y gorllewin, tra yr oedd amaethwr Pantanas yn dychwelyd tua ei gartref, cyfarfyddwyd ag ef gan fod bychan ar ffurf dyn, yn gwisgo hugan goch; a phan ddaeth gyferbyn ag ef dadweiniodd ei gledd bychan, gan gyfeirio ei flaen at yr amaethwr, a dywedyd,

Dial a ddaw
Y mae gerllaw.

"Ceisiodd yr amaethwr chwerthin, ond yr oedd rhywbeth yn edrychiad sarug a llym y gwr bychan, ag a barodd iddo deimlo yn hynod o annymunol.

"Ychydig o nosweithiau yn ddiweddarach, pan oedd y teulu

ar ymneullduo i'w gorphwysleoedd, dychrynwyd hwy yn fawr iawn gan drwst, fel pe byddai y ty yn syrthio i lawr bendramwnwgl, ac yn union ar ol i'r twrf beidio, clywent y geiriau bygythiol a ganlyn yn cael eu parablu yn uchel,

Daw dial

a dim yn rhagor.

"Pan oedd yr yd wedi cael ei fedi ac yn barod i gael ei gywain i'r ysgubor, yn sydyn ryw noswaith llosgwyd ef fel nad oedd yr un dywysen na gwellt yn i'w gael yn un man o'r caeau, ac nis gallasai neb fod wedi gosod yr yd ar dan ond Bendith y Mamau.

"Fel ag y mae yn naturiol i ni feddwl teimlodd yr amaethwr yn fawr oherwydd y tro, ac edifarhaodd yn ei galon ddarfod iddo erioed wrando a gwneuthur yn ol cyfarwyddyd yr hen reibwraig, ac felly ddwyn arno ddigofaint a chasineb Bendith y Mamau.

"Dranoeth i'r noswaith y llosgwyd yr yd fel yr oedd yn arolygu y difrod achoswyd gan y tan, wele'r gwr bychan ag ydoedd wedi ei gyfarfod ychydig o ddiwrnodau yn flaenorol yn ei gyfarfod eilwaith a chyda threm herfeiddiol pwyntiodd ei gleddyf ato gan ddywedyd,

Nid yw ond dechreu.

Trodd gwyneb yr amaethwr cyn wyned a'r marmor, a safodd gan alw y gwr bychan yn ol, ond bu y cor yn hynod o wydn ac anewyllysgar i droi ato, ond ar ol hir erfyn arno trodd yn ei ol gan ofyn yn sarug beth yr oedd yr amaethwr yn ei geisio, yr hwn a hysbysodd iddo ei fod yn berffaith foddlon i adael y caeau lle yr oedd eu hoff ymgyrchfan i dyfu yn don eilwaith, a rhoddi caniatad iddynt i ddyfod iddynt pryd y dewisont, ond yn unig iddynt beidio dial eu llid yn mhellach arno ef.

"'Na', oedd yr atebiad penderfynol, 'y mae gair y brenhin wedi ei roi y bydd iddo ymddial arnat hyd eithaf ei allu ac nid oes dim un gallu ar wyneb y greadigaeth a bair iddo gael ei dynu yn ol.'

"Dechreuodd yr amaethwr wylo ar hyn, ond yn mhen ychydig hysbysodd y gwr bychan y byddai iddo ef siarad a'i benaeth ar y mater, ac y cawsai efe wybod y canlyniad ond iddo ddyfod i'w gyfarfod ef yn y fan hono amser machludiad haul drennydd.

"Addawodd yr amaethwr ddyfod i'w gyfarfod, a phan ddaeth yr amser appwyntiedig o amgylch iddo i gyfarfod a'r bychan cafodd ef yno yn ei aros, ac hysbysodd iddo fod y penaeth wedi ystyried ei gais yn ddifrifol, ond gan fod ei air bob amser yn anghyfnewidiol y buasai y dialedd bygythiedig yn rhwym o gymeryd lle ar y teulu, ond ar gyfrif ei edifeirwch ef na chawsai ddigwydd yn ei amser ef nac eiddo ei blant.

"Llonyddodd hyny gryn lawer ar feddwl terfysglyd yr amaethwr, a dechreuodd Bendith y Mamau dalu eu hymweliadau a'r lle eilwaith a mynych y clywid sain eu cerddoriaeth felusber yn codi o'r caeau amgylchynol yn ystod y nos.

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"Pasiodd canrif heibio heb i'r dialedd bygythiedig gael ei gyflawnu, ac er fod teulu Pantannas yn cael eu hadgofio yn awr ac eilwaith, y buasai yn sicr o ddigwydd hwyr neu hwyrach, eto wrth hir glywed y waedd,

Daw dial

ymgynnefinasant a hi nes eu bod yn barod i gredu na fuasai dim yn dyfod o'r bygythiad byth.

"Yr oedd etifedd Pantannas yn caru a merch i dirfeddianydd cymydogaethol a breswyliai mewn tyddyn o'r enw Pen Craig Daf. Yr oedd priodas y par dedwydd i gymeryd lle ym mhen ychydig wythnosau ac ymddangosai rhieni y cwpl ieuangc yn hynod o foddlon i'r ymuniad teuluol ag oedd ar gymeryd lle.

"Yr oedd yn amser y Nadolig—a thalodd y ddarpar wraig ieuangc ymweliad a theulu ei darpar wr, ac yr oedd yno wledd o wydd rostiedig yn baratoedig gogyfer a'r achlysur.

"Eisteddai y cwmni oddeutu y tan i adrodd rhyw chwedlau difyrus er mwyn pasio yr amser, pryd y cawsant eu dychrynu yn fawr gan lais treiddgar yn derchafu megis o wely yr afon yn gwaeddi

Daeth amser ymddial.

"Aethant oll allan i wrando a glywent y lleferydd eilwaith, ond nid oedd dim i'w glywed ond brochus drwst y dwfr wrth raiadru dros glogwyni aruthrol y cerwyni. Ond ni chawsant aros i wrando yn hir iawn cyn iddynt glywed yr un lleferydd eilwaith yn dyrchafu i fyny yn uwch na swn y dwfr pan yn bwrlymu dros ysgwyddau y graig, ac yn gwaeddi, Daeth yr amser.

"Nis gallent ddyfalu beth yr oedd yn ei arwyddo, a chymaint ydoedd eu braw a'u syndod fel nad allent lefaru yr un gair a'u gilydd. Yn mhen enyd dychwelasant i'r ty a chyn iddynt eistedd credent yn ddios fod yr adeilad yn cael ei ysgwyd idd ei sylfeini gan ryw dwrf y tuallan. Pan yr oedd yr oll wedi cael eu parlysio gan fraw, wele fenyw fechan yn gwneuthur ei hymddangosiad ar y bwrdd o'u blaen, yr hwn oedd yn sefyll yn agos i'r ffenestr.

"'Beth yr wyt yn ei geisio yma, y peth bychan hagr?' holai un o'r gwyddfodolion.

"'Nid oes gennyf unrhyw neges a thi, y gwr hir dafod', oedd atebiad y fenyw fechan. 'Ond yr wyf wedi cael fy anfon yma i adrodd rhyw bethau ag sydd ar ddigwydd i'r teulu hwn, a theulu arall o'r gymmydogaeth ag a ddichon fod o ddyddordeb iddynt, ond gan i mi dderbyn y fath sarhad oddiar law y gwr du ag sydd yn eistedd yn y cornel, ni fydd i mi godi y llen ag oedd yn cuddio y dyfodol allan o'u golwg.'

"'Atolwg os oes yn dy feddiant ryw wybodaeth parth dyfodol rhai o honom, ag a fyddai yn ddyddorol i ni gael ei glywed dwg hi allan,' ebai un arall o'r gwyddfodolion.

"'Na wnaf, ond yn unig hysbysu, fod calon gwyryf fel

llong ar y traeth yn methu cyrhaedd y porthladd o herwydd digalondid y *Pilot*.'

"A chyda ei bod yn llefaru y gair diweddaf diflanodd o'u gwydd, na wyddai neb i ba le na pha fodd!

"Drwy ystod ei hymweliad hi, peidiodd y waedd a godasai o'r afon, ond yn fuan ar ol iddi ddiflanu, dechreuodd eilwaith a chyhoeddi, 'Daeth amser dial'—ac ni pheidiodd am hir amser. Yr oedd y cynulliad wedi cael eu meddianu a gormod o fraw i fedru llefaru yr un gair, ac yr oedd llen o brudd-der yn daenedig dros wyneb pob un o honynt. Daeth amser iddynt i ymwahanu, ac aeth Rhydderch y mab i hebrwng Gwenfrewi ei gariadferch tua Phen Craig Daf, o ba siwrnai ni ddychwelodd byth.

"Cyn ymadael a'i fun dywedir iddynt dyngu bythol ffyddlondeb i'w gilydd, pe heb weled y naill y llall byth ond hyny, ac nad oedd dim a allai beri iddynt anghofio eu gilydd.

"Mae yn debygol i'r llangc Rhydderch pan yn dychwelyd gartref gael ei hun oddifewn i un o gylchoedd Bendith y Mamau, ac yna iddynt ei hud-ddenu i mewn i un o'u hogofau yn Nharren y Cigfrain, ac yno y bu.

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"Y mae yn llawn bryd i ni droi ein gwynebau yn ol tua Phantannas a Phen Craig Daf. Yr oedd rhieni y bachgen anffodus yn mron gwallgofi. Nid oedd ganddynt yr un drychfeddwl i ba le i fyned i chwilio amdano, ac er chwilio yn mhob man a phob lle methwyd yn glir a dyfod o hyd iddo, na chael gair o' i hanes.

"Ychydig i fyny yn y cwm mewn ogof danddaearol trigfanai hen feudwy oedranus, yr hwn hefyd a ystyrid yn ddewin, o'r enw Gwerfyl. Aethant yn mhen ychydig wythnosau i ofyn iddo ef, a fedrai roddi iddynt ryw wybodaeth parthed i'w mab colledig—ond i ychydig bwrpas. Ni wnaeth yr hyn a adroddodd Gwerfyl wrthynt ond dyfnhau y clwyf a rhoi golwg fwy anobeithiol fyth ar yr amgylchiad. Ar ol iddynt hysbysu ynghylch ymddangosiad y fenyw fechan

ynghyd a'r llais wylofus a glywsent yn derchafu o'r afon y nos yr aeth ar goll, hysbysodd Gwerfyl iddynt mai y farn fygythiedig ar y teulu gan Fendith y Mamau, oedd wedi goddiweddid y llangc, ac nad oedd o un diben iddynt feddwl cael ei weled byth mwyach! Ond feallai y gwnelai ei ymddangosiad yn mhen oesau, ond ddim yn eu hamser hwy.

"Pasiai yr amser heibio, a chwyddodd yr wythnosau i fisoedd, a'r misoedd i flynyddoedd, a chasglwyd tad a mam Rhydderch at eu tadau. Yr oedd y lle o hyd yn parhau yr un, ond y preswylwyr yn newid yn barhaus, ac yr oedd yr adgofion am ei golledigaeth yn darfod yn gyflym, ond er hyny yr oedd un yn disgwyl ei ddychweliad yn ol yn barhaus, ac yn gobeithio megis yn erbyn gobaith am gael ei weled eilwaith. Bob boreu gyda bod dorau y wawr yn ymagor dros gaerog fynyddoedd y dwyrain gwelid hi bob tywydd yn rhedeg i ben bryn bychan, a chyda llygaid yn orlawn o ddagrau hiraethlon syllai i bob cyfeiriad i edrych a ganfyddai ryw argoel fod ei hanwylyd yn dychwelyd; ond i ddim pwrpas. Canol dydd gwelid hi eilwaith yn yr un man a phan ymgollai yr haul, fel pelen eiriasgoch o dân dros y terfyngylch, yr oedd hi yno.

"Edrychai nes yn agos bod yn ddall, ac wylai ei henaid allan o ddydd i ddydd ar ol anwylddyn ei chalon. O'r diwedd aeth y rhai sydd yn edrych drwy y ffenestri i omedd eu gwasanaeth iddi, ac yr oedd y pren almon yn coroni ei phen a'i flagur gwyryfol, ond parhai hi i edrych ond nid oedd yn dod. Yn llawn o ddyddiau ac yn aeddfed i'r bedd rhoddwyd terfyn ar ei holl obeithion a'i disgwyliadau gan angeu, a chludwyd ei gweddillion marwol i fynwent hen Gapel y Fan.

"Pasiai blynyddoedd heibio fel mwg, ac oesau fel cysgodion y boreu, ac nid oedd neb yn fyw ag oedd yn cofio Rhydderch, ond adroddid ei golliad disymwyth yn aml. Dylasem

fynegu na welwyd yr un o Fendith y Mamau, oddeutu y gymydogaeth wedi ei golliad, a pheidiodd sain eu cerddoriaeth o'r nos hono allan.

"Yr oedd Rhydderch wedi cael ei hud-ddenu i fyned gyda Bendith y Mamau—ac aethant ag ef i ffwrdd i'w hogof. Ar ol iddo aros yno dros ychydig o ddiwrnodau fel y tybiai, gofynodd am ganiatad i ddychwelyd, yr hyn a rwydd ganiatawyd iddo gan y brenhin. Daeth allan o'r ogof, ac yr oedd yn ganol dydd braf, a'r haul yn llewyrchu oddiar fynwes ffurfafen ddigwmwl. Cerddodd yn mlaen o Darren y Cigfrain hyd nes iddo ddyfod i olwg Capel y Fan, ond gymaint oedd ei syndod pan y gwelodd nad oedd yr un Capel yno! Pa le yr oedd wedi bod, a pha faint o amser? Gyda theimladau cymysgedig cyfeiriodd ei gamrau tua Phen Craig Daf, cartrefle ei anwylyd, ond nid oedd hi yno, ac nid oedd yn adwaen yr un dyn ag oedd yno chwaith. Ni fedrai gael gair o hanes ei gariad a chymerodd y rhai a breswylient yno mai gwallgofddyn ydoedd.

"Prysurodd eilwaith tua Phantannas, ac yr oedd ei syndod yn fwy fyth yno! Nid oedd yn adwaen yr un o honynt, ac ni wyddent hwythau ddim am dano yntau. O'r diwedd daeth gwr y tŷ i fewn, ac yr oedd hwnw yn cofio clywed ei dad cu yn adrodd am langc ag oedd wedi myned yn ddisymwyth i goll er ys peth canoedd o flynyddoedd yn ol, ond na wyddai neb i ba le. Rywfodd neu gilydd tarawodd gwr y tŷ ei ffon yn erbyn Rhydderch, pa un a ddiflanodd mewn cawod o lwch, ac ni chlywyd air o son beth ddaeth o hono mwyach!"

"In one of the centuries gone by, there lived a husbandman on the farm of Pantannas, and at that time *Bendith y Mamau* used to pay frequent visits to several of the fields which belonged to him. He cherished in his bosom a considerable hatred for the 'noisy, boisterous, and pernicious race', as he called them, and often did he long to be able to dis-

cover some way to rid the place of them. At last he was told by an old witch that the way to get rid of them was easy enough, and that she would tell him how to attain what he so greatly wished, if he gave her one evening's milking[1] and one morning's on his farm. He agreed to her conditions, and received from her advice, which was to the effect that he was to plough all the fields where they had their favourite resorts, and that, if they found the green pasture ground gone, they would take offence, and never return to trouble him with their visits to the spot. The husbandman followed the advice to the letter, and his work was crowned with success. Not a single one of them was now to be seen about the fields, and, instead of the sound of their sweet music, which used to be always heard rising from the meadow land, the most complete silence now reigned over their favourite resort. He sowed his land with wheat and other grain; the verdant spring had now thrust winter off his throne, and the fields appeared splendid in their vernal and green livery. But one evening, when the sun had retired to the chambers of the West, and when the good man of Pantannas was returning home, he was met by a diminutive being in the shape of a man, with a red coat on. When he had come right up to him, he unsheathed his little sword, and, directing the point towards the farmer, he said:—

Punishment cometh,
Fast it approacheth.

The farmer tried to laugh, but there was something in the surly and stern looks of the little fellow which made him feel exceedingly uncomfortable. A few nights afterwards, as the family were retiring to rest, they were very greatly frightened

[1] On this Mr. Hughes has a note to the effect that the whole of the milking used to be given in Glamorgan to workmen for assistance at the harvest, etc., and that it was not unfrequently enough for the making of two cheeses.

by a noise, as though the house was falling to pieces; and, immediately after the noise, they heard a voice uttering loudly the threatening words:—

Punishment cometh.

But nothing more was heard. When, however, the corn was reaped and ready to be carried to the barn, it was, all of a sudden, burnt up one night, so that neither an ear nor a straw of it could be found anywhere in the fields; and now nobody could have set the corn on fire but *Bendith y Mamau*. As one may naturally suppose, the farmer felt very much on account of this event, and he regretted in his heart having done according to the witch's direction, and so brought upon him the anger and hatred of *Bendith y Mamau*. The day after the night of the burning of the corn, as he was surveying the destruction caused by the fire, behold the little fellow, who had met him a few days before, meeting him again, and, with a challenging glance, he pointed his sword towards him, saying:—

It but beginneth.

The farmer's face turned as white as marble, and he stood calling the little fellow to come back; but the dwarf proved very unyielding and reluctant to turn to him; but, after long entreaty, he turned back, asking the farmer, in a surly tone, what he wanted, when he was told by the latter that he was quite willing to let the fields, in which their favourite resorts had been, grow again into green pasture ground, and to let them frequent them as often as they wished, provided they would no further wreak their anger on him. 'No,' was the determined reply, 'the word of the king has been given, that he will avenge himself on thee to the utmost of his power; and there is no power on the face of creation that will cause it to be withdrawn.' The farmer began to weep at this, and, after a while, the little fellow said that he would speak to his lord on the matter, and that he would let him know the result, if he would come there to meet him at the hour of sun-

set on the third day after. The farmer promised to meet him; and, when the time appointed for meeting the little one came, he found him awaiting him, and he was told by him that his lord and he had seriously considered his request, but that, as the king's word was ever unchangeable, the threatened vengeance was bound to take effect on the family; but that, on account of his repentance, it would not be allowed to happen in his time or that of his children. This calmed the disturbed mind of the farmer a good deal. *Bendith y Mamau* began again to pay frequent visits to the place, and their melodious singing was again heard at night in the fields around.

. . . . .

"A century passed by without seeing the threatened vengeance carried into effect; and, though the Pantannas family were reminded now and again that it was certain, sooner or later, to come, nevertheless, by long hearing the voice that said,—

Punishment cometh,

they got so used to it, that they were ready to believe that nothing would ever come of the threat. The heir of Pantannas paid his addresses to the daughter of a neighbouring landowner who lived at the farmhouse called Pen Craig Dâf, and the wedding of the happy pair was to take place in a few weeks, and their parents on both sides appeared exceedingly content with the union of the two families that was about to take place. It was Christmas time, and the *fiancée* paid a visit to the family of her would-be husband. There was a feast there of roast goose prepared for the occasion. Then the company sat round the fire to relate amusing tales to pass the time, when they were greatly frightened by a piercing voice, rising, as it were, from the bed of the river, and shrieking:—

The time is come.

They all went out to listen if they could hear the voice a second time, but nothing was to be heard save the angry noise

of the water as it cascaded over the dread cliffs of the *cer-wyni;* they had not long, however, to wait till they heard again the same voice, rising above the noise of the river as it boiled over the shoulders of the rock. The words were repeated aloud:—

The time is come.

"They could not guess what it meant, and so great was their fright and astonishment, that no one could utter a word to another. Shortly they returned to the house, when they believed, that beyond doubt the building was being shaken to its foundations by some noise outside. When all were thus paralysed by fear, behold a little woman making her appearance on the table, which stood near the window. 'What dost thou, little ugly thing, want here?' asked one of those present. 'I have nothing to do with thee, O man of the long tongue,' said the little woman, 'but I have been sent here to recount some things that are about to happen to this family and another family in the neighbourhood, things that might be of interest to them; but, as I have received such an insult from the black man that sits in the corner, the veil that hides them from their sight shall not be lifted by me.' 'Pray,' said another of those present, 'if thou hast in thy possession any knowledge with regard to the future of any one of us that would interest us to hear, bring it forth.' 'No, I will but merely tell you that a certain maiden's heart is like a ship on the coast, unable to reach the harbour because the pilot has lost his courage.' As soon as she had cried out the last word, she vanished, no one knew whither or how. During her visit, the cry rising from the river had stopped, but soon afterwards it began again to proclaim that the time of vengeance was come; nor did it cease for a long while. The company had been possessed by too much terror for one to be able to address another, and a sheet of gloom had, as it were, been spread over the face of

each. The time for parting came, and Rhydderch, the heir, went to escort Gwenfrewi, his lady-love, home towards Pen Craig Dâf, a journey from which he never returned. But before bidding one another 'Good-bye', they are said to have sworn to each other eternal fidelity, even though they should never see one another from that moment forth, and that nothing should make the one forget the other. It is thought probable that the young man Rhydderch, on his way back towards home, got into one of the rings of *Bendith y Mamau*, that they allured him into one of their caves in Tarren y Cigfrain, and that there he remained.

"It is high time for us now to turn back towards Pantannas and Pen Craig Dâf. The parents of the unlucky youth were almost beside themselves; they had no idea where to go to look for him, and, though they searched every spot in the place, they failed completely to find him or to have a word of his history. A little higher up the country, there dwelt, in a cave underground, an aged hermit, called Gwerfyl, who was also regarded as a sorcerer. They went, a few weeks afterwards, to ask him whether he could give them any information about their lost son; but it was of little avail. What Gwerfyl told them did but deepen the wound and give the event a still more hopeless aspect. When they had told him of the appearance of the little woman, and the doleful cry heard rising from the river the night he was lost, he informed them that it was the judgment threatened to the family by *Bendith y Mamau* that had overtaken the youth, and that it was useless for them to think of ever seeing him again: possibly he might make his appearance after generations had gone by, but not in their age.

"Time passed, weeks grew into months, and months into years, while Rhydderch's father and mother were gathered to their fathers. The place continued the same, but the inhabitants constantly changed, so that the memory of Rhydderch's disappearance was fast dying away. Nevertheless, there

was one who expected his return all the while, and hoped, as it were against hope, to see him once more. Every morn, as the gates of the dawn opened beyond the castellated heights of the east, she might be seen, in all weathers, hastening to the top of a small hill, and, with eyes full of the tears of longing, gazing in every direction to see if she could behold any sign of her beloved's return; but in vain. At noon, she might be seen on the same spot again; she was also there at the hour when the sun was wont to hide himself, like a red-hot ball of fire, below the horizon. She gazed until she was nearly blind, and she wept forth her soul from day to day for the darling of her heart. At last they that look out at the windows began to decline their service and the almond tree commenced to crown her head with its virgin bloom. She continued to gaze, but he came not. Full of days, and ripe for the grave, death put an end to all her hopes and all her expectations. Her mortal remains were buried in the grave-yard of the old Chapel of the Fan.[1]

"Years passed away like smoke or morning shadows, and there was no longer anybody alive who remembered Rhydderch, but the tale of his suddenly missing was frequently in people's mouths. And we ought to have said that after the event no one of *Bendith y Mamau* was seen about the neighbourhood, and the sound of their music had ceased from that night. Rhydderch had been allured by them, and they took him into their cave. When he had stayed there only a few days, as he thought, he asked for permission to return, which was readily granted him by the king. He issued from the cave when it was a fine noon, with the sun beaming from the bosom of a cloudless firmament. He walked on from Tarren y Cigfrain until he came near the site of the Fan Chapel;

[1] The Fan is the highest mountain in the parish of Merthyr Tydfil, Mr. Hughes tell me; he adds that there was on its side once a chapel with a burial-ground. Its history seems to be lost, but human bones have, as he states, been frequently found there.

and what was his astonishment to find no chapel there! Where, he wondered, had he been, and how long away; so with mixed feelings he directed his steps towards Pen Craig Dâf, the home of his beloved one, but she was not there nor any one he knew either. He could get no word of the history of his sweetheart, and those who dwelt on the spot took him for a madman. He hastened then to Pantannas, where his astonishment was still greater. He knew nobody there and nobody knew anything about him. At last the man of the house came in, and he remembered hearing his grandfather relating how a youth had suddenly disappeared, nobody knew whither, some hundreds of years previously. Somehow or other the man of the house chanced to knock his walking-stick against Rhydderch, when the latter vanished in a shower of dust. Nothing more was ever heard as to what became of him."

Before leaving Glamorgan, I may add that Mr. Sikes associates Fairy Ladies with Crumlyn Lake near Briton Ferry in Glamorgan; but, as frequently happens with him, he does not deign to tell us where he got the legend from. "It is also believed", he says at p. 35, "that a large town lies swallowed up there, and that the *Gwragedd Annwn* have turned the submerged walls to use as the superstructure of their Fairy Palaces. Some claim to have seen the towers of beautiful castles lifting their battlements beneath the surface of the dark waters, and Fairy bells are at times heard ringing from the towers."

X.—GWENT.

I have no intention to go at length into the folk-lore of Gwent, but merely point out where the reader may find a good deal about it. In the first place, a credulous old Christian of the name of Edmund Jones of the Tranch, published at Trevecka, in the year 1779, a small volume entitled, *A Geographical, Historical, and Religious Account of*

the Parish of Aberystruth in the County of Monmouth, to which are added Memoirs of several Persons of Note who lived in the said Parish. In 1813, by which time he seems to have left this world for another, where he expected to understand all about the Fairies and their mysterious life, a small volume of his was published at Newport, bearing the title, *A Relation of Apparitions of Spirits in the County of Monmouth and the Principality of Wales, with other notable relations from England, together with Observations about them, and Instructions from them, designed to confute and to prevent the Infidelity of denying the Being and Apparition of Spirits, which tends to Irreligion and Atheism. By the late Rev. Edmund Jones of the Tranch.* These volumes have already been laid under contribution by Mr. Sikes, and the tales about apparitions in them are frequently of a ghastly nature, and sometimes loathsome: on the whole, they remind me more than anything else I have ever read, of the Breton tales, breathing fire and brimstone, which are beginning to be old-fashioned in Protestant countries. I shall at present only quote a passage of quite a different nature from the earlier volume, page 72; it is an important one, and runs thus: "It was the general opinion in times past, when these things were very frequent, that the fairies knew whatever was spoken in the air without the houses, not so much what was spoken in the houses. I suppose they chiefly knew what was spoken in the air at night. It was also said that they rather appeared to an uneven number of persons, to one, three, five, etc.; and oftener to men than to women. Thomas William Edmund of Havodavel, an honest pious man, who often saw them, declared that they appeared with one bigger than the rest going before them in the company."

The other day I chanced to be in the Golden Valley in Herefordshire, where the names in the churchyards seem nearly all to bespeak a Welsh population, though the Welsh language has not been heard there for ages. Among others

I noticed Joneses and Williamses in abundance at Abbey Dore, Evanses and Bevans, Prossers, Morgans and Prices, not to mention the Sayces—that is to say, Welshmen of English extraction or education, a name which may also be met with in Little England in Pembrokeshire, and probably on other English-Welsh borders. Happening to have to wait for a train at the Abbey Dore station, I got into conversation with the tenants of a cottage close by, and introduced the subject of the Fairies. The old man knew nothing about them, but his wife, Elizabeth Williams, had been a servant-girl at a place called Pen Poch, which she pronounced in the Welsh fashion; she said that it is near Llandeilo Cressenny in Monmouthshire. It is about forty years ago that she served at Pen Poch, and her mistress's name was Mrs. Evans, who was then about fifty years of age. Now Mrs. Evans was in the habit of impressing on her servant-girls' minds that, unless they made the house tidy before going to bed, and put everything in its place over night, the little people—the Fairies, she thinks she called them—would leave them no rest in bed at night, but they would come and pinch them like. If they put everything in its place, and left the house tidy like, it would be all right, and nobody would do anything to them like. That is all I could get from her without prompting her, which I did at length by suggesting to her that the Fairies might leave the tidy servants presents, a shilling on the hearth or the hob like. Yes, she thought there was something of that sort, and her way of answering me suggested that this was not the first time she heard of the shilling. She had never been lucky enough to have had one herself, nor did she know of anybody else that had got it like.

I need hardly say that I am unable this time also to put an end to these jottings, and that I quite expect that those who want more lively reading will wish me and my Fairies with Gwyn ab Nudd and his henchmen.

MORWYNION GLAN MEIRIONYDD.

GAN LEWIS MORYS, YSW.,

(Llewelyn Ddu o Fôn.)

Er a we-lais dan y Ser O lawn-der glew-der gwle-dydd O

gw-rw da a gwyr i'w drin A gwin ar fin a-fonydd,

Go-reu bir a go-reu bwyd A ran-wyd i Feir-ion-ydd

Er a welais dan y Ser,
  O lawnder, glewder gwledydd,
O gwrw da, a gwŷr i'w drîn,
  A gwîn, ar fîn afonydd,
Goreu bîr, a goreu bwyd
  A ranwyd i Feirionydd.

Da ydyw'r gwaith, rhaid d'weud y gwîr,
  Ar fryniau Sîr Feirionydd,
Golwg oer o'r gwaela' gawn,
  Mae hi etto 'n llawn llawenydd;
Pwy ddisgwyliai canai 'r Gog,
  Mewn mawnog yn y mynydd?

MEIRION'S MAIDENS FAIR.

TRANSLATED BY

HOWEL WILLIAM LLOYD, M.A.

Mwyn yw telyn o fewn ty Lle bydd o teulu dedwydd

Pawb a'i ben-nill yn ei gwrs, Heb son am bwrs y cyb-ydd:

Mwyn yw can o-ddeutu'r tân Mor-wyn-ion glân Meir-ion-ydd.

Two last bars.

Of all I've seen, beneath the stars,
  Of plenteous, glorious lands,
Of mighty ale, of men to till,
  And wine on river strands,
For best of beer, of food the best,
  Full foremost Meirion stands.

Well fares the work, 'tis sooth to say,
  On Meirion's every hill;
Though bleak and bare the prospect be,
  With mirth she's brimming still;
Who'd look to hear, on mountain-soak,
  The cuckoo's springtide-trill!

Pwy sydd lân o bryd a gwêdd,
  Ond rhyfedd mewn pentrefydd?
Pwy sy' mhob hyswiaeth dda,
  Yn gwlwm gydâ'u gilydd?
Pwy sy'n ymyl dwyn fy nghô'?
  Morwynion bro Meirionydd.

Glân yw'r gleisiad yn y llyn,
  Nid ydyw hyn ddim newydd;
Glân yw'r fronfraith yn ei thŷ,
  Dan danu ei hadenydd:
Glanach yw, os d'wedir gwîr,
  Morwynion tir Meirionydd.

Anwyl yw gan adar byd
  Eu rhyddid hyd y gwledydd;
Anwyl yw gan faban laeth
  Ei fammaeth, odiaeth ddedwydd;
O! ni ddywedwn, yn fy myw,
  Mor anwyl yw Meirionydd!

Mwyn yw telyn o fewn tŷ,
  Lle byddo teulu dedwydd,
Pawb a'i benill yn ei gwrs,
  Heb sôn am bwrs y cybydd:
Mwyn y cân, oddeutu'r tân,
  Morwynion glân Meirionydd.

Er bod fy nghorph mewn hufen byd,
  Yn rhodio ar hyd y gwledydd,
Yn cael pleser môr a thîr,
  Ni chaf yn wir mo'r llonydd;
Myned adre 'i mi sy raid,
  Mae'r Enaid ym Meirionydd.

["Caniad y Gog i Feirionydd" yw yr enw a geir uwch ben y gân hon yn y *Diddanwch Teuluaidd*. Yno hefyd ceir cyfieithiad Saesneg, *attempted by a Member of the Society*. Gol. *Y C.*]

Who are—the marvel of her towns—
  So bright of form and face?
In harmony united close,
  All housewives give them place;
Who all but steal my wits away?
  The maids of Meirion's race.

The salmon's lovely in the lake,
  —These are no novel things:
The thrush is lovely in her nest,
  Outspreading both her wings;
But lovelier far—the truth to tell—
  The maidens Meirion brings.

To all the birds in forest-world
  How dear 'tis to be free!
Dear to the babe his mother's milk,—
  Supremely happy he!
How dear I cannot for my life
  Say, Meirion is to me!

A harp within a house is sweet,
  When each recites his verse;
Where happy is the social throng,
  And scorn'd the miser's purse:
Around the hearth how sweet the song
  That Meirion's maids rehearse!

What though the cream of life I sip,
  While o'er the world I roam!
On land no pleasure brings me rest,
  Nor where the waters foam;
I needs must go—my heart is there—
  For Meirion is my home.

PROFESSOR RHYS ON WELSH ANTIQUITIES AND FAIRY TALES.

THE following address was delivered by Professor Rhys in the afternoon meeting of the Eisteddvod, held at Llanaelhaiarn, Friday, the 18th of August. The remarks on the value of traditional literature, and on the connection between our Welsh tales and those of other Aryan peoples, are so interesting, and the Professor's manner of treating the subject is so happy, that we feel sure our readers will thank us for giving the address a place here.

"Tebyg genyf mai y peth cyntaf i chwi ofyn wrth fy ngweled i yn sefyll yn y fan hon ydyw—yn enw pob daioni o ba le y daethoch chwi? Gan nad moesau da i neb sôn llawer am dano ei hun, cewch ateb yn ddioed heb amgylchu na môr na mynydd: y Tylwyth Teg a ddaeth a mi yma o Bwllheli. Chwerthwch chwi neu beidio, dyna'r gwir; ni buasai na pherson na phregethwr yn medru fy arwain i yma, mwy na bwch i odyn, chwedl yr hen bobl, oni buasai am y Tylwyth Teg. Ië, medd rhywun, yr oeddym ni yn medwl eich bod chwi cyn galled a'r cyffredin, ond ymddengys eich bod yn dechreu penwanu. Hwyrach hyny: myn rhai fod rhyw lecyn gwan ar ben pob dyn, a'm penwendid i yw pwnc yr hynafiaethau yma. Y mae genym ninau, medd rhywun drachefn, feddwl mawr o hynafiaethau ein gwlad; ond peidiwch sôn am y Tylwyth Teg fel yn perthyn i hynafiaethau un wlad yn y byd: nid oes y fath bethau yn bod. Purion, ond meddyliwch fod un ohonoch chwi am wneyd allan hanes ei hendaid neu rywun arall o'i hynafiaid, pa un fuasai yn fwyaf, yn eich tyb chwi, o gaffaeliad hanesyddol, cael allan pa sawl pryd o uwd oedd yr hendaid hwnw wedi fwyta yn ei oes, a pha sawl côt gochddu oedd wedi dreulio o'i febyd i'w fedd, neu ynte wneyd allan pa beth oedd ei gred am y byd yr oedd yn byw ynddo? Ni waeth beth a haero neb, un ran bwysig o hanes yr oesoedd a aethant hebio ydyw pa beth a goeliai pobl yr oesoedd hyny; ac yn mhlith pethau eraill yr oeddynt o'r farn yr ymwelid a'u cartrefydd yn awr ac eilwaith gan greaduriaid bychain a elwid yn Dylwyth Teg. Nid hawdd cysoni y crediniaethau cyffredin am danynt â'u gilydd, ond

coeliai pawb am danynt y byddent yn dyfod allan ar brydiau i ddawnsio a chanu, ac os äi neb yn rhy agos i'r cylch yr oedd perygl iddo gael eu hudo i mewn i ymuno yn y llawenydd a'r difyrwch. Dyna yn union a ddarfu i mi; cefais un diwrnod sachaid o chwedlau am y Tylwyth Teg gan un o hen drigolion caredig Llanaelhaiarn, a phenderfynais ddyfod yma am ychwaneg, ond wrth glywed llais cân a pheroriaeth, hudwyd fi o gam i gam yn nes i gylch y swyn nes o'r diwedd fy nghipio i mewn i'w ganol, a dyma y lle yr ydwyf yn cael fy hun gyda'r teulu difyr yn cynal eisteddfod. Byddai y Tylwyth Teg yn arfer cadw y llanciau a hudent yn canu a dawnsio am un dydd a blwyddyn o leiaf heb iddynt hwy wybod eu bod wedi aros ond rhyw ychydig eiliadau, ac nid oedd modd darbwyllo un ohonynt ei fod wedi bod flwyddyn gyda'r Tylwyth Teg nes dangos iddo fod ei draed wedi myned drwy yr esgidiau newyddion oedd ganddo yn myned allan o'i gartref i edrych am wartheg ei dad. Nis gwn yn y byd pa faint o'r gloch yw hi yma bellach, ond y mae genyf le cryf i obeithio y bydd i'r tylwyth hwn yn Llanaelhaiarn roddi gollyngdod i mi cyn i mi fyned yn hollol droednoeth, gan nad oes ar gof a chadw yn holl hanesyddiaeth y Tylwyth Teg eu bod erioed wedi cadw neb yn hir os byddai ei wraig yn ei ganlyn. Ond i ddyfod at y pwnc— ac y mae genyf fi bwnc hefyd— dymunwn yn fawr lwyddo i argraphu ar feddyliau pobl yr eisteddfod hon y pwysigrwydd o ddodi ar gof a chadw yr hyn sydd hyd yn hyn ar gael o Lên Gwerin Cymru, pa un bynag ai chwedlau am y Tylwyth Teg neu ryw chwedlau eraill a fyddont. Dyna chwi, meddych, wedi gafael ynddi fel pregethwr o'r diwedd, ond rhaid i chwi fod un ai yn fwy ymarferol neu yn fwy athrawiaethol, os mynwch gael gafael ar galon y gynulleidfa. Wel, buaswn yn ymdrechu bod yn bob un o'r ddau pe buaswn wedi cael diwrnod i ddwyn fy nhipyn meddwl i drefn. Y pwnc ymarferol yn gyntaf, sef pa fodd i roddi gweddillion yr hynafiaethau Cymreig ar gof a chadw. Hawdd iawn ateb hyn o ofyniad. Nid oes eisiau dim ond i'r neb sydd yn gwybod unrhyw hen chwedl alw i mewn, os na bydd ei hun yn ysgrifenwr, ryw un o'r llanciau yma sydd yn fedrus gyda'r ysgrifell, a'i wahodd i'w hysgrifenu a'i gyru i rai o'r newyddiaduron Cymreig: nid tebyg y caiff ddim ond pob croesaw ganddynt. Os meddyliwch hyny yn ormod o drafferth, bydd yn bleser mawr genyf i ei derbyn a'i dodi mewn trefn a'i chyhoeddi yn y *Cymmrodor*, sef cylchgrawn pwrpasol at y gwaith, a argrephir yn Llundain, ac a ddygir yn mlaen dan olygiaeth yr ysgolhaig a'r henafiaethwr, Thomas Powell, Yswain, Bootle College, Liverpool; ac mi a ddeuaf yn nes atoch eto: ymrwymaf i dderbyn chwedlau gan y neb a fyno ar ddiwedd y cyfarfod hwn. Rhaid i chwi ddeall hefyd na bydd dim i chwi i'w dalu am gyhoeddi y chwedlau; ac os byddwch yn foddlon, caiff y sawl a roddo i mi chwedl dda weled ei enw mewn argraph wedi

ei anfarwoli yn rhad ac am ddim. Na fydded ar neb ofn rhoddi trafferth i mi yn hyn o beth, efrydu ieithoedd a henafiaethau y Cymry a'r cenhedloedd perthynasol yw fy ngwaith, i hyny yr wyf yn gyflogedig, ac at y felin hono y byddaf yn troi pob ffrwd. Yn yr ail le, ymdrechaf ddyweyd gair yn athrawiaethol, chwedl chwithau, ar y pwnc: Yn gyntaf, nid oes amser fel yr amser presenol i gasglu gweddillion llen gwerin Cymru, a hyny am eu bod yn myned yn gyflym ar ddifancoll. Yr oedd yr hen bobl gynt yn eu credu i gyd, a llawer o drafferth a llafur a gafodd hen wladgarwyr twymgalon ein gwlad i ddiddyfnu eu cydgenedl oddiwrth eu crediniaethau haner paganaidd—pob parch iddynt am eu hymdrechion. Ond erbyn hyn y mae y cyfan wedi peidio a bod o unrhyw bwys fel pwnc ymarferol, gan nad oes neb bellach yn credu yn y Tylwyth Teg a'r cyffelyb; ond cyn gynted ag y paid pethau o'r fath ddylanwadu ar feddyliau a dychymyg y genedl, bydd i'r genedl eu hanghofio am byth. Ond nid oes y fath air ag anghofio yn ngeirlechres yr hanesydd, a gelyn diysgog hanesyddiaeth ydyw angof. Y mae o gryn bwysigrwydd, fel yr awgrymais eisoes, i hanesyddiaeth y Cymry gael ar gôf a chadw hen grediniaethau y bobl. "Hwyrach hyny", medd rhwyun, "ond pa bwys sydd mewn hanesyddiaeth ei hun? Mi fedraf fi weithio ceryg yn chwareli yr Eifl yma yn llawn mor ddeheuig heb wybod na cheisio gwybod pa un ai dyn ai epa oedd tad cyntaf dynolryw, ac nis gwaeth genyf chwaith beth oedd helyntion a hanes y Cymry mewn oesoedd diweddar; fy mhwnc i yw ennill fy mara." Purion, y mae hwnw yn bwnc gan bawb ohonom; ond yr ydych oll wedi clywed mai nid drwy fara yn unig y bydd byw dyn. Y mae pethau eraill yn deilwng o sylw dyn, ac yn cael ei sylw yn mhlith pob cenedl wareiddiedig dan yr haul. Ystyrir, o amser yr hen Rufeiniaid hyd heddyw, mai un o nodweddion cenedl anwareiddiedig ydyw bod heb ddyddordeb yn ei hanes ei hun a'i dechreuad, peth i'w ddisgwyl yn unig gan bobl yn byw ar safle yr anifail direswm, pobl o ddefaid neu loi deudroed a diddirnadaeth ar lun dynion. Cymeraf yn ganiataol gan hyny fod Cymry Llanaelhaiarn a chymydogaeth yr Eifl oll yn teimlo neu yn barod i deimlo dyddordeb mewn pobpeth cysylltiedig â hanes y genedl. Ond hwyrach nad ydyw yn amlwg i rai ohonoch pa fodd y mae llen gwerin o bwys i'r hanesydd. I wneyd hyn yn eglur, rhaid i mi ddyweyd gair wrthych am rai o'r gwyddonau cymhariaethol, ac yn mlaenaf un am ieithyddiaeth gymhariaethol: drwy efrydiaeth ofalus o wahanol ieithoedd caed allan fod rhai ohonynt yn perthyn yn agosach i'w gilydd na'r lleill, a thrwy hyny profwyd, er engraipht, fod y Cymry yn hanu o'r un cyff a'r hen Rufeiniaid, yr hen Roegiaid, y Saeson a'r Ellmyn, y Sclafoniaid, yr hen Bersiaid, a phrif genhedloedd India'r Dwyrain. Nid yn unig dangoswyd eu bod yn perthyn i'w gilydd, ond o gam i gam gwnaed allan pa eiriau a pha

feddylddrychau oedd yn eiddo cyffredin yn y cynfyd i'r hen genedl y deilliodd y cenhedloedd hyny oll ohoni. O'r diwedd dangosodd esiampl yr ieithyddwr i efrydwyr eraill mai nid geiriau y cenhedloedd hyny oedd yr unig bethau i'w cymharu a'u gilydd, ond fod ganddynt chwedlau i'w trin yn yr un modd, coelion cyffelyb, ac arferion henafol a phaganaidd y byddai raid i'r neb a fyno astudio eu hanes eu cymeryd i ystyriaeth. Casglu defnyddiau yw y peth cyntaf, fel y gwyddoch; ond y mae y defynyddiau yn weddol gyfleus wrth law yr ieithydd, mewn geiriaduron, ac yn llenyddiaeth y cenhedloedd dan sylw: nid felly gyda golwg ar chwedlau rhai ohonynt, megys y Cymry. Ni bydd rhyw lawer o'r defnyddiau hyn ar gael os na chesglir hwy ar frys, fel y sylwais eisoes; ac y mae eu casglu o fwy pwys na'u deall ar hyn o bryd. Ond cael digon ohonynt at eu gilydd, hwy a esboniant y naill y llall i raddau mawr; byddaf fi bob dydd yn cael chwedlau nad wyf yn eu deall nac yn gweled un math o reswm ynddynt gan mor ffol a digroen yr ymddangosant, ond yn awr ac eilwaith byddaf yn cael goleuni arnynt o rai eraill. Y dydd o'r blaen ar fy ffordd i Ynys Enlli cefais ddarn o hen chwedl ddigon disynwyr ar ryw olwg, gan ôf yn ymyl Aberdaron, ond yr oedd yn cynwys yr agoriad i chwedl oeddwn wedi gael o gymydogaeth Llandegai, mewn dull ag oedd wedi fy nhrechu yn lân loeyw i wneyd na phen na chynffon ohoni. Nid dyna'r cwbl: dychwelais i Bwllheli ac adroddais y chwedl wrth fy Myfanwy fechan, wyth oed. "O", meddai hono, "chwedl fel a'r fel yw honyna ydwyf fi wedi ddarllen lawer gwaith yn llyfr chwedlau Germanaidd Grimm." Dyna i chwi un engraipht o hen ystori o Aberdaron a Llandegai, yn feddiant cyffredin i'r Brython a'r Ellmyn. Dyma i chwi un arall: Yr oedd gan yr hen Roegiaid draddodiad am dywysog ag iddo glustiau asyn. Y mae y chwedl mor hysbys na raid 'chwanegu, ond y mae yr un chwedl i'w chael yn mhlith cenedloedd eraill, megys y Gwyddelod, y rhai a ddywedant fod brenhin gynt ar yr Iwerddon ag iddo glustiau ceffyl; ac y byddai gorchymyn i ladd pob un a geisid i drin ei wallt ac i dori ei farf, rhag iddo ollwng allan y gyfrinach am glustiau'r brenhin. Claddid yr eillwyr mewn lle penodol, a thyfodd yno goeden helyg, a daeth bardd y llys un diwrnod i dori cangen o'r gwydd i wneyd telyn o honi: hyny a fu, a'r peth cyntaf a sisialodd y delyn pan ogleisiwyd hi gan fys y bardd ar ddiwedd gwledd yn y llys:—

> Clustiau march, clustiau sythion,
> Geir dan goron
> Brenhin balch Iwerddon.

Wel, yr oeddwn wedi dyfalu er's talm y dylasai yr un chwedl fod ar gael yn Nghymru, a buaswn bron yn cymeryd fy llw mai March ab Meirchion oedd enw'r brenhin â chlustiau march yn mhlith y Cymry. Ond ychydig iawn sydd ar gael yn llenyddiaeth Cymru am March ab

Meirchion, dim ond rhyw air neu ddau am rywbeth heblaw ei glustiau yn rhai o'r Trioedd. Pa fodd bynag i chwi, wrth rodio Lleyn y dydd o'r blaen, dywanais ar y fan y mae pobl Gwynedd wedi lleoli y gwr marchaidd. Gelwir ef yn Gastellmarch, hen balasdy pwysig yn y dyddiau gynt, a saif rhwng Llanbedrog ac Abersoch. Cyn gynted ag y clywais am Gastellmarch, meddyliais am March ab Meirchion a'r hen chwedl Wyddelig, a dechreuais ofyn i'r brodorion pa beth oedd ystyr yr enw. Atebent yn hynod o gall a synwyrol, mai castell wedi ei wneyd neu ei ddefnyddio i gadw meirch oedd, a chefais gan un ohonynt gryn lawer o son am ryw farchog sirol oedd wedi bod yn byw yno; ond gan mai ychydig o werth a fuaswn i yn roddi ar lonaid cwd o farchogion y sir, meddyliais mai gwell cymeryd ffordd arall i holi y bobl, a gofynais i un hen frawd a oedd efe rywbryd wedi clywed rhyw hen chwedl wirionach na chyffredin am berchenog cyntaf Castellmarch. "O'r anwyl! do", meddai; "rhyw ddyn rhyfedd oedd, meddai yr hen bobl: clustiau march oedd ganddo, ond y mae peth felly yn rhy wirion i'w adrodd i ddyn dyeithr." Dyna i chwi engraipht o'r anhawsdra sydd ar ffordd pobl o bell i gael gafael ar chwedlau lleol. Erbyn i mi holi yn mhellach, yr oedd pawb yn yr ardal bron yn wybyddus am yr ystori, ond ystyrid hi yn rhy wirion i'w hadrodd. Gresyn na buasent rywfaint yn llai boneddigaidd y tro hwn. Ond clywaf lanc yn y pen draw acw yn gofyn pa peth yr ydwyf fi yn wneyd efo chwedl Castellmarch. Wel, os rhaid ateb, dim: ond y pwnc yw cael chwedlau o'r fath ar gael a chadw, ac yna byw mewn ffydd y daw rhywbeth i'r golwg rywdro a deifl oleuni arnynt. Y mae llawer iawn, fel y crybwyllais eisoes, o'r chwedlau mwyaf cyffredin am y Tylwyth Teg yn hollol dywyll i mi hyd yn hyn, a rhai o honynt yn ymddangos yn hynod anghyson a disynwyr; ond o'u cymeryd at eu gilydd y maent i'w cysylltu â'r Mabinogion neu chwedlau Cymreig y Canol Oesoedd; ac yn y rhai hyny drachefn y mae cael hyd i hen chwedloniaeth y Cymry fel cangen o'r teulu Celtaidd; ac wrth gymharu y Mabinogion a'r chwedlau Cymreig diweddarach â chwedlau hynaf y Gwyddelod, a dyfod a'r cwbl dan lewyrch goleuni hen awduron Groeg a Rhufain, bydd yn bosibl yn y man gwneyd allan pa fath oedd y gyfundrefn o dduwiau paganaidd a addolai yr hen Geltiaid ar, a chyn, eu dyfodiad i'r ynysoedd Prydeinig. Pan dderbyniodd ein hynafiaid ni y grefydd Gristionogol, aeth eu hen dduwiau i gael eu hystyried yn ellyllon a Thylwyth Teg, ac o'r pentwr yna y rhaid cloddio allan lawer o hanesyddiaeth foreuol ein cenedl. Byddai yn dda genyf allu tanio meddwl a dychymyg llanciau y rhan hon o Arfon âg awyddfryd diddiffodd i gynorthwyo yn y gwaith. Fel y byddwch chwi weithiau yn y chwarelau yma yn taro ar ddarn o hanes y cynfyd wedi ei argraphu yn ddwfn yn mynwes oesol y graig, felly hefyd y gellir cael

hyd i fath arall o hanes yr amser gynt yn y traddodiadau o'ch cylch a'r enwau arwyddocaol sydd ar y bryniau, y moelydd a'r tyddynod ar bob llaw. Cymeraf engraipht neu ddwy o'r Mabinogion. Un o'r cymeriadau hynotaf ynddynt yw Gwydion ab Don, sydd wedi gadael ei enw i Fryn Gwydion, heb fod yn nepell oddiyma. Dyna hefyd y Llew Llawgyffes, oedd fab i Gwydion, ag sydd wedi gadael ei enw i Ddinas Dinlleu ac i ddyfroedd Nantlle. Ond nid oedd duwiau heb dduwiesau, ac â llecyn heb fod yn mhell oddiyma y cysylltir Gwener y Cymry, sef oedd hono Arianrhod a'i chaer ar lan y môr, neu yn hytrach yn y weilgi. Adwaenir hi wrth yr enw Tregaer Anrheg a esbonir yn Dre Gaer Arianrhod. Byddai rhoddi hanes y rhai hyn yn rhy faith ar hyn o bryd, ond os mynwch ddyfod i ryw le yn nes i ororau hanesiaeth, dyna Nant Gwrtheyrn gerllaw a'r holl chwedlau cysylltiedig â'r Nant hono. Wedi hyny, dyna Dre'r Ceiri, a'i phigynau yn edrych i lawr arnom fel cynrychiolwyr oesol y cewri a'u hadeiladodd yn dwr y cedyrn gynt. Rhag eich blino â meithder, gadawaf i chwi, fechgyn yr Eifl, sydd wedi eich magu megys ar liniau awen chwedlonol a henafiaethol Cymru, y gofyniad, pa beth ydych chwi yn foddlon wneyd i gadw henafiaethau eich hardal rhag difancoll, ac i helaethu ystyr y gair hwnw, 'Tra môr tra Brython!'"

DINAS PENMAEN OR PENMAENMAWR,

A DRUIDICAL TEMPLE BEFORE BEING A BRITISH FORTRESS.

THE present theory, that Dinas Penmaen (Penmaenmawr), was originally a Druidical place of worship before becoming a British fortress, is based upon the ancient authorities collected and quoted by Borlase (in his account of the Druid Worship), to prove that Karnbré in Cornwall was first a temple, and afterwards a British fortress.

If, therefore, Borlase's conjectures about Karnbré are correct, his reasonings will serve to prove that Dinas Penmaen was likewise a place of Druid worship, and then afterwards converted into a British fortress.

Borlase says: " In this hill of Karnbré we find rock basins, circles, stones erect, remains of Cromlechs, karns, a grove of oaks, a cave, and an enclosure, not of military, but religious structure; and these are evidences sufficient of its having been a place of Druid worship."

. . . . .

Now, the few positive facts about Dinas Penmaen are these:—

A Hill.—A hill, 1,553 feet high, which is half surrounded by a habitable and cultivated mountain district; and from this side the ascent is so easy that the most aged Druid could, without difficulty, gain the summit. The other side was a fertile valley, not covered by the sea until about A.D. 560. From the summit of the mountain, the Isle of Anglesea and Holy Island are seen.

The Wood and Grove.—The tourist laughs at the idea of trees growing on Penmaenmawr, but it is a fact, easily proved by land title-deeds, that, until Cromwell's time, the trees grew thickly on the mountain down to the water's edge; and even after 1800 it remained well wooded; but owing to the working of stone quarries, of which there are now three working quarries, the woods have entirely disappeared. About half a mile from the summit there is a place still called Blaen Llwyn, the extremity, or top, of the wood. It might be thought that Borlase was rather too positive about the Druid groves being composed entirely of oak trees, for the Welsh consider that, although the oak tree was most venerated by the Druids, still other trees grew in their groves. A place, half a mile from Blaen Llwyn, is now called Tyn y Llwyfan, near or under the elm tree. Other idolatrous nations used various trees, for we find in *Hosea* iv, 13, "They sacrifice upon the tops of the mountains, and burn incense upon the hills, under oaks, and poplars, and elms, because the shadow thereof is good." At a distance of about three miles from Dinas Penmaen, in a sheltered spot of ground, almost screened from observation by the surrounding hills, is a circle of raised earth and stones, at the entrance of which is a large stone, called "Llwyn-pen-du", Grove of the Black Head. Thus the stone tells its own tale. Through this circle runs a little mountain rivulet of purest water.

The Gwrach[1] *Stream.*—A mile from Llwyn-pen-du, and two miles from Dinas Penmaen, rises a mountain stream, called the Gwrach, the water of which the Welsh people will never drink. After ten years' careful inquiry, the information obtained was the tradition that the Gwrach was connected with "a hideous old hag", called Andrasta, who could fly in the air. They thought she had a daughter as frightful as

[1] Gwrach, a withered old woman, a hag.

herself, and that they had something to do with a cauldron. Also that, "years ago", the people of a "bad religion" killed men and women, to please her, "up on the mountain".

Bryn Du (Bryn, a low mound or hillock; du, black, dark, gloomy).—Near the source of the Gwrach stream, the mountain shepherds have often pointed out to me "Bryn Du", where people were killed to please "false gods". "Bryn Du" is not marked on the Ordnance map.

Bryniau (low mounds, or hillocks).—After crossing the Gwrach, about a mile towards the Meini Hirion (long stones), we pass by the Bryniau, low mounds, or "Bryn dyoddef", the hill of suffering, or place of execution. A shepherd, when pointing out the mounds, said: "People of the bad religion used to kill and burn people here." These mounds were on the south, and close by the Moelfre, a high hill, very round at the top, and upon which, until about 1800, there were three erect stones, which have now been thrown down. Near the mounds is a stream called "Afon Maes y Bryn", the Hill-field river.

Circles.—Leaving the mounds, and passing up on the eastern side of the "Moelfre", we come to the remains of three circles. From the centre of one, tradition asserts a Cromlech was removed a few years since. I knew well an old man who boasted that he had taken one of the erect stones, from the largest circle, for a gate-post.

Clip yr Orsedd.—Clip, an overhanging rock; yr orsedd, or gorsedd, a supreme seat, a tribunal or court of judicature.

Carn, and Carneddau, are marked on the Ordnance map.

Cave, or Caves.—Thus we come back to Dinas Penmaen, on the north side of which, situated among the trees, was a cave, without any artificial work about it. The quarrymen destroyed the cave between the years 1870 and 1879.

Pen-y-Cafn.—On the south-east side of Dinas Penmaen, a place on Braich y Dinas, is called Pen-y-Cafn, head of

the cave, or hollow. About 1872, I was told about a cave that either was there or had been there.

Braich y Dinas terminates in a British fortress, in which is a well of spring water. This Dinas is one mile from Dinas Penmaen, and commands a view of Anglesea, and what is now called "The Lavan Sands".

Gerlan.—Not quite a mile from Pen-y-Cafn, and formerly in the wood, is a place called Gerlan, the translation being, Ger, utterance, a cry; Llan, a clear place, area, a spot of ground to deposit anything, a church, a church village.

Rock Basins.—Among the loose stones on Dinas Penmaen, are often found pieces of rock, hollowed out, and made quite smooth, to form a basin. They appear to have been broken for making the walls.

Well.—There is also a well, three or four feet deep, for rain water. Had there been a spring, the water must, at some time or other, have overflowed, the well being so shallow; but there is no trace of the water ever having done so.

Wall.—There is still a piece of wall remaining, more suitable to enclose sacred ground than for a military defence.

Bwlch y Ddeufaen.—Two miles and a half from Dinas Penmaen is the entrance to the "Bwlch y ddeufaen"—pass of the two stones. One stone is still erect, the other was thrown down by quarrymen between the years 1835 and 1845. A mountain path crosses the road. The Welsh people think the stones were placed there by a giantess. Could they have been used for divination? "For the king of Babylon stood at the parting of the way, at the head of two ways, to use divinations: he made his arrows bright, he consulted with images, he looked in the liver."—*Ezekiel* xxi, 21. As landmarks they are of little use; the ground rising behind them prevents them being conspicuous.

It might, perhaps, be mentioned here that, in early British mythology, Andras, or Andrasta, was regarded as an "old

hag", to whom human victims were sacrificed. Also, Canon Williams mentions that at Caergyfylchi, near Penmaenmawr (Dwygyfylchi), through which parish the Gwrach flows, there was a temple to "Ceridwen", who is described as "a fury", "a botanist", etc.; and "Pair Ceridwen", the cauldron of Ceridwen, is frequently alluded to by ancient poets.

CLARA P.

NAMES OF PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS OF WELSH BOOKS.

BY BERNARD QUARITCH.

A POINT of much interest in connection with Welsh Bibliography, is the series of printers and publishers by whom, before printing presses became common in Wales, the production of books in the Welsh language was undertaken. The following list is drawn only from a limited collection of Welsh books. The names are arranged in chronological order, and to each is appended the title and date of the *earliest* work in which I have found it. I should feel obliged if readers of *Y Cymmrodor*, who may have opportunities of amplifying or amending this list, from *personal* examination of Welsh books, would kindly communicate any additional names they may meet with, or the titles and dates of any earlier works bearing those here given, to me at the subjoined address, or through the editor of *Y Cymmrodor*.

BERNARD QUARITCH.

15, Piccadilly, W.

London (Caer Ludd or Llundain).

1567. HENRY DENHAM. Salesbury's New Testament.
1588. ROBERT BARKER (Assignes of). Morgan's First Welsh Bible.
1592. THOMAS ORWIN. Rhœsi Cambrobrytannicæ Linguæ Institutiones.
1606. ROBERT BARKER. Homilies.
1620. BONHAM NORTON and JOHN BILL. Parry's Welsh Bible.
1634. JOHN BILL. Common Prayer.
1658. (Caer Ludd) SARA GRIFFIN for PHILIP CHETWINDE. Prifannau Sanctaidd.
1658. (Caer Ludd) JOA. STREATER for PHILIP CHETWINDE. Ymddiffyniad rhag pla o Schism.

1664. S. DOVER. Common Prayer.

1677. THOMAS DAWKS. Cyfarwydd-deb i'r Anghyfarwydd.

1682. BENNET GRIFFIN. Llwybr hyffordd yn cyfarwyddo yr anghyfarwydd i'r nefoedd.

1688. LAURENCE BASKERVILLE. Tho. Jones, Welsh-English Dictionary.

1689. BILL and NEWCOMBE. Bible.

1693. THO. WHITLEDGE and W. EVERINGHAM. ALLEINE (Joseph), Hyfforddwr Cyfarwydd i'r Nefoedd.

1699. J. R. and S. MANSHIP. Y Rhybuddiwr Cristnogawl.

1708. EDM. POWEL and ROBT. WHITLEDGE. Eglurhaad o Gatechism yr Eglwys.

1710. R. WHITLEDGE. Cred a Buchedd Gwr o Eglwys Loegr.

1712. W. BOWYER. Cydymaith i Ddyddiau Gwylion.

Bristol (Bristo').

1760. JOHN GRABHAM and WILLIAM PINE. Traethawd Defnyddiol, Eliseus Cole.

Carmarthen (Caerfyrddin).

1725. NICHOLAS THOMAS. Golwg ar y Byd.

1725-6. ISAAC CARTER. Goodman, Maddeuant i'r Edifeiriol.

1745. SAMUEL LEWIS. Gair o'r Gair, gan Morgan Llwyd.

Caerleon (Caer-lleon).

1724. ROGER ADAMS. Ystyriaethau, etc.

Machynlleth (Merionethshire).

1791. T. EVANS. Marw i'r Ddeddf, gan R. Erskine.

Oxford (Rhydychain).

1685. CLARENDON PRESS. Griffith, Gweddi'r Arglwydd.

Shrewsbury (Mwythig).

(1699.) RICHARD LATHROP. Cydymaith yr Eglwyswr.

1710. T. JONES for D. LEWYS. Flores Poetarum Britannicorum.

1711. THOMAS DURSTON. Common Prayer.

———. Canwyll y Cymru.

Ca. 1720. ———. Traethawd, etc., gan G. Bull, *n. d.*

———. Drych y Dyn Maleisus, gan T. Evans, *n. d.*

1721. JOHN RHYDDERCH. Difyrrwch Crefyddol.

1758. J. COTTON and J. EDDOWES for EVAN ELLIS. Dull Priodas, gan John Bunyan.

Wrexham (Gwrecsam).

1777. R. MARSH. Y Psalter.

1795. J. TYE. Robinson Crusoe.

Reviews of Books.

TELYNEGION, AR DESTUNAU AMRYWIOL. Gan DANIEL SILVAN EVANS, S.T.B. Ail Argraffiad, gyda Chwanegion. Aberystwyth: 1881.

IT gives us great pleasure to call attention to this little volume, which is reprinted after an interval of thirty-five years. Owing to the length of time it has been out of print, its contents will be unknown to a good many of our younger readers. It consists of translations and imitations of English, German, and Greek authors, with a number of original compositions. It is unneccessary to state that these are all written in vigorous and idiomatic Welsh: in perusing them we could not help wishing that their scholarly author had written very much more both in verse and prose. It is refreshing to read the strong and pure Welsh of the author, after having been nauseated by the jargon of what Professor Rhys has called the "Newspaper period", which not unfrequently makes us wish that the old tongue could at once be decently and reverently laid in the tomb before it has been further debased.

Though the translations we find here are very faithful and very natural, yet we prefer the original songs. Some of these remind us very pleasantly of the sweet melody of Gwenffrwd. The first piece in the volume, *Bwth fy Nhad*, is probably the best known, and has long been a favourite; we first met it years ago in *Y Cyfaill o'r Hen Wlad,* set to music. *Cwymp Cynddylan* is a not unworthy tribute to the Powysian chief, bewailed in such despairing strains by Llywarch Hên twelve centuries ago. In the author's rendering of the

forty-sixth ode of Anacreon the ring of the old *pennillion* has been most happily caught:

> "Caled ydyw peidio caru,
> Caled hefyd gwneuthur hyny;
> Ond caletaf o'r calediou
> Galw'r serch yn ol i'r galon."

The following verses from a drinking song headed *Hob y deri dando*, are as thoroughly Cymric in spirit as they are in style:

> "Er llymed yw'r awelon,
> Daw eto haf a hinon;
> Rhowch danllwyth ar yr aelwyd lân,
> A dowch a chân a chofion.
>
> Adroddwch chwedlau difyr
> Am nerthol gampau Arthur:
> Ac am Farchogion y Ford Gron,
> A'u holl orchestion pybyr.
>
> Rhowch letty i gardotyn,
> A chroesaw i bob glanddyn;
> Ac na omeddwch loches lân
> Yng nghil y tân i'r crwydryn.
>
> Ym mhell bo brad gelynion,
> Ac ystryw cenedl estron;
> Hir oes i'n iaith, a llwydd a llad
> I anwyl wlad y dewrion.
>
> Rhowch wfft i'r cybydd anghor,
> A'i geraint ym mhob goror;
> Ac aed y gwynt â'r bradwr brwnt
> Ym mhell tu hwnt i'r cefnfor.
>
> Gwladgarwch a ennyno
> Ym mynwes gynhes Cymro;
> A llifed ffrwd yr awen ber;
> Mae hob y deri dando!"

There is indeed "Cymru Fu" at its very happiest and best! We cannot help regretting that a singer, who could write such sweet verses, should have been called away from so agreeable an occupation even to the altogether necessary

work of compiling a Welsh Dictionary, especially if we are never to see it published.

THE last part of the *Zeitschrift für Vergleichende Sprachforschung* (Band xxvi, Neue Folge Band vi, fünftes Heft) is a most interesting one to students of Celtic, as it contains two papers by the prince of Celtic philologists, Dr. Whitley Stokes of Calcutta. The first paper deals with "The Breton Glosses at Orleans"; the other is upon "The Irish Passages in the Stowe Missal." To pretend to recommend such papers would on our part be impertinence, but may we be pardoned for one suggestion? On page 437 we have this note: "*hor elin cihutun hi torr* 'ab ulna usque ad ventrem', Z.[2] 1060, 691, where *torr* is mis-rendered 'palmam'." It is not improbable that Zeuss was right in rendering *torr* here by "palma." The words describe a certain measure, and "*tor* llaw" is still our common expression for "the *palm* of the hand."

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF "Y CYMMRODOR".

IN M. Gaidoz's article in vol. iv, part ii, *Y Cymmrodor*, it is stated on p. 219 that the word "*merlyn*, a little horse", is formed "from *merl*, a pony", by the addition of the suffix of diminution *-yn*. Is this so? Is there such a word or root in the Welsh language as *merl*, signifying *a pony*? I have no copy of Owen Pughe's *Dictionary* at hand to refer to on the subject. But I cannot recal ever having seen such a form nor do I know of any cognate word. And when discussing the probable etymology of *merlyn* with the late Canon Robert Williams, not long before his too early death, he denied that there was such a word as *merl*, and stated that the introduc-

tion into Welsh of *merlyn*, to designate a pony, is due to the fact that a certain celebrated stallion, so named after the well-known Enchanter, went its rounds in North Wales for years, and that its descendants, and in time other ponies of the same stamp, came to be called by the sire's name. Of the fact that it was so, Canon Williams said he was quite sure. Perhaps others of your readers can speak to this point. It is not in itself improbable or impossible, for there are plenty of instances of proper names being adopted in languages as common nouns in a similar manner, *brougham*, *cavendish*, *badminton*, *cicerone*, etc. And if this is the true origin of the word, it is worth putting on record before it is lost to sight. This, however, does not in any way affect M. Gaidoz's argument.

W. WATKINS.

[We cordially unite with our correspondent in inviting our readers to *traethu eu llen* on this point. Dr. Davies gives neither *merlyn* nor *merl*, either in the Welsh part of his *Dictionarium* or in the Latin under *equus* or *equuleus*. But in Lhuyd's *Archæologia Britannica*, tit. v, "Welsh words omitted in Dr. Davies's *Dictionary*", we find "Merlyn, *a hobby*, S", the "S" signifying that the word is derived from Henry Salesbury's *MS. Dictionary*. Though there is nothing to show in what sense the word *hobby* is here used, this seems to throw some doubt on Canon Williams's statement, but does not prove the existence of the word *merl*. Again, *merl*, *merlyn*, and *merlen*, appear in a small *Geiriadur Cymraeg a Saesoneg*, published at Caermarthen in 1832 as a companion volume to Dr. William Richards's *English and Welsh Dictionary*; the same forms appear also in Spurrell's *Dictionary*, and in the third edition of Pughe's work published at Denbigh. It would be very interesting to have the history and first appearance of these words traced. We have searched Villemarqué's *Le Gonidec* and *O'Reilly* in vain for any cognate forms in Armoric and Irish.—ED.]

EISTEDDFOD PRIZES.

TO MY FELLOW CYMMRODORION.

INSTEAD of offering a prize of fifty pounds for the *History of Welsh Literature from the time of Rhys Goch*, etc., would it not have been as well to offer an award for supplements to existing works, such as Stephens' *Literature of the Kymry*, Carnhuanawc's *History*, Williams's *Eminent Welshmen*, Dr. Pughe's *Dictionary*, etc., and standard works of the kind, instead of treading the same ground over and over again, and wasting the resources of the society upon reproducing, under new titles and by new authors, matter in our possession in too great a variety already. Unless the society has a defined and consistent plan of the kind, to be followed up from year to year in the interest of Welsh literature, there will be no practical work done, and no improvement on local and disunited Eistedfod committees will take place.

Lately, I have noticed a great number of the same subjects for competition being renewed, and I have last year adjudicated upon three compositions I had read and adjudicated on some four, five, and six years ago. My memory greatly fails me if about sixty pounds was not awarded to Gwilym Teilo, in 1862, for the *History of Welsh Literature*, embracing exactly the time of Iolo Goch to the end of the last century. Our venerable and veteran *llenor*, Gweirydd ap Rhys, was one of the judges. I do not think that Gwilym Teilo's *History* was ever published, and possibly none of the *Histories* invited to Denbigh will ever see day.

As I have the honour of being on the Executive Committee of the Association, I am anxious that we should cut out our work upon principles practical in execution and of real service to those who study our history and read our not inconsiderable peasant literature. Yours very truly,

J. CEIRIOG HUGHES.

[Our correspondent should, perhaps, have addressed his well-founded protest to the National Eisteddvod Association, *quorum pars magna est ipse*, rather than to the Cymmrodorion. But, as the two bodies are to some extent identical, we gladly give his opportune letter a place in the *Cymmrodor*, trusting it may set whomsoever it may concern athinking. However, we cannot see that much fault can be found with the choice of subject in this instance. *A History of Welsh Literature from Rhys Goch* would constitute what our correspondent in common with many others regards as a desideratum, viz., a continuation of Stephens' brilliant work.—ED. *Y C.*]

The Folk-Lore of Wales.

RIDDLES.

THE following are said to be current among the peasantry in Cardiganshire:—

8. "Eisym, deisym drwy goed,
A gwelais ryfeddod yn y coed,
Y plant bach yn marw yn eu hoed,
A'r tad a'r fam yn ifaingc."

Ateb. Hen ddail ar goed ieuaingc.

Trans.—" I went and through a wood I came,
And wonders saw I there:
The children dying in old age
Of parents young and fair."—H. W. L.

Ans. Old leaves on young trees.[1]

9. "Eisym, deisym drwy fynwent,
A gwelais ryfeddod yn y fynwent,

[1] [We find something like this idea in Llywarch Hen:
" Y deilen honn neus kenniret
G6ynt. g6ae hi oe thynghet:
Hi hen eleni y ganet."—*Four Anct. Bks.*, ii, 260.

This leaf does not the wind harass it?
Woe to it its fate!
It is old, this year was it born.—ED.]

Wyth pen, a saith tafod,
A'r byw yn y marw, yn gofyn diod."
Ateb. Nyth aderyn a saith o gywion mewn penglog.

Trans.—"I went and through a churchyard came,
'There wonders saw I seven:
Seven tongues, and seven, with one more head.
Strange sight! the living in the dead
Beseeching food from Heaven."—H. W. L.
Ans. A bird's nest, with seven young ones, in a skull.

THE YELLOW PLAGUE.

MAELGWN GWYNEDD, the king of North Wales, denounced as a reprobate by St. Gildas, the historian and bard, is said to have fled to the church of Llanrhos, in order to escape death from the yellow plague, which ravaged the land in the sixth century, of which Taliesin, the bard, had foretold that he should die. But the Genius of the Plague, in female form, appeared at a window of the church, and fixed her deadly gaze upon him, whereupon he sickened instantly, and died. The prophecy, ascribed by tradition to Taliesin, is as follows:—

"E ddaw pryf rhyfedd,
O Forfa Rhianedd,
I ddial anwiredd,
Ar Faelgwn Gwynedd;
A'i flew, a'i ddannedd,
A'i lygaid yn euredd,
A hyn a wna ddiwedd
Ar Faelgwn Gwynedd."

Trans.—"From the Marsh of Rhianedd
A monster shall come
On Maelgwn of Gwynedd
For ill to strike home.
All golden her ringlets,
Her tooth and her eye,
And by her King Maelgwn
Of Gwynedd shall die!"—H. W. L.

Notes and Queries.

THE Rev. David Thomas, Rector of Garsington, Oxford, a great mathematician and a warm-hearted Welshman, showed me, the other day, an old printed circular of the Cymmrodorion, of which I give you a copy, as it may be of interest to the Cymmrodorion of the present day. At the top is a *peithynen*, with the motto *Cared doeth yr encilion* engraved on it in the Coelbren character; then the whole runs as follows:—

"Cofnod.

"AN EISTEDDVOD will be held at Twelve o'clock on the 22nd May next, at the Freemasons' Hall, to celebrate the THIRD ANNIVERSARY of the CYMMRODORION, when the Medallions offered for the most approved Poem and Essay will be awarded.

"The CYMMRODORION will dine, in the Hall, at Five o'clock on the same day.

"The meetings of this Institution will in future be held at Seven o'clock in the evening of the first Saturday in every month, when literary communications will be read.

"Such Members as have not been supplied with the first volume of the Society's Transactions may receive the same on application to Mr. Williams, bookseller, No. 11, Strand.

"By order of the Society,

"*February*, 1823. J. EVANS, *Coviadur*."

The address on the back is written in a neat hand, to the following effect:—

"3rd Anniv'y Cymmrodorion.
"revd. Mr. Ingram,
"Greys Parsonage.
"with Mr. Prichard's best comp'ts."

Who were the gentlemen whose names occur here, and especially Mr. Prichard? Somebody has hinted to me that he was possibly the great man who wrote on the Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations. Can that be so?

J. RHYS.

VOL. V, PART II. 1882.

Y Cymmrodor

Embodying the

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of the Honourable

Society of Cymmrodorion

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Y Cymmrodor.

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Y Cymmrodor.

OCTOBER, 1882.

THE LEGEND OF THE OLDEST ANIMALS.

BY PROFESSOR E. B. COWELL, Cambridge.

READERS of the *Mabinogion* will remember the curious legend of the oldest known animals, which is found in the story of Kilhwch and Olwen. We read there how Arthur's ambassadors went successively in search of tidings about Mabon the son of Modron, to the ousel of Cilgwri, the stag of Redynvre, the owl of Cwm Cawlwyd, the eagle of Gwern Abwy, and, finally, the salmon of Llyn Llyw, and each in turn gave some fresh proof of its greater age than its predecessors, but still referred the question to some animal of still more venerable antiquity than itself.[1] Ap Gwilym, however, alludes to another version of the story, which, I am inclined to think, preserves an older form of this wide-spread piece of folk-lore. In his poem, *Yr Oed*, where he describes himself as waiting and waiting under the thorn for his faithless mistress, he says :—

> "A thousand persons and more liken me
> To him who dwelt in Gwernabwy;
> In truth I should not be an eagle at all
> Except for my waiting for my fair lady three generations of men;
> I am exactly like the stag
> In Cilgwri, for my beloved;
> Of the same colour, grey to my thinking,
> As my bedfellow (the owl) in Cwm Cawlwyd."

[1] There is a similar legend in the *Iolo MS.* (p. 188), where the six oldest creatures in the world are said to be the eagle of Gwernabwy, the stag of Rhedynvre, the salmon of Llyn Llivon, the ousel of Cilgwri, the toad of Cors Vochno, and the owl of Cwmcawlwyd. Compare also *Cymru fu*, p. 172.

Here we have only three animals instead of the five in the *Mabinogi;* and as far as I can trace the story in Eastern literature, three is the usual number given, however the species of the animals themselves may vary. The legend itself, like so many other popular stories, came to Europe originally from India, and probably passed together with Buddhism into other countries. Its oldest known form is found in the Culla Vagga portion of the *Vinayapitaka*, one of the oldest parts of the Buddhist sacred books; and another version of it is given in the first volume of the *Játakas*, lately translated by Mr. T. W. Rhys Davids. The former version, a translation of which I subjoin, can hardly be later than the third century B.C.

"Long ago there was a great banyan tree on the slope of the Himálaya mountains, and three friends dwelt near it—a partridge, a monkey, and an elephant. They were disrespectful and discourteous to one another, and did not live harmoniously together. Then it occurred to them, 'Oh, if we could but know which of us is the eldest, we could honour him and respect him, and show him duty and reverence, and abide by his exhortations.' Then the partridge and the monkey asked the elephant, 'What is the oldest thing, friend, that you remember?' 'Friends,' he replied, 'when I was a child I used to walk over this banyan tree, keeping it between my thighs, and its topmost shoot touched my belly. This is the oldest thing that I remember.' Then the partridge and the elephant asked the monkey, 'What is the oldest thing, friend, that you remember?' 'Friends, when I was a child I used to sit on the ground and eat the topmost shoot of this banyan. This is the oldest thing that I remember.' Then the monkey and the elephant asked the partridge, 'What is the oldest thing, friend, that you remember?' 'Friends, in yonder place there was once a certain great banyan tree; I ate a fruit

from it and voided it in this spot, and from it sprang this banyan. Therefore, friends, I am older than either of you. Then the monkey and the elephant thus addressed the partridge, 'You, friend, are the oldest of us all; we will honour and respect you, and will show you duty and reverence, and will abide by your exhortations.' Then the partridge stirred them up in the five moral duties, and also took those duties upon himself. They were respectful and courteous to one another and lived harmoniously together, and after the dissolution of their bodies they were reborn happily in heaven."[1]

The same apologue occurs in the seventy-seventh of the Avadánas or Indian apologues, translated by Julien from the Chinese. It is taken from the twelfth chapter of the book entitled *Ta-tchi-tou-lun.*

A curiously distorted version of the Buddhist legend is found in the *Uttara-kánda* of the Sanskrit *Rámáyana*,[2] the later book which was added to the *Rámáyana* to explain and amplify the brief allusions to earlier events which had been left obscure in the original poem. There we read that a vulture and an owl, who had lived in a certain wood from time immemorial, quarrelled about the possession of a certain cave, each claiming it to be his by ancient right. They eventually agreed to bring the matter before Ráma for his decision. On his asking them how long each claimed to have had the cave as a dwelling, the vulture replied, "It has been my home ever since this earth was first filled with men newly come into being;" while the owl rejoined, "It has been my home ever since this earth was first adorned with trees." Ráma then decided that the cave properly belonged to the owl, as trees and plants were originally produced before the creation of mankind from the marrow of two

[1] Oldenberg's ed. of the *Culla-vagga*, vi, 6.

[2] Ch. lxiv in the Gau*d*a recension; it is omitted in the commentaries of the Northern recension, and is perhaps a spurious addition to the genuine Northern text (see Bombay ed., ch. liv*).

demons slain by Vishnu, whence the earth was called *Mediní* (from meda, "marrow"). Here we have only two animals introduced; Ráma, however, as the umpire, occupies the place of the third. But we find the triad of interlocutors reappearing in the version of the story given in the *Sindibád-námeh*, a Persian poem written by an unknown Persian poet in A.D. 1375, and analysed by Falconer in the *London Asiatic Journal* for 1841. This story reproduces the old dialogue, but the animals are changed, and a new point is added at the end.

"An old wolf and fox, intimate friends, were once travelling together. A short way before them they saw a camel, who joined them, and the three together took the road to the village of the camel. Their only provision for the journey consisted of a pumpkin. They travelled on for a long time, up hill and down dale, till, exhausted by the heat of the road, their eyes became black with thirst. At length they reached a pond full of water, and sat down on its brink. The pumpkin was produced, and, after some discussion, it was agreed that this prize should belong to him who was the eldest among them. First the wolf began: 'Indian, Tájik, and Turk know that my mother bore me one week before God had created heaven and earth, time and space; consequently I have the best right to this pumpkin.' 'Yes,' said the old and crafty fox; 'I have nothing to object to this account, for on the night your mother bore you I was standing by in attendance. That morning it was I that lit the taper, and I burned beside your pillow like a morning taper.' When the camel had heard their speeches to an end, he stalked forward, and, bending down his neck, snapped up the pumpkin, observing: 'It is impossible to conceal a thing so manifest as this, that with such a neck, and haunches, and back as mine, it was neither yesterday nor last night that my mother bore me.'"

E. B. COWELL.

ON THE DELIMITATION OF THE ENGLISH AND WELSH LANGUAGES.

BY ALEXANDER J. ELLIS, F.R.S.,
Vice-President (twice President) of the Philological Society.

FOR the last ten or twelve years I have been engaged in the laborious and difficult investigation of the pronunciation of English dialects throughout Great Britain. But it is notorious that all Great Britain does not speak English. A large portion of Scotland speaks Gaelic, and most of the principality of Wales still speaks Welsh. It was, therefore, a necessary point of my inquiry to determine how far the English language extended. Some years ago, Dr. Murray, the present (1882) President of the Philological Society, and editor of its forthcoming great English Dictionary, in his excellent little work on the *Dialects of the South of Scotland* (1873), determined with great accuracy the boundary of Gaelic and English (in the form of Lowland Scotch, which is, however, a true English dialect), and showed, by reference to an older determination, that it had receded westward during the present century.

This is indeed the lot of Celtic as against English. Its boundary is continually receding westwards. After the Romans left Great Britain in A.D. 400 the island was all Celtic, but it was not peaceful; and, in their quarrels, the Celts called in aid from the Lowlands of Germany. This brought English into Britain in the form of Lowland Teuton, of which Platt Deutsch (its popular) and Dutch (its literary form) are the modern representatives on the continent. Whatever the British language was like at that time, it was as unlike Lowland Teuton as it was unlike Roman. But

these Teutons, who are known as Angles, Saxons, and Friesians, treated Britain very differently from the Romans. The Romans merely governed. The Teutons conquered and exterminated, that is, killed off, or drove beyond their borders, all who opposed. They began on the south and east, and they gradually drove the British north and west. They were also continually fighting each other, and they had themselves in turn to succumb to two invasions, first, of the Danes, and, secondly, long afterwards, of the Normans. These conquests, in the course of time, converted their various forms of Lowland Teuton into dialects of English, as they themselves called their language. But they did not conquer Britain suddenly. Long and vigorous resistance was offered. For a long while a Celtic kingdom, that of Strathclyde, ran down from Scotland to the south of England, and to the east of the present Wales, and, in Devonshire and Cornwall, there were other Celtic elements. It was in the days of extermination that the Mercians (that is, the various Teuton tribes who infested the middle of England, beyond the "mark" or border of the Saxons) broke through the Strathclyde kingdom in the modern Cheshire and Lancashire, and established there their own language almost without any intermixture.[1] A few Welsh words can still be traced in South Lancashire, but, practically, it is a pure Midland English dialect.

[1] It was in A.D. 613, about 170 years after the first landing of the Lower Teutons, that Ethelfrith gained the victory of Chester, which separated Wales from Cumbria and Strathclyde. As Ethelfrith was King of Northumbria, Mr. J. R. Green, in his interesting work on the *Making of England* (Macmillan, 1881), concludes that Cheshire and South Lancashire came under the Northumbrian supremacy, which previously ranged on the East of Britain from the Firth of Forth to Lincolnshire. And as he has been unable to find any further records of the government of Cheshire and South Lancashire till the revolt of the Mercians, which wrested the supremacy from Northumbria in A.D. 659, he concludes that till that time Cheshire remained under Northumbrian government. And even then, and subsequently, he makes South

It was different with the parts of Strathclyde below Cheshire. In Shropshire, and, at least, Western Herefordshire, we have still marks of a dialect descended mainly from Welsh people on whom English had been forced. That is, we detect in them still habits of speech which point to a Celtic rather than a Saxon origin. I may mention the conspicuous trilling of *r* when not before a vowel, which marks Shropshire, and, I believe, West Herefordshire; while the *r* in such positions is very inconspicuous among the Midlanders, and has a totally different character in the neighbouring southern counties, as Gloucester, Wiltshire, etc. In these counties, then, as also in Devonshire and Cornwall (which will not otherwise enter into consideration here), we have English modified by being grafted on a Welsh or Celtic population. But in all these counties the change happened so long ago, so many generations have been transmitting their speech naturally from parent to child, that true English dialects have been formed, which do not betray to the ordinary observer any mark of being English spoken by foreigners. We have similar results in the Lowland Scotch of the old conquests as contrasted with the Lowland Scotch which has more recently supplanted Gaelic.

Let me begin by mentioning two cases in Wales itself, where Welsh was simply driven out, and where we have a West-Saxon dialect, certainly much worn out under the influence of education, but still purely English without any

Lancashire Northumbrian. (See his maps on pp. 244, 260, 273, 292, 305, and 329.) Now this distribution of English rule is directly opposed to the present phenomena of English dialects. South Lancashire and Cheshire have not only no signs of Northumbrian influence, but they furnish the purest and best marked specimens of Mercian or Midland English. Hence, it is quite clear that the settlement of these districts must have been Mercian, although the conquest was Northumbrian. North Lancashire, on the contrary, shows that it was conquered by Northumbrians, and is entirely different in dialect from South Lancashire.

Welsh influence. These are the peninsula of Gowerland, in the south of Glamorganshire, west of Swansea, and the south-west corner of Pembrokeshire, about Tenby, Pembroke, and Haverfordwest. They are merely English settlements of the twelfth century. It is indeed stated that Flemings were among the English, but Flemish of that period was so little different from West Saxon that, even if the statements are correct, we must not be surprised at finding no mark of Flemish in the present dialect.[1] There was a third of these

[1] The statements are made by chroniclers, and are, of course, the best written evidence we have, but the chroniclers tell so many tales which are clearly mere traditions that their statements require corroboration. In this case, the present state of the languages does not furnish any. The following are the exact words of the chroniclers, whom I have consulted for the purpose:—

1. *Willelmi Malmesbiriensis* Monachi Gesta regum anglorum, ed. T. Duffus Hardy. Historical Society, ed. 1840. (William of Malmesbury was born about 1095, and died 1143.)

Lib. iv, § 311, p. 493 [A.D. 1091]. "Statimque contra Walenses, post in Scottos, expeditionem movens, nihil magnificentia sua dignum exhibuit; militibus multis desideratis, jumentis interceptis. Nec tum solum, sed multotiens parva illi in Walenses fortuna fuit; quod cuivis mirum videatur, cum ei alias semper alea bellorum felicissime arriserit. Sed ego intelligo pro soli inæqualitate et cœli inclementia, sicut rebellionem eorum adjutum, ita ejus virtutem expeditum. Porro rex Henricus, excellentis ingenii vir, qui modo regnat, invenit qua commenta illorum labefactaret arte, Flandritis in patria illorum collocatis, qui eis pro claustro sint et eos perpetuo coerceant."

Lib. v, § 401, p. 628: "Wallenses rex Henricus, semper in rebellionem surgentes, crebris expeditionibus in deditionem premebat, consilioque salubri nixus, ut eorum tumorem extenuaret, Flandrenses omnes Angliæ accolas eo traduxit. Plures enim qui tempore patris pro materna cognatione confluxerant, occultabat Anglia, adeo ut ipsi regno pro multitudine onerosi viderentur: quapropter cum substantiis et necessitudinibus apud Ros, provinciam Wallorum, velut in sentinam congessit, ut et regnum defæcaret, et hostium brutam temeritatem retunderet," etc.

2. Polychronicon *Ranulphi Higdeni* Chestrensis de rebus Britannicis

settlements in the extreme south-east of Ireland, occupying the baronies of Forth and Bargy, in the county of Wexford, and this settlement kept up its language, quite distinct from its Celtic

et Hibernicis usque ad conquestum. Ed. Th. Gale, Oxford, 1691. (Higden died A.D. 1367.)

Page 210, l. 5: "*A quot, quando, et quibus hæc terra sit inhabitata gentibus.* Sed et Flandrenses tempore Regis Henrici primi [A.D. 1100-35], in magna copia juxta Mailros [Melrose in Roxburghshire, Scotland] ad Orientalem Angliæ plagam habitationem pro tempore accipientes, septimam in Insula gentem fecerunt [1. Britones; 2. Picti; 3. Scoti; 4. Saxones; 5. Dani; 6. Normanni; 7. Flandrenses] jubente tamen eodem Rege ad Occidentalem Walliæ partem apud Hauerford, sunt translati. Sicque Britannia modo deficientibus omnino Danis et Pictis, his quinque nationibus habitatur in præsenti, viz. Scotis in Albania, Britonibus in Cambria, Flandrensibus in Westwallia, Normannis et Anglis permixtim in tota Insula."

Page 210: "*De Incolarum Linguis.* Flandrenses vero qui occidua Walliæ incolunt, dimissa jam barbaria, Saxonice satis proloquuntur."

Or, as Trevisa (A.D. 1387) translates these last lines: "Bote *the* Flemynges *that* woneth in *the* west syde of Wales habbe*th* yleft here straunge speeche and speke*th* Saxonlych ynow."

For the three next citations with the observations in [ ], I am indebted to Henry Jenner, Esq., of the British Museum.

3. *Geraldus Cambrensis* [born 1147 in Pembrokeshire]. *Itinerarium Cambriæ*, lib. i, ch. xi, De Haverfordia et Ros:

"Erat autem gens hæc originem a Flandria ducens, ab Anglorum rege Henrico primo ad hos fines inhabitandum transmissa." [And the author then proceeds to describe the character of the people.]

4. *Brut y Tywysogion* [under the year 1105, translation sent by Mr. Jenner]. "The year after that a certain nation......was sent by King Henry into the land of Dyfed; and that nation seized the whole cantred of Rhos......having driven off the people completely. [The chronicle then states that they left their own country because the sea and sand encroached.] That nation, according to the report, was derived from 'Fflandrys', the country nearest to the sea of the Britons." [In several of the following years there are frequent mentions of the "Flemisswyr" and "Flemisseit" as fighting with the Welsh. The *Brut y Tywysogion* goes down to 1280, and the early part is probably of earlier date.]

5. *Annales Cambriæ* [under the year 1107, Florence of Worcester makes the date 1111]. "Flandrenses ad Ros venerunt." [The *Annales*

surroundings, for many hundred years, though, in later times, it received Celtic additions. It is now merged into the Cromwellian Irish English, by which it is surrounded. But a hundred years ago it was sufficiently distinct to have specimens of it collected, and these betray one of the oldest forms of English dialect. All these three settlements were nearly in a line proceeding down the Bristol Channel and crossing to Ireland, and they evidently consisted of Southern English, or Wessex people. The two settlements in Wales must be regarded as part of England. The presence of Welsh people is a mere accident of immigration, as insignificant in respect to nationality as the presence of Welsh people in London. In these cases the delimitation is comparatively easy, and the information I have received (I have in no case visited the spot or perambulated the boundary myself) is as follows:—

are known now from a thirteenth century MS. at the British Museum, but they are evidently translated from Welsh of an earlier date.]

These citations show that there is thorough agreement among the ancient chroniclers as to the nationality of the Lowland Teutons who occupied the south-west of Pembrokeshire. Their accounts are probably all derived from the same source. But Geraldus Cambrensis, as a native of Pembrokeshire, born about forty years after the reported Flemish settlement, shows probably the belief of the Pembroke people themselves. If we took the chroniclers literally, these Flemish were sent to Wales to get rid of them, and "cleanse England of their filthy presence" (as William of Malmesbury puts it, in even stronger terms), and then, unaccompanied by Saxon or Norman guards or rulers, were left to fight the Welsh in the interests of England. Yet, about 250 years later, Higden finds them speaking sufficiently good Saxon. This, and the modern state of the language, shows that the chroniclers were at any rate not acquainted with the whole story, and that the Saxons must have certainly preponderated. Again, the chroniclers do not refer to Gowerland, which is in precisely the same condition as to language, nor to Wexford. The evidence, then, in favour of the Flemish settlement breaks down linguistically. At most there could only have been a subordinate Flemish element, which soon lost all traces of its original and but slightly different dialect, while the principal element must have been Saxon as in Gower and Wexford.

GLAMORGANSHIRE, informant, Rev. J. D. Davies, Llanmadoc Rectory, at the N.W. extremity of Gower. The boundary is along the present line of railway from Penclawdd Station, on the Burry River, to Mumbles Road Station on Swansea Bay. It comprises the following seventeen parishes, all of which have spoken English for centuries:— 1, Cheriton; 2, Llanmadoc; 3, Llangenydd; 4, Rhos-sili; 5, Llanddewi; 6, Knelston; 7, Reynoldston; 8, Port Eynon; 9, Penrice; 10, Oxwich; 11, Nicholaston; 12, Penmaen; 13, Llanrhidian (lower division; the upper division does not speak English); 14, Ilston; 15, Penard; 16, Bishopston; 17, Oystermouth. The first thirteen parishes belong to the West, and the last four to the East, Rural Deanery of Gower. There are still to be seen the ruins of an old castle, once the *Caput Baroniæ* of this extensive ancient lordship west of Swansea. "In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries," Mr. Davies says, "we frequently meet in old documents with the expressions '*Gower Wallica*' and '*Gower Anglica*'." The terms are, however, greatly mixed up.

As there are no printed specimens of this dialect, I mention the following words from an example translated for me by Mr. Davies, the italics showing Mr. Davies's orthography; *zo*, so; *zay*, say; *ze*, see; *zide*, side; *she's gwain*, she is going; *drough* (rhymes *plough*), through; *defe*, deaf; *we know-n*, we know him; *auld*, old; *beant*, isn't; *dœur* (rhymes French *sœur*), door; *mabby*, may be, perhaps; *lil*, little; *teach er*, teach her; *agen*, again. Of these, the use of initial *z* for *s* in *zo, zay, ze, zide*, and of initial *dr* for *thr* in *drough*, the use of *gwain* for *going*, of *beant* for isn't, and especially of *-n* in *know-n* for *know him*, are distinctive marks of the strongest Southern English, which is situated on the other side of the Channel not nearer than Somersetshire. This shows that the English is ancient and not acquired in modern times. I may add that the *Archæologia Cambrensis*,

1861, pp. 356-362, speaking of the ethnology of Gower, gives Dr. Latham's opinion that the people are English, and not Flemish, and says Dr. Williams had glossed 150 words, and found them like Somerset, as *delve*, dig, *told we*, told us (which is always used by a Gower man), the use of *z* for *s*, and *v* for *f*, which was formerly universal over the South of England), and *hold un*, hold him or it.

PEMBROKESHIRE, hundreds of Rhôs and Daugleddy, informant, Rev. J. Tombs, Rector of Burton, 3 miles N. of Pembroke and 7 miles S.S.W. of Haverfordwest. He says that "the probable boundary of the original or very early colony was from Newgale Bridge, near the N.E. corner of St. Bride's Bay, to the village of Ambleston (7 miles N.N.E. of Haverfordwest and a mile and a half N. of Trefgarn), thence to Lawhadon and Narberth, and from there by Ludchurch to Amroth or Cronwear in the Bay of Carmarthen. No line can now be drawn between Anglicised Welsh and the early colonists. About one hundred years ago something approaching to such a line might have been drawn, but even the Anglicised Welsh were interspersed with the stranger, and, from the very first, some, by intermarriages or other means, kept their ground in many parts under same conditions." From a printed lecture on Pembrokeshire delivered by the same gentleman at Milford on 20 March 1863, of which he obligingly lent me the only remaining copy which he had, I take the following notes. Henry I (says Fenton in his *History of Pembrokeshire*, p. 201) having admitted, out of respect to Queen Maud (daughter of Baldwin, Earl of Flanders), a great number of Flemings into England, driven out by inundations, removed them from the north to part of Pembrokeshire (already taken possession of by Normans under Arnulph de Montgomery) about Pembroke, Tenby, and Roos.[1] A Welsh chronicle insinuates that

[1] See the citations from the ancient chroniclers in the note on p. 176.

fifty years later Henry II introduced a fresh colony "to supply his new garrisons, raised and fortified by Strongbow, Haverfordwest and Tenby." Strongbow was Richard, Count of Eu, who, in 1110, conquered Welsh Divet or Pembroke, which was called "Little England beyond Wales". In 1401 Owen Glendowr is said to have defeated "the English militia of Herefordshire and the Flemings of Rhôs and Pembroke." Rhôs is spelled Roos, Roose, Rouse by English writers. Thierry quotes from the *Cambrian Register*: "They affect not to know the name of a single individual inhabiting the part in which Welsh is spoken. To the inquiries of strangers they will answer, 'I donna knaw, a lives somewhere i' the Welshery.'" This representation of the dialect is, of course, not to be trusted. Mr. Tombs also notes the following Welsh names which remain in an Anglicised form:

Pembroke = Penfro or -bro, that is, "head of the maritime land or promontory". Tenby = Din-bych, that is, "little hill port". Hakin, one mile west of Milford (also Hagin), which he conjectures to be the same as *-hagen* in Copenhagen, that is "port", saying that the Danes have left some traces. This is very doubtful. Pill = Pwll; and numerous Welsh surnames.

Mr. Tombs also notes the report that another colony, under Martin de Tours, landed northwards of the Precelly range of mountains (*Mynydd Preseley*, six or seven miles south-east of Fishguard on the north coast), and says that, of course, they had connection with the southern colonies; but they have become inextricably mixed up with the Welsh.

As regards the language, Mr. Tombs says "there is nothing like the Devonshire or French *u* here, and our (Pembroke) mode of pronouncing is very different from West Somerset; and our *r* is nothing like the subdued English London *r*, and not so very noticeably different from the Welsh *r*." On the other hand, Mr. Elworthy of Wellington, West Somerset,

author of a grammar of that dialect, who has a very keen appreciation of the pronunciation of his district, told me (11th October 1878), after a visit to Tenby, that the language was "most like a book version of West Somerset, with a little of the Devonshire *u* and the peculiar Southern *r*." The Devonshire *u* is clearly a modernism, and probably very partially introduced. The Southern *r* is the mark of the Southern dialect from Cornwall to Kent and Dorset to Worcestershire. It is made by pointing the tongue to the throat or else retracting it very much, and is very easily seized by those who have once heard it, but strangers overlook it generally, and Londoners confuse it with their own vocal *r*. All the dialectal peculiarities are, however, fast dying out under the influence of education.

At the Swansea meeting of the Cambrian Archæological Society, 1861, the following was given as a genuine bit of Pembrokeshire English: "I'ze a gwaaing to zell zum vish to buy zum vlesh vor that blezzed day Zoonday." This could not be genuine: *ze* in *I'ze*, *oo* in *Zoonday*, and *ng* in *gwaaing* are quite impossible; hence, the observer was not to be trusted, but the fact that *z*, *v* are used for *s*, *f*, may, perhaps, remain. The rest is picturesque. Mr. Tombs thinks, however, that it is unmistakably Flemish.[1] It is really a bad representation of Southern English, such as may still be heard. But Mr. Tombs says he has himself heard a Pembrokewoman say, "I'll put out the kive to vang the wāter." Halliwell and Wright spell the word *keeve*, and say it is a Western (that is South-Western) term for a brewing-tub; it is Anglo-Saxon *cyf*; German, *kufe*. To *vang* for to *fang* or catch (compare the snake's *fangs* or catching teeth) is a regular Southern term. He has also heard *vank* for a spark;

[1] Possibly the initial *z*'s and *v*'s, which are used in Flemish and Dutch writing, may have misled him. Initial *f* and *s* in Anglo-Saxon were also undoubtedly pronounced as *v* and *z*. Initial *s* is still pronounced as *z* in High German.

compare middle high German, *vunke*, *vanke*, modern *funke;* Dutch, *vonk* (see Dieffenbach's *Gothic Dictionary*, i, 413, No. 62); but I cannot find it as an English dialect word, though our word *funk* belongs to it. He has also heard *misken* for *mixen*, a dung-heap, which is similar to the Southern transpositions *waps*, *haps* for *wasp*, *hasp*. Also *drang*, a narrow passage, a regular Southern word; and "*rāthe*, *rāther*, *rāthest*" for quick or early, earlier, earliest, the first of which is a very old English word.

In the example which Mr. Tombs translated for me occur the following Southernisms: *zo*, *zay*, *zee*, *zide* = so, say, see, side; *vrom* = from (he has heard *throm*, but only from families of Welsh blood; it is an impossible combination to a south-western English peasant); *dreow*, through (the regular change of *thr* initial); *maayd*, *waey agwaayin*, maid way a-going; *she ool*, she will; *we knaows ihn*, we know him; *rho-ad*, road (the aspirated *r* is pure Southern, as well as the division of the digraph); with others, which will mark the real English which exists here.

After this account of "Little England beyond Wales", I will proceed at once to speak of greater England in its immediate pressure on Wales from the East. But, first, let me recall to your mind that there are two classes of languages in England proper, the received or literary, and the dialectal. The first, as these names imply, is twofold, and the second is manifold. The received speech is that ordinarily spoken in familiar conversation by the governing, the wealthy, the highly educated classes of society. It is by no means uniform either in pronunciation or construction, and many slight varieties are "received", that is, their use is not considered to be a mark of lower rank, deficient education, vulgarity, or provincialism. There is also a middle-class English pronunciation, construction, and vocabulary, which aspires to be received, but is not. This, however, stands

much higher than the purely vulgar. The "literary" is quite different. In construction, it is essentially the language of books, as distinct from conversation, and in pronunciation, it is the language of orthoepists and purists. This I term generally "book English". It is supposed to be taught in schools, and wherever the "art of delivery or elocution" is inculcated. It is the language of literature when read aloud, of oratory, of the pulpit and the stage (two words by-the-bye of originally the same meaning, that is, platform), but it is not the language of native conversation, it is not what we learn from our fathers and mothers, our school and college-companions, the men and women with whom we daily consort. Foreigners, by which I shall understand, as in the provinces, persons who by birth speak a different language, and not give it any invidious political signification—foreigners who learn a language by book and by orthoepical instruction, naturally acquire the book language, tinctured, however, essentially by their own nationality. We have numerous instances of such English speech in Wales. Such book-language is considered "purer" than the received. This is a mere assumption. It is another language, more wholly artificial than the received, which has itself arisen from a semi-artificial paring down of a particular (East Midland) form of speech, to suit the habits and prejudices of the so-called "upper" classes.

But real natural English, hereditarily transmitted from father to son, is dialectal. The Greek word διάλεκτος of course meant "conversation", from the deponent form διαλέγομαι, "I converse", the active form διαλέγω meaning "I discriminate or pick out one from another". In conversation there are, of course, at least two distinct speakers. A dialect now merely means a "local speech", when numerous local speeches do not differ greatly from each other or from the received language of a country. But the limits of language

and dialect are hard to find. At present I wish to consider dialect as simple local speech, learned without book, essentially a spoken and not a written dialect. The dialects of England are practically unwritten at the present day, the attempts at writing a few of them, being rather caricatures than representations. I speak after more than ten years' special attention to the subject. But the local speech, to be local, requires some fixation of locality. A hundred years ago it was not easy for the poor to change their domicile, communication was difficult, and "certificated teachers" as yet were not. Hence the local form of speech remained, with only its internal capacity of change, which, though not great in itself, in time produced great results. Every century made a perceptible change, even in the most out of the way districts, and it is now very hard to find an ancient form of pronunciation. Still, local forms exist, decidedly different from received speech, such as those which I have just adduced from Glamorganshire and Pembrokeshire, and these are entirely different from the book English taught in schools.

Now I have quite recently found it possible to divide English dialects into four regions, dependent upon their treatment of the short and long Anglo-Saxon *u*, as in the words, *some house*. The Southern and Eastern dialects pronounce words of this class practically in the received fashion; the Midland dialects say *sŏŏm*, with curious varieties of *house*. The Northern dialects say *sŏŏm hōōse;* and the Scotch Lowland dialects practically pronounce *some* as in received speech, but retain the *hōōse* of the northern English dialects. Now, the only part of this curious division which concerns us this evening is the southern boundary between the Southern and Midland dialects, or between *some* and *sŏŏm*, and only a small part of this, though I may say in passing that all three boundaries have been determined right

across the country. The boundary in question beginning in N.W. Shropshire, between Ellesmere, which has *sŏŏm*, and Oswestry which has *sŭm;* sloping down to S.E., and running W. of Hordley (*sŏŏm*), E. of Whittington (*sŭm*), S. of Wem and Yorton (both *sŏŏm*), and just S. of Hadnall, or about four miles N. of Shrewsbury when it turns S., and passes just W. of Upton Magna at a distance of about two miles E. from Shrewsbury, near which place it reaches the river Severn, and it pursues the course of that river throughout the rest of Shropshire.[1] Its subsequent course does not concern our present inquiry. All W. and S. of this line says (*sŭm*), all N. and E. of it says (*sŏŏm*), and belongs to the Midland dialects, which have altogether a different character. Miss Jackson's excellent *Glossary of Shropshire* refers to the first (*sŭm*) portion almost exclusively. In this northern part of Shropshire, wedged between it and Cheshire, lies a detached part of Flintshire, separated from the main county by part of Denbighshire, and practically forming part of England, as its Welsh name *Maelor Saesnaeg* implies.

Now, of the parts of England adjoining Wales, this southern (or *sŭm*) part of Shropshire was a Welsh-speaking country, on which English was forced hundreds of years ago. It is therefore an old English-speaking region, but the English was always a Welsh English, and although years sufficient have since passed to allow of its forming an independent English dialect, it has traces of its origin in the intonation of speakers, and the well trilled *r* occurring without a subsequent vowel. It has also not quite lost its Welsh speakers. I am told that in Oswestry more Welsh is spoken than in Montgomery, and the region from Chirk to Llan-y-

[1] Since this paper was read on 24 May 1882, this part of the line has been re-examined and verified for me by Mr. Thomas Hallam of Manchester, to whose observations on the whole of the boundary between *sŭm* and *sŏŏm* I am greatly indebted.

myneech is practically Welsh to this day, speaking English as a foreign language. The English of Shropshire has received much from the Midland counties, among which must be reckoned the verbal plural in *-n*. This is as distinctly marked in the whole of the Southern (or *sŭm*) region as in the Northern. It has also borrowed from the southern dialects both in pronunciation and in the use of the verb *I be* in place of *I am*, which is singularly combined with the Midland plural in *-n* in *we bin, they bin*, that is, *be-n* = "we are." This must be distinguished from the use of *we bin* for *we have been*, a mere ellipsis which may be heard all over England.

South of Shropshire we have another English-speaking Welsh region, Herefordshire, which was joined to Mercia, or the Midland kingdom, about the same time as Shropshire. It has, however, no Midland pronunciations left, and at least the S.E. part, including Ross, Ledbury, and Much Cowarne has as much a Southern dialect as Gloucestershire. The rest of the county, including possibly a peninsula of Worcestershire about Tenbury, has as much of an English dialect as Shropshire, and it is southern in its general character, but the peculiar southern *r*, already described, cannot be traced with much certainty.

South of Herefordshire we have Monmouthshire, which was so recently (only in 1535) incorporated with England, that many enthusiastic Welsh people refuse to acknowledge the Act of Parliament, and consider it still Gwent and Morganwg. It is certainly more recent in its English than either Hereford or Shropshire, and a portion of it still speaks Welsh. Its English is decidedly Welsh in tone, and sometimes in words, but, at least on the Eastern part, it has strong marks of the southern dialect.

Going north to Flint (detached), Denbigh, and Flint (mainland), we have strong marks of Midland influence, which

altogether separates these districts from those just considered. But these districts form recognised parts of Wales. On the south of the projecting western part of Shropshire, we have a strip of Montgomeryshire, almost the whole of Radnorshire, and a strip of Brecknockshire, together with Monmouthshire already mentioned, which all speak English of a more recent character.

Now, I have found it expedient to distinguish all this region linguistically as Cambrian, including those parts of both English and Welsh counties already named, and to divide them into three districts, the North Cambrian (or N.C.) to the north of Shropshire; the Mid-Cambrian (or M.C.), including the south-western part of Shropshire and portion of Montgomeryshire; and the South Cambrian (or S.C.), taking in the rest. The eastern boundary of the N.C. district is not well defined or at all accurately known, but it possibly lies on a line connecting Whitchurch, Whixall, Wem, and Yorton, in Shropshire, following the Shrewsbury and Crewe Railway. Its southern boundary is that of *sŭm* and *sŏŏm* already described as far as Yorton; and the northern and north-eastern boundary is that of Cheshire. The western or Welsh boundary, will be considered presently. From the M.C. district I exclude the parts west of Oswestry and Llan-y-mynech, and I make it extend, so far as my information at present serves, to a line drawn nearly due east and west just north of Bewdley, in Worcestershire, just north of Ludlow, and through Bromfield, in Shropshire. and then by the north boundary of Radnorshire. The western, or Welsh boundary, will be considered hereafter. The eastern boundary of the S.C. district is completely determined as a line from a little west of Ross to Much Cowarne, as already mentioned, which may extend northwards to about Bewdley, and it passes southwards by the border of Monmouthshire and the river Wye to the Bristol Channel. The western, or Welsh, boundary has to be considered hereafter.

In considering the western or Welsh boundary of the Cambrian region, which, in fact, delimitates the English and Welsh languages, and is the proper subject of this paper, it is necessary to determine what shall be considered an English and what a Welsh-speaking place. Now I consider an English-speaking place to be one in which the uneducated, or, at least, merely the elementarily-educated population, speak with each other exclusively in English. Even English peasantry, in general, speak two languages, the 'broad' to one another, the 'fine' to superiors; but both are English, and they understand received English when the words are not too high-flown. There are many places in Wales where both languages are spoken, and even others, where the speakers do not understand Welsh without special instruction. But it is necessary to divide these places into at least two classes—those in which a more or less dialectal form of English is used, and those where 'book English', as I have explained the term, is spoken, that is, those in which English has been learned by instruction and not by communication,[1] or is else

[1] Dr. Isambard Owen has furnished me with the following extract, which explains precisely what I mean by the above phrases. None of the children mentioned in it should be classed as English-speakers, although they may have become speakers of book-English—a very different thing. The "Welsh lump" mentioned at the end of the citation, is Mr. Powell's "Welsh Note", *Y Cymmrodor*, vol. v. p. 28, line 2 from bottom, as Dr. Isambard Owen pointed out to me, and its use is a complete proof that the children were natural Welsh-speakers. The peculiar intonation or rising inflexion spoken of at the end of the extract, is a very trustworthy mark of a Welshman speaking English. It is sometimes very pretty,—especially in a pretty girl,—but it is decidedly un-English at all times. The children of the boys mentioned in this extract may now be English-speakers, but they will most probably not be dialectal speakers.

From *A Second Walk through Wales, by the Rev. Richard Warner, of Bath, in August and September* 1798. Second Edition. Bath, 1800. Pages 262, 263. "During our former, as well as present progress through Flintshire, we have had occasion to observe that English is very generally spoken by all classes of society; in so much, as nearly to super-

spoken by the children, perhaps even the grandchildren, of those who have thus learned it. Then comes the more recent English, where parents speak to each other in Welsh and to their children in English. These places I call semi-bilingual, because, although the parents know two languages, the children may know only one. Should these be classed as English speakers? Hardly in this generation, though in the next they will become so. Next we have a large class, comprising perhaps most Welshmen who have been at school at all, who prefer to talk Welsh, but who can talk English more or less perfectly. I can no more reckon these as English speakers, than I can call educated English people who can read, write, and speak French, French speakers. They are merely foreign speakers of English and French respectively. There is another test. In places of worship does the minister find it necessary or advisable to have regular or occasional Welsh services, for native inhabitants, excluding immigrants? Of course there are services in Welsh and many other languages in London, but these are entirely for immigrants, and London remains a perfectly English-speaking city. I cer-

sede the use of the national tongue. We were unable to account for this circumstance till to-day, when our landlady's sprightly son acquainted us with the cause of it. One great object of education, it seems, in the schools (both of boys and girls) of North Wales, is to give the children a perfect knowledge of the *English* tongue; the masters not only having the exercises performed in this language, but obliging the children to *converse* in it also. In order to effect this, some *coercion* is necessary, as the *little Britons* have a considerable aversion to the Saxon vocabulary; if, therefore, in the colloquial intercourse of the scholars, one of them be detected in speaking a Welsh word, he is immediately degraded with *the Welsh lump*, a large piece of lead fastened to a string, and suspended round the neck of the offender. This mark of ignominy has had the desired effect; all the children of Flintshire speak English very well, and were it not for a little curl, or elevation of the voice, at the conclusion of the sentence (which has a pleasing effect), one should perceive no difference in this respect between the North Wallians and the natives of England."

tainly exclude those places which have one Welsh service a week from being English. But I have not received sufficient information here. I only inquired about services in South Wales, and only from beneficed clergymen, whereas it is the Nonconformists, who form the bulk of the artisan and labouring class, that would be most important in this respect. I hope that hereafter, with the help perhaps of this Society, a more accurate delimitation will be attempted, in which one of the chief elements should be, the preaching in Welsh in Noncomformist chapels. If the minister finds that he can only reach the hearts of his congregation by addressing them in Welsh, then Welsh is their language, however much they may speak English.

Now I will draw the line which seems to me to mark the present boundary of English and Welsh, so that you may have a general view of the state of the case, and I will afterwards furnish the details, with the authorities on which I rely. I draw the line from the north to south.

Western or Welsh Boundary of English.

Flintshire.—The line commences between Flint and Connah's Quay, or New Quay, on the river Dee. It runs southwards, leaving Northop and Mold on the west, and Hope on the east.

Denbighshire.—The line deflects slightly to the south-east, passing through Wrexham, to the east of Ruabon (Rhiwabon) and west of Chirk.

Shropshire.—The line possibly continues through Oswestry and Llan-y-mynech.

Montgomeryshire.—The line enters this county èast of Llansantffraid, and west of Llandysilio, and, taking an undulating south-westerly direction, passes west of Guilsfield and Welshpool, west of Berriew (Aber Rhiw), north of Tregynon, west of Penstrowel and Mochtre, and possibly east of Llanidloes.

Radnorshire.—The line runs almost directly south to the Wye, passing east of St. Harmon's and Rhayader Gwy (Rhaiadr Gwy), and follows the Wye, to within 2 or 3 miles of Builth (Buallt), when it enters

Brecknockshire, and passes in a south-easterly direction just west of Builth and east of Llangynog, and then, probably (but my information is here deficient), runs parallel to the Radnorshire border to Talgarth and the Black Forest, whence it turns southwards, and leaves Llanfihangel-cwm-du on the west, and Crickhowel (Crughywel) on the east.

Monmouthshire.—The line seems to enter this county east of Brynmawr, and probably follows the valley of the lesser Ebbw or Ebwy to its junction with the greater, and keeps east of the united Ebbw, west of Pontypool and east of Risca, but west of Newport, to the junction of the Ebbw and Usk rivers on the Bristol Channel. I understand that most of the Welsh speakers in Western Monmouthshire are immigrants and not natives.

This completes the line from sea to sea, and it is sufficiently exact for my own purposes, but after it has been thus sketched out, it would be a holiday task for an English-speaking Welsh tourist to go from town to town, and by questioning the Nonconformist ministers and intelligent people correct the line where in error. To determine it even to this extent without actual perambulation, to which I could not give up sufficient time, I addressed a large number of letters to clergymen near to what I merely conjectured was the line, and inclosed a post card with 3 questions for North and 4 for South Wales, issued subsequently. I am glad to say that in general I received most courteous replies, and from some writers, especially the rector of Montgomery, I obtained a great deal of valuable information. I do not think I can do better than first give the questions, and then the several

answers I received, because I regard these as documents to be preserved, while what I have deduced from them is of course liable to a good deal of doubt, as the record was necessarily imperfect.

Questions asked in North Wales, April 1879.

1. Is Welsh or English generally spoken by the peasantry about —— [place addressed] to one another?

2. If Welsh, where is the nearest English-speaking place to the east?

3. If English, does it resemble in pronunciation the English of —— [the neighbouring English county]? Or is it simply book English?

Answers.

FLINTSHIRE.

Flint, from Rev. E. Jenkins, vicar. "1. Not in the town generally, but generally in some parts of the parish. 2. Connah's Quay. 3. Book English in the town. The English of the district of *Pentre* is somewhat like that used in Cheshire, and Hawarden parish, in Flintshire."

Northop (3 m. S. of Flint), from Rev. Thomas Williams, vicar. "I. English. 3. Book English. In a little hamlet at one extreme of the parish called *Pentremoch*, the dialect spoken is very like that spoken in Hawarden, which parish it joins."[1]

Hawarden (6 m. E.S.E. of Flint), from Rev. Stephen E. Gladstone, rector. "1. Almost exclusively English. 3. I should say it was rather more Lancashire than Cheshire English. But it is rather peculiar, especially about Buckley [6 m. S.S.E. of Flint], and Ewloe [5 m. E.S.E. of Flint]."

Mr. S. E. Gladstone was good enough to have a translation

[1] It must be to this western portion of Flintshire that the citation from Mr. Warner refers, in the foot-note on p. 189, which shows a true Welsh-speaking population.

of my *Dialect Test* made for me by the schoolmaster, Mr. Spencer. It is chiefly in ordinary spelling, which should imply ordinary received pronunciation, but I notice the following words: *see* say, *metes* mates, *gete* gate, *street* straight, *neeme* name, these are all distinctly Cheshire, and not Lancashire pronunciation; the following are not decisive: *reet* right, *scu'* school, *roud* road, *wey* way, *dooer* door, *deef* deaf, *oud* old, *agen* again, *aint* isn't; *we know 'im* shews that the verbal plural in *-n*, common in Lancashire and Cheshire, is not employed; *I are* for I am (which, if correct, is remarkable in this region), *her's* she is, *her'll* she will, (the two last are common in the Midlands, where the Lancashire and Cheshire *hoo* is not used for 'she'). The specimen wants further inquiry, which it will receive, but these suffice to shew that Cheshire is the main source of the English, especially quite the South of Cheshire.

Mold, from Rev. Roland Ellis, vicar. "1. Welsh and English, I should think in about equal proportions. 2. Buckley and Hawarden. 3. The English spoken in this neighbourhood is not at all like that of Cheshire, more like book English."

Hope (5 m. S. E. of Mold), from the Rev. J. Rowlands, vicar. "1. About one-third of Welsh. 2. All English to the east. 3. The Cheshire dialect with sometimes a Welsh accent or twang."

Hence I have drawn the line east of Flint, and Mold, which I consider bi-lingual, and I think that probably Northop with its book English, is so also. Pentre, the hamlet of Northop spoken of, lies east of this line.

DENBIGHSHIRE.

Holt (5 m. N.E. Wrexham), from Rev. Henry Wray, vicar. "1. English entirely. 3. Cheshire."

Mr. Edw. French, of Hull, a native of Farndon, Cheshire,

which is only separated from Holt by the bridge over the Dee, writing to me in 1879, says: "The pronunciation of Farndon prevails along the southern border of the county [of Cheshire] and into the detached part of Flint,[1] which latter is thoroughly English, although the old Welsh names of the farms and villages still remain. I feel that I cannot guard you too strongly against thinking that the pronunciation of Farndon and the adjacent district is in the slightest degree affected by the adjoining Denbighshire district. The exact opposite is the case, for the Cheshire pronunciation penetrates several miles into Denbighshire; and yet, immediately the Dee is crossed, the fields, farms, etc., are found to have the ancient Welsh names still unchanged. I have paid particular attention to this point, and when living for several years in the bi-lingual district on the west side of Wrexham—eight miles from Farndon—I could always detect a Farndon, Holt, or south Cheshire man immediately he opened his mouth. The first effect that the Welsh influence has on English is to destroy all provincial pronunciation. It always seemed to me that the English work-people in the bi-lingual districts of Wales shrink from contracting a Welsh pronunciation. The complete absence of Welsh influence on the southern Cheshire border seems to me marvellous."

Wrexham, from Rev. D. Howell, vicar. "1. English exclusively to the east; Welsh and English mixed to the west of Wrexham, for about 3 miles; then Welsh exclusively. 2. The town of Wrexham practically divides the two. 3. About Wrexham the English is 'book English', but eastward it becomes more like Cheshire and Shropshire."

[1] The pronunciation which I have received from this detached part of Flint differs considerably from that given me by Mr. French from Farndon, but it evidently requires further investigation, and hence I do not give it here.

Ruabon (5 m. S.W. of Wrexham), from Rev. M. Edwards, vicar. "1. Both. 3. Not provincial."

Chirk (9 m. S.S.W. Wrexham), from Rev. T. H. Lompson, vicar. "1. English in Chirk, Welsh upon the western border, *i.e.* in the parish of Llangollen. 3. We join the county of Salop, and there is no difference in the pronunciation and phraseology."

SHROPSHIRE.

Oswestry. The Rev. F. W. Parker, rector of Montgomery, writes, "The Shropshire town of Oswestry is said to have more Welsh than either Newtown or Welshpool [see Montgomeryshire]. I dare say in many of the Shropshire parishes you would find some Welsh, they are inclined to migrate." I have been also told, but I cannot recover the authority, that several shops in Oswestry are obliged in consequence to keep Welsh-speaking assistants.

Llan-y-mynech, from Rev. W. E. Price, rector. "1. English. 3. I think it better than Shropshire English generally, and more like Montgomeryshire English, and which has been mostly learned from educated people and is hence purer."

From this information I have made the line to run through Oswestry and Llan-y-mynech, which forms a good junction to the lines through Denbighshire and Montgomeryshire.

MONTGOMERYSHIRE.

Llandrinio (8 m. N.N.E. of Welshpool), from Rev. Edward B. Smith, rector. "1. English entirely. 3. It is generally good English with little provincialism, and I trace several quaint (old English ?) expressions."

Guilsfield (2 m. N. of Welshpool), from Rev. D. Phillips Lewis, vicar. 1. "Both Welsh and English. By far the greater number speak English. 3. It resembles the English of Shropshire but with local peculiarities."

Buttington (2 m. N.E. of Welshpool), from Rev. J. Lewis, vicar. "1. English. 2. Good English, but Welsh accent is common; nothing of Shropshire English along the Severn valley."

At the suggestion of the Rector of Montgomery, who thought the last answer inaccurate, I wrote again to Rev. D. P. Lewis, vicar of Guilsfield, who had been formerly vicar of Buttington, and he replied 4th April 1879, "The information about Buttington surprises me. When I left that parish in 1863, it was to all intents a Shropshire parish. The workmen coming and going in that most especially Saxon district, between Severn and Church Stretton [Shropshire, 12 m. S.S.W. of Shrewsbury], where you may hear of 'housen, mousen and treesen'[1] and even the termination of *-en* of the third person plural is not unknown, as *I went, they wenten*, [regular in Shropshire]. No doubt local dialects are weakening before National and British Schools. But as any one with an ear for dialects would detect Cheshire in the Vale of Clwyd [from Ruthin, Denbighshire, to Rhyl, Flintshire, far west of the boundary line I have drawn through those counties], so would he perceive Shropshire in east Montgomeryshire. It used to be said that three languages were spoken in Flintshire, English, Welsh, and Buckley Mountain, which was in fact a very rough Cheshire, mixed with Welsh, but Cheshire was the foundation."

[1] The plurals of the Anglo-Saxon words *hús*, *mús*, *treow* are *hús*, *mýs*, *treowu*, hence *housen*, *mousen*, *treesen* are not Saxon forms. Miss Jackson admits the first, but not the two last, in her glossary. In *treesen* = *tree-s-en* we have a double plural, as in the usual *child-r-en*. This *-en* termination is, however, early English; and numerous examples are collected by Dr. Morris in the Grammatical Introduction to his edition of Dan Michel's *Ayenbite of Inwyt*, pp. xi-xxv; but they do not include *housen* (now so common in English dialects), *mousen* (which I never heard of before, indeed even *mouses* is rare, though *meece* is occasionally heard), nor *treesen*, but only *tren*, *treon*.

On further communicating with Rev. J. Lewis, he said, "I have certainly observed this use [of the verbal plural in *-en*] in this neighbourhood more than in Shropshire. I lived eleven years in Shrewsbury, where, however, such peculiarities may not be as common as among the country people." In county towns the language is always refined.

Welshpool, from Rev. J. S. Hill, vicar. "1. English. 3. It is good English. There are Shropshire provincialisms in words and idioms, but the pronunciation is particularly pure."

Forden (3 m. N. of Montgomery), from Rev. John E. Vise, vicar. "1. Not one word of Welsh. 3. It is Shropshire, which county is the edge of my parish."

Berriew (? Aber Rhiw) (3 m. N.W. of Montgomery), from Rev. Joseph Baines, vicar. "1. English. 3. Book English, *i.e.*, it has not anything approaching dialect or any corruption."

Snead (5 m. S.E. of Montgomery) from Rev. G. O. Pardoe, rector. "1. English entirely. 3. The English of Shropshire."

Kerry (2 m. S.E. of Newtown), from Rev. W. Morgan, B.D., vicar. "1. English exclusively. 3. Book English."

Montgomery, from Rev. F. W. Parker, rector. "1. English entirely. No Welsh-speaking parishes south of the Severn [this does not refer to the parts of the Severn valley west of Llanidloes]. 2. Welsh language gradually, steadily, receding. 3. Certainly in a great measure resembling Shropshire in pronunciation, though not in all respects. Many Shropshire words in use. Manner of speaking good. Names of places Welsh."

Mr. Parker also sent me two long letters on 3rd and 7th April 1879, from which I will make some extracts, and give an arrangement of the lists of places which he furnished. "Though an Englishman myself", he says, "I have been living in this district for upwards of 30 years, first as curate of Welshpool, secondly, as vicar of Mochtre or Moughtrey

near [3 m. S.W. of] Newtown, and now as Rector of Montgomery. Having thus been living in different parts of this district, I ought to have a tolerably accurate knowledge of the Severn Valley from Llanidloes [11 m. S.W. of Newtown] to the Breidden Hill [Craig-ap-Wridden, 5 m. N.E. of Welshpool, on the borders of Shropshire and Montgomeryshire]. No doubt there was a time when the Welsh language was spoken in all these parishes, and the names of places, houses, etc., still survive, but English has gradually taken the place of Welsh, and is gradually encroaching upon it. Were it not that there is a constant migration of Welsh-speaking people from the hill country to the north into the more fertile valley lands, the Welsh language would have died out much faster. In most of these border parishes there are to be found a certain number of people of Welsh extraction, who have come down and taken farms or cottages and still retain their knowledge of Welsh, but their children in many cases have no knowledge of the language. Naturally there is a certain amount of Welsh accent in many of these people who are emerging from Welsh, and with it an admixture of Shropshire twang, but as compared with most parts of the country, the lower orders speak very good English. I should say this remark applies to all the border land between Montgomeryshire and Shropshire. This parish, though the old capital of the county, quite belongs to England, and before the days of railways there was a good deal of direct intercourse with Shrewsbury, through Cherbury, which is in Shropshire [14 m. S.W. of Shrewsbury]. In all this Severn Valley district, the English is better than you find in most places, and the pronunciation remarkably good. To get purely book English you must go . . . . to places where Welsh is the language of the fireside and play ground."[1]

[1] See the extract from Mr. Warner, foot-note, p. 189.

The following is a classified arrangement of the list of towns and places, furnished me in Mr. Parker's first letter.

Thoroughly English.

Place	Distance
Welshpool.	
Criggion,	7 m. N.N.E. of Welshpool.
Buttington,	2 m. N.E. „ „
Trelyston,	3 m. S.E. „ „
Montgomery.	
Forden,	3 m. N. of Montgomery.
Llandyssil,	2 m. S. „ „
Church Stoke,	3 m. E.S.E. „ „
Snead,	5 m. S.E. „ „
Llanmerewig,	5 m. S.W. „ „
Newtown.	
Kerry,	2 m. S.E. of Newtown.
Penstrowel,	2 m. W. „ „
Mochtre or Moughtre,	3 m. S.W. „ „

No Welsh services, but probably Book English.

Place	Distance
Llandisilio,	7 m. N. of Welshpool.
Llandrinio,	8 m. N.N.E. „
Guilsfield,	2 m. N. „ „
Tregynon,	8 m. W.N.W. of Montgomery.
Bettws,	6 m. W. „ „
Berriew,*	3 m. N.W. „ „
Aberhavesp	2 m. W. of Newtown.
Llanllwchaiarn,	1 m. N. „ „

* "Berriew is a large parish and runs up into the hill country, and some parts of it bordering on Manafon and Castell Caer Einion [see next list] would have an affinity to the Welsh, a good deal of Welsh accent; and possibly in this parish many children of Welsh parents may have learned their English from books or mixing with the children at the school, and this process may have been going on for many

years. This parish would have less in common with Shropshire than most enumerated by me." (Mr. Parker's remark.)

Bilingual with more or less strong admixture of Welsh.

*Llansantffraid,	8 m. N.	of Welshpool.
Meifod,	6 m. N.W.	„ „
*Castell Caer Einion,	4 m. W.S.W.	„ „
Llanllwgan,	11 m. W.N.W.	of Montgomery.
*Manafon,	8 m. N.W.	„ „
Llanwyddelan,	9 m. W.N.W.	„ „
Llanidloes,	11 m. S.W.	of Newtown.
Llandinam,	6 m. W.S.W.	„

* "Probably in the next generation the three places marked * will be classed as English." (Mr. Parker's remark.)

Thoroughly Welsh.

Llanfyllin, 9 m. N.W. of Welshpool.
Llanfair, 8 m. W. „ „
and places further west.

Questions asked in South Wales, Oct. 1880.

1. Is Welsh or English generally spoken by the peasantry of —— [the place addressed] to one another?

2. If Welsh, where is the nearest English speaking place, East or West.

3. If English, where is the nearest Welsh speaking place? and is it book English, or like Hereford and Gloucester?

4. If mixed, how often have you Welsh Services or Sermons?

RADNORSHIRE.

Llanddewi Ystradenney (11 m. W.S.W. of Knighton), from Rev. L. A. Smith, vicar. "1. English. 3. In Breconshire, Welsh is heard in the district of St. Harmon's [18 m. W. of Knighton] and at Rhayader [20 m. W.S.W. Knighton],

Builth [see Brecknockshire], and Newtown [see Montgomeryshire], not nearer. The English is poor and scanty, and of the mongrel order. 4. None."

New Radnor (7 m. S.W. of Presteign), from Rev. John Gillam, rector. "1. English entirely. 3. As a rule the river Wye divides the two languages between Radnorshire and Breconshire; in the latter county Welsh is understood and generally spoken by the peasantry. The only parish in Radnorshire where Welsh is understood and spoken is in Cwmtoydwr [or Cwm-y-ddau-ddwr, adjoining Rhayader-gwy at the spot where the Elan joins the Wye], which adjoins Breconshire, Cardiganshire, and Montgomeryshire. In this parish many of the young people (I am told), having learned English in the National School, speak English more correctly than is usual."

Boughrood (18 m. S.W. Presteign, in the extreme S. of the county) from the Rev. Henry de Winton, vicar of Boughrood, and Archdeacon of Brecon. "1. English only. 3. No Welsh is spoken in Radnorshire now by natives to the left or east bank of the Wye. The English language occupies the ground up to the river Wye, which is, in fact, the boundary of the languages from Boughrood upwards (*i.e.* northwards). Directly you cross that river into Breconshire (above Boughrood) you enter a Welsh speaking district. The English spoken being an acquired language, is more free from provincialisms and purer than that of the neighbouring English counties. It has occurred to me to add that above the junction with the river Elan, that river and not the Wye separates Radnorshire from Breconshire. In the district between the two rivers, which is called Cwm-dau-ddwr[1]

[1] [Rather "Cwmmwd Deuddwr", or, according to colloquial pronunciation, "Cwmmwd Douddwr", the commote of the two waters, the *t* arising from the combination of the two *d*s. It is a principle of *cynghanedd* that two sonants coming together may answer a surd, as in "Eu *t*ra hyno*d* *d*irionwch", where T-*r*-*n* are answered by D,D-*r*-*n*.—ED. Y. C.]

(parish), or 'the valley of the two waters', Welsh is spoken. It is possible that Welsh is still spoken on the eastern side of the Wye in the extreme north-west corner of Radnorshire. The vicar of St. Harmon's would give information upon that point." I wrote to him, but by some accident received no reply.[1]

BRECKNOCKSHIRE.

Builth (13 m. N. of Brecon), from Rev. Alfred J. Coore, vicar. "1. Radnorshire is entirely English. A little Welsh is spoken in the neighbourhood of Builth, in Breconshire (Llanddewi'r Cwm). 3. Beyond Llanddewi'r Cwm parish, which extends 3 miles S. and S.E. of Builth, you come into bilingual parishes at Gwenddwr and Llangynog [3 and 5 m. S. of Builth]. The Welsh speaking people of Llanddewi'r Cwm are those who have come from this district. There is an old Welsh Bible in the Church, but it does not seem to have been used within the recollection of any living person. The English is pure."

[1] Note, by Mr. Howel W. Lloyd, M.A. "Some forty years ago it was said that Welsh was still spoken in parts of Radnorshire, and that the existence of localities in which English was spoken was accounted for by the settlement there, by Oliver Cromwell, of the families of some of the soldiers who had fought in the Civil War on the side of the Parliament against the King. The Welsh and English districts were said to be much intermixed, so that the two languages had continued to hold their ground distinctively in places contiguous to each other, neither tongue having, in the course of nearly two centuries, effected the slightest progress towards the extermination, or even the amalgamation, of the other with itself. This may, perhaps, partly have been caused by the antipathy between the two races, partly by the habit, prevalent in mountainous districts, of their inhabitants to stir but seldom beyond the boundaries of their own villages. Should such have really been the fact, the local conditions must have been altered marvellously in the space of forty years, so as to produce a change in the correlation of the two languages, towards which little or no advance had been made during the two hundred years which had elapsed from the settlement of Oliver Cromwell."

Brecon, from Rev. D. Griffith for the vicar. "1. Mixed. Old people (peasants) speak Welsh. Younger ones English. 2. In Breconshire it would be difficult to say where the Welsh ended and English began. There is less Welsh to the East of Brecon than to the West. 3. Our English is not book English, but it has not many provincialisms. 4. One Welsh service on Sunday evenings. All others are English."

Crickhowel (12 m. E.S.E. of Brecon), from Rev. B. Somerset, rector. "1. In Crickhowel itself English is generally spoken. In the Welsh parishes about it, Welsh by the peasantry among themselves, English to their children—and cattle. 3. The nearest Welsh speaking place is [Llanfihangel] Cwmdu, 3 miles [north] west. The English much more approaches book English than that of Hereford or Gloucester. 4. Welsh services would be unintelligible to three-quarters of my congregation and I never have them."

The English spoken in Brecknockshire, and even by speakers of English in Brecon, has some marked Southern features, as I have been informed by Mr. R. Stead, now head master of Folkestone Grammar School, Kent, but for more than six years one of the masters at Christ's College, Brecon. Words like *load, road,* with Anglo-Saxon long *á*, are "fractured", that is broken into two very short sounds, the first resembling the *u* in f*u*ll and the second *a* in ide*a*. In Southern speech the *u* is usually a little longer. Words like *tale, lame,* which had a short Anglo-Saxon *a* ending a syllable, and others like *tail, snail,* which have *æg* in Anglo-Saxon, have also fractured vowels, the first element being a very short *a*, as in ch*a*otic, shorter than in ch*a*os, but bearing the accent, and the second as before *a* in ide*a*. The diphthongs *i, ow,* in *i*ce, w*i*re; n*ow*, c*ow* have their first element the same as *o* in w*or*k and the second is *i* of b*i*ll and *u* of b*u*ll. This gives a peculiar character to the sounds,

which I have heard with the first element much lengthened, from the Forest of Dean, in Gloucestershire, but with first element short, as here, it is common to all the neighbouring Southern dialects. The reverted *r*, of which I have spoken above (p. 182) as a strong mark of Southern speech, is quite common on the Herefordshire border, and Mr. Stead thinks he detected decided cases of this peculiarity in the immediate neighbourhood of Brecon, a bilingual district, while to the west and south west of the town, as in Llandovery, Carmarthenshire (24 m. N.E. of Carmarthen), it seems to all but die out.

GLAMORGANSHIRE.

Merthyr-Tydvil, from Rev. John Griffith, rector. "1. Welsh principally, but there is English intermixed. It is difficult to answer your questions, as they do not apply to a district like this. 2. Welsh and English all round, even to Pontypool and Newport, Monmouthshire. Most, or a very large portion, speak both languages. You will find it very difficult to trace a boundary in towns. The English is peculiarly 'Welsh English', neither like Hereford nor Gloucester, in fact English in a Welsh idiom. 4. We have special churches for English and Welsh."

Llantrissant (10 m. N.W. of Cardiff), from Rev. J. Powell Jones, vicar. "1. Welsh is generally spoken by the natives, but on account of the large influx of English people, English is much spoken in the town and its vicinity. 2. Welsh is spoken by the natives in all the parishes surrounding Llantrissant Parish. 3. I can name no particular place within many miles of this place, where the natives speak English; but English is gaining ground among the natives through contact with English residents. Welsh children mixing with English children talk English. 4. Five services on Sunday in all the Parish schoolrooms as well as the Church."

MONMOUTHSHIRE.

Pontypool (8 m. N.N.W. of Newport), from Rev. John C. Llewellin, vicar. "1. English. 3. Brynmawr [Brecknockshire, 14 m. S.E. of Brecon] or Ebbw Vale. Like Hereford, although Monmouth has a kind of dialect. 4. No Welsh services."

Caerleon in *Llangattock Parish* (3 m. N.E. of Newport), from Rev. H. Powell Edwards, vicar. "1. English only. 3. No Welsh spoken to the Chepstow and Hereford sides of Caerleon, and none within some miles on the other side. Book English, by which I take you to mean English spoken by well-educated people, and not corrupted by long use among the vulgar, and in this sense I use it. In Monmouth and Wales the language has been acquired from superiors, and has not been debased to any great extent. 4. None ever for the last 25 years. The youngest Welsh speaking *native* of Caerleon is above fifty years of age."

Such is the history, so far as I can tell it, of the modern incursion of English into Wales. It is no longer a case of fire and sword, or of expulsion if not destruction, and it is no longer a case of conquest where the natives are forced to learn the hated idiom. It is purely a voluntary assumption of a new language. And the motives are not far to seek. The English language opens up wide fields of employment, from which the little known Welsh language shuts out a candidate. There is, in fact, more chance of earning money by the English than by the purely Welsh speaker. Then there is the enormous advantage of English literature over Welsh, I don't mean in poetry, essays and fiction, but in every branch of knowledge, in history, in arts, and manufactures, in commerce, as well as in philosophy and science.[1]

[1] All this is very clearly and forcibly put in the Rev. D. J. Davies's

Perhaps in poetry, also, even a determined stickler for bardic supremacy might allow that English has some names to show which are worthy of attention. In fact, if a young man would "rise", he must learn English, and he does so; and however much he may love the reminiscence of his native Welsh, and it is linguistically well worth a reminiscence, in a generation or two it slips out of his family. His very children are not taught it, as we have seen from several of the above answers. And thus Welsh is evidently destined to become a dead language, and the boundary between the English and Welsh languages will reach St. George's Channel at some future day. But with these speculations I have nothing to do. My duty has been merely to trace as accurate a line as I could, where purely English native speech ceases, and bilingual speech commences. There is very little of real mixture; but naturally Welshmen use Welsh idioms at times and even Welsh words.[1] Their children do not, and the transition is complete. There is a considerable space westward of the line I have drawn where bilingual speech prevails. In all this modern region, and in some of the old, the English is literary, the artificial product of books and schools. In the oldest form, as in Shropshire and Herefordshire, Welsh-English is dialectal, and this extends to those few Welsh places that have learned English by contact with natives. But we see that, at least in what I have termed the Middle and Southern Cambrian English, two forms, an eastern and a western, must be distinguished as dialectal, and a third or literary form as English without being dialectal; and this third form may be perhaps subdivided into inchoate and complete English. But it is clearly impossi-

article "On the Necessity of Teaching English through the Medium of Welsh", at the beginning of vol. v of *Y Cymmrodor*.

[1] Of course I leave out of consideration the numerous English words, which, as their sounds show, have existed in colloquial (as distinguished from literary) Welsh for hundreds of years.

ble to draw boundaries which should mark off these divisions; they would, in fact, descend to the classification of individuals. And the population is not stationary, there being much immigration both from the east and the west.

In conclusion, I would only express a hope that the Cymmrodorion Society may take up this subject, and conduct it to a better and more perfect result than I have been, or ever shall be, able to do. Such points as the following admit of accurate determination: 1. Names of all places where no inhabitant can speak Welsh. 2. Where every inhabitant can speak English. 3. Where every inhabitant can speak Welsh. 4. Where every inhabitant can speak both Welsh and English. 5. Where no Welsh services are held in churches or chapels. 6. Where no English services are held. 7. Where the services are in both languages, and in different ratios. 8. Where English is exclusively the language by which instruction is given in schools.[1] 9. Where Welsh is the exclusive language of instruction, distinguishing those in which (*a*) English is taught, and (*b*) where it is not taught, and (*c*) where Welsh is used for teaching the younger and English for teaching the elder. There is such a marked and decisive difference between the two languages, that it would be comparatively easy to obtain these results by a series of returns, but it is obviously impossible for a private individual to undertake the task in its entirety. What I have endeavoured to do in this paper, is to show you how far I have succeeded in obtaining returns by my own importunity and the great politeness of those I addressed, to whom I feel sure that you, as well as myself, will feel grateful for the information they have so kindly furnished.

[1] After reading the excellent article by the Rev. D. J. Davies, referred to on p. 38*, note, I fear that this test may be very fallacious, unless it is accompanied by an enumeration of those who habitually speak Welsh to one another in the playground, and at home to their parents.

THE ANCIENT ETHNOLOGY OF WALES.

(*An Address by* PROFESSOR W. BOYD DAWKINS, M.A., F.R.S., *at the Society's Meeting on June 7th*, 1882, MR. CHARLES WILLIAMS WYNNE *in the Chair.)*

PROFESSOR BOYD DAWKINS said: Mr. President, it seems to me not foreign to a Society such as this, that I should put before you a few general considerations relating to the ethnology of ancient Wales, that is to say, the ethnology of Wales before history began in this country. We all know that at the present day the claims of race are coming more and more to the front, and we all know, too, that in this island, the most ancient as well as the most honourable race is that which is called by the English the Welsh. Not merely will our inquiry lead us to the examination of our ancestry; but it will also lead us far afield from the Wales of to-day into the important question of the introduction of civilisation into Europe during the Prehistoric Period. We will begin at home.

In 1869 Mrs. Williams Wynn was good enough to tell me of the discovery of a series of skeletons in a cairn which existed on her estate at Cefn, St. Asaph, which we subsequently found to have been formed in this manner. [Here Professor Boyd Dawkins illustrated his remarks by means of the diagrams with which he was abundantly provided.] First of all there was a rude cairn of stones, and when these stones had been removed—partially by the plough and partially by the workmen whom Mrs. Wynn put at our disposal—we found that there was a large stone chamber, roofed with slabs of stone put roughly on, overlapping one another, and forming a sepulchral chamber with a stone passage leading into it,

full of human bones. When I came to examine the remains, I found among them a few flint flakes, and also the bones of domestic animals. The folk who left these relics in that place were possessed of the small Welsh cattle; the Welsh goat was then in Wales, and also the dog and the domestic horse. The pig, which plays such an important part in our civilisation, was also present. So you see the people who raised that cairn were in the agricultural phase of civilisation, and possessed of domestic animals.[1]

I must now ask your attention to another part of North Wales. In 1869 Mrs. Lloyd of Rhagatt, sent to Mr. Charles Darwin a box of bones of domestic and wild animals, obtained from Perthi Chwareu, about ten miles east of Corwen, and a mile to the west of the little village of Llandegla, Denbighshire, and invited me to examine the place. The bones were derived from the stump of an old refuse-heap. The refuse-heap had been washed away by the action of the rains in unnumbered centuries, leaving only a few bones washed into the interstices of the rock. While we were engaged on this, it struck me that there ought to be sepulchral caves in the limestone ridges close by. In the course of a few minutes we discovered one, and on subsequent exploration four others in the neighbourhood. And now comes the interest of the discovery. You see the cavern [of which a vertical section was shown] has been blocked up by a barrier of stones. Inside the barrier we found human skeletons arranged or crowded, I may say, close together. They were associated with the remains of the same domestic animals as those of the refuse-heap, and of the tumulus at Cefn, with rude pottery and a few flint splinters. In one, a polished stone axe, and a fragment of a second, indicated that these burial-places belonged to the age

[1] For an account of these discoveries, see my work on *Cave-Hunting*, p. 161.

of polished stone, or the neolithic age. But the most interesting fact of all was this. The human bones which we found in these two places, belong to people of the same physique. They were a small people with long skulls, small cheek-bones, and prominent noses. In one cave a group of these skulls had belonged to a family remarkable for their *nez retroussés.*[1] These explorations at Perthi Chwareu, and at Cefn, prove the important fact that the numerous skulls belong to the same type, and that their owners were men of small stature, averaging about 5 feet 4 inches.

Now I must ask your attention to the fact that chambered tombs of the kind which you see in the diagram, have been found over the greater part of Wales, and if we examine similar tombs in England and Scotland, we shall find in them the remains of the same people, remarkable for their small size, for their long heads, and for possessing domestic animals. Nor is our survey ended with Great Britain. We find them equally over the whole of Ireland in chambered tombs of that kind, and also here and there in sepulchral caves. The population, therefore, must have been uniform over all these islands.

The first thing to be noted is that we have very decided evidence that the civilisation of these people, in this country, was by no means low. I have already mentioned the evidence of domestic animals in Wales. A discovery in one of the ancient dwellings of these men, near Salisbury, has established the fact that they were acquainted with wheat. Moreover, they were possessed of the arts of spinning and weaving. In a great number of cases we find the spindle whorls—little discs which have been used for spinning the thread—in tombs and in habitations, which were rude huts sunk in the soil. We also meet with the combs—looking

[1] The details of these explorations will be found in my work on *Cave-Hunting*, chap. v.

almost like small curry-combs—which were used, not for combing the hair, but for pushing the warp on to the woof. It is clear, then, that these people were spinners and weavers. They were also miners. One of the most important materials which they used for making their polished stone axes is flint, and in many places in this country pits have been discovered which were sunk by these people for the sake of the flint. I might mention Cisbury as an illustration. In the case of Cisbury, the pits were some of them as deep as eighty feet. The surface around them is covered with vast accumulations of broken and chipped implements—implements broken in the manufacture and tossed aside as useless by the makers. We were able sometimes to fix the very spots where the men sat and chipped their axes; and in three cases I was able to find the halves of an implement which had been broken and cast on one side by the maker, because it had broken under his hand.

We are not considering the presence in Wales of a race of no importance in the world. We are face to face with the people who were the introducers of civilisation into Britain, and the founders of the civilisation which we ourselves enjoy. Even in that remote neolithic time, long before the knowledge of metals, they were acquainted with spinning and weaving; they were acquainted with mining; they were farmers and gardeners; and the domestic animals which they introduced are still here, just as those arts which they introduced are still flourishing in this country.

These men also were well acquainted with the arts of war. All of us, I am sure, must be very familiar with the camps, which are so widely distributed. In Wales there is scarcely any hill overlooking a fertile tract of valley bottom, on which you will not find traces of some rude earthwork, which formed the fortified village, or "pah", into which the

people retreated when there was war in the land. From the number of these old fortifications, we may gather the very interesting social fact that their owners were divided up into small, warring communities, something like those which Mr. Stanley has made us familiar with in his expeditions down the Congo.

Nor were these men devoid of religious ideas. In many burial places stone axes have been placed along with the dead, as it seems to me, for use in a future world. Sir John Lubbock thinks not. His argument runs somewhat in this way. Because we do not find in some of the tumuli implements along with the human remains, therefore in all probability the things which we do find in tumuli were not put there for any superstitious reason, but are touching evidences of affection for the dead. I must confess that the facts strike me in a totally different way. I should be inclined to believe that the absence of implements in some of the large tumuli belonging to the neolithic age, may be accounted for in a different way. I should be inclined to think that in all probability, in these times, just as long afterwards, the great chief in his lifetime prepared his last resting place, so that the size of that resting place, as in the case of the Egyptian pyramids, would depend on the estimation in which he held himself, and the length of his reign. In some cases, after death, it is quite likely his friends would not feel inclined to sacrifice very much to his memory. The size of the tumulus I should attribute to the estimation of the man in his lifetime; the absence of implements, to the estimation his friends put upon him after death.

But I am wandering from my subject. I must ask your attention very briefly to remains of this kind which are to be found on the continent, confining my survey to the regions west of the Rhine and north of the Alps. I make this limit-

ation because, although I have studied these people in Italy and Germany, I am not sufficiently conversant with the ethnological facts of these countries to allow me to speak with the same degree of certainty as I can of Gaul and Spain. All over Gaul, all over Spain, and I may say over Belgium and Switzerland also, we find traces of these ancient people. The civilisation which I have attempted to sketch out to you is a civilisation which spread over the whole of that area. What it was is brought visibly before us by the remains which have been fished up from the bottoms of the Swiss lakes—remains of huts built upon wooden platforms, supported upon wooden piles, which did the duty of the camps which we see on the Welsh hills. From time to time the fate which inevitably awaits libraries fell upon these habitations. They were burned, probably by accident, perhaps sometimes on purpose—and after each burning the remains dropped bodily down to the bottom of the lake. Consequently we have the position of each hut most accurately made out, and their contents most perfectly preserved. Their owners were in the habit of growing wheat and barley of various kinds. They were also in the habit of growing millet. They grew flax, and they used linseed-meal. They were also people who possessed gardens, and we find the plums, and apples, and pears which they stored up for winter use, sometimes cut into halves and quarters, and preserved to a great extent by having been burned. Of cattle, using the the term in its widest sense, there are found sheep and goats, particularly the short-horned, small Welsh oxen, and a larger breed of oxen, which in this country are more particularly identified with the English invasion.[1]

[1] I ought to mention, that till the English invaded this country and drove the Welsh to the regions in which they are found now, the small Welsh shorthorns were the only cattle in the country. When the English came over, they brought their great Schleswig-Holstein cattle along with

Now comes the question which is more particularly important to us. Who were these people? The examination of their remains has pointed out that they were a small race possessed of long heads and with delicate aquiline features. Their faces were oval, and the lower part of their faces was totally devoid of that massive character which is very generally to be noted in the lower portion of the faces of most of the Cymry of the present time. These characteristics are met with in human skulls found in the whole of the British Isles and the continent west of the Rhine, and we may therefore conclude that the population was undoubtedly uniform over the whole of this area. Can we identify them with any race of the present time? In answering that question I simply have to enter upon the labours of Drs. Broca, Virchow, Professor Huxley, and a great many other explorers. The result of their enquiries is, that this small race of people who inhabited Europe in the neolithic age, the introducers of the neolithic civilisation, the most ancient people in the present population, are represented by the Basques. When I use the term Basque, I am using it only as applicable to the small dark Basque-speaking people whom we find in the western portion of the Pyrenees,—I am using it ethnologically not philologically—excluding the tall fair-haired Goths, who strayed into these parts long afterwards and now speak the Basque tongue.

Thus we are landed in this important conclusion: that the introducers of the neolithic civilisation are represented at the present time, among the European populations, by the Basque-speaking people on the French and Spanish sides of the Pyrenees. The next point is, Who were the Basques? They are (using the term still ethnologically and not includ-

them. Only the other day, I had the pleasure of examining the large skull of a bull, which had been found in the burial-place of an English chief near Bury St. Edmund's.

ing the Goths), the representatives of the ancient Iberic population which had an enormous range in Europe at the beginning of history, the people to whom the Spanish peninsula owes its name of "Iberian", the people who at the very beginning of history were in possession of at least one-half of Spain, and of a very large area in Gaul. In Gaul their northern boundary was the river Loire; and a line drawn from the upper waters of the Loire so as to sweep down to the mountains of the Cévennes, would give you a good idea of their eastern boundary. Comparing the map [displayed by the Professor], with a map founded on history at the earliest period [also shown], you see that in the neolithic age the Iberic peoples were in possession of the whole of the area [indicated] west of the Rhine and north of the Alps. At the dawn of history their dominion had shrunk to the above-mentioned boundaries. At the present day they have been pushed as far to the west as the shores of the Atlantic by the pressure of invading peoples.

While Europe was in the neolithic stage of culture, the Iberic peoples were invaded by a race wholly different in physique; different, too, in some of its manners and customs. In the chambered tombs, of the kind which you see illustrated upon the walls, in Belgium and in France, large numbers of human remains of a different type make their appearance, that is to say, skulls of a round type, which have been determined by Professor Huxley, Mr. Milne Edwards, and a great many others to represent the ancient Gaul, the ancient Celt. It is clear then that these Gauls or Celts, who stood in the vanguard of the Aryan migration, invaded Europe in the neolithic age. When history began in these countries, what do we find? We find that the Celts had pushed the Iberic peoples from northern and central Gaul, and had passed over the Pyrenees, on the Mediterranean side, into Spain, and had occupied the greater portion of the country on the Mediterranean

seaboard. In Spain, between the two races, we have the large and powerful nation called the Celt-Iberi, that is to say, the people who resulted from the union of the Iberic aborigines and the Celtic invaders. In the south of France we have evidence of the same fusion. For instance, we hear of the Ligurians, and the Celts, the Celto-Ligurians, proving that the ancient population was driven out, and dispossessed by the Celtic invaders. I ought to mention the physique of these invading peoples. They had round heads, with massive features, prominent cheek bones, the lower portion of their features possessing that attribute which Professor Huxley calls snoutiness, and a stature bigger than that of the aborigines, averaging five feet eight inches. Thus there is an important physical difference existing between the slight, elegant, dark-haired Iberian, and these bigger Celts or Gauls. One of the new fashions these people introduced into Gaul was that of burning the dead. So far as I know, in the neolithic age there is not the slightest evidence of cremation in this country, although it is commonly found in the neolithic tombs in Gaul, and in Spain.

Now I pass to the question, When did the Celts come over into this country? Throughout the whole of the neolithic age the Iberic race was in possession of this country. It would seem that the "streak of silver sea", to which Britons seem now to attach such importance, prevented the invasion of this country for a very considerable time after the invasion of the opposite coasts. It was not until a great advance had been made in the arts of peace and of war, that this country was invaded by another race. In the long course of time a new material was introduced—bronze. This country was invaded by men with bronze weapons in their hands. At the beginning of the bronze age we find the Celts or Gauls in this country, and there can be no manner of doubt

that what happened in Gaul was repeated in this country. The Iberic people were gradually pushed back from the regions nearest to Gaul, further and further to the west; and we have evidence that the Celts followed them very far indeed to the west. Implements such as these [reference was here made to diagrams], bronze axes, bronze razors, bronze daggers, bronze pins, have been found scattered far and wide over the whole surface of this country, and it is quite certain, from the discovery of these things in Wales along with Celtic skulls, that in the bronze age the Celts proper had taken possession of Wales. The same kind of reasoning, too, will hold good with regard to Ireland, where bronze implements of the same kind have been discovered, which are to my mind indubitably connected with this Celtic invasion of our country. Nevertheless, we must, of course, fully believe that the Iberic people whom the Celts dispossessed, whenever they had the chance, got hold of the same implements, and I take it that the Celts drove them away to the west mainly because they had the first chance of getting hold of them.

I have said nothing yet as to the complexion of the Celtic peoples. So far as I can make out from a tangled mass of evidence, the Celts were a fairhaired race. You may say a very large region of Celtic France is not peopled by a fairhaired race. Perfectly true. I take it that is simply due to the mingling of the dark with the fair, of the Iberian with the Celt. The same kind of mingling undoubtedly took place wherever these peoples came into contact. In the very nature of things we could not expect to find hard and fast divisions between two races inhabiting the same districts.

Now I must ask your attention to another invasion of this country. When Cæsar conquered Gaul, he found there were three peoples in possession—the Iberic in the north and west, the Celtic in the middle, and a people whom he termed

the Belgæ, who are represented, to some extent, by the modern Belgians. Who were the Belgæ? One class of ethnologists tell us that the Belgæ were Germans; others say that the Belgæ were Celts. So far as the bones tell us anything, all the interments which have been found in the country of the Belgæ, belonging to the period in question, indicate a physique such as I have pointed out as characterising the Celts. Now comes an important fact connected with the invasion of this country by the Belgæ. In the course of time, iron was discovered, and the knowledge of iron spread exceedingly rapidly over the continent, because its ores are so widely spread, and along with the use of this better material for cutting purposes, a higher civilisation sprang into being, and gradually penetrated to the far north and west. At the dawn of history we find a Belgic race in the region opposite the Belgic portion of Gaul; then beyond that region the Celts; and then Tacitus records the existence of another people in this country called the Silures, in the colour of their hair, and physique, remarkably like the Iberians of Spain. Thus the invasion of Gaul repeated itself in this country, and just as the Celts invaded the Iberians, and drove them away westward from a large portion of Gaul, so they invaded this country and drove the Iberic peoples far to the west. And just as the Belgæ pressed upon the Celts in Gaul, so they passed over the Channel and pressed upon the Celts in this country. When the Belgæ invaded Britain they were in the iron stage of culture, and it is not unlikely that they introduced the arts of the iron age, just as their predecessors, the Celts, introduced those of the bronze age.

The influence of the Roman invasion upon this country must next be considered. So far as I know, the Roman conquest made little difference in the ethnology of this country. There were no great displacements of peoples.

The iron hand of the military power prevented the Belgæ from driving away the Celts, as they were doing when Cæsar first found them. So that really, ethnologically, the influence of Rome on the people of this country may be taken to be next to nothing, and in wonderful contrast to the vast influence Rome exercised on the civilisation of this country.

I now come to the great turning point, if I may so put it, in the history of Wales. The Roman empire broke down in Europe, and tribes of invaders, belonging to the Germanic race, broke through the military defences on the continent, and poured over the fair provinces of Gaul, burning, destroying, and slaying, taking possession of various parts of the country themselves, and when they settled down, rapidly becoming converted to the religion of the conquered. We find them extending ultimately to the remote parts of Europe, the Lombards giving their name to Lombardy, the Burgundians to Burgundy, the Franks to France. The Goths, too, swooped down upon Gaul, and passed through Gaul into Spain, repeating over again the Celtic conquest of Spain. The invasion of Britain was merely a part of this great dismemberment of the Roman empire. For four centuries the Britons had enjoyed profound peace, broken here and there by local disturbances it is true, but on the whole a profound peace, under the shadow of the Roman eagles.

In the year 449, the northern pirates, who had already been harrying the coasts of this country and of Gaul for a long time, made a descent, and from that time expedition after expedition sailed away from the old England on the shores of the Elbe, to join their friends in Britain. They fought a war of extermination with the Britons. They were as hard fighters as any that the world has yet seen, and the Britons, as my friend Mr. J. R. Green has well shown, were foemen worthy of their steel. It took no less than two centuries of hard fighting, in which every bit of

land was fought for inch by inch, before the Belgæ, the Celts, and the Iberic peoples, composing the British race, were hurled to the west. They had to take refuge in the western parts of the country, and the eastern parts became England. You see the bearing of these important facts. They show us that, in the ethnology of Wales, we must have three elements besides the English and Danish. We may almost reduce these three peoples to two, if you are inclined, as I am, to consider the Belgæ first cousins of the Celts.

So much, then, for the evidence from histology and history as to the arrival of the Welsh people within their present boundaries. One section of them, the small dark people, are still to be found living among us; but in these days of railroads, when the Welsh people have such a habit of going to America and coming to the great cities in this country, accumulating fame and reputation, and proving themselves to be cosmopolitan, the genuine stay-at-home Welshman is a very rare animal. Consequently, the small dark race in Wales is rapidly being "crossed out". Indeed, during my own experience in the last twenty years, I have noticed a most marked diminution in the number of small dark Welsh people, undoubtedly of Iberic stock. I say Iberic stock, because supposing you were to compare one of these small dark Welshmen, with a small dark Basque-speaking man from the Pyrenees, a small dark Highlander, and a small dark South of Ireland man, you could not tell any ethnological difference between them. They are, practically, the same people, and contrast in every possible way with the peoples around them. That small dark race then, whose flashing eyes and raven tresses some of us admire so very much in the ladies, is to be looked upon as the most ancient element in the Welsh population. Then, we have the main staple of the Welsh population represented

by the Celtic people, and I would venture to add to the people who speak Welsh in Wales, a considerable infusion of English and Danes. There can be no manner of doubt that along the shores, near the estuary of the Dee and in the Menai Straits, we have a considerable percentage of ancient English settled, and probably as good Welshmen as any of the old genuine Welsh stock.

So much for the points I have been able to put before you this evening: I thought certainly it was right and proper to put before a Society of this kind, which is intended for the encouragement of anything that is Welsh, the side of the shield which is presented to me as an archæologist and geologist. I have put before you the evidence obtained mostly by the pick-axe and shovel. I have compared with it the evidence which history presents us regarding the ethnology of Europe; and I think you will all agree with me in saying, the history of Wales may be said to be an epitome of the history of the ethnology of western Europe west of the Rhine and north of the Alps.

Before I sit down, I ought to mention to you that the ancient Iberic language still preserves to us relics of the neolithic age. For instance, I will just read out some words. Among the French and Spanish Basques the name for an axe at the present time is *aitz cora*—*aitza* "a stone", and *gora* "lifted up." A pick is *aitz urra, urra* meaning "to tear asunder". A knife is *aitz ttoa*, "a little stone"; scissors is *aitz turrac*, "little stones for tearing asunder." Thus you see for articles which at the present ought to be made of steel, we have names that relate to stone, pointing back to a time when they really were made of stone. This remarkable case of survival confirms the conclusion at which we have arrived, that the neolithic civilisation in western Europe was derived from a race closely allied to, if not identical with, the Iberic, or that which is now represented by the small dark Welshman; whose

ancestors were in Britain for long ages before the Welsh-speaking Celtic vanguard of the Aryans had set foot in Britain or on the continent of Europe.

[The learned Professor resumed his seat amid a prolonged outburst of applause, and subsequently was very cordially thanked for his lecture.]

THE WELSHMAN OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

By DAVID LEWIS, Esq., Barrister-at-Law (of the South Wales Circuit).

To know ourselves as we are is too high a philosophy for most of us; and when we do try to estimate our real value the estimate is considerably higher than that of our friends or our enemies. We cannot be expected to go to our enemies for a character, however honest they may be. Canning's well-known lines express what most of us feel when writhing under the honest criticisms of a candid friend—

> "Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe;
> Bold I can meet—perhaps may—turn his blow,
> But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
> Save, save, oh save me from the candid friend!"

That the knowledge of what we appear to others is a valuable acquisition, is expressed in the sentiment of Burns's two familiar lines—

> "Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,
> To see ourselves as ithers see us."

Where we are to find the "ithers" who are to tell us impartially what we are, is a difficult matter to decide, for if we exclude our friends and our enemies, we exclude the only people who really know us. This self-knowledge is as valuable to nations as to individuals, and as difficult to obtain. The "ithers" best qualified to form a judgment of the character of my Welsh fellow-countrymen, are obviously their English neighbours, who have, at different periods of history, been their avowed enemies, and their very candid friends. What opinion these "ithers" have held of the Welsh is to be

gathered from the writings of their standard authors. My paper is an attempt to sketch briefly the history of that opinion from an early period down to the present time. The far greater portion is, for obvious reasons, concerned with English literature from the time of Queen Elizabeth to the present day.

Before the Conquest, and the so-called Incorporation by the Statutes of Rhuddlan, by Edward the First, the Welsh and English lived in a state of active and unceasing hostility. When an English king had nothing particular to do, he made an expedition into Wales, usually gaining little from his excursion. So the Welsh princes, when they found time hanging heavily on their hands, crossed the borders and ravaged the unhappy Marches, returning back with as much booty as they could carry off. It is probably to this period that we are to attribute the well-known nursery rhyme, "Taffy was a Welshman", etc.,—if it is an old nursery rhyme at all. It bears evidence of having been written soon after the occurrence, by an Englishman whose cow had just been lifted in one of these border raids, and turned into beef.

Such being the relations of the two countries before the Conquest, we could not expect the character of the Welshmen of the English literature of that period to be painted in very brilliant colours. The Welsh are described by the writers of the time as fierce and barbarous, and are often accused of mangling the bodies of their slain antagonists, and this even later than the Conquest of Wales. Shakespere only follows the accepted traditions of his day, when by the mouth of the Earl of Westmoreland, in the first Act of the First Part of *Henry IV*, he accuses the Welshwomen of mangling the dead bodies of the followers of Mortimer, after their defeat in Herefordshire. It does not fall within the scope of my paper to discuss the truth of these accusations. I will only observe that in almost all wars, whether of ancient or modern times, charges are made of violation of the rules of civilized warfare which do not stand the test of subsequent investigation.

Apart from these charges the courage of the Welsh was always admitted. A very honourable testimony was given to their valour by King Henry II, in a letter to the Greek Emperor, Emmanuel Comnenus. This prince having desired that an account might be sent him of all that was remarkable in the island of Great Britain, Henry, in answer to that request, was pleased to take notice, amongst other peculiarities, of the extraordinary courage and fierceness of the Welsh, who were not afraid to fight unarmed with enemies armed at all points, valiantly shedding their blood in the cause of their country, and purchasing glory at the expense of their lives.

Like the period before the incorporation of the Principality with England, the literature of the two hundred years which followed furnishes, except in one respect, but slight material for the purposes of my paper. That exception refers to the statutes enacted from time to time, down to the accession of the House of Tudor. The incorporation was only one in name. The care of the border country was placed in the hands of the Lords Marchers, whose conduct kept the people in an incessant state of restive discontent. Again and again they rose, broke out into rebellion, and tried to regain their liberties. Instead of seeking to improve their condition by better government, the English Parliament attempted to subdue their unconquerable love of freedom by rigorous laws. They prohibited by statute the sending of all sorts of arms into Wales. They forbade a Welshman to have any house of defence. They disarmed them. They made an Act to drag offenders from Wales into England for trial. Where one of the parties was an Englishman his trial was always to be in English. They refused the Welsh the use of fairs and markets. They enacted that no Englishman that married a Welshwoman should be in any office in Wales. In short, when the statute book was quite a moderate-sized volume you find no less than fifteen Acts of penal regulation on the sub-

ject of Wales. These savage laws were allowed to remain on the statute book during the whole of the reign of Henry VII. One would have expected their repeal to have been one of the very first acts of this monarch, in gratitude for the aid rendered him by his valiant fellow-countrymen on the field of Bosworth. They, however, continued in full force until repealed upon a petition of the people of Wales in the reign of his son. What the disabilities of Welshmen must have been, may be gathered from the fact that one of the rewards conferred by Henry VII, on Welshmen who assisted at Bosworth, was a grant of denization. Here is one instance taken from the first volume of *Materials for the History of Henry VII*, p. 295, Rolls Series: "February 16th, 1486. Grant of denization to Richard ap Llewellyn ap Hulkyn alias Res ap Llewellyn ap Hulkyn (in consideration of true service done to the king, as well in his late victorious field as otherwise), extending to him all the privileges of an Englishman, with enfranchisements from the penal enactments made against the Welsh in the second year of Henry IV." With the abolition of these penal laws, and the frequent intermingling of the natives of the two countries, their mutual hatred gradually disappeared, and quickly a more friendly feeling sprung up in its place; and by the time Elizabeth came to the Throne, English writers could describe their fellow-subjects on the other side of Offa's Dyke, unblinded by a detestation that had been mutual, and unbiassed by the traditional prejudices of now long-buried animosities.

In 1587, Churchyard wrote his poem entitled, *The Worthines of Wales: A true note of the Auncient Castles, Famous Monuments, goodly rivers, fair bridges, fine Townes, and courteous people, that I have seen in the noble country of Wales.* It was dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, and is a glowing eulogy on Wales and her people. In his epistle dedicatory he informs the "most redoubted and royall queen that kings doe

fear, subjects do honour, strangers seek succour from," etc.; that he had written the book for the honour of Wales, "where your highness ancestors took name, and where your majestie is as much loved and feared as in any place of your highness dominion." After speaking of the courtesy and politeness of the common people towards strangers, he goes on to say: "They likewise triumph so much of fidelitie that the very name of a falsifier of promes, a murtherer, or a thief, is most odious among them . . . . . and such regard have they one of another, that neither in market towns, highway meetings, nor public assemblies, they strive for place, nor show any roysting, for instead of such high stomachs and stoutness, they use friendly salutations and courtesie." Churchyard did not write this song of praise on hearsay, for he tells us, "I have not only searched sundry good authors for the confirmation of my matter, but also painfully travelled to try out the substance of what is written."

In 1613, appeared Drayton's *Polyolbion*, a poetical description of the author's native land. It was dedicated to Henry, Prince of Wales. It contains two introductory prefaces, one "To the General Reader", and the other, "To my Friends, the Cambro-Britons." In the latter he tells his friends in which of his poems he has placed their, and he must confess his, loved Wales, with the laudable intention, I presume, of saving them the labour of wading through three poems about English counties, before they came to what to them would be the interesting part of the book. Out of the eighteen poems the work contains, seven are devoted to Wales, and of these he says:—

> "And ere seven books have end, I'll strike so high a string,
> Thy bards shall stand amazed with wonder while I sing."

The preface concludes in these words: "And beside my natural inclination to love antiquities (which Wales may highly boast of), I confesse, the free and gentle companie of that true lover

of his countrie (as of all ancient and noble things), M. John Williams, his Maiestie's Gold-smith, my deare and worthy friend, hath made me the more seek into the antiquities of your Country. Thus wishing your favourable construction of these, my faithful endeavours, I bid you farewell." Of the poem, Hallam says, "There is, probably, no poem of this kind in any other language, comparable together in extent and excellence to the *Polyolbion*: nor can any one read a portion of it without admiration for its learned and highly gifted author." Praise from such a writer was well worth having.

He redeems the pledge given in his introductory preface, in the seven long poems devoted to Wales. Therein he spares neither praise of the people, nor admiration of the country; but whether it resulted in striking with amazement the contemporary bards I do not know. In his sixth song, singing of the patriotism of the Welsh, he describes the noble Briton as—

> "A patriot, and so true, that it to death him greeves
> To heare his Wales disgrac't; and on the Saxon swords
> Oft hazardeth his life, ere with reproachfull words
> His language or his leeke, he'll stand to heare abus'd."

To Shakespere a Welshman need never be afraid to turn for a character of his countrymen, for in the three Welsh characters that he has delineated, Owen Glendower, Sir Hugh Evans, and Captain Fluellen, there is not one that he need be ashamed to call his countryman. We are introduced to Glendower in the first Act of *Henry IV*, Part I, by the Earl of Westmoreland, who tells the king the news of the defeat sustained by Mortimer at the hands of "the irregular and wild Glendower". The character Shakespere gives him, as I read it, is that of a brave, chivalrous, patriotic gentleman, punctilious to a degree, a friend to be desired, a foe to be feared; as Mortimer puts it, "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."

In the Sir Hugh Evans, of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, we have an amusing but kindly sketch of a Welsh parson. A mixture of shrewdness and simplicity, we laugh heartily whenever he appears on the scene; yet do not despise him. His blindness to personal ridicule amounts almost to stupidity, but with it all he manifests a shrewdness of observation which saves him from contempt. He makes "fritters of English", and Falstaff, Dame Quickly, and the rest laugh at him openly for it, and he does not appear to see it. Yet he is shrewd enough to see through Pistol's bombast when he first meets him, unlike Fluellen in this respect. So, too, he sees how groundless are Ford's jealous suspicions; and if he is easily gulled by mine host of the Garter into the mock duel with Dr. Caius, he is clever enough to devise a most notable revenge. In fact, both mine host and Falstaff, before the play is out, find the tables completely turned upon them by the simple Welshman, whom they had ridiculed and despised. "Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese", says Falstaff when Sir Hugh, disguised as a satyr, approaches with his lighted taper near the Oak of Herne the Hunter; and, when the fat knight, having been sufficiently tormented, and the failure of his intrigues made manifest, is compelled to hear from the parson a moral lecture on the iniquity of his ways, his wonted marvellous readiness of repartee and wit is gone. "I am dejected", he says, "I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel, ignorance itself is a plummet over me. Use me as you will." In short, with all his oddities and absurdities Sir Hugh is no fool, and Shakespere deals with him kindly and fondly. By the side of "Robert Shallow, esquire, in the county of Gloster, justice of peace and coram, and custalorum and ratalorum too", he stands a monument of wisdom and common sense.

But Captain Fluellen is the character to whom a Welshman would point if he were asked which of Shakespere's Welshmen is the most typical. He is indeed a "Cymro o waed coch cyfan", a Welshman in every fibre. "Careless of antiquarian pedantry", says Mr. Froude, "Shakespere drew men and women as he saw them around him in the London of his own day, and Fluellen, Captain Jamy, and Captain MacMorris, were the typical Welshman, Scotchman, and Irishman, as they were to be met with in Elizabeth's train bands." How then does Shakespere sketch him? He is hot as gunpowder, and quick to return an injury, as Pistol finds when he is cudgelled and made to eat the leek, for wearing which upon St. David's Day he had laughed at Fluellen "in a place where the latter could breed no contention with him." He is generous, though his generosity is ill received, both when he offers the soldier Williams a shilling, and when he gives Pistol a groat to heal his broken pate. He is extremely loquacious, and when he appears has a large share of the dialogue. He is argumentative and ever ready for a few disputations, in the way of argument and friendly communication concerning the Roman wars, with the history of which he was familiar. In argument he takes the word out of the mouths of others, but is indignant when it is taken out of his. He is most brave, though his valour may be a little out of fashion—"For I do know Fluellen valiant", says King Henry. "He wears his leek to mark his loyalty, and he is a most honourable gentleman"; though his ideal of a gentleman—"as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself"—is a somewhat strange one. His fondness for comparison has given rise to one of the most truly humorous bits in the whole of *Shakespere*—the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, between Alexander and Henry V.

Ben Johnson, like Shakespere, appears to have been well acquainted with the characteristics of the Welsh. He was

long on intimate terms with Inigo Jones, with whom he afterwards quarrelled bitterly, and whom he satirised in several epigrams. He seems to have had some knowledge of the Welsh language, scraps of which, more or less inaccurate, he introduced in his *For the Honour of Wales.* This piece was a kind of anti-masque (or comic masque), added, for the sake of variety and the King's amusement, to the masque *Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue,* in which piece Hercules, Bacchus, and other classical heroes had taken part, the scene being laid upon Mount Atlas. Three Welshmen are introduced, Griffith, Jenkin, and Evan, an attorney. The dialogue is most amusing. No sooner do they enter than they commence squabbling "as to who should be there." They then complain of the scene in the masque being laid on Atlas, "when his highness has as goodly mountains, and as tawl a hills of his own (look you, do you see now), and of as good standing as the proudest Adlas christened." " Why law ! you now", says Jenkin, "is not Penmaenmawr and Craig Eriri as good sound as Adlas every whit of him ?" Evan the attorney, who is described by Jenkin as "a very sufficient litigious fellows in the terms, and a finely poets out of the terms," recites a list of Welsh mountains in support of this proposition, amid continual interruptions from Jenkin, who when checked, replies, "Why cannot you and I tauk too, cosoin ? The haull (God bless it !), is big enough to hold both our talks, and we were twice as much we are." They at last get to quarrel desperately "with words", but, like Fluellen on a similar occasion, are restrained by the place. Laying by their quarrel for a more convenient season, they glorify their mountains, after which they lay claim to the chief nobility, as of Welsh blood, and Evan expresses the desire that the music be all Welsh, and the dances, and no Hercules brought in with a great staff and pudding upon him. In fact, what need say they of Hercules, when Cadwalladr or Lluellin, or Rheese ap Griffith, or Cradock, or Owen Glen-

dower, with a Welsh hook and a goat skin on his back would have done "very better and twice as well." The piece ends with a speech of Griffith, which—a model of modesty—sets out the characteristics of his nation—a nation unconquered and most loving liberty, "yet, it was never mutinous, and please your Majesty, but stout, valiant, courteous, hospitable, temperate, ingenious, capable of all good arts, most lovingly constant, charitable, great antiquaries, religious preservers of their gentry, and genealogy, as they are knowing in religion."

James I had a liking for the Welsh; and many Welshmen, some of whom occupied high and important posts, frequented his court. His personal popularity led to an amusing scene during his progress to Wales in 1607, which is thus related by Yorke in his *Royall Tribes of Wales.* "He had progressed to Chester, and was attended by a great number of the gentry, who came out of curiosity to see him, and formed a mounted guard of honour to escort him. The weather was very dry, the roads dusty, and the king almost suffocated. He did not know how to get rid of them civilly, when one of his attendants, putting his head out of the window of the coach, said, 'It is His Majesty's pleasure, that those, who are the best gentlemen, shall ride forwards.' Away scampered the Welsh, and one solitary man was left behind. 'And so, Sir', said the king to him, 'and you are not a gentleman then?' 'Oh, yes; and please hur Majestee, hur is as good a shentleman as the rest, but hur ceffyl (*horse*), God help hur, is not so good.'"

Scott has told us, in the *Fortunes of Nigel*, how James delighted in a gossip with his Scotch goldsmith, Geordie Heriot. May we not also picture him chatting with his Cambro-British goldsmith, John Williams, the friend of Drayton, about his subjects on the other side of Offa's Dyke? The cannie king, we may be sure, would well know, when driven to negotiate a loan, that the quickest way to loosen the purse-strings

of the Welshman, was to affect an interest in his country and fellow-countrymen.

The Welsh characters of Shakespere and Ben Jonson, even apart from the glowing panegyrics of Churchyard and Drayton, indicate that the Welsh enjoyed a high degree of popularity during the Tudor period, and the reign of James I. In an interesting article which appeared in vol. iii, part 1, January 1880, of *Y Cymmrodor*, the Editor, Mr. Powell, has drawn the character of the Welsh as it appeared to their neighbours in the sixteenth century—viewed from an entirely comic point of view. The materials upon which the article is based are found in the jest books of the period, extracts from which are given to illustrate what were considered to be the prominent foibles and weaknesses of the Welsh. "In the representation here given", says the author of the article, "of what the writers of the various collections conceived to be the salient features of Welsh character, there is nothing that need offend the most ardent and sensitive patriot, who will bear in mind that the object is to provoke laughter. Indeed these sketches, if not all very humorous, are fully as goodnatured as Shakespere's own. The Welshman of the Jests is devoutly religious in his way; but, as he is at the same time intensely ignorant, his earnestness only developes an exaggerated superstition, and he 'strains at a gnat and swallows a camel' with a vengeance. He is in despair at the thought of having broken his fast on a Friday by the accidental swallowing of a crumb of cheese, but yet robs and murders without compunction, and confesses these crimes with the utmost *naïveté*. At one time he appears as a plain countryman, whose simplicity we are invited to laugh at; at another he is a stupid barbarian, from whose ignorance we are gravely called on to learn a lesson. He is, of course, choleric and hasty, and it is not always safe to cross him; he is a noisy brawler even in heaven (when he happens

to get in by some informality), and has a great weakness for drink and toasted cheese. Strangely enough, the leek, so dear to Fluellen and so bitter to Pistol, is not referred to at all."

The partisan bitterness of the civil wars quickly took away from the Welsh the popularity they had gained in the period I have just been dealing with. Welsh levies took part in the very first engagements on the side of the Royalists, and their behaviour in these engagements was a subject upon which the pamphleteers of the Parliamentarians were never tired of exercising their wit. The Parliament party had possession of London, and London at that time contained nearly all the printing presses of the country; and advantage was taken of this to flood the country with comic tracts and broadsides, satirising the Royalists, and particularly their Welsh allies. Of such, the years 1642 and 1643 were especially prolific.

One is " The true Copy of a Welsh sermon, preached before Prince Maurice in Wales, upon his departure thence, by Thon ap Owen, Priest", in which the writer scourges the the Welsh runaways from Edgehill, sneers at the prince for leaving Holland, coming hither in arms; and in broken English asks, "What did her meane to come into her borders, to spoile her brave orchards, and gardens, her cider and her perry trees?" Another satirical effusion is "The Welchman's Lamentation and Complaint for the loss of her great cosin and commander Mr. Fitz William Coningsby, Governour of her great city of Hereford. Printed in te yeer (hur thinks) of her utter Testruction, 1643." A third, the last which I shall notice, is entitled " The Welchman's Public Recantation, or his hearty sorrow for taking up arms against her Parliament, Declaring to all the World how her hath been abused by faire words, and such adullations and flatterings, telling her what Booties and Prizes her should get: the Divell take the Array."

The main object followed up in all these satires is to put in as ridiculous a light as possible the behaviour of the Welsh levies in the field. I have read through many of them. In nearly all the wit is of the grossest kind. Apart from the coarseness surrounding it, it is nothing. That any could find time and inclination to indulge in such trifling upon so serious a subject, would have inflicted a painful sting upon more staid and considerate minds. When the civil debate of the sword, the gravest and most awful under heaven, is attempted to be turned into merriment, and the effort meets with success, it is evidence of a depraved condition of public feeling.

Before proceeding further, the Anglo-Welsh dialect, as here written, calls for an observation or two. We must, of course, in reading satirical pieces like these, be prepared as well for exaggeration of peculiarities of speech as of other peculiarities. But many subsequent writers seem somehow to have lost sight of this, and in all good faith have put into the mouths of their Welsh characters peculiarities of pronunciation observable for the first time in these publications. For instance, the Welshman of these drolleries speaks of himself as "her" (it is variably spelt, sometimes "hur", sometimes "her"), and "her", the Welshmen of these writers I have alluded to call themselves also. Now, I certainly have heard Welshmen describe inanimate objects as of the feminine gender, but I never heard a Welshman call himself a "her"; nor do I think have any of you, nor indeed the broadside writers themselves. One other observation with regard to these writers. They charge the Welsh levies with cowardice, at Edgehill in particular. It is unnecessary for me to labour long over confuting such a charge against my countrymen's valour. That has been proved on too many a field to be open to question. But as to the Edgehill affair, the following short passage from Sir Richard Bulstrode's *Memoirs of the Reigns*

of Charles I and Charles II seems to put it right. "Most of the regiments", he says, "which were raised in Wales, were very ill armed. However, they were brave and resolute to serve their king, with such arms as they had or could get in their march. . . . Some hundreds of Welshmen were so brave that they had no arms, but pitchforks, and such like tools, and many only with good cudgels; yet they went down the hill as eagerly to fight as the best armed men among them."

Is it to be wondered at that, armed as here described, three regiments ran away from the field? The surprising part is that they engaged in the battle at all. Certainly it did not lie in the mouths of the Parliamentarians to sneer at them for this, for four regiments of their own army, together with their left wing of horse, turned tail and fled; and Cromwell himself came not away without the imputation of cowardice on that occasion.

Charles Cotton, the friend of Isaac Walton, has given us the following comic description of a Welsh guide of the seventeenth century, which may be compared with the guides in the Snowdon district of the nineteenth.

A Welsh Guide.

"A guide I had got who demanded great vails,
For conducting me over the mountains of Wales:
Twenty good shillings, which sure very large is;
Yet that would not serve, but I must bear his charges:
And yet for all that, rode astride on a beast,
The worst that e'er went on three legs I protest;
It certainly was the most ugly of jades.
His hips and his rump made a right ace of spades;
His sides were two ladders well spur-galled withal;
His neck was a helve, and his head was a mall;
For his colour, my pains and your trouble I'll spare,
For the creature was wholly denuded of hair;
And, except for two things, as bare as my nail—
A tuft of a mane, and a sprig of a tail.
Now, such as the beast was, even such was the rider,
With a head like a nutmeg, and legs like a spider:

> A voice like a cricket, a look like a rat,
> The brains of a goose, and the heart of a cat;
> Even such was my guide and his beast: let them pass,
> The one for a horse, and the other an ass."

With the restoration of Charles the Second, the unpopularity of the Welsh did not disappear. In 1672, *The Travels of Iorevin de Rocheford* were published; and a translation of that part of the book which treats of England and Ireland was in 1809 published in the fourth volume of the *Antiquarian Repertory.* His descriptions are valuable, as showing the opinion foreigners entertained of England during the seventeenth century; and they have a peculiar value for my present purpose, in that he tells us in what estimation Welshmen were held by the English of that day. "Strangers in general are not liked in London", he says, "even the Irish and Scots, who are subjects of the same king. . . . . The eldest sons of the kings of England bear the title of Prince of Wales, which is a province of England, long governed by its own sovereign princes. The inhabitants of this province are the least esteemed of all others in England, insomuch that it is an affront to any man to call him Welchmann, that is to say, a man of the province of Wales: similar to the appellation of Norman in France, Calabrian in Italy, Galeguan in Spain, Finlander in Sweden, Swiss in Germany, and Corack in Poland." I have failed to get much information about this writer, and, therefore, I cannot say how much reliance is to be placed upon his powers of observation. Buckle, certainly, makes several quotations from this same book of travels of his without any note as to their trustworthiness or the contrary.

In 1682 was published "*Wallography, or the Britton Described*: Being a pleasant relation of a journey into Wales, wherein are set down several remarkable passages that occurred in the way thither: and also many choice observables,

and notable commemorations, concerning the state and condition, the nature and humor, actions, manners, customs, etc., of that country and people, by W.R.: a mighty lover of Welsh Travels." He tells us, in his epistle dedicatory, that he had travelled through the country thoroughly, and that he intends not merely to give a bare image and portraiture of the country, but the character of the inhabitants, their original, persons, diet, apparel, language, laws, customs, policy, etc. As to the original, I don't think his suggestions would be of much use to a philologist. "Some", he says, "suppose them to be the spawns of the Gauls, from whom they seem to be but a few Aps removed; Ap Galloys, Ap Gauls, Ap Wallois, Ap Wales. As for the inhabitants, they are a poor sort of creatures. They are of a Boerish behaviour, of a savage physiognomy; the savageness of their bodies, and the Bœoticalness of their souls, and that which cannot otherwise be expressed, the Welchness of both, will fright a man as fast from them as the oddness of their person invites one to behold them. They are not much given to fighting. They are much inclined to choler, for hur Welch plood is soon moved; aud then hur stamp and stare, and scrat hur pole, and vent her fury, in ud-plutter-a-nails, and will fight for hur life in battle with fisty-cuffs. The whole nation (like a German family) is of one quality. . . . . We could not perceive that they were guilty of much learning, of which the lowest degree is several notches above their most exalted capacity. A man skill'd in orthography is admir'd as a sophy, and a writer of his name is term'd a rabbi. The top-gallant of the parish, possibly, may be so wise in hieroglyphic as to scrawl the character of a mystical mark: tho' such deep literature is not frequent amongst them. That which we admired most was the virginity of their language. 'Tis a tongue (it seems) not made for every mouth; as appears by the instance of one in our company, who, having got a Welch polysyllable into his throat was almost

choked with consonants, had we not by clapping him on the back made him disgorge a guttural or two, and so sav'd him. Their native gibberish is usually prattled throughout the whole of Taphydom—excepting in the market towns, men of two coats, and gentry." The last observation he makes is, that of all the maimed people that ever he read of, he found none comparable for nimbleness to a Cambrian cripple.

I hope I have succeeded in giving a summary of the one hundred and fifty pages or so of *Wallography*, which not only contains the principal of "W. R.'s" observations upon Wales, but savours enough of his style to afford some idea of what the rest is like. It smacks of burlesque throughout; the ludicrous and the ridiculous have it all their own way. There is no seriousness. It is at times rather coarse, but when the age in which it was written is considered, its freedom from indelicacy is marvellous. I do not think for a moment that "W. R.", whoever he was, ever intended his so-called "pleasant relation of a journey into Wales" to be read seriously. The whole thing savours too much of joking to be taken for satire. However, it would be quite in keeping with the opinion of the day, as stated by De Rocheford a short time previously; and the sallies of humour would be much to the taste of that dissolute age.

Twenty-six years later we find Steele writing something about us in the *Tatler*. In the first volume of that periodical —I forget which number—he tells his readers that a young relation of his had been turning his head to duelling, and one of his reasons was, that he intended to reside mostly on his own estate at Llanbadarnfawr, and the Welsh being a nation of gentlemen, it behoved him to understand well the science of quarrelling. Poor Steele! let us hope he too found them a nation of gentlemen, when, having "outlived his places, his schemes, his wife, his income, his health, and almost

everything but his kind heart, twenty years later he died on his own little Welsh property, worn out, and almost forgotten by his contemporaries."

Not long after the death of Steele, Smollett, in *Humphrey Clinker* and *Roderick Random*, introduced to the public of his day several Welsh characters. I do not think any of the Welsh characters of *Humphrey Clinker* can be looked upon as typical. Matthew Bramble, the Glamorganshire Squire, might as well have hailed from Devonshire, indeed, he has been said to be the prototype of Sir Anthony Absolute in *The Rivals.* Winifred Jenkins, apart from the dialect of her most amusing letters, might pass for an English maid-servant. But in the Surgeon Morgan of *Roderick Random* we have a real typical Welshman. Redolent of cheese and leeks, his eccentricities and whimsicalities make him supremely ridiculous. Yet he is an honest, stedfast friend; strictly honourable and utterly regardless of himself when his friend is in danger. Though the character is doubtless an imitation of Fluellen, it is no servile one, and differs from Shakespere's Welshman in many points. In one in particular—his habit of soothing his ruffled feelings with a melancholy ditty—he rather resembles the Parson, Sir Hugh, than the choleric captain.

In 1774, Dr. Johnson made a tour of six of the counties of Wales in company with Mr. Thrale, who went down for the purpose of taking possession of an estate which had fallen to his wife. He does not appear to have been in good health when he started on his journey, for in one of his letters, written soon after, he writes: "I have made nothing of the ipecacuanha, but have taken abundance of pills, and hope that they have done me good." From the letter of the indefatigable Boswell, it would appear that both the latter and the booksellers expected a book containing observations on the country and the people, similar to his *Journey to the Western Islands.* But whether, owing to his state of health

or the absence of Boswell, or both, no book resulted from this tour. In a letter to Boswell he says, that "Wales is so little different from England that it offers nothing to the speculation of the traveller." Boswell could not find that he kept any journal or notes of what he saw there; and all that he heard him say of Wales was, that "instead of bleak and barren mountains there were green and fertile ones; and that one of the castles of Wales would contain all the castles that he had seen in Scotland."

It is a matter of great regret to Welshmen that Scott, when he did lay the scene of one of his novels in Wales, and introduced Welsh characters, should have been so unfortunate as to produce such a dry and uninteresting work as *The Betrothed.* Lockhart tells us that he was mainly prompted to write it by the lively and instructive conversations on Welsh history and antiquities, of his friend Archdeacon Williams. One cannot help wishing that the learned Archdeacon had, instead, roused Scott's interest in that stirring period of Welsh history, so interesting to a Welshman, when Glendower raised the standard of rebellion and waged an unceasing war against the power and might of England. Of all our heroes Glendower is the one that comes nearest to our hearts, and Scott's was the pen best fitted to delineate his character in the pages of fiction. *The Betrothed* deals with a period of Welsh history so remote from the present day, that, though it treats of Wales, I should not have mentioned it, but for its having been written by a modern and the greatest of modern novelists. Scott himself was so displeased with it that but for the fear that some pirate had got hold of the early portion of it which he had written, and laid by in disgust, he would, in all probability, not have published it,—in fact, he repeatedly said that he would rather write two more new novels than the few pages necessary to complete his unfortunate *Betrothed.* It is pleasing to a

Welshman to recollect that Scott had the highest opinion of the clever Archdeacon, and continued his friend until death; at his grave Archdeacon Williams read the burial service over him.

In *Ivanhoe,* King Richard and Wamba, to cheer their lone journey through the recesses of the forest, gaily carol the wooing of the Widow of Wycombe by her three suitors—the north country squire, the Welsh knight, and the yeoman of Kent. The Welshman tried his fortune after the failure of the north country squire, with the result thus merrily sung by the Jester:—

> "The next that came forth swore by blood and by nails,
> Merrily sound the roundelay,
> Hur 's a gentleman, God wot, and hur 's lineage was of Wales,
> And where was the widow might say him nay?
>
> "Sir David ap Morgan ap Griffith ap Hugh
> Ap Tudor ap Rhice, quoth his roundelay;
> She said that one widow for so many was too few,
> And she bade the Welshman wend his way."

Much as I should have desired my compatriot to have been successful in his wooing, if he really was such an idiot as to speak of himself as "Hur", as Scott makes him do, then he richly deserved, I think, to be sent about his business, as the widow sent him.

Few books of its kind are more interesting than George Borrow's *Wild Wales.* To a Welshman it ought to be one of the most delightful books ever written. Early in life, when an articled clerk to a solicitor in a town of East Anglia, Borrow commenced the study of Welsh; and partly from books and partly from a Welsh groom, he became able, not only to read, but to speak the language thoroughly. Having had considerable experience of roughing it in Spain and other countries, he determined to do North Wales. He started from London in the summer of 1854 with his wife and daughter;

and making Llangollen his head-quarters for North Wales, did that country thoroughly, extending his rambles even to Anglesey; after which he made the tour of South Wales somewhat more rapidly. He walked about on foot. He mixed with the people of the country—the labourers, the colliers, the miners, the shepherds. And a fine time he gets of it among them. What he most liked to get hold of was a "prydydd" or poet; his greatest antipathy was a Wolverhampton or Manchester gent. He meets several specimens of both on his travels, and while a conversation with a "prydydd" generally sends him happy to bed; the appearance of a gent in the coffee room of a hotel is invariably the signal for his abrupt departure. He is very proud of his linguistic capacity, and is constantly airing his knowledge of the works of the best Welsh poets, never seeming to think it as incongruous to expect a Welsh peasant to be familiar with the works of Dafydd ap Gwilym as it would be to expect a farmer of Devonshire to be familiar with the works of Chaucer, who was the contemporary of Ap Gwilym. His admiration of the old Welsh poets amounts to a passion. He makes pious pilgrimages to their birth-places. He visits the places immortalised in their poems, and narrates their history in the happiest of styles. He follows their steps from their birth to the grave, and delivers orations of glowing eulogy over their tombs. What then does he say of the Welsh people he walked amongst? Let me give a few extracts from his book. This is one. "What a difference", he says to his wife, after a conversation with a miller's man about Taliesin and Huw Morris, "between a Welshman and an Englishman of the lower class. What would a Suffolk miller's swain have said if I had repeated to him verses out of Beowulf or even Chaucer, and had asked him the residence of Skelton." On another occasion he had been with his friend John Jones, the Calvinistic Methodist, to visit the

"chair" of Hugh Morris, the old royalist poet, of whose writings he was extremely fond. On the way back to Llangollen they found at an inn an intoxicated stonemason, who asserted that he could repeat more of the songs of the Eos than any man alive, however great a gentleman, however sober—more than Sir Watkin, more than Colonel Biddulph himself. He then began to repeat what appeared to be poetry, and John Jones jotted down what he could catch in Borrow's pocket-book. Amongst the lines the drunkard hiccupped were four which he said were composed by Huw Morris on his death-bed. "I took the book and read aloud the following lines, beautifully descriptive of the eagerness of a Christian soul to leave its perishing tabernacle and go to its Creator.

'Myned i'r wyl ar redeg,
I'r byd a beryi chwaneg,
I Baradwys, y ber wiwdeg
Yn enw Duw yn union deg.'

Of which this is a translation :—

'Now to my rest I hurry away,
To the world which lasts for ever and aye,
To Paradise, the beautiful place,
Trusting alone in the Lord of Grace.'

"A scene in a public-house? Yes! but in a Welsh public-house. Only think of a Suffolk toper repeating the death-bed verses of a poet. Surely, there is a considerable difference between the Celt and a Saxon."

Of their hospitality, their kindness, their generosity, he speaks over and over again. The self-respect of the peasantry he brings out in many a scene. Be it remembered that Borrow was not a man predisposed—except by his admiration for the older poets—to find in Wales a Utopia. He was a Churchman of the sturdiest type; and the people he moved amongst

were, as he repeatedly tells us, a nation of Dissenters. More than once he enters into a theological controversy, but he never parts with his antagonist on other than friendly terms, even though the argument does not always end in his favour. Very rarely does he meet with rudeness. I am sorry to say that the two worst instances occurred in South Wales, where his North Welsh accent got him rudely and unmercifully laughed at.

The testimony of Borrow, like that of Churchyard three hundred years before, is valuable, because it is that of a man who has formed his opinion of Welshmen upon actual experience and observation ; and it should be esteemed by Welshmen accordingly. I wish we had a few more travellers of his sort.

In striking contrast to the picture of the Welsh character drawn by Borrow, is that drawn by Walter Savage Landor, at the time when he resided at Llanthony. In a letter written to Bishop Burgess, dated 13th August 1809, upon the subject of restoring Llanthony chapel, occurs the following passage:—
"I have conversed with the lower ranks of more than one nation in Europe, and last of all with those who have generally been considered the most superstitious and the most barbarous. But, if drunkenness, idleness, mischief, and revenge are the principal characteristics of the savage state, what nation, I will not say in Europe, but in the world, is so singularly tatooed with them as the Welsh? . . . . We have beheld without attention a strange phenomenon. While Scotland and Ireland have been producing in every generation historians, philosophers, and poets, the wretched Welsh repeat their idle legends from first to second childhood, bring forward a thousand attestations to the existence of witches, and fairies, boast of their illustrious ancestors, and of the bards, more illustrious, who have recorded them—and convert the tomb of Taliesin into a gate-post." "To this", says Forster,

"the bishop was prompt in reply, wisely avoiding the Celtic question introduced so explosively, and confining himself strictly to the first letter (a former had been written) as if but a jog-trot reminder had reached him with the second."

Six months earlier than his first letter to the bishop he had been writing of the Welsh to Southey in much the same strain. "Happily on the borders of the Wye the people are more civilised than about me. They are more active, and activity will not permit the lurking and loose indulgence of malignity and revenge. My people are idle and drunken. Idleness gives them time, and drunkenness gives them spirit for mischief." In the succeeding summer he writes again to Southey from Llanthony. "While I was in Spain, more injury was done to the Abbey than I think it possible to repair, though I would live on a hundred a year for the remainder of my life to do it. In architects I have passed from a great scoundrel to a greater, a thing I thought impossible; and have been a whole year in making a farm house habitable. It is not half finished, and has cost already two thousand pounds. I think seriously of filling it with chips and straw and setting fire to it. Never was anything half so ugly, though there is not a brick or tile throughout. Again and again I lament I was disappointed in my attempt to fix in your delightful country. The earth contains no race of human beings so totally vile and worthless as the Welsh. I doubt whether they will allow me to make improvements; I am certain they will not allow me to enjoy them. I have expended in labour, within three years, eight thousand pounds amongst them, and yet they treat me as their greatest enemy. Nevertheless, when I see the spherical head of a Welshman, I am indebted to him for a perfect view of Loweswater. My mind glances from him, as the point of a sword from a stone, and I lose my aversion in my regret."

It would be impossible for anyone, even unacquainted with

the writer, to read these letters without suspecting him of a tendency to exaggeration. A Welshman cannot read them without regret, for however much he may resent the unfounded calumnies they contain, he cannot but remember that the writer was a man of high intellectual endowments, a ripe scholar, and the author of some of the most remarkable prose productions of the age. But when the character of the man and the circumstances under which the letters were written are taken into account by any impartial reader, there should be no fear of his identifying in his mind the people of Wales with the Welsh nation of Landor. Unfortunately, Forster, his warm-hearted biographer, is so led away by his admiration for his friend, that whilst he gives the greatest prominence to the letters I have just quoted, he gives no warning that the estimate of character which they contain should not be accepted without qualification. The effect of this is, that the letters get quoted without the materials which Forster's biography furnishes, whereby they may be read in their proper light; and they are evidenced as the opinions of a great writer only, and not of a man whose opinion upon the particular subject they deal with was most untrustworthy. These letters are the product of the unfortunate business of Llanthony, acting upon a mind " in condemnation all ferocity", to quote the words of Dickens as applied to Boythorn, of whom Landor is said to be the original. The ungovernable temper which caused the head master of Rugby to request his removal from school, which led to his college life at Oxford coming to an abrupt close, and brought about a quarrel with his father, one of the most genial and pleasant of men, was bound to lead him sooner or later to quarrel with neighbours as high-spirited and hot-tempered as himself. If he had taken Loweswater, as he had intended, he would have quarreled with the natives just in the same way ; and according to his notions have been swindled in the same way. Forster, himself, says that he has

not been much startled to hear it said of Landor by "others unfaltering both in admiration and tried affection for him, that during hardly any part of his life, between nine years and almost ninety, could he live with other people in peace for any length of time: for that though always glad and happy, and good humoured for a while, he was apt gradually to become tyrannical where he had power, and rebellious where he had not." Such being his character, one is naturally disposed to think that, if the architects, both "the great and the greater scoundrel", were allowed to speak, they might put the transactions between them and Landor in a very different light. People are rarely satisfied with their architects; and people who indulge in such romantic fancies as Landor's very often under-estimate the cost of carrying them out; and it is not a necessary conclusion that all his architects, contractors, and workmen were scoundrels and thieves, because the works at Llanthony used up an enormous sum of money. Of Landor's egotism and power of exaggeration Forster supplies an amusing instance—even in this matter of Llanthony—by the following letter, written to him some thirty years later. "Llanthony is a noble estate, it produces everything but herbage, corn, and money. My son, however, may perhaps make something of it; for it is about eight miles long; and I planted a *million of trees* on it more than thirty years ago. I lived there little more than eight months altogether, and built a house to pull it down again. Invent a hero, if you can, who has performed such exploits." Forster's comment on this letter is instructive. "Here was an instance of my old friend setting down as the thing he did, the thing he only intended to do; for his million of trees fell considerably short, in the reality, of perhaps a tenth of the number his fancy reckoned them." Is it too much for us to say that the character of the Welsh as painted by him, was ten times as black as the reality. I cannot help thinking that these letters

should be read just in the same way as the following extract from *Bleak House*, in which the character of Boythorn is so well brought out:—

"The dinner was put back an hour, and we were sitting round the fire with no light but the blaze, when the hall door suddenly burst open, and the hall resounded with these words, uttered with the greatest vehemence, and in a stentorian tone :

"'We have been misdirected, Jarndyce, by a most abandoned ruffian, who told us to take the turning to the right instead of the turning to the left. He is the most intolerable scoundrel on the face of the earth. His father must have been a most consummate villain ever to have had such a son. I would have that fellow shot without the least remorse!'

"'Did he do it on purpose?' Mr. Jarndyce inquired.

"'I have not the slightest doubt that the scoundrel has passed his whole existence in misdirecting travellers!' returned the other. 'By my soul, I thought him the worst looking dog I ever beheld, when he was telling me to take the turning to the right. And yet I stood before that fellow face to face and did not knock his brains out!'"

If the Landor of later life—the Boythorn of Dickens—continued in the same opinion of the Welsh as the Landor of Llanthony, and this is perhaps to be gathered from one of his "Imaginary Conversations", I would ask his readers and admirers to remember upon what a slight foundation his broad generalization rests. The Vale of Ewyas is even now but sparsely populated, and then it must have had very few inhabitants. Landor lived but eight months there, he says, and does not appear to have acquired a knowledge of the language. Wild border districts have never been remarkable for conspicuous honesty or morality; and it may be, notwithstanding what I have said about the condition of things under which the letters were written, that they describe, with more

or less accuracy, the character of his neighbours. But even so, it seems to me that his generalization from his neighbours to their nation is about as fair as that of a man who, living in a notorious quarter of a foreign town, should attribute to the country the vices of the suburb.

A curiously parallel case to that of Landor and Llanthony was revealed in a recent trial at Westminster. Madame Adelina Patti, like Landor, had a fancy for a romantic ruin which she set about restoring. Hers was a castle called Craig-y-Nos, situated at the upper end of the Swansea Valley, a place as wild and unpeopled as Llanthony. She employed tradesmen living in the district to do the work. As in Landor's case, disputes soon arose, and divers actions were brought, threatened, or compromised. The last was brought by one Stevens, a Belgian, and during its hearing it came out that there had been a general attempt to overcharge on the part of many of the tradesmen employed. Forthwith appears an article in *The Times* upon the trial. The writer treating all the people of the district as Welsh, draws from the trial gloomy morals of the dishonesty of the Welsh tradesmen of the district of Craig-y-Nos, and of Welsh tradesmen generally. Now, the real facts of the case were these,—the only tradesman who does not appear to have overcharged Madame Patti was a Welshman, and of those who are alleged to have done so, though all are resident in Wales, the proportion is as two Englishmen to one Welshman. This mistake of treating all who live in Wales as Welsh is one which often works to the prejudice of the national character. Not very long ago a learned judge, on circuit in Wales, at the close of a civil trial ordered one of the solicitors engaged in the affair to stand up and show himself, as a notable example of Welsh legal cunning and rascality. That solicitor was an Englishman.

There are not many allusions to Wales and her people in the works of Thomas Carlyle, from which may be gathered

the opinion which that great writer held of the people. The only one that I have found occurs in his *Life of John Stirling.* It is in the early part of the *Life*, when the Stirlings were living at Llanblethian, near Cowbridge. Carlyle was evidently pleased both with Llanblethian and with the Vale of Glamorgan. "The peasantry", he says, "seem indolent and stagnant, but peaceable and well-provided; much given to Methodism when they have any character. For the rest, an innocent good-humoured people, who drink home-brewed beer, and have brown loaves of the most excellent household bread. The native peasant village is not generally beautiful, though it might be were it swept and trimmed: it gives one rather the idea of sluttish stagnancy—an interesting peep into the Welsh Paradise of Sleepy Hollow. Stones, old kettles, naves of wheels, all kinds of broken litter, with live pigs and etceteras lie about the streets; for, as a rule, no rubbish is removed, but waits patiently the action of mere natural chemistry and accident; even if a house is burnt or falls, you will find it there after half a century, only cloaked by the ever ready ivy. Sluggish man seems never to have struck a pick into it; his new hut is built close by on ground not encumbered, and the old stones are still left lying. This is the ordinary Welsh village, but there are exceptions, where people of more cultivated tastes have been led to settle, and Llanblethian is one of the more signal of these."

If Carlyle had lived to pay a visit to the Vale of Glamorgan in these days, I do not think he would have applied the epithet "stagnant and indolent" to the peasantry. Better food and wages have roused them into activity since he wrote. But as to the native peasant village we should not have much difficulty even now in finding its exact counterpart—even down to the "old kettles, naves of wheels, and etceteras."

In the works of Thackeray there are, as far as I remember, no characters which may be called typical Welsh characters.

Few indeed are the allusions to Welshmen. There are one or two gentle satires on our national love of pedigrees. We are told that the pedigree of the Pendennises carried them back to the Druids, and that they were related to all the great families of Wales: and in *Vanity Fair* we have a reference to a long Welsh pedigree. It is pleasant, however, to reflect that in the *Book of Snobs* no real Welshman appears. There is, it is true, a gentleman who derives his descent from the Hogyn Mogyns of remote antiquity, but he is only a barren counterfeit rascal, whose connection with Wales springs only out of the fertile imagination of Heralds' College.

In the Mrs. Woodcourt of *Bleak House* we have the portrait of a Welsh lady drawn by the hand of Dickens. This is how she is described on her first introduction to us. "She was a pretty old lady with bright black eyes, but she seemed very proud. She came from Wales: and had had, a long time ago, an eminent person for an ancestor, of the name of Morgan-ap-Kerrig—of some place that sounded like Gimlet—who was the most illustrious person that ever was known, and all of whose relations were a sort of royal family. He appeared to have passed his life in always getting up into mountains, and fighting somebody; and a bard, whose name sounded like Crumlinwalliwer, had sung his praises in a piece which was called, as nearly as I could catch it, 'Mewlinwillinwodd.' After expatiating to us on the fame of her great kinsman, she said that no doubt, wherever her son Allan went he would remember his pedigree, and would on no account form an alliance below it. She told him that there were many handsome English ladies in India who went out on speculation, and that there were some to be picked up with property; but that neither charms nor wealth would suffice for the descendant from such a line without birth, which must ever be the first consideration."

The inopportuneness of this genealogical glorification to

one in the peculiar position of the heroine, shows up the proud old lady in a light so unfavourable that the reader positively hates her for it. But she quite recovers favour when, towards the end, in the struggle between pride and affection, pedigree goes to the wall and her warm Welsh heart is seen to be in the right place after all. It is gratifying to a Welshman to think that the blood of Morgan-ap-Kerrig of Gimlet flows in the veins of Alan Woodcourt, the young doctor, one of the noblest characters, not only in this, but in any of Dickens' works.

The very title of Blackmore's novel, *The Maid of Sker*, commends it to a Welshman, associated as it is with the song. The characters therein are so familiar to you that any description of them by me is unnecessary. Dyo Llewellyn, man of war's man, pensioner, fisherman, poacher, clock-keeper, naval hero, and a whole host of other things, is one of the cleverest sketches in nineteenth century fiction. I have often heard it said that he is an exact type of his race in all his points, and that the author meant him to be considered so. But I do not think that can be the case. I do not think the typical Welshman would cheat his customers in the way Dyo used to, when he palmed off his tainted fish upon them, or put horns to truth and tell "corkers" as Dyo did, and as he more than once confesses to have done. Near as Davy Llewellyn approaches the typical Welshman, he is no more to to be taken in all his points as a perfect type, than Parson Chowne is to be taken for a perfect type of a Devonshire parson.

The *Maid of Sker* closes my selection from the permanent portion of English literature. I am conscious that I must have left out many authors who have delineated typical Welsh characters, equally worthy of selection with those I have given. My excuse is, that the ground of my subject is entirely new as far as I have been able to discover,

for I have not yet, after much diligent search, met with any book in which it has been treated. Consequently, I have been limited to such writers as I had a previous acquaintance with before commencing this paper, and those whom I have come across, after a good deal of laborious and often fruitless searching through many and many an indexless volume. From the sketch as it is I gather that my countrymen have been on the whole criticised very fairly by the enlightened English foreigner; that the best English writers are those with whom they have appeared in most favour, and that those by whom they have been satirized and ridiculed with spite and bitterness, are for the most part men whose very names are unknown or forgotten.

The Welshman of ephemeral English literature differs to-day very much from the same individual of ten or fifteen years ago. Then it was quite the fashion to treat of matters relating to Wales invariably in a contemptuously didactic strain, and to assume for the purpose of argument that certain sweeping generalizations as to the character of the people admitted of no possibility of doubt. So firmly rooted, for instance, was the belief of the prevalence of perjury to an enormous extent in Wales, that it is really a matter of wonder why, in a slack session, Parliament did not enact a statute with some such preamble as this:—"Whereas our loving subjects of the Principality of Wales have little notion of the obligation of an Oath; and whereas false swearing and perjury in our Courts of Justice in the said Principality are deplorably common: Be it enacted," etc.

Our inordinate vanity was another feature in our national character assumed without qualification by periodical writers, in want of a butt at which to aim the shafts of their wit, when treating of our manners or customs, our social habits or personal qualities. What the Welsh people complained of in the criticisms of that period was, not the being criticised

at all, but that the critics themselves were obviously ignorant of the subject about which they wrote; which is not surprising when we consider the kind of historical text books in use up to a very recent period. The other day I looked into one in use when I was at school, to see what it had to say about the Welsh, for as far as my memory served me, it said but little. I found it what I expected it to be. It began with a flourish of trumpets about the early history of Britain being enveloped in mist, then in a few lines skipped nimbly down the centuries to the time of Julius Cæsar, devoted a little space to the Roman occupation, quickly disposed of the lot of Saxon kings, and set to work in earnest with William the Conqueror. More or less vague references to wars with the Welsh occur at rare intervals; but from these nothing can be gathered with respect to the position of the Welsh people in the scale of European civilisation; and this applies not only to the period anterior to Edward the First, but even to the period from that time down to the present, when a history of England, to be worthy of the name, ought to include some account of the Welsh people. The aid the Welsh gave to English kings in their foreign wars is unnoticed; even the gallant service which the Welsh rendered in a garden where leeks did grow, upon St. David's day, at Crecy, is not mentioned, notwithstanding it was chronicled by Froissart and immortalised by Shakespere.

Having told us that the earliest inhabitants were tatooed savages, and that their descendants received some polish from the Romans, the historian considers he has said enough about the condition of the Welsh. Not a word about their literature. The schoolboy seizes on the "tatooing" and forgets all about the "Roman polish". The schoolboy pictures to himself a barbarous race—without culture, without a literature—brought by slow degrees within the pale of civilisation by the influence of the polite and courteous English. The inevitable

result of such reading as this is to engender a contempt hard to get rid of in after years.

To the general ignorance of Englishmen upon the subject of Welsh literature let Mr. Matthew Arnold speak. This is what he says:—"To know the Celtic case thoroughly one must know the Celtic people; and to know them, one must know that by which a people best express themselves—their literature. Few of us have any notion what a mass of Celtic literature is really yet extant and accessible. One constantly finds even very accomplished people, who fancy that the remains of Welsh and Irish literature are as inconsiderable by their volume as, in their opinion, they are by their intrinsic merit; that these remains consist of a few prose stories, in great part borrowed from the literature of nations more civilised than the Welsh or Irish nation, and of some unintelligible poetry. As to Welsh literature, they have heard perhaps of the *Red Book of Hergest* or the *Black Book of Caermarthen*, and they imagine that one or two famous manuscript books like these contain the whole matter." I do not think Mr. Arnold has at all overstated his case. Indeed, I fancy that even the number of "very accomplished people", who have heard of *Y Llyfr Coch o Hergest*, or *Y Llyfr Du o Gaerfyrddin*, is by no means large.

Happily, a new school of historians has arisen, and with the advent of such writers as Mr. Froude, Mr. Green, and Mr. Morley, we may reasonably expect the rising generation to grow up free from that early contempt of which I have spoken, as springing from not being taught something of the literature of the Welsh, or of the gallant services they rendered the English on many a field of battle.

What an effect can be produced by a personal knowledge of Wales and the Welsh people is gracefully illustrated by Leigh Hunt in the following lines.

"I used to think of thee and thine
As one of an old faded line,
Living in his hills apart,
Whose pride I knew, but not his heart.
But now that I have seen thy face,
Thy fields and ever youthful race,
And women's lips of rosiest word,
(So rich they open) and have heard
The harp still leaping in thy halls,
Quenchless as the waterfalls,
I know thee full of pride, as strong
As the sea's most ancient song,
And of a sympathy as wide."

Whilst the periodical writer of to-day treats of the Welsh in a much fairer spirit than his predecessor, and often, indeed, holds out a friendly and encouraging hand, he is still influenced by the deep-rooted tradition of the awful prevalence of perjury, and the inordinateness of the national vanity! Now, that perjury is committed in Wales, and to an extent to be regretted, is what no Welshman will deny. But it is, I think, quite erroneous to assert that it is committed to a greater extent in Wales than in England. My own impression is that the existence of this belief is due to a passage in *Murray's Guide Book*, perpetuated without alteration by successive editions, down even to that of last year. It runs thus:—"Notwithstanding the absence of crime, there is often to be met with a sad want of truth and straightforwardness, and a love of prevarication. Every magistrate who sits in a Welsh police court, and judge of assize, has abundant opportunities of noticing this propensity, and even old Giraldus gives the following testimony: 'They pay no respect to oaths or truths, and never scruple to take a false oath for the sake of any temporal advantage.' Without subscribing to this sweeping charge", Murray continues, "it must nevertheless be confessed, that lack of truthfulness is a fault lamentably prevalent." An Englishman, however indifferent to

literature of a higher kind, is pretty sure to make himself master of the guide book to the country he is about to visit; and Murray has always held a first place in the affections of the roving tourist. Just imagine, then, the sort of respect towards the inhabitants an Englishman must feel, when entering Wales fresh from reading such a passage as the above. He is ready to see a lie in everything, and is unhappy till he does come across one. If you reason with him he refers you to Murray, to the judge of assize and magistrates. Now, as to the judges of assize, all I can say is, I asked one who had gone the South Wales circuit recently, whether it was true; he said certainly not. As to the magistrates, I don't believe the statement; and as to Murray's statement generally, I say it is untrue. He quotes the evidence of Giraldus forsooth—a Welshman, by the way—a man who lived many centuries ago. What would he say to the character of the English of the present day for truth being made dependent on that they had at the time of Giraldus? Perjury is not a crime characteristic of the Welsh. "The very name of a falsifier of promes, is most hateful to them," said Churchyard nearly 300 years ago, in the passage I have already quoted. Not a line is there in Shakespere or in Ben Jonson to indicate that they thought lying common amongst the Welsh of their day. What was said of them 300 years ago can be said with equal truth of them now. Before English writers, with no real experience of, or acquaintance with the Welsh, charge them with a propensity for lying, I would ask them first of all to reflect upon what has been the English character in this respect, which I will read you from a recently published book by an English writer—Pike's *History of Crime.* "This offence (perjury) always common among uncivilised peoples, had been prevalent in England since the days of compurgation. Nor to anyone who studies our social history from the seventh century downwards, is there any cause for surprise in the fact, that almost within the memory

of persons yet living, professional perjurers walked Westminster Hall, with straws in their shoes to advertise the fact that they could be hired to give evidence for a consideration. The traffic of these male prostitutes of the witness-box has now fortunately come to an end, though no one who has any acquaintance with law courts would deny that perjury is still very often committed. As no practice was more characteristic of the days before the Conquest, or asserted itself more persistently in the age of chivalry, or more effectually defied every change of religious belief, so none impressed its mark more deeply upon the eighteenth and even upon the nineteenth century." In the face of and after such a character as that, does it lie in the mouth of any Englishman to talk about "the sad want of truth and straightforwardness, and the love of prevarication" so fearfully common in Wales?

Then as to our national vanity. Is it so excessive as it is said to be? I am afraid, if I tried to answer the question, I should be met with the lines of Burns which I quoted at the commencement of this paper. The accusation, to a great extent, rests on what takes place, or used to take place, at Eisteddfodic gatherings. No doubt we are rather fond of crowing over the victory at Harlech, but then the march has many English counterparts.—"'Twas in Trafalgar Bay", and the like. And if we do celebrate our triumphs we commemorate—what must be rare in a nation excessively vain—a great disaster in the beautifully mournful dirge "Morva Rhuddlan." What song commemorates Saratoga, or Fontenoy, or Khyber Pass? I may be wrong, but I do not think we can be so vain as we are reputed to be, when I remember that one of our pet proverbs is "Every land breeds its hero"—*Yn mhob gwlad y megir glew.*

THE POEM BY IOLO GOCH ON OWAIN GLYNDWR'S PALACE OF SYCHARTH.

THE description of the palace of the last claimant of the hereditary and independent sovereignty of Wales, by his domestic Bard, has attracted the curiosity of the English-speaking public to a degree sufficient to furnish excuse for an attempt at its translation. An imperfect paraphrase has, indeed, appeared in the amusing little work, entitled *Wild Wales*, by the late Mr. Borrow, but this could scarcely be expected to convey any idea of the style or composition of the poem, an object, in fact, almost entirely precluded by the rules of alliterative concatenation (*cynghanedd*) peculiar to the Welsh poetry of the age, carried in some of its parts to an almost unreasonable excess, so as to leave too little scope for the due interpretation, by the language, of the inward mind of the composer. The reader should also be guarded from any feeling of disappointment, should he be disposed to seek in the poem for a sober and accurate account of the prince's residence. The frequent repetition of the mystical number nine, for example, is proof enough that the amplification, which figures so largely and so constantly in Cymric poetry, has been here resorted to as a means of adding a certain dignity and grandeur to the picture. Of the date of the composition of the poem, within a year or two at least, there can be little room to doubt, since, from its internal evidence, it is clear that it was inspired to the imagination of the Bard during the height of the prosperity of his patron, during the assumption by him of regal power and authority, and the display of all the splendour and magnificence which that assumption warranted, which his circumstances admitted

of, and which his policy required. The statement, that if he were but greeted in public by his lord, his *status* would at once be established in the respect of the rest of the world suffices to fix the date to the year 1400, when Glyndwr first appeared in arms, and assumed the title of sovereign, or one very nearly preceding it. Nor, again, can it have been composed later than May 2, 1402, when Hotspur had burnt the palace of Sycharth, and ravaged the surrounding territory. Out of this arises another interesting question, as to the age of the bard. There is internal evidence that he had attained to old age, in the lines to that effect, though that he was also decrepid, may, perhaps, be put down to exaggeration, since his decrepitude did not prevent his travelling so far—on horseback, it is to be presumed—to visit his patron. On this point the conjecture (for it amounts to no more) of Canon Williams, in the *Biographics of Eminent Welshmen*, can scarcely, as yet, be taken as settling the question. He says: "Iolo Goch must have lived to extreme old age, as among his poems, is an elegy on the death of Tudur ab Gronw, who died in 1315, and a poem written on the comet which appeared in 1402." But, as there happens to have been more than one Tudur ab Gronw of the family of Ednyved Vychan of Penmynydd, from whom descended Owain Tudor, the ancestor of Henry VII, the statement by no means settles the question, unless it were placed beyond doubt that this was the Tudur on whom the elegy was composed. From a genealogical table of the family, appended to a very interesting account of it by Mr. Williams, in *Archæologia Cambrensis* (Vol. xv, p. 378, third series), it appears that Ednyved Vychan had a son Gronw, who did homage to Edward I; that this Gronw had a son, Tudur Hen ab Gronw, who was buried in the Church of the Carmelite Friary, which he had founded at Bangor, and died subsequently to 1301, the year in which he did homage to Edward II; that his son Gronw was buried at Bangor in 1331; that his son, Tudur Vychan ab

Gronw, assumed knighthood, and with it a new coat of arms, in which he was confirmed by Edward III, and died in 1367; and that he, also, had a son named Gronw, surnamed Vychan, who was drowned in 1367, and to whom several poems and elegies, by other bards, are found in the *Myvyrian Archaiology*, from which it appears that he attained to high praise as a warrior, and that part of his career was exhibited in France. So far as appears, therefore, the elegy may have been written on either Tudor; but, if the former, the statement that he died in 1314 would seem to be incorrect, it being argued by Mr. Williams that Tudur Hên was living as late as 1352, from the fact that he was then being constantly termed Tudur Hên, *the elder*, to distinguish him from Tudur Vychan, *the younger*. Nor is this the whole of the case. For, in the late Mr. Wynne's catalogue of the *Hengwrt MSS.*, an elegy is named, as by Iolo Goch, on Gronw ab Tudur ab Gronw (in No. 366), but not one on Tudur ab Gronw; while another *MS.* (No. 253A) is described as containing a poem by this bard to the "Four Sons of Tudur Llwyd of Penmynydd", which Tudur Llwyd is identified with Tudur Vychan ab Gronw, though unknown by this appellative to Mr. Williams. Should anyone think this argument superfluous or superficial, it may be added that, by parity of reasoning, it might be inferred, from the words "in 1314", appended to the notice, in the catalogue, of a poem by Iolo Goch to Davydd ab Bleddyn, Bishop of St. Asaph, that a poem was written by him so early as in that year. But, from Canon Williams's account of this bishop, it appears that he was not consecrated until 1315, and that he was living in 1346, so that the poem may have been composed at a date subsequent to the latter year for aught that is known to the contrary. Although, therefore, it is true that Iolo must have been living in 1402, since he wrote on the comet that appeared in that year, it does not yet sufficiently appear what his age then was, though, by his own admission, "the minstrel was infirm and old". From the

poem addressed to Owain in his retreat, a translation of which has appeared in the *Cymmrodor*, it would seem not improbable that its author survived to the year 1406, or later, as it was then that the King of France was being expected to support him with an army. But the interesting question of the actual duration of the life of Iolo Goch is one still awaiting solution from a fuller examination of his works than their condition, scattered as they are in different libraries, and existing, for the most part, only in MSS.,

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CYWYDD I OWAIN GLYNDWR,

Cyn iddo godi mewn rhyfel yn erbyn y Brenin Harri 'r Pedwerydd, i ganmol adeiladaeth ei Lys ef, lle 'r oedd Iolo, wedi cael aml wahawdd, yn dyfod i dario yn hên wr, fal y tystia 'r Cywydd.

Addewais i t' hyn[1] ddwywaith,
Addewid têg, addaw taith,
Taled bawb tâl, hyd y bo
Addewid a addawo;
Beth anwyl mae'n bwyth uniawn,[2] 5
Perwyl mor anwyl mawr iawn.
Myned mae adduned ddain,[3]
Llês yw,[4] tua Llys Owain;
Yno yn ddidro ydd âf,
Nid drwg, ag yno drigaf, 10
I gym 'ryd i'm bywyd barch,
Gydag ef, o gydgyfarch.[5]
Fe all fy nâf, uchaf ei[6] ach,
Aur ben clêr,[7] dderbyn cleiriach,

[1] *Hyd yn*, in Moses Williams's *Repertorium*; *hyd hyn* (H. L.)
[2] "I pererindawd ffawd ffyddlawn." (*Llyfr Twm o'r Nant*, No. 3.)
[3] *Dain*, "pure, delicate". (O. Pughe's *Dict.* s.v.)

uncollated and uncorrected, will admit of, until this state of things be greatly altered for the better.

The text of the poem has been taken from that in *Gorchestion y Beirdd*, with correction of some palpable errors and misprints, and collated with a copy in *Llyfr Huw Llyn*, referred to as H. L., in the handwriting of Gutyn Owain, written prior to the year 1487, and others in the British Museum. The MS. copy written by Iolo Morganwg is designated by I. M.; and by T. E., that of Twm o'r Nant.

A POEM TO OWAIN GLYNDWR,

Before he rose in war against King Henry the Fourth, to extol the building of his mansion, where Iolo, when an old man, was coming to stay after frequent invitation, as the poem testifies.

Twice have I promised thee to bear
The journey—'twas a promise fair—
And, when a promise has been made,
It should be to the utmost paid.
Fulfilment always dear when meet,
Is dearer still in cause so sweet.
The vow is delicate, for so
'Tis gain to Owain's Court to go;
Then thither straight I'll wend my way,
It bodes no ill, and there I'll stay;
To gain my life respect, I ween,
In mutual greeting when we're seen.
My Lord supreme, of high descent,
To minstrels most munificent,
Can welcome still, nor deem it hard,
A crooked, old, decrepid bard.

[4] *Lle syw.* (H. L.) [5] *Ged o.* (H. L.) [6] *ei.* (H. L.)
[7] A decrepid old man. (Th. *Clair*, "prone, bending downward.")

Clywed bod, nis cêl Awen,[1] 15
Ddiwarth hwyl, yn dda wrth hên;
I'r Llys ar ddyfrys ydd âf,
O deucant odidoccaf;[2]
Llys Barwn, lle syberwyd,[3]
Lle daw Beirdd am[4] lle da byd. 20
Gwawr Bowys fawr, beus[5] faig,
Gofyniad[6] gwiw a[7] fynaig,
Llyna modd y llun y mae,
Mewn eurgylch,[8] dwr mewn argae;
Pand da 'r Llys, pont ar y llyn, 25
Ag unporth, lle 'r ai ganpyn.
Cyplau[9] sydd, bob cwplws ŷnt,
Cwpledig, bob Cwpl, ydynt:
Clochdy Padrig,[10] ffrengig, ffrwyth,
Cloystr Wesmestr, cloau ystwyth,[11] 30
Cengl yn rhwym,[12] bob Congl unrhyw,
Cafell[13] o aur cyfa[13] oll yw;
Cenglynion, yn[14] y fron fry,
Dordor[15] megis daeardy.
A phob un, fal llun[16] llyng-glwm,[17] 35
Sydd yn eu gilydd yn glwm.[18]

[1] *Klod bod kyd boed alusen.* (H. L.)

[2] *Oddioccaf*, in "Gorch. y Beirdd", is a manifest misprint. *Odidokaf* (H. L.)

[3] *Syberwyd* may be courtesy. "Gwell syberwyd na bonedd," Better is courtesy than nobility. *Welsh Proverb.*

[4] *Aml.* (H. L.)

[5] This is a difficult passage. *Beus* in "Gorch. y Beirdd"; *beuys* in T. E.; *beues*, I. M. It is *peus*, a country, slice, the lay of the land, in H. L.; *Peues*, (I. M.) Fr. *pays*. For the connection between *peues* and *Powys* vide *Mont. Coll.*, vol. i. The word is not to be confounded with '*beius*', faulty, erroneous. *Maig*, lit. an event, a hap, a fall, a course. Probably, the meaning is that, "he (Owain) announces his request that I should describe the fortune or state of the district in which he dwells."

[6] *Gofuned.* (H. L.) [7] *O.* (H. L.) [8] A mound. (I. M.)

Hear, for the Muse to tell is bold,
He'll blush not to befriend the old.
In haste, then, to his Court I'll fare,
Not one, mid hundreds, is so rare,
A stately place, a Baron's Court,
For bounteous cheer the Bard's resort.
The Light of Powys—grave request—
Hath laid on me his high behest,
His dwelling's state superb to sing,
Its tow'r fenced round with gold-like ring,
Its Lake, with bridge o'erreaching far,
Its gate secured with many a bar,
Its steeple, like St. Patrick's, French,
Its bolts supplied with supple clench,
To Westminster's its cloister like,
With quoins each angle fraught alike,
Its roof with gilded vaults above,
So tight they like a prison prove.
The junction is, in all the joints,
Made firmly fast, at all the points.
And, as a ship's planks fitly joined
Together all completely groin'd.

[9] *Cyplau*, plur. of *cwpl*, from Lat. *copula*. In heraldry, a chevron; in buildings, a principal rafter.

[10] A steeple worthy of St. Patrick. *Ffrengig*, perhaps, in the Norman style. [11] So T. E., but *clostri esmwyth* (H. L.).

[12] *Cenglynrhwym*, "Gorch. y B."

[13] *Kanghell* and *Kynga*. (H. L.) [14] *Kyn fron fron*. (H. L.)

[15] *Tordor*, lit. *ventre à ventre*. But the reading may be incorrect, as the word is not found in Dr. Davies's *Lex. C. B.*

[16] *Llen* (H. L.).

[17] *Llynglwm*. *Llwmglwm* (T. E.), *llwmgwlm* (H. L. and I. M.). Dr. O. Pughe reads *llwmglwm*, and translates it, "like a hard knot". But the bard may have writn *llyng-glwm*, "compact as a ship", and so I have rendered it.

[18] *Gwlm*. (H. L. and I. M.) The word occurs in the Barddas.

Tai Napl, ar folt[1] deunaw plas,
Tŷ pren glân, mewn[2] top bryn glâs,
Ar bedwar piler eres,
Ei Lys ef i nef yn nês. 40
Ar ben pob piler pren praff,
Llofft ar dalgrofft adeilgraff.
Ar pedair llofft, o hoffder,
Ynghŷd gwplws,[3] clau gwsg cler:
Aeth y pedair disglair llofft, 45
Nyth lwyth,[4] teg iawn yn wyth llofft;
To teils, ar bobty[5] talwg,
Simneiai, lle magai[6] mwg.
Naw neuadd cofladd,[7] cyflun,
A naw Wardrob, ar bob un: 50
Siopau glân glwys, gynwys gain,
Siop landeg,[8] fal Siep[8] Lundain.
Croes Eglwys, gylchlwys, galchliw,
Capelau, a gwydrau[9] gwiw.
Pob tû 'n llawn, pob tŷ 'n y Llys,[10] 55
Perllan, Gwinllan gaer wenllys.
Garllaw 'r Llŷs, gorlliwio 'r[11] llall,
Y pawr Ceirw mewn parc arall,
Parc cwning, Meistr Pôr[12] cenedl,
Erydr,[13] a meirch hydr, mawr chwedl. 60

[1] *Ar folt*, in "Gorch. y B.", is, perhaps, meant for *arfoll*. H. L. has "*namplad ar fold nwmplas*", which seems altogether corrupt. Or it may be the English word "vault". The reading *fold*, *folt*, and *follt* has the consensus of MSS.

[2] *Uwch* (H. L.), *Mewn*. (T. E.)

[3] So T. E.; *gwsc lle kwsc* (H. L.)

[4] "A nest for a whole tribe." But I. M. thinks this reading wrong.

[5] *Ar bob ty talawg*. (I. M.) *Ar bob ty* ("over every house") in "Gorch. y B." But the description here refers to the mansion only, the bakehouse of which had a tiled roof, probably for increase of heat in the oven. Chimneys must have been a special luxury in Wales

A house, like those in Naples seen,
Within it would contain eighteen.
The timber'd house, on topmost height
Of a green slope, is fair to sight;
On pillars four so strangely high,
The mansion seems to reach the sky;
Over each pillar stout of wood
Is fix'd a chamber firm and good,
And pleasantly, in slumbers deep,
Among the rafters, minstrels sleep.
Four rooms to eight afford their rest,
A spacious, light, and airy nest.
The bakehouse frowns from roof of tiles,
Of smoke the chimneys nurse their piles.
Nine ample halls of one design,
In one and all are wardrobes nine;
Shops clean and bright, compact, and fair,
With London's Cheap may each compare.
The Cross-Church, white, is wall'd around,
Its chapels with glazed lights abound.
On ev'ry side the Court 's replete,
Each house within it, all complete,
An orchard, vineyard, too, hard by,
With varied tints, beside it lie.

at so early a date, when the ordinary outlet for smoke was a hole in the roof. "On all highly frowning houses chimneys where smoke generates." (O. Pughe's *Lex.* s. v.)

[6] *Magai'r* (H. L.), *ni fagai'r fwg* (T. E.), *ni'm magai mwg* (I. M.).

[7] *Cofl*, the folding of the arms, embracing the bosom. Here, ample, comprehensive. *Cyflun*, identical in form (Dr. O. P.'s *Lex.*). H. L. has *cyfladd.*

[8] *Lowndeg* (H. L.), *siep* (H. L.). Cheapside, a comparison often found in the bardic poems of the fifteenth century.

[9] *Gwyrthiau.* (H. L.)

[10] In H. L. this line is *Pobty'n llawn, pob ty'n y Llys.*

[11] *Gorlle ar.* (I. M.) [12] *Im po'r cenedl.* (H. L.) [13] *Krydr.* (H. L.)

Dolydd glân gwyran,[1] a gwair;
Ydau mewn caeau cywair,
Melin dêg, ar ddifreg ddwr,
A'i g'lomendy, gloew maendwr.
Pysgodlyn, cuddiglyn,[2] cau, 65
A fo rhaid, i fwrw rhwydau;
Amlaf, lle nid yr[3] ymliw,
Penhwyaid a gwyniaid[4] gwiw;
A'i dri[5] bwrdd, a'i adar byw,
Peunod, cryhyrod[6] hoywryw. 70
A gaith,[7] i bob gwaith fo gwiw,
Cyfreidiau, cyfair[8] ydyw,
Dwyn blaenffrwyth,[9] cwrw Amwythig,
Gwirodydd, bragodydd[10] brîg.
Pob llyn, bara gwyn, a gwîn, 75
A'i gôg, a'i dân i'w gegin.[11]
Pebyll y beirdd, pawb lle bo,
Pe beunydd, caiff pawb yno;
Teka llys bren penn hepai
O'r dyrnas, nawdd Duw arnai,[12] 80

[1] *Gwyran*, pasture. It is used for coarse grass for cattle. O. P.'s *Dict.* derives it 'perhaps from *gwy*, "water"; and *rhan*, "a part".'

[2] *Arddygllyn*. (I. M.)

[3] *Er*. (T. E.)

[4] *Gwyniaid*. The fish of that name are said to exist in Wales only in Bala Lake. As they can scarcely be supposed to have been brought from thence, the term here may be used probably of gudgeon, roach, or other silvery fish.

[5] *Dir*. (H. L.) Tables—query, for the birds' cages.

[6] "Crŷr and Crybyr and Crehyr," *Ardea*, Davies's *Lex. C. Br.* "Cregyr and Crehyr," Dr. Owen Pughe's *Lex*.

[7] *Gaith*. Iolo Morganwg translates this "slaves", adding characteristically in the margin of his copy, which he took from a MS. of Rhys Jones of Blaenau, "D—n Owain with all his mock patriotism." The next line he annotates thus: "The same argument for slavery in Wales as our present pseudo-Christians urge for the West Indian slavery."

One park, a warren, rabbits feeds,
Another deer, the best of breeds.
Ploughs, steeds are there—their master's name
Of all the tribe's best known to fame.
Bright meads, with grass and hay are fill'd,
And crops of corn in fields well till'd;
A fair mill, on unbroken stream,
And dove-house, bright with noon-day gleam.
A fish-pond, hollow, dark, and deep,
In need till netted, fish to keep.
A spot where cannot fault be found,
There pike and silvery fish abound.
Three tables, too, and birds alive,
Vivacious set! her'ns, peacocks, thrive.
And slaves, whate'er he may direct,
With promptitude each work effect.
He has the first-fruits, Shrewsbury ale,
Wassail and bragget never fail.
For wine, and every liquor look,
Fire for his kitchen, and his cook.
The bards a lodging all may find,
Altho' 'twere daily, to their mind,
This palace is, without compare,
Protect it, God! of all most fair.

But the institution became very gradually extinct even in England, an instance having been found as late as the reign of Henry VII. Rhys Jones would get rid of the difficulty by reading *ag iaith* and "language". But this is far-fetched. *Gaith*, for *caeth*, to rhyme to *gwaith*.

[8] *Kyfar*. (H. L.)

[9] *Blaendrwyth*. (H. L.)

[10] *Gwirodau, bragodau*. (H. L.)

[11] This couplet is not in H. L.

[12] This couplet is from H. L.; not in "Gorchestion y Beirdd"; *hepai* for *heb bai*. *Teka* for modern *tecca'*.

A gwraig orau o'r gwragedd,
Gwyn y myd[1] o'i gwîn a'i medd.
Merch eglur, llîn marchawglyw,
Urddol, hael, o reiol[2] ryw,
A'i blant a ddeuant bob ddau,[3] 85
Nythod[4] teg o bennaethau!
Anodd[5] yn fynych[6] yno
Weled na chlicced na chlo;
Na phorthoriaeth ni wnaeth neb,
Ni bydd eisiau, bydd[7] oseb: 90
Na gwall, na newyn, na gwarth,
Na syched fyth yn Sycharth.
Gorau Cymro, tro traglew,[8]
Biau 'r wlad, lin bywyr[9] llew;
Gwr meingryf, gorau mangre,[10] 95
A phiau 'r[11] llys, hoff yw 'r lle.

[1] *Gwyn y myd*, a dialecticism for *Gwyn fy myd*, "Happy am I".

[2] *O reiol* is, perhaps, a late addition, as it looks like an Anglicism from the expression "royally". But O. P., s. v., derives it from *rheiaw*, to gleam, connecting it with *rheiawg* (Meilyr), and *rheiawr* (Aneurin), none of which are found, however, in Davies' L. C. B. *Yn rheiol* is often heard in North Wales in the sense of "exceedingly". H. L. has for it *anianol*.

[3] *Bob ddau.* This couplet seems irreconcileable with the statement of the pedigrees that Owain Glyndwr had by his wife Margaret, daughter of Sir David Hanmer of Hanmer, knight, Justice of the King's Bench, besides other illegitimate children, six sons, all of whom were either put to death as prisoners taken in arms against their sovereign, or fell in battle, and died *s.p.*, and four daughters. The difficulty may, perhaps, be solved by the hypothesis, that the two children of Owain who came to Sycharth during the poet's sojourn there, were

His lady—of all women best,
Me with her bread and wine hath blest.
Noble and knightly her descents,
Maid royal in beneficence.
Come, too, shall both his children there,
Each one a nest of chieftains fair.
There 'tis not easy oft to see
Or latch, or bolt, or lock, or key;
The barriers there no porter lifts,
No want is there of wealthy gifts,
Nor lack, nor hunger, nor disgrace,
In Sycharth ever sought a place.
Of Welshmen by the bravest, best,
Of lion's pow'r, the land 's possest;
Strongest of strongholds, strong yet slim
Its lord, I love both it and him.

two of the latter, the Lady Alice, married to Sir John Scudamore of Kentchurch, and the Lady Janet to Sir John Croft of Croft Castle in Herefordshire.

[4] *Nythaid.* (H. L.)

[5] *Anodd*, a form that often occurs in Welsh poetry for *anhawdd.*

[6] *Anvynych iawn fu.* (H. L.)

[7] So I. M.; but all the MSS. have *budd*, "No want of the benefit of gifts."

[8] *Try lew.* (H. L.)

[9] Sic (H. L.) Al. *llyn* and *llys power y*, which are plainly of later invention. The bard probably wrote *Bywys* for the *bywyr* of the earliest MS. "The Lion of the line of Powys", but *cynghanedd* suggested to some one the alteration at a later period. (H. L.)

[10] *Mangre*, "an intricate place, a stronghold."

[11] *A phiau'r.* The *ph* transgresses grammar to conform to *cynghanedd.* The form in H. L. is *a phie.*

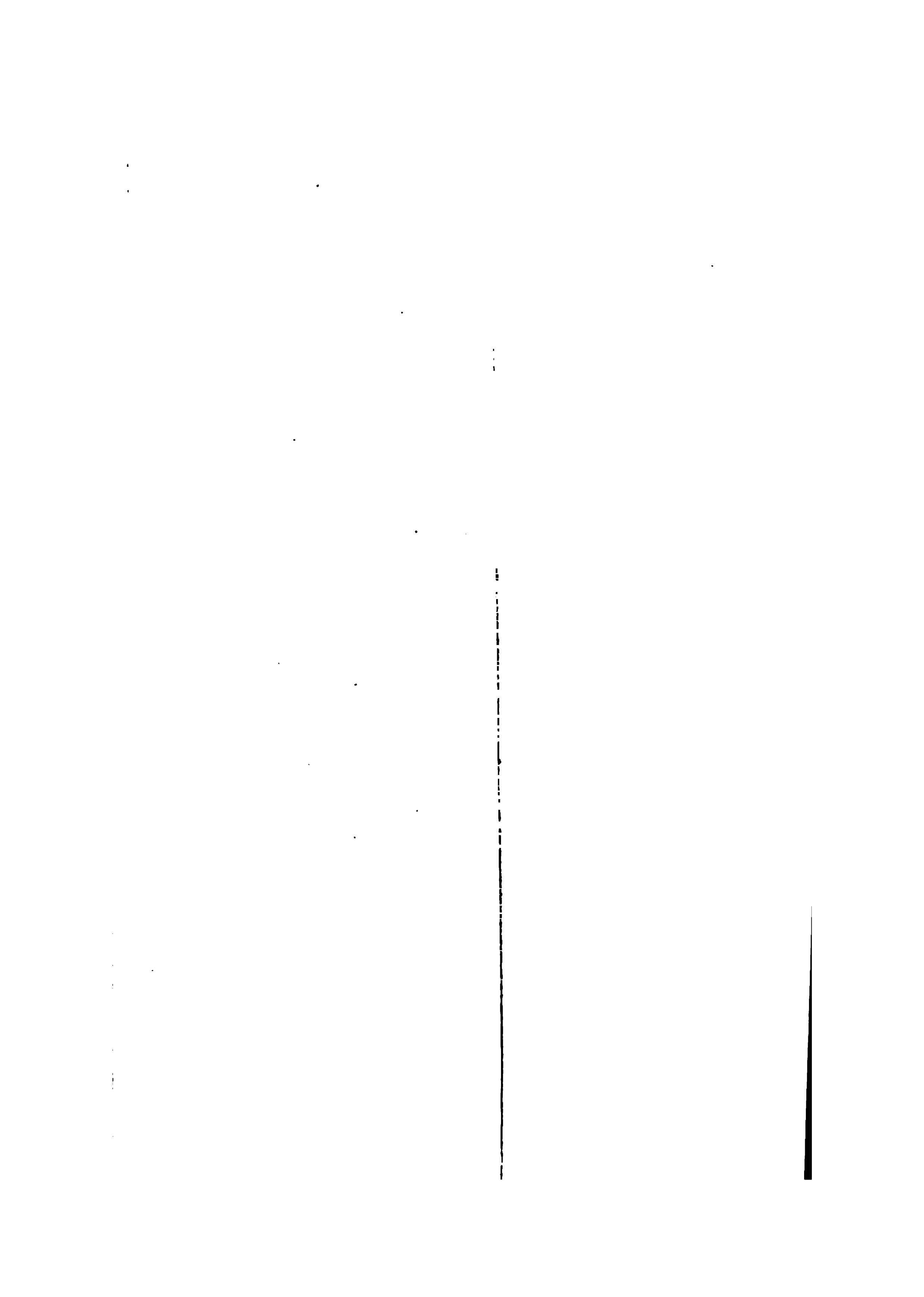
THE

TRADITIONAL ROUTE OF THE ROMANS

ACROSS THE

CARNARVONSHIRE MOUNTAINS.

In venturing an opinion upon a subject that has already occupied the attention and interest of so many antiquarians, it could only be through a reproduction of already acknowledged facts, and being allowed at the same time to bring forward such traditions as might be able to support the few authentic records that have been handed down to us by ancient writers. Neither ought an unheeded notice to be taken of the scattered and silent relics, left by the ravages of time, and still found even upon the desolate mountain track. With this understanding the present question is mooted, as to whether the road through Bwlch-y-ddeufaen is a road of British construction, or one made by the Romans. The subject is one of interest, and might, perhaps, be settled definitely in favour of the British, were all the traditional circumstances allowed to have a proper weight in forming an impartial opinion. In a letter from the Rev. H. Longueville Jones to the Editor of the *Archæologia Cambrensis*, vol. i, page 70, first series, he mentions that his curiosity was aroused about the probable road made by the Romans from Conovium to Segontium, close to Carnarvon, "because Pennant, that acute observer, had declared himself unable to determine its direction from Conovium." This, therefore, is all that Pennant says about the supposed route of the Romans. Those who know these mountains well might be



justified in asking, Did the Romans make a road across the Carnarvonshire mountains in this direction? The traditional route of the Romans, which is shown on the accompanying map by a red line, is one that horse and foot soldiers might easily take; and the whole distance could be traversed in a few hours. The Romans made a road to Pen-y-Gaer from Conovium, a distance of about two or three miles, as there are still traces of their road, and this neighbourhood abounds with their relics. Then again, before leaving the mountains, on the western side, in a direct line with their traditional route to the Menai Straits, we come upon boggy ground, and a mountain stream; it is at this point that there are plain indications of a Roman road, and Welsh tradition so far supports the idea, that at this present time the narrow road leading from the mountains to the plain is called by the Welsh "Ffos Rhufeiniaid", or the Roman road, and passes near the ancient manor house of Cochwillan. The next question that is likely to arise in the doubtful mind is: How were the Romans able, in a district unknown to them, and inhabited by the brave and warlike Britons, determined to defend their land and religion, and urged on at the same time by the warlike and priestly Druids, able to pass just across those mountains, so as to ensure themselves a safe passage? It probably is true that the ground was contested "inch by inch", but still the Romans are known to have crossed. By referring to the map, the situation on the Drosgl shows where the severest fighting took place between the Britons and the Romans, and where the Britons proved victorious, causing the Romans to retrace their steps towards Foel Fras. The only answer to be given to this doubt is one of tradition, and one that has held undisputed sway among the Welsh. The tradition is as follows: A British Chieftain, called by the Romans Arviragus, having offended the Druids, went over with all his armed force to the side of the Romans; he

had also married into the family owning the lordship of Cochwillan, near which place the Roman road is discernible; and tradition says that through the help of Arviragus, the Romans were led over the Carnarvonshire mountains, by the route described on the map in red ink, to the Menai Strait. In revenge, the Britons are said to have stolen his young son, and to have carried him to Ireland; he was afterwards known as St. Patrick. I believe it is correct, that no Roman remains have been discovered in Bwlch-y-ddeufaen, or on Penmaen-mawr, except some coins found when quarrying on the north side of the mountain. Having, therefore, related the account most generally believed amongst the Welsh inhabiting that mountain district, of the path taken by the Romans on their way to the Menai Straits, we ought carefully to describe Bwlch-y-ddeufaen, that being the road sometimes called Roman, though no Roman remains have ever been found there. Bwlch-y-ddeufaen is a recognised pass from the village of Y Ro, not far from the banks of the Conway, to the village of Aber, on the northern shore of the Menai Straits. The road thus crosses the Carnarvonshire mountains from east to west, passing on the south side of Tal-y-fan, a mountain 2,000 feet high. Of course, to form a right judgment, it is necessary to enquire whether the objects that have been observed in traversing this road are those belonging more especially to the Britons or to the Romans. In the *Rhyd MSS.*, compiled by the Rev. J. Lloyd of Caerwys, Denbighshire, dated 1772 (and much damaged by mice), mention is made of Bwlch-y-ddeufaen, as follows—his description commencing at the eastern entrance of the pass.

"MONUMENTS.—At the top of the ascent, as you go from Tal-y-cafn, stands a house called Buarth, *qu. an.* from Beirdd, as its situation is in a Druid Grove; in a hedge-row, a bow shot from the house, stands Llech-yr-ast, in length five cubits,

in breadth four-and-half, supported by five pillars, two taller than the rest, which gives it an inclination to the north: a fine prospect from hence. Further on, vast numbers of foundations of carneddau, etc.; on the left hand, opposite to them, a tall slender pillar called Maen gwyddel, four cubits and half high; Maen hir between this and the mountain Gwaen-y-Penin (*qu. an.———penance*), in it stand pillars five cubits high————, a pavement of pebbles———supposes this to be a pl[ace of inter]ment. After entering the———on the left hand appears an oblong square, distinguished by short upright stones. The author judges this a proper situation for their Cerrig Brudyn, or astronomy schools. Several large carneddau hereabouts; one having a stone coffin in its skirts, composed of seven shivers without a lid, of the make of our present coffins, five feet or more in length; on the right hand of this an oval, and some ruinate carneddau, the entrance south-west nearly facing the largest of the two columns of Bwlch-y-ddeufaen. The road passes between them, that to the left the largest, being a conic figure of eight or nine cubits high; that to the right has [an entour]age of corresponding pillars."

From personal observation in the year 1876, when walking upon this road from Y Ro, the cromlech at Buarth, on the right hand side, was noticed with much interest; it served as a shelter for sheep, and formed likewise part of a boundary wall; after passing this cromlech, a slender pillar, or maen hir, was seen on the left hand. By a short divergence on the right hand side, and ascending the ground from the road, you come to the small British fortress of Gaer Bach, the stones of which, within the last ten or fifteen years, have been taken to build the adjacent boundary walls. During the many hours spent there, the eye has learnt to look on many Druidical remains, now too trivial to be mentioned in writing; from the smallness of this fortress, and the import-

ant places seen from there, it probably was one of the British signal stations. It also may be as well to note that Gaer Bach is at the south entrance of Bwlch Du, which crosses Tal-y-fan in the direction of Llwyn-pen-du (*Grove of the black point*); Bwlch Du is not marked on the Ordnance Map.

Continuing the walk from Gaer Bach in a westerly direction, we arrive at some cistvaens, or as the shepherds told me in English, "the tombs". They are a large pile of rock and stone, containing places of sepulture. I entered one of the graves to see if any inscription or Ogham character could be found, but the search was unsuccessful. These cistvaens, from their situation, could not be the same as those mentioned in the *Rhyd MSS.* Descending from the cistvaens the road is regained, and soon on the left hand are observed the Cerrig y Pryved. These are worthy of notice. Longueville Jones remarks upon these stones, saying that himself and friends, in walking through Bwlch-y-ddeufaen, "had come upon several interesting British antiquities, in particular, not far from the pass, a circle of stones, about seventy feet in diameter; some stones of no great size still remained *in situ*; the rest were gone, but the trace of the circle was very plain. After this, occurred a second circle of the same dimensions, with only five large stones remaining, but with a circular cyst or house, five feet in diameter inside the circumference." Our guide informed us that, according to local tradition, these were called "Cerrig-y-pryved", *the stones of the flies.* With remains like these on either side the road we reach "Y ddeufaen", at the foot of Y Drosgl; one of the stones has been thrown down by quarrymen, the other still remains standing. Here a thoughtful pause ought to be made, for at the distance of three miles northwards is to be seen rising the probable grand Druidical temple, on the summit of Pen-maen-mawr; and again, more to the east, is seen, according to Canon Williams, the famous Temple of

Ceridwen. A turbary lies between the fort of Y Drosgl and the temples just named, and the road continues a winding course through many Druidical remains until it reaches Aber, at which place no Roman relics have been found.

CLARA P———.

THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD OF 1882.

THE National Eisteddfod of 1882 was held at Denbigh, on the 22nd, 23rd, 24th and 25th of August. In spite of the inclement weather, from which Wales escaped no more than the rest of Europe, it may fairly rank among the eminently successful Eisteddfodau of recent years. The pavilion was erected near the crown of the hill upon which the old town of Denbigh is built, and the Gorsedd ceremonies were celebrated, under Clwydfardd's auspices, within the precincts of the ancient Castle which marks its summit. The presidential chair was occupied in succession on the four days by Major Cornwallis West, by the Lord Bishop of St. Asaph (Dr. Hughes), by Sir Watkin W. Wynn, and by Sir Robert Cunliffe. Sir Robert was understood to do the honours of the platform on the 25th as proxy for Mrs. Gladstone, who arrived in Denbigh on that day, and was escorted to the pavilion amidst universal enthusiasm. Pedr Mostyn, the Rev. Glanffrwd Thomas, and Mr. T. Marchant Williams, officiated as conductors; and Eos Morlais, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Sauvage, and Mr. Lucas Williams, sang the Eisteddfod song. In addition to the Presidential addresses, speeches were delivered by Sir Robert Cunliffe, by Mr. Lewis Morris, and by Mr. Osborne Morgan. It was not surprising that the educational needs and prospects of the country supplied the staple topic to the speakers. Though the most renowned of all the visitors to the Eisteddfod was not called upon for a speech, and indeed was allowed to pass with but scant notice, it must not be forgotten that the platform, on the

first day, held a personality no less potent than that of Mr. *Punch*, of Fleet Street; who subsequently communicated his views on the subject to the readers of his journal after his own peculiar fashion. We sincerely regretted to learn that Cambrian ministrelsy had proved altogether too dull an affair for the merry little gentleman's taste, and that he was fain to beat a retreat in the direction of luncheon at a comparatively early period.

The proceedings of the Gorsedd were varied on the last day of the Eisteddfod by an unusual event, the admission of a lady to Bardic honours. The candidate was Mrs. Key Blunt, of Baltimore, U.S., a poetess well-known in America. The Bardic name of "Mair Madoc" was conferred upon her by the President. The examinations recently instituted as a necessary preliminary to admission into the Bardic order, have made this honour one of greater significance than formerly.

The Cymmrodorion Section held its meetings in the Town Hall daily on the five days from August 21st to August 25th. The attendance was good, and several papers of high value were read. A list of the meetings will be found below. The utmost credit is due to the indefatigable Honorary Secretaries of the Section, Mr. T. Marchant Williams, B.A., and Mr. W. Cadwaladr Davies, for the continued success of these meetings.

The evening concerts were of a miscellaneous character, except that of the 25th, at which the oratorio of the *Messiah* was performed.

The following prizes were awarded during the four days:—

In the Department of Poetry.

Ten pounds and a silver medal to *Dewi Glanffrwdlas*, Bethesda, for an ode to Denbigh Castle.

Two pounds to Mr. John Williams, of Denbigh, for a poem on "Welsh Fairs."

Two pounds to Mr. John Davies *(Ap Myfyr)*, of Pontypridd, for a Welsh epigram.

A prize to *Gwilym ap Gwilym Lleyn o Treuddyn*, for eight original hymns.

Five pounds to Mrs. Thomas, of Llandegai, for an English translation of a portion of Golyddan's "Iesu."

Eight pounds divided between Ap Lleurwg of Llanelly, and Mr. Edward Foulkes, of Llanberis, for English poems on "Home."

Twelve guineas and a gold medal to Mr. D. R. Williams, of London, for a *pryddest* in memory of General Garfield.

The *Tuchangerdd* prize of two pounds to Watkyn Wynn, of Nantlle.

The CHAIR PRIZE of twenty guineas and a gold medal, offered for a poem on "Man", was not awarded.

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PROSE COMPOSITION.

Ten pounds divided between Mr. David Evans *(Ap Tudor)*, of Cardiff, and Mrs. Owen, of Beaumaris, for an Essay on the "Natural Advantages of Wales as a Field for Manufacturing and Commercial Enterprise."

Ten pounds divided between Mr. Joseph Aubrey, of Youngstown, America, and Mr. Roberts, of Llanrwst, for an Essay on "Translators and Translations of the Welsh Bible."

Twenty-five pounds divided between Mr. D. J. Rowlands, of Carnarvon, and Mr. T. H. James, Llanllyfni, for Essays on "Agriculture in its relation to landlord, tenant-farmer, labourer, and general interests of the country."

Five pounds to Mr. Robert James, of Ruthin, for an Essay on Sir Hugh Middleton, and William and Thomas, his brothers.

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF MUSICAL COMPOSITION.

Five guineas (offered by the Rev. W. Morton, of St. Asaph) to Mr. W. T. Rees *(Alaw Ddu)*, and a second prize of three guineas to Miss A. J. Williams, of Wrexham, for original anthems.

Five guineas (offered by Miss Burt and Lady D. Francis) to Mr. C. L. Renshaw, of Birkenhead, for an arrangement of *Codiad yr Hedydd.*

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF MUSICAL EXECUTION.

One pound to Edmund Bevan, aged six, of the Rhondda Valley, for *pennillion* singing.

Three pounds to Mr. Richard Prichard, of Carnarvon, for harmonium playing.

Three pounds to Mr. W. T. Davies, of Talgarth, for solo singing.

Six pounds to Miss Stephenson and party, of Wrexham, for quartette playing.

Twenty pounds to the Irwell Brass Band, from Manchester, for rendering "The March" in *Tannhaüser.*

Three pounds to Mr. Stephenson, of Wrexham, for violoncello playing.

Two pounds to Mr. George Williams, of Manchester, for a bass-solo.

Five pounds divided between Miss Hannah Parry, of London, aged twelve, and Miss Ella Richards, of Bangor, for pianoforte playing; also one pound to Miss Edith Furnivall, aged ten.

Three pounds to Master E. Williams, of Pontypridd, for pedal harp playing.

A similar prize to Master D. Pierce, of Treherbert (given by Sir Watkin W. Wynn).

Three pounds to Miss Mary Owen, of Tydraw, for a soprano solo. One pound each to Miss Minnie Jones, of St. Asaph, and Miss Amy Lawson, of Anglesey.

Three pounds to Miss Parry, of Bethesda, for pianoforte playing.

Three pounds to *Eos Mon* for *pennillion* singing after the manner of North Wales.

Fifteen pounds to the Arfonic Society of Llanberis, in a choral competition for male voices.

Thirty pounds, and a medal to the Conductor, to the Nantlle Choir, in a choral competition for not less than fifty voices.

Ten pounds and a medal to the Denbigh Volunteer Brass Band.

A violin, value five guineas, to Miss Smith of Chester, for violin playing.

Five guineas (offered by Miss Burt and Lady D. Francis) to Mr. C. L. Renshaw, of Birkenhead.

The great Choral Prize of £100, to the Penrhyn Quarry Choir, with a gold medal to the Conductor, Dr. Roland Rogers, of Bangor.

For Fine Art.

Six pounds to Mr. Leonard Hughes for a water-colour drawing.

Fifteen pounds to *Iolo Goch* for a carved oak mantelpiece.

Ten pounds, for an original oil painting, to Mr. Leonard Hughes, of Holywell.

A silver medal for an ornamental screen to Miss Mainwaring, of Galltfaenan.

For Handiwork, etc.

A silver medal (offered by Dr. R. T. Roberts, of Aberystwith), to Mr. G. J. Williams, of Ffestiniog, for a collection of fossils.

A silver medal, for a piece of Welsh flannel, to Mr. Waterhouse, of Holywell.

A prize, for a patchwork quilt, to Miss Jones, of Holyhead.

One pound to Mrs. Jones, wife of Dafydd Morganwg, for a pair of Welsh stockings.

It was announced that Cardiff had been selected as the scene of the Eisteddfod of 1883, and that "Syr Huw Owain" would be the subject proposed for the Chair Prize.

THE CYMMRODORION SECTION.

The Cymmrodorion Section held its meetings in the Town Hall, as follows:—

On Monday, August 21st, Sir Robert Cunliffe, Bart., in the Chair; Dr. B. W. Richardson read a paper entitled "Race and Life on English Soil."

On Tuesday, August 22nd, Mrs. Rhys (of Oxford) in the chair; Mrs. Frances Hoggan, M.D., read a paper on "The Co-education of Women."

On Wednesday, August 23rd, Major Cornwallis West in the chair; Mr. Parry, Chairman of the North Wales Quarry-men's Union, read a paper on "Imperial, County, and Local Government." The chairman ruled that as the paper dealt with political matters, its discussion was out of order. Mr. Cadwaladr Davies, one of the Honorary Secretaries of the Section, read a paper by Mr. W. Cave Thomas on "The Development of the Eisteddfod."

Thursday, August 24th, Mr. John Thomas *(Pencerdd Gwalia)* in the chair; Mr. D. Jenkins, Mus. Bac., read a paper on "The Working Classes and Music in Wales." Dr. Parry read a paper on "The necessity of providing a Musical College for Wales."

Friday, August 25th, Mr. Lewis Morris in the chair; a paper by Miss Dilys Davies, on "A Model School for Girls", was read by Mr. William Davies *(Mynorydd)*, the authoress's father.

CORRECTION.—In the article on the National Eisteddfod of 1881 (vol. IV, part ii, p. 234), the remark on the unfavourable comparison between the instrumental execution in the Principality and that of the North of England was erroneously attributed to Dr. Parry. The remark was made by his fellow-adjudicator, Mr. William Griffiths, of Workington, Cumberland.

THE EISTEDDFOD AND POPULAR MUSIC IN WALES.

ON the 7th of March last Mr. J. Spencer Curwen, who had acted as one of the adjudicators at the Merthyr Eisteddfod in 1881, read a paper on " Popular Music in Wales" before the College of Organists. The paper has since been " printed for private circulation"; and although attention has already been called to it in the newspapers, many of the remarks in it are so interesting and valuable, that we are tempted to make some extracts from it, which we earnestly commend to the attention of our musical Eisteddvodists.

Mr. Curwen is not among those who, as he says, regard " Welsh patriotism as an amiable and harmless form of lunacy." He sees in the Eisteddfod very much to admire, and expresses his admiration in terms sufficiently strong to satisfy any reasonable national vanity (if there is such a thing) which our readers may feel. The whole paper is pervaded by a tone of generous sympathy which ought to secure for his criticisms and suggestions the most careful consideration.

It is to the Eisteddfod Mr. Curwen attributes "the popular musical culture of Wales", a culture which is, in his opinion, " so remarkable, that if it existed in France or Germany we should never cease to hear of it. Musicians and publicists would make pilgrimages to the spot, and lecture us, on their return, about our inferiority." In describing the Eisteddfod as an institution " supported entirely by the working people", the lecturer made some remarks which may be recommended

to the attention of those good people who appear to be always consumed with anxiety to secure for it the patronage of princes. In the colliery districts "there is no gentry to lead or to patronise" the working people, "and they have therefore to patronise themselves. This is not to be regretted; the days of patronage and subsidy for popular art, either by Government or by the wealthy classes, are over, and it is much better that the demand for culture should rise spontaneously from the people themselves." It is as the institution of the working classes that "the Eisteddfod is profoundly interesting to all who value the popular cultivation of music, and desire to bring the masses within the influence of this most ennobling art."

In speaking of what he saw at Merthyr, Mr. Curwen makes the following among other remarks:—

"I am bound to say that the average merit of the competitors was high. . . . . There was very little bad singing, and of hardly any of the competitors could it be said that they had mistaken their vocation, and could never sing so as to be worth listening to. The remarkable thing is how these colliers learn their songs. A chance conversation generally revealed the fact that they were self-taught; and the visits of great singers to Wales are so rare, that the opportunities of imbibing style must be few. Yet it was the gropings after style that made the singing of these untutored Welsh people so interesting. They sometimes lost the key, but they very seldom were either stiff or tame, and almost without exception they had voices that were worth being trained. There were collier lads in their Sunday best of very shiny broadcloth or coarse tweeds; great men with baritone voices of enormous power; round country girls with rosy faces and sweet untrained voices, rich with promise. It was disappointing to think how few of these will succeed in getting a proper musical education.

"The interest of the Eisteddfod culminated in the choral competitions. . . . On the last day . . . six choirs entered, having an aggregate of one thousand four hundred and fifty-six voices. . . . Ten thousand people passed through the turnstiles of the park, and £600 was taken in admissions. . . . . It took three hours to hear these six choirs sing. During all this time the vast audience remained standing, packed with a dense pressure, suffering evidently the greatest physical discomfort; yet orderly, eager, electrical. . . . . Here were the common people them-

selves, crowding to no brutal sport, not even to clap-trap or flimsy entertainment, but to genuine art. It was just the consummation for which social reformers sigh in England.

"The singing of these choirs lost much of its force through taking place in a tent . . . . but it was very impressive. The Welsh voices are very fine. They are richer even than those of Yorkshire, and they are far better than the French or German choirs which I have heard. Moreover, the Welsh sing as if inspired. They seem, as they are singing, to be under the influence of some invisible power. I have seen the same absorption and self-oblivion while singing with the children of the Jewish Schools in Spitalfields, but nowhere else. There seems to be something in common between these two old races. The choirs sing even long and difficult choruses like "Ye Nations" wholly from memory. The intensity of the singers excites the audience by force of sympathy, and no one who has heard a Welsh choir can fail to remember how peculiarly moving their singing is."

The speaker made also some remarks on Welsh composers:—

"The fact that there is a Welsh school of composers is unknown to most English people. The word "school" may reasonably be used, because there is a distinct manner and direction in the writing of these Welshmen. They compose almost entirely sacred music, and affect the fugal style. This is the style which the choirs seem best to enjoy. The music which they delight in—the tangle of a fugue and persistent imitation—would be voted unbearably dry by singers of the same class among us. At Merthyr two full-blown oratorios were produced with orchestral accompaniments, both by Welsh composers. The subjects were, of course, Biblical. It is impossible to dissociate Welsh music from Welsh theology and religion; indeed, Welsh music can only be understood by realising the intense Calvinistic faith of the people; their deep study of the Bible; their system of Sunday Schools. The tinge of their theology harmonises with the darker and more stern aspects of religion; hence their sacred music is grave, impetuous, and sometimes wrathful."

So much by way of praise. The paper, however, contains something that ought to be more valuable to us than this pleasant piping, to which many of us are perhaps but too ready at all times to dance. Now then, reader, *audi alteram partem*.

Referring generally to some national characteristics of the

Welsh people, with which their English neighbours are not much in sympathy, Mr. Curwen says half reprovingly, half apologetically, but with entire truth, that "a small nation always is clannish, preserves its traditions eagerly, indulges in mutual admiration, and patriotic exaggeration." But even to this natural defect there is a corresponding and compensating advantage. "The way in which they [the Welsh people] stand by each other and honour their own prophets is beyond all praise. Almost all the Welsh singers who have risen to fame, have been helped by their fellow countrymen to an education in music. They get up benefit concerts for them, make collections, and subscribe scholarships. . . . . This sort of thing is constantly done. Would it be done under similar circumstances in England?"

Of the Eisteddfod itself it is but too truly said that "there is, of course, a good deal of gush and wrangling thrown to the surface by the excitement" of it; but it is kindly added that "these appearances are merely superficial". We are further reminded of what is only too apparent, that the "drastic stimulus" supplied by the large number of competitive meetings held all over the country "is not without its attendant evils", even though it does produce "a vast amount of singing and a countless number of choirs of all sizes and of all qualities".

The observation, incidentally made, that "for the National Eisteddfod a guarantee fund is raised, and the proceeds go to endow musical scholarships" is unfortunately only partially true, but it contains a hint worth bearing in mind now that the reform of "the national institution" is so much discussed.

Another important and delicate question touched upon is that of adjudication. Mr. Curwen justly observes that "the basis upon which public and individual satisfaction with the Eisteddfod rests is perfect confidence in the ability and fairness of the judges. . . . . I am convinced that my work

was rendered far more easy through not knowing the handwriting of a single competitor in the compositions, nor the personality or antecedents of a single solo competitor or choir or band. I was not a better judge than my colleagues—for their invincible fairness was apparent from first to last—but my work was far less troubled and anxious, and it was impossible that any one should accuse me of punishing an old enemy or of rewarding an old pupil. I believe the employment of English judges at the Eisteddfod—or at least of Welshmen not resident in Wales—would be in every way an advance."

This solution of the difficulty is only practicable to a very limited extent in any other subject than music. Whatever evils may actually exist in this connection—as it is, they are probably exaggerated, and are doubtless not so much thought of as they once were—must be cured by cultivating an enlightened public opinion on the subject. No adjudicator should be employed whose ability or honesty is open to reasonable question. And, on the other hand, no one who does not feel confidence in the appointed adjudicator should enter a competition. The adoption of the principle "Ofer dadleu gwedi barn" should be regarded as a matter of honour among competitors; and it should be always made clear that every one who enters a competition, *ipso facto* binds himself to accept the decision of the adjudicator.

In this matter very much can be done by the press to remove some of the evils. Editors of newspapers have often been far too ready to fill their columns by admitting anonymous insinuations against, and even direct attacks upon adjudicators. It is a matter for great regret that this species of literary assassination has ever been tolerated among us.

Our kind critic also thinks that "the mode of giving the adjudications is susceptible of improvement". He truly says that in giving orally the adjudication on choral competitions

much judgment is required. "The atmosphere is highly charged, and anything like ridicule stings sharply. The great thing is to know what *not* to say."

Again:—

"In the case of musical compositions a curious custom has arisen of each judge writing his own adjudication and publishing it. . . . Judges, of course, often differ, and the verdict is given by the majority. Surely, however, these differences of opinion are not for the public ear. Yet this custom of publishing separate adjudications reveals everything, and can only have the effect of keeping alive the chagrin of defeated competitors. In the French Orpheoniste competitions the *appréciations* of the judges are united verdicts, written out by one of their number after the competition is over."

A few words next about conductors:—

"The habits of some of the Welsh conductors are peculiar. Batons are recent, the old Welsh conductor did not beat time at all in any proper sense of the word. He waved his hands with open palms, as if pouring some electrical influence into his choir; starting back or bending forward, turning now to the left and now to the right, in sympathy with the music. This old style of conducting was to be seen once or twice at Merthyr. It is easy to ridicule it; certainly it appears ridiculous, but it is in keeping with the fervid abandonment of the singers themselves."

Dr. Stainer has a more important hint to give on this subject. He asks:—

"Ought not the Principality to educate a number of highly-trained *conductors?* Certainly the excellent quality of tone of the voices, the correctness of ear, and the genuine enthusiasm of the singers, present to a musical director materials second to none in the world. At present the conductors are practically on a level with the rest of the choir; but grand as the result is, infinite progress might be made under highly-accomplished directors."

Of the choirs, again, it is remarked:—"The characteristic defect of these Welsh choirs is the tendency to scream. Especially is this the case with the boys who sing alto. They shout in the coarsest manner in the *forte* passages, and the effect is most unpleasant. These boy altos, in fact, may be mentioned as the most striking defect of Welsh choirs."

Among the defects which mar the work of the Eisteddfod as an educational agent, are the following:—

"It is one of the defects of the Eisteddfod that it offers no prizes for sight-singing. . . If I had the management of an Eisteddfod I would test each soloist and each choir in sight-singing before the competition, and reject those who could not read fairly at sight."

Referring to the examination for "musical degrees", Mr. Curwen expresses his opinion that "the result was very unsatisfactory. The judges had no time to attend properly to the work, and it is evident that during the excitement of an Eisteddfod the cold-blooded work of a paper examination cannot be properly done."

Dr. Stainer—quoted by Mr. Curwen—points to a still graver defect, and one which is not peculiar to the musical work of the Eisteddfod. He says:—

"There is every reason to fear that many young singers look upon the ribbon and medals as an end more than as a means to an end. Several cases have occurred in which singers have been quite content to live on the moderate income obtained by an Eisteddfod notoriety, and have neglected that sound training which would have made them a credit to the nation at large. *The fact is Wales entirely lacks any organization for sending its talented young musicians to great centres of study, and providing them with free education.*" [Italics ours.]

Finally, the speaker quoted the opinions of a Welsh correspondent about the merits and defects of the institution, some of which we reproduce as deserving of very serious consideration:—

"The chief drawback of the Eisteddfod, in my opinion, is its money-making aspect. A decided evil, although I fear a necessary one for all time. Attempts have been made to form an independent fund, and to get endowments, but I do not think this can be done; and if it were I question whether it would be a lesser evil. This money-making business is an evil in this way,—the best music has to give way to that which will 'draw' best; the best artists to those who will put popularity first and art second; the best adjudicators to those who will flatter the competitors and soft-soap the officials. Popular, easy, and often clap-trap and noisy pieces are continually chosen to secure a numerous entry of competitors. In some neighbourhoods you have the same piece chosen in three, four,

or five local Eisteddfodau, especially if that piece has been already competed for in the same locality. I know of cases where a choir has competed in the morning, say Christmas Day or Good Friday, at Eisteddfod number one, in the afternoon at Eisteddfod number two, and in the evening at Eisteddfod number three; the piece being the same. All this produces laziness in the singers, and sadly retards the progress of true art. In this way I question very much whether we have made any real all-round advance in choral music of late years. Our singing is a great deal too much in one rut—loudness. Our choirs and conductors like easy-sailing homophonic full-chorded music, and shrug their shoulders at what is at all fine, or anything but diatonic.

As regards adjudicators, I am distinctly of opinion that we are retrograding. It is very rarely any of our leading men appear in the local Eisteddfodau. They either decline, or mention a prohibitory fee with the same object. These men, in adjudicating, do it having their 'conscience as their God', and consequently have many an unpleasant truth to tell. These truths are not palatable to the competitors; they attack the judges afterwards in the papers, under assumed names; they threaten 'boycotting' in the next Eisteddfod; and the result is that the adjudicators get disgusted, the committee get disheartened; pleasing mediocrity wins the day, and pure art is entirely neglected.

"The superabundance of small Eisteddfodau is, I think, another evil. The standard to which some of these meetings have fallen is very low.

"The Eisteddfod as now carried on is not sufficiently educational. A choir or singer competes for a prize; it wins or loses, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred there is an end of it. The same applies to compositions, and I certainly think that the sooner a test of actual knowledge is applied the better.

"The lists of subjects is much too long, and the prizes are too small . .

"I am afraid music itself, and the music of the sanctuary is considerably neglected through the spasmodic formation of choirs to compete, to show fight, to beat, etc.

* * * * * * *

"I very much wish our competitions could be made more generally open to English, French, and German Societies. We are too insular, and if Tweedledum can beat Tweedledee, then he beats the whole world. In the Crystal Palace contests our conceit was only too well fed and I am honestly of opinion that it retarded the real progress of music in South Wales. We have been living a great deal too much upon that little affair, patted on the back by the press of Wales, and by platform oratory."

It is easy to take objection to all this as "a stilted at-

tempt at high criticism", and to call the writer's strictures "flippant, captious, peevish, etc."; but it will be wiser to inquire carefully what truth there may be in his charges, and to endeavour to improve.

To return once more to Mr. Curwen for a final suggestion. He says:—

"A study of the French Orpheonists and their regulations would be of profit to the Welsh. The French have several classes for their choirs, and winners of first prizes have to compete against each other, while newly-formed choirs are grouped by themselves. This gives a chance to all, and is fairer than promiscuous competition. The contests between choirs of children from elementary schools, which take place in the different districts of Paris, offer another point of imitation for the Welsh."

We now leave this budget of criticisms and suggestions to the consideration of all friends of the Eisteddfod, in the hope that they may lead to reform in anything that requires to be reformed, in connection with an institution which, after all, has a very strong hold upon the people. With all its defects the Eisteddfod has been productive of an incalculable amount of good—not so much as a direct educational agent, but rather as an indirect stimulus to self-culture, in the almost entire absence of the usual educational machinery.

HIGHER EDUCATION IN WALES

AND THE

PROPOSED UNIVERSITY COLLEGES.

It is satisfactory to find that the apathy which has for some months prevailed throughout the country in regard to this question, seems to be passing away again. The long-disputed point of the site of the South Wales College—a point which ought to have been decided months ago by the general voice of the province—is likely to be speedily settled; and whatever else the recent Conference at Chester may or may not have done, it seems to have proved clearly that North Wales will not accept the Aberystwyth College as its own. This decision of the northern province brings to the front three pressing questions:—Where shall the new College for North Wales be fixed? How are the funds necessary for its establishment to be raised? and, What is to be done with Aberystwyth?

As to the first question, it does not appear that its settlement need involve any difficulty or prolonged delay, if the Committee appointed at Chester proceed on the plan suggested at the time by Lord Aberdare; and we may hope to find the site of the North Welsh institution fixed without the loss of time that the same question has occasioned in the South.

The providing of funds will be, of course, a matter of some difficulty, and, if anything really adequate to the requirements is to be done, will demand a determined and general effort on the part of all classes. But, remembering what has been done in Wales, within the present generation, in con-

nection with other educational institutions, under far less favourable circumstances, we cannot regard the erection and endowment of the University College as too onerous an undertaking for North Wales, even if it should ultimately demand, as some have estimated, as much as £100,000. As instances of what has already been achieved by well-organized efforts, we would point to the Normal College at Bangor, the Calvinistic Methodist College at Bala, the Memorial College at Brecon, and the recent endowment of Trevecca College. And it must be borne in mind that these institutions are entirely the fruit of the liberality of the middle and lower classes, and, except in the case of the Bangor College, were able to appeal only to one religious denomination. But then very great faithfulness was shown by those appealed to, even farm servants, who received perhaps £15 or £20 a year in wages, contributing in many cases from £5 to £10. The new University College will appeal to the whole people without distinction or restriction of class or sect; and as such it ought to be welcomed by all. We often hear it lamented that owing to our sectarian divisions no movement is ever set on foot in which all can unite. We are therefore entitled to expect that this national educational movement will be hailed as one at last in which Churchman and Dissenter, peer and peasant, can conscientiously co-operate. It has been urged that North Wales has no great and populous commercial or manufacturing centres; still, it possesses sources of wealth in various mines and quarries, and land to the extent of some two million acres, with a gross rental of nearly two and a half million pounds. We may trust that those who call these their own will practically recognise that while property has its rights—and these rights by-the-bye have been pretty well cared for during the last three hundred years—it involves also obligations of the weightiest kind. Whether these obligations have been fully acknowledged and discharged

in the past may admit of some doubt. The College at Aberystwyth has certainly not received the support from all classes which it was thought to be entitled to; it, like the other institutions already mentioned, and, indeed, like almost every national movement in the Principality, has been supported chiefly by the middle and the working classes. It is to be hoped that the two new colleges will appeal more successfully to the sympathies of every class. It will be for the framers of the new scheme to see that the College is established on such a broad and "unsectarian" basis, that the peculiar tenderness of conscience, which many people bring to the consideration of a cause to which they are asked to contribute money, may not compel even the most sensitive to close their purses. If the wealthier classes properly recognise their obligations to those who are the producers of their wealth, and prove as faithful in the cause as those below them in station have hitherto been, the new University College will not lack for funds.

What to do with the present College at Aberystwyth, if North Wales adhere to the decision of the Chester Conference, is a question not to be lightly answered: it is much easier to say what should not be done with it. For instance, it has been proposed to sell the building, and hand over the amount realised to the North Wales College Fund. To this proposal there are evident and sufficient objections: if it were sold, nothing like its real value would be got for it; and as it stands, it is no more the property of North than of South Wales, though it may be safely assumed that if it were adopted as the College for the former, the latter would cheerfully relinquish its proprietary rights. But we venture to say that the idea of selling should not be entertained: it should certainly be retained as an educational institution of some kind. Some would probably recommend its conversion into a first-class Grammar School; while others have suggested

that it should be made the home of a High School for Girls. But we would ask, Why should not the existing institution at Aberystwyth be retained as a third College for Central Wales? We are fully aware that to those who think that Wales does not require a College at all, this proposal will appear the very height of folly; but in view of the action now likely to be taken in response to the offer of the Government, it is hard to see what better can be done. If we saw any prospect of the adoption of Mr. Jayne's proposal, that the Government grant, instead of being divided, should be devoted to the maintenance of one strong institution for the whole of Wales, either at Cardiff or elsewhere; and that the various Theological Colleges, including St. David's College, should be grouped around this, we would strongly deprecate the suggestion of any other course. But failing this, it may be said that any arguments which may be deemed valid for the establishment of two Colleges, tell almost equally for the retention of Aberystwyth. Admitting the general principle, so often urged, that "Education must be taken to the people", with the corollary, practically accepted by both North and South Wales, that Aberystwyth cannot, on account of its position, meet the requirements of the remoter parts of the two provinces, the very same thing may be urged on behalf of retaining Aberystwyth in the interests of Cardigan, North Pembroke, and Montgomery. Cardiff or Rhyl, or Caernarvon, will be inaccessible to the Cardigan or Pembroke student in precisely the same degree as Aberystwyth is now declared to be inaccessible from those places. But if the people of Cardiganshire and the adjacent districts are really anxious to retain their College, they must make a strong effort to complete the building and collect funds for its endowment. What chance there may be of State aid for a third College we do not know. A high authority has declared that Govern-

ment will give no more than it has already promised; but we strongly suspect that what the Government will do for the country will very largely depend upon what the country will do for itself.

We are indebted to the kindness of his Worship the Mayor of Swansea, for a copy of the Memorial presented by the Corporation of that town to Mr. Mundella in support of its claim to be the seat of the University College for South Wales; and we are under a similar obligation to Mr. Duncan, one of the Honorary Secretaries of the Cardiff Committee, for a copy of the Cardiff Memorial. It is, of course, beyond our province to discuss the rival claims. But we have further to thank Mr. Duncan for a copy of the Draft Scheme of the proposed College, and of this we append a brief summary.

"The object of the College shall be to provide such instruction in all the branches of a liberal education, as may qualify residents in the six counties of South Wales and in the county of Monmouth and elsewhere to take Degrees in Arts, Science, Law, and Medicine, at the University of Wales (whenever such University shall have been constituted), or at any of the Universities of the United Kingdom, and at the same time to give such technical instruction as may be of immediate service in professional and commercial life." It contemplates the admission of female students, and is to be free from all religious tests.

The Authorities of the College shall be:

1. A President, to be elected (after the first) by the Court of Governors for five years, and not re-eligible. He is to preside at any meetings of the Court of Governors, and at the opening and closing of the College Session, and shall have power to suspend or refer back to the Court any statute against which the Council or Senate appeal to him.
2. A Vice-President, to be elected by the Court of Governors for five years, and re-eligible. In the President's absence, the Vice-President shall discharge his duties and exercise his powers.
3. A Court of Governors, consisting of
   - The President, and
   - The Vice-President.
   - Life Governors, consisting of donors of £500 or upwards; or appointed representatives of any corporate body or association, or of any partnership firm, or of executors

or administrators of any estate, contributing £500 or upwards in one sum or by instalments, or nominated representatives of any electoral body of individuals, corporations, associations, etc., contributing in sums severally not less than £25, a like donation of £500 or upwards.

Ex-officio Governors: The Mayor or Presiding Officer of every Borough in South Wales or Monmouthshire, with the High Constables of Merthyr and Aberdare; the Chairman of every Local Board, and of every School Board within the same counties representing a population of not less than 6000; the Principal or Head Master of University College, Aberystwyth; Christ and Memorial Colleges, Brecon; St. David's College, Lampeter; the Theological Colleges at Caermarthen, Haverfordwest, Pontypool and Trevecca, and of the Grammar Schools of Cardigan, Caermarthen, Cowbridge, Gelligaer, Haverfordwest, Llandaff (Howell's), Llandovery, Monmouth, Swansea, and Ystrad Meurig; and the County and Borough M.Ps. for South Wales and Monmouthshire.

Representatives nominated from without their own body by the Corporation of each Borough with 6000 inhabitants, or by the Local Boards of each District with 10,000 inhabitants within the said counties—to hold office for three years.

Three persons appointed by the Lord President of the Council, and holding office for five years.

Representatives appointed by the Chancellor of the Universities of Wales (when constituted), Oxford, Cambridge, London, Victoria, and Durham, holding office for five years.

The Principal, with two other Professors, chosen by the Senate.

If at any time the number of Life Governors fall below 40, the Court shall at once elect a sufficient number to supply the deficiency. "The Court of Governors shall be the governing body of the College, and shall have power to manage all matters not otherwise provided for in this Charter."

4. The Council, consisting of the President, the Vice-President, the Treasurer, the Principal and eleven members elected by the Court of Governors. The Council shall manage the ordinary business of the College, appoint Professors and other officers; sanction, modify or reject courses of study proposed by the Senate; receive

reports from the Senate, and present annual reports to the Court of Governors.

5. The Treasurer, elected annually from among the Governors, by the Court of Governors, and re-eligible.
6. The Senate, consisting of the Principal and the Professors, shall regulate the education and discipline of the College.

Appended to the Draft Scheme above summarised are given some "Suggested Statutes", among which the following may be noticed.

The Teaching Staff is proposed to consist at first of the following Professors and Lecturers, receiving the salaries mentioned:—

ARTS.

Subjects	Staff and salary
Greek, *Latin*, *Ancient History*	One Professor, £300.
Mathematics, *Astronomy*	One Professor, £300.
Natural Philosophy, *Experimental Physics*	One Professor, £300.
Logic, *Mental and Moral Philosophy*	One Professor, £300.
English Language and Literature, *Modern History*	One Professor, £300.
Political Economy, *Commercial and Mercantile Law*	One Lecturer, £100.
Modern Languages	One Lecturer, £100.
Celtic	One Lecturer, £100.
Music	One Lecturer, £100.

SCIENCE.

Subjects	Staff and salary
Botany, *Zoology*	One Professor, £300.
Chemistry	One Professor, £300.
Engineering and Machinery, *Manufactures*	One Professor, £300.
Geology, *Mineralogy*, *Coal Mining*, *Metal Mining*	One Professor, £300. One Lecturer, £100.
Agriculture	One Lecturer, £100.

The Principal is to be one of the Professors and to receive £200 per annum in addition to the emoluments of his Professorship. It is also, of course, provided that Assistants shall be appointed and additional Professorships established as need may arise and the funds permit. It will probably be found that the scheme will soon require some readjustment or modification: for example, if *Greek, Latin,* and *Ancient History* are to be attached to one Chair, the appointment of an assistant will be an imperative necessity, unless these subjects are to take a quite subordinate place in the College course. To meet this, possibly the Lectureship in *Agriculture* might be merged in the Chair of *Chemistry.* It will be observed that the scheme gives a very prominent place to Science—six of the Chairs being assigned to Mathematics and Science as against three given to Language and Mental Philosophy.

It is to be hoped that some further provision for the teaching of *Modern Languages* will be called for; but this can only be determined after the classes have been opened, and the amount of demand for such teaching has been shown by the number of students. At the new University College in Liverpool, three Lectureships in Modern Languages have been established—French, German, and Italian; it is disappointing to find that the number of students is by no means so large as to threaten speedily to overtax the powers of the Lecturers.

It appears that some persons are dissatisfied with the position assigned to Welsh in the Scheme, thinking that instead of a Lectureship there ought to be a Professorship of Celtic. We have received a circular, which seems to have been addressed to the Scheme Committee, strongly urging this view. For no apparent reason the writer withholds his name, calling himself "An Octogenarian Welshman". He points out that the study of Celtic is rapidly advancing on

the Continent, as well as in England and Ireland, and urges that it is a shame for Wales to neglect its own language, so zealously studied by foreigners. His request that the Cymmrodorion should "take up the matter", ought to have been addressed to the Council, not to the Editor. But we would observe, that in his reference to the study of Celtic in other countries he understates his case. He strangely makes no mention of the Edinburgh Professorship of Celtic, founded through the exertions of Professor Blackie, which must be held by a Celtic scholar possessing a competent mastery of "the graces of Gaelic", and is worth some £500 or £600 a year. Then there are in Paris two Celtic Professorships, not one, as "Octogenarian" states; and in Dublin not two, but three.

It may be worth pointing out how this question shows the advantage that would result if the suggestion (already alluded to) of the learned Principal of St. David's College were carried out. If, instead of having two or three Colleges, an effort was made to establish one well-endowed Institution, the Council might be able to devote to a Professorship of Celtic such a sum as would enable the Professor to give his whole time to the subject of his Chair. How much good work might be expected if the accomplished scholar who now fills the Welsh Chair at Aberystwyth were permitted to devote his undivided efforts to the study and illustration of his native language!

The salaries attached to the several Professorships and Lectureships will be slightly increased by the addition of a portion of the Students' fees, which it is proposed to carry "to a common fund, of which one-third shall be appropriated to the general expenses of the College, one-third equally divided among all the Professors and Lecturers, and one-third distributed among the several Professors and Lecturers according to the number of Students forming their Classes".

This is certainly a very judicious and equitable arrangement, and in many respects preferable to that by which all the fees of each Class are handed over to the Professor taking that Class.

It is proposed that there shall be three

TERMS.

October 1st to December 15th.
January 15th to April 15th.
May 1st to July 31st.

The FEES shall be One Guinea on Matriculation, and One Guinea each term for each Class attended.

SCHOLARSHIPS awarded by Examination shall be of three kinds:

1. Entrance Scholarships awarded "at the commencement of the first session" [of each academical year?], on the result of the Entrance Examination or by Special Examination, and tenable for three years.
2. Honour Scholarships, attached to special subjects, and tenable at the College, for two years.
3. Exit Scholarships, to help deserving students to continue their studies after leaving the College, attached to special subjects, and tenable for three years.

It has already been seen that the Scheme contemplates the establishment at some future period of a University of Wales; and a sketch is given of the Course proposed and the Examinations to be passed prior to graduation. Into this we need not now enter. The advisability of creating a new University, with a new set of Degrees, will no doubt be questioned by many, and strongly denied by some. It will, doubtless, be argued that owing to the restricted area from which Candidates for Degrees will be drawn, the competition will be small, and the standard of the Examinations will therefore inevitably fall; and the Higher Education of the country, instead of being promoted, will simply be sacrificed to the gratification of a petty national vanity. Such a result would, of course, be deplored by all; and if this could be shown to be an unavoidable effect of the establishment of a Welsh

University, the mere statement of the fact would be a conclusive argument against taking such a step.

It is evident that the multiplication, beyond a certain limit, of educational bodies having power to grant degrees, would be an evil; and some advantages would no doubt result from the merging of all our existing Charters in one "British University", with a uniform standard of Examination for the whole kingdom. But whatever may prove necessary at some remote future, it is quite certain that in the present state of education in this country, what would be lost by such centralization would far outweigh any possible gains. Meanwhile, as to Wales, it cannot be denied that its position and its wants are in some respects peculiar; and in framing a suitable educational system for the country, it may be found necessary to give special prominence to certain special subjects, proficiency in which may have to be attested by special degrees. But whether this should prove to be so or not, it is certain that the possibility of gaining a degree at the end of three or four years' study would act as a strong stimulus to most students, and induce many, who might otherwise leave at the end of a couple of years, to prolong their stay in order to gain the coveted badge. The effect would be to bring many within reach of a University training, to whom otherwise such a training would be inaccessible. And we cannot believe that there is any great danger that the standard of education would be lowered thereby; those who could afford to proceed to Oxford or Cambridge would still do so, while those who could not afford this, would have the benefit of a sound training at home. And to these, it must be borne in mind, the alternative is not between a course and a degree at an English University, and a course and a degree in Wales, but between a University training in Wales and none at all. And to some of these poorer ones—poor in worldly wealth but rich in intellectual endowments—the Exit Scholarships

contemplated by the scheme would open up a way to higher distinction elsewhere, so that the number of Welsh students proceeding to Oxford or Cambridge would not be diminished, but increased by the establishment of a Welsh University. How much splendid material is now left to lie unimproved, no observant person moderately acquainted with Wales can have failed to see and deplore. At almost any village Bible class, one can find some working men endowed with splendid abilities, which, if properly trained, might have raised them to high distinction. But hitherto these poor fellows have not had a chance; they have never been enabled to plant a foot on the first rung of the ladder, and the country and themselves have alike suffered in consequence.

Scotland affords, in many respects, a close parallel to our own country, and its example in educational matters is instructive. No one would say, we presume, that Scotland would have been educationally better off without its Universities, even though some of them are very small. A course at Oxford or Cambridge is no doubt in every respect preferable to a course at Aberdeen; but then, out of every hundred students who graduate at Aberdeen, possibly ninety-nine would never have been able to go to Oxford, and it would be absurd to say that the Higher Education of Scotland would have gained, if Aberdeen were closed and the ninety-nine kept without any university training in order to force the one to proceed to Oxford. Many of the ablest students from the Scotch Universities find their way every year to Oxford and Cambridge, and most of these would have been quite unable to go there, but for the advantages offered them beforehand in their own Universities; and those less able, or less fortunate ones, who do not thus prolong their studies, receive at home such a training as enables them to make good use of their powers, and push their fortunes either in their own land or abroad. And the same beneficial effects,

I trust, will result from the establishment of the University of Wales.

Germany, again, possesses a number of small Universities, and very hard things are sometimes said about some of these and their traffic in worthless degrees. And certainly, such traffic, if it exists to any extent, is very disgraceful; but perhaps we should hear less about it here in Wales if we had genuine degrees at home placed within reach of those who seem to covet them. But in spite of all the evils and iniquities of the small German Universities, we, in this country, can scarcely flatter ourselves with being in a position patronisingly to sit in judgment upon the "Higher Education" of the Fatherland. And we trust there need be no fear that the founding of a University of Wales will prove detrimental to the cause of advanced culture in our own land.

Reviews of Books.

WORKS ON EARLY BRITAIN.

ORIGIN OF ENGLISH HISTORY. By CHARLES ELTON, sometime Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, etc. London: B. Quaritch. 1882.

THE MAKING OF ENGLAND. By JOHN RICHARD GREEN, M.A., LL.D., Honorary Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford. London: Macmillan and Co. 1881.

CELTIC BRITAIN. By J. RHYS, M.A., Professor of Celtic in the University of Oxford, etc. London: Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge. 1882.

THE student of the early history of Britain is to be congratulated. In the works before us he has the result of the labours of three men, who stand in the very first rank as scholars and writers, and each of whom is an acknowledged leader in his own special field. It is a further advantage that these three writers, as might have been expected, view the subject from somewhat different standpoints; and their works, consequently, differ in aim and method. Mr. Elton's book has the widest scope; in it we have summarised all that archæology and history, literature and tradition, popular customs and legal observances, have contributed to throw light upon the early state of the country and its successive races of inhabitants. Mr. Green tells the invaders' own story of the Saxon Conquest and the growth of the English power up to the time of Egbert; whereas Mr. Rhys is chiefly concerned with the fortunes of the Celts. In this way each of these valuable works is in some measure complementary to the others, and

the three combined furnish a mass of information relative to the obscure period of which they treat, such as never was brought together before.

By his *Origins of English History* Mr. Elton has conferred such a boon on the historical student, that even a cold-blooded professional reviewer might find it somewhat difficult quite dispassionately to sit in judgment upon it; a profound feeling of gratitude disarms criticism. In the opening sentence the author describes his work as "the result of an attempt to rearrange, in a convenient form, what is known of the history of this country from those obscure ages which preceded the Roman invasions, to the time when the English accepted the Christian religion, and the civilising influences of the Church." Every one who has paid the least attention to the history of our country must have felt how greatly such a work was wanted, and how very unsatisfactory was the treatment of this period in all our histories. We had so often been assured that "the true history of our country begins with Julius Cæsar", that we had almost despaired of ever knowing anything of what had preceded. Happily, Mr. Elton has very much to tell us of Britain and its inhabitants before the time of Cæsar; and he tells it all so admirably, that his work, to use a somewhat hackneyed phrase, "reads like a novel." The first two chapters treat chiefly of the voyage of Pytheas, the Greek explorer from Marseilles, with the result that this great navigator, who was previously little more than a name to most readers, has become as familiar to our minds as Columbus himself. Chapter iii treats of "The Early Greek Romances about Britain"; chapter iv, "Chiefly of the division of the Celtic people, and the relation to each other of Gauls, Gaels, and Cymry"; chapter v, "The Gauls in Britain, their settlements and civilization"; chapter vi, "Celts and Non-Celts, the population outside the Gaulish settlements"; chapter vii, "Pre-Celtic Ethnology—Survivals of the Pre-Celtic Stocks—

Evidence from Language and Manners", etc.; chapter viii, "Customs of Inheritance and Family Religion"; chapter ix, "The Britons of the Interior"; chapter x, "Religion"; chapter xi, "The Roman Province of Britain"; chapter xii, "The English Conquest." There is also an Appendix containing the most important extracts from classical authors relating to this country; a list of these authors; and finally, a most interesting set of ten maps, copied from various old works of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. When it is stated that these various subjects are treated in a most masterly way, with a fulness of detail never before attempted in a connected history of the period, enough will have been said to show, that this work is absolutely indispensable to anyone who wishes to have a clear idea of what is actually known about Early Britain. In fact, there is no other single work in which the whole mass of evidence has been so fully ranged before the reader, and from which so clear a conception can be gained of the early state of the country and its various peoples. Chapter viii, on "Customs of Inheritance", etc., is very interesting and full of the author's special legal knowledge. Still more interesting to many will be Chapter x, on "Religion", though we fear it will prove sadly distasteful to those who have been wont to believe in Druidism as a monotheism of patriarchal simplicity and purity. On this subject, doubtless, a good deal remains to be learnt from a fuller analysis of the older literature, especially old Irish literature, as well as from the clearer comprehension, which more systematic study may be expected to give, of much that is already partially known. But a good and solid foundation has been laid, and it is earnestly to be hoped that some part of the sound information collected in this valuable work will, in due time, filter down to popular histories and school text-books.

Of course nothing is thought of a review which contains no criticism; so to set ourselves right we would ask whether it

has been absolutely proved that "Brezonek" is "Welsh carried across the seas by refugees from Britain" (p. 97)? Perhaps it would have been as well had the author made it clear that the "inflection of prepositions" is not peculiar to Welsh among the Celtic languages (p. 167). Then the statement in the note to p. 288, that the early Welsh poems are not older than the twelfth century, has not yet been proved. On the next page (289) "Arianrhod" is twice misspelt. We would also fain hope that in using the present tense in his description of the rite at Tegla's Well, Mr. Elton is doing injustice to the good Christians of Denbighshire (p. 296 *n*). Lastly, we would point out that the assertion (p. 303) that Britain "fell an *easy* prey" to the invading Saxons is quite at variance with the opinion of Mr. Green, who dwells at length on the great "stubbornness of the defence" (*Making of England*, p. 133).

We have seen it stated that the impression of Mr. Elton's book is nearly exhausted, and that it is not likely a second edition will appear. We trust the latter statement is not made "on good authority", as it would be a great hardship indeed if so valuable a work should become inaccessible to students. It may be added that the publisher deserves the highest praise for the form in which he has issued the volume: reading it is in every way a pleasure.

Mr. Green's charming work is more limited in its scope than either of the others. After a short introduction on "Britain and its Foes", in which the author gives a rapid sketch of the conquest and administration of the island under the Romans, the state in which they left it, and the foes who assailed it on their departure, the story opens with the first Saxon settlement in 449, and is carried on to the practical union of the kingdoms under Egbert in 829. It is hardly necessary to state that the work is distinguished by all the author's well-known vivacity and grace of style and abundant knowledge of the authorities; but, as already implied, he

does not give any great place to Welsh sources of information, as to which, so far as they are noticed, he chiefly follows Guest and Skene.

The first three chapters describe the conquest of the east and south of England down to about 577 A.D. The conquest of this part resulted, according to Mr. Green, in the "complete displacement" of the more or less Romanised Britons, who, however "for the most part, cannot have been slaughtered", but "were simply defeated and drew back". In this way, he thinks, the Roman civilisation was entirely swept away; and the whole political and social organisation which grew up in its place, was the independent development of the rudimentary social system imported by the invaders; in fact, between the civilisation of Roman Britain and that of Saxon England there was a complete break, the latter owing practically nothing to the former. It is, no doubt, true that a smaller Celtic element remained to the east and south-east of England than in western parts, but it may be doubted whether the proofs brought forward by the author in support of his extreme statement will bear examination. It is not quite correct, for instance, that "British tradition" knows of no other people in England than the invading strangers. The *Triads*, which at least represent "British tradition", state that the "Caisariaid", the descendants of the legionaries and the Romanised Britons, coalesced with the Saxons; and they state, also, that the "Lloegrwys" became "Saeson" except in Cornwall and the commot of Carnoban. Then the fact that the local names which mark "the traces of human life, the names of the villages and hamlets", are "purely English", is by no means decisive; for the very same thing may be said of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and Mr. Green would not assert that the Britons were entirely replaced there. And with regard to the inference drawn from the small number of Welsh words in the English language, there

are two things to be considered: the Romanised Britons, the "Caisariaid", would, of course, as Professor Rhys points out in his *Celtic Britain*, speak Latin, and could introduce no Celtic words into the English language; and, in the next place, those who find no traces of Welsh in the English of to-day, have never looked for those traces where they are to be naturally expected—and, unless we are mistaken, to be found to a considerably greater extent than is generally recognised—that is, in the provincial dialects of England. Let Mr. Green ransack the glossaries and word-lists of the English Dialect Society, as Mr. Davies has done in the *Archæologia Cambrensis*, and possibly he may discover more Welsh words in English than Mr. Garnett's meagre list has led him to expect.

In the last quarter of the sixth century, "The Strife of the Conquerors" (chap. v) begins, and with this, in our author's opinion, the conquest assumes a new character. Henceforth, as the Saxon power forces itself gradually further west, the natives are not completely driven away, but subdued, and combine to a large extent with the conquerors.

Space forbids one following our author through the remaining chapters, in which we find ourselves on less debatable ground. Before laying aside this most interesting work, we would point out that the "Fflamddwyn" of the Welsh bards is now generally supposed to be, not Ida (p. 72), but his son Theodric, and that it is rather hazardous to connect the name Dorset with the Welsh "dwr" (p. 93). And if the site of London was not marked "by any settlement whatever" before the arrival of the Romans (p. 101), would Ammianus Marcellinus have spoken of it as *vetus oppidum?* And would the name of a mere bare "rise" have been so universally known as to have, in the end, fastened itself on the magnificent Roman city, to the exclusion of its imperial Latin rival? Speaking of names, it may be observed that the author is

somewhat uncertain in the use of them. Our native Pengwern appears as "Pengwyrn", and once as "Pengewyrn" (p. 439, *s. v.* Ceawlin); we have sometimes *Glevum* and sometimes *Gleavum;* and we are not quite certain that he is always consistent in the use of Saxon names. Had it not been misleading, we should have said "English names", in deference to Mr. Green, who like Dr. Freeman, is "English of the English", even the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* is throughout with him the *English Chronicle.*

One remarkable feature of this able work is the happy use the author makes of his familiarity with the topography and the physical features of the country. One feels in reading that every corner of the land must be almost as familiar to him as his own garden, and the way in which he uses this knowledge adds greatly to the vividness, the graphic force, and the charm of his narrative.

Though we have not been officially requested to call attention to Professor Rhys' *Celtic Britain,* we have taken the liberty to introduce it, Cymric fashion, to complete the triad. However, as probably all our readers have already seen accounts of it elsewhere, and most of them, we hope, are in possession of the work itself, we need not give any extended notice of it. It forms an indispensable complement, in some cases, perhaps, supplies a corrective, to the two larger and earlier works. It is strong where they, in common with all their predecessors, are weakest, that is, in the treatment of the linguistic evidence to the early state of Britain. Mr. Rhys writes history throughout as a philologist; and, though there is little in the volume to remind one that the author is, as he himself modestly implies in his preface, "one unaccustomed to writing on historical subjects", yet it will be readily understood that the most important element of the work is the careful analysis of Celtic names which it contains, to-

gether with the facts of history and ethnology which the author establishes thereby.

The first two chapters treat of "Britain in the time of Julius Cæsar" and "Britain previous to the Claudian Conquest". Here the material is very scanty, and the best use has to be made of the few names of tribes, etc., which have been preserved by various means. Coins, also, are skilfully interrogated and compelled to yield their secrets; and a half-effaced inscription is sometimes made to tell a tale of revolution or of conquest. It may be urged that in this there is much that is hypothetical, and the hypotheses may quite possibly not correspond in all cases to what were the actual facts; still it matters little, since we gain in this way a real conception of the condition and mutual relations of those "Ancient British" tribes which we could hardly get from previous historians, who sententiously informed us that the "*Cantii* inhabited Kent", that "the *Iceni* dwelt in what is now Norfolk and Suffolk", or that "the position of the *Cassi* is uncertain".

The third chapter gives an account of "The Romans in Britain, and how they left it"; the fourth treats of "The Kymry"; the fifth of "The Picts and Scots", while the sixth and seventh chapters discuss "The Ethnology of Britain". These chapters are throughout full of interest, especially in the treatment of the Celtic evidence. Naturally enough, the author's views on certain points have been somewhat modified since the publication of his *Lectures on Welsh Philology.* The Gwyddyl in Britain he now considers to have been, not invaders from Ireland, but the remnant of an early settlement in this island of Goidelic Celts, who were not quite driven out by the succeeding wave of Brythons. As to the Picts, it is suggested very plausibly that the name "was never, perhaps, distinctive of race", but was applied to Brythons and Goidels, as well as more strictly to the Non-

Celts, of the North, owing to their having retained the habit of colouring their bodies, after it had disappeared from the region brought under the sway of Rome.

It will be observed that Mr. Rhys gives the pre-Celtic occupants of these islands a larger place, and brings them down to a later period, than some other historians have done. We sometimes find these early races relegated to some undefinably remote past, and receive a kind of impression that they vanished before the Celts like the mist before the sun; but Professor Rhys expresses an opinion that their language had not long been dead in Munster when Cormac wrote his *Glossary* in the ninth century.

In the matter of proper names Professor Rhys has removed some stumbling blocks, which early scribes and modern editors had combined to place in the path of the unhappy student. For instance, the name of the great leader of the Silures, the son of Cunobelinos, which appears in modern histories under the form "Caractacus", Mr. Rhys writes "Caratacus", in which no one will have any difficulty in recognising the original of our familar "Caradog". Again "Boadicea" ("the gibberish of editors"), becomes "Boudicca", a change, however, which perhaps does not quite remove a stumbling-block, phonetically speaking.

While on the subject of names we would ask, Why has the name, which had grown familar to our tongues and ears as "Arderydd", been recently transformed into "Ardderyd"? Mr. Skene probably writes "Ardderyd" in order to bring the name phonetically nearer to "Arthuret", with which he identifies it. Professor Rhys accepts both the form and the identification. On the latter point we say nothing beyond mentioning that the late Mr. Stephens locates the battle at Airdrie in Lanark (Stephens' *Gododin*, p. 72). But we venture to put in a plea for the old spelling. The oldest form of the name which we can now recall is the *Armterid* of the

Harleian tenth century copy of the *Annales Cambriæ*. In the *Black Book of Caermarthen* it appears as *Arywderit* (*Four Ancient Books*, ii, 4), pronounced, probably, "Aryfderydd" according to our present orthography; in this MS. *t* very frequently, especially at the end of a syllable, represents the sound of later *dd*, as, for instance, in *Myrtin*, *Keliton*, for Myrddin and Celyddon. The spelling of the two thirteenth century copies of the *Annales* is *Arderit* and *Erderit*, in which the *t* also, doubtless, has the same force, as well as in the *Maredut*, *Griffut*, etc., of the same MS. The modification seems to have been regular, from Armterid through Arfderydd or Aryfderydd to Arderydd.

Moridunum is (p. 293) fixed at Wareham. But is not that too far to the east? The position of *Muridunum* of the *Itinerary* (the *Moridunum* of Ravennas, and the *Ridumo*—misplaced, but with the distance correctly given—of the Peutinger Table) between *Durnovaria* and *Isca*, supported by the resemblance of the names, gives strong ground for identifying it with Seaton, which name is a literal translation of the Celtic one.

With regard to *Pennocrucium* (p. 300) it may be worth mentioning that this name is still used in the form of *Pencrug*, applied to the spur of a hill about a mile from Llandovery.

Anticipating the speedy issue of a second edition of this valuable little book, we would point out the misprints of "Bythons" for Brythons on the first map, of "Llanwrst" for Llanrwst on the second, and apparently of "*epeio-s*, *-a*, or *-n*" for *epei-os*, *-a*, or *-on* on p. 295.

LES CELTES ET LES LANGUES CELTIQUES. Leçon d'ouverture du Cours de Langue et Littérature Celtique fait au Collège de France. Par H. D'Arbois de Jubainville. Paris: 1882.

THE author of this inaugural lecture is well known, both in this country and on the Continent, as one of the foremost of living Celtists; and his appointment to the new chair at the Collège de France has been hailed as one of the happy omens which augur a brilliant future for Celtic studies. This lecture, in which the learned professor indicates the object he has set before himself, is the first-fruit of that most judicious appointment. In the first part the author treats of the names by which the Celts were known to the ancients, Κελτόι, *Volcae*, *Galli*, and Γαλάται, and gives a brief survey of the position and history of the people. With the word *Volcae*, strictly the name of a Celtic tribe on the upper Danube, he connects the Teutonic names, *Waelsch*, *Welsh*, and *Wales*. In the second part it is shown how from about 280 B.C., when the empire of the Celts extended from the Atlantic to the Black Sea, and their language bordered upon the Greek, the people and their language were gradually driven back into the recesses of the West, where they still survive. But traces of their sojourn are still found in names of places, etc., and the lecturer points out how the modern Celtic languages throw light on the older Celtic civilization, as it is presented to us in the fragmentary notices of the classical writers. In France this light has hitherto been sought in the Kymric dialects; but M. de Jubainville proposes to draw more largely upon the treasures of old Irish, and with a sketch of what has been done in this latter field, this most able and interesting lecture closes.

THE HISTORY OF THE PRINCES, ETC., OF POWYS FADOG. By J. Y. W. LLOYD, of Clochfaen, Esq., M.A., K.S.G. London: T. Richards. 1882. Vols. ii and iii.

THIS great and laborious work is advancing rapidly, the two substantial and beautiful volumes now before us bearing the date 1882. They do not differ in the nature of their contents from the first volume, which was noticed in a previous number. They are largely made up of tables of pedigrees and other matters connected with the various families of the province, but contain also a variety of extracts from MSS. on collateral matters. Amongst the latter the historical compositions of the old bards, which were noticed as a feature in the first volume, are continued in these, and generally accompanied by translations from the skilled hand of our esteemed contributor, H. W. Lloyd, Esq., M.A. We cannot too much admire the author's wonderful patience in compiling these long genealogies, rent-rolls, etc., and presume that it is with a view to relieve the strain on his own and the reader's attention that he introduces here and there letters on current topics from the various newspapers and periodicals, tales of apparitions, etc. These insertions appear somewhat irrelevant, but the author has respectable authority for his practice, since, according to De Quincy, it is on much the same principle Shakespere has introduced the "knocking at the gate" in *Macbeth.*

YSTEN SIONED: neu Y Gronfa Gymmysg. Aberystwyth: Cyhoeddwyd gan John Morgan. 1882.

As may be inferred from its name, the contents of this little volume are somewhat varied, and it would not be easy to characterise them in one word; perhaps the elastic term,

"Folk-lore", would best describe them. But it is a most delightful little book, which we have read with very great pleasure. The most important portions are a collection of popular poetry consisting of eighty-two *pennillion*, some pretty well known, and others less familiar; and an article on the "Folk-lore of Animals", partly from MS., and partly from oral, sources. The rest of the volume is made up of a varied collection of that class of tales that delighted the winter fireside of the last and former generations, and all together form a very good picture of rural Wales forty or fifty years ago. These short tales are delightfully told in pure Welsh, with a charming vein of quiet humour running through nearly all of them. No Welsh reader who pays his shilling for *Ysten Sioned* will regret it.

JOHN JONES YN YR YSGOL: Sef Ffughanesyn Ysgolaidd, sylfaenedig ar Ffeithiau. Gan y Parch. EVAN JONES, B.D., Rheithor Trefdraeth, Penfro. Solva: M. W. Williams. 1882.

THIS is an attempt to describe what school life was fifty years ago in the rural districts of the Principality—that is, in those rural districts which were fortunate enough to have a school of any kind. The little book resembles a photograph more than a painting: it can hardly be called a work of fiction; it is rather a simple narrative, such as could be given by many a Dimetian farmer of sixty, who might be moved to enliven his winter-fireside with an account of his boyhood's days. Mr. Jones's unpretentious little story gives a perfectly faithful picture of what it professes to describe; it is written in a simple, but pure and idiomatic style; and simple and artless as it is, no one who shares the author's evident sympathy with the simple rural life of Wales can read it without much pleasure and amusement.

AERON RHONDDA. Gan HOMO DDU. Yn cynwys Caniadau ar Seren Bethlehem; Cyflafan Bethlehem; a Chanmlwyddiant yr Ysgol Sabbothol. Treherbert: J. Jones.

THE three compositions, which make up this little pamphlet of thirty-two pages, have been awarded prizes at certain local competitions; and though we cannot say in the familiar words of our stereotyped adjudications, that they in any remarkable degree "enrich our native literature", they are fair specimens of the class to which they belong, and much better than anything which the writer's grotesque *nom de plume* would have led us to expect from him. But what evil genius persuaded the author to print the extraordinary "translations" which accompany his compositions? We are "free to maintain" that they do him a great injustice.

Y GENINEN. Cylchgrawn Chwarterol Cenedlaethol. Caernarfon: D. W. Davies.

THIS new candidate for public favour claims attention on the ground that it is intended to fill "an important gap" in our periodical literature as "a thoroughly national magazine", free alike from political and sectarian bias. That there is far too much of what is narrow and sectional in most of our existing periodicals, is unhappily only too true; and it is also equally true that there are far too many of them; so that to add to their number might be thought an act of doubtful wisdom. *Y Geninen*, to justify its claim to exist, must establish a higher standard and a healthier tone than its competitors; and if, doing this, it should succeed, even at the expense of driving some of its feebler rivals into the limbo of forgotten things, it will have proved itself a national benefactor. The Editor evidently believes in

variety, as the table of contents offers the reader a choice of some thirty or more articles. It is to be hoped glitter and tinsel will be avoided. We greatly doubt the utility of such borrowed learning as appears in the first article on *Y Geninen*, even apart from the blunder of transforming the German *lauch* into Greek, and saddling the mistake on the *Imperial Dictionary*. The most striking article, in some respects, is that on the Extinction of the Welsh Language, by the Rev. J. R. Kilsby Jones. We wish all our countrymen would bear in mind these words of his in regard to Welsh periodical literature:—"Our causeless, senseless, and endless divisions have almost entirely eaten up the little strength we might have possessed had we been united and *truly* patriotic."

Notes and Queries.

Reply.

We have received from the Rev. David Thomas, M.A., Rector of Garsington, by the hand of Professor Rhys, a reply to the latter's query in *Y Cymmrodor*, v, 168. Mr. Thomas says:—

"With regard to Pritchard, who sent his compliments with the "Covnod" to Ingram, I have suddenly hit upon a solution.

"It occurred to me that Ingram, the Rector of Grey's, had a Jesus [College] Rector as a neighbour at Peppord, and that at that period he was a Pritchard.

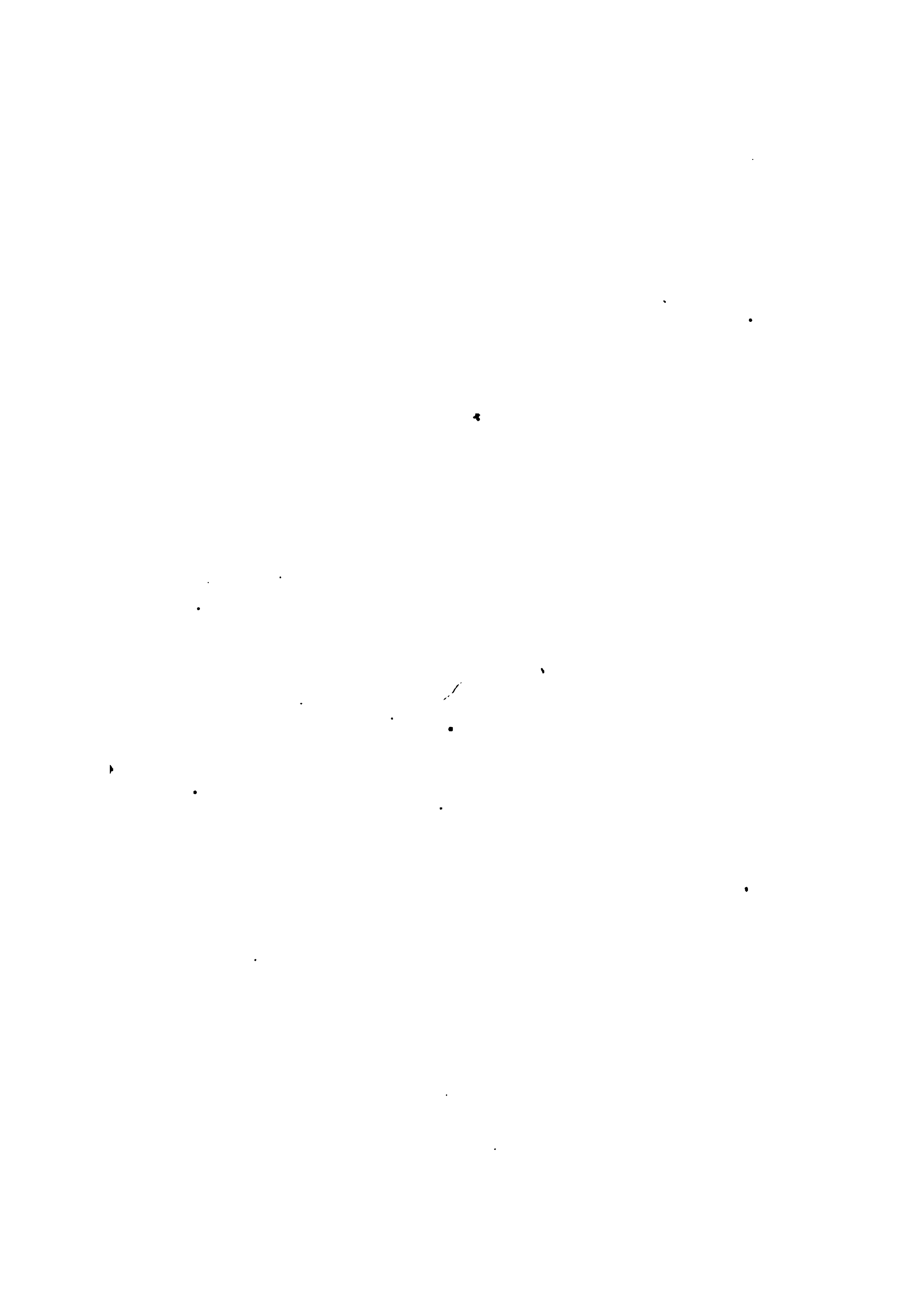
"On referring to an old Calendar, I find as Rector of Peppord, a Rev. R. Pritchard, doubtless a relative of the present Rector of Newbold-on-Stour."

"The Welshman of English Literature."

Note *to page* **245.—Either the stonemason's recollection of Huw Morris' lines was imperfect, or they were inaccurately jotted down by Borrow's friend, or afterwards inaccurately transcribed by Borrow himself. I have given them as they occur in *Wild Wales*. The following, for which I am indebted to my friend, Mr. Ll. Reynolds, B.A., of Merthyr Tydfil, is a correct version of the lines:—**

"Myn'd i'r ail adail ar redeg-yr wyf
Lle ceir oes ychwaneg,
I baradwys bur wiwdeg
Yn enw Duw—yn union deg."

(See *Eos Ceiriog*, vol. ii, p. 427.)



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